

Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*



# Trusting Them

Marla Monroe

## Trusting Them

Brock and Brady find the woman of their dreams in a snowstorm. She's hurt and becomes sick. They nurse her back to health, but she has secrets she won't reveal. Can they convince her to trust them?

Jeni is on the run from her ex-husband. She fears for the lives of the two men who found her and took her in. Her ex is crazy and has vowed that she belongs to him and only him. Should she run to keep them safe or stay and trust them?

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# **Letter from Marla Monroe**

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Marla Monroe

# TRUSTING THEM

MARLA MONROE

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## Chapter One

“Ah, hell.” Brock snapped off the radio. The weather station was predicting a blizzard, just like old man Gunthrie had warned them about back at the store. They were on their way back home from Denton, Montana, the closest town to their ranch. They still had another thirty minutes before they made it home.

“It’s too early for a blizzard,” Brady, Brock’s younger brother, groused.

“Yeah, well. Nature likes to play games. We’ll have to see about the horses when we get back.” Brock fought the wind as it picked up.

“I guess it’s a good thing we decided to go into town today instead of putting it off ‘til tomorrow.” Brady leaned forward in his seat.

Brock figured he was right about that. They were probably going to be stuck at the ranch for the next few days. The supplies would come in handy. He did like milk with his cereal in the mornings, and they had been mighty short on coffee as well. You couldn’t live without coffee.

“Think it will be a big one?” Brady asked.

“Don’t know. Gunthrie sure thought so.”

“Damn.”

Brock peered through the thickening snow, trying to make sure he stayed on the road. So far, they hadn’t encountered any ice. Still, they

had a few more miles to go until they reached their drive. He didn't take chances when it came to nature. She was a fickle bitch.

"Hey, what's that?" Brady said.

Brock saw a flash of color ahead and steered around it, trying to break without sliding. Whatever it was, it didn't move.

"Better move whatever it is out of the middle of the road, or someone might hit it and wreck." Brock hit his hazard lights and fought to open the door against the wind.

Brady followed him on the other side of the truck. They reached the object in the middle of the road at the same time.

"Fuck!" Brock sank to his knees next to the body lying in the road. "I almost hit a person."

Brady bent over and brushed the snow off the body. Beneath lay the body of a young woman.

"Is she alive?" Brady asked.

Brock reached beneath the collar of her coat and felt for a pulse. There—thready, but present.

"Barely. Let's get her in the truck."

"What if she's got internal injuries?" Brady had to yell over the whining wind.

"She's going to die out here anyway if we don't get her warmed up pretty damn quick."

Brock reached beneath her and picked her up. She weighed little to nothing. Brady helped him stay on his feet and make it to the truck.

"Get inside. I'm going to hand her to you. I'll turn the heater on high, and maybe we can keep her alive 'til we get home."

Brady opened the door and climbed inside the cab. Brock handed his charge over to him and closed the door. Then he made his way around the front of the truck using the grill on the front to pull himself along. He climbed in and turned the heater on full blast. The drive back to the ranch took much too long. It wouldn't do any of them any good for him to run off the road, so he drove slowly, watching for their mailbox in the driving snow.



As soon as he located the bright blue box, he turned down the winding drive with trees on either side. They helped to block some of the wind and snow. He still had to be careful not to run off the road, but the gravel drive helped give him traction. It seemed like hours before they made it to the house.

“We’ll have to unload tomorrow. The milk will be fine out here. It will freeze. The horses have plenty to eat. I would feel better if we could check on them, though.” Brock looked over at their patient and shook his head.

“Ready?” he asked his brother.

“As ready as I can be. You come around, and I’ll hand her down to you.”

Brock jumped out of the truck and struggled around to the passenger side to take charge of the woman. Brady handed her down to him and then followed his brother to the back door. They rarely locked the door, which was a good thing tonight. Brock struggled through the increasing wind and snow to the back door. Brady helped get her inside, and then they carried her upstairs to the master bedroom neither of them used.

“Pull back the covers. We need to get her out of these wet clothes and warm her up.”

Brock laid her across the foot of the bed and unwrapped the blanket. Her dark fiery red hair, though tangled, looked to fall a little past her shoulders. With her eyes closed he didn’t know what color they were, but he figured with her delicate pale skin they would be blue or green. She couldn’t be much over five feet three or four inches tall. She was a tiny thing with a pert little nose and a sprinkling of freckles across it.

He began undressing her. He hesitated at removing her underwear but knew he had to. Finally, he had her totally nude. A pale blue hue colored her skin. He felt guilty for admiring her lush breasts and gently rounded stomach. He tucked her in the bed and turned on the electric blanket. They piled another blanket on top of the comforter.

“Did you see the bruises on her? She looks like she was hit by a car,” Brady said.

“I didn’t hit her. I stopped before I did. I sure hope she doesn’t have any internal injuries. We can’t get her to a hospital in this weather. Even if we could get the ambulance out here, she has to warm up enough to live until they get here.”

Brock felt an odd attachment to her. If he didn’t know any better, he would say possessiveness. She felt like she belonged to him—to both of them. He placed a hand on her cheek and found it still cold. He checked her pulse and found it wasn’t any better.

“She’s not warming up, Brady. Strip and get in bed with her. It’s going to take both of us to warm her up fast enough she doesn’t die on us.” Brock started shucking his clothes.

His brother joined him under the covers about the same time. They settled down on either side of her.

“Good God, she’s cold as a block of ice. I’m going to freeze my nuts off,” Brady complained. He didn’t move away from her though. Instead, he pulled her closer to him, causing Brock to scoot closer to keep his body in contact with hers.

“Turn her on her side. You back up against her, and I’ll face her back. We’ll get more skin covered that way,” Brock said.

What seemed like hours later, she began to warm up between them. Sweat began to drip from their faces under the heat of the electric blanket. If it hadn’t been for her cold body between them, they would have burned alive. As she warmed up, it got more and more uncomfortable. They sighed in gratitude when she finally moaned. She twisted and attempted to turn over.

“Easy there, honey,” Brock soothed.

She moaned again and turned over this time. They let her and waited as her eyelids fluttered. Then her eyelids snapped open, and she screamed.

\* \* \* \*

Both men jumped out of the bed. She grabbed the cover before it fell any further down and pulled it up to her chin.

“What...” She coughed and cleared her throat. “What am I doing here?”

“I found you out in the road in the snow. You were just about frozen solid. We were getting you warmed up,” Brock explained.

“Naked?”

“Skin to skin is the best way to warm someone up fast. We wore our underwear,” Brady pointed out.

“I don’t have mine on!” she said.

“It was wet.” Brock tried again to explain as he reached for his clothes and began pulling on his jeans.

Brady followed suit. “How do you feel?”

“Like I got run over by a truck.” She touched the side of her face and winced.

Brock noticed her head wound had begun to ooze blood now that she had warmed up.

“I nearly hit you, but I didn’t. Do you remember anything at all?” Brock asked.

“Not really.” She hesitated and looked away from them.

Brock could tell she was lying about that. “Do you remember your name?”

“Of course. It’s Jeni. Jennifer Hampton.”

“I’m Brock Montclief and this is my brother, Brady.”

They were both dressed now, and she looked a little more at ease.

“What is the last thing you remember?” his brother asked.

“I was going to see a friend. I was planning to stay with her for awhile. She lives outside of Billings. I remember packing the car and gassing up and...that’s really all I remember until now.” She didn’t look at them as she spoke.

Brock was almost positive she was lying about something. They had no way to check out her name since she didn’t have a purse with

her. Or at least he hadn't seen one when he picked her up out of the snow.

She started coughing. Brock and Brady exchanged worried glances.

"You need to be in a hospital, but I'm not sure we can get you to one tonight. We're in for a blizzard and the nearest town is an hour away. We would never make it in this weather." Brock watched her face as it paled a little.

"We can call your friend while we still have phones." Brady picked up the phone from the bedside table and handed it to her.

She looked at it for a moment, then dialed a number and put it to her ear. She seemed to listen for several seconds, then pushed the button to turn it off and handed it back. She made sure she had the covers up to her neck.

"There was no answer."

Brady took the phone and sat it back in its cradle.

Brock grunted. He didn't believe her. Why not leave a message? Everyone had answering machines now.

Brady walked over to the master bath. "I'm going to run a bath. You need to warm up some more, and the water will feel good to those cuts and bruises."

Brock nodded. It was a good idea. "We'll have something for you to put on when you get ready to get out."

Brady returned a few minutes later and announced the water was ready. She looked pointedly at them, and they realized she was waiting for them to leave.

"I'm going to leave the door cracked in case you need anything. Just call out and we'll hear you," Brock told her.

He and Brady turned and walked out the door, leaving her alone in the bedroom. They went back downstairs to the living room to talk.

"She's getting sick already," Brady observed.

“Yeah.” Brock walked over to the phone and picked it up. He hit redial and listened. The operator came on and said he had dialed a number that was disconnected and no longer in service.

“What?” Brady asked.

Brock held out the phone and let Brady listen.

“That’s the number she dialed. She’s lying to us.” Brock took the phone back and hung it up.

“But why?”

“I think she’s running from something or someone. Some of those bruises look old to me,” Brock said.

“She doesn’t trust us.” Brady looked back towards the staircase. “You think someone hurt her?”

“Seems likely.”

“What are we going to do with her?” Brady asked.

“Keep her well if we can until this blizzard blows over. Then I guess it will depend on her.”

“Brock, do you feel anything odd?”

Brock let out a breath and nodded. “Yeah, I feel it, too, Brady. She’s the one.”

“I didn’t believe it when the Dads told us we’d know when we saw her. I figured it was all bullshit,” Brady admitted.

“Evidently it isn’t. Doesn’t change anything, though. She doesn’t trust us, and we can’t keep her here. We have until she’s able to leave to change her mind.”

“I’m not letting her leave without knowing she’ll be okay. Hell, I’m not even sure I can let her leave even if she will be okay. All I can think is that she’s mine—ours.” Brady ran a hand through his hair.

“I know what you mean,” Brock said. “I’m going to go ahead and check on the horses. You go back upstairs and wait until she gets out. Oh, and find something for her to wear. I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

“Be careful. Take the big light with you.”

“Good idea. I’ll be back.”

\* \* \* \*

Jeni sat up in bed and waited for a few seconds to be sure they weren't going to come back in. Then she eased out from beneath the covers and swung her legs over the edge of the bed. For a few seconds, dizziness washed over her. Then it passed. She attempted to stand up and found it wasn't as easy as she thought it would be. Her legs threatened to buckle. She stood swaying for a few more seconds then slowly made her way across the floor to the bathroom. She grabbed hold of the knob on the bathroom door and held on as she closed it behind her.

The bathroom was huge, with a massive whirlpool tub in one corner, big enough for two or three people. An even larger walk-in shower stood across from it with several shower heads. The vanity had three sinks with a mirror across the back of the entire thing. Why would anyone want three sinks? Since both men were huge in her book, she could understand everything being so big, but three sinks?

Jeni managed to get one leg into the tub and sit on the edge to maneuver the other one over the side into the water. It felt heavenly, and she wasn't even in all the way yet. She reached over to one edge and slowly lowered herself into the water. It lapped up to the swell of her breasts. She leaned back and moaned out loud at the wonderful feel of warm water surrounding her body.

She felt guilty lying to them. She honestly didn't know what to tell them that wouldn't get them in trouble with her ex. Although she had awakened totally nude in bed with them, they hadn't hurt her. Yes, they had been almost as naked as she, but she really wasn't scared of them. They both appeared to be good men.

The one named Brock looked to be about thirty or thirty-two. He was at least six- five or six-six in height. His shaggy black hair reached just below his collar. His eyes were a gorgeous shade of

brown, like dark chocolate. They seemed to be more serious than his brother's.

Brady wasn't quite as tall as his brother and looked to be younger. He might be twenty-eight or so, she decided. His rich black hair held a hint of curl to it. Dark eyes twinkled when he smiled.

Both men were rugged looking with broad shoulders that tapered to a trim waist and compact ass. She wasn't dead. She had looked. It wasn't easy not to see the bulges behind their boxers. They were impressive, to say the least. She sighed and closed her eyes. She shouldn't be thinking about them at all. She was already in enough trouble. She sure as hell didn't need another man in her life. She couldn't seem to get rid of the one she had.

Glenn, her ex, had come into her life seeming like a knight in white armor. She had just lost her mother, her father having left when she was only ten. She hadn't known what to do, but Glenn had swept her off her feet and taken care of everything. She should have realized then he was controlling, but she'd been so devastated at the time she hadn't. She was definitely paying for it now.

Her body ached in so many places. The bruises on her ribs hurt the most, though her head was fast catching up with a doozy of a headache. She would have to ask for something for the pain. Surely, they would have Tylenol or ibuprofen. Since they had seen her naked, they knew about the bruising. With the blizzard, it would be awhile before anyone found her car. That would be a good thing. If no one knew she was missing, her ex wouldn't be able to find her either.

Jeni was running from her ex when she hit a patch of ice and careened off the road into a ravine. Thank God, she hadn't been hurt any worse than she was. The dumb thing had been trying to find help in the snow. The longer she walked, the colder she had gotten, until she guessed she'd passed out.

After what seemed like an hour of soaking, Jeni decided she better get out before she got chilled or one of the brothers decided to check

on her. The tub was large enough she couldn't stretch her arms across to push herself up so she tried rolling to her knees to get up.

*Oh, God. That's not going to happen.*

Her knees hurt too bad to kneel. She tried pulling herself up by the side of the tub, but her ribs protested that. Nausea rolled through her stomach from the pain.

Finally, she gave up with tears running down her face from all the aches and pains she'd stirred up. What was she going to do? The thought of sitting there in the cooling water stirred more tears. She reached up and turned the water on to warm it back up. The move aggravated more sore spots. She gave in and silently cried. Nothing was going as planned.



## **Chapter Two**

Brady slipped into the room and laid out a pair of warm-up pants and a rather large T-shirt on the bed for her to wear. He listened but didn't hear any sounds coming from the bathroom. He walked over to the door and listened again. Still, no sounds emerged from within. Now he was getting worried. He knocked softly so as not to startle her.

"Jeni?"

"Yes." Her voice sounded a bit breathy.

"Are you okay in there? Do you need some help?" There was a long silence.

"I can't get out of the tub."

"Aw, honey. I'll help you." He opened the bathroom door and walked inside.

She sat against the side of the tub with her chin resting on her folded arms on the side of the tub. Big, fat tears flowed down her face, but she didn't make a sound.

Brady knelt by the tub and brushed the tears from her eyes. "Don't cry. It's all right. I'll help you get out, and then we'll get you dried off and dressed."

He stood up and bent over to help her stand.

"Put your arms around my neck. I'll get you out of there."

"I'll get you wet," she warned.

"I'll dry."

She tentatively placed her hands on his shoulders as if afraid she would hurt him.

"Hold on." He put his hands under her arms and stood up.

Jeni got to her feet with a slight hiss of breath as she did. He held her a second, looking into her eyes and making sure she had her balance before reaching over to snag the huge towel. Wrapping her up in it, he began gently blotting, afraid of hurting her. She let him dry her off without complaining. When he was satisfied she was dry enough to dress, he wrapped the towel around her. She looked up into his eyes and smiled.

Blue eyes. He just realized her eyes were the blue of a spring sky. Something in them called to him. He bent forward without thinking and gently kissed her. She didn't pull away, so he repeated the kiss a little firmer. Then he drew her bottom lip into his mouth and brushed it with his tongue. She made a soft "hmm" sound then kissed him back. It felt so right.

He pulled away and picked her up to carry her to the bedroom. She needed to get dressed before he did something neither one of them was ready for. She was hurting, for God's sakes. He sat her back on the bed.

"Good, she's out of the tub." Brock walked into the room. Cool air hovered around him.

"They okay out there?" Brady asked.

"Fine. We can add feed tomorrow."

He risked a glance at their guest. She wasn't looking at either one of them.

"Let's get some clothes on you." Brady picked up the T-shirt and helped her put it on over her head.

She pulled it down, and it pooled in her lap. She reached beneath the shirt and pulled the towel out. He knelt on the floor and held the warm-ups for her to step into. She tried to stand up but fell back on the bed. Brock was suddenly there helping her to stand while Brady pulled the warm-ups up and tied them as tightly as they would go around her waist. They still threatened to drop off her hips.

"Well, you'll be in bed most of the time anyway," Brock said.

“Damn, forgot socks. I’ll be right back.” He ran out of the room back to his bedroom.

He searched his drawer for the thickest pair he owned. When he returned, he knelt once again and rolled the socks on her feet.

“There, you should be warm enough now.” He looked at her. “How do you feel?”

“I’m sore, but I’m okay.” She hesitated, then continued. “I don’t suppose I could have something for a headache, could I?”

“Should have thought about that. I bet you’re thirsty too. I’ll go get you some ibuprofen. Should help with everything.” Brady nodded at Brock and headed to the kitchen.

He decided OJ would be good for her. He shook four of the pills into his hand and looked out the window. The blowing snow almost blacked out the light over the barn out the back. There would be at least a couple of feet of snow by morning, he figured. Maybe more. He hoped like hell she didn’t get sick during the night. There would be no way to get her down to Denton. He sighed and headed back upstairs.

\* \* \* \*

Brock knelt by the bed and looked Jeni in the eyes. They were blue, he noticed. He had been right about that. She flinched under his stare.

“Do you remember anything at all? Like how long you might have walked?”

“I don’t know. It seemed like forever. I wish I could remember what happened.” She averted her eyes.

Yep, she was lying about remembering. The question was why was she lying? She didn’t trust them. Surely, they had proved they weren’t going to hurt her by now. He leaned in, drawn by her scent. She turned her head about the same time. Their noses brushed. Her eyes lifted to his, and he kissed her. He didn’t know why. He just

knew that he had to kiss her. It was tentative at first, but blossomed into a full-out kiss. Her lips parted without his prompting. They were sweet and tempting. He licked along them, then caught her tongue exploring his mouth. Then she pulled away with a jerk.

Brady walked in with a glass of OJ and the ibuprofen in his hand. He looked from Brock to Jeni and then back again. He raised an eyebrow at Brock. Brock shrugged. She swallowed hard and turned away from them. She busied herself fluffing the pillow, then scooted back to lie against it.

“Thought OJ would be better for you. I also brought some water, though.” He plucked the bottled water on the nightstand and handed her the OJ, making sure she had it before he let go.

“Figured four ibuprofen would do the trick.” He held out his hand and poured the four pills into her palm.

Brock watched as she took the pills. She settled back against the pillow and dug her feet under the covers. Brock reached over and pulled the covers the rest of the way up under her arms. She smiled and then blinked and frowned as if she remembered something.

“Get some rest. We’ll check on you through the night. If you need anything, just call out. One of us will come see what you need.” Brock patted the covers, then turned around towards the door.

“Thank you both for helping me.” She coughed and quickly covered her mouth.

“Just get some rest. If the snow isn’t too deep tomorrow, we’ll get you to Denton so the doc can check you out,” Brady said.

Brady followed him downstairs to the kitchen. He put on a pot of coffee. They could both use it. It looked like it would be a long night. Between watching the fire to keep it going and checking on their patient—because that was what she was going to end up being, by the sounds of her cough—they wouldn’t get a lot of sleep.

“She seems to like us.” Brady pulled down two mugs for the coffee.

“Yeah. I just wish she would trust us and tell us what happened.”

“You think someone put her out?” Brady asked.

“Maybe. Or, she had a wreck, and I just didn’t see the car. The snow would have covered any tracks by the time we showed up. Plus it was dark.”

“I hope we can get her into Denton tomorrow, but I don’t want her to leave.” Brady watched the coffee drip into the pot.

“She’s coming down with a cold.” Brock shook his head. “At least I hope that’s all it is. If she ends up with pneumonia, we’ll have a mess on our hands.” He walked over to the back door and looked out the window.

“While I was checking on the horses, I listened to the weather report on the radio. They’re predicting three feet of snow. The wind isn’t going to let up tomorrow either. We won’t be driving her into town.” Brock turned back to Brady and watched his brother pace.

“She’s got me so hard I can’t think straight, Brock. She’s hurt and I still want her.”

“Yeah, I know.”

He knew exactly how his brother felt. He felt the same way. His cock ached to delve inside her sweet pussy. If she would only tell them what she was hiding. They could help her. One way or another, they would take care of her. They would protect her. He knew his brother would say the same thing.

“Why don’t you get some sleep while you can? I’ll call you in a couple of hours to spell me. It’s going to be a long night.” Brock poured coffee into a mug.

