



There's a wild child trapped inside her, and they're hell-bent on unleashing it...

*Lone Star Lovers, Book 3*

As the pretty daughter of the town whore, Shanna Davies has always tried hard to toe the line. But she just can't help it. Her boyfriend, Bo Crenshaw, has lured her untamed spirit out to play once too often. It's time to get the hell out of Dodge and make a new start where no one knows her past. After she fulfills one last, wicked fantasy.

Shanna is Bo's first everything. First kiss, first sexual playmate, first love. Yet he's never managed to convince her that he accepts her—good girl and bad—just as she is. So, she wants a memorable send off? No problem. He'll give her one that'll make her think twice about leaving.

On the appointed night, Shanna expects nerves. Yet once she crosses the threshold, the prospect of surrendering to a night of unrestrained passion with Bo *and* the three Kinzie brothers makes her mouth water—and her courage dry up.

But she asked for it, and now she's not about to blink first in this game of sexual chicken...

Warning: Four lusty cowboys prove a little domination goes a long way in breaking a stubborn woman to saddle. Lots of spanking, binding, flogging, and double-dipping can keep a girl on her toes, her back, her belly, her knees...

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# Four Sworn

*Delilah Devlin*

# Dedication

To anyone who loves a tall, dark Texan, willing to go the extra mile for his girl...

# Chapter One

“Dance with me, cowboy.”

Bo Crenshaw didn't know what surprised him more. Her wanting to dance—or her asking him. She always cringed over her inability to master a simple two-step, and she usually avoided him like the plague in public.

But he wasn't arguing. It was Friday night after a long week of wrangling cattle. He wanted to replace the musky smell in his nostrils with something a whole lot sweeter. Giving his drinking buddy a shrug, he let Shanna Davies tug his hand and lead him onto the dance floor, pretending a reluctance he didn't feel.

Not that dancing with Shanna wasn't pleasurable—if a little painful. She danced the same way she lived—a little too fast and completely out of synch with everyone around her.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, but her head was tilted as she peeked around his shoulder. “Let's go this way.” She bumped his knees, and they scooted backward toward her destination.

He pulled in her hips to slide a knee between her lethal knobs and circled so he had a view of what had caught her attention. Eyeing one particular trio of dancers at the far edge of the parquet floor, he thought he knew what had Shanna so intensely curious.

“Get me closer,” she hissed.

“What're you doin'?” he asked, his tone dry.

“Tryin' to see.”

“See what?”

“*Them*. Oops.” She ducked her head and stared at his chest. “He knows I'm watchin'.”

“Who?” he asked, pretending confusion.

“Justin Cruz.”

Bo leaned closer to whisper in her ear and bury his nose in her fragrant hair, feeling sure she'd allow it—seeing as how she was trying to pretend she wasn't there to spy. “How do you know he knows?”

“He winked at me.” She lifted her head and gave him a glare.

Bo suppressed a grin. “You're really curious about them.”

She slid her hand down to twist his nipple through his shirt, and he winced.

“Don't make fun of me.” She blew out a deep breath, frustration turning down the corners of her mouth. “Most exciting thing to happen around these parts, a real *ménage à trois*, and I can't get close enough to see.”

“See what?”

She shrugged. “I’d like to see how they all dance together like that. For starters.”

Bo chuckled, and then hissed when she twisted his nipple again. He’d be bruised. Worth it, though. He’d missed holding her close.

“Oh hell, they’re leaving. You wanna get outta here?” she whispered.

Bo grunted and pulled her tall, slender body closer, rubbing his belly against hers. “You want to see if they do it in the parking lot, or are you horny? Thought you said we weren’t gonna do that anymore—use each other.” He ground out the last because the way she’d described their last sexual rendezvous still stuck in his craw.

Shanna grimaced in dismay but her brown eyes glittered with humor. “Did I make it sound that way? I’m sorry,” she said, her tone anything but apologetic. “It’s not that the sex isn’t great, but...”

He couldn’t help his impatient snort. “I know. You’re blowin’ this town as soon as you have the cash.” Bo turned around on the floor again, fighting her for the lead and winning. He danced them into the darkest corner of the dance floor. “Hell, see what you did now?” he grumbled, pushing her hand down to the front of his blue jeans.

She cupped his erection, running her palm up and down his length, and then tossed back her dark honey-colored curls. Her laughter was low and dirty. “Guess since it’s my fault, I should do something about it, shouldn’t I?”

“Promises, promises,” he muttered, acting like he wasn’t so excited his head and heart were pounding faster and heavier than the band. “You bring a purse?”

“Do I ever?”

“Then let’s go.”

He dropped his arms and resisted the urge to snag her hand inside his. They walked out of the bar and into the gravel parking lot, making a beeline for his truck—but not before she’d darted a glance around the rows for the threesome’s vehicle.

When her shoulders sagged, Bo opened the cab door. “Hop up.”

As he climbed in behind the steering wheel, she raked a hand through her hair. “We don’t have to go far.”

“You in a hurry?” He turned the key and the engine rumbled to life, growling like he wanted to. He was pretty sure Shanna was right there with him by the way she clenched together her thighs.

“Don’t be a shit,” she said, punching his arm.

He let a grin slide across his face. “Sweetheart, I know just the place.”

Bo gave Shanna a quick kiss then slid all the way inside her, sighing as her moist heat enveloped him. It had been far too long since the last time she'd succumbed to her natural urges and begged him for a quick "dick-fix".

Her legs wrapped around his hips and hugged him so hard he had to thrust a couple of times to remind her to give him a little room to move.

As he got down to work, his cock rocking inside her lava-hot little channel, he blessed his Boy Scout training for his foresight to stuff a thick blanket behind the seat of his truck. It gave him just enough padding beneath his knees to keep him comfortable and to shield Shanna's back from the cooling metal.

"This workin' for ya?" He tried to sound nonchalant when what he really wanted to do was let out a whoop it felt so good.

She gave him a coy look from beneath her lashes. "You needin' a little praise?"

She lifted her head and scooped his mouth with hers, fluttering her tongue over his bottom lip until he growled and consumed her like a bear dipping into a honey jar. She giggled into his mouth, and he pulled back, making a face. Moonlight shone so bright he could see the gleeful humor digging dimples deep into her cheeks.

He frowned. "Do you know what it does to a man when he's balls-deep and the girl starts laughin'?"

Which only made Shanna laugh harder. "Since you're not wiltin' beneath the disrespect, I'm not gonna feel sorry for you."

Bo gave a rumbling groan and tunneled deeper into her slick heat, every inch of his dick surrounded by her gently rippling channel. They grew silent, their bodies straining together.

Then, "You don't think what they're doin' is dirty, do ya?" she asked, her tone far too conversational, considering how much effort he was exuding.

He knew how her mind worked and what had precipitated this hot little interlude, but he still couldn't resist the urge to tease. "Who?" he asked, stroking deeper and cupping her butt with his palms as he powered into her.

"Dani and her two fellas."

"Long as they aren't hurtin' anyone else, I say let 'em be."

"I'm envious as hell," she groaned.

"Woman," he growled. "How the hell can you hold a thought?"

"I'm a girl. My brains don't flee south at the first sign of pussy."

Bo's bark of laughter ended in another groan. "Hush. Talk in a minute."

"A little overconfident, aren't you?" she quipped, but she was gasping now too.

Holding her against him, he rolled.



Shanna tossed back her wavy hair and gave him a look that bespoke challenge and arousal. A heady mix as she drove her slender body downward then ground against the crinkly curls at the base of his cock. Up again, she went, moonlight gleaming on the sweat coating her small breasts.

When he'd been a teenager, he'd ogled the women in his daddy's *Playboys*, but he'd been hooked on Shanna's little "fried eggs" since the first time she'd bared them in a dare. They'd still been middle school virgins.

"Now, don't you tease me," a thirteen-year-old Shanna had whispered, when he'd double-dared her into it, her hands shielding her chest after she'd let him pull her shirt up.

"Scout's honor, I won't," he'd said, so hard and excited he'd have spent himself in his jeans if she'd so much as rubbed against him.

Even now, when her hands cupped her little breasts and her eyelids slid closed, he thought her breasts were just about perfect.

"Ever think about..." She bit her lip and ground down on his cock again, a little faster and harder, and he knew she was still thinking about the trio everyone in Two Mule, Texas couldn't stop talking about.

"Ever think about what?"

Her gaze went skyward. "About doing it with another guy?"

His derisive snort brought her attention back. He gave her a scowl.

She snickered. "I didn't mean it that way. I mean doing a girl with another guy."

"Why stop at just two?" he asked, liking the conversation because he'd never seen her so hot, and moisture was seeping faster as she thought about her wicked little fantasy.

"Lord, Bo," she moaned, swirling her hips, screwing him sweetly. "You shouldn't say things like that. My legs are shakin'."

"Need me to take over?" he murmured.

"Would you? I know you've had a hard day at the ranch, but..."

"Honey, I'm never too tired for this. Not when it's you."

He could have kicked himself for that last bit. In all the years they'd snuck away to play, he'd never let her see how much she meant to him, sensing she'd shy away like a nervous filly, and he couldn't have that. If all they ever had was this, this strange, sexy friendship, then he'd savor every minute.

He rolled with her again, his hands slipping beneath her ass to cup her close. "Now, do you think we might concentrate for just a second or two? And yeah, I'm bein' overconfident again."

She grinned and slid her hands down his belly, past where their bodies joined and cupped his balls.

"Take that hand away, baby. I'm ready to come."

"Ready to go all Terminator on my pussy?"

He gave her a sexy roll of his hips, circling inside her. "I'm not out to demolish. I just want what's mine."

Her hands tugged his balls gently. “Think this pussy’s yours?”

“Is someone else’s dick divin’ deep inside you?”

“Gawddamn, cowboy, I love it when you talk dirty.”

“You’re the one with the potty mouth,” he said, giving her an openmouthed kiss. He pulled back because she was massaging his balls, and he was quickly getting lost in the sensations building inside him. “Shanna?”

“Yeah, stud?”

“Take that hand away so I can fuck you raw.”

“Tell me more,” she said, giving his sac another gentle pull then slipping her hand from between them. “Whatcha gonna do to me?”

He gritted his teeth. “Can’t think. Wanna go wild on your ass and hammer until you’re flyin’ apart—so wet and hot and close that you can’t do anything more than squeal and bleat like a pink little pig.”

She wrinkled her nose. “Cowboy, you tryin’ to spoil the mood? That’s so not sexy.”

“It is from up here,” he said dropping his voice to a purr. “I like your piggy squeals.”

“I’m gonna kick your ass.”

“Not until after I fuck your pussy raw.” He thrust harder, cramming his swelling cock through tissue so hot and wet he thought he’d lose his mind.

Her eyes widened, and her fingernails dug into his ass. “Bo?”

“Yeah, baby?”

“Now! Do it now!” Her back arched off the truck bed, and her head dug into the blanket.

He withdrew all the way, re-centered his cock, and slammed home, not stopping until he felt the end of her channel and bounced against her cervix. He knew what that was because he’d been as avid a sex-ed student as she’d been. They’d both peeled off their clothes to explore and name of every part in high school—and they’d both gotten As.

With her eyes squeezing shut, and her moan tightening to that sexy-as-hell little squeal, he let loose, hammering her over and over until the pressure in his balls released. He shouted, come spurting deep inside her. Then chest heaving, he landed on top of her.

Her hands stroked over his back, gliding in his sweat.

“That would be just plain greedy, don’t you think?” she said softly

This time, it took a second for him to recall the thread of conversation they’d dropped somewhere between the heavy thrusting. “If it’s not hurtin’ anyone...”

“I wouldn’t want it to be a permanent thing,” she said, her voice sounding dreamy. “I don’t think I could be as strong as Dani.”

“You think she has to be strong to have two men?”

“She has to be strong to put up with havin’ everyone talkin’ about her business. You should hear how the old biddies at the beauty shop skewer Dani Cruz. Even at church. Sanctimonious bitches.”

Bo dragged in a deep breath and came up on his elbows so he could watch her face. “You’re really curious about it, aren’t you?”

Her gaze slid away from his to where she curled a finger in the hair above his ears. “It’s just a fantasy. Gets me hot.”

His lips twitched. “I couldn’t tell. What if I told you there might be a way to satisfy that itch without anyone ever knowin’?”

She gave his hair a tiny yank and stared up at him. “I’d say you’re a horrible tease, and now I’m completely horny again just thinkin’ about the possibility. You did it on purpose, didn’t you? Just ’cause I said we shouldn’t have sex again.”

He reached up to pull her fingers away from his head and kept them cupped inside his hand. “I’m not teasing. I have a solution. Guess it just depends on if you’ve got the guts.”

She bit her bottom lip. “No one would ever know?”

“Just those there. And the guys I’m thinkin’ of don’t gossip.”

She grunted. “How do you know?”

*Gotcha, babe.* “Ever hear of Chrissi Page gettin’ naked and fuckin’ three guys under the bleachers during halftime at the homecoming game?”

“No.” Her eyes widened. “Prissy Chrissi? Really?”

He nodded.

Her eyes widened. “Were you one of those boys?”

“And if I was?” He’d been there but hadn’t been one of the three havin’ a go, but she didn’t need to know that.

A frown dug a line between her brows. “I never would have put you with her. You said she wasn’t your type.”

Bo bit the tip of her nose, embarrassed now to admit his part. “She wasn’t when she thought she was too good for anyone around here.”

“How’d you ever talk her into it?”

He hadn’t, but he gave her a wicked waggle of his eyebrows. “Now, I’ve already said too much.”

“You’re just tryin’ to get me hot enough for another round,” she muttered.

“And if I am?”

“Just remember, I ain’t marryin’ you, Bo.”

“Did I ask?”

“No, but people see us together too often, they’ll start makin’ plans. And I already have plans.”

