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**THE
COWBOYS**
**AND
THE** *English Teacher*
Luxie Ryder

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Hot Off The Ranch

LUXIE RYDER
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Chapter 1

Betsy woke up and looked around, half expecting to find the men she had been dreaming of lying beside her. She knew that she was stuck inside of a sexual fantasy she couldn't shake off, but her stomach still contracted as a memory of the erotic torture she'd been subjected to raced through her brain. She closed her eyes again and suppressed the groan that rose in her throat as heat flooded her groin.

The last remnants of the dream slipped away, leaving her a little stunned. The fact it had been about both Jack and Wyler didn't surprise her. Until a few minutes earlier, her senses had been totally convinced the tall, handsome Texan brothers had been in her bed.

If they had their way, she wouldn't need to be dreaming of them at all. They had both made it clear, at a party the locals had thrown for the volunteers a couple of weeks after they'd arrived in Las Colinas del Mar, that they wanted her sexually. The prospect intrigued her at first, but she just couldn't allow it to happen. Betsy had too much self respect than to fall for the attentions of a pair of young men who seemed to want nothing more than a convenient fling with an available woman.

They'd gotten on well from the very beginning and their easy friendship had meant they spent lots of time together. But when they'd cornered her at the party and made it clear that, for their part at least, their interest was not purely platonic, she just laughed it off and dismissed it as the booze talking.

Sure, she'd caught them looking at her from time to time, she got used to that kind of attention long ago. God made her short but curvy. Few men could resist a glimpse of an ample cleavage or the appeal of a full bottom and the Farmer twins seemed no exception. Still, taking and wanting were very different things.

Catching herself wasting her morning as she sat thinking back on that night, she jumped out from the tangle of sheets. Putting her thick, curly black hair into a messy bun, she leapt in and out of the shower and sacrificed her early morning cuppa in order to save a little time. A peasant blouse matched with one of her collections of loose, floaty skirts would be her outfit for the day, any day in fact. She stuck to the same style, loving the way it made her look little like a gypsy, in her own mind at least. Besides, she couldn't bear to have very much next to her skin in the sticky climate.

Rushing across the yard to the makeshift school house ten minutes later, she saw one of the subjects of her hot dream reattaching the tarp that acted as a temporary roof to the classroom. 'Hi Betsy,' Jack called as he stopped working and came over to her.

The way he looked did nothing to calm down her raging libido. It looked set to be another steaming hot day in Las Colinas del Mar. Sweat coursed down his naked, tanned torso and plastered his thick, dark blond hair to his head under his straw Stetson. His cut off jeans hung low on his hips, exposing a little shock of white skin. The sun hadn't touched him there, but she longed to. The frayed denim of his shorts gave way to hard brown thighs covered in springy blond hair that rippled as he moved, the massive muscles shifting fluidly under his skin.

‘H...hi,’ she stuttered. She felt a blush creep to the roots of her hair. She had trouble dealing with Jack under normal circumstances due to the way her body reacted with either him or his brother around. And that was before the damned dreams that had plagued her for the whole night. Now, she had a sense of what it felt like to have their hands on her and how they would taste.

Fantasizing about guys ten years younger than her wasn’t unheard of, although she wasn’t usually given to such uninhibited lust. A huge part of her wanted to be brave enough simply to act on her desires without fear. But with so many lithe and beautiful young Mexican women flirting with them since they arrived, she had trouble believing that their interest in her was genuine.

Jack seemed out of sorts, too. He stopped in front of her and stared down into her eyes in the weirdest way, as if trying to see through her. ‘Is everything okay?’ she asked, unnerved and squirming under his scrutiny.

Something in his light green eyes lifted and by the time he spoke again, the easy characteristic charm returned along with that sexy drawl. ‘Sorry. I didn’t sleep well last night. I am so out of it this morning.’

‘I see we had another storm,’ she nodded toward the classroom that he must have rebuilt a handful of times in the last month alone. Jack and his brother worked for the same charity as hers, but their work was very different. As part of the construction team, they used their desperately needed skills to restore the main school house and erect and maintain the temporary buildings they held the classes in for the time being.

He smiled. ‘Sure had a shock when I saw the state of this place.’

Grabbing onto the distraction with both hands, she allowed him to show her the temporary repairs he had made, making her waste more time that she didn’t have. A bawdy laugh from behind drew her attention and she saw his friends nudging and whispering while gesturing their way. The idiots he worked with were part of the reason

she'd never take things any further with him or his brother. The thought of them sharing her intimate details with their work mates if she ever gave in to their attempts at seduction mortified her. She told Jack she'd see him later and scurried away to the safety of the gathering children.

'Buenos Dias, Senorita Perkins,' they sang a few minutes later in their lovely, lilting accents after she'd gotten them calmed down and seated on the floor.

Tables and chairs were a luxury the governing body could not afford yet. Rebuilding the school after a season of devastating hurricanes that had battered the country one after the other had to be the main priority. That and giving the shell shocked kids some semblance of normality. Many of their parents were homeless and still sleeping rough. All the charity Betsy worked for managed to do was to give them a place to send the kids everyday, where they would be taken care of and fed while their families tried to rebuild their lives.

Sitting at home in the UK watching the news report on her TV a couple of months earlier, she'd known she had to do something to help. The change seemed such a huge one, but turning 40 recently had made her question what she'd been doing with her life. So she started a bucket list. The kind where people listed the things they wanted to do before they kicked it. One of those things had been to use her teaching skills for more than simply indulging middle class, spoiled brats at a private school just outside of London. So she'd taken a sabbatical.

Betsy looked around the classroom at the enthusiastic, shining faces and knew she'd made the right decision. The children were bright, if a little cheeky, and soaked up every bit of information she gave them like a dry sponge.

Another much older voice joined the general cacophony caused by 30 over excited children. 'Morning, Miss Betsy.' She turned to find one of the kid's grandmothers standing right behind her. As usual, she hadn't heard her come in.

‘Good morning, Perdita,’ she said as cheerfully as she could despite the fact the woman always scared the pants off her. As one of the voluntary helpers at the school, she was hardly a stranger and very welcome, yet Perdita always gave her the willies. She had no idea of her true age, but her guess would have been over seventy. She’d swathed her round body in a floral mu-mu type dress that made her impressive breasts seem even more large and welcoming. Betsy felt sure that many a small child had found comfort in her arms. Perdita had been built for mothering.

‘Sleep well?’ she asked. Her sudden interest seemed unusual and made Betsy even more wary. Just the previous day, she teased her about the way she’d caught her looking at Wyler, chuckling at the flustered excuses she had made before rushing off. Later, to make amends she guessed, Perdita had offered her some herbal tea, which politeness had forced her to accept despite her reservations. Secretly, she blamed the sweet but strong potion for her unsettled night, and the fact she now seemed interested in how well she had slept made her curious.

‘No, she didn’t sleep well at all. Maybe it was that tea you gave me?’ she probed, smiling broadly so as not to cause offence and to give her a chance to watch her reaction. Her wide, brown face maintained the beatific look she always seemed to wear, but she saw something knowing in her eyes for the briefest moment before she chased it away.

She shook her head as she dropped her gaze with a sly smile. ‘That tea wouldn’t stop you sleeping, child. You must have something on your mind.’ Betsy heard the question in Perdita’s statement and chose to ignore it. Squirming under her scrutiny, Betsy searched for a distraction and her gaze landed on her hair. Perdita usually wore a headscarf but had chosen to go without it, displaying a beautifully intricate cane row pattern in her hair.

‘I did it myself. It’s for the party tonight,’ she told her when she asked. ‘You want me to do yours?’

‘God, no,’ she said with a little more force than necessary. She’d allowed someone to do her hair a couple of days after arriving on the island and the constant pulling on her scalp had near made her pass out. It had bloody well hurt. Betsy laughed as she explained her aversion, ‘Sorry. I’m not good with pain.’

They got the kids settled then and the morning passed quickly. She put the conversation with Perdita behind her, scolding herself for being such a wimp. First, she’d questioned Perdita’s reasons for doing her a kindness with her gift of the tea the previous day and then Betsy had rudely refused her offer of help with her hair. Just as well the woman seemed to have the hide of a rhino and didn’t take offence easily. Still, Betsy resolved to be a little more considerate of her feelings in the future.

Betsy’s resolve to be nicer to Perdita was tested quicker than she expected when the woman found her later, eating lunch on a patch of grass at the side of the school. ‘You wanna come to my party?’ she asked, making Betsy jump in surprise as she snuck up on her again.

‘When is it?’

‘Tonight.’

She wanted to refuse, out of exhaustion rather than any personal reason. School had finished for the week and she knew she had the next couple of days off, but still, just the thought of getting ready for and then actually attending the party made her feel tired. Even so, when she looked up into Perdita’s open, friendly face, she knew she couldn’t refuse. ‘Where is it and what time should I arrive?’ She smiled as her reply made the woman exceedingly happy for some reason. ‘Do I need to bring anything like food or wine?’

‘No,’ Perdita scolded with a frown, and she reminded herself that taking food to a Mexican woman’s house was considered a huge insult because it implied that there would not be enough to eat.

Betsy apologized quickly. Thankfully, Perdita’s smile didn’t disappear for long. ‘Don’t worry about that. I will provide all you need. You just bring yourself and those friends of yours.’

‘Friends?’ she said, like she didn’t know who Perdita could mean. The woman rolled her eyes and put her hands on her ample hips as if refusing to play along with the silly game. Betsy couldn’t keep up the façade. ‘Oh, you mean Jack and Wyler?’

‘They can drive you.’ Perdita ignored her attempt at acting nonchalant.

‘Hang on. We don’t even know if they want to come yet.’

Perdita chuckled again. ‘I asked one of them already, although I don’t know which one. They look the same to me. He said to tell you he will pick you up at eight.’

‘Perdita!’ Betsy couldn’t resist smiling at the sheer glee in her expression. ‘What are you trying to do?’

She shrugged and dropped her gaze, looking for the entire world like a naughty child. ‘Nothing, just thought it would be nice for you to have your friends with you. That’s all.’

‘As long as you understand that’s all Jack and Wyler are, just friends. I don’t want you matchmaking,’ Betsy warned, trying to look serious. Perdita nodded, her eyes dancing mischievously before she turned and made her way slowly across the grass back toward the school.

‘Hey,’ Betsy shouted to her retreating back, ‘you didn’t tell me where the party is.’

‘The boy knows,’ she called over her shoulder. The cynic in Betsy knew she had just been out maneuvered. Perdita had ensured there’d be no way she could sneak off to the party alone without at least speaking to the brothers first. Or maybe she was just being paranoid?

Betsy got her answer as Perdita turned to her again with a throaty laugh. ‘I told them to dress nice so you be sure and wear something fancy, too.’

* * * *

‘What’s up with Betsy this morning?’ Wyler asked his brother when he joined him on the site. He’d seen her with Jack a little earlier, looking even more nervous than usual. He hoped Jack hadn’t been pressuring her about going out with them again.

‘Don’t know. That woman confuses the hell out of me.’

‘You and me both.’ Wyler squinted at him. He looked innocent enough. Jack could hide nothing from him, and not just because he was the younger of the twins born ten minutes apart. They didn’t share that kind of psychic connection often heard about, but they did know each other very well. Wyler could tell how Jack felt just by looking at him. It wouldn’t hurt to double-check, though. ‘What were you talking about?’