Brady eyed the coffee longingly, but turned away. “You sure you don’t want to trade up and let me stay up?”

Brock laughed. Yep, his brother was already smitten with the little urchin upstairs. No doubt about it.

“Go on upstairs and I’ll call you.”

Brady nodded and headed for the stairs. Brock sipped the coffee. It went down hot and strong. Just the way he liked it. He checked the

fire and added another log to it, then stretched out on the couch to listen for their guest.

Sometime later he heard her coughing. He climbed the stairs and eased into the bedroom. They'd left the door to the bathroom cracked with the light on. He could barely make her out lying in bed. The covers had fallen down to her waist. She appeared restless, her head turning side to side. She coughed again. Brock felt her forehead and found it hot to the touch. Shit, she was sick. He had been afraid of that. There was nothing to do but keep her warm and fill her full of liquids.

The OJ glass was empty, so he opened the bottle of water. He eased her up and urged her to drink.

"Come on. Take a few sips of water. You need to keep hydrated."

"My throat hurts now." She swallowed some water and coughed some more.

"Just a little more," he cajoled.

Once she'd complied, he sat the water bottle back on the bedside table and readjusted her covers. She turned on her side and seemed to settle back into sleep. He stood and watched her for a few minutes, then returned to the living room. He tended to the fire again and checked his watch. He would let Brady sleep another hour, then wake him up.

Brock couldn't help but think about his family. He and Brady had grown up in a large household. He had two fathers, his mother, and four siblings, including Brady. His family had been a bit unorthodox, to say the least, with his mother being married to two men at one time, but he'd led a normal life other than that. His two sisters were in their twenties. Sarah Ann was married to a lawyer. They lived in Bozeman, Montana. His youngest sister was dating two brothers in Billings. She seemed to be serious about them. Brock liked the two men but didn't like his baby sister settling down so young. She was barely twenty-three.

His parents lived twenty-five miles west of him and Brady. They had a small cattle ranch. Sanders ran the ranch with several ranch hands. Andrew was an accountant. He worked mostly from their home but had a small office in town. His mom directed everyone. He smiled at how much love they'd had growing up. There was always someone around to listen when he or one of his siblings needed a sounding board. With two fathers, they didn't stand a chance of getting out of trouble either. He never would have believed he and Brady would find a woman for themselves. Especially not one they both immediately felt attracted to, both sexually and emotionally.

Of course, they were assuming she would feel something for both of them. It was just as likely she wouldn't feel anything for either one of them, but she had kissed him like she was attracted to him. He could only hope.

He checked his watch again and decided it was time to wake Brady up and get some rest himself. He put on another pot of coffee and climbed the stairs to his brother's room. He knocked on the door and stuck his head inside.

"Hey, Brady, wake up."

"Hmmm. Yeah, be right down."

Brock smiled. His poor brother didn't do well when he first woke up. Add the short sleep span this time, and he bet his little brother would be grouchy.

Sure enough, when Brady made it downstairs he wore a frown, complete with wrinkled brows.

"Made fresh coffee for you. Fire's burning fine."

"Thanks," he said.

"Jeni is coughing pretty regular now. I'm pushing water on her. You might try some more orange juice later, but she's probably going to balk at it. Her throat is hurting her."

"Well, shit. I was afraid of that. I'll watch her closer." He perked up a little bit at the news that their guest was definitely sick.

"I'm going to get some rest. Call me if you need me."

Brady nodded and poured a mug of coffee. Brock turned to head upstairs when the lights flickered. He and Brady both looked up as if they could change anything by doing it. They waited and it flickered again. Then the lights failed completely.

“Hell, that’s all we need,” Brady complained.

“Without that electric blanket, she’s going to get cold again.” Brock felt around for the flashlight they kept on the kitchen table when the weather was bad.

He pushed the switch and found Brady only a foot away. They stared at each other, and Brady shrugged.

“Nothing for it. We’ll have to sleep with her so we can all keep warm. At least we’ll be in there to force her to drink.” Brady used the light Brock shone on the floor to find the cabinet and took down another glass to pour orange juice for Jeni.

Another fit of coughing could be heard above them. Brock kept the light from the flashlight on the floor to guide them to the stairs and up them. Once inside, he shined it on the bedside table so Brady could put down the OJ and wake her up.

“She’s burning up,” Brady observed. “I’ll get her to take some more ibuprofen with the juice.”

He sat on the edge of the bed at her head and lifted her up enough so she wouldn’t choke. Then he urged her to wake up enough to get the pills down.

“Come on, Jeni. Wake up, honey, and take the medicine.”

She moaned and shook her head from side to side. Finally, after a lot of coaxing, he managed to get the medicine down her with a good bit of juice. Brock was impressed. She gagged and made faces with the OJ, but she swallowed.

“Think that’s enough for now?” Brady asked.

“Yeah. Let’s get in bed. She’s hot enough right now to keep us warm.” Brock sat the flashlight so that it shone towards the foot of the bed.



They undressed and eased into the bed on either side of her. Brock had to slide her over some to make enough room for him to lie down. She moaned and coughed but didn't resist when he moved her. Instead, she turned over to face Brady's side of the bed.

Brock spooned her and placed one arm over her waist and pulled her into the curve of his body. Brady backed up to her until she was jammed between them. It felt right to have her there between them. She belonged there, minus the cold. If only they could convince her to give them a try. If only she would tell them what she was hiding. Brock held out little hope she would anytime soon. The thought worried him. Something wasn't right, and he was afraid it would catch them off guard.

## Chapter Three

The next morning Jeni woke alone in the bed, though she remembered both men being in bed with her through the night. The pounding in her head rivaled a jackhammer, and her chest felt as if a lead weight sat on top of it. It took an effort to draw breath and hurt to do it. She swallowed, only to find her throat sore and itchy. Damn, she was sick. What was she going to do now? She couldn't stay here. A doctor. They said they would take her to a doctor. She relaxed at the thought and sank back into the pillow behind her head.

"How are you feeling this morning?" Brady's head peeked around the door.

"Not so good. I think I'm sick. Maybe you should take me into town to see the doctor." Her voice came out scratchy and hoarse.

He frowned, his brows drawing together. "I wish we could, darling, but there is nearly three feet of snow and more coming down. Weather report says winds are blowing at gusts up to thirty miles an hour. We can't take the chance of going off the road in this weather."

Brady walked further into the room and sat on the edge of the bed. He picked up the water and handed it to her.

"Drink some more. I'll get you some ibuprofen from downstairs." He patted her leg through the covers.

"It hurts to swallow," she complained.

"I know, but you need the fluids. You ran a mighty high temperature last night. No doubt you sweated all we gave you right out."

Brady stood up and left her sitting up in the bed with another urge to cough. She suppressed it and took another small sip of water. It

didn't go down any easier. She followed Brady with her eyes as he left the room. He looked just as good from behind as he did in front, she decided. She groaned. This was no time to find another man—men—attractive. Her ex was looking for her and would do anything to destroy her.

He had made a promise to her when the divorce was final. If he couldn't have her, no one would. She hadn't believed him at the time, but after he attacked her back home and followed her all the way to Montana, Jeni believed him now. If she hadn't run off the road, she might have already made it to Washington, or maybe even Alaska. She knew nothing about the lonely state, except she hoped Glenn wouldn't look for her there.

Brady returned a few minutes later with a new bottle of ibuprofen and a fresh glass of orange juice. He handed her the bottle of pills and waited as she shook out two. He exchanged the glass of juice for the bottle of ibuprofen and watched as she downed the pills with the liquid.

It produced another fit of coughing. Jeni groaned at the tightness in her chest. She needed to get well and get out of here. Her plans were already in such a mess she wasn't sure she could salvage them now.

"Are you hungry? I doubt you've had anything to eat since yesterday sometime." Brady took her empty glass from her.

"Not really."

"You need to eat, though. I'll scramble some eggs. They should go down easy enough. Brock is out finishing up on unloading the truck."

Jena watched as Brady turned and walked out the door. She really needed to get up to the bathroom. Now was a good time while he was busy elsewhere. Sitting up wasn't nearly as tough as she thought it would be, but sliding out of the bed proved almost too much for her. There was a little bit of a drop, and her legs threatened to give out. *Déjà vu*, she thought, of last night.

The trip to the bathroom took a lot out of her, but she felt better for having washed her face and brushed her teeth with the new toothbrush and travel-sized toothpaste she found in the vanity drawer beneath the middle sink. Three sinks still seemed a bit much to her. She wished she felt strong enough to take a shower but didn't want to push her luck. That could be her next try when she got up again.

A fit of coughing urged her back to bed. Seconds after she'd made herself comfortable again, Brady returned with a plate brimming with scrambled eggs. They looked delicious but she couldn't imagine being able to eat even half of them.

"I scrambled them soft so they should be easy on your throat." Brady sat the plate in her lap and waited while she tasted them.

"Mmm, they're good. Thanks. I guess I was hungry." She took a sip of the water.

"I was going to bring some milk up but decided that since you've been running a fever, it wouldn't be a good idea. Wouldn't want it to sour in your stomach."

"Thanks for the eggs, Brady." She smiled up at him. "And water is just fine."

"I'll let you eat and come back to check on you in a little while." He hesitated, then sighed and left.

Jeni managed to eat a healthy half of the eggs despite thinking she wouldn't be able to. The water proved to be a little bit harder to swallow than the eggs, but she managed to empty the glass by the time Brock knocked on the door and walked in.

"Brady said you might be finished eating by now." He ran a hand through his shaggy hair.

"The eggs were delicious. I was hungrier than I thought." She started coughing again and groaned. It hurt her sides.

"Still got a cough, though, haven't you?" He walked over and rested a work-roughened hand across her forehead. "Don't think you have a fever right now though."

"I'm fine, just tired I guess." She fidgeted under his hand.

“I expect you’re sore too. You have quite a few bruises on you. Care to tell me where they came from?”

“I...I don’t know. I guess I had a wreck somewhere and they’re from the wreck.” She looked down at the half-empty plate in her lap.

The circumstances behind most of her bruises couldn’t be revealed to the kind brothers who had helped her. She knew that were it not for them, she would be dead. She owed them so much, but that meant keeping them safe. To keep them safe, she would have to continue to lie and hope she could figure out a way to leave as soon as possible.

“Some of those bruises are older than your having a wreck last night.” Brock raised her chin to look at him.

His eyes seemed to see right into her soul, and she realized in that minute that he knew she was lying to them. What else could she do, though? If they knew the reason for her being in this predicament they would want to help her. They were honorable like that, she decided. No, she couldn’t let them get mixed up with her crazy ex-husband.

“I don’t remember what happened. I’m sure it was a car wreck,” she hedged.

“If you say so. But, Jeni, you can trust us to help you with whatever trouble you’re in.”

“I don’t think I’m in any kind of trouble,” she lied. Even to her it sounded like a lie.

She was saved from needing to say anything else by Brady coming into the room. He smiled at her and stepped around his brother to pick up her plate and the empty water glass.

“Looks like you ate a pretty good amount.” He straightened up. “I’ll bring you up some more water in a little while.”

“Thank you both so much for being so kind to me. I really appreciate it.” She knew it was lame, considering how her presence in their home put them in danger from her ex.

“Don’t worry about it. You needed help. We couldn’t very well leave you in the middle of the road in the snow.” Brock shoved his hands on his hips.

“Do you think we will be able to get into town today?”

Brady looked over at Brock with an odd look on his face. She glanced from one brother to the other.

“Not today. If we don’t get any more snow tonight, we might be able to tomorrow afternoon. The wind is blowing the snow around too much for it to be safe to drive right now.” Brock seemed to be watching how she would take the news.

“Oh, okay.” She swallowed and immediately began coughing again.

“You need to rest. You’re courting pneumonia as it is. Just as soon as it’s safe to get you to town, we’re taking you to the doctor,” Brock said.

She noticed Brady didn’t seem too happy about that prospect. Why was that?

“Are you warm enough? We’ve got the generator on right now, but we’re going to have to turn it off in a little while to save the fuel. Don’t really know how long this storm will last,” Brock said.

“Oh, I didn’t realize the electricity was off. I’m fine right now. If it gets colder I can just add another blanket, right?” She watched their faces as they exchanged looks.

“We’ll see,” Brady said. “I’m going to take this downstairs. I’ll be right back with some more water.”

She watched him go and felt a piece of her seem to go with him. Brock walked over and sat on the edge of the bed.

“We slept in here with you last night. Without the electricity, it’s too cold to sleep alone and you were burning up with fever. We’ll probably be doing the same tonight if the electricity doesn’t come back on. I don’t expect it will until they can get someone out here to run the lines and find the break. Too windy to risk putting anyone on a pole right now.”

“So, you’re planning on sleeping with me again?” She realized it didn’t bother her as much as it should have.

“Yep.”

“Okay. I guess it’s the best thing to do.” She felt a flush spread over her face and hoped he wouldn’t notice it.

When he reached out and ran the back of his hand over her cheek, she knew he had. It only served to embarrass her more. She couldn’t look at him. When he lifted her chin, she still averted her eyes from his.

“What’s wrong, baby?” he asked.

Jeni wasn’t sure she could say anything around the lump in her throat. She felt his touch clear to her womb. There, it burned her from the inside out. She drew in a shaky breath and held it.

“Look at me.”

She couldn’t stop her eyes from gazing up into his chocolate orbs. He slowly leaned down and brushed her lips with his. Just the barest of butterfly kisses. She groaned. She wanted more. She wanted to taste him. He seemed to know what she wanted because he pressed his lips harder against hers and slanted his mouth over hers. She inhaled his scent as he licked along the seam of her lips. It washed over her and through her. He smelled of saddle leather, smoke, and the sweet musk of man.

The soft but persistent touch of his tongue finally persuaded her to open her mouth to his assault. He hummed his approval and explored her mouth with his tongue. He teased along hers and then nipped at her bottom lip when she started to pull away. He was having none of that. He wasn’t finished with her yet. His hands moved from where they had been cupping her face to her shoulders. One ran around her neck beneath her hair and massaged her neck. It relaxed her just enough that she didn’t notice when his brother entered the room until he cleared his throat.

There was a look of hunger on his face as he licked his lips. She pulled back from Brock’s arms and tried to sink into the covers. What

had she done? She couldn't get involved with these men. Not one of them and certainly not both of them. She had a madman on her trail.

"Don't pull away like that," Brock said.

"I shouldn't have done that." She caught herself licking her lips, much like Brady had been doing earlier.

Brady walked over to the bed and sat the glass of water he'd been carrying on the bedside table. He knelt on the floor next to the bed and leaned in. She found herself swaying towards him. When his lips touched hers, she opened as if it were the only thing she could do. The feel of his lips was so completely different from his brother's. He seemed less sure and more hesitant. She whimpered when he pulled away.

"You're sick, and I'm acting like a randy teenager. I'm sorry, baby. Get some more sleep." Brady stood up and backed away from the bed.

"We'll be downstairs if you need us. Why don't you take a nap?" Brock said as he headed towards the door.

She watched both men walk through the door before Brady closed it most of the way behind him.

She was in so much trouble.

\* \* \* \*

They were in so much trouble, Brock thought. His brother was already a little in love with their guest. He refused to let himself think about what she meant to him at the moment. All he could think about was that she was lying to them about something and he had the distinct feeling it was something they needed to know about.

"Snow's supposed to slack off tomorrow," Brady said.

"Still going to get another few inches tonight. I'm not worried so much about the snow tomorrow as the wind. We can't possibly drive to town if it's still whipping around like it is now." Brock looked out the kitchen window and sighed



“She’s gonna bolt first chance she gets,” Brady finally said.

“Yeah.”

“What are we going to do to stop her?”

Brock didn’t turn back around. He couldn’t bear to face his brother like this.

“Nothing. Not a damn thing.”

“Why the hell not?” Brady demanded.

“Because number one, we can’t keep her prisoner here and number two, she’s hiding something from us. She doesn’t trust us and we don’t know what sort of trouble she might be in.” Brock ran a hand around the back of his neck.

“She needs time to learn to trust us. One day isn’t long enough. Especially when two men are taking care of her.”

“Well, it’s all the time we have, Brady. If the weather eases up enough tomorrow, we have to take her to town. She’s sick. I’m worried about pneumonia.”

“Yeah, you’re right. It’s just that she’s ours. She belongs with us. I feel it inside of me.” Brady thumped his hand on his chest.

“I know. I know.” Brock hung his head, then turned back around.

“Let’s go break the ice in the water troughs again and check in with the hands on the cattle. It will be dark soon.”

Brady shook his head, but walked over and grabbed his coat and hat off the hooks by the back door. Brock could tell there was going to be a fight before it was over with. His brother wasn’t one to back off something he wanted. And he wanted little Jeni pretty damn bad.

Brock grabbed his own coat and hat. After putting on the coat, he shoved the gloves from his pockets over his big hands. He could well imagine running those hands over Jeni’s sweet skin. He could just imagine how her rosy breasts would look held in his weathered palms. Dark skin and light silk together. He groaned and pushed the errant thoughts from his head. He had work to do and it wasn’t getting done standing around daydreaming about something that probably would never happen.

The wind assaulted him as he opened the back door and then pulled it closed behind him once he'd stepped out into the thigh-deep snow. They'd shoveled a path to the stables and between the two barns, but the blowing wind just covered them back up again. Even the sparse trees on that side of the house couldn't break its persistence. Brock pushed through the snow until he got to the first barn. Then he circled around to where the fence ended at the back of the barn. There, on the other side of the fence, stood a round watering tub, all of five feet in diameter and about three feet deep.

Brock didn't bother brushing the snow off the top of the frozen water. Instead, he took the pick they kept by the barn and swung it over his head again and again until he'd broken through the ice to the water below. It splattered up and over the snowy top. He broke up a few more pieces, then moved over to the next one.

Most of the cattle were gathered together in a tight mass of mooing cowhide and twitching ears next to the barn. A section of the barn roof extended out a good six feet, with rough-hewn poles holding it up as a makeshift shelter from rain, sleet, and snow. As long as the cattle had food and water, they would be fine in the snow. The only worries he had were the calves, only about seven months old. He debated rounding them up and putting them in the barn for the night but figured that it would take a miracle to separate them from the herd.

Their spread was by no means huge, but they did run a good head of cattle. He knew at last count they had sixty calves. Most of them would go up for sale, but he would keep a few to keep their herd young. They would sell out some of the older ones to make room for the newer blood. They usually bought new blood every spring to keep down the inbreeding that often doomed a herd.

He finished all four water troughs and climbed back over the fence to check on the bulls. They had two masterful guys in separate pens who serviced their heifers. He put out more hay and broke up their water as well. Then he headed back towards the stable to see

how his brother was coming with the horses. The ranch hands would continue breaking up the water throughout the night.

“Brady?” he called out.

“Back here. Sunfire has a damn splinter in her hind quarters. I’m cleaning her up.”

“How bad?” Brock stepped up to the gate and peered over the slats.

“Not bad, but it took a good thirty minutes to soothe her and get the damn thing out. I’ve searched her walls and the slats on the gate and can’t figure out where it came from.” Brady gathered up his supplies and walked out of the stall when Brock opened the door.

“Never know how they get into the shit they do. Sometimes I wonder if they don’t get out and get into stuff when we’re in bed at night.”

Brady laughed and shook his head. “Yeah, and stable themselves back up come morning.”

“Almost makes you want to set your alarm for three a.m. to come out and see,” Brock said.

“Yeah, except right now, we got someone in bed to keep us warm, and I don’t plan on leaving her to check on some damn horses.” Brady’s voice had turned deep.

“Brady. Don’t go getting too attached to her. She isn’t some damn puppy we bring home and take care of. She’s a grown woman.” Brock knew he was talking to a brick wall.

“Yeah, she is definitely a grown woman. One who needs us. I, for one, don’t plan on letting her go without a fight.” Brady stomped off out into the cold wind and blowing snow.

He didn’t even bother closing the door. Brock cursed and rushed to close the door and follow his brother inside the house. There was no telling what his little brother would do if he wasn’t reined in.

Brock needn’t have hurried. He found Brady kneeling next to the bed with a hand lying across their visitor’s forehead. He turned worried eyes towards his brother.

“She’s burning up again and wheezing in her chest.”

“Ah, hell. I was afraid of this.” Brock rushed over to check for himself.

Jeni’s face was dry and hot to the touch. Her breath wheezed in and out of her lungs in a rapid rate. When he brushed the hair from her eyes, they opened. They were dull and listless.

“Easy, baby girl. We’re going to take good care of you.” Brock stood back up and looked around the room as if something would jump out at him as an answer to his prayers.

“What do we do, Brock?” Brady asked.