Bo ground his hips against hers, dragging his slackening cock around and around her pussy. “No one will know about us,” he said softly. “No one will start sendin’ out wedding invitations. And I really can give you one hot-as-hell night. You game?”

Her teeth bit into her lush bottom lip as she studied his expression. “Who’s your posse?”

He lifted his eyebrows, telling her silently that she ought to already know.

“You talkin’ about the boys at the Triple X?” She stared. “Holy cow.”

He could tell from the hitch in her breathing that the idea appealed.

“But why would they go for it, with me, I mean? I’m not...like Chrissi.”

“Don’t you dare say you aren’t pretty enough.”

“I’m okay, but they’re...” She blew out a breath between pursed lips. “Let’s just say there’s not a woman in Two Mule, except maybe Dani Cruz, who hasn’t thought about tryin’ to lasso one of ’em. How you gonna ask them?”

“Leave it up to me.”

Shanna swallowed hard. “Why would you do this for me?”

He gave her a one-sided smile, aching inside to tell her the truth, but settled for, “What’re best friends for?”

Shanna reached up and kissed him then dropped her head back.

Bo was so handsome it broke her heart to look at him. Brown hair, green eyes, a lean, muscled frame were only the start of what she liked about him. His sharp-edged face, square jaw and the way he looked right into her eyes when he talked to her, never failed to make her melt.

He was the best friend she’d ever had. Knew every one of her dirty little secrets, but he’d never judged her. Never looked down on her. And she knew he’d be more than willing to take on all her problems on a permanent basis because he thought he was in love with her.

But she couldn’t do it to him. He deserved better than getting smeared with the likes of Camilla Davies’ daughter. Which was why she’d never let him park his truck outside the tidy little house her grandma had left to her when she moved to the retirement home.

“Blood will out.” Or so Gran had always said, shaking her head mournfully whenever Shanna colored outside the lines. And hadn’t the old woman been right, after all? Just look at what she’d asked Bo to do for her.

A coyote howled in the distance, bringing her back. The ridges in the truck bed were digging into her spine, but she didn’t want to be the first to push away. She wiggled her butt to realign with the ridges.

Bo lifted his head from her shoulder. “I’m crushin’ you.”

"No you aren't," she said, but she lowered her legs from his waist and let him slide to the side of her body. Shanna stuck an arm under her head and gazed at the stars glittering against the dark sky. "This was a great idea," she said softly. "You always know the perfect place."

Bo rolled to his back. "It's the middle of the football field. Better hope we don't get caught. There won't be any hidin' the tire tracks in the grass." Bo laughed. "At least it's better than the high school janitor's closet."

She shoved her elbow in his side. "No one found us."

"We both smelled like bleach after we spilled the supply shelf."

"Good thing we were naked then because our clothes didn't get ruined."

Smiling, Bo rubbed a lazy hand across his belly. "Have to say I was surprised you sought me out tonight."

"Just needed a partner to get out on the dance floor."

"That's not what I meant. I've hardly seen you around town. Gran said you've been job-hunting, interviewing in Austin and Houston. You didn't tell me. Thought you were avoidin' me."

"I've been lookin' for a job. Not that I have tons of options. Shoulda finished college when I had the chance."

"You hated school. Only reason you went to SMU in the first place was to get away from Two Mule. That why you've been job-huntin' so far from home?"

"Yeah. Thought it was about time to start the rest of my life. I can't stay here forever."

He stayed silent so long, she wondered if he'd fallen asleep. She glanced over at him, only to discover his head was propped on his arm while he studied her face.

"Don't look at me like that," she said, pushing out her bottom lip.

His eyebrows rose. "Like what?"

"I don't know. Like you think I'm a coward."

His eyebrows dropped. "I don't think that at all."

Shanna scowled. "I'm not like you. I don't come from a good family. Everywhere I go in Two Mule, someone whispers behind my back. They all wonder when I'll prove I'm just like my mom."

"Your mom wasn't a bad person. I liked her."

"Men liked her because most of 'em knew her in the biblical sense."

"That's an exaggeration."

She wrinkled her nose. "She was a whore, Bo, with a string of sugar daddies."

Bo nodded, his expression thoughtful. "She had some issues, but she wasn't a bad person. And you aren't her."

"People won't let me be someone other than Camilla Davies' daughter. And look at me. Look at what I want. What does that say about me?"

He rolled to his side and settled his head on his hand. "It just means you're sexually curious. So am I. Does that make me a whore? Bet I've had more lovers than you."

Shanna met his gaze, hyper-aware of his broad chest and missing his weight pinning her to the truck bed. She wished she could cuddle against him and draw on his inner core of strength. "Why haven't you settled down? You could find yourself a good woman."

His fingertip traced the length of her nose then tapped the end. "Because there's only one you," he said, smiling softly.

She hoped that wasn't true. She loved him. She knew he cared about her. But he shouldn't be *in* love with her.

She sat up and rubbed her arms. "I'm gettin' a little cold."

"Coward. You brought the subject up."

"I'm not afraid of the 'M' word. But I'm a realist. I really, really can't think of having a relationship until I'm far away from here."

His large hand cupped her thigh. "So you want me to arrange the ultimate farewell party?"

She shot him a quick glance, worried about what he thought of her now. "Am I being wicked?"

"Oh yeah." He pushed up on his arms, then leaned over and kissed her cheek. "But I like your wicked, dirty little mind."

Her lips twitched and stretched into a smile, and she was glad that the darkness hid the heat creeping into her cheeks.

Bo kissed her then backed away, keeping that talented mouth of his an inch from hers. "I'll get you what you want, sweetheart. My gift to you. Think of it as a goin'-away present."

## Chapter Two

Bo rehearsed the request a dozen times, pacing in front of the Kinzie porch. He'd come early enough to catch them before they headed into town to hit the saloon, getting a rash of shit from his foreman because the old man had guessed his distraction had something to do with a girl.

*Fuck.* How did you ask friends to help you blow your girl's mind without looking like a fool?

"Do you think he knows we're out here?" came an overloud whisper.

Bo turned, shooting a glance over his shoulder. The three Kinzie brothers were lined up on the other side of the rail, eyeing him. Josh grinned. Cade's expression was wary, his eyes narrowed. And Ezra? Well, Bo never could get a bead on what Ezra thought because the man's expression never strayed from neutral.

He chose to address Cade's wary glance first. "I'm not here to borrow your tractor again."

"Weren't gettin' it even if you did. Got it stuck to the axle last time."

Josh leaned his butt against the rail. "Only thing ever gets you so worked up is Shanna Davies."

Bo snorted and narrowed his eyes. Josh wasn't a mind reader. He'd been drinking with Bo Saturday night when Shanna had approached him.

Josh grinned. "Well, that got a reaction. Better come in and get a beer while we get cleaned up."

Bo blew out a deep breath, glad for the reprieve, and climbed the porch steps.

Inside the house, Josh headed down the hall toward the bedrooms, Cade on his heels.

However, Ezra pulled the tab of the beer he already held and settled onto a settee in the family room, not caring that his clothes were sweat-stained and covered in dust. "So what's botherin' you? You finally tell Shanna you're in love with her?"

Bo winced. How was it everyone else knew and Shanna still didn't have a clue? "I uh, have a request. Something Shanna wants."

Ezra's gaze narrowed as he studied his face. "Better blurt it out now before the other two get back."

Bo knew he was right. At least Ezra could give him a quick read. If he didn't think that his brothers would go for it, then he wouldn't have to take a lifetime of teasing from the other two. "I'd like to give Shanna something special. A Chrissi-at-halftime special."

Ezra grew still. "She knows about that?"

"She does now. Don't worry. She's not a gossip."

"As I recall, you weren't all that into sharing. You played lookout while we got busy. You hardly got a kiss in."

“This is Shanna we’re talkin’ about. I’d do anything for her. And she has it in her mind that she’d like a ménage.”

“Sure she can handle it afterwards?”

Bo knew exactly what he meant. After that football game, Chrissi gave them all the cold shoulder, too embarrassed to meet their gazes.

“Shanna’s plannin’ to leave town. Been job-huntin’. She doesn’t figure she’ll have to see any of you again.”

Ezra took a long pull of his beer then relaxed against the back of the sofa. “Does she figure on seein’ you again, Bo?” he asked, his narrow gaze pinning him.

“She’s leaving me too.”

Ezra glanced away. “Sorry about that.”

“Don’t be. She’s never led me on. It’s my own damn fault I didn’t believe her.”

The pad of bare feet sounded from the hallway. Josh and Cade trailed inside, their glances going to Ezra.

“He wants us to do Shanna,” Ezra said, his tone dead even.

“Is that right?” Cade asked, his eyebrows rising.

“Yeah,” Bo said, his face growing hot. “She wants to experiment. It’s a favorite fantasy kind of thing.”

“She ask for us?” Josh said, his eyebrows meeting the blond hair falling over his forehead.

“I made the suggestion,” Bo said, his tone gruff. “If you decide you’re not interested, I trust you won’t say a word to her.”

“We don’t gossip,” Ezra said. “There’s been enough of that around your girl.”

Bo nodded his appreciation.

“Anything we should know about her?” Cade, the middle brother, asked.

Bo eyed each brother, knowing by their curious expressions that they’d agreed to the request. He let out a deep breath. “She doesn’t like people mentionin’ her mama. And she’s self-conscious about her breasts. They’re small. And I don’t want her hurt or scared. So no rough stuff.”

The two younger brothers looked to Ezra. Ezra’s narrowed gaze fell on Bo again. “We decide what happens.”

Bo’s shoulders stiffened. “And if I don’t like it?”

“We aren’t gonna give a shit about what you want. This’ll be all about her. We swear we won’t do anything to harm or frighten her—too much.”

Bo nodded again, slowly this time. “I’m curious. You fellas haven’t shared since Chrissi, so why would you be willin’ now?”

Ezra shrugged, then his face broke into an uncharacteristic smile. “It’s good practice.”



“For what?”

“For the day we bring a wife among us.”

Bo’s cheeks got hotter. He’d always known the brothers were a little crazy, but he hadn’t known the depth of their kink. He couldn’t imagine wanting to share a woman he loved on a permanent basis. If he ever had the privilege of marrying Shanna, she’d have to settle for just one man in her bed.

Friday night, Shanna couldn’t get any closer to Bo unless she crawled inside him. She’d climbed into the cab of his pickup and slid all the way over the bench seat, lifted his arm and snuggled against his side. She was hot and cold and scared all at the same time.

Ever since he’d told her the Kinzies had agreed to share her, she’d second-guessed herself a million times. She’d even called Bo twice to tell him she wanted to cancel, that it was all a joke, but he hadn’t believed her either time. And here she was, pulling in front of the Kinzie ranch house, and her stomach was so taut she thought she might throw up.

The trip from her place in town to the ranch took only fifteen minutes, but she’d held her breath most of the way and felt winded.

“It’s gonna be okay,” Bo said, pulling her close and kissing her temple. He raised his arm over her head, put the truck into park and killed the engine. Then he turned back to her, his moss-colored eyes crinkling at the corners with his strained smile. “You don’t like something, all you have to do is say so. If you want to change your mind, just head for the door. I won’t judge you.”

Shanna gripped one of his hands and squeezed it, glad of the darkening shadows that hopefully hid the blush heating her face. “I can’t believe this is gonna happen, and that you’re okay with it.”

His eyebrows lifted up and down in a quick, wicked waggle. “Why wouldn’t I be? You want it. I want you happy.”

“That’s what friends do, huh?” she said, lifting her chin in challenge. “Find a group of men willing to gangbang their girlfriend?”

His sigh seemed to come all the way from his toes. “It’s not gonna be like that, Shanna. I swear, it’s not gonna feel dirty.”

“How do you know? Are you a girl?”

His chin firmed. “You wannna leave? We can head to Shooters. I’m okay with that. We can drink ourselves shitfaced. I’ll see you home and tuck you in safe—and alone.”

Shanna glanced away, staring blindly at the sprawling white ranch house. “I’ve dreamed about this every night since you said they’d do it, you know. I dream that tomorrow I’m walking through Two Mule, but I’m naked and everyone can see me.”

His arm snaked around her shoulders and he hugged her close. "On my honor, baby, this is just between us. No gossip. Not a word or a sly look will follow you after this. I know you want this, but I know why you're scared. That's one thing you won't have to worry about."

She cocked her head to the side and gave him a slow smile. "Oh yeah? So what will I have to worry about?"

His smile widened. "Walkin' bowlegged for a week."

Shanna couldn't help it, she snorted. Laughter spilled out. When they'd both quieted, she lifted her mouth.

Bo didn't have to be told what she needed. He gave her a quick chaste kiss. "Come on inside. The guys aren't gonna jump you. We can talk first." He reached for his door handle.

She reached for hers and opened her door. "This is embarrassing. I'm already imaginin' them all naked. They won't have a thing to be embarrassed about."

"Neither will you."

She slammed the door and met him around the front of the truck. "I'm too skinny. I've got no ass. And a sixth-grader has bigger boobs than me."

"You're slender. You've got the prettiest, softest skin, and your nipples are cherry-colored." He thumbed one of her little berries through her shirt.

Her pussy clenched. "Okay, I can do this."

Bo encircled her waist with both arms and pulled her into his chest. "Yes you can. I'll be right there with you. I won't let anything happen you don't want."

How could she tell him there wasn't likely to be anything she wouldn't want? She'd stored up a lifetime of sexual fantasies, never letting them loose because she hadn't wanted to be seen as anything like her mother. Even with Bo she'd stuck to plain vanilla, shying away from anything too wild.

She squared her shoulders.

Bo unwrapped himself from her and held out his hand. She took a deep breath and placed her trust in him. He'd never let her down. Never pushed her. He'd been the best friend a girl could have.

"It's gonna be okay."