Jack regarded him for a moment before answering. ‘If it’s any of your business, we were talking about the weather.’

‘Okay. I just wanted to make sure. We agreed to back off, remember?’

‘I remember. But do you?’

‘What do you mean?’ Wyler asked anyway, although he already knew.

‘Last night, when you were carrying her books back to her room for her.’ Jack threw the trowel down into a wet pile of cement, splashing some onto his well-worn boots. ‘Someone could think you were trying to sneak some time alone with her.’

Wyler smiled at the sarcasm. ‘Someone?’

‘Not me of course. I know my brother would never try to shut me out.’ Jack’s words didn’t match the humor in his eyes. He punched Wyler in the shoulder.

‘I know how it looked, but this plan we had of staying away from her isn’t working. Betsy just gets to me. I don’t know why.’ Wyler kicked at the dirt. ‘I say to myself that she isn’t interested and we should just forget her, but then I see her again and my resolve flies out the window.’

‘I know how you feel, buddy, but what can we do? It’s not her fault that one of us isn’t prepared to back off.’ Jack laughed. ‘Hell, if things were the other way around and female twins were chasing a guy, he’d be the happiest man alive.’

‘Betsy’s not like that, but I can see she isn’t immune. Maybe it’s just the thought of both of us?’ Wyler sighed. He had to give it one more try. ‘I don’t supposed you’d consider—’

‘No way.’ Jack looked around to see if anyone heard his shout, lowering his voice as he continued, ‘You back off.’

‘I can’t.’

Jack smiled. ‘I understand, Wyler. I am just as crazy about her as you are.’

Wyler nudged Jack to bring his attention to the colleague approaching them. Their conversation would have to wait until they were alone. Not that they ever resolved anything. He and his brother had fallen for Betsy hard, based on little more than a few conversations and some fun times together.

Remembering Jack’s reaction when Wyler had told him he planned to ask her out made him grin. He’d taken a swing for him. Luckily for them both, he missed.

‘What in hell was that about?’ he asked Jack when he’d finally gotten him calmed down and back in his seat.

‘Stay away from her,’ Jack had warned.

‘Like hell I will.’

Jack’s temper had dissipated quickly. ‘Look, this isn’t just a casual thing for me, okay? I really like her, Wyler. I want a chance to get to know her better.’

‘Then we’ve got a problem,’ Wyler had said, his gut tightening at the thought of the beautiful, uptight, sexy English teacher with his twin.

Many hours, drinks, and harsh words later, they’d agreed on only one thing. That they would ask her straight out if she’d date them

both. If she said no, then they promised each other that she'd be off limits from that point on.

Her reaction hadn't been the one they'd hoped for. Betsy laughed at first, thinking they were joking. Wyler remembered looking at Jack and seeing how he felt mirrored in his brother's expression. Betsy had sobered quickly when she saw they were serious and she tried to leave the bar. Only Jack's quick thinking had stopped her.

'We'd better talk about this,' he said. 'I'm sure you've got some questions and I know you well enough to guess you will want answers sometime soon. Why not talk it out now?'

She'd sat back down reluctantly. Jack had been right. Betsy wanted to know everything—had they ever done it before, why her, did they know how old she was? They'd taken turns answering her every question, hoping that the knowledge that she wouldn't be the first woman they'd shared didn't put her off. Of course, it had. Or at least that's what she said. Wyler couldn't shake the feeling that Betsy simply couldn't believe they really wanted her.

'What are you thinking about?' Jack asked, jolting Wyler out of his reminiscing. The colleague had wandered off again, leaving them free to continue talking.

'I'll give you three guesses.' Wyler laughed at himself.

'I got it.' Jack smiled and ticked them off on his fingers. 'Short, English, and fascinating.'

'Amen to that, brother.'

Chapter 2

‘What did she say?’ Wyler turned to her for yet another translation. He didn’t speak much Spanish and couldn’t keep up with the flow of conversation around him. Jack, the one actually trying to have the conversation with the lady beside him, turned toward her too and waited for her answer.

Betsy laughed. ‘Are you sure you really want to know?’ The very large woman had been pretty outrageous, promising the Texan all kinds of sexual delights if he would just come home with her.

‘Okay, maybe not,’ Jack said. His pretense of fear made Betsy laugh. He looked just as at home in the corner of Perdita’s yard as he did anywhere. They both did. The ease with which they travelled through the world made her jealous. They were always so damned happy.

She had to admit, coming to the party had been a good idea. Her nervousness about spending time alone with them had almost won out over her desire to attend. The thought of disappointing Perdita had forced her out of the house. By the time Jack and Wyler called to pick her up, she had fixed her hair and put on a pretty lilac shift dress that felt cool and comfortable. Sure that Wyler’s low whistle when he saw her was given out of kindness she still tingled down to her toes.

The journey had been easy and passed quickly as Jack filled the initially awkward silence with music from the stereo in the truck, which he almost drowned out with his appalling singing voice. He’d done no more than put on a clean t-shirt and jeans, and run a brush through his thick, wavy hair, yet he looked amazing. But then again,

he always looked amazing to Betsy. Wyler had donned a shirt with his jeans and kept his Stetson on—a cowboy to the death.

The attention of the female party guests began to make Jack nervous and he grabbed Betsy's hand as he made his escape.

'Wanna dance?' He waggled his eyebrows at her as she resisted his pull. Since their arrival, she'd been happy to hide in the corner, sipping at a rum punch strong enough to strip paint. Still, the music that was so much a part of Las Colinas del Mar's day to day life, and the look in Jack's eyes, infected her, she couldn't resist.

The music had slowed down to a seductive rumba, a gentle rhythm that made her want to sway her hips and twist her waist, no matter how silly she looked. Betsy had begun to do just that when she noticed him standing awkwardly beside her with his arms extended. 'I kinda expected us to dance together,' he said in a slow, deadpan drawl that made her giggle.

'Sorry.' She stepped into the circle of his arms quickly, bumping his body with her own before managing to right herself. Her hands settled on his shoulders, feeling rather than seeing his muscles for the first time. She'd noticed before of course, but she had no idea just how solid he would be. Gently, he placed a hand on the small of her back and drew her in to a respectable distance.

It surprised her to find out how much taller than her he actually was. Used to always being the shortest person in the room, she'd stopped measuring herself against others sometime in her late teens. Jack seemed bigger than average though and she found herself staring straight at his collarbone.

'So you got a man waiting for you back home, Betsy?'

The forwardness of his question took her by surprise. She shook her head, sure that if she spoke, he would hear the hopeful desperation in her voice. It struck her as strange that they had worked so closely for the last month and didn't really know even the basics about each other. 'You?' she managed to squeak out. 'A woman, I mean.'

He laughed. 'I know what you meant. At least I hope I did,' he teased, touching his forehead to hers. 'Nope, I got nobody waiting for me, either.'

His grip on her body became bolder after that and he pulled her still closer. Her breasts pressed into his hard chest and her thighs whispered against his as they moved. Betsy stood too close to be able to look at him as they talked. His hot breath fanned her as he spoke, but it also fanned the heat slowly building between her legs. She clung to him limply, a little overcome by his nearness.

Pulling back, he'd looked down into her face. Obviously, he had spoken and was waiting for her to answer. Blushing, she asked him what he had said. For the longest time, he just looked without repeating the question. His eyes told her he had seen what she had tried to hide.

His gaze dropped to her lips as she bit on them nervously. Jack's eyes narrowed and a small hiss escaped his parted lips as he pulled her still closer, ensuring their bodies were in total contact. His cheek rested at her temple and his hands opened fully to clasp her hips firmly, fingers splaying out and grazing the curve of her buttocks. His thighs slid sinuously against Betsy's with each step and her insides coiled tighter with each movement. Her nipples sprang to life and pressed harder into his chest. He felt it, she knew, as a low groan rumbled from his throat and he flexed his fingers, biting into her skin. The heat at her groin increased and she became very wet.

'Betsy?'

'Hmmm?' She didn't want to lift her head from its place against his shoulder, but his voice got so insistent that he left her no choice. 'What's wrong?' she said alarmed by his strained expression and how rigid he'd become.

Jack stared over her shoulder in confusion, out into the darkness of the trees surrounding the yard. Betsy turned to follow his gaze, noticing that everyone else looked in the same direction. Even the band had stopped playing, a fact she had missed as she had been

clinging to his body. Wyler appeared at her other side and placed a hand on her waist, pulling her closer protectively.

There in the trees stood a boy, no more than nine or ten years old. He wore a straw hat and carried a parasol. His hand rested on his hip as he threw his head back and laughed heartily. Despite the humor in him, his appearance sent a chill down her spine.

‘Brujo Sese,’ she heard someone whisper reverently. Betsy turned toward the sound of the voice and found everyone smiling benevolently at him. Perdita rushed forward, bowing slightly as she approached. ‘Welcome, Brujo. Welcome.’

She ushered him into her yard, clapping her hands together in glee. ‘We are blessed,’ she said to everyone and no-one in particular. ‘Brujo Sese has blessed us.’

The small boy strutted forward, surveying the crowd. His manner was arrogant but friendly, like a royal prince totally used to the adulation his appearance caused. People began to rush forward with gifts—food, cigars, and to her horror, bottles of hard liquor like whisky and rum.

The boy or man took them, filling his pockets with whatever he could not hold in his hands, but not before pulling the top off of a bottle of rum with his teeth and taking a long swallow.

Betsy gasped before she could stop herself, causing many people to turn her way, including Jack.

‘What the fuck?’ he whispered in her direction. She looked at him, reassured that she wasn’t the only one finding the spectacle disturbing. When the child lit a cigar and blew out a large, billowing cloud of blue smoke, she had to put her hands over her mouth to stop herself from calling out.

Perdita appeared behind her.

‘Don’t worry,’ she whispered in her ear. ‘He is not a boy at this moment. He bears the spirit of the Brujeria.’ She repeated the statement in broken English for Jack and Wyler as she remembered that they spoke only a little Spanish.

‘You mean he’s possessed?’ Betsy asked too loudly, drawing disapproving glares from those close by.

‘That’s a Christian word for it, but yes. You could call it possession.’

‘How long will he be like this?’ Wyler asked.

‘Until the spirit leaves him. There must be a ceremony close by. Brujo Sese is usually one of the first to appear to the congregation. He is known for his love of the good life—music, food, sex.’

‘Sex?’ she squeaked. ‘Perdita, I don’t think he should be—’

The woman laughed, cutting her off midsentence. ‘No. He does not do those things himself. He just loves to see people in love and from time to time, likes to meddle mischievously to make that happen.’

‘Why is he here?’

‘Maybe he sensed he could have some fun. The noise of the party may have drawn him in. Or maybe he knows there are people here who need his help.’ Perdita chuckled again, looking at Wyler then Jack before turning toward the approaching figure of the small boy.

The boy’s gaze fixed on Betsy and she found herself shrinking away from the lewd, knowing look on such a young face. ‘You want him?’ he said in his native tongue, flicking his head toward Jack until he noticed the near mirror image beside him. Thankful they had no idea what the boy had asked. She shook her head quickly.