“Go turn off the damn generator and bring up a handful of bottled water. We’ve got to get her temperature down. I’m going to run a tepid bath and we’ll soak her in it until the fever breaks.”

Brady rushed out of the bedroom intent on his job. Brock ran the massive tub full of water. He would add cold to it once they had her in the water. First, he needed to get four of the ibuprofen in her and more liquid as well. He sat on the edge of the bed and poured four of the pills into his hand. Then he reached behind Jeni and pulled her to a sitting position.

“Come on, baby. You got to take this medicine and swallow it down.” He pushed the four pills into her mouth and held the glass of water to her mouth.

She tried turning her head, but Brock refused to let her balk at swallowing them. Finally, she choked down the pills that ended in a rough bout of coughing and wheezing and tears. Some were hers, and some were his.

## Chapter Four

So hot. Jeni felt like she would die if she didn't get some relief soon. Then, suddenly she was plunged into an icy cold river of frigid water. She fought and thrashed the best she could but was no match for the ruthless men holding her down. Why were they doing this to her? She hadn't done anything to them—had she? She couldn't seem to remember. Everything was so confusing.

Finally, after what seemed like hours of mind-numbing cold, they pulled her out of the icy waters and wrapped her in a warm towel. She began to shiver uncontrollably until her teeth rattled in her head. Someone spoke to her in a soft voice of warm beds and comfortable pillows. She tried to latch on to that beautiful voice, but it disappeared. So did the towel drying her weary body. She felt herself lifted off her feet and carried into another place. Her head lolled to the side and she recognized the room to be somewhere she knew, but couldn't place.

“Careful, Brock. She's still sore from all those bruises.”

What bruises, she wondered? Who was Brock? Who was the other one? She felt herself lowered and nearly cried at the warm soft bed she found herself sinking into. She curled up on her side and shuddered. It wasn't until another body pushed against her that she realized whoever they were, they were getting into her bed with her. At first, that worried her, but then something told her it was okay. They belonged with her. She moaned and curled into them and fell deeper into sleep.

\* \* \* \*

Sometime close to dawn, she woke up stiff and sore but without as much tightness in her chest. She needed to cough but didn't want to wake up the two men sleeping on either side of her. She tried swallowing several times, but it didn't help and finally she erupted into a coughing fit that woke both of the men up.

"Easy." Brock patted her on the back as she coughed. Each strike knocked her a little closer to Brady.

"Careful, Brock. You're hitting her too hard." Brady pulled her hair from out of her eyes.

"I'm..." She swallowed. "I'm okay now." Her voice sounded hoarse, as if she'd been yelling all night.

"Here." Brock shoved an opened bottle of water towards her. "Drink up. You need the fluids."

She grabbed the bottle and drank greedily of the cool contents. As she did, the covers fell from her body and cold air snapped her back to herself. She gasped and tried to grab the covers to pull them over her body. Heat flushed through her face and neck.

"It's okay. We've seen you without clothes on before." Brock laughed.

"Brock. Don't be an ass." Brady rubbed circles around Jeni's back.

"It's dark as pitch in here. Neither one of us can see that well," Brock reasoned.

Jeni shuddered at the thought of them seeing her body over the last few days. She hated the way her body looked. She was heavier than most of her friends had been. At least when she had friends.

"Why don't you go get her some juice? She needs the vitamins," Brock said.

"No. I can't swallow juice. It hurts my throat." Just the memory of the acidic burn on her raw throat sent shivers down her spine.

Brady smiled but burst her bubble. "I'll water it down some. He's right, though. You need it."

She watched in misery as he pulled on his socks and jeans and ran from the room with all the zest of a track star. She could almost see her breath in the cold air of the bedroom.

“Why is it so cold in here?” she asked.

“Electricity is off, remember?” he asked.

“Oh, yeah.” She wished she could see better.

“Do you need to go to the bathroom? I have flashlights over here if you do.”

“No, um, thanks, though.” Jeni was glad it was dark now. She was sure she had turned five shades of red.

“What time is it?” she finally asked.

A faint glow told her that Brock’s watch had a night light on it.

“Quarter of four. Still plenty of time for you to sleep. Just as soon as Brady makes it back up here with the juice, you can try and go back to sleep.”

The glow of a flashlight drew her attention as Brady walked in with a glass of juice in one hand and the flashlight in the other.

“Here you go.” He handed the glass to Brock, who handed it to her.

“She needs to take some more ibuprofen. It’s been about five hours since we got the last down her.” Brock reached for the bottle.

“I’m okay now, right? I shouldn’t need anymore.” Jeni needed to be strong. She needed to leave before Glenn found her.

“You’re doing better, but you’re not out of the woods yet, baby. Let’s get these down. I’ll only give you two since you’re not running a fever right now.” Brock handed her the two pills.

She swallowed before bringing the pills to her mouth. Her throat was scratchy and raw feeling. She knew that juice was going to be rough on her throat. It would probably burn like a live fire going down. Throwing a nasty look towards both Brock and Brady that the men probably couldn’t appreciate in the dark, she tossed back the pills and brought up the orange juice and swallowed with all intentions of getting them down the first time. It almost worked.

One of the stupid pills got hung in the back of her throat and began to dissolve. Between the juice and the disintegrating pill, she gagged and coughed and sputtered. Both men thumped on her back until she was sure she would have new bruises in the morning. Finally, after a round of heavy coughing, Jeni settled back down in the bed.

“Damn, you scared the bejeebies out of me!” Brady said, rubbing circles around her back.

“Sorry. One got stuck.” It came out all scratchy. Definitely not her normal voice.

“Settle down now and let’s get some more sleep. It won’t be long before dawn.” Brock turned off his flashlight and set it back on the bedside table.

“Cuddle on up to his back, baby. I’ll keep your back warm.” Brady snuggled up against her.

“Stop your fidgeting and relax, Jeni. No one’s going to hurt you,” Brock grumbled.

She couldn’t help it. It felt so right to be between them, but they were all wearing next to nothing. Well, she was wearing nothing. They had on underwear. Where was the justice in that, she wondered. She let her face rest against Brock’s back. His scent set her heart stuttering and her breath coming in small gasps. She became more aware of her breasts flattened against his back and her nipples hardened to two points wanting to be noticed. She stifled a groan. Jeni jerked her attention away from Brock and thought about Brady instead.

Bad move, she realized. One arm lay over her waist just below her breasts. When she breathed, the coarse hair on his arms tickled the underside of her breast. She drew in a breath and let it out slowly. His breath tickled the back of her neck, and she couldn’t ignore the press of his hard cock against the crack of her ass. Oh, God. What was she going to do? There was no way she could ever fall asleep like this. Not as aware of them as she now was.



Seconds ticked by, then minutes, and still she struggled to be still.

“Aw, hell,” Brock growled.

He turned over and dragged her out of Brady’s arms and on top of his chest. She straddled his hips, and her hands splayed across his chest. Never had she felt so small as now, with him beneath her and surrounding her, all at the same time.

“What in the hell did you do that for?” Brady asked.

“She’s lying there too afraid to move, let alone breathe.” Brock tightened his hold around her. “Scoot on over and cover her up with the blankets.”

She felt Brady pull the cover over her, then lay a gentle hand across the back of her head as if he were petting her.

“Get some sleep, baby girl. We’ll take care of you,” he said.

\* \* \* \*

Sometime after dawn Brock realized he was missing something. Jeni was no longer draped across his body. He felt bereft without the slight weight of her soft body covering his. He rubbed a hand over his face and turned over to find she was now draped across his brother’s body. He waited to feel some sort of jealousy, but all he felt was warmth to see her taken care of. He knew Brady would care for her as much, if not more, than he would. Then reality rushed in. She wasn’t theirs, at least not yet. He planned on changing that if he could.

Brock rolled out of bed and bunched the covers up around the two of them to ensure they stayed warm. He grabbed his jeans, socks, and shirt and eased from the bedroom and down the hall to his. He would shower and change clothes. Thank goodness they had butane for the hot water heater and the stove. He didn’t cotton to a cold shower just yet. He might have to settle for them soon enough if their guest stayed around for long. When had he started thinking of her staying around?

Probably when she’d fallen asleep lying across his body, he thought to himself. She had trusted him enough to do that. It humbled

him. He quickly dressed after drying off from his shower and hurried downstairs to start the generator. He needed to check on the horses and help the men break up the ice, but he wanted to see Jeni once more before he walked out into the cold morning.

She lay just as he had left her, still snuggled up on top of Brady's chest. Her head lay right over his heart. Could she hear it beat? Did it calm her? Make her feel safe? Brock smiled and backed out of the room. He wouldn't wake them up. Brady could keep their woman warm and sleeping. He would take care of the rest for today. Then, if nothing changed, he would have his time tomorrow.

Brock wrestled into his coat, hat, and gloves and pulled open the door to have several inches of snow come tumbling into the room. Ah, hell. He huffed out a breath and grabbed the shovel they kept by the door to shovel a path towards the stables. He used it now to shovel the snow off of the kitchen floor. Then he wiped up the resulting water with several towels. It looked like it was going to be one of those days.

The radio in the stables warned of another bout of snow later that afternoon. They predicted another ten to twelve inches of snow with it. The wind wouldn't be quite as rowdy, but more snow they didn't need.

He checked in with the ranch hands and helped fork out hay and break up the water troughs again. He shoveled another path back towards the house and called it a morning. He would have another go at it later that afternoon. He hoped Jeni was feeling better today, and they didn't have another round of high temps to tamp down.

When he opened the kitchen door, the welcoming whiff of coffee greeted him. He breathed it in and stomped off the snow at the back step before he walked inside. Brady stood over the stove wearing his coat and cooking breakfast. The sight drew a deep chuckle from his chest. He couldn't figure out why since they had done this at least a dozen times in the past, but something had changed. It had to be Jeni.

"What's so damn funny?" Brady grouched.

“Nothing. How is Jeni doing?”

“Doing okay, I think. She’s still coughing, but she isn’t wheezing like before. I made her take two more pills and drink another glass of juice. I’m not exactly in her good graces right now.” He smiled nonetheless.

“We got more snow coming in the afternoon. Supposed to clear off tomorrow, though, so we should be able to head to town the day after.”

“Why’d you have to go and screw up a perfectly happy day?” Brady slammed the pan on the stove.

“Hey, you get another day. Quit your griping.” Brock snuck a piece of bacon and hurried out of the kitchen calling behind him. “I’m going to check on her. Be back down in a little while.”

He took the stairs two at a time and eased into the bedroom, expecting her to be sound asleep. Instead, she sat on the side of the bed wearing one of his brother’s button-down shirts, a pair of socks, and nothing else. It covered her to mid-thigh. Her head jerked up when he walked into the room.

“How are you feeling today?”

“Good, actually. I’m not coughing as much.” She smiled a shy smile, and then dropped her eyes.

“Brady is cooking breakfast. Looks like bacon and eggs and toast. You feel hungry?” he asked.

“A little.” She continued to look at the floor, or her socked feet. He couldn’t tell which.

“You need something on your bottom half if you’re not going to stay under the covers.” Brady walked further into the room.

“I’m getting back into bed. I had just gotten up to, um...” She let it hang.

“Right. Well, back into bed with you. I don’t want you to catch another chill.”

Brock pulled the cover back so she could pull her legs back into the bed. He caught a glimpse of her pretty pussy and had to close his

eyes at the sight. It didn't help. His imagination took over just fine. With a growl, he pulled the covers over her and proceeded to tuck them around her. When she looked deep into his eyes with her blue ones, Brock lost it. He took her head in his hands and kissed her. He didn't just kiss her. He ravaged her mouth.

He burrowed his tongue into her mouth and pillaged. She moaned but didn't try to pull away. Instead, her hands came up and wrapped around his neck, pulling him closer. His tongue dueled with hers as she explored his mouth in turn. Her fingers soon slid into his hair, and her nails raked his scalp. He reveled in it. She wanted him as much as he wanted her. She couldn't deny it.

When he pulled back, she gasped for breath, panting along with him. Her eyes were a drowsy shade of blue now and half closed. Her lips—plump, well-kissed lips—slightly parted. She looked like a woman who'd just been loved and loved well. He leaned back in and kissed the tip of her nose.

"Brady is on his way up with breakfast." He heard the stomp of boots on the stairs.

Her eyes went wide and she started to rub a hand over her lips. He grabbed her wrist to stop her.

"Don't." He wouldn't let her feel guilty over kissing him.

Brady walked in and took one look at the two of them and smiled.

"Brock, yours is downstairs. I'll be down in a minute to eat with you." Brady didn't take his eyes off of Jeni.

He walked over and plopped the tray onto her lap and then leaned in and kissed her as big as you please. Brock could have laughed at the expression on her face if he didn't think she'd get pissed off. Her eyes were wild with uncertainty, and they darted back and forth between him and his brother as if waiting for one of them to break out into a fight. He added to her predicament by kissing her again.

"I'll see you downstairs." He left Brady to feed their baby girl.

He was half finished with his breakfast by the time Brady made it downstairs. He wore a grin the size of a Montana sky. It was obvious he had gotten in a few more kisses before he left.

“Did she eat anything or just play kissy face with you?” Brock teased.

“She ate everything but the bacon and toast. They still hurt her throat.” Brady raked the remnants of her breakfast into the garbage.

“How did she act after I left?”

“Scared. I didn’t let on that I knew what was going on when I walked in.”

“She likes us both. That’s half the battle,” Brock said.

“Yeah, but getting her to understand we both want her—together—is going to be the hard part.” Brady sat down with his plate piled high.

Brock rinsed his plate off and added it to the dishwasher. Then he poured another cup of coffee and sat back down. They needed to talk and make some decisions. Most of which involved the little redhead upstairs in their bed.

“I’ll stay with her this afternoon while you go out and make the rounds. So far we haven’t lost any of the cattle. The horses look good. Sunfire’s wound is fine, no signs of infection. Tornado might need a little extra hay. He’d eaten all I put out last night,” Brock said.

Tornado was one of their bulls. The other one was Riptide. He continued filling Brady in on the farm news. When he realized Brady wasn’t really listening, he shook his head.

“I think tonight we should both work on her some. Not enough to scare her but enough so she knows we aren’t going to rip into each other for kissing her.” Brock watched his brother’s brows lift.

“I’m all for that. She kissed me just fine after she had kissed you. She didn’t seem too worked up over it, but I kept her busy eating and talking to her.” Brady stuffed another piece of bacon into his mouth.

“I’m going to try talking some sense into her about coming clean with whatever she’s hiding from us.” Brock snatched a piece of bacon off his brother’s plate and smiled at him.

“Don’t push her too hard, Brock.” Brady suddenly looked serious.

“I won’t, but if she won’t trust us, we don’t have anything here between us. It takes a lot of trust to build a relationship between two people, let alone three.”

“I know.” Brady ran a hand over his face and leaned back in his chair. “I just don’t want to lose her is all.”

“If she leaves, Brady, we never really had her in the first place.”

They exchanged looks. Then Brock left his brother in the kitchen and climbed the stairs to start working on their woman.

## **Chapter Five**

The clomp, clomp of boots on the stairs jerked her from her musings. She wondered who would be coming through the door. Would it be Brady and his playful smiles or Brock and his serious expressions? Either one of them riled her blood better than anything she'd ever come across. Not even Glenn had made her blood sing like these two could. But there were two of them, she reminded herself. She hadn't been able to handle Glenn. What made her think she could handle two men now?

*You're still running a fever if you're even thinking about it.* There was no way she would ever live with two men. Right now, that was two too many. She still had her ex to deal with. She needed to get out of there and soon. He would start looking for her car soon. Once he found it, it would only be a matter of time before he figured out where she was.

"What are you thinking about so hard, baby girl?"

Even though she knew one of them was coming, he startled her. Brock.

"Nothing, really. Just wondering what I'm going to do when you take me into town. I don't even know where my car is."

"You don't need to be worrying about that just yet. There is more snow heading in this afternoon but it should fair off tomorrow. So in a couple more days we should be able to get you to town."

"Oh, thank God. I mean, I really appreciate all you and your brother have done for me, but I really need to get back on the road." Jeni swallowed wrong and coughed.

Brock started over to get her some water when she threw up her hand and stopped him.

“I’m okay. I just swallowed wrong.”

He sat down on the edge of the bed and faced her. “We need to talk.”

“About what?” Jeni had a feeling she knew what he wanted to talk about.

“You’re running from someone. If you will just tell us who, we can help you.”

It was worse than she thought. They’d already figured out what she was hiding. What could she tell them? She really didn’t want to involve them.

“He’s hurt you at least once. Those are his bruises on you, aren’t they?” he demanded.

“You don’t understand,” she began.

“Tell me. Help me understand.” Brock leaned in and brushed a tear that had leaked from her eye.

She didn’t say anything for a long while, then finally gave up and told him the truth.

“He’ll hurt anyone who helps me. If he finds me here with you and Brady, he’ll try to hurt you. I don’t want either of you hurt.”

“Don’t you think we can take care of each other? Don’t you trust us to take care of you?”

“It’s not that.” Jeni tried to reason with him. “I trust both of you, but he doesn’t play fair. He uses his goons to do most of his dirty work. It wouldn’t just be one against one; it would be four or five against two.”

“Who is he, Jeni?”

“My ex-husband, Glenn Rosenberg.” Jeni ran her hands over her face, pulling away from him.

“How long has he been chasing after you?” Brock didn’t give up.

“Six months. I was heading to Alaska. It’s the last place I would ever go. Or so I hope he believes.”



“If he has chased after you for six months, he isn’t going to stop any time soon. You’re better off staying here, with us. We can protect you, honey.”

“He’ll find my car and keep looking until he finds out where I am. Then he’ll hurt anyone around me just to make me suffer more.” She shook her head.

Brock dragged her out from under the covers and across his lap. He held her there with strong arms, but without hurting her. She realized she felt safe in his arms. It felt like no one could hurt her while she was there. But she knew better. The last person who’d tried to help her had ended up without a job and no place to live. She wasn’t making that mistake again.

He hugged her tightly against his chest, and she closed her eyes and enjoyed it. It felt good to be held and not held down. The warmth of the arms around her seeped into her body and warmed her from the inside out. Surely, she could enjoy this for a little while longer. No one knew where she was right now. Until it was time to go to town, she could believe she was safe. Just for another day she would pretend.

“You’re thinking awful hard again.” Brock’s voice cut into her fantasy world.

It didn’t surprise her when he bent down and placed a kiss on her lips. It was just a kiss, but one that would stay with her for the rest of the day.

“So, how about we dress you nice and warm and you can sit downstairs by the fire for awhile? I’m sure you’re tired of the bed by now.”

She smiled in anticipation. “I’d love to.”

“I’ll grab another pair of warm-ups for you, and we’ll bundle you up in a blanket and go downstairs.” He sat her back on the bed and pulled the covers over her again.

Jeni waited as he left the room only to return a few minutes later with a pair of gray sweatpants and another pair of socks. He insisted

on dressing her, saying she needed to conserve her strength. She decided the fact that he liked doing it was the real reason. It amused her. She stood up with his help, and he wrapped a blanket around her. There was no way she could manage the stairs now. She was about to inform him of it when he suddenly picked her up as if she weighed nothing at all and carried her out of the bedroom.

“Hey! I’m too heavy for you to carry me down those stairs. You’ll drop me.”

“There you go not trusting me again. Relax, I can handle you. You don’t weigh more than a newborn colt.”

“A horse weighs a ton,” she grumbled.

“A foal doesn’t,” he admonished.

She closed her mouth and hung on tight as he carried her down the stairs without so much as a nudge that he would drop her. She didn’t breathe easy, though, until he sat her on the couch in front of the fire.

“There, you should be plenty warm enough as long as you keep the blanket around you and we keep the fire going.” Brock fiddled with the fire using the poker and then straightened up.

Jeni watched him watch her. He smiled a slow, sensuous smile that jump-started her heart. The man watched her as if he were undressing her with his eyes. Considering she didn’t have all that much on, he wouldn’t have much to do.

“I’m going to see what Brady is up to. Holler if you need anything. One of us will hear you.” With that, he disappeared into the other room.

She had no idea where anything was in the house. She’d been unconscious when they had brought her inside the other night. The room she was in now looked to be a living room. It had the fireplace as the central feature. There was a flat-screen TV on the wall to the right of the fireplace and two lounge chairs facing it on the other side of the couch, with just enough room to squeeze between them. She smiled to herself. Just like a pair of men to fix the room the way it suited them.

