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~ Dedication ~

To everyone who has ever gone tubin', fishing, camping, hiking, hunting with me. We've had a heckuva good time, and I have a cooler full of memories to last a lifetime.

Chapter One

The mosquito landed on her leg. Pauline Sergoni froze, her hand suspended in the air. This time she'd kill the thing once and for all.

Slap.

"Ah ha! Gotcha." She brushed the remains off her skin and dipped her hands into the water. "Jolene sure is one lucky gal to have all this at her disposal. I think I'd really enjoy bringing my horses out here to ride along the river." She stood up and flipped back her mahogany locks, the ends already wet and sticking to her bare stomach. "I probably should have tied my hair back."

Bryce stood a few feet away from her, keeping two inner tubes from floating downstream. "We figured you'd like it out here." The sound of someone running across rocks reached them. He peered past her shoulder. "About time you got here. I was ready to steal Pauline away for the day by myself if you didn't get your ass down here soon."

Taylor laughed and swooped Pauline up in his arms. "No way. I've looked forward to this weekend all week. I thought my case would go on forever. I'm more than ready for a day of fun." He nuzzled her neck. "I'm going through withdrawals, brown eyes." He gave her a loud smack on the lips. "I've had to resort to jacking off every night thinking about sinking my cock in your pussy. I've missed you."

She giggled, running her hand through his short blonde curls. "Mmm, me too. I definitely missed seeing you do that." She grabbed his hand, stopped, and gazed up at Bryce. "Uh oh. You only brought two tubes?"

Taylor wrapped his buffed arms around her waist, pulling her tight against his hard, sculptured body. "Bryce has had you for the whole week by himself while I was working, so I get you today. We can double up." He shifted his hips forward and pressed the proof of how serious he was against her. "If you're nice to me, I might let Taylor join in the fun...that's if he can keep up with us."

"Fuck, yeah." Bryce threw the floating device toward them. "How did the case go? Did you close it?"

“Yep.” Taylor grinned. “I’m off for two weeks, same as you now. Next time, we go out together.”

“Good.” Bryce jumped up on the tube and shook his short brown hair free of water. “That’s the way it should be.”

Pauline wiped her face from the splash of water. Lowering her hands, she grinned. “Let’s not waste time standing around jawin’. I can only stay for two days. Unlike you two luckies, I have to go back to work on Monday. Shalazam’s new owner is coming to the stables with a couple investors. It’s important that I be there. If I don’t sign the papers, I’ll lose the money I’m counting on to keep the stables open.”

“That doesn’t make sense. Shalazam is your horse.” Taylor pushed the side of the inner tube down in the water and jumped on. He held out his hands.

Pauline turned around and let him lift her onto his lap. She leaned back. “For how much I’ve depended on that horse making me money through the years, I was young and foolish ever signing a contract with a deadline clause in it. Live and learn, I guess.” She kicked her feet and splashed Bryce. “Enough talk, guys. Let’s go. I want to see what you both have planned for me today.”

Pauline found it hard to believe that on a day like this, with the sun shining, with hardly a breeze in the air, the nights turned so cold you needed jackets to stay warm once the sun went down. The guys explained that the higher elevation played games with the nighttime temperatures. She hadn’t believed Tony and Donovan, the other agents on Bryce and Taylor’s team, this morning when she walked outside of the cabin and they told her it was going to be a scorcher.

Relaxing on the river with not a worry on her shoulders was the very best way to spend the day. She envied the life Tony and Jolene had up here all alone. She sighed and let her head fall back on Taylor’s shoulder. It wasn’t that she didn’t love the ranch and horses. She did, but she’d be glad when the last sale would allow her to break away from her uncle’s control. When that was finished, Jack Sergoni would be out of her life for good.

Taylor’s hands got busy exploring her body. She leaned back enjoying the way his caresses made her smile. “You keep that up, and I’ll figure out some way to have sex with you on the inner tube, Taylor.” She squirmed on top of Taylor as he pinched her nipples.

His hand slid down her bare midriff, over the top of her Levi’s cutoffs, and settled between her legs. “Think you can lose the shorts, brown eyes?”

Her creative mind pushed right into how it would feel to make love on the water floating down the river out in the open. She smiled. "What if we fall off?"

Taylor chuckled. "Then we go swimming."

Loving the idea, she undid the button and zipper, lifted her ass up, and wiggled out of her shorts and panties. "Where do I put them? I don't want to lose them in the water."

"Hang on." Taylor used his feet and arms to paddle the inner tube closer to the middle of the river where Bryce was floating with his head back, eyes closed, oblivious to the world. "Hey, wake up!"

Bryce lowered his chin and glared.

"Catch." Taylor wadded up the denim and threw the shorts over the water.