‘No?’ He laughed. ‘Which one do you dream about then? Or is it both of them?’

Betsy felt the color flooding her face and risked a look at Wyler. His gaze left the boy and swiveled toward her, as if he’d understood the question and was waiting for her answer, too. Dropping his gaze, she took a step away from the taunting look of the possessed child.

‘Oh, yes, you dream about them, Betsy.’

‘You’re a very impertinent little boy,’ she snapped, retreating into teacher mode in the hope he would leave her alone. ‘It’s not polite to speak to your elders about such things.’

Perdita leapt forward, alarmed by the way she had spoken. ‘She means no harm, Brujo. She doesn’t know our ways.’

The boy laughed again, a deep, rich sound that vibrated through Betsy’s ribcage. ‘Hmm, maybe she needs to learn.’

He beckoned her forward with a crooked finger, as if to tell her a confidence. Despite the fact every part of her wanted to resist, she felt compelled to obey. His shiny black eyes drew her closer, forcing her to kneel to bring their faces level. ‘Brujo is powerful,’ he intoned, as if repeating a mantra. ‘He knows what is in your heart.’

The boy stepped back, grinning from ear to ear, and then took a long pull on his cigar before blowing the smoke into her face. It billowed around her, filling her mouth and nostrils with its fumes and forcing her to shut her eyes against the sting. The scent was fragrant rather than rancid and she felt her head get light. When she opened her eyes, he had moved away, leaving her on her knees.

Wyler rushed to help her to her feet. Betsy clasped his hands, allowing him to pull her up, but she didn’t let go when he tried to move away. His gaze flew to hers, showing his surprise at her actions. She used her grip to drag him forward, catching him off balance. His body slammed into Betsy and his instincts forced him to grab her close as she stumbled. She trapped him there by clamping his arms behind her back with her hands, the motion pushing her soft breasts into the hardness of his ribcage.

‘Betsy?’

She could hear the concern in his voice, but for some reason, it didn’t bother her. Betsy looked up into his gorgeous face, at the mouth she had dreamed of and lusted about for weeks, and she licked her lips at the thought of how he would taste and feel. She heard a low groan in his throat and then the reason for the sound as his cock got hard against her abdomen.

She stretched up onto her toes, trying to reach his mouth with her own. Wyler didn’t resist, standing stoically as she flicked her tongue over his bottom lip. Betsy heard him gasp and felt a tremor go

through him. Encouraged, she let go of his arms to wind hers around his neck, forcing his head down for the kiss she couldn't wait any longer to have.

'Um, Betsy?' he whispered, bracing his hands against her shoulders and denying her his mouth. 'Do you think this is really the place?'

Why did he resist? Her brain couldn't make sense of it. 'I can't wait,' she heard herself moan. 'I want you so bad, Wyler. I want you inside me....I want you to fuck me,' she giggled naughtily, delighted with the shocked yet extremely hot look he gave her in answer.

Still, he would not move and began to look around as if trying to escape. Betsy didn't want his eyes on anything but her. Her hands moved again, sliding down his torso and over the solid muscle of his back, stopping only when she reached his denim clad ass. Her small hands barely covered it and she grabbed as much as she could, using it to force him closer to her as she pressed her tummy into the hard ridge of his erection.

'Stop,' he groaned, but it was a weak protest. Betsy knew what he wanted. She pouted and wriggled against him again encouraged by the obvious desire on his face. Suddenly, his hand buried in her hair and he bunched it in his hand to force her head back. His lips met hers in a brutal, crushing kiss meant to be punish her but it only spurred her on more. Her hand left his ass and trailed across his hip to the front of his jeans and flattened on his thigh, about to slide over the bulge of hard denim pressed against her, when he stepped away. 'Whoa. That's enough.'

Suddenly, her arms felt cold and empty as she was lifted away from Wyler. Spinning around, she found his brother looking at her with wary eyes. Betsy scanned the crowd and could see many of the party guests turning away with small, indulgent smiles. Why had they been staring at her? It didn't make sense.

Jack had a hand on his hip and she could feel his gaze boring into hers while he stared at her as if trying to figure her out. She took a

step back, looking from one brother to the other until she felt an irresistible urge to turn around. She scanned the trees behind her, but she saw nothing. Then she heard Brujo Sese laugh from somewhere in the darkness.

The sound had the effect of cold water being thrown in her face, and a knot of dread lodged in her chest. What had she been thinking? As if waking from a nightmare, the details of what had just happened crashed through her mind and she felt her insides cringe. What had made her act that way? And how far would she have gone?

The knowledge that she would have thrown either of them to the ground and fucked their brains out in front of anyone who cared to watch made her reluctant to turn around. She was in no hurry to see the look she expected to find on Jack and Wyler's faces. Betsy could handle their anger or humor but not their shame.

* * * *

Jack watched as Betsy turned around slowly, her eyes fixed to the ground. 'I...I'm sorry, guys. I don't know what came over me.'

Jack didn't know whether to speak, laugh, do something, anything, but he stayed put. Finally, she looked up and turned to Wyler. Jack couldn't blame her. Wyler had always been the more approachable of them. She tried for humor, as if hoping to take the coldness out of his brother's gaze. 'I don't make a habit of attacking young men.'

His face had set into a hard mask and she looked as if she wanted to hide from the look in his eyes. 'You're sorry? Oh, that's okay then. But what do you suggest I do about this?' He gestured toward his groin with an angry jerk of his finger. Jack followed the motion and saw he was still rock hard and threatening to burst through his fly. If Wyler wasn't so furious, Jack might have laughed. 'Jesus, Betsy. You can't play with people like this.'

Jack put a hand on his shoulder. 'Calm down, Wyler. It's not just her fault. Besides, I didn't see you fighting her off.' *Too damn right he hadn't fought her off.* Jack's hands clenched into fists as he'd watched them. If it weren't for Betsy's strange behavior afterward, he'd have punched Wyler for what he did, or rather let her do.

Betsy ignored Jack, shaking her head as she rejected Wyler's accusation. 'I wasn't playing. I don't know what came over me. That boy—'

Wyler took a step nearer to her, muttering furiously, 'For weeks I've wanted you, but I've kept my hands to myself while you played the prim little English teacher. I damn near drove myself crazy thinking about you night after night, unable to sleep for the need to come to you and make you want me just as bad.'

'I didn't know.'

'I don't believe that. Me and Jack made our interest in you real plain.' His bitter laugh made Jack feel bad for being so angry at him. The guy was in pain. They both were. 'What's up? Don't you date guys without a college education?'

'No.' Her voice rose as she struggled to understand his anger. 'But the fact is I could never agree to your...proposal. I'm not the kind of woman who goes to bed with two men at the same time.'

Jack got between them, unable to stand by silently while they both acted as if he didn't exist. 'You're confusing the hell out of me, too. If you really believe that, then why were you all over me a few minutes ago when we danced?' He stepped closer, dropping his voice so low she watched his lips to hear him over the music. 'The thought of being with both of us didn't bother you just now.'

'It does bother me,' she insisted. His hand grasped her upper arm, and the way it tightened slightly after she spoke warned her that he hadn't calmed down yet. 'But it's not really about that. I would never have embarrassed myself in public that way, whether I wanted you two or not.'

‘So you’re still trying to deny it? After practically eating Wyler alive in the middle of a group of strangers, you’re still playing hard to get.’ He took a step away. ‘Your act is getting tired, Betsy.’

Tears pricked her eyes, but she blinked them away. ‘Don’t speak to me like that. Who the hell do you think you are?’

He sighed, trying to let go of his anger before he answered, ‘I know who I am and what I want. Can you say the same?’

‘Well, I know I don’t want to be another meaningless conquest that you can both brag to your friends about the next time you have a few beers.’

Jack’s laugh didn’t ease the anger in his chest. ‘I wouldn’t tell that bunch of idiots my last name, never mind what I am up to in my private life.’

‘You say that now, but I know what guys are like when they get together.’

He opened his mouth to reply but changed his mind, running a frustrated hand through his hair before searching in his pockets for his keys. ‘Look, I’m gonna head back. If you or Wyler want a ride, now’s your chance.’ With that, he walked away, not caring one way or the other if either of them followed.

Wyler and Betsy joined Jack moments later in the truck. She still fumed under her breath and he couldn’t make out what she said. A quick look at Wyler’s face confirmed that he hadn’t calmed down yet either. The tension in the small cab was palpable.

‘So you would have left me there, in the middle of nowhere?’ Betsy’s strident demand split the silence. No need to ask if she’d calmed down or not.

‘It might be best if we don’t talk for now. Just let me take you back, okay?’ Jack knew shutting up would be the wisest thing, but he couldn’t. ‘Besides, you seemed happy enough with my brother.’

Betsy looked as if she’d swallowed back about a dozen bitchy retorts on the tip of her tongue before turning away from him with a

dismissive huff. Jack ignored the disgusted look his brother leveled at him and slammed the truck into gear.

His mind roamed over the details of the incident. No question the voodoo kid had something to do with her weird behavior, but what exactly? Jack hadn't been able to understand what he'd said to Betsy and whatever it was had unleashed something in her. What did it mean? Had she been acting out her fantasies or just under some kind of spell as she'd claimed?

Guilt at his earlier anger started to crowd in on him. Watching her seduce his brother had aroused him intensely. Jealousy had warred with a desire to see just how far she would go. Then, when the moment of craziness had passed and she'd dismissed their feeling so easily, he'd been hurt and disappointed. But that wasn't entirely her fault. They should have been protecting her from that kid. They were both to blame but Wyler more so. He'd let her go too far. Jack's hands tightened on the steering wheel. Wyler wouldn't escape his fury so easily.

Chapter 3

Jack had dropped her off and screeched away in his truck, making it clear his relaxed demeanor on the journey home had been an act. Wyler had walked her to her door and had been about to say something when his brother's actions distracted him.

'Guess I'm walking the rest of the way,' he said with a shrug.

'I'm really sorry, Wyler. I don't know what—'

The hand he placed over her mouth cut off her apology. 'I'm not sorry, Betsy.' He let the words hang between them. He seemed to wrestle with a decision then sighed in resignation and turned to walk away.

'Apologize to Jack for me, please?' she called to his retreating back.

Alone in her room and still awake an hour later, her brain scrambled for answers. She couldn't stand to have them look at her with such bitter disappointment again. Everything she'd believed about their reasons for being so interested in her had been torn to shreds by their reaction to her loss of control.

Whatever the spooky man or child had done to make her act in such a provocative way didn't bother her anywhere near as much as what she'd done to the boys. Her toes curled at the memory of her body grinding against Wyler's, but it was nothing compared to the pang of regret she experienced when she remembered the look of sheer desolation on Jack's face after he told her how he felt.

Could they truly be interested in her, a dumpy schoolteacher from England rapidly approaching middle age? She found it hard to believe. Maybe that said more about her than it did about them.

Betsy jumped out of her skin as she heard muffled voices outside her door. The unease created by the weird man or child earlier in the evening hadn't quite left her, and hearing noises in the night just made her all the more nervous.

A gentle knock on the door ripped a scream from her throat in a moment of blind panic. Just as her brain told her not to be so stupid, she had to scream again when the door got kicked in.