A doorway opposite the wall with the TV led into what she decided must be the kitchen, as that was where the smell of cooked bacon came from. She leaned back to try and get a look at the other room, but other than a glimpse of a cabinet, she couldn't see anything more. The doorway behind her led to the stairs, but she didn't know what lay on the other side of the stairs. Another room? Maybe an office, she wondered. They would need an office for running the business side of the ranch, right?

The bedrooms were upstairs, but how many were there? She decided that since they always left the bedroom she was staying in that there were at least two others, one for each brother. She couldn't help but wonder why neither of them used the one she was in. It was certainly big enough. In fact, with the bathroom, she figured it to be the master suite. Maybe they were waiting for one of them to get married and then move into that room. The idea of them marrying anyone drew a low growl from her throat. She couldn't bear to think of them with another woman. They were hers. Now where had that thought come from? *You're getting hooked on them. You need to keep your distance. You know what happens to anyone you care about.*

Jeni ran a shaky hand over her face and leaned back against the back of the couch. He wouldn't hurt her men. They were hers. She would leave before he found her. Just as soon as she could locate her car and make sure it was all right to drive, she'd leave. They would forget about her soon enough. But would she forget about them?

\* \* \* \*

Brock found Brady in the stable mucking out a stall and mumbling to himself.

"Thought the ranch hands were going to do that," Brock said.

"Yeah, they were, but I needed something to do. Besides, they're busy enough keeping the herd together and breaking ice. I swear that shit freezes hard in less than five minutes." Brady leaned on the

pitchfork and regarded his brother with a questioning look. “So, did you find out anything?”

“Yeah, she’s running from her ex-husband. He’s some sort of bigwig. She’s afraid he’ll hurt us, so she wants to leave.” Brock leaned against the stable doors.

“We can take care of her. Did you tell her it didn’t matter, that we’ll keep her safe?”

“Of course, but I don’t think it made any difference to her. She’s got it in her head she has to protect us.”

“That’s bullshit and you know it. She doesn’t need to protect us from some asshole who thinks he can beat on women and get away with it.” Brady grabbed the pitchfork and went back to work. “You set her straight, didn’t you?”

“I tried, but she isn’t listening to me. Time will tell if she trusts us or not. We have at least another twenty-four hours to convince her we can keep her safe,” Brock said.

“Sounds like what we need to convince her of is that we can take care of ourselves.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” Brock grabbed the pitchfork from Brady’s hands and started mucking the next stall.

“It all boils down to trust, like you said. She needs to trust us.” Brady pulled off his gloves and stuck them in his coat pocket before stuffing his hands in his jeans pockets.

“So, we start small. Like getting her to trust us enough to let us hold her—together.” Brock finished that stall and proceeded to scatter hay around the floor.

“Seems like we’ve already done that, Brock.”

“No, we’ve slept holding her. That’s entirely different from deliberately holding her between us. One of us can even kiss her while the other one holds her. Show her we’re okay with her wanting both of us. If she trusts her feelings with us, the rest will follow.” Brock leaned the pitchfork against the wall near the entrance to the barn.

“I’m game for that.” Brady clapped his hands together and rubbed them expectantly.

“Don’t get all excited. You still have until after dinner to wait for all of this.”

“Yeah, but I’ll have her to myself this afternoon,” he said. “Speaking of which,” he stared at his watch, “it’s nearly one now. Think I’ll go wash up and see what Jeni is up to.”

Brock just shook his head and watched his little brother stumble out into the snow and wind. He walked out behind him and looked up at the clouds. Definitely another round of snow moving in, he groaned. He shook his head and then continued making rounds and chatting with the ranch hands. All of them were warned to keep it to themselves that they had a guest. He knew each and every one of them like family. He trusted them to keep it under wraps.

Before he headed back to the house, Brock checked the wood pile on the back porch and decided to add more wood. It wouldn’t hurt to keep it full with the snow beginning to start. He checked the trucks to be sure they were fine. Then he made one last round to assure himself that there was no one lurking around in the woods at the edge of the yard. No footprints or tire tracks marred the white carpet of snow, save his own. She might not believe they would take care of her, but he knew he and his brother would keep her safe if it was the last thing they ever did.

When he walked inside, he knew something was different. There was a tension in the air. His first thought was that something was wrong. He eased the kitchen door open and checked on where he’d left Jeni earlier, only to find his brother kissing their guest. From the moaning she did, she liked it. He grinned and watched unabashedly.

From where he stood, it looked like his brother had his hands inside the blanket. He could only imagine what they were doing. Did he have her breasts in his hands? Was he playing with her nipples? His cock jerked at the idea. He wanted to feel those pert tips graze his lips. The thought of watching his brother suck one rosy red nipple into

his mouth nearly drew a moan from him. He bit it back and re-adjusted himself. His cock was rock hard now and growing by the minute. Much more and he'd have to unzip his pants. His cock would wear the imprint of the damn thing for the next six months.

Brady's head slanted over her mouth. Brock could tell his tongue was playing with hers. He remembered how her mouth felt under his. He remembered how her lips trembled against his. Knowing his brother would feel the same thing aroused him even more.

Something must have alerted her that he was there because she suddenly jumped back from Brady's arms and pushed to the other end of the couch. Her eyes grew wide when she caught sight of him leaning against the door facing them.

"W-when did you come in?" She stuttered over the first word.

"A few minutes ago. Do you know how sexy you looked just now?"

"You saw?" Her voice broke.

"I saw the way your face looked all soft and dreamy," he said.

Brady just sat there waiting on what would happen. He seemed to be afraid of upsetting a delicate balance. Maybe he was right, maybe everything hinged on this moment. He drew in a deep breath through his nose and waited for what she would say or do.

"I just kissed you a few hours ago. Doesn't it bother you? Because it sure as hell bothers me." She dropped the blanket from around her shoulders and stood up on not quite steady feet.

Brady moved to help her, but one look from her had him backing down again. She was pissed now. Call him crazy, but he much preferred that to complacent. At least this way she showed some fire. Sure, he was probably going to get burned, but it was a small price to pay for seeing her filled with passion.

"He's my brother. We share everything. Seeing you kissing my brother only made me care about you more."

"So, like I'm a toy to be shared instead of fought over?"

“Yes, no. No, you’re not a toy. You’re a human being with feelings. We want to make you feel good all over. Together we can take you places you’ve never even thought of going before. Neither one of us would hurt you for anything in the world.” Brock swallowed and waited for her to accept or disagree with his words.

She paced in front of the fireplace holding his brother’s sweatpants up with one hand and running her other hand through her hair over and over again. At this rate, she would be bald and have worn a hole in the floor. When he thought he was going to have to intervene, she finally spoke again.

“How can you let your brother touch me after you have? If I’m important to you...” She drew in a deep breath and continued. “Or is it that I’m not really that important, so it doesn’t matter?”

“Don’t ever think that. You’re important to us. We both think you’re very important to us. Why would we be trying to convince you to stay otherwise?” Brock felt the old anger resurface. She didn’t trust them to care about her.

“I don’t know what to think. You’ve thrown me.”

Brady finally went into action. He walked across to the fireplace and leaned into her. He kissed her sweetly on the lips, and then drew her into the circle of his arms.

“We want you to stay with us. You feel right to us. Don’t throw away something like this until we’ve explored where it can take us.”

Brock watched her sway towards his brother and smiled. Brady always did have a way with the ladies. Brock wasn’t too proud to take a back burner where she was concerned. He wanted her any way he could get her. That included letting his brother lead. She obviously felt safer and more comfortable with Brady.

“I can’t stay with you. Glenn will find me and hurt you both.”

“Don’t worry about that. We can take care of the likes of him. He’s just an overgrown bully that needs taking down a notch or two.” Brady lifted a strand of her hair and twirled it between his fingers.

“No one’s been able to do that with him—ever.” She stared him in the eyes.

His brother just kept her eye contact, and she was the one who lowered her eyes first. What had they just won, though? Brady would say a battle.

Brady wondered if she’d declared war on them, or if they were waging a war with her and her past demons. Either way, he planned to win. There was never really an option in the first place. He drew in a deep breath through his nose and smelled her arousal. Their little confrontation had excited her. He filed that tidbit away to take out later and think over what it meant. For now, Brock wanted to touch her. He wanted to wrap his arms around her and pull her so close to him that she became a part of him.

He watched as his brother took her hands in his and slowly pulled her back to the couch where Brady pulled her onto his lap. She straddled him, kneeling on the couch without making a fuss. Her eyes never left his. She rested her hands on his shoulders but didn’t squeeze them.

Brady’s hands rested on the swell of her hip on either side. He looked up at her, and she down at him. Without breaking eye contact, Brady unbuttoned the first button on the shirt she wore. She didn’t try to stop him, so he unbuttoned another one. She kept her eyes on his. He unbuttoned another button and then another. There was only one left and he took her hands from his shoulders and placed them around the button. For several long moments, Brock wasn’t sure what she would do. Finally, she unbuttoned the last button and sat with her hands on her thighs, looking down.

Brady slowly swept the blouse from her body and leaned in and kissed her neck and shoulders. Brock could see the sweat break out over his brother’s brow. It was taking a monumental effort for him to remain in control right then. He was envious of his brother then, only because he wanted to be there too. She wasn’t ready yet for both of



them. Let Brady charm her first. He knew he could be a little intense. Okay, a lot intense.

He watched as his brother brushed aside the shirt until it fell from her shoulders to pool in her lap. She sat with the entire top part of her body nude and bathed in the light of the fire. He longed to lean into her back and sandwich her between him and his brother. It wasn't time yet, he reminded himself.

Then Brady flicked his tongue over her nipple, and Brock lost it.

## Chapter Six

Brady's tongue touched her nipple and Jeni lost it. She moaned and thrust her breast out towards him. He sucked her nipple into his mouth and, at the same time, she felt Brock move in behind her and lift her hair from her back. He kissed her neck and down her shoulder. Between Brock's mouth on her shoulder and Brady's mouth suckling at her breast, Jeni didn't stand a chance.

She wasn't the least surprised to feel the thick length of Brady's cock between her legs pushing up through his jeans. The press of another one at her back startled her. She grew still beneath them. She could almost feel their collective breaths holding, waiting on her to decide if she could accept them or not. Could she?

The idea of two men at one time frightened her and turned her on all at the same time. Was she brave enough to take them on? What happened when she left? Could she leave them afterwards? She had to. She couldn't let them be hurt. She pushed that thought from her mind and concentrated on the problem at hand. She made her decision and leaned back to allow Brock to reach over and palm her other breast. She groaned out his name as he rubbed her nipple between his first finger and thumb. The electric sparks shot straight to her womb.

"There you go. You like that, don't you, baby girl?" Brock's rough voice reached her ears as she gave herself over to the pleasure of having two men taking care of her.

Brady's mouth sucked hard on her breast until he had all he could possibly take into his mouth. Then he slowly backed off until all that remained inside his mouth was her hard nipple. He nipped at it and she jerked. His cock jerked with her. It caused her to rub back against

Brock's hard rod at her back. Fingers twisted at her other nipple until she groaned out loud.

"I love hearing that sound from your lips." Brady pushed up with his hips, trying to get closer to her sweet channel.

Jeni reveled in the feel of two sets of hands on her body. There were two randy cocks pushing against her, eager to get inside of her. What woman wouldn't let it go to her head? She leaned back against Brock, knowing he wouldn't let her fall. Instead, the thickness of his cock kept her sitting up. The ridge of Brock's cock pressed just right into the V of her legs. His hard phallus lined up just perfect with her pussy and clit. The more she moaned, the harder he sucked and the more he flexed his hips up towards her.

It felt so good. She rode his erection for all she was worth. The harder she pushed against him, the more he bucked beneath her. Brock's hand pulled and tugged on her other nipple, driving her further and further up the twisted road of ecstasy. Suddenly, Brady let go of her nipple and it was immediately replaced by Brock's other hand. Brady took control of her hips. He pulled her down to meet his upward thrust, then jerked her back up again. Over and over, he drove her higher and higher. Brock's fingers were relentless in their quest to drive her insane. He twisted and squeezed them until she thought one more tug and she'd go up in flames. Between the two of them, they were turning her into a molten mass of need.

Jeni lost her breath as her orgasm swallowed her in its wake. She screamed when it came back to her. Nothing could have prepared her for the unrelenting pleasure that suffused her body with ecstasy. Long moments later, she hung over Brady's chest like a limp piece of grass while Brock knelt behind her, rubbing slow easy circles around her back. She'd never come like that in her life. What was going on with her? Two men?

She jerked upright and struggled to move.

"Careful now, baby. You'll hurt yourself," Brady said as he helped her right her clothes.

“I...I” she stuttered.

She couldn't put into words what she wanted to say. What did she want to say, anyway? That she had made a mistake and she hadn't really enjoyed it? Her climax would prove her a liar there. Instead, she slipped from Brady's lap and nearly fell when her weak legs took the brunt of the weight of her body for the first time in hours.

“You're going to hurt yourself. Calm down. Nothing happened you didn't enjoy. We're not going to jump on you.” Brock's rough voice cut into her thoughts.

“I shouldn't have let you,” she began.

“Let us what? Please you? Make you feel good?” Brock held her against him when she swayed.

Jeni attempted to turn around and give him a piece of her mind, but when she did turn around, it was to find herself looking up into the ravaged eyes of a hurt animal. It broke her heart to think she had hurt either of them after all they had done for her.

“I don't usually do this. I mean, with two men,” she finished lamely.

“We didn't think you did, but it doesn't change the fact that you enjoyed it.” Brady let his hands rest on her hips.

He remained sitting on the couch at her back now. She faced Brock, and when he reached down and picked her up, she had no choice but to wrap her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck.

“You're beautiful when you come apart like that. I want to watch you again and again.” He leaned in and kissed her.

It was a chaste kiss by some measures, but it still burned her with its intensity. Her body, already primed and ready for more, grew wetter with each lick of his tongue and nip of his teeth. Her womb tightened in preparation of being filled. Her body knew what she needed. Did her mind know what she wanted?

Brady's body soon pushed against her back. He pulled her hair away from her back and kissed and nibbled along her neck and across

one shoulder. Her skin heated wherever his lips touched. She cursed having put the shirt back on now. Brock turned away from Brady and started towards the stairs. She knew where they were going and what would happen. Right then, she welcomed it. How she would feel about it later, she didn't know. But for right now, it was what she wanted.

A sudden pounding on the door jarred her out of her sexual haze. Brock's arms tightened around her.

"Brady, go see who it is. I'll be upstairs." Brock continued up the stairs as Brady left to check the door.

"Who could it be?" she asked in a whisper.

"Probably one of the ranch hands with a sick heifer or some missing cows." Brock stepped on the last stair step and turned towards the master bedroom.

"Don't you need to go see about it?"

"You trying to get rid of me?" he asked with an amused voice.

"No!" She answered in too much of a hurry.

Brock grinned down at her and dropped her on the bed. Her legs gave way from his hips, and she bounced once on the bed. Brock began unbuttoning his shirt when the sudden flight of boots up the stairs penetrated his intentions. He turned in time to see Brady rush through the bedroom door.

"Got a dozen head missing. The snow has started coming down again too." Brady had his hat on his head and his coat halfway on.

"Fuck." Brock threw back his head and closed his eyes for a few seconds.

"Honey, I want you to stay up here in the bed with the electric blanket on while the generator is going. We might be awhile." Brock pulled back the covers for her to climb under them.

"Brady, go get several bottles of water and that package of cookies for her while we're gone."

Brock was tucking her in when Brady returned with a half dozen bottles of water and a package of sugar cookies. He left them on the bedside table along with a flashlight.

“If the lights go out, use the flashlight to get around with,” Brady told her.

He bent over and kissed her hard on the lips, then stepped back to let Brock kiss her as well. The two men touched her gently on the cheeks and then turned and walked out the bedroom door, closing it gently behind them. They left her confused, relieved, and aroused.

It wasn't lost on her that they had been heading up to have sex. Sex with two men, no less. Would she have really gone through with it? Jeni wasn't sure now that the temptation was out of the picture. Maybe she would have. They were good at keeping her aroused, that was for sure. Enough so that she might have lost all her inhibitions and let them both make love to her. Then what would have happened?

*They would take you into town and let you go. They wouldn't be able to respect her after she gave herself to both of them, would they? What are you going to do when they come back?*

She didn't have a clue. Her body wanted them. The way they touched her turned her on. No one had ever gotten her as hot as quickly as they had been able to do downstairs by the fireplace. The feel of Brady's mouth on her breast, sucking her nipple, sent chills down her spine now that had nothing at all to do with the cold weather outside. Remembering Brock's fingers pinching and pulling on her nipples sent heat ripping through her core. She wanted them. There was no doubt in her mind she wanted them.

The question was did she want them enough to take them both on? And, would it be worth losing them in the long run? Losing them? She laughed and shook her head. She never had them to begin with. She was on the run from a dangerous ex-husband who had already tried to kill her once. She wasn't in any position to even contemplate a relationship with someone else, let alone two someone elses.

Her best bet was to act cool around them and let them think she'd had time to realize what she was doing and had made up her mind she didn't want anything more from them. She needed to get out of there as soon as possible. Much more time spent with the two brothers and she would lose all of her well-placed intentions. Their charm and considerable sexual skills would soon break down her defenses and have her wallowing in their lust in no time. No, she had to convince them that she wasn't interested in a relationship with them, or anyone, for that matter. Just the thought of what Glenn might do to them gave her the resolve she needed to get the job done.

One hour turned into two hours and then into four hours, and still the men weren't back. It was dark outside now. The wind howled around the house. She had been drinking the water at a steady pace to keep herself hydrated. She figured the generator would run out of fuel soon, so she decided she needed to clean up some and use the bathroom while there was still light.

Jeni eased out from under the covers and blankets and stood up, holding onto the bed. The short drop took her breath, but she managed to stay upright. She grabbed the flashlight just in case she didn't make it back before the electricity was cut off again. Then she eased across the floor in her socked feet. She managed to reach the bathroom door without falling and hoped it meant she was well on her way to healing now. Even though she felt stronger, her ribs didn't act one bit better when she tried reaching up for a towel on the shelf.

After what seemed like hours but in reality was only a few minutes, she had washed and dried her face and brushed her teeth. She took a sponge bath the best she could while resting in between on the lid of the toilet. Finally, she felt as refreshed as she thought she could get and headed back towards the bed. Halfway there, the lights sputtered, then went out. The generator had run out of fuel.

Thank goodness she had the flashlight. She pushed the button and a thin beam of light shone in front of her. She followed it to the bed and, after taking another sip of water, Jeni turned the light off and

burrowed beneath all the covers into a little ball to stay warm. She hoped the men would be back soon. She was already a little cold from having been out from under the covers for so long. Her feet were beginning to chill despite the socks and the multiple blankets on top of her. She needed them to hurry back before she got cold again.

How cold were they, though? They were outside in the blowing snow looking for cows. Surely they were about frozen in their saddles. They would need her to warm them up when they got back. Maybe what she should do is go downstairs and build the fire up so it would be warm when they got home.

The idea soon became a good one when she began to get chilly and shiver again. The fire would be a better idea than staying in a cold bed, she decided. With a new resolve, Jeni climbed back out of the bed and wrapped a blanket around her as she took the flashlight from the bedside table to guide her out of the room and safely down the stairs. She let the blanket trail behind her on the floor like a train on a wedding gown.

The fire was still going, but barely, when she managed to shiver her way back to the living room and the couch. She dropped the blanket to the floor and began hefting logs to put on the fire. She knew very little about fireplaces and building fires, but she did know they had to have wood to burn. Before long, she had a roaring fire that was actually too hot to stand next to. She pushed the couch close enough she could feel the heat, but not burn. There were four logs left in the box next to the fireplace. If she ran out of wood, she would have to figure out where they kept it outside.

Outside in the snow and ice, she reminded herself. The light from the fire illuminated the room around her but didn't reach into the next room that had to be the kitchen, or even into the corners of the living room. The flickering shadows looked sinister on the walls, even as the popping noises sent shivers down her back.

Jeni threw the last log on the fire and worried her lower lip concerning how to find more. She needed to look while there was still



a hot fire available to warm herself back up. She took the flashlight and followed its cheery beam to the other room. She was right. It was the kitchen. Next to the back door, several hooks were mounted on the wall. A coat that looked old and worn-out, along with a pair of boots, remained as if in waiting for her to use them. She stepped into the boots that were much too large and slipped on the massive coat that hung almost to the floor. She wrapped the coattails around her and buttoned them the best she could. She needed gloves. When she stuck her hands into the pockets, there they were, two thick, holey gloves that swallowed her hands whole.