Bryce caught the package one-handed. "What's this for?" He gazed at Pauline. "Shit. You lucky dawg."

"Don't you know it, partner." Taylor held Pauline's waist.

Turning around on the inner tube while wobbling side to side on the water wasn't an easy thing to accomplish. Every time she lifted her foot to change position, the inner tube dipped, threatening to spill them both to the churning water. She lifted her gaze and motioned with her head. "You could help Bryce." Laughing, she wiggled her ass at him. "I'd pay you back later."

"Fuck, Pauline." He brought his hands out of the water. "I vote we bank it right now and you can shake that thang all you want...all over me."

"Hell, no. I want to have her on the water first. We both can have her later when we stop." Taylor grabbed her ankle and lifted her foot to the other side of him. "Tony's picking us up at the ranger station. We'll have plenty of time to ourselves before he shows up."

Pauline faced Taylor. Straddling his body, she gazed down at him while holding on to his shoulders. "Your turn, Taylor."

"Whoa..." She squatted down to keep her balance, giggling at the look on Bryce's face when Taylor's shorts slapped him in the chest. The love she had for the both of them warmed her heart. It was never boring with them both around. The playful friendship between the guys endeared them to her. The camaraderie went past best friends; they relied on each other at work to stay alive.

She blew a kiss to Bryce. "I love you."

"I know that." He cocked an eyebrow. "You two will owe me big time, though." He unzipped his fly. "Although, I'm not going to let you have all the

fun. I'm watching." His fingers slipped inside his shorts and brought out a stiff cock. "Make it good, you two."

Taylor laughed. "You know it." He fisted his own hardness. "Come on down and sink your juicy pussy down on me."

She licked her lips. Taylor was a sun god. All blond curls, tanned skin, and an adventurous spirit wrapped up in a package that meant business. He brought so much laughter into her life. She purred. Transferring her weight to her arms, she braced herself on the inner tube and lowered herself down. A half moan, half sigh, slipped out of her mouth as the heat of his cock slid inside her, stretching, filling her body. "Oh, God..."

She remained still, luxuriating in having their bodies connected. The motion of the water provided enough movement that her pussy squeezed him each time a spasm came from her core. She turned her head. Bryce lay back against the inner tube, cock in hand, leisurely stroking his dick from balls to tip. His eyelids lowered halfway in that sexy way he always had when his body was turned on.

Taylor used his thumbs and spread her pussy lips, leaned back further, and licked his lips. "Look at that." He groaned. "If we were on land, I'd eat all that sweetness before pounding my cock in that wet, pretty hole of yours." Running his thumb up to her clit, he stroked the tiny nub. "Even your clit is swollen and hard just begging me to play with it." He caressed the sensitive nerves. "Do you like the way that feels, brown eyes?"

"Yes!" Pauline grabbed her breasts and squeezed. The stimulation warmed her core. She wanted him to touch her everywhere. The water pitched her forward, and Taylor steadied her. The new pressure on her clit changed for the better. She rocked her hips back and forth. The fire building in her core grew.

"Suck your nipple for me, Pauline." Taylor continued to rub her all over, feeling around where his cock disappeared inside her cunt. "I'm afraid if I lean toward you, I'll tip us over. Show me what I'm missing."

Cupping her breast, she lowered her head and brought the nipple to her mouth. Knowing how much he loved to watch her pleasure herself, she gazed into his eyes and licked the rosy areola. The nipple constricted, and she placed her lips around the whole area, sucking it into her mouth.

Taylor's hips bucked beneath her. His thumb rapidly circled her clit, drawing her orgasm to the surface. So close, her muscles tensed, begging for release. The inner tube rocked wildly, whether from the river current or their movements, she wasn't sure. She glanced up at Bryce, masturbating not ten

feet away. Caught up in his own fantasy, his hand worked his cock with a familiar touch.

“B-Bryce...” She wanted to involve them both. Throwing back her head, she arched her back, sending her curls down her back. Her breasts thrust in the air. “Do it, Taylor. Make me come...for you...and Bryce.”

Taylor grabbed her hips and pulled her down, up, down, up. His cock rubbed against her G-spot, and she shook her head. “Yes. Yes. Yes.”

Her orgasm hit her hard, fast, and carried her away. Wave after wave, she gyrated atop Taylor. His fingers dug into her ass, holding her securely on the inner tube. His cock shot warm bursts of cum deep inside of her. Panting, she stared over at Bryce and smiled.

He held his cock at the base of his length and spilled his seed over the side of the tube. She turned back to Taylor. He grinned up at her. “That’s a first. I’ve never had sex on an inner tube.”