'Betsy!' Afraid and unable to see in the semi-darkness, she didn't recognize Jack's voice at first. He flicked the light on straight away and almost ran into the center of the room, looking around for the cause of her fear. 'Are you okay?'

She couldn't speak. Even though she was safe, her heart beat deafeningly for a moment longer. Wyler appeared behind him seconds later, as wild eyed and ready for action as his twin.

'There's nobody outside,' he said to Jack.

'It's all clear in here, too. Why did you scream, Betsy?' Jack's brows knitted together as he studied her closely.

'Because of you, you big idiot!' She'd found her voice and didn't wait a moment longer to ask the pair of them what the hell they thought they were doing scaring her half to death in the middle of the night.

'We just came to apologize, but then we got into an argument outside about which of us should talk to you. I guess we woke you up?' Wyler asked, and had the good grace to at least look guilty.

'I wasn't asleep. That damn Brujeria thing has been playing on my mind since we left the party. The last thing I need is you two lumbering around in the dark.' As she spoke, the hilarity of the situation hit her and she began to laugh. The guys gave her a strange look and smiled indulgently as she continued to giggle.

Betsy didn't realize she'd become hysterical until a sob tore from her throat and the laughter turned to tears. Wyler took a cautious step forward, extending a hand as if to console her. Jack stayed put, as if unsure what to do.

‘Man, I can’t take these mood swings,’ she heard him mutter. Wyler turned and glared at him and Jack flushed, as if he just realized what he’d said. He rushed to explain. ‘I’m not complaining, honey. It’s just I’m not that good with this kind of thing. And you have to admit, we’ve run the gamut of emotions tonight, from sexy siren right through to nervous wreck.’

She knew he was only trying to make her smile, but the reminder of her earlier behavior just made her cry harder. Wyler told him to shut up and forced her to allow him to sit on the edge of the bed and gather her into his arms.

Her nose buried into the warmth of his neck, and she sniffed deeply, drawing his scent in. She felt Wyler shift slightly in reaction, but she didn’t pull away, all the while afraid of what he would think. Her tears dried up quickly as every part of her became aware of the man holding onto her. He felt so real, in sharp contrast to the dreams she’d had about him and about them.

Betsy knew Jack had joined them by the bed when she felt his hand on her hair. Turning her face up to him, she smiled to reassure him she was okay. His dark green eyes found hers, but he didn’t hold her gaze, letting them roam over her lips then her neck and then down to her cleavage. His hand smoothed down the side of her head until he cupped her jaw in his fingers. His mouth opened on a quiet sigh moments before he dragged his thumb across her bottom lip.

Wyler moved then, dragging her attention back to him as he pushed her hair off her neck and leaned in slowly. Panic flared in her gut for just a moment as she realized what they were about to do, but she bit her lip to stop the automatic protest slipping out. Betsy wouldn’t tell him to stop. She didn’t want him to. His mouth brushed gently against the curve of her shoulder and she held her breath so she could feel the touch of his lips on her skin.

Jack’s voice broke her concentration. ‘Are we really gonna do this, Betsy?’ She looked up into his eyes and could tell he was afraid

of her answer. 'I hope I don't regret this, but I need to be sure this is what you want.'

Wyler lifted his head to wait for her reaction. She fought the shyness that made her want to send them both away and thought about what had already passed between them all. Her biggest fear had been that they would think her easy or cheap if she'd agreed to sleep with them. But where had her principles got her? Her very carefully maintained charade had been destroyed by a few glasses of rum punch and a possessed child. And now they had offered her something she truly wanted. She only had to nod.

So she did.

Wyler groaned and lifted her off the bed and into his lap, cradling her body. He moved to kiss her, but Jack got there first, standing over them both and tilting her head back to slant his mouth over hers. Wyler went back to her neck, grazing his teeth across her skin as his hand sneaked up her ribcage.

Jack's tongue slid between her lips as Wyler cupped her breast through her cotton nightshirt and ran a thumb over her nipple. Her fingers twisted together as the attention of the two men made her self-conscious. Jack chuckled against her mouth and reached down for her hands, putting them on his waist in silent instruction.

Grateful to be part of what was happening, she popped the buttons on his fly and slid her hand inside his jeans to find he wore no underwear. Betsy eased the denim over his hips, smoothing her palms over his ass as she pushed the fabric down. His gasp filled her mouth as he forced her lips further apart by biting gently on her bottom one.

Wyler lifted his head from her neck. She couldn't see where he went as his twin continued to kiss her, but it became clear when she felt the first touch of his hand against the skin of her thigh. She jumped as his fingers slid higher and then brushed the moist curls at her groin, the gentle pressure of his hand forcing her thighs further apart. His finger slid over her clit once, as if spreading her wetness over it and she groaned loudly into Jack's mouth. Wyler's hand

continued to play over her hot flesh as his brother's lips stayed locked onto hers.

Jack pulled away, clasping her hands and helping her to her feet. Wyler stood too, taking the opportunity to rid himself of his clothing and then turning her toward him as Jack kicked his jeans off his bare feet and tore off his t-shirt. He stepped around them and threw himself across her bed, an expectant smile on his face. Wyler leaned forward to grab her nightshirt at the hem and rip it clean up over her head.

Betsy felt a moment's embarrassment but forgot it as soon as Wyler pushed her forward over Jack's body. She held her breath as she felt him kneel on the edge of the mattress and spread her legs wide to slide his hand under her.

She jerked forward in reaction to Wyler's touch. Jack caught her, grabbing her hair as he forced her mouth down to his. Betsy quivered as Wyler slid first one, then two fingers into her pussy. Her groan was swallowed by Jack's mouth as Wyler parted her thighs, spreading her wider as he slid in and out of her again and again.

Jack panted raggedly beneath her and she felt the hard ridge of his cock grinding against her abdomen while she rode Wyler's hand. Shifting her body further down the bed and onto Wyler's fingers, she knelt between Jack's legs and filled her mouth with his cock. Betsy felt him throb as her lips closed over him and his arousal coated her tongue.

Wyler moved too, getting off the bed and spreading her legs wider. His fingers filled her again before the flat of his hand pressed over her clit. She groaned loudly in response, her mouth still around Jack's cock. Wyler's touch got bolder and he teased her anus with the tip of a thick finger as his other hand began rubbing her fast and hard.

The sudden and violent orgasm ripped through her, making her quiver and moan between them. Betsy only became aware of Jack's hands on her breasts when the intense sensations Wyler had caused began to wane.

When her brain and her vision cleared, she focused again on her goal of making Jack come. His cock throbbed in her hand as she tugged on it and he writhed beneath her. Betsy heard Wyler rip open a foil packet and then felt the first push of his dick teasing its way inside. His cock felt long and hard as he began to fill her. His fingers bit into her skin, and he impaled himself deeply inside her, thrusting over and over again until with one last push, he gave a long, low groan in the back of his throat as his orgasm hit. Betsy gasped as he pounded into her, trying her best to keep her hands on Jack, until Wyler shuddered to a halt and fell away, landing heavily on the bed beside her.

Jack flipped her over to pin her to the mattress as soon as his brother moved away and Betsy's head spun a little at his impatience. His mouth locked over hers, nibbling and sucking at her lips as one of his hands made its way between her thighs. She jumped at his touch, taking a moment to adjust to the firm pressure against her clit.

'What are you doing?' she asked urgently when he moved away.

'You'll see.' He parted her legs and then just stared down at her body, as if savoring the sight of her.

'Jack...please,' she groaned. Betsy needed him to touch her. She felt her body pulse and she held her breath, determined not to beg but praying he wouldn't wait much longer. Finally, he dipped his head and sucked her clit between his lips. Her body cleared the bed as the first, intense spasm rocketed through her body. Jack grappled her ass into his palms and locked his mouth over her. His touch was firm and incessant and in no time at all, her hands knotted into his hair and she forced him to stay still as she ground her orgasm out against his face.

Jack pulled away as soon as she had finished, but only to put on a condom. He moved over her instantly, holding her legs wide apart with a strong hand at the back of each knee. Unlike Wyler, Jack didn't poke tentatively at her entrance. He simply held her body still as his gaze locked with hers and he forced his thick cock inside her. He watched her closely, taking in her every reaction, and she saw the

glimmer of satisfaction in his eyes when she gasped as he filled her to the hilt.

Dropping her legs, he supported his weight on his palms to lay over her. Locking his mouth onto hers again, his tongue mimicked the actions of his cock as both plundered in and out of her. Betsy tore her mouth away to moan as she took Jack's first thrusts. He was rough, demanding, and overwhelming, and she loved it. She clung on blindly, overpowered by his intensity. Every time he slammed into her, she groaned loudly.

When she called his name over and over, his reaction to her words came suddenly and violently as his hands locked onto her hips and he lifted her from the bed to change the depth and angle of his thrusts. His eyes clouded over just before they closed and she watched his face fall slack as the sensations coursing through his body seemed to overwhelm him. His movements slowed and he looked at her again after a long moment with a sleepy smile that made him look young and vulnerable. Betsy's heart skipped a beat at the honesty she saw in his eyes.

She looked for Wyler, finding him perched on the edge of the bed, mirroring the expression on his brother's face. He waited for Jack to fall away and then he crawled toward them, slotting his body into the vacant space beside her.

* * * *

Wyler woke up when his body hit the floor. The small bed couldn't hold the three of them and he'd spent the minutes before he fell asleep clutching onto the side of the mattress. He glanced anxiously over at Betsy. He hadn't woken her. In contrast, Jack was on his feet and walking quietly around the bed, picking up clothing. He handed some to Wyler and gestured that they should leave.

'I couldn't sleep,' Jack explained a few minutes later when they'd left her room. They finished dressing outside, shielded from the light

of the moon by an overhanging roof. Wyler grimaced at what the sight of two naked men at Betsy's door would do to her reputation.

Jack didn't want to start up the engine on the truck so late, and Wyler got the job of pushing it down the hill until they were far enough away not to wake anybody. His weak legs barely had enough energy to propel him into the passenger's seat as the vehicle gained more speed than it should have on the shallow slope.

'Very funny.' He smirked despite himself at Jack's prank. His brother looked as happy as he felt. Unsure whether he should ask, he cleared his throat. 'So, are you okay?'

'Yeah. You?'

Wyler grinned. 'I'm a little bit better than okay.'

'Me, too.' Jack smiled at him, his eyes betraying just how deeply affected he had been by the night with Betsy.

Wyler understood. It had been more—she'd been more—than he'd ever imagined. And despite all his reservations, Jack being there had only heightened the experience. Knowing he looked identical to the man Betsy caressed and kissed had been a huge turn on, almost like watching himself making love to her through a mirror or in an erotic movie. Except that not only did he experience the sensations she had caused in him, but he could almost feel what she had done to Jack. Wyler's body would react in exactly the same way as his.

He had felt no jealousy, just a stronger bond with his brother and a deepening affection for the woman they had made love to.

'That didn't help at all,' Jack said later as they lay in their bunks. Wyler had thought he'd fallen asleep until then.

'Being with Betsy?'

'Yeah.' He hesitated. 'Before tonight, I wasn't sure that my interest in her wasn't purely sexual, you know?'