Once she was as covered up as she could make herself, Jeni opened the back door and pushed her way through the snow to step onto the back porch. She pulled the door shut behind her with a great deal of trouble. Then she used the flashlight to shine a light along the porch in hopes of finding more wood.

There were two problems with that. One, the snow was a good four feet deep, having been blown up the walls of the porch, and two, the only light she had to go by was the thin beam of the little flashlight she'd taken with her. It was pitch-black without stars to light up the night. She shuffled forward until her feet hit something hard. She reached down and began pulling snow off of whatever it was to get to it. Finally, the rough bark of wood could be seen in the waning light of the flashlight. Wood for the fire, she sighed.

She managed four trips with two pieces of wood each before she gave out and collapsed in front of the fire with her boots, gloves, and coat still on. She'd built the fire back up with two of the logs and stacked the other six sticks next to the fireplace in the box on the hearth. Then she sat on the floor with her back propped against the couch and fell asleep.

\* \* \* \*

“Hell!” Brock yelled out as they drove the last of the lost cows back into the corral. They closed and bolted the gate against the wind.

“We’ve been gone too long. The damn generator is down,” he said as they led the horses back to the stable.

“We got the horses, boss. You go check on the woman.” Their foreman grabbed the reins from their hands and walked the horses farther into the stable towards their stalls.

“Thanks. We’ll be inside if you need us again.” Brady didn’t stick around to hear the answer.

Both he and Brock braced against the wind and jogged through the thigh-deep snow towards the dark-looking house. They were both afraid of what they would find. It had been a good six hours since they had left her alone upstairs. Brock knew there had probably only been enough fuel left for another four hours at best. There was no way she would have stayed warm after that.

The idea of her falling sick again scared him. They couldn’t get her to town before tomorrow afternoon at the earliest, if even then. Even with fair skies, the wind dying down, and four-wheel drive, a trip into town would be treacherous at best. One of them should have stayed with her to make sure she stayed warm. If they lost her—well, they just couldn’t, that was all he would say.

They burst through the kitchen door and ran towards the stairs without taking off their boots or coats. When Brady slid to a stop inside the living room door, Brock cursed and tried to knock him out of the way.

“Stop it, Brock. Look!” Brady warded off a blow from Brock’s hand at his head.

Brock dropped his fist and looked in the direction of Brady’s arm. There, sitting on the floor in front of the couch was their baby girl all bundled up in one of their father’s old coats, boots, and gloves. He was almost afraid to touch her and find out if she were okay.

Brady had no such qualms. His brother brushed past him and fell kneeling next to their woman. He reached out to touch her cheek but

stopped. Brock realized they both still had on their gloves and coats. He pulled off his gloves and dropped them to the floor. His coat followed quickly behind. Brady did the same. They each touched her cheek and found it warm, but not hot, to the touch. She'd managed to stay warm despite the loss of the electricity. He thanked God for it.

"Let's get her out of the coat and boots. It looks like she brought wood in from outside. I don't know how in the hell she managed it," Brady said.

Brock nodded and went to work on her boots. They were easy enough to get off since they were only about six sizes too large. Brady seemed to have more trouble with the coat than anything. She finally roused enough to help them get it off of her. She smiled at seeing them and promptly fell back asleep once they had her bundled between them on the couch.

Brady looked over at Brock. "See, she would fit perfect here with us. She's a survivor. She knew the fireplace would keep her warm, and she needed wood to keep it going."

Brock grunted and continued massaging her feet under the blanket.

"I'm not the one you need to convince, little brother."

"Surely she won't leave now. I mean, after we gave her one hell of an orgasm and all." Brady looked confused.

"One orgasm does not mean a lifetime of bliss, Brady. She is still on the run from her ex-husband and thinks we'll only get hurt if she sticks around here."

"Then we'll convince her she's wrong. We can take care of her."

Brock shook his head and pulled her feet tighter into his lap. If only it would be that simple, he thought. She was quickly turning into the most important thing in his life, and that worried him. It obviously didn't seem to bother Brady, though. He leaned back against the back of the couch with Jeni's head in his lap, gently running his hands over her hair and shoulders. His brother was way over the edge with his

feelings for her. It would be up to Brock to put the pieces back together when she walked out of their lives. He knew she would.

## Chapter Seven

Warm lips brushed against hers as Jeni lay in a warm cocoon of bliss. Every part of her body felt comfortable for once. Not too cold, not too hot, and lying on the softest of pillows. She didn't want to wake up. A persistent pair of lips pushed at hers until she opened to tell them to go away. Instead, a devious tongue slipped inside her mouth and woke up her taste buds with the flavor of coffee and tangy male.

Her eyes fluttered open. She found herself looking up into Brady's smiling eyes. Neither of them said a word for nearly ten seconds.

"Morning, baby. How do you feel today?"

"Hi." Jeni felt shy for some reason. "You're back."

"Got back about midnight last night. Found you on the floor wearing one of our Dad's old coats and boots. Looked much better on you than it did him."

"I needed wood for the fire. I hope it was okay to have borrowed it."

"Of course it was. You could use anything in the house you wanted to. You're completely welcome here." Brady squeezed her shoulders, then slowly pushed her upright. She swung her legs off the couch and placed them on the floor.

"Where is Brock?" she asked.

"He went out to check the roads to see if they're passable yet." Brady wouldn't look at her when he said that.

"Oh, okay." She pushed off the couch with a moan and Brady was instantly there helping her stand.

"Take it easy."

“I’m fine, just sore is all. How about I fix something to eat?” She headed towards the kitchen.

“You don’t have to do that. You’re our guest. Besides, you’re still coughing some. You need to rest.”

“I can cook pancakes for all of us. I’m really pretty good at cooking some things.” Jeni sidestepped Brady’s attempt to stop her and continued into the kitchen.

She hadn’t seen much of it the night before as it had been dark. The room proved to be an eat-in kitchen with plenty of counter space and an industrial-sized stove and refrigerator. The shiny stainless steel dishwasher looked perfect in the oversized kitchen. It would be any cook’s dream.

“If you can get me some supplies, I’ll start whipping up the batter,” she said.

Brady hesitated, then shrugged and disappeared inside a pantry off to the left of the room she hadn’t noticed before. When he returned, he sat out cooking oil, flour, butter, and sugar. Jeni checked for buttermilk in the fridge and found a half gallon. She could have used regular milk, but the buttermilk would be better.

“How long before Brock gets back? I don’t want his to get cold.”

“Shouldn’t be too long. I’ll put on some sausage in the oven, and once it cooks you can start the pancakes,” he offered.

Twenty minutes later, Jeni poured the first circle of batter on the griddle and began cooking the pancakes. Not ten minutes later, the sound of a truck door slamming jerked her head up. Brock was back. Why did she suddenly feel nervous?

“Hey, something smells good.” She heard his voice as he opened the door.

“Come on in, brother, Jeni is making us some pancakes.”

“I’m going to go clean up, and I’ll be right back down.”

It wasn’t lost on her when he jerked his head towards the stairs at Brady that he wanted to talk to him alone. Something was up. Either

the roads were passable or they weren't. What more could there be that would affect her?

A few minutes later, both men returned to the kitchen, each looking a little less enthusiastic. Brock hugged her from behind and placed a kiss on her cheek.

"Smells good, baby. Thanks for cooking."

"I didn't mind. I like to cook." She turned over the last pancake and waited for it to brown.

"These are delicious!" Brady said around a mouthful of pancake.

"You could wait for her to start, idiot," Brock admonished.

"Don't wait on me. It will get cold. I'll be there in just a second."

"Hurry on over here and get seated. We'll serve you." Brock pulled out a chair as she turned off the stove and carried the last of the pancakes to the table.

For the next thirty minutes, the only sounds in the kitchen were the sounds of eating and clanking utensils as they ate up. Brady finished first and picked up empty plates. He rinsed them in the sink and loaded the dishwasher. When she finished, Brock picked up her plate and silverware and did the same. By the time she was out of the chair, the entire kitchen had been wiped down and the dishwasher started. She couldn't help but smile.

"Let's sit back in the living room where the fire is," Brock directed.

Jeni followed the two men into the other room and found herself sitting between them on the couch. Both men looked a little uncomfortable. She wondered what was going on.

"What's going on? You both look upset over something." Jeni watched them exchange glances.

"I went out and checked the roads to see about getting into town," Brock said.

"Brady told me you were doing that."

"Well, even with the tire chains, the snow is too deep to make it anywhere. I had trouble getting to the end of the drive and almost

couldn't get turned around in the road to make it back up here." Brock squeezed her hand.

"When do you think we can make it to town?" she asked, still not sure what had them so nervous.

"I figure tomorrow afternoon at the earliest. There are some bad curves and a few bridges on the way that I really don't want to take a chance on if we can wait a little longer."

"Brock figures some of the stuff will start melting tomorrow morning since the high is going to be in the upper thirties."

"Well, if not tomorrow, then the next day, right?"

"Right," Brock agreed.

"Okay, that sounds good to me. I don't want anyone to get hurt trying to help me."

"Um, there is more."

"More? What more can there be?"

"Seems someone found your car off in a ditch about five miles west of where we found you." Brock watched her face.

"All right. What does that mean?" she asked cautiously.

"Well, they started a search party for you as soon as the snow let up yesterday and are going at it again today."

Brady added, "Brock had to call them and tell them that we found you and you're okay for now."

"So, that is understandable. I wouldn't want people out in this weather looking for me when I'm safe and fine." She coughed and covered her mouth. "Well, mostly fine."

Brock squeezed her hand. "Thing is, there are some strangers in town and they were helping look for you."

"Oh," was all she could think to say.

Glenn was already here. He would know where she was now, and there was no way to leave anytime soon. She swallowed as her mind went round and round in circles trying to figure out what to do.



“Don’t go getting all quiet on us, baby.” Brock picked her up and sat her in his lap. “He can’t hurt you here. No one will let him near you. I promise.”

Brady slid over and propped her feet in his lap. “There is no way we will let him hurt you again. You have to trust us.”

“It’s not that I don’t trust you because I do. I honestly do, but he doesn’t fight fair. He will hurt you just to hurt you. I can’t live knowing one or both of you got hurt trying to help me.” Jeni felt the tears begin to run down her face.

“He isn’t going to hurt anyone. He won’t get the chance. I told the sheriff that he attacked you and you are running for your life from him. He’s doing some investigating and will call me back later.” Brock looked pleased with himself.

Jeni wasn’t so sure he understood the lengths Glenn would go to get what he wanted. Namely, her. Brady kissed her toes and smiled when she giggled.

“You’re ticklish there, aren’t you?” he said.

“So? Don’t go thinking you’re going to hold me down and tickle me.”

“Wouldn’t dream of telling you that. I’ll just do it without telling you.” Brady held on to one foot and began tickling it unmercifully.

Brock held her around the chest so she couldn’t use her arms or hands to push him away. She laughed until she cried and, finally, they let her up and then bolted when she vowed revenge. It dawned on her when she chased after Brady that she hadn’t had this much fun since she had been a teenager. In fact, once she had married Glenn, she hadn’t had much fun at all.

Once again, Glenn was draining all the life out of her. She would have loved to have stuck around to see where whatever they had going on between them took them, but she couldn’t now that Glenn knew where she was. He would stop at nothing to get what he wanted—her dead, if not back in his bed. She would die before she

willingly went back to him. He was one of the cruelest people she had ever met.

She had fallen in love with him at the age of twenty-one and they were married by the time she was twenty-two. The first few months were wonderful to her. He seemed the attentive groom at first. Then he slowly changed into something mean and dangerous. She learned he had a cruel streak quickly and found out it was best to do what he said as soon as he said it to avoid the punishments. They were severe. If he couldn't get you to abide by his wishes with threats, he made threats against people you cared about. She soon quit caring about anyone, so he couldn't hurt her using them.

The first time she ran away, she made it all the way back home. He was waiting for her there, though, and explained that if she didn't return with him he would ruin her brother-in-law's business. He had enough money. He could do it. She couldn't bear to see her sister's expression when Glenn informed them he planned to drive her husband out of business. Instead, she had dutifully returned with him and taken her punishment.

The second time, she didn't even make it out of the grounds. He'd hired more thugs to watch her. They were good at their job and had her back inside in her room within an hour. They were kind that time and didn't tell her husband that she had run off again.

Brady finally let her corner him in the kitchen in the pantry. She laughed when he waggled his eyebrows at her in a suggestive fashion.

"I'll let you have your wicked way with me," he said.

Jeni giggled and shook her head. "Nope, that would be rewarding you instead of punishing you."

"Then what do you suggest?"

"I think I'll make you dry my hair after I wash it. It's long and takes forever to dry. You'll have to brush it for me." She smirked at him.

"I'll do one better than that, I'll help you wash it." It was his turn to look smug.

“Nope. I don’t trust you to keep your hands to yourself.”

“Now what would be the fun in that?” Brock asked from the doorway to the kitchen.

“Don’t go interfering, big brother. I earned my punishment fair and square.”

Brock shook his head and snickered. “Punishment, right. What happened to a few quick licks of the belt?”

“Is that what you deserve for holding me down?” Jeni asked Brock.

Brock grimaced and shook his head no. “I was thinking more along the lines of drying your magnificent body when you get out of the shower.”

“Hmmm. I’ll think about it while I take that shower. Both of you stay out of the bathroom until I call for you.”

Jeni nudged past Brock, making sure to brush her nipples past his chest as she did. It was probably more torturous to her than to him, she decided. They ached now as she climbed the stairs to the bedroom. Sure enough, when she began undressing, they were hard and poking out waiting for someone to touch them.

The water felt wonderful flowing over her body as she soaped up a cloth and began scrubbing her body down. Two days of sweat and fever washed down the drain as she lathered up her hair and gave it a good washing. After rinsing it several times, she stepped out of the shower and wrapped a towel around her hair. Then she opened the bathroom door and called out to Brock. He was instantly there with a towel to dry her body.

“You have the softest skin I’ve ever felt,” he murmured against her ear as he patted her back dry.

Jeni could only moan as his hands worked around under her breasts to gently rub the water from her body. She leaned back against him as he dragged the rough cotton towel over her nipples slow and sure. Then he began patting his way down her abdomen and to her pelvis, where he swirled the towel around and around her belly

button. He turned her around and had her stand with her legs spread as he knelt between them to dry her legs. His hands patted at her legs, then higher, and then he drew the towel between her vaginal lips back and forth until she swayed with need towards him. He blew against her curls then stood up and wrapped the towel around her body and knotted it over her breasts.

“Better get dressed so Brady can dry that pretty hair of yours.” Brock smiled a devilish smile and walked out of the room.

The fact that he limped a little didn't help the ache she felt deep inside her. He'd teased her and left her bereft. Brady wouldn't do that though. She was sure of him. He wouldn't be able to tell her no if she asked.

Jeni pulled on the socks and oversized T-shirt they had left for her. The shirt came to just above her knees so she was adequately covered, but they all three knew she didn't have anything on under the shirt. It was a silent tease for all of them. Especially her, as she knew it would be so easy for them to touch her there. And as excited as she was right now, it would only take one touch to send her screaming over the cliff.

She took her time climbing down the stairs leading to the living room. She found Brady standing by the fireplace with a pillow and a brush on the floor next to it. He smiled at her and held out his hand for her to take it. When she did, he drew her closer and kissed her on the nose. Then he had her sit on the pillow. Brock walked in, dragging a chair over towards the couch so he could watch as Brady sat on the couch and began unwrapping her hair from the towel.

Once her hair hung free from its confines, Brady used the brush on it. He slowly drew the brush through her hair, over and over again. After what seemed like forever, the heat began to get to be too much on her face. Brady must have noticed as he turned her around on the pillow so that she faced him and her back was now to the fire.

Jeni noticed his crotch was at eye level with her now. She grinned and thought about her options. She could easily make out the ridge of

his cock through the material of his jeans. She waited until he was working the brush through her hair from behind and struck. Before he really knew what she was doing, Jeni had his pants unzipped and his magnificent cock loose in her hands. He stopped and stared down at her.

Slowly, she shifted until she knelt on the pillow. Then she bent forward and licked the crown of his cock. He tasted of salty male and heat. She let her tongue dip into the slit and was rewarded with a jerk and a spurt of fluid. She rolled her eyes up to watch his face as she lowered her head over his cock and swallowed him inch by slow inch. His eyes darkened, and his face flushed.

The deep groan across from her had her looking over to find that Brock had his thick cock in his hand and was slowly working it as he watched her sucking on his brother. She met his eyes as she slowly took all of his brother's deep into her throat. He groaned again and closed his eyes. She smiled around the meat in her mouth knowing she had power over both of them for the moment.

Brady was no longer using the brush on her hair. Instead he had his fingers massaging her scalp as she licked and tongued him up and down from top to bottom. She rolled his balls in her hand, plucking on the thin skin and scratching along their bumpy surface.

"Damn, baby. Your mouth is like liquid heat surrounding me. That's it. Suck me down." His raspy voice urged her on.

Mindful of her teeth, she took him to the back of her throat then swallowed down around him. He cursed and jerked on her hair as she came back up. She angled her head so that she could take more of him while watching Brock from the corner of her eye. As she swallowed down his brother, he squeezed his own balls while she scratched against Brady's. She pulled back and swirled her tongue around Brady's cock head. He groaned and jerked her hair down to pull her down over his dick once again. She moaned as she went down on him and was rewarded with a jerk of the meat in her mouth. She loved the power she wielded now.

The next thing she knew, Brady had pulled her off his cock and pulled her up onto his lap. The long, thick, wet cock rested nestled between their stomachs. He leaned his head against hers and panted.

“Lift up,” he ground out between clenched teeth.

Jeni lifted up on her knees expecting him to stuff his heated dick between her pussy lips. Instead, he dragged a finger through her slit and worried the nub of her clit with his finger. She bit her lower lip and flung her head back to gather a full breath. He pushed his finger up inside her and swirled it around, making sure she was slick and ready. Her juices had already coated his hand by the time he shifted her and positioned the head of his cock at her slick opening.

When he pulled her down while pressing up at the same time, Jeni screamed, but it was cut off when an even thicker penis was shoved into her mouth over Brady’s shoulder. Brock stood behind the couch with his jeans around his knees and his cock deep in Jeni’s throat. She couldn’t believe how good it felt to be filled from both ends. They seemed to time it so that they both thrust into her at the same time. She felt stuffed and wanted more.

Brady rocked beneath her, grasping her hips and forcing his way in and out of her over and over again. The beginnings of heat raced up her spine into her womb. She reached upwards and found her breasts with her fingers. She pulled and prodded at them as she rode Brady’s cock.

Brock held her head in his hands as he fed her his long thick meat over and over. He leaned over her and whispered nasty nothings in her ear.

“Don’t you like having my dick in your throat, baby? Feel how it fills you up? Just wait until I come down that throat of yours. It’s so fucking tight I can already feel the burn.”

Jeni couldn’t say anything, only moan, which drove Brock even faster shafting in and out of her mouth. Short, shallow thrusts followed by long deep slides in and out of her throat. When he got close, he lost some of his rhythm and began bucking in and out of her.

She knew the minute he was about to come when he suddenly went up on tiptoes and curled his hands in her hair.

Brock erupted down her throat with shot after shot of hot cum. She swallowed convulsively around him as he came. He leaned against the couch when he was finished and reached down and kissed her. Before she could catch her breath, Brady began pounding up inside of her in an ever-increasing rate, only to lose all control and shout out her name when he came inside of her. She felt the heated release fill her. When he finally collapsed, she leaned into his chest and curled against him.

“Thanks for brushing my hair, guys.”

They groaned.

## Chapter Eight

“Haven’t we already done this?” Jeni felt the brush glide through her hair as the heat from the fireplace seeped into her back.

“Yeah, but I fell down on the job.” Brady pulled the brush back through her hair again. “Besides, it’s almost dry now.”

“We need to talk, you guys,” Brock said.

“About what?” they both asked at the same time.

“Well, for one, we didn’t use protection,” Brock pointed out.

“I didn’t,” Brady said.

“I’m on birth control.”

“Doesn’t matter, we didn’t take care of you like we promised,” Brock argued.

“It won’t happen again,” Brady said. “I’m keeping it in my pocket.”

“You act like you’re going to have the chance again,” Jeni grumbled.

“I sure as hell hope we do,” Brady said as he pulled the brush through her hair again.

“The second thing is we need to be ready for your ex when he shows up.”

Brady paused in his downward stroke. “You’re sure he will show up?”

“He’ll know where she is now, so I’m sure he will come. He wants her enough to drive all the way from where she’s from to here, yeah, he’ll show up.”

“I can’t let you two get hurt. I’ll just go into town as soon as we can get there.” Jeni rubbed her face when Brock growled at her.