“Really?” She laughed. “This whole relationship is a first for me.” She leaned over and held out her hand for Bryce, whose float was helped by the current. “I love you both so much.”

“I love you too, brown eyes.”

“...love you too.”

Chapter Two

The sun had dipped lower behind the trees by the time they'd stopped riding the river for the day. Bryce held her hand and led her up to the back of the ranger station. She glanced over her shoulder and smiled. Taylor carried the inner tubes, his gaze trained to the small, unadorned cabin. "Jolene says the ranger is gone until Tuesday."

"Just making sure." Taylor set down the supplies, reached behind him and fingered his lower back, stopped, and frowned. "I feel naked without my pistol."

"It's good for you to let your guard down and relax." Pauline leaned against his chest. "Mmm...you're nice and warm."

"Here, we'll warm you up." Taylor moved in behind her.

Sandwiched between the two men, she sighed. She wrapped her arms around Bryce's waist and laid her head on his shoulder. She'd never thought of her height as having an advantage until she fell in love with her two FBI agents. At five foot ten inches, she was only a couple inches shorter than them, but with her longer legs, their body parts matched up perfectly.

"I think Taylor is very happy," she murmured.

Taylor pressed against her ass. "I told you this week was hell, being away from you for so long." His hands wandered down her sides to her hips. "I want to share you with Bryce. I want you to take both of us."

"Mm..." She swayed back and forth, Bryce's cock rising at the attention. "I think Bryce agrees with you."

"Hell, yeah." He kissed the side of her forehead. "We have no lube, though, so we'll save that for when we're back at the cabin."

"Maybe I could—"

Taylor stepped back. "No. There's too much of a chance we'd end up hurting you."

Pauline moved a few steps away so she could see both of them at the same time. "Thank you...even though I think I could do it, and I want to do it, I love how you take care of me." She pursed her lips. "How much time until Tony arrives?"

Bryce glanced at his watch. "Fifteen minutes or so. Why?"

She crooked her finger at Bryce. "Come here."

Bryce stepped in front of her. She turned to Taylor. "Your turn. I want you right here." She pointed to the ground beside Bryce. Once the two men were shoulder to shoulder in front of her, she lowered herself to her knees. "Drop 'em, agents."

She laughed. Their shorts hit their ankles in record time. Running her hand up between each of their legs, she luxuriated in their differences. Bryce with his dark good looks, lean, tough body, and dark eyes, showed her how serious he was about making this relationship work every chance he got. She drew a circle around Bryce's ball sac with her finger. "I think I know what I want." She grasped Bryce's cock with her hand. "This." Repeating the same move on Taylor, she smiled. "And this."

Pointing the head of their dicks together, she stuck out her tongue, leaned forward, and slid her tongue up and down, tasting them both. Bryce was thicker, shorter by a half an inch at the most. Taylor's hardness was longer, and he shaved everything but the top little patch at the base of his cock. She sucked the bulbous head of Taylor's dick into her mouth and moaned. Her fingers caressed Bryce while she paid attention to Taylor.

She loved to watch them. They were so beautiful together. All steel and hardness. They were the strength that kept all three of them together. Dependable, loving, and honorable, they were her guys. *And they love me.*

She let go of Taylor and moved her mouth over to Bryce. Trailing her tongue along the vein underneath his cock, she reached over and slid her hand in between Taylor's legs and rubbed the sensitive spot between sac and anus.

"Holy shit." Taylor's body tightened, and he rolled to his toes. His cock bobbed against her cheek.

No longer chilled from the wet clothes on her body, she let go of Bryce, spread her knees farther apart, and sat back on her heels. Her breasts strained against the bikini top. She reached up and undid the strings at the back of her neck and let the material fall. Her nipples stood out against the paler skin she uncovered. "Touch me."

Bryce and Taylor each took the breast closest to them with one hand and guided their cocks to her mouth with their other fist. She opened her mouth and let them decide whose turn it was with her mouth. She sucked greedily back and forth. Pleasure radiated from her nipples, through her body, straight down to her pussy. She ground her anus against her bare heel. Her hand slipped inside her shorts to play with her clit.

“God, you’re beautiful.” Bryce pulled her nipple over to rub it against his balls. “I can’t hold back much longer. She’s sucking me dry.”

“My turn.” Taylor rubbed his cock around her mouth.

She flicked the small slit on the end of his dick with her tongue, trying to grasp the engorged head between her lips. She mewed. Her hips rocked back and forth. Bryce’s handy work on her breast sent a surge of moisture to her pussy. “Please.” She leaned forward to capture Taylor, but he pulled his cock back. His hand stroked the length, and precum coated the end. “I want.” She scraped the width of her lip with her teeth, her fingers working feverously on her clit. “Oh, God. I’m going to—”

Bryce and Taylor both had her breasts and held her nipples, so every tug from her body sent a ripple of pleasure through her middle. She gazed up at them. Their eyes were glazed in sexual heat.