Wyler's jaw clenched. 'No. I don't.'

'Now don't get mad. All I mean is that I wondered if my near obsession with her was fueled by wanting her so badly. Turns out it wasn't.' He sighed. 'This is gonna get complicated.'

‘Maybe not. Just don’t rush things, okay? My guess is that she will be a little freaked out by all this in the morning.’

Jack’s face appeared over the edge of the bunk above Wyler’s. ‘Why? And how come you always accuse me of rushing things?’

‘Forget it. What I mean is don’t assume anything. My gut tells me she is gonna be feeling bad about it all. Would any of this have happened if it wasn’t for that freaky kid at the party?’

The silence from Jack did nothing to relieve Wyler’s concerns. The euphoric high he’d experienced earlier had disappeared as he thought about Betsy and how she would react when she woke up and remembered the night. ‘We should have stayed until morning and not given her a chance to get all crazy about what happened.’

‘Well, we can’t exactly go back over there now.’

Wyler sighed. ‘So what shall we do? Go get her later and take her out for the day? That’s if she’ll come with us.’

Jack laughed. ‘No. I’ve got a better idea.’

Chapter 4

Betsy woke, surprised to find them gone. She looked around the room as if searching for some tangible evidence that they'd been there at all. Emotions warred within her. She felt half relieved that she didn't need to face them until she was ready and half angry that they had simply snuck away in the night like thieves. Why had they disappeared without so much as a note to let her know they'd had a good time or wanted to see her again?

The weekend held no promise. Hour upon hour of nothing to do except avoid staring at herself in the mirror seemed to be all she had to look forward to. Her thoughts began to crowd in on her, so she leapt from the bed, determined not to think about what had happened. About what she'd done.

The urge to get out of the small room and away from all reminders of them, like the crumpled sheets and her sated reflection in the bedroom mirror, drove her out of the house. Betsy dreaded bumping into Jack and Wyler but knew hiding away only delayed the inevitable. She'd have to face them sometime.

A walk along the beach cleared her mind for a while and she began to put things into their proper perspective. Okay, so she'd 'gone there'. She'd allowed herself a moment of wildness in an otherwise safe, boring life. No big deal. But even as she repeated the words in her head like a mantra, she knew that's all they were, words. Betsy didn't sleep with men at the drop of a hat. Her heart had to be involved. And therein lay the problem.

She had to admit that she had fallen in love – with both of them. And it seemed hopeless. She had no doubt that Wyler and Jack, who

were not only younger than her but also far more sexually adventurous, would view her as just another conquest. If they had a list of the types of women they wanted to sleep with, they probably ticked off a few boxes with her. *Played hard to get?* Check. *Older woman?* Check. *Sexually frustrated spinster?* Check. What else could she possibly be to them but an experiment in their powers of attraction and seduction?

The thing that bugged her the most and caused her greatest shame was the memory of the boy or man and his Brujeria spells. Betsy had been robbed of her right to choose. Okay, so his influence had gone by the time that Jack and Wyler came to her room later, but his interference that had set things in motion. She knew she would never have allowed herself the freedom to explore her desires without his meddling. She'd humiliated herself in front of everyone, including Perdita. What would she say when she saw her again?

Betsy turned back toward the school and the safety of her room. As she reached the boundary of the grounds, she spotted Wyler and Jack walking on the other side of the compound. And they weren't alone. A very slim, very young local woman had her arms looped through theirs. She giggled at something Jack said and put her head on his shoulder. He didn't pull away.

Wyler looked back toward the school and spotted Betsy. He dropped the girl's arm and turned, obviously murmuring something to Jack, because he looked around seconds later. Wyler waved, a very relaxed smile crossing his face and Betsy froze, uncertain how to react. She hadn't expected to see them so soon. Jack frowned and took a step toward her.

In that moment, she knew she couldn't face them. She wanted to hide her shame. Her legs woke up and she turned away blindly, running as fast as she could, not stopping until she slammed the door of her room behind her. Betsy had heard laughter from the girl as she ran and her cheeks had burned in humiliation while she made her escape.

Sitting on her bed, struggling to regain her breath after her mad dash, she turned their reaction over and over in her mind. Why had the girl laughed? And what had they been doing with her? Taking her to their room? They had been walking in the right direction. And Wyler's smile had looked a little guilty. Hadn't he dropped the woman's arm as soon as he spotted her? Jack seemed to be far more sensitive than Wyler. His frown had probably been from embarrassment at being caught trying to seduce another woman so soon.

Betsy pounded the mattress with her fist, frustrated that so soon after she'd let them get near her, she turned into the needy, over analytical version of herself that she hated. Years of experiences with men hadn't changed the basic part of her that could never just live in the moment and enjoy what life had to offer. But she knew that as bad as she felt at that moment, it would be nothing compared to what her emotional state would be after days and then weeks of self recrimination.

What did she even know about them? She'd heard from some of the other volunteers that the twins had refused to take a salary from the charity for their work. They were independently wealthy and set to inherit a huge spread in Texas when their parents passed on. Betsy also knew that, as the youngest of six kids, they had sisters the same age as her.. She knew nothing else save the scant amount of information she had gleaned from others in Las Colinas del Mar, and none of it explained their interest in her.

Whatever they'd been up to with that girl, Betsy had no intention of hanging around any longer. She couldn't handle the prospect of tiptoeing around the pair of them for the next few weeks. Her contract didn't expire until the end of the month, but the charity would just have to understand. Perdita could handle the classes from now on. She wanted to go home.

She began throwing her meager belongings into the small suitcase she arrived with all those weeks ago. It took less than an hour to finish

packing, due to her almost OCD like need for tidiness and the fact she had so very few clothes. Finding an alternative flight home would be the big problem. The school and its buildings still had no network set up, so the Internet was a luxury she didn't have. The battery on her cell had died weeks ago. The office held the only phone and she had no intention of risking another meeting with the boys by going over there.

Running away seemed cowardly and overly dramatic, but she had to do it. Betsy knew she would never be able to hide her feelings around them and she couldn't handle their pity. Far better to let them believe she'd just been embarrassed about their night together, rather than hurt that it would never lead anywhere.

She wrote a note to Alberto, the charity's on-site co-coordinator, explaining that she had to leave but not the reason why. It occurred to Betsy that she could inadvertently upset her colleagues if she left them wondering if some tragedy had befallen her loved ones. So she added a post script telling him everything was okay and that she just wanted to go home.

Tossing the note onto the table next to the entrance, she placed her keys on top of it and left the door unlocked. That way, whoever the school dispatched to look for her when she didn't turn up on Monday wouldn't have to search long for an explanation over her disappearance.

The bus stop was about a quarter of a mile away from the school, and she didn't relish the idea of carrying her suitcase so far in the suffocating heat, but she had no choice. Twenty minutes and five gallons of sweat later, she sat on the bus headed toward the city. A taxi to the airport got her to the reservations desk within another hour, but then the long wait began. It turned out it would be 12 hours until the next available flight, unless she wanted to be routed through Outer Mongolia.

The only sensible option in the crowded and stuffy airport seemed to be to find a vacant spot and settle down for the wait. Betsy tucked

her bag under her knees, crossed her arms, and hunkered down. She felt her eyes beginning to drift shut and remembered thinking that falling asleep in public wasn't very ladylike, dignified, or safe. But she didn't care. She needed a break from the thoughts circling in her head and she felt as if she were running on empty, both physically and emotionally.

She only realized she'd actually fallen asleep when she woke up. Betsy fought against the bright light trying to invade her eyelids and put a hand over her face to block it out as she squinted, gazing at her watch. *Damn!* She'd only slept for about an hour and still had almost half a day to wait. Aware of people sitting on either side of her despite the fact that the seating area in the immediate vicinity was half empty, she flicked an irritated look to her left, glancing down at the feet of the person who had no respect for personal space.

A pair of very tanned, very male feet in thong sandals made her heart skip as she recognized them, and she looked up at their owner without pause, sure of what she would find. Until her gaze landed on Jack's face, she hadn't been sure which twin it would be, but she knew it would be one of them.

'Hi, sleeping beauty.'

* * * *

'We were just debating whether to wake you up,' Wyler said.

She rubbed the sleep from her eyes, seeming to take a moment to recover her breath. 'What are you doing here?'

'Taking you back to the school where you belong.'

'I can't go back. I've changed my ticket and I'm flying out in a few hours.'

'Well then, you are just gonna have to unchange it. We checked with the desk. For a small fee, they can reschedule you,' Wyler said, as if he were explaining the procedure to a five year old.

Jack admired his brother's confidence, but he had a feeling it wasn't gonna wash with Betsy. She shook her head. 'I don't want to change my ticket. I'm going home.'

'Running away, you mean.' The smile slipped from Jack's face.

'Fine, call it what you want. I'm still doing it.'

'Can you get onto the plane without your passport?' Wyler mused, as if talking to himself. He picked up her bag and began walking toward the exit.

'Jack, stop him,' she shouted.

He laughed.

When in the hell had Wyler gotten so strong willed? Not that Jack minded.

Betsy leapt to her feet, trying to catch up to Wyler as he covered the ground in long strides. Her little legs were forced into a run and she managed finally to get a hand on his elbow. He stopped suddenly, surprising Betsy. She stared at him mutely as if she needed to organize her thoughts.

'Why are you leaving us?' The sadness in his voice doubled Jack's own pain. The arrogance had been replaced by a need for answers.

'I told you we can't force her to stay.' Jack placed a comforting hand on Wyler's shoulder. His eyes clashed with hers, and he fought to keep the bitterness out of his voice. 'She obviously doesn't want to be around us any longer.'

'What did we do wrong?' Wyler asked, ignoring him. 'Last night was one of the best nights of my life. Okay, so things were weird at the beginning but I, or rather both of us, thought that you were finally ready to let us get close to you, that you felt the same way that we did.'

The sincerity of his words seemed to touch her, but Jack saw her chase the emotion away. 'Spare me the sob story, Wyler. I saw you guys working on a new conquest this morning, remember?'

The words sounded callous, and her expression told him she didn't mean to be that way. She couldn't take them back.

Jack put a hand on Wyler's chest, pushing him back out of the way as he squared up to Betsy. 'What you saw was Wyler and me trying to talk Jade into letting us use her place for a few days.'

'That was Jade?'

Why hadn't she recognized her? Jade's job as a clerical assistant for the charity kept her trapped in the office and out of sight most of the time but everybody knew her. Hope flared in Jack's chest. Maybe Betsy had been jealous? She had to care to react that way. He saw the questions filtering through her mind and waited to see which one she would ask.

'Why did you want her place?'

'Her family has a place up in the Colinas. We thought a weekend in the mountains would give us a chance to get to know each other a bit better.' Jack cast his gaze downward to hide how strongly he felt. Making her feel more guilty did none of them any good. 'Wyler thought you would like it.'

'I wasn't the only one,' Wyler protested, speaking for the first time in ages. The wounded look hadn't left his eyes though.

'Why didn't you come after me when I ran off?'

Jack grimaced. 'That was my fault. I convinced Wyler not to follow you. We wanted everything to be right by the time we saw you. We had no idea you were so upset.'

'We figured you were just being a little shy after...you know,' Wyler added, his voice dropping away.