When she stepped onto the porch stairs, the front door opened. Josh, the youngest of the Kinzie brothers strode out and clomped eagerly down the steps. He stood beside Bo and waited, staring her up and down.

"Be polite, Josh," Bo said.

"Can't help it," Josh said, eager as a puppy dog. "I've wanted to see you naked forever, Shanna Davies."

His lazy smile was infectious. Shanna couldn't help chuckling even while her cheeks burned. She let Josh take her hand and pull her up the steps.

Bo snorted behind her, but that only made her smile widen. He hadn't liked how easily she'd accepted Josh's hand, not after the fuss she'd made.

Inside the house, she glanced around, curious about the brothers' home. She'd never been to the Kinzie ranch before, would have loved seeing the corrals and horses during daylight, but the interior of the old house was pretty impressive too. Yellow stone and natural wood on the outside, inside the walls were a mixture of stone and plaster. Stone stretched along the far wall with a bump out for the huge fireplace. A cast-iron chandelier, shaped like interlocking longhorn cow horns, was suspended from a high ceiling. The floor was a warm yellow oak. The furnishings large and leather—masculine browns and golds.

"Everyone's out back," Josh said.

*Everyone.* She hoped to God he meant just his two brothers.

They walked through the living room to the French doors on the opposite side. The flagstone patio that surrounded a pool was enclosed by a tall wall and lit by tiki torches. Boulders at one end of the pool formed a natural waterfall.

"It's beautiful," Shanna said, stepping farther onto the patio.

Cade rose from a lounge beside the pool. Dressed in jeans, a tight tee and boots, his dark hair was slicked back, and he smelled of soap, like he'd just come from the shower. "Nice to see you, Shanna."

The deep rumble of his voice skittered along her nerve endings, causing her to shiver. She was doing this, really doing it.

His gaze didn't sweep her body like Josh's had in blatant sexual interest. However, the way he looked at her face, especially at her mouth, said sex was uppermost on his mind, too. And since both brothers had proclaimed their interest with a steady gaze, she eyed Josh and Cade, standing side by side, comparing the depth of the muscle that corded their arms and legs, the width of their shoulders. The youngest Kinzie, Josh, was tall and lean like Bo; his shaggy blond hair touched the tops of his shoulders. His face was beautiful, his chin manly, but the dimple in the center softened his look. Blue eyes twinkled but he held still beneath her perusal.

Something about Cade's expression settled her nerves. Made her feel safe. His energy wasn't as apparent as Josh's. His body was tight, his expression a little wary. His gaze was steady as she raked him with a quick glance, all she dared, because the silence was stretching uncomfortably among them. Still, he was the same height as Josh, a tad broader in the chest. His face wasn't pretty like Josh's, being more rugged and masculine, but he still had the power to leave her breathless.

Cade reached for her hand and pulled her deeper onto the patio, toward the pool where a figure swam laps from one end to the other, his long sleek body gliding beneath the surface and completely nude.

Her mouth dried as Ezra Kinzie reached the end of the pool at her feet and hauled himself out of the water.

She stepped back, her heart racing, and tried valiantly not to drop her gaze, but his cock was thick and wakening, demanding attention. He was large. Everything about him was bear-like and oversized—feet, hands, cock. Lord, her jaw sagged as the manliest part of him seemed to grow harder, bigger still, beneath her fascinated stare.

Ezra slid a finger beneath her chin and raised her face. “You’re overdressed.”

A groan leaked out, and Shanna covered her face with her hands. “What was I thinking?”

Ezra chuckled “Come have a seat. We’ll talk.”

“I can’t. You’re naked and I’m already drooling.”

“Not a bad place to start,” he murmured.

She peeked between her fingers and slowly dropped her hands.

Ezra raised a thickly muscled arm and combed back his wet, dark brown hair. Water ran in rivulets over his broad, tanned chest. He reached out sideways. “Need a pillow.”

One was placed in his hand, and he held it for her.

Shanna read the challenge in his eyes. He thought she’d bolt. That she didn’t have the guts.

She might be nervous, but she was more aroused, more curious—about what this would be like, what he’d taste like, how the other men would react once she knelt and took Ezra in her mouth.

Mostly, she wondered whether Bo would be angered or hot for it.

She took the pillow, stepped out of her shoes and knelt at Ezra’s feet, not looking up, not moving for the longest moment, just letting the sound of her heartbeats and his breaths soothe her nerves.

The other men took seats, leaning back on lounge chairs.

“What’re you waitin’ for?” Ezra asked, his tone soft and even.

“For you to tell me what you want of me,” she whispered, keeping her head bent, because it felt right.

“How did you know that would please me?”

She raised her face. “I didn’t really... Maybe it was the way you looked at me...”

“How did I look?”

“Watchful. Waitin’ for something. I thought maybe I should wait too.”

His smile was slow, easing over his mouth and crinkling the corners of his ice blue eyes. He cupped her chin. His thumb slid over her bottom lip. “Open.”

Her mouth fell open automatically, and he stuck his thumb into it.

She didn’t wait for him to spell out what he wanted. She did what came naturally, what instinct drove her to do. She closed her lips around his thumb, swirled her tongue over the roughened tip and sucked.

Ezra gripped his shaft, pumped his hand up and down his length, then pulled his thumb free and pressed the head of his cock against her lips.

Shanna breathed in his scent, fresh and chlorinated. She opened obediently, widening when he pushed the blunt head inside, gliding against her tongue, thrusting toward her throat. Her lips tightened around him. She watched his face while she sucked him, never lowering her gaze.

Ezra spread apart his legs, and she reached up to cup his sac, rolling the twin orbs in her palm, then closing her fingers around them and tugging gently as she rocked forward and back, meeting his slow, steady strokes.

Large, rough hands reached around her body, unbuttoning her blouse and slipping it off her shoulders. Her bra was opened and it slid off one arm. She let go of Ezra's balls and the garments were whisked away. She felt a pang of disappointment when the hands left her body, because she wanted them to fondle her.

Ezra gripped the base of his cock, pumping. Her lips met his fingers with each long sweep. With his free hand, he gripped her hair and pulled her closer toward his groin, rocking on his heels, but still so quiet she wondered if she pleased him. Then he pulled quickly from her mouth, his breath catching. His come spurted in white ropes, striping her face and breasts.

She let him tilt back her head to receive it, his soft cap sliding in the come on her cheeks, making a sticky mess of her face, but she didn't care. She licked her lips, taking his taste into her mouth.

His smile was soft in his taut, reddened face. But at last, he stepped away, leaving her trembling on the pillow and wondering what came next.

Cade knelt beside her, wiped her face with a warm, wet cloth, and then stroked it over her breasts, cleaning her and exciting her nipples. He circled them, smiling at the way they popped eagerly to attention. Cade lifted her chin on a crooked finger and bent to kiss her mouth.

Innocent, so far as kisses went—if she didn't think about the way his fingers were teasing one of her nipples, scraping it with a nail, then clasping it and tugging, twisting. When she opened her mouth beneath his to gasp, his tongue swept inside, exploring the edges of her teeth, the rim of her lips. She passively accepted his attentions, only her shortening breaths betraying her excitement.

He drew back and pulled her to her feet. Hands reached around her waist and unbuttoned her slacks, pushing them over her hips to puddle around her feet. A tug at the lace bracketing her hips left her sex exposed.

Hands cupped her bare bottom and slid around, sinking between her folds to capture moisture, then pulling away. Josh walked around her, the finger he'd wet with her juices stuck in his mouth, his eyes alight with mischief. "Baby, I'm gonna eat you all up."

Liquid gushed between her legs, trickling down her inner thighs. She pressed them together to hide it, but she doubted they missed a thing that was happening to her body. Not the way they watched her—darkening blue gazes sliding over her, seeking out her secrets.

Cade pulled her hand, and she stepped out of her clothing then followed him to the lounge Ezra reclined on. The back was lowered to a forty-five-degree angle, and he opened his legs, making room for

her to sit between them, her back against his chest. Cade and Josh undressed in front of her. The rustling of fabric, the snaps of waistbands opening, added to the visual feast as the two men stripped themselves bare then walked toward her.

Where Ezra's size and rugged beauty left her knees weak, these two were so handsome, so perfect in form that she felt inadequate. She stiffened, and Ezra turned her head toward him. "Open your legs."

She didn't hesitate although the move exposed her to two avid male gazes.

The foot of the lounge dropped, and Josh knelt between her spread legs, pushing them wider until they hung on either side of the chair, her sex completely opened.

He trailed a finger along the edges of her thin inner folds. "You're wet, Shanna. Why's that?" he teased.

Her tongue felt glued to the roof of her mouth, so she shook her head.

"I think you want me to play there. Want something hard coming up inside you. Am I right?"

Her body trembled, and she pressed back against Ezra, who tugged her hair and nuzzled her ear.

Cade sat on the edge of the lounge beside her hip and rubbed his hand over her mound. "Do you like having your pussy petted, Shanna?"

She pried her tongue from the roof of her mouth and swallowed. "I won't fuckin' purr," she said, surprised at the gravel in her voice.

Josh's grin split his face.

Cade's fingers plucked her short curls hard.

Shanna drew a breath between clenched teeth at the sharp pain. "Why'd I think you were the nice one?"

"Which one am I?" Josh asked.

"The player."

"And Ezra?"

"Just scary."

Ezra's hand caressed her breast, and he whispered in her ear, "Still think I'm scary?"

She nodded, and the men laughed, which didn't soothe her ravaged nerves.

Josh leaned toward her, his gaze glued to her pussy. His hands smoothed up her inner thighs, then slowed as they neared her sex. "Always knew those legs were long, but damn, girl." He tugged her outer lips between his thumbs and forefingers and spread them. "You're wet, sweetheart. Cream's all the way down your thighs. Did sucking Ezra do that to you?"

## Chapter Three

“*Fuck*,” she whispered, then shot a sideways glance at Bo.

His shoulders were hunched. His hands planted on his knees. “Don’t look at me. You wanted this.”

“I never thought...” Suddenly ashamed, her gaze dropped. “Guess I didn’t think at all.”

“Want me to stop?” Josh asked. By now his expression had lost all humor, even his perpetual smirk had tightened.

“I ache,” she admitted, her voice trembling.

Josh bent closer. “Wanna be fucked?”

She nodded, her mouth dry as dust.

“Too bad.” He ducked toward her pussy, and his tongue slipped out and licked her from the bottom of her folds to the top, giving her clit an unsatisfying lap. “Ah hell.” He bent closer and buried his face between her legs, his whisker-roughened chin driving into her folds, his nose nudging the hardening knot.

Shanna clamped her thighs around his head, dug her fingers into his hair and pulled as she curved to press her sex harder against his mouth.

Josh chuckled then concentrated his efforts around the turgid little knot at the top of her folds while Cade continued to tug her curls. Josh latched his lips around the sensitive knot, teathed it gently then suckled it hard before pulling back. But he wasn’t done. Pressing two fingers against it, he swirled them around and around, giving her a devilish, dark look.

Half crazed with his teasing, she couldn’t hold back the moan scratching at her throat. Her body convulsed, beginning the spiral.

He lifted away his fingers. “Not so quick.”

“God, why not?” she gasped. “I was almost there.”

“The longer I make you wait, the better it’ll be. Promise.”

“Don’t care,” she snarled. “Wanna come now.”

The men laughed, low and dirty. Josh cupped his fingers together and swatted her pussy, the sharp slap landing on her clit.

Shanna jerked inside Ezra’s hold. He hugged her closer and bit her earlobe.

Cade slid his free hand beneath her butt and curved his fingers, sliding them into the crevice that separated her cheeks. When he grazed the tiny hole, she froze and tried to turn her face, but Ezra bit harder. “No,” he whispered. “No hidin’, baby.”

“I don’t like it.”

Josh thrust two fingers inside her pussy and twisted them, coming out with slick fingertips that he used to paint her lips. “You’re lyin’. Taste your lies?”

“Bastard,” she said, groaning again as Cade inserted one finger into her ass and twirled it in her hole.

She clamped the delicate muscles hard around the digit, trying to eject him, but he continued to roll it, gently, slowly, teasing her into relaxing. Her hips began to dance again, up and down, dragging on his finger. “Wrong, so wrong,” she whispered.

Josh shushed her and drove his two digits into her pussy again, fucking her with them, in and out, while Cade swirled.

The sensations—the burning ache behind, the juicy heat in front—were tightening the tension in her core.

Ezra pinched a nipple and bit her ear again.

Josh kissed her clit while he fingered her. “Come for us. Do it now.” Then he latched onto her clit and drove three fingers deep.

Shanna’s back bowed, and she gave a strangled scream. The tension uncurled in one prolonged explosion that froze every muscle and forced the air from her lungs. She jerked and gasped at the end, then collapsed, drawing in deep breaths through her mouth, her eyelids fluttering down then squeezing tight because she wanted to protect herself from all the interested gazes cataloguing every response.

The two men playing below petted her gently, raking fingers through the down covering her mound, stroking her flanks.

Shanna gave a shuddering groan and was surprised by a nearly silent sob that shook her chest.

Ezra released her lobe. “That’s it, baby. That’s it. Shhhhh...”

She turned her head to the side, rubbing her cheek against his bare chest.

Cade’s fingers withdrew from her rear hole, and he walked away. Josh kissed her clit and slowly pulled his fingers free.

Something warm and rough rubbed between her legs, and she felt the swipes of a washcloth, cleaning between her legs then slipping beneath her. Not until the cloth finished did she open her eyes.

Apparently satisfied, Cade tossed the cloth away and sat on the concrete beside the chair. He ruffled the hair sticking to her cheek. “What do you think, Shanna? Will you let us play some more?”

She laughed and groaned, wanting to hide her face. But really, they’d seen everything, hadn’t they?

The men chuckled.

“What about you, Bo?” Ezra said, his voice rumbling pleasantly beneath her cheek.