“I’m gonna shoot my cum all over your ripe breasts.” Bryce’s hand stroked his cock, hard, almost violent.

“Open your mouth, sweetie.” Taylor slid his fist more slowly in long, smooth caresses.

Bryce groaned first, slamming his hand to the base of his dick and holding himself still while he spurted cum all over the front of her. Letting go of her nipple, he rubbed himself against the sensitive nerves. Her body seized at the sight. Juice coated her fingers, and she opened her mouth and screamed through the spasms flooding her body.

Taylor aimed for her mouth. Her tongue licked his cum off her lips greedily. Her butt slipped between her heels, and she sagged to the ground in total contentment.

A car horn honked from the front of the ranger station. Her brows lifted. “Oh, shit. I’m a mess.” She hurried to retie the strings of her top.

Bryce and Taylor helped her up. She rubbed her neck, sticky with their cum, and held her hands out. “What is Tony going to think when he gets a look at me?”

“There’s a water faucet by the back door.” He put his hand on her back. “Taylor can clean you up while I load the inner tubes.” Bryce moved away to pick up the floats.

“Bryce?” She turned around and glanced between him and Taylor. “Thank you...for everything.”

Chapter Three

Pauline's booted heels clapped down the aisle of the stables toward her office door. She lifted her arm and glanced at her watch—six minutes early. *Good.* She wasn't going to give her Uncle Jack any excuse to use a tardy against her. She'd made the deadline. Now all she had to do was sign the papers, and the money would be deposited into her account by the end of the day. She'd have everything wrapped up in time to spend time with Bryce and Taylor when they came over to spend the night with her.

She strolled faster to the end of the barn. Those two men had taken her by surprise. Never in a million years had she ever dreamed of loving two men...two agents who worked for the federal government, no less. She'd tried to break up with both of them when she found herself falling for them equally, but they never gave up on her.

They'd talked and listened through all her worries of what a ménage relationship can do to the people involved, and after one wonderful night spent making love to both of them at the same time, she never had another thought that their relationship was anything but meant to happen. Having all the agents on their team support them was surprisingly nice. Even Jolene and Josie seemed not to have a problem with their relationship. She grinned. They might even be a little jealous, going from some of their comments over the weekend.

Outside the door she paused, inhaled deeply, threw back her shoulders, and opened the door. The room sat empty. She frowned. Weird...she thought the others would have—

A hand covered her mouth and nose. She pulled, but the arm tightened. Shaking her head, she tried to break away from the nasty-smelling glove, but the person was stronger than she was. Lifting her foot, she stomped behind her. *Help!*

Her legs wobbled. She scratched at the arm holding her, but her muscles grew heavy. She closed her eyes. *Oh, God. Bryce...Taylor...*

* * *

Knock.

Knock.

Knock.

Bryce tilted his head. "Something's wrong."

"She's probably in the shower." Taylor stepped away from the door. "Let's give her a few minutes more, and we'll try again."

Something was off. Pauline always had the door open and stood ready to jump in their arms every time they'd spent time on the ranch with her. Bryce's chest grew tight, and he pushed his fingers through his short hair. Today was a huge day for her. He'd expected her to want to share her good news. She hadn't answered the phone when they called earlier, and now she wasn't at home.

"I'm serious, Taylor." He moved a few feet along the side of the house and peered through the window. "I can feel it. She's not here."

"Why wouldn't she be?" Taylor knocked on the door, turned the handle, but it didn't budge. "Pauline! Open up!"

Bryce removed the loaded pistol from the side of his jeans. "I'm taking a look around."

"I'll check the back of the house. Maybe she left a door or window unlocked." Taylor lifted up his pant leg and removed his government issued 40 caliber from the holster tied to his leg.

Bryce headed straight to the stables where he knew her office was located. Easing between the doors, he tuned his ears for any noise aside from the normal horses neighing, the clop of a hoof, and the rattle of the doors as the animals moved to stick their heads out into the aisle looking for more feed from whoever entered the barn. Trained to never yell out during an investigation, he stayed to the side of the walkway and headed toward the office.

Pauline was an independent woman, a business owner, and more than strong enough to handle any chore on the ranch. He clenched his teeth. None of this explained his worry. Around him, or Taylor, her devotion and love consumed their time together. She threw all her attention into pleasing them. If she knew they were coming, and she did, she'd damn well be at the house to greet them.

The office door was open, the lights on, and Pauline's desk was immaculately in order like every other time he'd stepped foot in the room. He shoved the pistol in the front of his jeans. Dammit. Where could she be?