Betsy didn't respond. The silence between them stretched on until she cleared her throat, her gaze focused on the floor. Jack forced Wyler to relinquish his grip on her suitcase and handed it back to her. She took it without looking up.

He wrapped an arm around Wyler's shoulder and steered him away. She'd made her decision, and they could do nothing about it. Not without forcing her to come with them.

‘Take care of yourself, Betsy.’ Her gaze found his, and he paused for just a moment, giving her a chance to stop them from leaving. But she didn’t.

Wyler didn’t look at her again or resist his brother as he led him away. They walked slowly toward the doors, and Jack held his breath, hoping that any second he would hear her call them back, but she didn’t.

They’d almost reached the truck when Jack took one last look over his shoulder and saw her running toward the exit. She scanned the parking area through the huge glass windows. Jack nudged Wyler and lifted a hand to get her attention.

‘Hey,’ she shouted as she burst through the doors and out into the bright sunlight. They ran to her without hesitation, whooping and laughing as they approached. Wyler made it back first and scooped her up into his arms, planting a hard kiss on her cheek.

‘Put me down.’ She laughed a little as he hugged her. Jack had a tighter grip on his emotions than Wyler, but he couldn’t help staring at her with what he felt sure would be a dopey look on his face.

‘What made you change your mind?’ Wyler asked her, voicing the question Jack was afraid to.

‘I don’t know to be honest.’ She shook her head and grinned. ‘I just saw you walking away, and I couldn’t resist the urge to follow you. So I did.’

Her brilliant smile told Jack all he needed to know. His arms went around her, and he had to make do with just hugging her, unable to do what he wanted in the middle of a parking lot.

They sorted out her ticket easily and headed back to the truck. Jack handed her a crumpled piece of paper that she instantly recognized as the note she had left in her room. Betsy laughed. ‘You were so sure I would change my mind?’

He grinned. ‘We didn’t really think about it. We just knew we had to try to stop you leaving. Besides, Wyler had a plan.’

She turned to his brother and waited for an explanation. His face went a little red under his tan, but he held her gaze. 'Don't look at me like that. It wasn't much more than I actually did, except there could have been a little bit of throwing you over my shoulder and dragging you back to my cave involved.'

'I wouldn't have minded.' She hid her eyes. Jack sensed she was experimenting with being honest about her feelings.

He put his foot down on the gas as his brother laughed in surprise at her reply. Wyler picked her up from the seat and placed her in his lap. His hands cupped her face as he pulled her in for a kiss. Jack got hard when she groaned and wriggled against his brother's thighs.

'Hey, that's not fair,' Jack grumbled, his concentration flitting back and forth between them and the road.

Betsy scrambled from Wyler's lap and gave Jack a quick hard kiss, apologizing with a giggle as she settled back onto the seat between them.

'Where are we going?' she asked when the truck turned off of the road that led to the school.

'To Jade's place,' Wyler explained to her. 'We arranged it before we knew you were gonna disappear on us. Why? Don't you want to go?'

Betsy nodded enthusiastically, making them both smile. 'Lead the way, boys.'

Chapter 5

Betsy giggled when Jack scooped her into his arms and carried her to the bedroom the minute they stepped through the door of the tiny but pretty house.

‘I thought we were going to have a look around,’ Betsy protested through her laughter. Jack shook his head, smiling with her but unwilling to be distracted, it seemed. Wyler walked away without warning, as if knowing that the others would follow.

‘We need to do this,’ Jack said, his voice urgent. ‘If we’ve allowed you to think that what happened last night was just some casual thing for us, then we need to put that right.’

Betsy felt a flush crawl across her cheeks. In her arrogance, she’d ignored their feelings, believing she knew what their motivation had been. But she couldn’t ignore their enthusiasm right at the moment.

Wyler had discarded most of his clothing by the time Jack placed her on the bed. He pulled her to her feet instantly to begin taking her blouse off as Jack quickly disrobed and then started on her skirt.

Wyler stood behind her to unclasp her bra, kissing her skin. Jack dropped to his knees and slid his gaze and his hands over her, running his fingertips up under the cups of her bra to caress her nipples.

Wyler brushed Jack’s hands out of the way as he filled his hands with her breasts. She let her head fall back on Wyler’s shoulder as she watched Jack parting the curls at her groin. He gasped as he saw how wet they had made her, staring for a moment before running a finger over her swollen clit. She fell against Wyler as Jack lowered his head, flicking his tongue over her.

Jack helped Wyler lift her onto the bed, parting her legs and allowing them both to see how very hot for them she was. Wyler groaned as he took over the task of teasing her clitoris, adding a finger to her pleasure as it slipped easily inside. Jack lay down beside Betsy, caressing her breasts as they kissed.

Her pussy tightened as Wyler and Jack worked on her in very different but no less effective ways. She reached down to touch Jack's erection, wrapping her small hand around it. Her thumb caressed the top of his prick, finding it wet with his arousal.

'Yes,' Jack said at her touch, thrusting gently into her palm. Wyler groaned against her skin as her pussy quivered around his fingers.

'Let it go,' he said, increasing the pressure of his mouth.

Jack's tongue plunged into her mouth, mimicking Wyler's action on her clit without knowing it. Betsy started to come, both ends of her body tingling from the attention. Jack pulled away to watch as her head fell back and she moaned and shook beneath him.

'You are beautiful,' he whispered into her ear, flicking his tongue inside it. Another wave of pleasure speared through her, his words having almost as much effect on her as his hands.

Wyler crawled up the bed to lie beside her as Jack moved away. She turned over at Wyler's bidding, and he guided the rest of her movements with a strong hand. On her knees then, she quivered again as she felt the tip of Jack's cock begin to push inside her vagina just as Wyler knelt in front of her, inviting her to suck his penis into her mouth.

Jack's first, deep thrust almost lifted her from the bed as he rammed his cock home. Betsy groaned as waves of sensation rippled through her, forcing the noise from her throat. Wyler lifted her chin, staring at her intensely through heavy lidded eyes and biting down on his lip as she took him in. Cupping a fist around his dick, she let the pounding of her body set the speed and depth of her sucking. Her lips

closed around Wyler, sliding almost to the tip of his cock when Jack pulled her back to accept his next thrust.

Wyler ran a caressing hand down her face to hold her steady as he pushed into her mouth. 'I'm gonna come.' He gasped.

'So is she,' Jack warned him. 'I can feel her pulsing around me.' His broken, rasping voice barely reached Betsy's ears. His cock stopped moving inside her as his hand found her clitoris, rubbing it gently, as if trying to keep her on the edge until he wanted her to come.

Wyler bunched her hair in his hands and increased the speed of his thrusts into her mouth. He moaned, and his abdomen began to tremble moments before she felt a spurt of hot semen splash onto her tongue. Wyler pulled out of her mouth and fell back against the wall, his whole body trembling as he grasped his pulsing cock in his hand. His features contorted as he pumped himself harder and faster than her mouth ever could, the last of his cum splashing onto his quivering thighs as his shouts split the air.

Jack's reaction to Wyler's orgasm was a hard, sudden thrust into her pussy as his hand rubbed her clit faster. Betsy came instantly, her eyes filled with the sight of a spent and gorgeous Wyler smiling at her while her other senses were being overwhelmed by his twin.

Jack's fingers and thrusts became more and more erratic until he followed her orgasm with his own. She heard him growl, and his cock slammed into her again and again, his rasping breath blowing against the skin of her back until his movements slowed. He fell away to the side while she collapsed on her front, her head landing on Wyler's leg. His hand went to her hair, smoothing it away from her sweaty face. Betsy heard Jack gasp softly and realized why at the sound of a condom hitting the trashcan beside the bed.

She could do no more than lie where she'd fallen for the first few minutes, panting and sweating. Eventually, the urge to move became unbearable, and she lifted her head. Wyler scooted away then, giving her the space to lie next to Jack and then slotting himself beside her

and continuing to stroke her hair. Jack gave her the softest kiss on the lips and dropped his head into the space near her shoulder while his hand traced lazy circles on her back.

Betsy awoke first the next morning and lay quietly for a few minutes, waiting to see if she would suffer the same gnawing shame as she had the previous night. She'd done practically the same thing as she had the night before, but this time, she'd chosen to do it with a clear head. And that made all the difference. She felt good.

She struggled to get up. Wyler had his thigh thrown over hers while Jack had an arm across her chest. Both of them lay on their fronts, one with his face buried into her neck while the other had his head on her chest.

They groaned in unison as she tried to move them once more, making her giggle silently. She settled down with a sigh, happy to simply lie in the warmth of their embrace.

* * * *

The next few weeks would find their relationship deepening, despite her initial fears. The weekend in the mountains had changed everything. Jack and Wyler loved her. As insane as that sounded, they'd left Betsy in no doubt about it. Jack seemed to find it easier to express his feelings than his brother, but nobody could fake the sincerity in Wyler's eyes every time he looked at her.

Their remaining time together flew by in the rush of discovering each other. Jack had a silly sense of humor that both Wyler and Betsy didn't quite share. On the other hand, Jack didn't understand how she and his brother could spend hours discussing world politics. Having a separate and unique bond with each of them individually strengthened her belief in their relationship. It really was possible to be helplessly in love with two men at the same time.

Betsy learned to tell them apart in many other ways. She could recognize the difference between small details like their feet and

hands, their smell, voices, and touch. Jack seemed the most demanding in bed, often setting the pace and tone for their lovemaking. Wyler liked to draw things out, prolonging the experience, and therefore the pleasure.

They'd never tried to seduce her individually. Nor did she want them to. Being with only one of them would have felt like cheating on the other.

By the time the end of their assignment drew near, a new fear had lodged in her chest. The thought of being away from them caused her more pain than she could ever have imagined. 'Our little family' as she referred to them all, would soon be apart, separated by an ocean, a culture, and thousands of miles.

Experience told her that holiday romances never worked, or if they did, it came at great emotional and financial cost to the parties involved. Believing in an unsustainable love affair seemed easy when she didn't have the reality of everyday life to drag her down. Thoughts of what she would tell her family and friends, if their relationship even survived the initial separation, began to nag at Betsy. They would never understand, her mother especially.

Not that they'd given her the slightest reason to believe that they even wanted the relationship to continue. They made her feel like the most wanted woman in the world, but they never talked of the future. Maybe they had more going on back in Texas than they had let on?

Wyler and Jack seemed more withdrawn as their final weekend together had arrived. They insisted on taking her out to one of the island's best restaurants. She wished they had let her go shopping. The evening would be a special one, and she'd wanted to find something a little more glamorous than usual to wear, but they reassured her that it wasn't necessary. Betsy felt certain this would be the night they would explain, albeit kindly, that their romance was over.

Sitting between them in the small booth later, she perused the menu without really taking any of it in. Part of her felt sure they were

no more able to concentrate than she. Jack confirmed this by looking at his for a full five minutes before folding it and starting a conversation about something completely different.

‘So, Betsy, what are we going to do?’

His question should have surprised her, but she knew what he meant. Their time together had run out, and the moment for decisions had arrived. ‘I don’t know,’ she said quietly, the sadness beginning to pull at her insides.

‘When are you due back?’ Wyler’s question referred to the start of the school year in England. Her headmaster had only agreed to let her go on sabbatical provided she return by then.