She’d forgotten Bo was there, watching. Lord, what had it looked like to him? She’d come completely undone, surrounded by men, every orifice teased and filled at some point.



"I say we move inside," Bo said quietly. "Need something soft under us. And enough room to really get down to business."

*Down to business.* She turned toward him and stared. His face was tight, red blotches in the center of his cheeks, his eyes hot and hard.

Had he changed his mind? Did he think she was a whore like her mother now?

Josh pushed off his knees and followed Cade inside. Ezra gently leaned her forward and slid from behind her, leaving her alone with Bo.

She stayed silent, her gaze sliding away to stare at the edge of the pool.

Bo stood, his hands wiping down the outside of his thighs, but not speaking.

She didn't wait for him to decide he'd seen enough and leave. She rolled off the lounge, took two steps and dove into the pool, skimming along the bottom and kicking to put as much distance between herself and him as she could. When she surfaced, she shot up, gripped the edge of the far end of the pool and leaned her forehead against the rough concrete rim.

Footsteps trailed the pool, boots clomping closer. Hands cupped her shoulders then slid beneath her armpits. Bo lifted her from the water and set her on her feet in front of him. "Do you wanna leave?"

Water sluiced down her body and a gentle breeze caused her to shiver. "I don't know how to answer that."

"It's a yes or a no. Pretty damn simple."

"It's a helluva lot more complicated than that."

His fingers combed back her wet hair then gripped it to tilt her head. His expression was so hard she almost didn't recognize him—except for the heat in his green eyes.

"Do you wanna fuck us?" he asked, his voice gruff. "All of us?"

She shoved at his chest. "What's this all about? You proving to me that I'm just like my mama? Or do you want me to quit, back down now and choose you? Because that won't change a thing, Bo. I'm still leaving."

His eyebrows lowered into a furious scowl, a look he'd never worn around her before. "You're not a thing like your mama," he whispered furiously. "You don't fuck the one who can give you the most money or the better cars. You fuck because you're a healthy, sexual creature—and you're here because you're curious. I'm all right with that. I've pussy-footed around you since we were teenagers, never pushing you for more than you were comfortable giving, but I'm tellin' you now—I think you're a coward, Shanna. You want this. You want me. And you want to be used, to be commanded—you're dyin' to be taken."

Her mouth dried. "I thought I knew you."

"You do, deep inside. It's why you cut me off, why you try to stay away from me—because I know the woman you keep hidden deep inside." Shanna pushed him again, but he caught her hands and slid his fingers around her slender wrists, like steel cuffs. "I've been your friend. I've spent more time alone with

you than any other person, including your kin. That doesn't mean I see you as my friend or as my little sister. I've wanted to fuck you since I was old enough to know what to do with my dick. I've wanted to call you mine even longer than that."

She tugged at her wrists, her body bumping against his, but he didn't budge. "If that's true then why did you do this? Why offer me this?"

"Because I want you to know how sexy you really are—and that it's okay to experiment." Bo slid a thigh between her legs, the coarse material chafing her pussy. "Me tellin' you it's okay isn't gonna make you believe it. So fuck them, blow them. Prove to yourself that you have it in you, that you're ready to explore everything you're capable of."

Shanna quivered against him, her breaths shortening. She'd never seen him this angry. Never thought him capable of manhandling her. When his thigh rubbed against her crotch, she stopped fighting him and settled onto it, welcoming the scrape against her tender flesh.

Bo crowded even closer, mashing her breasts against his chest. With his mouth hovering over hers, he whispered, "When you're done, I'll still be here. That's something you need to learn about me. I'm not in it for what I can get from you, Shanna. I'm not in it to make you mine. I'm here because I love you."

Shanna froze. Her gaze locked with his. She wanted to look away but couldn't. He'd said it. She wanted him to take it back.

Shanna didn't know why those three words infuriated her so much, but her skin heated, this time not because of arousal or embarrassment. She shoved her chest against his, pushing him. "Fuck you," she whispered. "You can't go changing on me. Fuck you to hell."

His hands tightened again; his jaw clenched. "I'm already there, baby."

Tears blurred his face and she blinked them away. "Then why do you put up with me? This isn't good for you. I'm not good for you."

Bo's eyes closed, so did his expression. "You ready to go inside?" He dropped his hands and backed up.

She spun around and walked on shaking legs toward the glass doors, determined to show him just how unsuitable she was. She slammed open the doors and entered the air-conditioned house. The cool air raised gooseflesh as soon as it sifted across her skin.

A shower sounded from deep inside the house, and she followed the noise, trailing down a hallway and into a large bedroom, Bo walking slowly behind her.

Inside the room, Josh lay on a king-sized bed, his blond hair wet, a towel wrapped around his hips.

Cade stepped out of the bathroom with a towel draped over his shoulders. He grinned at her and reached up to rub his head, drying his curls.

Which left Ezra in the shower. Giving Bo a scathing glance, she stepped into the bathroom and slammed the door shut behind her.

She could see the older brother's tall, broad frame through the clear glass of the shower door, his arms raised and his hands buried in his hair. Long ropes of soap slid over his back and along the curve of his tight, round buttocks. She opened the door and waited.

He glanced over his shoulder. "You two get it all worked out?"

"Hardly," she said, wrapping her arms over her middle. "He wants me to fuck you all to prove I'm sexual." She left out the part where Bo said he loved her, because she couldn't cope with it. Not right now. Not staring at Ezra Kinzie's hard-muscled body.

"Not the smoothest thing he could have said to a woman." His glance slid down, pausing on her legs. "I don't think you have a thing to prove."

"Why do you think he's doing this?"

Ezra shook his head. "He told you."

"It's bullshit. He ruined everything. He changed on me."

Ezra's expression didn't reveal a thing he was thinking as he studied her face.

She took a deep shuddering breath and glanced away. "Tell me the truth, Ezra. Any reasonably attractive woman would do for you and your brothers, right?"

He lifted his gaze and arched one dark brow. "For us to be interested? We're not man-whores, Shanna."

She blushed. "Is this something you do often?"

"Not at all. We experimented a bit when we were younger."

"Chrissi?"

"Just the once. I think we shocked the hell out of her." Ezra turned, his cock preceding him, drawing her attention to the insistent thrust of his long, slightly curved dick. "Look, the water's gettin' on the floor," he growled. "Come on in and we can talk."

Shanna blew out another ragged breath and stepped into the shower, remembering too late he was the most intimidating of the three brothers. "So you experimented. This isn't a regular thing?"

"We need the right girl to take us all on. We can't go around scarin' every woman in the county." One side of his mouth twitched, but she could see he was serious.

"I know you don't think I'm Ms. Right, so why do this?"

"Practice. And you're safe." His slow smile, when it came, took away her breath. The man's looks were deadly to a woman's peace of mind.

"Do you want me to understand that?"

"Not particularly. We live an isolated life here. Sure we get into town whenever we need to resupply, and when we need women, but we aren't seeking to make a reputation for being kinky sons of bitches. We tend to be attracted to the same women, which could have been problematic if we hadn't figured out we like sharin'. But we're waitin' for the right one to bring into our lives."

“You’re lookin’ for a woman to share on a permanent basis?”

“Yeah.”

Shanna shook her head. “She’d have to be special all right. And have fantastic stamina.”

Still smiling, Ezra plucked the washcloth from the rack at the far side of the stall. “Come here. You’re too tense.” He cupped one shoulder and forced her to face the back of the stall, then began to rub the soapy cloth over her back.

She braced her open palms against the wall and closed her eyes. Being bathed like a baby wasn’t something she’d had on her list of things to experiment with, but she’d consider it an added bonus. Damn, the man had talented hands. “I didn’t know this would be so hard. Being here with you and your brothers, that is. It’s a little confusing.”

“How so? All you have to do is give yourself to us. We make all the decisions, give you the pleasure. But you’re talking about Bo, aren’t you?”

Shanna sighed and closed her eyes. “He’s different. Ever since he offered me this. Like he expects something in return.”

“You don’t like the change?” Ezra scrubbed in long, hard sweeps down her back.

Shanna swayed with the motion, relaxing. Something she hadn’t thought possible in his presence. “I feel off-balance. I thought I knew him, but he’s turnin’ possessive,” she said, wrinkling her nose.

“You think he shouldn’t be?”

“It’s not the way we are. It’s the one reason I’ve always trusted him. He didn’t get weird or jealous when I roamed.”

His cloth-wrapped hand scraped over her buttocks. “You roam much?”

“No. I get nervous around men. Start thinkin’ they think I’m like my mom. That that’s why they’re with me. Never lasts long.”

“Then why is his possessiveness an issue?”

“I feel guilty about this, wanting you and your brothers, and about leaving him. I’m not stayin’ in Two Mule.”

“Ready to blow this town, are ya?”

“Yeah,” she said, only for the first time, when she said it, she felt a little hollow. A little less sure.

Ezra tossed aside the cloth, and his bare hands smoothed up and down her body, massaging her. “What’s so bad about Two Mule?”

Shanna moaned. Lord, he had magic in his strong hands. Every little knot, every hint of tension was draining away. “Small town, small minds,” she mumbled.

“Tryin’ to start fresh where no one knows you?”

She stiffened, sure he was going to mention her mother, but he started massaging her shoulders and upper arms then made his way slowly down her spine. When he reached the top of her buttocks, his hands

opened, his palms pressing hard, his heels kneading the muscles until she was arching. “That feels really good,” she groaned.

“Bo’s gonna miss you,” Ezra said, his tone accusing, but soft.

“I know that,” she said, swallowing the lump building at the back of her throat. “But he’s known forever that I can’t stay.”

“You gonna miss him, even a little bit?”

“I’ll hate leaving him behind. He’s the best thing that ever happened to me. We’ve shared everything since we were kids. Know each other’s secrets. I can tell him anything, and he never looks at me like I’ve grown two heads.”

“Not everything. You didn’t tell him about your kinky side. How come it took you so long to tell him what you wanted?”

“I didn’t want him to think less of me,” she whispered. “Didn’t want him to think I’m a whore.”

“Have you kept other secrets from him?”

She shook her head, already regretting having told him so much. It wasn’t like she and Ezra were even friends, but here she was running off at the mouth. She stiffened. “I can wash the rest.”

“But it wouldn’t be near as much fun,” he drawled.

“This can’t be fun for you. Your dick isn’t getting any.”

He gave one side of her bottom a slap. “Don’t be ugly. I can enjoy touching you without my dick getting involved. It’s not just about the orgasm.”

“Really?” She turned, her shoulder gliding across his chest he stood so close. Then she glanced up, challenging him with a hard stare, and cupped his balls. With her free hand she traced the length of his cock, which was twitching into an impressive erection. “I’m gonna make a liar out of you.”

“Let go, Shanna.”

“Not a chance. You can pretend for Bo that this is all for me. But I know you’re just another horny man and this time you’ve got the whore’s daughter at your mercy. You just wanna see whether I’m anywhere as good as my mama.”

His hands curled around her wrists and pinched.

She winced and let go of him.

Ezra raised his hands and slapped them against the tile on either side of her. “I never had your mother,” he bit out. “And I never had any curiosity about being with her. She wasn’t my type.”

“She was every man’s type.”

“I like my women a little less used.”

“Men like having a willing hole to poke. They just don’t wanna marry it.”

His gaze narrowed into angry slits. “You’ve got a nasty mouth.”

Shanna raised her chin, relieved the anger flooding her was washing away her guilty tears. “I’m a realist. Every man’s wired the same. Doesn’t matter what you might like to think—that somehow you’re different from any other guy. But when it comes down to it, if you’re alone with something that’s halfway decent lookin’, your cock’s gonna go on pussy alert.”

Ezra turned off the water and pulled back the door. He stepped out of the shower, then turned and bent, shoving his shoulder hard into her belly, forcing air from her lungs while she crumpled over him. Upside down and sliding on his slippery skin, Shanna didn’t know whether to hit him or cling to keep from falling.

When he walked into the bedroom, he flung her on the bed. The men inside the room glanced up, their gazes sharpening.

“You look pissed, Ezra,” Josh said. “What’d she do?”

“She insulted us. Thinks we aren’t all that particular about who we poke.”

Josh snorted. “Those her words?”

“Yep.”

“Damn, Shanna. If you’d said it to me, I might have let it slide.”

Shanna sat up. “Don’t know why he’s so bent out of shape. Only statin’ the bald truth. You’re men. You don’t have anything better to do on a Friday night.”

Josh came up on his knees beside her, looming. “We don’t have any other plans so we’re doing you? That it?”

She gave a sharp nod.

“Think I’m pissed now, too.”

She glanced to the far corner where Bo sat. He still had his jeans on, but the button at the waistband was open. His hands gripped the arms of his chair. His body was rigid.

She started to worry then and sat up. “Guess it’s time for me to go. This just stopped bein’ fun.”

Ezra’s hands fisted on his hips. “It’s not always fun, Shanna—learning to obey. There’s the bit about respect, for the man laying down the rules, and respect for yourself.”

“I don’t want anyone bein’ the boss of me.”

“You might not want it, but there’s not a woman who needs it more, sweetheart.” Ezra planted his palm in the center of her chest and pushed her slowly down to the mattress.

Her abdominal muscles burned as she tried to resist his inexorable push, but in the end she lay flat while his brothers stretched her arms above and her legs below, securing them to the bedposts with binding straps she hadn’t seen before and leaving her spread-eagle on the mattress.

Angry, she pulled against the padded leather bindings, twisting every which way, but accomplishing nothing other than working up a sweat. When she finally relented, she panted, aiming daggers at their hides, but gritting her teeth to keep from screaming.

Ezra pulled open a drawer in the long built-in cabinet that stretched along one wall. He rifled the contents then drew out a long, thin dildo. He turned it upside down and flicked a switch on the base, making it hum.

Her knees turned inward, trying to close her thighs, but he crawled onto the bed between her legs, scooting closer and nudging her thighs wider apart. "Need some lube, Cade."