He turned around, paused, and searched the room. Something piqued his attention, but what? He narrowed his eyes. Saddles, extra boots, ropes, a couple chairs, the coat rack—his body tensed.

On the edge of the chair sat a white disposable cotton glove, the kind Pauline wore when she applied liniment on the horses. She was the tidiest person he knew. She'd never leave a glove, used or unused, somewhere out in the open.

Stepping over to the computer, he removed a piece of paper from the printer, and delicately grabbed a finger of the glove without compromising the evidence. He lifted it to his nose, sniffed, and groaned. Wrapping the glove in the paper, he stalked out of the office.

He broke out running. "Bryce." He came to a stop. His chest hurt, and he had the worst storm brewing in the pit of his stomach. "Someone has kidnapped our woman."

* * *

Pauline tried the door handle again. "Shit." She paced to the other side of the room and peered out of the window. Even if she had a chair or something to break the glass, the bars would prevent her from escaping. She stared outside. Wherever she was, there were no neighbors, businesses, or a living soul in the area, only trees, grass, and a single clothesline in the distance.

Her head pounded, and she swallowed the bile that continually came up and choked her. Whoever took her must have poisoned her. She leaned over and put her hands on her knees. None of this made sense. She didn't have any enemies, and most of the time she struggled to pay her monthly bills.

Unless the person wanted to get me away from my horses...

She straightened up. *Jack.*

Rushing to the door, she pounded her fist against the wood. "God damn you, Jack. Let me out of here!" She kicked out with her boot and groaned. *God, my head.*

Not wanting to admit that her uncle had fucked her out of the sale of her best horse, she leaned her forehead against the doorjamb. "Fuck you, Jack." Then she closed her eyes and prayed that Bryce and Taylor, her steel and hardness men, would find her.

Chapter Four

The next day, a dually pulled up to the barn with a horse trailer. The truck backed up to the sliding doors, and an older man stepped out of the cab. Bryce glanced at Taylor. "You were right."

Taylor's jaw muscle flinched. "We still have to convince her uncle to take us to where he's hiding Pauline."

He nodded. "When we get her back, we need to figure out a way to make this relationship permanent. I don't want to put her in this kind of predicament again."

Bryce lifted the collar of his shirt where the wire was attached. "Wait until he's brought out the horse."

"Roger." Tony's voice came over the earpiece.

"We'll find her," Donovan replied a second later.

Bryce let the edge of the curtain close and held up his hand. "Let's go, partner."

Taylor clasped his hand and squeezed. "Watch your back. Pauline would kill me if something happened to either one of us." He swallowed.

"Always." He slipped out the back door and ran straight across the yard to the front of the dually. Hunkering down in front of the grill, he waited.

We're close, brown eyes. Hang on a little bit longer.

"He's in with the horse," Tony whispered.

Bryce stood up and darted inside the horse trailer. *Okay, you bastard, come on.*

The men had worked many cases together over the years. Every move was planned to include the unexpected. Bryce trusted them, depended on them, and would put his life on the line for any one of them, and yet, it didn't explain the uneasy queasiness in his gut. It was more than his life they were playing with...it was Pauline's life.

"Sergoni's headed your way. Keep your head on, Bryce. Don't do anything stupid and jeopardize finding Pauline."

He slipped the safety off his pistol. The horse's neigh warned him that Jack Sergoni was near. He slowed his breathing, raised his arm, and shifted his weight to the balls of his feet.

The groan of the metal door had him standing up. Jack jolted at finding himself facing an armed man.

“Arms up in the air!” He stepped to the end of the trailer. Out of his peripheral vision he saw the other agents circling the rear. “Hold it right there.”

Jack dropped the reins and raised his arms. “What’s this about? Who are you?”

Donovan slipped behind Jack, grabbed his arm, bent it behind his back, and snapped the handcuffs on. “You’ve fucked with the wrong men, Sergoni.”

Taylor slipped his pistol into the back of his jeans, stepped up in front of Sergoni, and stared the man down. “Where is she?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He motioned with his head. “Somebody grab my horse before he hurts himself or runs away.”

Taylor nodded at Tony, and then lowered his voice. “I’m going to ask you once more. Where is Pauline, Sergoni?”

Jack snarled, and he turned his head to spit on the ground. Taylor’s hand itched to curl into a fist, but he kept his composure. “Three. Two...”

“That bitch could be anywhere.” Jack shrugged. “Rumors going around say she’s fucking not one, but two—”

The older man dropped like a sack of potatoes. Taylor leaned over, grabbed the front of Jack’s shirt, and hauled him back to his feet. “You’ve got one second to tell me what you did with her, or we’ll skip the charges already piling up on you and let *one* of the men who loves Pauline put a bullet in your forehead, you piece of shit.”