“The hell you will. We all go to town to see about your health, and then you’re coming back here with us.” Brady dropped the brush to the floor and jerked her around to look at him.

“You belong here with us. Do you understand that?” He wasn’t going to take no for an answer.

“I understand that my ex-husband will kill you, given the chance. I can’t let that happen.”

Brady leaned in until they were nose to nose. “You aren’t going to ‘let’ anything happen. You’re going to do what we say and stay safe while we handle your asshole of an ex! Do you understand?”

“Spare me the macho bullshit. I’m serious about this. He’s already hurt too many innocent people because of me.” Jeni was nearly crying now.

Brock glared at Brady and pulled her into his arms. Brady didn’t care if he had upset her. He wasn’t going to lose the best thing that had ever happened to him and his brother. The asshole could bring it on. He was ready to do a little ass-whooping himself. Just the memory of the bruises on Jeni’s body was enough to fuel his passion to beat the ever-loving hell out of the bastard. He knew Brock felt the same way.

“He’s not going to hurt us, baby girl,” Brock soothed her.

“Have some faith in us.” Brady stood up and shoved his hands in his jeans pockets.

“I do. It’s just that I know what he is capable of. You don’t.”

Brady shook his head and walked over to the fireplace to take out some of his frustrations on the fire with the poker. He loved that she was worried for them, but it would be nice if she had any faith that they could take care of themselves.

“Brady, I’m just scared for you, okay?”

“Try being sure of us instead,” he shouted.

“Brady, enough!” Brock shouted back.

Brady watched Jeni cover her face with her hands. She was crying now. Damn, it was his fault too. Usually, it was him telling Brock to back off. This time he'd crossed the line, not his brother.

"I'm sorry. It's just that I don't want to lose you, Jeni. I'm afraid you're going to walk off from us." Brady didn't look at her.

"I'm not going anywhere right now."

"Only because you can't." Brady walked out the door and left her with Brock. He needed some distance.

He grabbed his coat and hat and after shoving his hands into the sleeves, opened the back door and walked out into the breathtaking cold of a Montana day. He finished putting on his gloves and decided to chop some wood. He needed to get out some of his aggression before he said or did something he would regret. Right now, all he wanted to do was take Jeni and fuck her until she agreed that she belonged with them for the rest of her life.

He hadn't realized how much he wanted her until he thought about losing her to her ex. The thought of that man laying one finger on her again boiled his blood. The very idea that he or his brother would let her go with that bastard tore him up. She had to know it would hurt them to see her taken from them. They wouldn't let it happen.

Brady grabbed the ax out of the barn and struggled back to the huge stump they used to cut wood on. He set up the wood and brought the ax down hard. It split and both pieces fell to either side of the stump. Over and over again, he split logs until there was a good little pile stacked next to the stump. He kept it up until he was nearly too sore to raise the ax even one more time. Instead, he cleaned the ax off and stored it back in the barn where it came from. He grabbed up an armful of split logs and pushed his way back to the house.

Hell, he needed to apologize to Jeni for how he'd acted. He was jealous that she had ever been with the other guy, much less that she was married to him. Add to the fact that she was more worried about

them than herself, and it had gone all over him. He needed to be strong for her, not jump on her.

The wood pile next to the house on the back porch proved to be half full. He went ahead and dropped his load on top of the pile. The wood gave a muted thump as it hit the porch side. The snow muted all sounds right now so everything sounded different, even the click of the safety of a gun.

\* \* \* \*

Brock rubbed a hand over Jeni's back. "It's all right, baby. He's just worried is all."

"I hurt his feelings and probably yours too." Jeni rubbed her face with her hands and stood up.

"You've both been so good to me. I can't help but worry that something will happen to one or both of you with my ex around. He's dangerous. You guys are so nice. I guess it's hard for me to believe you can handle someone like him."

"Jeni, we aren't backwoods hicks. We know the score. Believe me when I say we've dealt with some hard-ass types before. You don't run a multimillion dollar ranch without having run across some jackasses in the process." Brock drew in a deep breath and wondered where Brady would have headed off to.

Then he heard the soft chop of blade hitting wood and knew his brother was taking out his anger on the woodpile. Good place for him, he decided. They needed to keep the wood up with four feet of snow on the ground. Brady would feel better once he'd chopped a couple of cords of wood.

"I'm going upstairs to rest for a little while." Jeni picked up the brush from the floor and stood up.

"I'll send Brady up when he comes back, and you can tell him you're sorry. Okay?" Brock asked.

“Thanks, Brock.” She smiled and then headed towards the stairs to the bedroom.

He watched her disappear behind the door and wondered if they really had any chance with her. If the threat of this Glenn guy was gone, would she stick around with them of her own will? He knew he was falling in love and his brother was already in too deep to back out. Already he couldn't imagine not waking up with her between them.

Brock tended to the fire, then decided to fix sandwiches for lunch. Brady would get cold before too long and give up and come inside. He would be hungry and Jeni needed to eat to keep her strength up. She still had that damn cough that worried him. More than likely, she had pneumonia and they didn't realize it. She seemed to have gotten over it much too quickly if you asked him. One night she was burning up and the next she was screwing his brother like a pro. She needed to see the doctor in town as soon as the roads were passable.

After making sandwiches and wrapping them up in plastic wrap to keep them fresh, Brock realized he hadn't heard the sound of the ax for a little while. He opened the back door and squinted in the afternoon sun towards the wood pile out back. He didn't see anyone there though. Maybe he had stopped by the stables on the way to putting the ax up. Brock shrugged and closed the back door. He would be in soon enough.

Maybe he should check on Jeni then. She hadn't come back down, and it had been a little over an hour now. He took the stairs two at a time and walked in to find Jeni sound asleep on the bed with her clothes still on. He removed his boots and climbed up to curl around her for a few minutes. It was only seconds before he had fallen sound asleep with her.

Brock awoke to darkness surrounding him. He felt the soft rise and fall of Jeni's chest. What time was it? He brought up his arm to check his watch. The dial glowed. It was nearly eight p.m. Where was Brady? Had he come in and stayed downstairs for some reason?

Brock carefully rolled out of bed trying not to wake Jeni up. He dragged on his boots and inched his way downstairs. The lights were still on down there so the electricity was still on. Where in the hell was Brady?

He searched the living room, the kitchen, and pantry and found no sign that his brother had even been back inside. The fire was nearly out in the fireplace. He stopped long enough to get it blazing again and then put on his coat and hat and went out to find his brother.

None of the hands had seen him since he had stopped chopping the wood. They remember him carrying a load to the porch but never saw him again after that. Brock searched all the stalls in the stable and each of the barns and then began tracking the prints in the snow. He found where two sets led away from the house at one point but decided not to follow them into the woods. He needed help if there were more than one person out there, and he wasn't going to leave Jeni unprotected and alone in the house.

"Brock. Good to see you again, buddy."

Brock slowly turned around to see Hugh Smith, a general no-account thief and bully, standing against an oak tree twenty yards away cradling a gun in his arms.

"Hugh. What the hell are you doing on my property?"

"Oh, sorry. Guess I'm trespassing." The other man stood away from the oak now.

"Yeah, you are. Again, what are you doing here?" Brock had a sick feeling inside of him.

"Well, see, there is a story in this," he began.

"Cut to the chase, Hugh. What do you want?"

"It's more like what do *you* want? Or maybe that's *who* do you want?"

"Where is he, you asshole?" Brock took a step towards the other man.

"Whoa, there." Hugh brought up the rifle and pointed it at the sky for the moment.

He stopped and waited for whatever game Hugh thought he was playing. The idea occurred to him that this was all about Jeni, but what would Hugh want with Jeni, unless he had been hired out by her ex to get her. He nearly groaned at the thought.

“Tell me where he is, Hugh.”

“I have him tied up for the moment. Nothing bad—yet. But that could change if you don’t give me what I want.” The other man propped the butt of the gun on his knee.

“What do you want, Hugh?”

“Why, that little filly you have up there in your house. I hear tell she’s a hot one.”

Even though Brock knew Hugh was pulling his chain to get him riled, he fell for it.

“You’re not getting your nasty paws on her. I’ll take you apart if you so much as lay a finger on her,” Brock growled.

“Now, let’s not get all excited just yet.” He smiled and walked closer to him. “See, her husband wants her back.”

“Ex-husband, you idiot.”

“Yeah, well, he might have forgotten to mention that point, but that’s not really any of my business. All I’m supposed to do is deliver her to him. End of story. You get Brady back, I get my money and we all get back to living the life.” Hugh smiled like the crazy loon he was.

“I’m not turning her over to the likes of you,” Brock growled.

“Best rethink that one, Brock. I plan on lopping off a piece at a time of your brother until you bring me the little bitch.”

Brock swallowed hard around the lump in his throat. He knew Brady would tell him to take care of Jeni and call the sheriff on Hugh, but it was his brother. He couldn’t just stand by and let the bastard cut him into pieces. He had to think of something and quick.

“Let Brady go, and I’ll go with you.”

Brock nearly had a coronary when he turned and found Jeni in his Dad’s old coat and boots once again.

“What in the hell are you doing out here?” he yelled at her.

“Looking for you two. It’s the second time you’ve left me alone in that cold house.” Jeni gave him a watery smile.

“Get back to the house and grab one of my men to keep with you,” Brock told her.

She ignored him and turned back towards the man holding his brother hostage.

“Where is Brady? I’ll go with you if you bring Brady out first.”

“Now, how am I supposed to trust you to go with me if I let Brady go first?” he asked.

“I’m giving you my word.”

“Sorry, lady, but your word ain’t shit to me. I got no cause to believe you.”

“Then we’re at a standstill, ’cause I’m not coming over there without Brady.”

Brock’s mind kicked into overtime trying to figure out a way to save both his brother and Jeni at the same time. He was going to set her ass on fire as soon as they got out of this mess. She would learn to listen to him before he was through with her.

“Tell you what,” Hugh began. “I’ll bring Brady out and tie him to a tree. We exchange like that. You walk towards me and Brock walks towards Brady. Work for you, little lady?”

“Sounds good to me. Go get him.”

As soon as Hugh disappeared into the woods, Brock made a grab for Jeni and caught her arm. He jerked her towards him and wrapped his arms around her.

“You do realize that once this is all over I’m going to spank that ass of yours raw.”

“I sort of hoped you would anyway.” She looked so sad.

“You can count on it.”

A noise ahead of them grabbed Brock’s attention. Hugh returned, pulling a resisting Brady along with him. He no longer had a coat or hat on. Instead, he was bound with his hands behind his back and a

gag in his mouth. His face looked pretty worked over as well. He'd kill the bastard when he got his hands on him.

"Okay, here we go. Jeni, walk this way."

"Nope, you walk away from Brady towards me. As soon as you're far enough away, I'll start walking towards you," she said.

"What's to stop Brock from grabbing Brady and you running?" Hugh asked in a whiny voice.

"You've got the gun, stupid." Jeni gave him an exasperated look.

"Jeniiii," Brock warned.

"Okay." Hugh took several steps towards where Jeni stood.

Brock was torn between going to Jeni and going to Brady. Brady was cursing up a storm behind the gag. He could almost make out most of the words. He wanted him to stick with Jeni. He took a step towards Jeni, and Hugh aimed the gun at Brady. Brock stopped. Jeni took a step towards Hugh and the man lowered his gun. Brady began easing towards Brock and Hugh took a shot that winged Brady in the left arm.

"No!" Jeni screamed.

She ran towards Hugh and tackled him. The big man didn't go to the ground though. Instead, he grabbed her and dropped the gun. He pulled out a knife and stuck it to her neck. Brock stopped dead still, as did Brady.

"You boys just pick yourselves right up and go back to the house. I'm going to watch, and if I don't see that kitchen door open and close in two minutes, I'm going to give her a new smile." Hugh laughed at his own joke.

"Don't hurt her," Brock growled.

"Then get your ass in gear and hightail it back to the house."

Brady bitched into the gag until Brock jerked it off of him.

"I'm going to string you up by your balls, you asshole. You touch one hair on her head, and I'll eat your liver for breakfast."



“You better calm your brother down, Brock, before I accidentally nick little Jeni here.” Hugh held the knife tighter to the skin on her neck under her ear.

“Brady,” Brock said only his name.

Brady stopped talking and glared instead.

“Let’s get going, Brady. We have some things to take care of.” Brock helped his brother negotiate the snow as they made their way back towards the house.

He took the time to untie Brady once they were on their way, and then they all but ran back to the ranch house and inside the kitchen. He’d never been so pissed in his life as he was now. They’d underestimated her ex-husband. He’d been the smart one and hired a local who knew how to deal with the weather. Now they had to figure out how to get her back.

“Why in the hell did you let her come with you?” Brady demanded as he rubbed the circulation back into his wrists.

“I didn’t, asshole. She followed me, I guess. I left her asleep in the bed when I came looking for you.”

“I’m going to redden her bottom as soon as we get her back,” Brady growled.

“I’ve already promised her that.”

“Well, you can get in line, but her ass is mine first.”

“Will you be still so I can get the bandage on this arm? It’s bleeding all over the damn kitchen floor. You need a couple of stitches in it.”

“Like we have time for stitches. Just bandage it up nice and tight. We’ve got to get our woman back from that SOB,” Brady said.

“He’s got to go down the back way with her in tow. She’s going to slow him up a good bit, though. We should have time to get around to the road before he makes it if we start out now,” Brock planned.

“You’ll have to drive. I’ll contact the sheriff on the way.” Brady jerked his old coat on and borrowed a hat from one of the men.

“We’re taking the guns. Can you handle the rifle? You’re a better shot with it than I am.” Brock unlocked the gun cabinet in the living room.

He pulled out the rifle and a box of shells and handed them to Brady. He grabbed the shotgun and shells for himself. Either way, they were loaded for bear. He just hoped they didn’t have to use the shotgun since that would put Jeni in harm’s way. He would use it, though, if it were the only option for getting her out alive.

Everything had gone to shit faster than he could blink. He was supposed to be the oldest and be able to take care of not only his brother, but their woman as well. He’d failed both of them. It whittled away at him as they climbed in the truck and started down the snowed-over drive. The road around the back way would be treacherous for sure. He worried that even if they managed to get there in time they wouldn’t be able to get her out safely because of the snow and ice.

Brady looked over at him and nodded his head. They were going to do this. One way or another, they would get Jeni back.

## **Chapter Nine**

“Pick up the pace, bitch!” Hugh screamed at her for the umpteenth time.

“I’m going as fast as I can. These boots are too big for me.” She didn’t even have to try to slow him down. She was telling the truth about the boots.

“You keep me from getting my money, and I’ll cut you just for the pleasure of it,” he griped as they slid another few feet in the icy snow.

Several times Jeni thought about just losing her footing and taking her chances by rolling down the hill. What was the worst that could happen to her? Then she did trip and ended up rolling a good ten feet down the hill. By the time Hugh had made it to where she’d stopped hard against a rock, she was near tears at the pain in her side.

“Fucking klutz. Watch where in the hell you’re walking.” He jerked her upright again and gave her a nudge with the rifle.

He’d put the knife away as soon as the men had left. He couldn’t very well head down a mountain with a knife out. It would be too dangerous for him should he slip and fall. No, the gun was a better bet. She watched for any opportunity to wrestle the gun from him, but so far, there hadn’t been one. Jeni knew her time was running out. As soon as Hugh turned her over to her ex, he’d have her where he wanted her, under his thumb again. She had little doubt what he would do about it too.

“Stop your daydreaming and put a move on it.” He prodded her with the barrel of the gun again.

Jeni growled at him. She was tired of the damn thing poking her in the ribs. She was already sore as hell there anyway. The next time he did she was going to grab the damn thing and shove it up his ass. It wasn't long before she got her chance. She whirled around and grabbed the gun barrel and shoved it hard into him. When he fell, she stood there for a minute then she tried to take off running, only to make it a few feet before the bottom of the world dropped out from under her.

She slid down a snowy embankment then rolled farther until she hit the side of a rock with her head. She saw stars and must have passed out for a minute because when she opened her eyes again, Hugh was standing over her with the rifle pointing at her nose.

"Get the hell up." He backed up but kept the gun pointed at her.

"I don't know if I can." Jeni tried moving every part of her body that would and found that nothing appeared to be broken.

"If you don't get a move on, I'm going to shoot your ass here and now. I'll bring him back to see you come spring."

She rolled over to get up and found she could kneel without much problem. Getting to her feet proved to be a much bigger deal than she would have thought it would be. The world spun when she stood up straight. She grabbed a tree trunk to keep from keeling back over again.

"What's wrong?" Hugh griped.

"I'm not sure I'm going to be able to walk straight. Everything is blurry." Jeni held on tight to the tree trunk.

"I think you'll figure it out soon enough. We don't have much farther to go thanks to your little fall there."

"Glad I could help out," she snapped back.

He raised his hand to hit her then thought better of it. No doubt he realized if he knocked her down again, she might not make it back up this time. Jeni figured she had a concussion, to say the least. Not only were things fuzzy, but she saw two of everything as well. She was in

no condition to fight but fight she would, given half a chance. There was no way she would go to her ex willingly.

Slowly, she made her way down the path using trees and bushes as anchors to pull her way down without losing her footing in the snow and ice. Twice she nearly fell, but both times she managed to hold on to the bush she was using as a crutch and guide.

“We’re almost there. You keep next to me unless you want me to shoot you as soon as he sees you. I don’t think he much cares if you’re alive or dead,” Hugh said.

“Actually, I do care.”

Jeni looked up and squinted to bring the two men that were her ex into focus.

“Well, now. I brought her to you. Where’s the money you owe me?” Hugh asked.

“Howard? Give the man his money.” Glenn remained at the open door of the truck.

Jeni figured he didn’t want to get wet in the snow. She turned her head to see Howard hand Hugh a bag. The other man didn’t bother opening it but walked back into the trees until she could no longer see him.

“So, Jeni, dear. You’ve led me on quite a chase. I’m not happy with you one bit.” Glenn shook his head and made a *tsking* noise.

“Fuck you,” she yelled as she backed away from him.

“Yes, well, we shall see about that. Howard, could you fetch my wife for me please?”

Jeni froze. Howard would hurt her if he had to come after her. Glenn wouldn’t even care. She swallowed and looked around her for something to use as a weapon. Aside from some sticks, she was on her own. Could she outrun Howard in the snow? He wouldn’t be used to it anymore than she was. One more look at him trudging her way was all it took to spur her on. She bolted, heading for the high ground.

“Stop her, Howard,” Glenn’s whiny voice cried out.

She didn't turn to see where Howard was. She continued climbing in hopes of reaching a safer position. The whirr of something speeding past her head startled her just before snow splattered to her right. She froze. Were they shooting at her? Jeni turned around to look and, sure enough, Howard had the rifle to his shoulder pointing it at her.

"He's a good shot, Jeni. You might want to reconsider joining us down here," Glenn yelled up at her.

If she went back down, Glenn would hurt her before he killed her. If she continued climbing or stayed where she was, Howard would either shoot her or come and get her. She was screwed, no doubt about it, so screwed that the lesser of the two evils didn't even apply. There really weren't any options left open to her. She would have to go back down and face whatever torture Glenn cooked up for her this time. At least Brady and Brock were okay. That was of some comfort to her.

Howard took a step up the trail. He growled at her as he sunk into the snow. Jeni cringed and started the slow descent that would take her right back to where she had started, in deep shit. Despite knowing what lay ahead of her, Jeni hurried down the trail to keep Howard from getting any madder at her for making him hike in the deep snow. She made it to where he stood and stopped.

"Come on, bitch. You've got some groveling to do." Howard grabbed her by the upper arm and dragged her back to where Glenn stood.

He twisted her arm until she fell to her knees in the snow that now came up to her chest. The wet stuff began seeping into her clothes from all angles. She sneezed and Howard laughed.

"Not only do you leave town without my permission," Glenn began. "But you take up with a couple of backwoods men like a common whore. I can see you need to be taught a lesson."

Jeni didn't bother denying anything or offering any sort of defense. You couldn't win with Glenn. He was always right. She

would only make things harder on herself by fighting with him. As if reading her thoughts, he smiled down at her and raised his hand.

“One day you will learn that you belong to me.” He backhanded her, knocking her back into the snow.

Jeni struggled to get to her feet but couldn't get the too-large boots to cooperate and let her stand up. Finally, Howard jerked her out of the snow and to her feet again. Her arm felt as if he'd pulled it out of the socket. Her face hurt, and there was blood in the snow where she'd fallen. He'd probably busted her lip again. She was too numb from the cold to notice any pain. Maybe that was a good thing. From the looks of his face, Jeni figured he was just getting started.