Shanna snarled and yanked on her bindings again, her heart starting to trip as she read the intent in his tightening features. He was going to punish her. Make her eat her words.

Part of her was thrilled, but the other part was appalled. She didn't like the thought that so many men would be witness to this. She had to resist, had to prove she wasn't weak, wasn't an easy whore like her mama.

Cade climbed onto the mattress at her side and leaned over her open thighs. His fingers smoothed between her folds and dipped inside. "Still wet as hell." When he glided deeper between her legs, between her buttocks, her knees stiffened, holding her legs straight, trying to deny him entrance by clamping her buttocks tight.

"Come on, sweetheart, tilt just a little bit so I can get inside there."

She shook her head, her upper lip beginning to tremble.

Ezra gave Josh a look, and Josh plucked the pillow from beneath her head, grabbed a second, and stuffed both under her stiff hips.

"Now there's enough give in the leg shackles you could raise your knees and tilt that pretty pink cunt at my mouth," Josh said. His hand cupped her mound. His thumb rasped over her cloaked clit. "You want my mouth on you, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Untie me," she whispered furiously, straining her neck to lift her head and deliver a deadly glare.

"Not a chance," Josh said with a small, infuriating smile.

"Bo!" Shanna wailed.

"He's not gonna help you," Ezra said, his voice dead even. "He knows you need this. You might be afraid, but you're also horny as hell. Think I can't smell how much you want this?"

Her face flushed hot with embarrassment. "I want you to stop. Right now."

"Really?" Josh's gaze met hers as he lowered his mouth over her pussy. "Really, Shanna? Want me to stop before I eat you out? Don't you want me to prove you want that dildo straight up your ass? That you want more? Every one of your sweet little holes filled and fucked?"

Liquid spilled from her pussy, and Josh's fingers swirled in it, proving her lies.

"God, I hate you."

"Only because I'm right. Now, tell another lie."

Ezra flicked the inside of her knee to draw her attention. "You want us to stop, we'll untie you. Bo here will get you dressed and you can walk right out the door. It's your choice, baby-girl."

“I’m not a baby,” she said harshly, wanting to argue with something he’d said, but not wanting to say the one thing that would end this, because they were both right. She wanted to be forced, wanted them to take away her choices, but she didn’t want to say it. They’d left her an out. But she wouldn’t take it.

Ezra held out his hand. “That lube, Cade?”

Shanna turned her head to the side and didn’t make a sound. Ezra’s fingers, covered in gel, snuck between her legs, deep between her buttocks. He held her cheeks apart and rubbed her asshole then tucked a finger inside, twisting it to lube her untried hole.

Then the soft plastic head of the dildo pressed against her opening.

“Open up, just a little. Tilt your pussy, baby,” Ezra crooned. “Give it to Josh.”

She wondered if he got off on turning no into yes. If that was his thing. He did it so well.

Her belly shivered. Her thighs trembled, but she opened them, not too wide. Just enough that Joshua’s hand cupped her, petting her fur. No doubt he’d have her straining against her bonds in minutes, trying to open as wide as she could because his wicked mouth was so very good.

His tongue stroked over her swollen lips.

Ezra eased the dildo deeper into her ass, twisting it slightly in the gel, the vibrations set too low to appease the heat curling inside her core.

Shanna gasped and closed her eyes tightly to hide the only part of her she could from the men closing in around her.



## Chapter Four

A heavy hand stroked her hair. A warm palm cupped her cheek. A firm mouth brushed against hers—the taste familiar—and she groaned. Had to be Cade.

She peeked through her lashes and her gaze met his.

His mouth smiled against her. “Couldn’t have you hidin’ from us.” He knelt on the edge of the bed, his cock sprung and tapping against his washboard belly.

Lord, it was a fucking cornucopia of pretty cocks. Every one individual in hue and bent. The Kinzie boys as a whole had round, knob-shaped cockheads, shafts curving slightly upward. Bo’s head was more tapered, and his length perfectly straight.

She wasn’t sure which she preferred, but thought Bo’s would probably slip the easiest inside her ass. She wished it was him rather than the stiff dildo gliding gently in and out. She wondered why she’d never let him do it.

Oh right, they weren’t supposed to be having sex.

Josh’s lips pulled on her clit, and her thighs parted as though on command—the gates opening for someone to rush inside, only no one accepted the invitation.

She wanted one of those lovely, hard cocks pushing up inside her. *Now*. But she’d be damned if she begged. How could she entice them to forget about punishing her and get straight to business? What they’d given her on the patio had only whetted her appetite. The argument they’d just ended stirred the frustration more.

Fingers intruded, but only a quick slide up then they whisked away—Ezra, the bastard, checking her oil then sliding out the dildo. She didn’t know whether she was relieved or not. Her ass burned, but she missed the tingling fullness.

Josh sucked her clit then released it, making a smacking sound and smiling. His eyelids drooped, lending him a sleepy charm.

When both men backed away, she glanced again at Cade, but he was bent over the side of the bed, picking up something from the floor beyond her view. When he raised it, she shook her head and her heart kicked into high gear.

He held a flogger with leather flanges. He tested it against his palm, and smiled when it made a crisp snap.

Her body tightened, and she tugged again against the bindings wrapped around her wrists.

Cade knelt beside her and trailed the fringes from her collarbone, around and around her breasts, then slowly down her belly. He lifted it and snapped it once against her belly, causing her to yelp, but only from surprise. The snap was more playful than painful.

He snapped again against her lower belly, just above her mound, this time a little harder. The tender flesh burned.

When he swept it over her pussy, stroking one outer lip then the other, she knew the leather came away wet because moisture gushed from inside her, wetting her cunt and soaking the already-damp bedding beneath her.

The dark, narrow look he pinned her with was her only warning. He lifted the flogger and snapped it against her cunt, stinging her labia, causing blood to zing south and swell her sex.

Fingers touched her, smoothing over her plump lips. “You’ll have a nasty welt. Was that too much?” Ezra asked.

If Josh had asked she’d have told him to go to hell. But Ezra demanded a simpler, honest answer. “No,” she whispered.

The flogger landed again, swatting, not snapping. Warming her flesh but not stinging. Causing a swell of sensation that superheated her sex and triggering an insistent throbbing she felt all the way up her channel.

Josh held open her lips and tugged them upward, baring her clit to the air.

Shanna sucked in a breath, shocked, because she knew what was going to happen. She tried to get a protest past her lips, but her mouth was dry and all she could manage was a pitiful mew.

The flogger swatted twice, landing directly on her clit, and she jerked against her bindings, nipples spiking hard.

“Too much now?” Ezra repeated.

She gave him a furious glare but tightened her lips.

Ezra jerked his chin. Cade tossed the flogger aside. His fingers slid down her slick, hot lips and rubbed, soothing...then lifted. The wicked glint in his eyes made her groan, a sound that was arrested when he spanked her pussy. Her sex was hot, swollen, dripping wet, and she couldn’t hold back the moans piling one atop the other as she wrestled with the bindings, straining to lift her torso from the bed.

“Please...please,” she begged, curving her hips to give him better access, because she’d come in just a second, just another swat...

Cade pulled his hand away, leaving her suspended in arousal.

“Please what?” Ezra said, a hard edge to his voice.

“Please fuck me,” she said, so softly the men bent closer to hear.

“Anyone in particular you want?”

Her gaze sliced to Bo, but she stubbornly bit her lip.

“Don’t think she’s learned her lesson, do you, boys?” Ezra drawled.

Shanna saw them pull back, knew they meant to torment her further, and she took a deep breath. “Bastard. Fucking pervert!”

“Pervert?” Ezra tsked. “Who wanted us all? You can change your mind, quit any time you want, sweetheart.”

“I hate you,” she yelled, her voice cracking. Then she stopped fighting, stopped trying to hide the tears behind the anger and her smart mouth. She hung on the bindings, her chest shaking, tears leaking on either side of her face.

Ezra crawled next to her, stretching out beside her. One hand cupped her face and she nuzzled it, craving something tender. “Who do you want, Shanna? You’re gonna have us all one way or another. But who do you want to cling to?”

She gazed at him, wanted to say him, but it would be a lie. And he’d know it. She closed her eyes and sobbed. “Bo. I need Bo.”

It had taken every bit of Bo’s self-control to keep silent and watch while the three brothers broke down his proud, stubborn woman. But from his perspective at least, the wait was worth it to hear the teary confession.

She’d chosen him. Above three other attractive prospects. Three men most females in the tri-county area sighed over every time they crossed their paths. Bo knew he wasn’t exactly hound-dog ugly himself, but Shanna had already had him. Could have him anytime she wanted.

Still, she’d stuck with him. Had to mean something.

Ezra lifted a brow and rolled off the bed. “We’ll leave you two alone for a few minutes.”

Bo stood and smoothed his hands down the sides of his jeans. He didn’t like admitting it, but he was nervous. They’d laid the groundwork. It was up to him to close the deal. He walked to the side of the bed and looked down at Shanna.

Her face was still blotchy and red from crying, her chest shivering with hiccupping sobs.

“Do you want to leave?” he asked quietly.

A frown dug a line between her eyebrows; her brown gaze darted away. “Will you think I’m a complete coward if I say yes?”

“I would never say that.”

“Would you be disappointed in me if I said no?”

His mouth twitched. “Disappointed? Sweetheart, you’ve been amazing so far.”

“Really?” She sniffed and glanced back at him. Her red nose was wet. “How?”

Bo reached for a tissue from the box on the nightstand and gently wiped away her tears and the dampness on her nose. "You're stubborn and strong. You took everything they threw at you."

"But I cried like a baby."

"You were overcome. But so passionate. Even when you were pissed."

She nodded. "It was intense."

He moved to sit beside her, but she shook her head. "I'm naked as the day I was born. It's not fair."

"All right." He unzipped his pants and winced as he peeled his jeans down his thighs. His cock was fully erect, aching.

He heard Shanna's quick intake of breath then looked over to find her lips parting, her tongue sliding along the bottom pink wedge.

"Don't look at me like that."

"Like what?"

"Like you want me to come down your throat."

Her lips twitched. "That has its own look?"

"Yeah. Think I would ever know when the time was right if you didn't telegraph?"

Her smile was a little shaky, but he wasn't quibbling. This was just the lull before the storm. Maybe she didn't know it, but he did. She needed to relax, recoup her strength.

"Do all my desires have their own looks?"

A smile tugged his mouth wide. He gave her a sheepish shrug. "Don't know about all of them. But I've never heard you complain. Or tell me what to do when we're naked."

"I never could read what you wanted. I'd be thinking, how do I get him to kiss me, and all of a sudden, you're pushing me against the wall and have your hands up my shirt before I even knew that's what I wanted all along."

Bo cupped her cheek and rubbed his thumb over her soft chin. "Think I got some kinda ESP?"

"I think you know me," she said, her eyes glistening again. "Wish I knew you that well."

"You could."

She shook her head and looked away. "No point. I'm not stayin'."

He pulled his hand away and curled his fingers tightly. "Jesus, you sure know where to twist that knife."

Shanna blinked. "I never led you on."

"I know. But I sure wanted you to. You could have used me all up and I wouldn't have cared."

"Why?"

"You don't know?"

She shook her head then turned her head aside. "I think I really do want to go home now."

Anger blazed inside him. And fear. She might slip away from him tonight, but not before she understood just how deep it went with him. “You’re a coward, Shanna Davies. You had your chance to back out, but it’s too late now. I have things I want to tell you. Things I have to do to you. With you tied up like a turkey, I can have you any way I want.”

Her gaze snapped back. “Bo...” she said, her voice rising.

“Yeah, be worried, Shan,” he said, narrowing his gaze and fisting his hand hard in her hair. “It’s gonna be a long, long night.”

A shiver worked its way down her spine, quivering through her, tightening her thighs and her toes. The slither of fluid from deep inside her didn’t have a thing to do with the hard, angry cowboy hovering over her. Or so she told herself.

She’d seen Bo pissed off a time or two, but never with her. His anger shocked her—she’d hurt him more than she’d ever thought she could. But it also turned her on, and she wondered just how far he’d go to punish her for hurting him.

Bo shifted on the bed, coming up, his hand still wrapped in her hair. Her scalp stung. That’s why tears were in her eyes again.

Damn him anyway for falling in love with her. She knew that’s what it was that drove him. Felt the regret she couldn’t return it deep inside her chest like a heavy knot threatening to choke her.

He tugged her head again then straddled her chest. “You’re gonna take off the edge. ’Cause I have plans for your cunt that don’t include shooting off too soon. *Open.*” The last word came out raw, rasping.

Shanna opened her mouth to ask him what the hell he was going to do about taking the edge off *her* lust, but he stuffed his cock into her mouth, muffling her complaint.

She shut her teeth to close him out, but he pinched her nose and she opened wider to gasp and drag air into her lungs. He shoved deeper into her mouth and pinched the sides of her jaws to keep her from biting down.

He may have control of her mouth, but he didn’t have control over her glare, and she put every bit of anger and frustration and hurt into the look she speared him with, but Bo only smiled. Not a happy smile, no. But she felt the satisfaction rolling off him as he dominated her, forcing her to his will.

He leaned a hand against the headboard and bent over her, angling her head to drive his cock deeper.

Stuffed full of musky cock, her dry mouth moistened and she swallowed, then groaned, because she couldn’t help rolling her tongue over the side of his shaft, suctioning harder to pull him deeper. Her pussy clamped hard, the hot ache growing until she knew she’d splinter into a thousand pieces if he ever let her come.

In the meantime, her eyes grew drowsy as she pulled and sucked, strangely comforted by the steady motion, appeased by the fullness sliding into her, the scent of his arousal and sweat, the sight of his hard belly flexing, filling her senses.

Tears leaked again, but this time they were in gratitude. He'd taken away her choice, not allowed her to reject him again, given her something precious to savor.