A *click* behind Taylor might as well have been a gunshot. Jack squeezed his eyes shut. “I didn’t hurt her. She’s locked...”

Taylor shook the man. “Where?”

“Two miles out Fox Road. There’s an abandoned house.” The man sagged in Taylor’s hold. “I didn’t hurt her. The horse is mine. It’s always been mine.”

Sweet relief flooded through Taylor. He pushed Jack away from him and turned to Bryce. Hope shone in his eyes. “Let’s ride.”

* * *

The hum of an engine growing closer woke Pauline up. She pushed herself off the floor, groaning, and ran to the window. “Hey!” She picked up her boot off the floor and beat it against the wall. “Over here. I’m in here.” She laid her ear upon the glass. *Please let it be someone who can help me.*

A door slammed. She frowned. What if it was Jack? She pursed her lips. He'd turned nasty over the last few years, but did he have it in him to kill her? Clamping her lips together, she marched over to the door, lifted her arm, and smacked the door. "Open this door right now, Jack. So help me God, you are a pathetic excuse for an uncle." She screamed loud and long. "You'll never get away with this." Stepping away from the door, she turned and threw her shoulder into the wood. "God dammit! Open it up. I'm hungry. I want to use the bathroom, and...and...I'll enjoy watching Bryce and Taylor kill you!"

She rubbed her arm. "You heard me, asshole. My men will shoot your cold, dead heart out of your chest. They never miss!" She wrapped her arms around her waist and leaned against the wall. Tears slid down her cheeks. A sob came out, and she wiped her hand across her nose. "They love me!" Not giving up, she picked her boot back up and hurled it against the door. "I'll give you the damn horse...all of it, the ranch, the business, everything. Just let me go. I don't need anything...just them."

The handle clicked. She hurried to take off her other boot. Holding it above her head, she stood to the side. *Come on, fucker...*

The door swung open, and Taylor stepped into the room. "Brown eyes?"

She cried out, dropped the boot, and flew into his arms. She squeezed him, sobbing. Her hands touched him all over his body, reassuring herself that it was really him.

"Sh...I got you." Taylor smoothed her hair back from her face and peppered her mouth, her cheeks, and her eyelids with kisses. "You scared the hell out of me." He cleared his throat. "I thought we'd lost you."

She shook her head rapidly. "Never." She sniffed and noticed Bryce standing behind Taylor. "Bryce!" She stretched out her arm.

He walked up to her and clasped her face in his hands. His lips captured her mouth, plunging his tongue inside. She gave him everything she had in that kiss, all the desperation, fear, and happiness over them finding her. Pulling back, she gazed at the two men who meant the world to her. Each of them holding each other, they were linked, a chain that would never break.

"You found me." She let the tears fall. "I thought I'd never get the chance to tell you both how much I love you."

"We love you too." Taylor's eyebrow twitched.

She shook her head. "I mean really love, love you. The most important thing to me is that I'm with you two. I don't need the horses...the ranch...nothing. I just want us to all be together. I don't care if the world knows I sleep with two gorgeous men. I don't have to explain what is in my

heart...that's only important to the three of us." She gazed at Taylor. "I don't want to go another day without you reminding me not to pout when I don't get my way." Pauline turned to Bryce. "And you"—she laughed—"I'm going to hide the batteries in the remote control, because your channel surfing drives Taylor and I crazy."

The men grinned at each other. The weight of figuring out how to make their relationship work lifted off her shoulders. It took a kidnapping to help her make up her mind, but she had no doubts about what she wanted.

"Will you guys marry me?"

Chapter Five

Every light in the small cabin was on. Jolene sat on Tony's leg at the end of the couch while Donovan had Josie wrapped up in his arms, both of them laughing at the story Jolene was retelling for the third time. Pauline absently ran her finger along the tiny rip in Taylor's jeans. Bryce had his arm around her shoulders, his finger curling the ends of her hair. She lifted her chin and winked at Taylor.

"Ready?" He leaned down and kissed the tip of her nose.

She nodded and turned to Bryce. "Do you think they already know?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. Jolene is getting so damn good at eavesdropping. She might have overheard us the last couple days."

Pauline laughed. "Josie and I have already talked Jolene into giving us lessons on her stealth skills next month when you guys leave to go undercover." She lifted her brows. "There will be nothing you can do around us that we won't figure out ahead of time."

Bryce pushed himself off the loveseat and held his hand out to Taylor. "Steel or hardness?" He reached into his pocket and extracted the coin she had made especially for them. On one side was the word steel, and the other side read hardness. Those two had come up with some pretty kinky games to play with the gag gift.