‘Next week. Some of the other schools vary by a few days, but it’s usually always the first week in September.’ He sighed and pushed back from the table, as if disappointed by her answer.

Jack’s head snapped up and he stared at his brother. ‘Do you think...no. Forget it. The old man would never go for it.’

Wyler shook his head. ‘Whatever you were gonna suggest, if it means we stay away any longer, he’s going to write us out of the will.’ He smiled, but it didn’t reach his eyes.

‘What are you talking about?’ Betsy asked, afraid to believe the hope flickering to life in the back of her mind. Two sets of green eyes turned her way, confusion clouding them. Wyler looked a little hurt. What had she said?

Jack put his hand up as if to halt whatever Wyler had just taken a breath to say. ‘We are trying to find a way to make this work, so we don’t have to let you go.’ She wanted to speak, but the lump that formed in her throat blocked the words—so her eyes filled with tears instead.

‘Don’t cry, Betsy, please,’ Wyler whispered, then reached around her back and lifted her into his lap. Jack scooted along the seat, adding his voice and hands to the ones already trying to soothe her.

‘I’m sorry,’ she said, when she could speak again.

‘It’s okay, honey. We’ll find a way to make this work.’ Jack’s words made her cry again.

‘It’s not that,’ she sobbed, muffling her words by burying her face in Wyler’s shoulder.

‘Then what is it?’ His voice became slightly colder. ‘Are we misunderstanding the reason for your tears?’

The knowledge that she was hurting and confusing them with her strange reaction sobered her. Betsy sat up and tried to clear her head with a shaky breath. ‘I thought you brought her here to say goodbye. To tell me you didn’t want me anymore.’

Wyler stiffened and Jack swore. It wasn’t the reaction she’d expected.

‘Damn it all to hell, Betsy. How many times do we have to tell you we love you before you believe us?’

‘Jack, don’t be mad. I...I guess it’s just that you never talked about what would happen when we finished up here. I assumed you simply wanted to go back to your lives and leave me to go back to mine.’

Wyler turned her face toward his. ‘It looks like we have no choice, but it’s not what we want. Not one bit. If me and Jack could come to England with you, we would. But our dad...you know, he’s getting on, and we can’t leave him to manage without us any longer.’

Jack appeared to recover from his flash of temper, giving her a smile as he spoke again. ‘It’s just a shame you can’t come back to Texas with us.’

‘Because of your family?’ She wanted to be sure.

‘No. What we do is our own business. We have our own place on the other side of the valley. Good fences make good neighbors, you know, even with family.’ A frown chased away his smile. ‘No, I meant because of your job.’

Betsy laughed with glee, surprising the pair of them. ‘Fuck my job.’

Jack guffawed as his brother gasped in fake shock. 'Excuse me?' Wyler tried to look stern but failed miserably.

'You heard.' She wasn't brave enough to say it again with the pair of them looking at her so intensely.

'You can't just give up your career,' Jack warned.

Betsy scrambled from Wyler's lap, warming to her topic. 'That's just it. It's a career. It doesn't depend on staying in one place. Giving up a job isn't like giving up a whole lifestyle in the way you guys would have to.'

'I don't know,' Wyler mumbled, wincing as he said the words. 'I'm sure I'm speaking for both of us when I say you are giving up a hell of a lot for something that none of us know for sure will last.'

'Don't you want me to come with you?' She bit her lip, determined not to guilt them into saying what she wanted to hear.

'Of course we do. Wyler just wanted to make sure you had really thought about this. I mean, what will you do if this doesn't work out?'

'Go back home, rent another pokey flat, and get another boring teaching job.' Betsy laughed, unable to suppress the excitement she could see that Wyler and Jack were catching, too.

'That simple, huh?'

She nodded. 'There's a teacher shortage in the UK. Finding another job won't be a problem. And if I have to, I can move back in with my mother. I'd hate you both forever if that happened.' She smiled to show them she didn't mean it.

'You'll have to help me find a job and a place to stay,' she hinted, pouting a little.

Jack sat back, a look of defiance crossing his face. 'The job part is up to you, although you don't need to work. But you'll be staying with us, in our house. With the hours we work, it's the only way we'll get to spend any time with you.'

'That's not up for negotiation,' Wyler added, stopping her from saying what she was about to.

‘Okay.’ She didn’t voice the thought that she had nowhere else she’d rather be. The guys wanted to be in control, and she let them. Maybe they felt they had to make up for their earlier indecision? Whatever the reason, she loved their newly found resolve.

Betsy let her gaze wander over the Farmer twins, turning from one to the other as her greedy mind weighed her blessings. The clothes that covered their bodies couldn’t hide the raw masculinity simmering beneath. Color flooded her cheeks, and she licked her lips as Wyler’s thick fingers caught her attention. Hours earlier, they’d been buried deep inside her as his brother licked her clit. Her eyes flew up when she heard one of them suck in a ragged breath.

‘Okay, well I’m not hungry anymore.’ Jack laughed and looked to his brother and her for agreement. Without need for further discussion, they scooted out of the booth as Wyler threw a few bills on the table to cover the cost of the drinks. The boys each placed a hand at her elbow, almost lifting her in their haste as they propelled her toward the exit and out into the dark promise of the night.

Chapter 6

Wyler cast a quick look over at Betsy, trying to judge her reaction.. The huge house at the heart of their family's ranch seemed larger when he tried to look at it through her eyes. They'd timed their arrival carefully, planning to arrive at dusk when the staff would all be gone for the night and their father would be alone. The dim light made the house look imposing. The white, three-story building reflected the pink hues of the sunset, making it stand out from the dusty hills behind.

'Wow.' The word was almost silent. Wyler could only tell she'd said anything at all because her lips had moved.

Jack seemed to catch Wyler's thoughts. 'It's not just a home,' he explained, his words coming out in a rush. 'It houses the business side of things, too. There are offices and kitchens for the ranch hands. Only the top floor is private.'

'I've worked in schools smaller than that.' Betsy seemed over awed. She slapped Jack on his arm suddenly. 'Why didn't you tell me your home was so grand? I'd never have insisted on buying these jeans if I'd known.'

'Darlin', I wouldn't have missed the sight of your cute little ass in those jeans for anything.' Wyler laughed at her outraged expression. 'Besides, we're wearing exactly the same thing.'

'It's different for you. Everybody knows you here.' Betsy pulled down the visor above the windshield and started fussing with her curls. 'Oh, my God! Why didn't you tell me my hair looked like this?'

‘Jack, pull over a minute.’ Wyler looked at his brother over her head, trying to silently convey to him that they couldn’t take her in there until she calmed down.

‘No. I don’t want to keep you from your father any longer. I’m fine.’ She turned to Jack. ‘Please don’t stop the truck. Let’s just get this over with.’

Jack gave her a long, searching look and then nodded to Wyler. ‘She’ll be okay. Stop worrying.’

Wyler let him get away with the attempt at nonchalance for Betsy’s sake. Truthfully, they were both worried about their father’s reaction. Of course, they wouldn’t tell him outright why the curvaceous English teacher had moved into their little house. They would explain that she was a friend who wanted a chance to experience Texas and let him assume that she had a relationship with one of them.

Once they knew how things were gonna work out between them all, they would tell him and ask for his blessing. But that could wait until he knew her better and loved her the way that they did.

As the truck stopped outside the house, Wyler’s attention shifted from the nervous beauty beside him to the thin, regal looking man stepping off the porch. Silas Farmer looked good for his seventy plus years, but nobody could tell that his health wasn’t so great. Wyler blinked away the tears the sight of his father always brought. Everybody should have a man like Silas to look up to.

He and Jack raced from the truck and over to the older man, remembering just in time not to hug him too hard. He returned their embraces with a slight squeeze of his own. The most he could manage thanks to the muscle wasting disease ravaging his body.

Silas’ pale blue eyes misted over as he looked up into their faces. Wyler could have sworn he’d shrunk a little. Since when did they tower over him so much?

‘It’s great to see you, old man.’ Jack’s voice betrayed the emotion simmering between them all. ‘How are things?’

‘Better now my boys are home.’ A smile lit his face as he reached to slap Jack on the shoulder. His attention drifted past his son to the truck and the person sitting inside. ‘You brought company?’

‘She’s a friend of ours, Dad. Come to stay for a while, if that’s okay?’ Wyler thought it best he did the talking. Jack could easily let something slip.

‘Well damn it, boys. Why did you leave the poor thing sitting in the truck? Let’s see her.’

‘Tell you what, you and Jack go get the coffee on and I’ll bring her in to meet you.’

Two minutes later, Wyler led Betsy into the kitchen. Silas and Jack sat at the table, and the older man began pouring the coffee as he saw them approach.

Wyler cleared his throat. ‘Dad, this is Betsy Perkins.’

‘Hi there, little lady.’ Betsy giggled at Silas’ greeting. Wyler doubted he could love his father more. He had a way of putting people at their ease straight away.

‘I’m very pleased to meet you, Mr. Farmer.’

Wyler knew what his reaction would be. Silas looked behind him, as if searching for someone. ‘Is my father here?’ Betsy got the joke and laughed again. ‘Call me Silas.’

‘Okay then. Silas it is.’

‘That’s a cute accent you got there.’ He gestured that she should sit next to him. Her gaze flitted to Wyler and Jack, and she looked as if her nerves had grabbed at her again, but she did as he asked. He handed her the coffee. ‘Now what is it you do, Miss Perkins?’

‘Betsy,’ she corrected, smiling.

‘Betsy it is.’

Wyler caught Jack’s eye. Things were going better than they could have hoped. The two seemed to genuinely like each other. Jack smiled and gave a slight nod. Wyler let out the breath he’d been holding and began to relax.

Later, when they'd dropped Betsy off at the house along with the luggage, Jack and Wyler went over to say goodnight to their father.

They found him in the den, watching the last innings of a ball game. He turned to look at them as they entered. 'Come in, boys. I want to talk to you.' He pointed the remote at the TV and turned it off.

Wyler cast a nervous look at Jack. 'What's up, Dad?'

He didn't speak until they'd both taken a seat facing him. Silas rubbed at his chin as if still forming his thoughts, then shook his head. 'Hell. I was gonna ask you outright what the story is with that lovely young woman, but I guess I don't want to know the details.'

'She's a friend,' Jack said. Wyler rolled his eyes at how lame his explanation sounded. Even if Silas wasn't the wily old man they knew him to be, he'd have seen through Jack straight away.

Silas' face told Wyler it didn't matter what either of them said. He'd made up his mind. Still, he smiled at Jack kindly. 'Like I said, I don't need the details. I just want to be sure you boys know what you are doing.'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'Stop it, Jack.' Wyler wished his brother would just shut up. He understood that he'd only done what they'd agreed, but why bother to keep up the charade when their father had seen through it in seconds.

'Well, seeing as you asked, what I mean is, you two are both in love with her. I could tell the minute she walked in the room. I know my sons.'

Silas let his words hang in the air, his eyes going from one to the other. Wyler ducked his head, unwilling to lie to his father, his mind racing over what they would have to do if he put his foot down and refused to let her stay. Sure, the house belonged to them, but they would never disrespect their father in such a way. Fine. They'd just have to find somewhere else to live.