When his motions quickened, she moaned around him, suctioned with a little more desperation, wanting his come to bathe her throat, to nourish her soul.

Scalding spurts hit the back of her throat and she gave a muffled shout and swallowed again and again, until he quivered over her. His cock lessened. And then the caresses she gave him with her tongue and lips were meant to soothe, to thank him for the gift.

The bindings around her wrists loosened, her feet were freed, but she didn't move, not until Bo pulled free of her mouth and scooted down to take her into his arms, and then she raised her own, ignoring the tingling pain as blood rushed back. But she didn't care. She snuggled deep against his chest, pressed kisses against his collarbone and the corner of his neck.

He rocked her against him. Crooning words she couldn't understand, because she wasn't listening with her ears. She felt his heart beat beneath her cheek, the rhythm strong and comforting.

She didn't want the moment to end, for anything to intrude, but hands, not his, turned her onto her side. Latex snapped. Bo slipped away after pressing a kiss against her forehead.

A long male body eased up against her back.

Ezra lay down on his side in front of her. He smoothed a hand over her waist. "You okay?" he asked, his deep voice rumbling.

She nodded and gave him a small smile.

He blinked, his gaze dipping to her mouth. "I think that's the first honest smile I've gotten from you."

She knew what he meant. She felt fresh. New. Strangely innocent.

Ezra kissed her nose then took her mouth. A gentle rub of lips that left her breathless but reassured.

A nose nuzzled her ear. "Was Bo good to you?" Josh's voice, deep but a little anxious, tickled the side of her face.

"Bo loves me." She didn't know who was more surprised. She hadn't known that was going to come out of her mouth, but the soft chuckle that ruffled her hair, and Ezra's approving smile warmed her, seemed to put the stamp on the sentiment. Made it real and made her sure she'd meant it.

Ezra moved closer, and his long, thick cock pressed against her belly.

She waited patiently for him to tell her what he wanted.

When he guided her thigh over his hip and nudged between her folds, she sighed, although each gentle shove upwards stretched and burned. But she was wet. Soaked, really. Readied for this moment. A gel-covered finger circled her anus and she tightened her thigh on Ezra's hip.

“Relax,” he whispered against her mouth. “It’s going to be okay. I promise. We won’t push you past what you can take. Not again.”

She believed the solemn promise of his gaze and took a deep breath, trusting Josh as he stretched her, easing the tight muscles to accept two fingers then the soft, blunt cap of his cock.

Shanna mewled as he pushed, gently pulsing his cock against her, until at last, he eased inside her.

Air whistled between his teeth, and the arm he snaked around her chest held her tightly as his whole body shuddered. “Damn, you’re tight,” he whispered. “*Fuck.*”

A breathy laugh escaped her, and she gave Ezra a heavy-lidded look, tilting back her head to seek a kiss which he pressed softly against her mouth. Then the men began to move in tandem. Easing slowly in and out. Time lengthened, measured by the easy back-and-forth rocking, like a pendulum set in motion, its soaring arc shortening with each stroke until the opposing forces halted.

Mute, breathless, Shanna allowed the men to shift her over Ezra. She snuggled her knees against his sides and leaned down, her nipples tangling in his chest hair, her bottom tilting slightly to accept the heavier jolts that rocked her ass, moving her forward and back on Ezra’s cock while he kissed her, murmuring nonsense against her mouth—telling her how beautiful, how perfect, how pure she was.

Shanna basked in his praise, believing him because his cock was strong inside her, his hands roaming restlessly.

Josh bent over her back, bit her shoulder to still her movements and unleashed a storm, thundering against her, driving deep, building a burning friction that had her gulping air as tension tightened in her core. She couldn’t breathe, couldn’t move, couldn’t see because an explosion of sound and light had her screaming as she came.

Josh pulled away and left the bed while Ezra’s hands gentled her. He rolled her onto her side then pulled free of her. Her complaint was cut short when another cock thrust into pussy her from behind. She hadn’t felt Cade’s presence, didn’t even know it was him until his hands smoothed around her belly and tugged the hair on her mons.

He pressed a kiss against her sweaty shoulder. “Can you do it again, sweetheart? Can you come for me?”

Still gasping, still quivering in the aftermath of the enervating orgasm, she started to shake her head, but the fingers gliding over her clit tapped her there, reigniting the flame. She pushed her ass into his groin, deepening the connection.

Then Bo stretched out in front of her and brushed back her hair. Cade didn’t halt his motions and she rocked gently forward and back, her face heating as Bo watched her expression.

His eyes were smoky, the skin pulled taut over hardened features. He pressed closer, lifted her thigh and placed it over his hip. His cock dug into her belly and he leaned into her, kissing her hard. “You’re

gonna take us both, baby. I can't wait." He gripped his cock and looked down between their bodies, pulling her gaze with him.

Cade pulled out and slid the tip of his cock between her lips, letting them both see him there, then dipping an inch or two inside her again.

Bo stroked his cock, root to tip, then funneled it through his fingers while Cade reached around her and pulled her labia apart and up, widening her opening for Bo to insert his tapered cock and glide it along the top of his.

Cade cursed softly as their cocks crowded into her. His hand squeezed her breast and he snuggled closer to her back, his cheek gliding on her shoulder. "Up to you, buddy," he rasped.

Bo gave her an openedmouthed kiss, rubbing his lips over hers then drawing away. "Can you take it, Shan?"

"Fuck," she whispered.

"It's what we wanna do. Can you take it?" He kissed her again, this time touching his tongue to hers and pushing inside her mouth.

She sucked on it, pulling it hard, her lips closing as tightly around it as her pussy was claspings their cocks. Breathing hard, she pulled back, resting her forehead against his. "Fuck me, Bo. Fuck us both."

He gave a quick, tight grin, then clamped a hand on her hip, undulating his body, scooping his hips to push upward, driving hard against Cade, working them both inside her.

"No, no, no," she groaned, sure the two men would split her in two. Her pussy burned—so much pressure, so full. But then they were both stuffed deep inside, barely moving, their cocks pulsing in unison. The tightness was its own sweet torture, causing every part of her body to quiver and burn. She shivered between the two men, her breasts hardening painfully, her skin heating, sweating until her jagged breaths caused her nipples and her belly to stir in the moisture pooling between her and Bo.

"I want to move, baby. Cade, how 'bout you?"

Cade hissed breath between his teeth. "Shit, Bo. Have to do it together. Balls so fucking hard they'll burst."

"No, no, no," she chanted, clutching his shoulders and holding as still as she could because the last time she'd been this taut with arousal, she'd exploded, lost herself in a sensual haze. She didn't know if she could go there again, this soon. "It's not fair," she whispered. "You have all the control."

"Why does it matter?" Bo asked, his voice even, his expression carefully neutral.

"You think it doesn't?"

"I do, but I want to know why you think it matters."

She screwed her face into a grimace as her body fought her, beginning to convulse. "How can you talk?"

"By biting the inside of my mouth, baby." He bit her chin. "Tell me why."



“It’s not fair because you’re changing me. Capturing me.”

Bo groaned and his fingers bit into her hips. “Cade, now!”

The men growled and moved in unison, pushing in and out, moving only a couple of inches, but the pressure made the friction quicken, the orgasm inescapable.

Shanna shattered into a million pieces, her moans lengthening, words spilling out in sobbing gasps, thoughts she couldn’t hold, as her whole body convulsed.

Bo drove deep, raking over Cade’s cock, cramming them both deeper, and she was lost, her pussy awash in cream churned to a thick, wet cascade that spilled across her thighs and trickled down her hip to the bed.

Shanna noted the sensations, but felt apart from herself, cocooned for a moment before her vision narrowed and she slipped away.

She awoke to find herself wrapped tightly against Bo’s chest, his hands chafing her skin. “Baby, wake up. Shanna, baby, breathe.”

She groaned loudly, the sound reverberating in her head.

“Shhhh... It’s okay. It’s okay.”

“Stop,” she mumbled.

“We did, sweetheart.” He kissed her temple. One hand cupped the back of her head, and the other clamped around her back to hold her against his chest.

“Passed out?” she said, her voice scratchy and sore.

“You’re safe. I’ve got you.”

A sob racked her and she burrowed deeper against his chest.

“Baby, I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to hurt you. Swear, I didn’t.”

She shook her head. “Didn’t. Love you.”

“I know. I know. You never promised a thing. I shouldn’t have expected it.”

“No,” she blurted, trying to get her hands between them, but he was holding her so tight. She strained her neck to look into his face. “I love you.”

Bo grew still, his gaze boring into hers, green eyes blazing. His chest billowed around a deep breath. “Shanna, if you give me half a chance, I’ll make all your dreams come true.”

“This is where we leave you.” Ezra’s voice sounded far away, already moving toward the door. Footsteps padded, the door closed, the lock making a quiet snick of a sound.

The air cooled the sweat on her back, and she shifted, uncomfortable now that she’d said it. Hoping he hadn’t changed his mind. “I didn’t want to love you.”

His snort sounded so normal, so “Bo”, that she relaxed against him, letting the heavy thud of his heart quiet hers.

“I’m goin’ with you,” he said.

“Goin’ where?” she said sleepily.

“Away. Wherever you want.”

“But what about your job? You’re up for foreman when Jed retires. You’ve worked hard for it.”

“I can find something else. Who says I have to ranch?”

“You’d do that for me?”

“I’d do anything for you, Shanna Davies. I’d die for you. I’d marry you.”

She wrinkled her nose. “Don’t know whether to melt or laugh. Is marrying me gonna kill you?”

Bo snorted again. The hand cupping the back of her head pushed her face against his shoulder. He rolled to his back, taking her with him.

Shanna stretched out on top of him. “Was that a proposal?”

“I didn’t do it right?”

“I’m not letting you take it back. But a husband has to be able to provide for a wife and family. I don’t think I can let you quit.”

His fingers tugged her hair, pulling to raise her face. He was frowning, his brows drawn into a straight, fierce line. “I’m not doing a long-distance thing. You’re gonna sleep in my bed every goddamn night.”

“Don’t get huffy, cowboy.” She bit her lip, and then locked her gaze with his. “I’m just sayin’...maybe we could stay here.”

His scowl eased. “Thought you were all hell-bent to blow this town.”

“I don’t reckon I give a damn now what anyone thinks. Not when you think I’m good enough to be your wife.”

Bo watched a beaming smile slide across Shanna’s lovely mouth. She was a hot mess. Her hair in tangles and sticking to her face and shoulders. Her skin was shiny with sweat. Fatigue darkened the delicate half-circles beneath her soft brown eyes.

He bracketed her face with his palms, feeling like his heart would explode inside his chest because he’d held the hope for so long and finally, at last, she’d be his. Bo lifted his head and kissed her, the backs of his eyes stinging as he stroked into her mouth.

Her knees cupped his hips, opening her sex to rub against him. Her breasts were mashed against his chest. She pressed as close as she could get—without crawling right inside him. He recognized the sentiment, returned it a thousand-fold.

His cock filled again, pushing into her slowly, rousing as she began to rock gently, encouraging his invasion with sexy dips and swirls until he was fully embedded.

“Think they have their ear to the door?” he whispered.

“Bet Josh does,” she drawled, then groaned. “God, I don’t know how I’m gonna face them. The things I said to them.”

“They’re good guys, Shanna. They won’t make you feel like a wh—”

She kissed his mouth hard, bumping against his teeth. “I’m not my mama. I hated her for being easy and embarrassing me, but I loved her too.”

“I know, baby.”

“Just because I like you to challenge me, to take charge now and then, won’t mean I’m bored with you, or want another lover.”

Bo nodded again, letting her make her intimate vows.

“I’ll be a good wife,” she said, her eyes sparkling with unshed tears.

Bo smiled and dug his hands into her hair, loving the warmth that wrapped around his fingers. He was surrounded by her loving heat. “I’ll be the best husband. I swear to you, Shanna, you’ll never regret being mine.”

Josh eased his ear from the door, a small smile curving his lips. He tiptoed back to the kitchen where the brothers gathered to prepare a meal for everyone, sure the two lovers tucked into Ezra’s bed would be starving the moment they came up for air.

Josh rubbed his belly. “Feels hollow.”

Cade handed him a roast beef sandwich. “They doin’ okay?”

Josh wagged his eyebrows. “I think we’re gonna be best men.”

Ezra snorted. “Then it was worth it.”

“Tell me you didn’t enjoy that,” Josh said, eyeing his too-serious brother.

“Makes it hard to wait,” Ezra ground out.

Cade nodded. “Yeah, think she’ll ever let her guard down again?”

Josh leaned against the butcher block. “Didn’t you learn anything from tonight?”

His brothers eyed him like he’d grown a second head. “So I’m not the smartest one, but Shanna just proved something. You can’t back away from love. It won’t come to you. You have to crowd against it, push it. Push *her*. Maybe scare her a little too.”

“We did plenty of scaring. She hasn’t spoken to us in seven damn years,” Ezra said, his voice raw.

Josh shrugged. “She didn’t press charges. We didn’t leave a bruise on her she didn’t beg for. She needs remindin’ who owns her ass.”

Ezra and Cade shared tense glances then turned back to Josh.

“If we try and fail,” Ezra said, his voice still tight, “we move on. Find our own women.”

Cade nodded. “She’s worth the wait, but I agree. We have our whole lives ahead of us. I for one don’t want to spend it without a woman in my bed.”

Josh nodded slowly. “Since we’re in agreement, we should make a plan.”

The brothers migrated to the kitchen table. Beer bottles slammed on the table as they plotted.

In the end, all their hopes fell on Ezra, the one Chrissi Page had surrendered to the first time.