\* \* \* \*

“Shh. I hear them,” Brock said as they slipped out of the truck.

The two men eased through the snow around the side of the hill where the voices were coming from. The snow blanketing the ground dulled some of the sound but the voices were clear as crystal. Brady eased forward with the rifle at shoulder level. He would be ready for whatever shot he could get.

Brock circled around to the other side of a boulder and waited on Brady to get into position before he made their presence known. He would rather wait until the sheriff arrived but that could be too late. They wouldn't risk Jeni's life by waiting.

“Pick her back up again, Howard,” Brock heard a man's voice say. Then he heard a whimper and knew it was Jeni. He eased over the top of the boulder and looked down towards where the voices were coming from. The sight of their Jeni swaying unsteadily on her feet held by a monster of a man angered him. The massive guard stood close to seven feet and was bald. He hadn't even bothered with a cap. He'd regret that before the day was over with.

The man standing over their Jeni was not much taller than Jeni. He had a slight paunch and his blond hair looked almost yellow in the

pristine white of the snow. This was the ex-husband who had made her life hell. He wouldn't be anything at all to worry about without his henchman to do his dirty work.

About the time Brady was in place to shoot, Glenn raised his hand and closed his fist. Brady growled and Brock watched as his brother squeezed the trigger on the rifle. Glenn screamed and spun around before falling face first in the snow. The bodyguard turned while grabbing for Jeni at the same time.

"Jeni! Get your ass down, now," Brock yelled.

He raised the shotgun and racked it, then fired. The giant cried out as pellets hit him all over. He went to his knees, but was soon digging around in the snow looking for something.

"Brady, he might have a gun. Watch him. I'm going after Jeni." Brock started running the best he could through the snow.

He reached Jeni about the same time the other man pulled out a gun and aimed it at her. He dove for her and the sound of guns going off everywhere deafened him. He landed on top of Jeni and felt a third weight fall on him. For a few brief seconds he panicked that he couldn't breathe. Finally, the weight was rolled off him and someone was pulling him away from Jeni. He'd be damned if he let someone take her from him again.

"Brock. Let go of her. We need to check her. Brock, can you hear me?" It sounded like Brady's voice but there was ringing in his ears he couldn't quite hear around.

The next thing he knew, Brady was sitting in the middle of the snow with him and Jeni while the sheriff and his deputies were checking over the two bodies on the ground. One of them didn't move, and the other one was writhing on the ground as if in great pain. Still, the ringing in his ears didn't lessen any.

"Jeni," he kept saying over and over. Why wouldn't anyone listen to him and tell him if she was okay? They'd wrenched her from him as soon as they'd uncovered her.



“Man, quit yelling!” Brady said into his ear. “She’s okay. They’re checking her out is all.”

“What happened?” Brock asked.

“When that bastard raised his arm to shoot, I hit him and so did a couple of the sheriff’s men. He’s dead all over. Your ears are probably ringing, though. He got off a shot right next to your head. Went wide, though, thank goodness.”

“You’re sure Jeni is okay?” Brock wanted to see her. He stood up with the help of his brother.

“Yeah. Well, mostly,” Brady hedged.

“What the hell does that mean?” Brock pushed past Brady and shouldered his way between the two deputies standing in front of where they had Jeni lying down.

“Ah, baby girl.” He fell to his knees next to her and reached out to touch her cheek.

“I’m okay, Brock. You saved me,” she whispered.

“Not before I let the bastard hurt you again. I’m sorry, baby. I let you down.” Brock felt the prickle of tears behind his eyes.

Her poor face was already swollen from the blows, and her left eye was nearly swollen shut. Her lips and nose were bleeding, but she smiled anyway. She reached out for his hand. He took it and let her hold on while they cleaned her face.

“Anyone want to tell me what in the hell is going on here?” Sheriff Samuel Clarke demanded.

Brady winced and looked at Brock. Brock just shrugged. It was going to be a long night. Both of them wanted to be somewhere warmer for this story. They also wanted their woman back in their home.

“Sheriff, I’ll tell you everything if we can just get Jeni here back to the house where it’s warm. She’s been sick already, and now she’s hurt, too.” Brady gestured towards where the house would be.

“She need to go to the hospital?” Sheriff Clarke asked the deputy cleaning her face.

“She sounds like she might have pneumonia from the way she’s wheezing.”

“Let’s get her there, then, and we can finish this conversation there.” He gave a pointed look at Brock and Brady.

“We’ll follow you there. She goes with us though,” Brock said as he pulled Jeni into his arms.

He picked her up and carried her to the truck. Brady climbed into the passenger side and let Brock transfer Jeni to his lap. Brock ran around to the other side and climbed in to start the engine. They had a long, rough drive ahead of them. He would have been happier taking her to the house, but she needed to see the doctor.

Brady grabbed a blanket from the backseat and wrapped it around them. Brock watched as his brother smoothed the hair away from her face. He winced. It had to hurt. He felt like a failure. She’d sacrificed herself to save his brother. He hadn’t been able to protect her like he should have.

“Stop thinking so hard over there, brother,” Brady said.

“She might have gotten killed. I promised her I wouldn’t let him hurt her again, and I did.”

“*We* promised her, and we both failed. It won’t happen again though. I won’t underestimate anyone again, that’s for damn sure.” Brady laid a gentle kiss on Jeni’s forehead.

“I’m alive, Brock. I really didn’t think I would be a little while ago.” Jeni’s voice was distorted from the swelling.

She leaned over and grabbed Brock’s leg with her hand. He let go of the steering wheel briefly to squeeze her hand then replaced it on the wheel. He wouldn’t risk having a wreck with her in the truck. She’s been through enough. He would make sure she got the best medical care they had, even flying her to Billings if needed. He wouldn’t leave anything to chance again.

It took nearly two hours to make the drive into town through the snow- and ice-covered roads. Twice they had ended up driving at a crawl. The string of trucks pulled into the town’s little hospital around

midnight. Brock dared them to treat Glenn before they treated Jeni. No one challenged him.

He made it a point to have a talk to Glenn while they were in with Jeni and Brady. He leaned over the bed where the man was handcuffed by his good hand to the stretcher rail.

“You’re going to jail for this,” he told the man. “But, you will get out one day and when you do, you better head in the opposite direction of wherever Jeni lives. You hear me?”

Glenn’s eyes grew big when he felt the knife poking him in the groin. Brock dug a little deeper with the knife. The man didn’t say anything, he just nodded his head.

“Good. I’m planning on her living here with us, but if she decides to live somewhere else, I’m going to have someone always watching her. You ever show your face in the same town as she lives, I will make you sorry you were ever born.” Brock gave the man one more jab with the knife and then put it away and walked off after nodding to the deputy guarding Glenn.

Brock waited with Brady as they placed three stitches in his arm where the bullet had grazed him. They still hadn’t seen Jeni. She was being taken care of in one of the only fully enclosed rooms in the town’s little emergency room.

“How are we going to convince her to stay with us, Brock?” Brady asked after a while.

“I don’t know. It’s not like we can offer her anything. We live in the middle of nowhere, and there are two of us. She might not want to live like that.”

“I can’t let her go, Brock. She has to stay.”

“Brady, we can’t force her. If we did, we wouldn’t be any better than her ex-husband.”

“I know you’re right, but...” Brady just shook his head and stared off out the window.

“Give her a chance to get well. She’s been sick or hurt ever since we’ve known her. Then, once she has had time to recover, we can try

and convince her to stay with us. That's the best we can do," Brock said.

## Chapter Ten

Her face hurt again. It seemed every time she got into trouble with Glenn it was her face he went after first. This time, though, he hadn't been able to finish what he started. The bastard was in jail, and she was free of him. The novelty of the situation hadn't yet worn off. Brady had shot the hand that Glenn used on her. He wouldn't be able to use it for much of anything anymore. She couldn't help but grin at the idea.

Two days. She'd been in the hospital for two days for pneumonia. She felt so much better than she had but they refused to let her go for another twenty-four hours. Brady and Brock had been with her nearly the entire time. She missed them when they were gone. Like now, they had gone back to the ranch to shower and change clothes. She tried to convince them to stay for the night and get some good rest, but they refused to leave her alone at night. Secretly, she liked that, knowing they cared about her.

What was she going to do though? When it was time for her to leave the hospital, she had nowhere to go. With Glenn out of the picture, she could go back home and start over, but that didn't really appeal to her now. The guys kept telling her she belonged with them, but did they really mean that or were they just saying that to make her feel good?

She had been nothing but trouble for them since they met her. Surely, now that she was free and clear of Glenn, they would expect her to move on. The thought of leaving them hurt. She had grown to care about them a lot. Maybe even a little too much. The thought of not seeing them again started an ache in her heart that only got worse

the more she thought about it. Surely there was some way she could remain close to them. Maybe she could find a job and live here in town.

How pathetic did that sound? She was searching for ways to stay close to them when they might even now be hoping she'd leave soon. When had they become so important to her? Jeni wasn't sure, but she knew she needed to decide what to do soon.

"Hey, you're still awake," Brady said as he walked into the room.

He carried a small package wrapped up in brown paper and string. Jeni couldn't help eyeing the plain-looking gift. He lifted his eyebrows and held it out to her.

"It's not much, just thought you could use a smile."

"Thanks, you really shouldn't have gotten me anything."

"It isn't anything really," they both said in union.

Giggling, Jeni untied the string and opened the package. Inside lay a pair of extra thick socks. She smiled and grabbed both their hands before swinging her legs over the edge of the bed and throwing them at Brady.

"I need them on now," she demanded.

Brock laughed and, taking the socks from the package, rolled them on her feet. Brady replaced her feet under the covers and threw away the paper and string.

"I love them. Thank you both so much."

"So, they said you could go home tomorrow afternoon." Brady sat on the edge of the bed.

"Yeah, um, they said my stuff is at your place. Is that okay with you guys?"

"Of course it is. You're welcome to stay with us as long as you want to," Brock added.

"I don't want to be a burden. I mean, all I've done is cause you two trouble."

"We want you to come and stay, Jeni," Brady finally spit out.

“I don’t know how long it will be for. I have to decide what I’m going to do with my life now that I actually have one to live.”

Jeni listened hard to detect any insincerity in their voices when they offered her a place to stay, but she couldn’t find any. They truly seemed to want her to come and stay for awhile. The problem was would she ever want to go again if she did stay with them. She had already admitted to herself that it would be easy to fall in love with the two of them. They had been so good to her.

“Don’t worry about anything for right now. As soon as they let you go, we’ll take you home with us and you can heal and relax and think about what you want to do. You have all the time you need.” Brock straddled a chair and laid his arms across the back of it.

“Is there anything you want or need from your things to be ready to leave tomorrow? I can go get it and bring it back tomorrow afternoon,” Brady offered.

“Thanks, but the clothes you brought will be fine for me to go home in. Thanks for the coat. I needed a new one. The one I was wearing wasn’t very thick, was it?”

“Not at all,” Brady agreed.

“Get some sleep, baby girl,” Brock said. “We’ll be right here if you need us.”

Jeni smiled and wiggled around until she got comfortable, then closed her eyes to go to sleep.

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“Hey! I told you I can walk,” Jeni shrieked.

Brady held her in his arms all the way to the porch before he let her slide slowly to the ground. She thumped him on the back and walked past him to the kitchen door.

“I didn’t want you to get your pants wet in the snow, baby,” Brady said.

“Both of you need to cool it.” Brock carried the suitcase through the kitchen and into the living room. He dropped it by the couch.

Jeni smiled at him and gave him a hug. She was so glad to be there. It felt like home to her. But it wasn’t her home, it was theirs, she reminded herself. She couldn’t forget that she was a guest there.

“Are you tired? I can fix up the couch and you can take a quick nap if you want to,” Brady offered.

“I’m not tired at all. I want to go see the horses. I never got to see them when I was here before.”

“Brady, why don’t you go show her the horses? I need to check on some things now that we are back.” Brock smiled at her.

“Come on, back in the coat with you.” Brady helped her put the coat on and then steered her towards the back door again. “We need to get a hat for you. I’ll see about that the next time we go into town.”

“If it touches my body, I get to help pick it out,” she said good-naturedly.

“Anything you put on will look great on you,” Brady offered.

“Enough with the compliments already. You’re going to give me a complex or something.”

Brady laughed and pulled her closer to him as they stepped into the stables. The smell of hay and fresh manure filled her nose. She wrinkled it, but smiled. It smelled like home to her. In fact, everything about the ranch smelled and felt like home. She didn’t want to leave here at all. She wanted to stay.

“What are you thinking about?” Brady asked. “You look so serious all of a sudden.”

“Oh, nothing,” she hedged. “I really like it here. You’ve got a wonderful home.”

“Thanks. It’s your home too.” He hurried on. “For as long as you like.”

“Thanks, I just might stay awhile.” Oh, if only she could.

He introduced her to each of the four horses, then escorted her around the closer buildings and corrals. She stopped and talked with



each of the animals that were close by and nearly climbed in Brady's arms when one of the bulls snorted at her.

Brady led her back to the house and held the door for her as she walked in. The smell of food instantly had her mouth watering. She should have offered to cook instead of dragging Brady all over the ranch. He and Brock had spent all their time with her while she'd been in the hospital. They were probably way behind now because of her, and she was making it worse. Maybe she shouldn't have come back there after all. She would only be in the way again.

"I'm so glad you're here." Brady twirled her around and then walked over to the stove to lift the lid on a pot.

"It smells good whatever it is," she offered.

"Soup. We brought it back with us from the hospital." Brock walked into the room.

"Hey, I can make cornbread to go with it. How would you like that?" she asked.

"You don't have to do that," Brock said.

"Sounds good to me," Brady said.

Jeni laughed and began searching through the kitchen for the ingredients for cornbread. Once she had everything gathered together, she found a pan and heated some oil in the bottom of it. While she mixed together the rest of the ingredients, she listened to Brock and Brady talk about the ranch and what was going on with it. It felt almost like being a family.

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Brock sat back from the table patting his stomach. The cornbread had been perfect with the soup. Their little baby girl could cook. Looking over at Brady, he could see how much his brother had grown to love Jeni. The domestic scene looked like a cozy family, one from a holiday Christmas card. She looked to be about asleep on her feet though. It was time to put her to bed.

“Brady, let’s get her upstairs. She’s going to pass out on us any minute now.”

“Oh, no. I need to see about the dishes.” Jeni covered her mouth with her hand as she yawned.

“I think we can handle a few dirty bowls and spoons,” Brock said as he picked her up in his arms.

Jeni squealed and threw her arms around his neck to hold on. He pretended to choke, and she instantly let go of him. He barely caught her before she fell out of his arms. Brady collapsed on a chair laughing at them.

“Easy there, baby. I almost lost you.”

Brock shook his head and carried her through the kitchen door into the living room and up the stairs. He hesitated in the bedroom for all of a second, but she didn’t seem to notice. He dropped her on the bed, and she bounced with a giggle.

“Okay, let’s get you in bed. Hold on while I pull off your boots.” He bent over and pulled off one of her new boots.

“I should help with the dishes,” she said again as she fell back against the covers.

He stood up from taking off her socks and found her sound asleep. He shook his head with a smile and began undressing her. Her honey cinnamon scent teased his nose and, ultimately, his dick. He left her underwear on and tucked her under the covers with the electric blanket on. He and Brady wouldn’t be crawling into bed with her this time.

That fact had a sobering effect on his libido. He watched her sleep for a few seconds then went back downstairs to help Brady clean up the kitchen. They needed to work on a plan to get her to agree to stay with them. Brock had come to the realization that he was falling in love with her too. The idea of her not being there every day to greet them tore a part of him up inside. No, she had to stay one way or another. She belonged with them. They just had to convince her of that fact.

Brady was wiping down the stove when he reached the kitchen. He had a lost look on his face. Brock was hesitant to interrupt whatever thoughts had him looking so serious.

“She was sound asleep before I could even get her boots off of her.”

“I’m not surprised. We walked all over the ranch before dinner.” Brady rinsed out the dishrag and laid it on the side of the sink.

“She seemed to like it, didn’t she?” Brock asked.

“Yeah.”

“So what’s got you looking like you lost your best friend?” Brock knew the answer but wanted Brady to say it out loud.

“I guess ‘cause I am...losing my best friend. She’s gonna leave, isn’t she?”

“Probably. Unless we can come up with a way to get her to stay,” Brock agreed.

“Like what?” Brady asked.

“What if we offer her a job to stay here?”

“Doing what?”

“Cooking and seeing after the place,” Brock suggested.

Brady scrunched up his face and then shrugged. “Maybe. I don’t know if that’s much of an incentive to stay, though.”

“If we suggest it right. She doesn’t have anywhere to be right now. Put it to her like this is something temporary until she gets her feet under her and decides what she wants to do now that her ex isn’t in the picture.”

“That could work. I guess it’s worth a try. I was kind of hoping that after we had sex she would be ours.” He huffed out a breath. “I guess that was wishful thinking though.”

“I don’t think she knows what she wants right now. She was sort of beholden to us in her mind since we helped her.” He held up his hand when Brady tried to interrupt. “I know she wasn’t, but she might have seen it that way.”

“God, I hope not. I don’t expect sex for helping someone,” Brady growled.

“Neither do I, but we don’t know what she is thinking. Hell, she’s a woman. There’s never any telling what they are thinking.” Brock leaned back against the cabinet.

“So, we ask her to stay and help us out until she decides what she might want to do. In the meantime, we try and get her to fall in love with us. That’s the plan.”

“I’m in.”

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Jeni stretched in the bed without opening her eyes. She’d had a wonderful dream where all three of them lived together on the ranch. It had seemed so real. She wished it were true. She loved the ranch and was quickly falling in love with the guys. Leaving was going to be so hard to do when the time came. In fact, it was going to be heartbreaking. She wished there was some way to get them to fall for her like she had fallen for them. But you couldn’t force someone to love you.

She rolled over to her side and wished they were in bed with her right now. She missed that. It seemed wrong somehow for them not to be there with her. The clock on the bedside table said it was five a.m. They would be up soon, cooking breakfast and getting ready to go out and check on the cows. Cattle? What did they call them?

An idea had her sitting straight up in bed. Maybe she could cook for them. They seemed to have enjoyed her cornbread with the soup last night. They had definitely liked the pancakes she had cooked the other morning. It would give her something useful to do while she set about getting them to need her so badly they would want her to stay. If they got used to her being around all the time, maybe they would realize they didn’t want her to leave. Jeni smiled. It was a good plan.

She shot out of the bed and hurriedly dressed in jeans and a long-sleeve flannel shirt. No sounds could be heard throughout the house as she tiptoed down the stairs trying to avoid the squeaking steps. On reaching the kitchen, Jeni began pulling out ingredients for omelets and biscuits.

By the time the coffee was ready, she had the biscuits made and cut out, ready for the oven. Footfalls sounded on the stairs. Her guys were coming down. She hoped they liked omelets. She'd put ham, cheese, onions, and peppers in them. Now she worried they might not have liked all of that in their eggs.

"Coffee. Brady, what are you doing up so early..." he trailed off when he saw her standing by the stove.

"Good morning, Brock." She smiled at him, feeling a little shy for some reason.

"What are you doing up so early? I thought it was Brady. Should have known better. He doesn't get up a minute before he has to."

"I hope you guys like omelets."

Brock took down a coffee mug and poured a cup. "Love them, but you didn't have to get up and cook for us. We can manage on our own."

"I love to cook. Since you're letting me stay here for awhile, I thought I could do a little something around the place to sort of earn my keep." Jeni licked her lips in hopes he would agree.

"Baby, you don't have to lift a finger while you're here if you don't want to. You're our guest for as long as you want to stay."

"You can stay forever as far as I'm concerned." Brady walked into the kitchen with a yawn.

"You both are treating me like a princess. I don't mind cooking and picking up some. I'll go stir-crazy if I don't do something. Please let me at least cook for you while I'm here. I really do enjoy cooking."

"That's because you are a princess—our princess." Brady walked over and kissed her on the lips.

Jeni barely refrained from touching her lips with her fingers. He'd kissed her. She smiled and then turned to put the biscuits in the oven to cover her joy.

"Give me fifteen minutes, and everything will be ready," Jeni said, getting busy with the omelets.

"She's making omelets and homemade biscuits," Brock said.

"Yum! We got any of that blackberry jam left?" Brady went to the pantry to rummage around.

"It should be in the refrigerator if it's been opened. Otherwise, it might not be any good anymore." Jeni folded one of the omelets.

"Damn. Don't see it in the pantry," he said.