'You can take that look off your face, Wyler. I can't say I understand what's going on, but I trust you both. If you can reassure

me that you've thought about this, I mean really thought about it, then I guess I'm happy if you are.'

'We are happy.' The conviction in Jack's statement was evident from his tone.

'And she's not gonna come between you if things don't work out?'

'She would never do that, Dad. We've agreed—'

Silas raised his hand, stopping Wyler from replying further. 'Like I said, I don't want details. That Betsy seems like a fine young woman who has her head screwed on straight. I just hope she knows what she's let herself in for.'

He got up gingerly, ending the conversation. 'Okay, I'm off to bed. You boys had best get back. It's not polite to leave your guest alone in a strange house on her first night.'

They got up to hug him before he left. Wyler kept hold of him for a moment longer than necessary. 'Thanks,' he said quietly. Silas patted him on the shoulder and walked from the room.

They didn't waste any time leaving the house and racing over to the woman waiting for them. They found her sound asleep in the bath tub.

'Should we wake her?' Jack whispered, putting the lid down on the toilet to sit on it.

'No, let her rest.' Wyler squatted down in the tiny space beside the tub to stare at her. 'She's had a long day.'

He didn't realize he'd fallen asleep too until a gentle hand smoothed the hair from his brow. Betsy had her chin propped on the edge of the tub, gazing into his face. 'Missed me, huh?'

Jack woke at the sound of her voice, the sleepiness in his eyes chased away by lust when he caught sight of her glistening wet skin poking through the bubbles. Wyler stood and reached for a large fluffy towel, placing it on the edge of the tub before pulling Jack to his feet and propelling him toward the door. 'We'll give you a moment to yourself okay?'

‘Hey,’ she called, bringing them back into the room at the sound of her voice. Betsy stood in the tub, bubbles clinging to every one of her curves. She raised her arms, inviting them to lift her out.

Jack moved first but made the mistake of grabbing the towel, giving Wyler the opportunity to grab her slippery body and press it tightly against him, ignoring the water seeping through his clothes.

‘You’re such a cheat.’ Jack nudged Wyler in the back as he followed him from the room.

‘You snooze, you lose,’ Wyler taunted.

‘Now, now, boys,’ Betsy admonished them both, reaching a hand out to Jack and pulling him in for a kiss as she rested in Wyler’s arms. ‘Didn’t you ever learn to share?’

Epilogue

Betsy felt almost weightless as the guys lifted her out of the bath and set her gently down on the thick mat. Wyler handed Jack a towel, which he used to pat her body gently dry as Wyler squeezed the last of the water out of her hair.

Jack paid special attention to her toes, kissing each one after he'd dried it. Wyler rushed to make sure he got his favorite job, smoothing the body lotion she always used into her skin. His hands slid easily over her shoulders, massaging more than moisturizing anything. But she didn't mind. They had insisted that tonight would be her night, and they intended to wait on her hand and foot to celebrate their first anniversary.

Legally, it was her and Wyler's anniversary. After all, she could only really marry one of them. When her visa had run out after three wonderful months in Texas and the prospect of a permanent separation loomed, Wyler had been the first to offer his hand. But Jack and she had taken their vows too, later that same day, with a lay preacher. If the depth of their emotions counted for anything, she couldn't be *more* married to either of them.

Betsy had been theirs for the last year, and the magic hadn't died yet. The anniversary was a perfect example of the bond they shared, and Jack and Wyler obviously had no intention of letting a genuine opportunity to pamper her pass them by. Their bath time ritual had become an occasional habit, a way of reconnecting after a long, stressful day.

She had a surprise for them, too, and she smiled secretly as she anticipated their reaction. But that would come later. For now, she

had trouble breathing as their hands worked over her, never mind anything else.

Jack decided to help Wyler with his task and decided his job would be rubbing the creamy lotion into her calves and thighs. Their joint efforts to seduce her began to make standing difficult and as Jack's slippery hands skimmed her pussy, her knees gave way. She sagged against Wyler's hard chest and opened her mouth on a groan as his biceps slid under her armpits to support her weight.

They'd stripped off their own clothes—only to keep them dry, they'd claimed—as they bathed her, so the soft touch of Wyler's cock against the cheeks of her ass wasn't unexpected. Jack did surprise her, though, by lifting one of her legs at a time from the floor and hooking it over his shoulders.

Betsy lay suspended between her lovers as Jack took his time lowering his mouth to her aching flesh. His breath touched her first, and she squirmed against the sensation, feeling no shame as her muscles squeezed the moisture from her pussy.

'I love it when you get wet like this,' Jack groaned against her skin, seeming unable to wait another minute to sink his tongue into her vagina. She bucked in their arms when his lips closed over her clit and he replaced his tongue with a thick finger. Jack played her body well, knowing after all this time what would make her come the quickest. Two fingers plunged in and out of her as his mouth sucked a little harder. His eyes found hers and the last thing she saw before she closed them when her orgasm erupted was a gleam of triumph. If Jack loved one thing more than any other, it had to be making her come all over his face.

Betsy twisted and churned between them, making it hard to hold onto her, but they did. Wyler's arms shook with the effort of keeping a firm grip of her until the last spasms subsided. Jack put her feet back on the floor and then picked her up to carry her into the bedroom.

Usually, she let them take the lead, allowing one of them to fuck her while she sucked the other, or sometimes just laying there while

they took turns making her come in a variety of ways. But tonight would be different. As soon as they placed her on the bed, she stood and pushed Wyler onto his back. The laugh of surprise died in his throat as she crawled over his legs and up his body. A small sigh of disappointment escaped from his lips as her mouth ignored his eager cock, but it didn't make her feel bad. She knew he and his brother would love what she had planned for them.

Betsy straddled his dick and sank onto it without pause. Wyler jerked beneath her, his face contorting as she felt him shudder. She slid up and down on him a couple more times, making sure he had reached the point of no return before she put her plan into action.

'Jack, come behind me.' She turned to the man whose eyes took in her every movement as he watched her fuck his twin. He did as she asked, kneeling between Wyler's legs to slot his body against hers. His hand reached around and his fingers found her clit. He began to play with her until she stopped him.

'I don't want that. Not tonight.'

His frustrated sigh ruffled her hair. He leaned closer to her ear. 'What do you want me to do, baby?'

She tensed a little, unsure now the moment had come that he would do as she asked. 'I want you in my ass.'

Wyler's cock jerked inside her, but he didn't utter a sound. Betsy had him where she wanted him, and they both seemed to wait with bated breath for Jack to make a move. She felt a ripple go through Jack. Still, he hesitated.

'You won't hurt me,' she assured him. 'I...I've been practicing. You remember that dildo I bought last month?' Both men nodded. 'Well, this is what it was for.'

'I did wonder,' Jack murmured, and she felt him smile against the side of her face. 'I knew damn well and good that you weren't suffering from a lack of sexual attention.'

Unable to wait much longer for him to make up his mind, she knew instinctively that he would find it easier to do if it was

something she craved. 'Wyler, there's a tube of lubricant under your pillow.'

Taking the tube from him, she grabbed one of Jack's hands and squeezed some of the slippery fluid onto it. She used her fingers to work it over his and then placed his hand on her ass.

'Please,' she whined, part acting and part genuinely begging. Betsy leaned across the ever patient Wyler, rewarding him with a kiss as she raised her ass for Jack. He didn't hesitate and began to work the lube inside her, groaning as his fingers pushed in easily. A moment after he slipped the third one inside her, he pulled them out again quickly and she felt a new, harder sensation press against her ass.

His fingers bit into the cheeks of her ass as he spread her wide and slid the first, thick inch inside. Her head snapped up at the sensation, and she urged him deeper by pushing against him. The motion brought her down harder on Wyler's cock, and he groaned as loudly as she did. His arms came up to pin her torso against his and hold her still until Jack was ready. Betsy fought against his restraint and squirmed over his body, trying to force Jack to fill her up.

Finally, she gasped as she felt his hips against her butt, and she knew he'd sunk in to the hilt. He pulled back a little before trying another gentle thrust. It sent a spasm tearing through her and Wyler, and she both felt its effects. Her breath came in short, hard pants, and she shook as they both began to move inside her and find their own individual rhythms.

The position wasn't that comfortable, but that didn't matter. Her orgasm started very quickly, her body unable to fight the sensations overwhelming it. As the first waves started to roll through her, her head thrashed from side to side until her teeth locked onto Wyler's bicep and she bit down on it hard and screamed against his skin. He gasped at the pain but then began to tremble and shout as his cock emptied into her. Jack managed one or two more thrusts before his

frantic voice joined theirs, and the three of them came with and for each other.

Jack pulled out even though she knew from experience his legs turned to jelly after he'd come, but she guessed he was still worried about her. He lifted her off of Wyler's cock and laid her on the bed before allowing himself to collapse.

Betsy laughed quietly as she lay there with the blood still pounding in her ears, grateful that they lived alone. As the combined sounds of their ragged panting echoed through the room, she felt sure anyone passing by could have heard them struggling to regain their collective breath.

The minutes ticked by and despite all their plans for dinner and a movie later, she knew they'd never make it. Her eyes had just begun to close when a deep, husky laugh from the man to her right made her turn to look at him. Jack raised his weary head too, as if trying to see what his brother found so funny. He asked him.

'I hope you don't think I'm waiting until our next anniversary for my turn,' he told them both, referring to the special treat she had given them. 'I mean, only if you want to, Betsy.'

She ruffled his hair and kissed his cheek. 'Of course I want to. I haven't forgotten you, my darling.'

His happy sigh told her she'd satisfied him for now. Pulling her into the crook of his arm, he stroked her hair as he always did, and placed a sleepy kiss on her head. Jack slid in against her other side and threw his leg over hers.

The pair, so alike in some ways yet so different in others, shared the ability to fall asleep instantly. Betsy lay between them willing sleep to come, but her heart and mind were too full. She thought back over the journey they'd taken together. She knew she would barely recognize the woman she'd been a year ago if she met her now. The frightened teacher who'd been hiding away in her flat back in England could never have dreamed she would one day be living and loving in Texas.

She would never have believed in the magic that had made the scales fall from her eyes, allowing her to see herself as she truly was not how she thought she should be. Nor would she have known how right her life would be when she became ‘their’ wife.

Jack and Wyler hadn’t yet tired of letting her know how much they wanted her and how grateful they were for her. When they woke, she would thank them again. Not just for the love they poured over her, but for the fact that, unlike her, they’d been brave enough to fight for what they wanted.

As Betsy lay between them, her mind wandered back to their first night together. The magic that had forced her to confront her feelings for them, the magic she had been so afraid of, was still very much a part of their relationship, but it had nothing to do with Mexican folklore and *Brujeria*.

The magic they shared was theirs alone, and Betsy longed for them all to remain trapped in its spell.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I live in a beautiful part of the Southwest of England. My first experience of writing was creating what is known as 'fan fiction' on the Internet forum of one of my favorite artists. Lots of my readers gave me really positive feedback and encouraged me to write more and take things further. Without them, I would never have had the confidence to submit a manuscript. I enjoy the process of writing and creating characters I would like to meet and situations I would love to be in.

Please visit me at www.luxieryder.com

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