## About the Author

Until recently, award-winning erotica and romance author Delilah Devlin lived in South Texas at the intersection of two dry creeks, surrounded by sexy cowboys in Wranglers. These days, she's missing the wide-open skies and starry nights but loving her dark forest in Central Arkansas, with its eccentric characters and isolation—the better to feed her hungry muse! For Delilah, the greatest sin is driving between the lines, because it's comfortable and safe. Her personal journey has taken her through one war and many countries, cultures, jobs and relationships to bring her to the place where she is now—writing sexy adventures that hold more than a kernel of autobiography and often share a common thread of self-discovery and transformation.

To learn more about Delilah Devlin, please visit [www.delilahdevlin.com](http://www.delilahdevlin.com). Send an email to [delilah@delilahdevlin.com](mailto:delilah@delilahdevlin.com) or join her Yahoo! group to enter in the fun with other readers as well as Delilah: [DelilahsDiary@yahoogroups.com](http://DelilahsDiary@yahoogroups.com)

Look for these titles by Delilah Devlin

*Now Available:*

Saddled

*Lone Star Lovers*

Unbridled

Unforgiven

*Coming Soon:*

Breaking Leather

*How does a man get over a cheating woman? Sweet revenge...*

## Unforgiven

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*Lone Star Lovers, Book 2*

For Cutter Standifer, the pretty little redhead who opened a café in Two Mule, Texas, was “the one”. Until he caught her in a compromising position with the town’s worst womanizer. To further strain his rigid code, his little sister just married the same damn bastard who shattered his world and she’s living in sin with him and another man.

A year later, he still can’t forgive his ex-girlfriend. And forget? Forget, hell. He’s ready to kick his code into the nearest manure pile and take what he never had from her—full satisfaction.

That fateful morning, all Katie Grissom meant to do was use the bad boy’s reputation to force Cutter to piss or get off the pot where their own relationship was concerned. But she went too far—deliciously too far—giving Cutter an eyeful she lived to regret.

When Cutter offers her a no-strings affair she jumps at the chance, hoping to either break through the rigid wall he’s built around his heart...or get him out of her system for good.

*Warning: When a hard-as-nails cowboy finally lets loose on the only woman he’s ever loved expect the loving to get hot enough to melt a cold, cold, heart—toys, front and slammin’ backdoor sex are only the beginning...*

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Unforgiven:*

Katie didn’t know why she’d decided to open the diner today. She’d posted a note earlier that morning to let customers know that she’d be closed. She could have stayed home, drawn the blinds and wallowed all day in self-pity.

But she’d been restless. After she’d showered Cutter’s scent from her skin and tossed the blue dress into the trash, she’d automatically donned her jeans and *Katie’s Diner* T-shirt and headed out the door.

She’d let the staff go for the day. So she was the sole waitress, cashier and cook. Not that she’d been busy since she’d flipped the *Open* sign. Her only customer so far was Ole Win, whom she’d told yesterday not to come, but maybe the habit was too ingrained. He came every day, ordered the same meal, then read his paper while he downed a pot of coffee, which she kept fresh.

Already he’d told her another one of his stories about the old days in Two Mule, before the roads were paved, when men still tied horses to a hitching rail in front of the saloon.

Not that she minded the chatter. She enjoyed his stories most days, but today her mind wandered, back to the wedding and that awful moment when Cutter had thrust inside her a little too hard and fast and made it crystal clear she’d never have a chance at earning a place back in his life.

Not that he'd hurt her physically, not really. Her body had been primed, her pussy melting and caressing his length the whole time he'd fucked her.

She wouldn't allow herself to use a prettier description for what he'd done, what she'd invited. She'd had the crazy notion that if she could get them in the same room, stripped of clothing and old resentments that maybe he'd give her a second chance.

Cutter wasn't willing. He'd only taken what she'd offered. Without strings.

She couldn't feel ashamed about what she'd allowed to happen because she'd needed so badly to touch him. However, now, she thought that maybe she was ready to let go.

The bell above the door chimed and she glanced over her shoulder then did a double-take because Cutter was striding through the door, his hard gaze pinning her like a butterfly to a display board.

Katie stiffened and cast a quick glance toward Win, who'd perked up in his chair and was following Cutter's progress as he made his way toward her. No doubt even the old codger was aware of the rumors that surrounded her and Cutter's demise as a couple. Now the old tattletale would have another story to add to his arsenal.

"We have to talk."

Katie gave Cutter her back and swiped a table she'd already cleaned, determined to ignore the heat she felt prickle up and down her spine. "You already made your point," she muttered. "There's nothing left to discuss."

"Let's not do this here," he said, laying his hand over hers and the soggy dishcloth.

She slipped her hand from underneath his and pressed it against her stomach before turning, then took a step backward because she hadn't realized he'd come so close.

His thighs rubbed up against her, and she drew a deep breath, leaning back to prevent his chest from touching hers.

Too late. Her breasts were already aching, her nipples spiking against her bra. Thank God she wore an apron or he'd know her body was a lot happier than she was to see him here.

His fingers latched around her wrist, and he tugged her behind him, heading toward the kitchen door.

"Let go. This is getting old, Cutter. You can't drag me around like a dog on a leash."

"Bitch on a leash," he murmured.

"What did you just say?"

He halted and faced her, standing so close again, his warm breaths washed over her face. "Dammit, Katie, don't fight me. All I want to do is talk and I don't want an audience."

Maybe he'd come to apologize, but his thighs rubbed hers again, and she felt his cock, thickening under his jeans.

She glared, and then peeked around his shoulder at Ole Win, who was pretending to read his paper, but glancing their way over the top of his reading glasses. "In the kitchen then, but make this quick."



He followed her, so close he bumped her backside when she paused to lift the counter ledge. The kitchen door swung and Cutter pushed her forward, toward the walk-in freezer in the back.

At least the cold would keep their clothes in place and the conversation short. She opened it and swung around as he followed her inside, ducking because he was taller than the ceiling height.

Frozen puffs of breath, short and fast, gave away her agitation. "Can we get this over with?"

Cutter raked a hand through his short-cropped hair. "Why'd you leave in such a hurry?"

Katie planted her hands on her hips. "We were through."

"Maybe I wasn't."

"So sad," she said, in a singsong tone.

His gaze narrowed. "You seein' anyone?"

"You think I'd have let you do that if I was?" Then she had the grace to blush. She'd done just that to him

His eyelids lowered as he looked down her body. Then he came closer. "Just makin' sure I'm not stepping on anyone else's toes."

"Why the hell should it matter to you? Gonna ask me on a date?" she said, raising her chin.

"Not exactly." He bent over her, his hand slipped beneath her hair. His palm was warm against her cooling neck.

Katie lifted a hand to his chest to push him away, but he was as immovable as solid rock.

"I'm thinking we should see each other," he said, his sliding toward a sexy growl. "Every now and then."

Her eyes widened. A lead weight settled in her middle, but lower, her body began a slow burn. "You're saying we should fuck. Tell me, are you thinking you could just drop by whenever you're horny?"

"Yeah."

"And what about me? What about when I'm horny?"

One corner of his mouth quirked. "You wantin' rights too?"

"I'd be stupid if I let it be all about you and your needs again."

"Mad 'cause I didn't finish it for you?"

She'd been devastated, but all those weepy moments were past. Anger flared, hot enough to melt the ice coating the walls. Did he honestly think she was such a slut she'd go for a proposition like this?

Then again, she'd never gotten what she wanted, sexually, from Cutter Standifer. When they'd dated, he'd been painfully remote. Even after they'd finally gotten naked. Today, he'd been ruthlessly cruel.

But if he wanted something from her now... Well, wasn't she in a position to bargain for more? Did she want to risk her heart with him again? If he was even contemplating having an affair with her, did that mean that somewhere deep inside him, he still cared?

God, she was pathetic. The cruel twist of his mouth didn't betray a single ounce of pity or affection. Still, her body reacted, predictably, to his presence.

Her pussy still ached from his earlier forceful thrusts. Unabated arousal had kept her edgy, angry. From just the memory of his invasion, her body had remained primed, her clit swollen, her nipples tight and hard. Even now, moisture seeped into her panties.

Could she do this? Begin a strictly sexual relationship without losing herself and her self-respect? She still wanted him. And didn't she deserve pleasure for herself?

Katie lifted her chin and kept her gaze locked with his. "If I do this, you won't be the only one getting what you want."

*If it feels right, do it...even if it could get you killed.*

## Honor Bound

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### *Bound and Tied, Book 1*

After months of isolation—and celibacy—claim partners Zach Braun and Jake Thompson finally discover gold. And, as their celebration spills over into forbidden lust, an unexpected sexual attraction to each other rises. Then they discover they're not alone...and the spy is trying to make off with their clothes and their gold.

On the run from an Indian captor, parson's widow Honor Whitaker is hungry, desperate, and determined to never let another man control her. Stumbling upon two men touching each other in an extraordinary way, she finds herself mesmerized by their tryst. And scandalously aroused by a totally different kind of hunger.

Catching the little thief is easy, but Zach can think of only one way to silence Honor's panicked babbling. Kiss her senseless. One sample of her delightful lips leads to more...then to a night where Zach and Jake show her that a man's control over her body isn't necessarily a bad thing.

Even as the three learn to let go of the notion that pleasure is the devil's work, someone else is watching. Someone who's out to reclaim what's his.

*Warning: This title contains hot ménage a trois scenes, man love, bondage, and two lonely, sexy cowboys/miners who find that catching a thief only takes a little bit of rope and a whole lot of lovin'!*

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Honor Bound:*

Using the last of the lye soap they'd purchased from a merchant down in Idaho Springs last fall, Zach had scrubbed his clothes before stripping free of them and laying them flat to dry on a nearby boulder. Naked, he went to work scraping the stink out of his skin from the last couple months of hard work in the mine they'd eked out of the Rocky Mountain hillside on their claim.

Clean for the first time in days, Zach floated on his back, staring up through the aspens to the clear blue sky above. "Whatcha gonna buy with your half?"

Jake stripped his shirt off and flung it over the rocks, then rubbed river sand in his armpits and across his chest. "I'm gonna buy the biggest steak, the hardest liquor and the prettiest woman in Idaho Springs. How about you?" He ducked his head under the water and ran his fingers through the long, reddish-gold locks. When he surfaced, he shook his hair, flinging water over Zach.

"Hey!" Zach went under and came up ready for a fight. He jumped on Jake's naked back and pushed him under, holding him down.

Beneath the surface, Jake hunkered low, grabbed Zach's leg and pushed up and out of the water, tossing Zach high into the air.

They wrestled and splashed, too excited to feel the cold of the stream created by high country snow melts. Nor could it dampen the arousal Zach felt at touching Jake's naked body, a secret Zach would never tell Jake for fear of losing the only friend he had on this godforsaken mountain.

When his skin started to shrivel and his balls began turning blue, Zach cried uncle and crawled out of the water to dry on a giant boulder bathed in the sunshine.

Jake climbed up on the rock next to him and stretched out.

If Zach hadn't been a man, he'd find Jake...well, too darned attractive. As suntanned and well-muscled as Jake was, Zach was surprised every woman in the Pikes Peak Mining Country wasn't after him.

Then again, there weren't a whole lot of women in the mountains who weren't already hitched or whores. Jake deserved a good woman. Shoot fire, they both deserved a good woman. But how the hell were they supposed to find one when they lived so far out in the hills? It took two days of climbing to get down to the nearest town.

Jake lifted up on his elbow and smiled across at Zach. "Well, what are you going to buy?" He glanced down at his cock, swelled and ready for action. "I don't think I can wait a couple more days to get down to Idaho Springs. I'm already itching for some lovin'."

Zach's own cock swelled at the sight of Jake's growing in size. The mention of women made it even worse. They hadn't been completely naked since last summer. "I guess I'll get me a female."

"Yeah, the sooner the better. Been so long since I fucked me a woman, you're beginning to look good to me." Jake stared across at Zach, the smile slipping from his face, his mouth tightening. "Strike that. Didn't mean that to come out that way."

Zach laughed. His laughter did sound a bit strained, even to his own ears. "Know what you mean, buddy. You're a fine specimen of a man. Any woman would be proud to have you."

"You ain't hard to look at yourself. Now that you've scraped off that beard, all you need is to slather on some of that fancy cologne the dandies wear in Denver and you'd be right charmin'. Ain't no reason you couldn't catch you some sweet young thing to get hitched to."

His mind on the man next to him, the only human he'd spoken to in months, Zach could hardly picture a woman, much less a pretty one, he'd like lookin' at for the rest of his days.

Squashing down the disturbing attraction he'd been feeling toward his claim partner, he sighed and lay back on the rock. "Who are we foolin'? What woman in her right mind would want to hole up in a shack with a couple of galoots for months on end?"

Jake didn't answer.

Maybe he saw the wisdom in Zach's words and silently agreed.

The next thing Zach knew, Jake had leaped onto his rock, grabbed him under the arms and legs and flung him into the pool. "Speak for yerself, old man. I'm getting me a woman if it's the last thing I do."

Zach hit the surface, the chill robbing him of breath. He went under and came up in time for Jake to land a big splash next to him, blasting him with a spray of water that left him spluttering.

Jake jerked his leg out from beneath him and Zach went under, grabbing for whatever handhold he could get, taking Jake back down with him.

When they finally came up for air, they stood face-to-face, close enough to touch...if they dared.

Inside, Zach knew his feelings for Jake were wrong. Men weren't supposed to lust after men. What would people say?

Hell, who would know? They lived so far in the back country the only living creatures they saw were wolves, deer and a few stray Indians.

If he wanted to touch Jake, he could and no one would be the wiser. His hand was halfway there before he realized what he was doing and jerked it back.

"You feel it, don't you?" Jake asked. He reached out and laid his hand over Zach's heart. "You want me as bad as I want you, don't you?"

Zach shook his head, even as he wanted to shout, *Yes*.

Jake's mouth twisted into a grimace. "I know what you're thinkin'. It ain't right. Men aren't supposed to like each other. You know...that way." His hand slid down Zach's torso and into the water where even the cool mountain stream couldn't shrink his arousal.