"Hardness, of course." Taylor grinned.

Bryce flipped his thumb, caught the medallion, glanced down, and groaned. "You win."

A hush moved across the room. Pauline stood up between her two men. Her stomach fluttered. She wasn't afraid of what everyone would say about their news. Every one of them in the cabin had told them one way or another how happy they were that they'd all found love. But she was nervous about Jolene's reaction to their request. Her answer meant so much to her.

Taylor cleared his throat. "Bryce and I have something to tell you all."

Every head turned in their direction. Pauline slipped her arms around Taylor and Bryce's backs and hooked her fingers in the back pockets of their jeans. This was the perfect place to share their love with others. The agents were family, the women had become best friends instantly, and good news should always be shared.

“Pauline has agreed...” He leaned down and gave her a kiss. “...to marry Bryce and me.”

Jolene and Josie jumped up and rushed across the room. Pauline laughed and slipped her arms from her two guys, then hugged her friends. Tears spilled over onto her cheeks. “Can you believe it?” She held up her left hand.

“Oh, my God, girlfriend.” Josie held her hand up. “That is a beautiful ring.”

Jolene smiled and moved to hug Bryce and Taylor. “I’m so happy for you all.”

Pauline laughed. “Okay, I have to know...did you already know, Jolene?”

Everyone glanced back and forth. Jolene snorted. “I told you I’m getting really good.” She crossed her arms. “Oh, fine...of course I knew, *and* I told everyone. This is exciting news. We’ve all had our fingers crossed that you three would work it out. We love you.”

Pauline laughed and backed up beside her men. “We do have a favor to ask you and Tony. Actually, we have something each one of you could do for us...”

“We’d like to have the wedding here, at the cabin.” Bryce squeezed her hand.

Jolene clapped her hands. “Of course, you all are more than welcome here. This is your home too.”

“Thank you.” Pauline blew her a kiss.

“We’d like you all to be a part of the celebration. We already know that three people getting married to each other isn’t legal, and we’ve decided not to leave one of us out...so we’re going to have our own ceremony, and take our pledge to one another privately. We’d like you to be with us.” Taylor grinned. “As our family.”

The other agents came up and shook hands with Bryce and Taylor, kissed Pauline, and slowly everyone wandered back to their spots and settled down in quiet conversations. Pauline leaned over to Bryce. “Want to go for a walk?”

He nodded.

She turned and smiled up at Taylor. “We’re going outside. Want to come?”

He nodded.

They slipped out the front door. She paused and inhaled the fresh night air. A shiver ran up her spine, and she rubbed her arms.

“I’ll go back and get your coat.” Taylor turned, but Pauline grabbed his arm.

"I won't need a coat." She held out her hands. Pulling her two men, she led them down the path to the creek. It took sneaking away throughout the day to set everything up.

"Stay here." She laughed over her shoulder and disappeared behind a patch of bushes. "No peeking," she called out.

A few minutes later, Pauline popped her head out from behind the brush. "I'm ready." She crooked her finger. Stepping back, she fluffed her hair up, inhaled a deep breath, and waited.

The guys came around the greenery and stopped. "Damn," they said in unison.

"I've planned this all day." She stepped in front of them and held out her hands. "Do you like?"

She'd spread out an oversized red comforter in the grass and lit six lanterns set in the rocks edging her makeshift bed. Tony had helped her set up a netting to keep off the bugs earlier, and all she'd had to do was lure the men down, strip out of her clothes, and she had a perfect scene to show her men how much she loved them.

"It's beautiful." Taylor glanced at Bryce and raised his brows. "Why are we still wearing our clothes?"

Bryce laughed. "I think we should ask our future wife if we should undress first." He grinned. "Maybe she has something else in mind for tonight."

Her stomach warmed. "Oh, hurry up, you two. This might be a wonderful night, but it's still cold enough to put goose bumps on my ass."

"I'll take care of that for you." Bryce pulled down his jeans. "Hell if I'll have you suffering." He grinned.

"I've got your front covered." Taylor kicked his boots off. "You'll be warm and toasty in no time."

Together they lay down. Pauline lay on her back between them. Her hands automatically traveled to their cocks. "Mmm...steel and hardness."

Taylor slipped his finger between her wet pussy lips and gently rubbed her clit. She jumped at the sudden rush of pleasure. Turning her head to the side, Bryce nibbled his way up her neck, her jaw, and her lips. His tongue, flavored from the liquor he'd consumed after dinner, had her moaning. She loved the heady taste.

Bryce plucked at her nipple. His tongue swept the contour of her lower lip, eliciting a moan from her. She mewled. Never, in all the time they'd come together, did she ever feel that what they were doing was wrong. She'd

always thought she was too selective when choosing men to have a relationship with, but meeting Bryce and Taylor brought out her true self. She blossomed under their love, and her ability to show affection grew too. She'd do anything for them.