When Jake's hand circled his cock, Zach jumped back. "Damn, Jake. It ain't right." Revulsion warred with desire. Jake's hand had felt good. Damn good and Zach wanted more.

"Who's around to say it ain't right?" Jake waved at the forest around them before his gaze settled on Zach's face. "I'd wondered what it would feel like to touch you there." He closed the distance between them again. "Don't you wonder?" He lifted Zach's hand and guided it to his rock-hard dick. "See? The sky ain't gonna crash in. The world ain't comin' to an end. We're just two men."

"Two men sinnin'." Zach's fingers curled around Jake's cock, reveling in the rush of heat pooling in his own groin. He backed away, his hand falling to his side. "We best get back to the shack. We got work to do before we can make that trip to Idaho Springs. Never know how long this good weather's gonna hold out."

Jake sucked in a deep breath and let it out. "Not yet. I want more." He stared across at Zach. The way his gray-eyed gaze locked on him made Zach's cock swell even larger.

If he didn't find some relief soon, he'd explode. "You're killin' me, Jake," Zach said. "If we weren't such good friends, I'd punch you."

Jake glanced down at Zach's engorged member. "I just know I can help you there."

Zach shook his head, the horror of what would happen if the men of the hills found out making him resist when all he wanted was Jake's hands on him again.

"Let me." Jake reached out again and this time Zach didn't back away. Seeing Jake naked made him hornier than a boy with his first whore.

As Jake's fingers closed around his cock, Zach shut his eyes. "We really need to get to Idaho Springs and find us some women."

"We will. Soon enough. But for now..." Jake smoothed his hand over the length of Zach's shaft.

*She surrendered the reins. Now he's raising the stakes.*

## Raising Kane

© 2010 Lorelei James

*Rough Riders, Book 9*

When a patch of ice sends attorney Ginger Paulson head-over-high-heels down a flight of stairs, she has no one to care for her young son and her invalid father—until lethally sexy Kane McKay shows up at the hospital, determined to prove his cowboy chivalry. Past experience has inoculated her against take-charge men, but even Ginger isn't immune to Kane's invasive charm and Built Ford Tough body.

For two years rancher Kane McKay has followed the Little Buddies mentoring program's cardinal rule—hands off his Little Buddy Hayden's mama. But one look at Ginger's bruised body and Kane is through watching the stubborn woman take care of everyone but herself. The feisty, curvy redhead needs his help, and he'll give her the hands-on type whether she likes it or not.

After Kane throws out doctor's orders and issues his own demands—her full sexual submission—Ginger realizes Kane's caring nature extends beyond just fulfilling her physical needs.

Can the former hell-raiser convince the gun-shy single mom to look beyond his past...toward a shared future?

*Warning: Contains one sweet and hot hunk of cowboy manflesh who uses every sexual trick in the book to render a sassy, fast-talking attorney speechless and put a new twist on the term "binding arbitration".*

*Enjoy the following excerpt for Raising Kane:*

"Mom!"

Ginger smiled at Hayden when he skidded to a stop in front of her. "It's okay. You can hug me. Just don't squeeze too hard."

He buried his face in her neck and heaved a deep sigh.

She placed her forehead on the top of his damp head, breathing him in. The scent of her little boy, baby shampoo beneath the hint of sweat and the cold tang of the outdoors. "I missed you, baby."

"I'm not a baby."

"My mistake." She smooched his crown before he squirmed back. He never used to try and escape her hugs, but from the day he'd turned eight, he'd gotten stingy with maternal affection. She looked over at Kane, lounging in the doorway.

Good thing she wasn't hooked up to a heart rate monitor.

Holy buckets the man looked commanding, even leaning nonchalantly against the doorjamb. Commanding and an utterly striking example of masculine perfection. Scuffed black boots crossed at the

ankle anchored the long line of his denim-clad legs. He wore a shaggy sheepskin coat and folded his arms over his broad chest. His ever-present black cowboy hat shadowed his face—a shame really, because Kane McKay had a beautiful face. Sharp angles defined his strong jawline. The neatly trimmed dark mustache and goatee framed those perfectly kissable lips. And his eyes. Lord have mercy on her soul. She could lose her train of thought in a heartbeat, gazing into those dark blue depths.

*Don't you mean you could lose your panties in a heartbeat?*

The man epitomized rugged cowboy, down to the inscrutable way he looked at her, so she wasn't quite sure what he was thinking.

Which was probably why she'd never made a move on him.

Well, that and it was against the rules of the Big Buddies/Little Buddies program for them to fraternize.

And man, she'd thought about fraternizing with him naked a whole lot. Ever since the night last year that she'd gone out and found trouble with his assorted McKay cousins' wives at the Twin Pines. Not only had she ended up drinking too much, she'd found herself in the middle of a bar fight, and coming home in the backseat of a cop car, courtesy of Deputy Cam McKay. She'd panicked to see Kane's truck parked in her driveway, fearing something had happened to Hayden, but Kane had calmed her down immediately... And then he revved her back up, with his sexy whispered, "How about if you let me take you to bed?"

"Mom?"

Feeling guilty about her impure thoughts, she said, "Aren't you supposed to be in school?" to Hayden and then shot a questioning glance at Kane.

Kane shrugged. "I wanted to swing by and tell Libby you were goin' home, so I just picked him up early." His gaze moved over her at a snail's pace and she shivered. "You ready?"

"I signed myself out. Got my cache of drugs. Just waiting on the wheelchair." She scowled. Seemed an unnecessary rule in her opinion.

Hayden's eyes grew big. "You have to be in a wheelchair?"

"No, sweetie. They'll wheel me out in one, that's all."

"Too bad. I thought maybe you and Gramps could have wheelchair races."

"He'd beat me for sure. He's pretty speedy."

Hayden crouched over the pink plaster. "Buck said you had a cast. Can I sign it?"

"First thing when we get home."

The nurse wheeled in the chair and Kane left to pull his pickup around. Hayden didn't say a word as the nurse helped Ginger into the chair. At least they'd removed the full bandage on her left hand so she wasn't a total invalid.

*Face it. You are completely helpless for the next few days.*



Once they reached the patient pickup area, Ginger debated on how she'd climb into Kane's monster truck. Hayden had no such qualms; he clambered into the back seat like a monkey. Good idea. Maybe she should just go for it. She attempted to stand and Kane was right there, gently shouldering aside the nurse.

"Thanks." He smiled at the nurse. "I got it from here." He put his mouth on Ginger's ear. Tingles ran from neck to her midsection, tightening everything in its wake. "Trust me?"

"I guess."

"On three I'm gonna lift you."

"Kane—"

His arm slipped behind the bend of her knee. He gently cradled the right side of her body to the hard strength of his. "One. Two. Three."

Then she was airborne, efficiently being stuffed in the front seat of Kane's truck. "You're lucky you didn't wind up in the hospital yourself, McKay, with my weight straining your back."

"Nah. I'm used to movin' around heifers."

She would've snapped at him if not for the twinkle in his eye and the smirk curling his lips. "You are a regular riot."

"So you can take a joke," he murmured. "I'd wondered. Besides, you smell way better than heifers and you didn't try to knock me on my ass. That's always a plus."

"There's always next time," she said sweetly.

"Lookin' forward to it." He fiddled with the seatbelt. "I'm thinkin' we'd better put this strap behind your head so it don't strain your shoulder and only use the lap belt." The intimate way Kane's fingers straightened the belt across her abdomen sent her heart galloping and a small gasp escaped.

Mr. Twinkling Blue Eyes was right in her face. "Shit, sorry, I thought I was bein' careful. Did I hurt you?"

"Umm. No."

He squinted at her. "Then what's wrong?"

*I just discovered my whole body goes haywire from your slightest touch.* "Ah. Nothing. I'm just anxious to get home."

He smiled. His damn smile was as sexy as his teasing eyes. "Once we get there, don't bail outta the truck on your own. I'm here to help you, and that includes carryin' you into the house if I have to, understand?"

"And if I don't?"

"Red, you might learn firsthand exactly how good I am with ropes."

Gulp.

Kane grinned and spoke to Hayden. "All buckled in?"

"Yes sir."

“Good. Let’s get your mama on home, hmm?”

Hayden filled the air with chatter, which Ginger mostly tuned out due to the reappearance of a vicious headache.

Once they’d reached her house, she couldn’t wait to crash in her own bed and sleep. She depressed the seatbelt locking mechanism and turned toward the door.

“Ah ah ah. My threats ain’t idle, sugar, so stay put.”

Dammit.

The man lifted her out and wrapped his arm around her waist, holding her tightly to his side.

“I can manage.”

“No, you can’t,” he argued with entirely too much cheer.

Glaring at him didn’t cause his sexy smile to slip.

“You’re gonna have to learn to lean on me.” They took three steps. “There you go. See? That ain’t so hard.”

“Yes, it is.” But Ginger wouldn’t admit the hardest part was being pressed against Kane’s muscular body and feeling the need to surrender to his raw magnetism.

Definitely loopy from the drugs.

Kane stopped on the top step. “You okay?”

“Sleepy. Sore. Starving. And crabby about being all three to be real honest.”

“That’s totally understandable. Let’s get you inside.”

In the kitchen, she sagged into a kitchen chair. “Give me a minute.”

“No rush.”

Ginger heard the soft squeak of her dad’s wheels on the wood floor and looked up.

This aged version of her father caught her by surprise. During her childhood, this soft-spoken man had loomed larger than life. Tall, slender, with a shock of red hair. Now that red hair had turned white. His frame had shrunk, leaving his shoulders hunched, his arms and legs slightly shriveled. The arthritis confined him to a wheelchair, destroyed his body, but not his will, and his mind was as sharp as ever.

Ginger had always adored him. Even when her mother used lies and manipulation to keep them apart. He’d given up his position as a federal prosecutor in California and retreated to Wyoming after the demise of his marriage to Ginger’s mother. Although they both regretted the years they’d lost, she was grateful they’d worked to build a new relationship.

She attempted a smile. “Hey, Dad.”

“Dearest daughter.” His shrewd eyes took in every injury and assessed it before moving on to the next. “You all right?”

“I’ve been better.”

“We’ll talk about what happened after you’ve rested.” He tapped his fingers on the arms of his chair. “Maybe it’s none of my business, but who’s going to help you get undressed?”

Ginger hadn’t thought about that. She’d left the hospital wearing the camisole top she’d worn under her suit jacket and a borrowed pair of baggy scrubs-type pants. She’d only needed one shoe, so the nurse outfitted her with a pair of shower shoes, covering both her feet with socks and surgical booties to protect her from the cold.

“That young McKay has been quite a help, but I’m not comfortable with him...helping you get your clothes off, even though rumor around town is he’s helped plenty of women out of their clothes. *Plenty* of women,” he reiterated.

“Dad. That’s not fair.”

“I suppose you’re right. But I’d feel better if you had a female around to help you do those types of things.” He pinned her with a paternal look. “It’s what you insisted on for me, remember? The male nurse who comes every other day to help me?”

“Fine. I’ll call Libby. Or maybe Joely can swing by.”

“Good.” He rolled toward the living room.

“Your dad have that opinion of all McKays? Or just me?” Kane asked tersely from the hallway.

Ginger glanced up and saw a hard glint in Kane’s eyes. “Since your family has been my dad’s clients for thirty years, I’m betting it’s just you.”

“At least you didn’t sugarcoat it,” he drawled. “Come on, let’s get you to bed.”

“I thought you’d never ask.”

“Careful, a man could take that the wrong way.”

She stood too quickly and swayed, but Kane was right there to catch her. He snarled and practically carried her to her bedroom, leaving her no time to protest.

*You don’t want to protest. You like his take-charge nature and all that big, strong, blustering manly goodness.*

Ginger didn’t dissect her reaction. She sighed when her back hit the mattress. How sweet was it that Kane set an extra folded fleece blanket next to her? Knowing she was always cold?

Hayden ducked around Kane and curled up beside her. “I could stay and keep you company.”

Her heart swelled with love at her son’s sweetness and concern.

But Kane shook his head. “Sorry. Maybe later. Your mama needs to rest.” When Hayden’s face fell, Kane amended, “Tell you what. I am gonna force her to eat so she can take her pain pills. You wanna make her a couple of slices of toast?”

“Sure.” He raced off.

She sank into her pillows, too tired to argue with Kane about his use of the word force, too tired to keep her eyes open. “I don’t need the pain meds right now.”

“You will in about an hour. I’d hate for the pain to wake you up.”

“True.” The bed shifted as Kane sat next to her. Ginger didn’t open her eyes.

“Look, I understand your dad’s concerns about me, but if you need help changin’ outta these clothes, I could probably keep it...umm, clinical.”

“Probably?” she asked lightly.

Pause. Then soft laughter. “Ah, hell, who am I kiddin’? If I get even the barest glimpse of your nekkidness, my thoughts would be impure enough to warrant your daddy getting out the shotgun. So scratch that goddamn temptation.”

Ginger’s eyes flew open.

Kane stroked his closely trimmed mustache and stared at her breasts, spilling out the sides of the lace camisole. His avid gaze didn’t return to her face for several long moments.

When Kane did look at her, the lust raging in his blue eyes caught her completely off guard. She blurted, “You’ve never—”

“Acted as if I’ve thought about takin’ you to my bed and keepin’ you there for a solid month?”

“Oh. Umm. No.”

“I have, sugar. Have I ever. It’s an impulse I’ve ignored because I’m supposed to provide ‘moral character’ for your son. So I feel guilty as hell when I see you and imagine all the immoral things I’d like to do to you.”

“What types of things?” she breathed.

Kane traced the length of her bare arm with the tip of his index finger. “Things that’ll make you stammer and blush.” He smiled when goose flesh broke out across her skin from his touch. “And shiver like this.”

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