"God, you are so wet." Taylor removed his finger and ran it over her lips. "Taste her, Bryce."

She lifted her head and kissed Bryce, surprised when he sucked, lapped, and consumed her mouth. Arching off the blanket, she shifted toward him. Taylor helped her roll to her side. He pressed against her back, reaching around to fondle her breasts. She wiggled until his cock was pushing against her bottom. Her pussy spasmed.

"I need you both. Fill me, make me complete." She kissed Bryce one more time and patted Taylor's arm. "There's lube behind you."

Taylor moved away from her. She heard the click of the top coming off the squeeze bottle and brought her knee up, bracing her foot on her other leg. Bryce slipped his finger into her pussy. She bucked against his hand. "You make me so wet."

"Oh, brown eyes, I'm going to lick that pussy when Bryce is inside of you." He lowered his head to her nipple, sucking a mouthful of breast between his lips and pulling. Heat filled her insides. She gyrated her hips, wanting more.

Taylor slipped his finger between her legs. The lube quickly warmed as he circled her anus, making sure she was covered. "Please, Taylor. Hurry."

His hand separated her lower cheeks, and he pressed his hardness against her tight hole. She bore down like they'd taught her, and his cock slipped past the tight ring. Taylor thrust and buried himself almost balls-deep. The pleasure-pain almost took her breath away.

Taylor held himself against her back, his heart pounding fast. "Did I hurt you?"

She shook her head. "Never." The fullness turned her on more than she ever thought possible. "I want you both."

Her lower body quivered. The delicious combination of cool air against her warm body drove her excitement to a new level. Taylor rolled onto his back, taking her with him, never letting his cock leave her anus. Her legs widened. "Bryce?"

"Right here." He crawled in between her legs. "God, that's beautiful. I love to see Taylor's cock shoved up your ass, your pussy dripping and swollen." Lowering his head, he lapped at her clit. "Sweet." He tilted his head

and surrounded her cunt with his lips. His tongue thrust inside her hole. In. Out. In. Out.

“Fuck, that feels good. Whatever you’re doing is making her squeeze me tight.” Taylor lifted his hips. “Do it again, Bryce.”

Every time her pussy contracted, Taylor slid his cock further into her anus. Bryce’s tongue continued to caress her. Juice dribbled out of her cunt and slid between her cheeks, adding more lubrication on her anus. She panted. If Taylor didn’t hurry, she’d come without having him inside of her.

She reached down between her legs. Her fingers dug into his curls. “I. Need. You.”

Taylor lifted his head, wiped his mouth on his arm, and moved on top of her and Bryce. He attached himself to her nipple and thrust into her pussy slowly. She moaned loud and long as each inch filled her body. His girth stretched, pushed, and drove her wildly insane with pleasure. Her hips lifted, and Bryce matched her movements with his own. Taylor picked up the rhythm they set.

Too soon, she could only lie there and take every caress they gave her. Both of them stroked her channels until she thought she’d scream from pure ecstasy. Every nerve in her body pulsed. She closed her eyes and stiffened as her body erupted. Contractions deep in her core flowed through her body, sending her ass and pussy into delightful spasms.

“Fuck. I can’t stop.” Bryce held her hips, and warm fluid filled her body.

Taylor arched his back and plunged balls-deep, holding still as tremors racked his body. She sighed. Her muscles weak and exhausted, she rolled her head on Bryce’s shoulder. “You guys wore me out. I don’t think I can get up.”

Deep chuckles coming from Bryce shook her body. She giggled. “Taylor? I think you’re going to have to help us both up.”

* * *

Wrapped up in the comforter they’d used at the river, Pauline stopped Bryce and Taylor from going into the cabin. She stared up at the stars. “I want to make a wish.”

Taylor wrapped his arms around her from behind. “What are you going to ask for?”

“You do know that we’ll buy you whatever you need.” Bryce strummed his thumb down her cheek.

She smiled. “I know you would.” Staring up into the black sky with all the sparkling lights, she closed her eyes. “I wish for your safety when we’re apart, our happiness when we’re together, and continual love that grows more every day.”

Pauline kissed them both. “I love you guys.”

“I love you.”

“I love you too.”

The End

~ About the Author ~

Abby Wood loves to surround herself with family, critters, and laughter. A huge animal lover, she's often found discussing story plots with the animals while mucking the barn in the beautiful Pacific Northwest. In between chores and raising a family, she enjoys trying out new recipes and adding more boots to her closet. She loves to write stories that allow readers to escape into a brand new world.

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