"She told you to look in the fridge." Brock winked at her.

"Here it is." Brady pulled a half-empty jar out of the back of the fridge.

Brock laughed. "Told you."

Brady shot him the bird and walked around to the coffeepot to pour a cup for himself.

Jeni listened as the two men discussed what they planned to accomplish while she finished up the omelets and pulled out the biscuits. It felt nice to be together like this. It was how she thought a family would feel like. Sure, there were two men in the picture, but did that really matter? Her hand faltered at buttering the biscuits. What if they didn't want her together? She hadn't thought of that.

"Hey, looks like breakfast is ready." Brady's voice cut in on her thoughts.

"Come and get it." She smiled and passed the plate of omelets to Brock to carry to the table. She brought the biscuits.

"Man, this looks good." Brady pulled out her chair for her to sit.

The three of them ate without much conversation. The men seemed to be enjoying the food, so Jeni held out hope they would warm to the idea of her working for them. It would be a start.

After finishing their omelets and about four biscuits each, Brock picked up his plate and took it to the sink.

When he rinsed it, Jeni jumped up.

“Hey, I’ve got that. I’ll put everything in the dishwasher.”

“No reason for you to do that. You cooked.”

“And it was damn good too,” Brady added.

As soon as Brady finished his last biscuit, he rinsed off his plate as well and added it to the dishwasher. Both men grabbed hold of her and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

“See you later, baby girl,” Brock said.

“Will you be in for lunch?” she asked before they made it out the door.

“Yeah, but don’t you go and cook anything. We’ll eat sandwiches like always,” Brady said.

“Okay, but I’ll have something warm for you tonight.”

“You don’t have to cook for us, Jeni,” Brock said.

She smiled when Brady punched Brock in the arm. “I really don’t mind. I told you. I enjoy cooking.”

“Okay, I’m not going to complain about a home-cooked meal,” Brock said.

They waved goodbye as they trudged out onto the snow-covered porch. She watched them until they disappeared inside the stable. Once they were gone, she turned around and began cleaning up the kitchen. She smiled as she put away the jelly. It would be fun to be here in the fall when blackberries were ready. She could put up homemade jelly for Brady. Maybe she could even have a small garden for fresh vegetables. Reality set in, and she sighed, sitting down at the kitchen table.

*You don’t even know if you will get to stay, and you’re already planning a garden, for goodness sake. One thing at a time.*

## Chapter Eleven

The next several days passed in much the same fashion. She got up and made breakfast, had sandwiches ready when they came in for lunch, and cooked a hot meal for dinner each night. They seemed to be getting used to her being there. They hadn't mentioned her leaving, so neither did she. Her only problem now was how to bring up the subject of maybe staying on to cook and clean for them. Surely they wouldn't pass up a live-in cook and housekeeper for room and board.

She decided that tonight right after dinner when they all sat around in the living room watching TV she would bring it up. The worst they could do would be to tell her no. She sighed. It would break her heart, and she would have to think about leaving fairly soon after that. She couldn't stick around knowing there would never be anything between them. It would hurt too much.

Once dinner was over, she cleaned up the kitchen and then joined Brock and Brady in the living room. They angled the couch to make it easier for all of them to see TV. Jen sat between them with Brock's arm around behind her shoulders. Both of the mens' legs touched hers. The pressure against her legs seemed to be a tease. Oh what she wouldn't give to have their naked legs touching hers. Better yet, their naked bodies pressed against hers. The image sent a shiver down her spine.

"You cold, baby?" Brock pulled her closer to him.

Brady ran a hand up and down her jean-clad leg. That small gesture had her catching her breath.

"A little, maybe. I'm okay, though."

"I've been thinking..." she began.



“We’ve been thinking...” Brock began.

They laughed.

“What have you been thinking?” Brady asked her.

“No, you first. It was nothing.” Jeni was getting cold feet now.

“Well, we were thinking that since you’re cooking and picking up after us anyway, maybe you would like to stick around as our cook and housekeeper.” Brock hurried on when she started to answer him. “We’d pay you, of course.”

“Goodness,” she began. “You wouldn’t have to pay me. I’m living here as it is.” She cringed inside.

They really only thought of her as a friend whom they were thinking of hiring. It hurt, but she wouldn’t give up. If they hired her, she would still be there with them, and maybe she could work on them.

“Of course, we would pay you. You can’t work for nothing.” Brock hugged her tightly for a second.

“Um, I guess. I just feel bad about taking your money. You’ve been so good to me.”

“You’re not in our debt or anything.” Brady sounded a little put out.

Jeni wondered why he seemed upset now. Had she said something to make him mad? She couldn’t think of anything. Maybe he wasn’t as happy with the idea of her working there as Brock seemed to be. That thought bothered her.

“Well, what do you say?” Brock finally asked.

“Okay, I’ll do it. I’ll enjoy being here.” Jeni took the chance she was making the right decision.

“Great,” Brady said.

When he reached over and gave her a hug, pulling her out of Brock’s arms, she thought maybe he was okay with the idea after all. Who knew what men were thinking sometimes? All she knew was that she felt on top of the world knowing she would be staying around

for awhile. Hopefully permanently, if she could convince the guys they loved her and wanted her around.

“Hey, there’s the weather. Hush up you two,” Brock said and turned up the volume.

*Looks like another snowstorm heading our way. Right now, it looks like it will hit over the weekend. I’m not predicting how much snow just yet. We’ll keep a close eye on the situation and give you an update as it gets closer.*

“Damn. We just got past the last one.” Brady hit the arm of the couch with one hand.

“Maybe it won’t be as bad,” Jeni offered.

“It really shouldn’t be. It’s too early in the season for it.” Brock sighed. “It was too early for the last one, too.” Brock turned off the TV. “Best be turning in. We need to be better prepared for this one.”

“Is there anything I can do to help?” she asked.

“Naw, just keep us in food and you’ll be doing great,” Brock said with a smile.

They all stood up and headed for the stairs. Brady pulled her into his arms and gave her a kiss. Definitely not brotherly. More like smoldering, she decided. When Brock pulled her out of Brady’s arms and did the same thing, she thought maybe she would be able to convince them she was more than just a cook and friend. She smiled to herself as she climbed the stairs and got ready for bed. Yeah, she wished they were going to be sleeping with her, but she was one step closer than she had been.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning after breakfast, Brady saddled his horse. He couldn’t stop thinking how good it felt to see Jeni in their kitchen cooking breakfast. The only thing better would be to wake up next to her every morning.

“It worked better than I thought it would,” Brady said.

“What did?” Brock asked as he tightened the cinch on his saddle.

“Getting her to agree to stay on.”

“Yeah, it did. Let’s give her a few days to get used to the idea then start working on her,” Brock suggested.

“The snow storm is coming up,” Brady said. “It would be a stroke of luck if we lost electricity again.”

“Don’t count on it. Couldn’t happen twice in a row like that.”

“But I can hope and pray it does,” Brady said.

He thought about it most of the morning as they worked the cattle, moving them closer to the barns. He even thought about staging it so that she thought the electricity was out because of the storm. He figured he would broach the subject with Brock if it looked like the storm wasn’t going to pan out into as big a one as the last one. Knowing Brock, though, he wouldn’t go for it. He tended to be too honest, although he had come up with the “cook and housekeeper” idea.

So far, that was working out great. She was a damn good cook. She was the best thing that had ever happened to them.

He wondered, not for the first time, if they should talk to their parents about her yet. Brock hadn’t mentioned her to them in any of their phone conversations since the blizzard. He wondered why. He needed to ask him. It wasn’t like Brock to keep anything from their dads.

“Hey, Brady,” Brock called out. “Wake up over there.”

“Sorry, what were you saying?”

“Things are working out with Jeni so far.”

“Yeah. I was just thinking the same thing,” Brady said.

“Think she’s going to go for both of us? ‘Cause it isn’t going to work if she only falls for one of us.”

“Well, she hasn’t balked when both of us kiss her. She seems fine with it. I would think she would know we’re both coming on to her by now. Don’t you think?” Brady asked.

“You’re probably right. Guess I’m worrying for nothing.”

“I hope they have more to say tonight about that snowstorm heading our way. It would really work in our favor if it’s a big one.” Brady stopped to look at a section of fence that probably needed some work.

He leaned down and flagged it with a red flag. The hands would come back tomorrow and work on all the flags, making sure the fence lines stayed secure.

“Brock, why haven’t you told the family about her when you’ve talked to them?”

Brock was silent for a few minutes. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

“Guess I’m thinking that as long as they don’t know about her, we still have a chance with her. I don’t want to jinx us by telling them. You know how Mom will get.”

“I guess. She would want to come meet her and give her the once-over. I’d hate to scare her off before we’ve had a chance to woo her,” Brady agreed.

Suddenly, Brock reined his horse in. “Let’s call it a day, Brady. Maybe we can up the timeline a bit by helping her in the kitchen.”

“I’m all for that. Last one to the stables has to wash dishes.” Brady spurred his horse and took off for the stable.

Brock wasn’t too far behind. It wasn’t lost on Brady that he didn’t attempt to beat him. Either he was thinking mighty hard on something, or he had an ulterior motive. Maybe washing the dishes meant more time with Jeni. Well, damn. He’d screwed himself out of the real prize. When Brock rode up a few seconds after him, Brady scowled at him.

“Think you’re so smart, don’t you?”

“Why do you say that? You won fair and square.” Brock’s face couldn’t contain the grin splitting his mouth wide.

“You mean you won fair and square ‘cause I wasn’t thinking straight.” Brady finished unfastening the saddle and pulled it off the horse with a huff.

“You mean you weren’t thinking at all,” Brock teased.

He plunked his saddle on the saddle stand and started grooming his horse.

Brady shook his head. Naturally, his older brother would figure it all out before he did. Didn’t mean he was going to give up. He’d get his time with her. Brock couldn’t hog her all the time.

“Turn the radio on over there while we’re doing this. Maybe there will be an update on the weather.”

Brady switched on the radio they kept tuned to the weather channel. The first sixty seconds or so was naturally devoted to commercials. Finally, the weather for their area came on. After listening for the next couple of minutes, Brady turned it off.

“Looks like another storm for sure. Don’t know that it will be as bad as the first one, but it will be a problem one way or another.” Brock put away the grooming supplies and washed his hands.

“Sounds like it will hit Friday afternoon sometime. That gives us tomorrow and most of Friday to get everything locked down and taken care of,” Brady added.

“We may have to make a quick trip into town for supplies. I’ll check in with our Bob on what he thinks they might need for the ranch and look at the feed situation. You run talk to Jeni about the food. She might not know enough about staples for long periods of time. She’s probably used to running to a store anytime she needs something. Different out here. Best she learns that now.” Brock walked outside towards the closest barn.

Brady rubbed his hands together. He would have some time with Jeni, after all, and with a good reason behind it too. Smiling, he washed his hands before leaving the stable and walked across the wide yard to the house. Even before he made it all the way on the porch, he could smell the scent of some sort of baked good. Mmmm, he thought. Maybe a pie. He opened the back door and walked in to find Jeni frying something on the stove. It looked like little pies of

some sort. Whatever they were, they smelled delicious. He couldn't wait to try one.

"What are you cooking there, Jeni?" he asked, walking up behind her.

"Fried apple pies. You had some apples that were going to go bad if we didn't eat them. I thought you would like this better than a fruit salad."

Brady grabbed her around the waist and kissed her on the cheek before letting her go. She smelled of cinnamon and honey. The combination was driving him wild with need. His cock grew harder than it was before he walked through the door and that was saying something.

"Fried apple pies sound good. Need me to test one for you?" He reached out to grab one, but she slapped his hand.

"Not 'til after dinner tonight. I have a roast in the crock pot. It should be ready in another hour. You're early tonight."

"We decided to come in early. We might be really busy with the storm coming up."

"Have you heard anything more? I should have had the TV on the weather so I could keep up with it."

"That's part of the reason I'm in so early. We need to look at the food and see what we might need to keep us should we get snowed in again."

"Lord, I hadn't thought about that. I'll make a list as soon as I finish this last couple of pies." Jeni flipped the pies in the frying pan over.

"Can I do anything to help?" he asked.

"No, these are almost ready. Then I'll turn off the stove, and we can start checking the pantry for what we need."

Several minutes later they were sitting at the kitchen table going over what they had in the pantry and refrigerator. Brady was impressed with her ability to think long-term as far as what they might need. Brock would be proud of her. She learned fast how

important it was to think ahead when you lived over an hour away from town.

“Okay, the only things we could use are milk, bread, butter, and some fresh meat if we decide to go to town. We can do without all of it if need be.” Jeni ticked off the items as she named them.

“It will depend on what we need for the ranch as to whether we decide to go or not,” Brady explained.

“You know, if you two are needed here, I can go to town and get what we need so there’s no need for you to stop what you’re working on.”

Brady thought about it. It would help but he wasn’t too hot about her going anywhere alone right now. Maybe one of them could go with her while the other one stayed at the ranch. It was an idea to talk over with Brock.

“I don’t know. Might not be a good idea when you aren’t familiar with the roads yet. Maybe after you’ve driven them some.” He didn’t want to rile her up by saying she wasn’t going to go anywhere alone.

“I guess that’s a good reason. I don’t know my way around too well.” She doodled on the list, then stood up. “I need to work on dinner now. Brock will be in soon and you’re both hungry.”

Brady laughed. “How can you tell?”

“I’ve seen you eyeing my fried apple pies. They’re off limits for now. I know how many I baked, so don’t think you can sneak one behind my back and not get caught.”

“What can I do to help?”

“There really isn’t anything. I have it under control. Why don’t you relax in the living room and watch TV.”

Brady walked up behind her at the sink and wrapped his arms around her. She squeaked in surprise. He nuzzled her neck, pushing her hair aside with his nose.

“You smell wonderful,” he whispered in her ear.

“It’s probably the apple pies you smell, Brady. I don’t wear perfume.” Jeni scrunched her neck up where his chin kept scratching her skin.

He figured he was leaving a red mark from his afternoon beard. Not the least bit ashamed of marking her, Brady rubbed again before letting go of her and stepping back. She shivered but didn’t complain. It was a start, he decided.

“What is that wonderful smell?” Brock walked in the kitchen, removing his hat and coat as he did.

“She made fried apple pies,” Brady said as proudly as if he’d made them himself.

“I want one.” Brock walked over to the stove where they were.

“Don’t you dare touch them! They’re for after dinner.” Jeni turned from the sink and gave Brock a dirty look.

“Okay, I’ll wait.” He grumbled something under his breath that Brady thought sounded like “meany.”

“We got a list up of what we can use if we decide to go to town. We can do without if you don’t want to go, though.” Brady picked up the list and handed it to Brock.

“You know, one of us could go with Jeni and the other stay here to work on getting the ranch ready.”

“That’s not a bad idea. We need about five bags of feed so a trip to town is a must. I’ll write up what we can use and one of us will go with Jeni tomorrow morning.” Brock pulled the pad and pencil across the table and began writing out a list. “Might as well get everything we need and not waste a trip.”

“If you two will set the table, I’ll have dinner ready in another thirty minutes. We’re having roast with potatoes and carrots, green bean casserole, and rolls. I hope that sounds okay with you guys.” Jeni sat a pot back on the burner that had been sitting off to the side.

“Sounds wonderful to me,” Brock said.

Brady nodded his head towards Jeni, who had her back turned to them. Brock looked confused. Brady mimicked hugging and planted a



big kiss in the air. Brock snickered and smiled. Brady watched as his older brother walked over to where Jeni stood stirring something on the stove. He wrapped his arms around her and gave her a kiss on the cheek. She laughed and turned in his arms.

“What is that for?”

“For taking such good care of us.” Brock flicked her nose with his finger.

“I enjoy taking care of you two.” Jeni smiled.

Brady noticed she didn't pull away from Brock either when he held her. That gave him hope she wasn't opposed to a possible relationship with both of them. Maybe not now, but in the future when they all knew each other a little better she would be happy living between them.

Brock let her go and popped Brady on the shoulder as he passed.

“Set the table for her, will you? I'm going to turn on the TV and catch the sports.” Brock walked out of the kitchen.

“Left you to do the dirty work.” Jeni's smile teased him.

He still hadn't managed to tamp down his desire for her. His cock was screaming to be let out to play. He swallowed a groan and began setting the table with plates and silverware. When he turned around, he found himself staring into her eyes. She'd walked up behind him and he startled her when he turned around.

“Sorry, didn't mean to scare you,” he said.

“That's all right. I was going to sneak up on you like you did me.”

“Were you going to give me a kiss too?”

“Yep, right on your chin since I can't reach you otherwise.” Jeni smirked up at him.

“How 'bout I bend over and you can kiss me on the lips?” He was playing with fire he knew, but couldn't help himself.

“Okay, bend down, cowboy.”

Brady watched her lick her lips and his cock leapt at the sight. She stood up on tiptoe as he bent over and kissed him lightly on the lips. He couldn't stop himself. He cupped the back of her head with one

hand and angled hers with the other. Then he swooped down and took possession of her lips. She moaned, standing still at first. Then she kissed him back, opening her mouth under his pressure. She tasted of apples and sugar.

Brady slowly pulled back, afraid of frightening her away. Things were going too smoothly for him to fuck it up by getting greedy. He couldn't wait to tell Brock. She had actually kissed him back.

“Stoop teasing me and get your brother. His turn next.”

## Chapter Twelve

“Oh, Lord. That didn’t come out right.” Jeni quickly tried to cover her mistake. “I mean, he can put the ice in the glasses.”

Brady laughed at her. “It didn’t sound like that to me. I think you want Brock to kiss you is what I think.”

“Shut up and go get your brother.” Jeni needed to fan herself.

Brady smirked at her but turned and left the kitchen, supposedly to get Brock. He was probably going to tell him all about her blunder. Truth be told, she did want him to come kiss her. Just like his brother. Did that make her a slut? She was falling in love with two men at one time. Or was she already in love? Before she could come up with a good answer, both men walked back into the room.

“Brady said you needed me to do something for you,” Brock said.

“Um, yeah. I needed you to fill the glasses with ice and tea. I’ve got everything ready to put on the table now.” Jeni busied herself getting the green-bean casserole out of the oven.

If Brady said anything, she was going to pass out right in front of them. Thank goodness for the heat from the oven to explain away her blush. She was sure her face and neck were three shades of red.

“You okay, Jeni? You look awful flushed there.” Brady cocked his head and smiled at her.

Jeni could have slapped him right then. He had a shit-eating grin on his face that made her so mad she couldn’t see straight. Then she realized he was getting what he wanted by getting her all riled up. She smiled back at him and licked her bottom lip slow and easy for him. The look on his face was priceless. She glanced down and noticed his

cock outlined on his jeans. She knew her mouth flew open before she could stop it.

“Jeni?” Brock asked, looking concerned.

“I’m fine. Just hot here in the kitchen with the oven on and all.” She fanned herself.

Brady grinned wider as she did. She scowled at him when Brock turned his back to put the tea back in the fridge. Brady slid one hand down to his crotch and rubbed suggestively. Jeni nearly died in shock. She popped her hand over her mouth and turned away before she said or did anything that would embarrass her. What was going on with Brady? He was teasing and flirting with her. He hadn’t done that before.

*Yeah, but you had sex with both of them. Don’t you think he can be a little forward after that? Besides, it’s what you want—what you are after. A relationship with them will be wild, to say the least.*

Jeni swallowed and grabbed the platter with the roast on it and turned to set it on the table. Brock was suddenly there and taking it from her. He bent down and gave her a quick kiss on the lips before he took the roast to the table. Jeni forgot what she was doing and just stood in the middle of the kitchen staring at nothing.

“What about the potatoes and carrots?” Brady asked innocently.

“Oh, um, here.” She picked up the bowl with them in it and walked to the kitchen table and sat down.

She kept silent the entire meal while the men talked around her. They discussed the cattle, the bulls, the horses, and fences. She mulled over the kisses and little innuendoes the men had been throwing out lately. Were they as interested in her as she was in them?

Brady was a natural flirt with Brock being the more serious of the two. She knew where she stood with Brady—sort of. With Brock, though, she had no idea if he were interested in her or not. Sometimes she thought he was, but then he’d get all quiet and reserved again, and

she'd think she might have made a mistake. Both men teased her to some degree. Today appeared to be a major tease day for Brady.

"So, what do you think, Jeni?" Brock asked.

"Huh? Oh, sorry, I guess I wasn't paying attention. What did you say?"

"I was just telling Brady that you and I will go into town tomorrow morning and gather supplies while he works here at the ranch."

"That sounds like a good plan to me. I can do the grocery shopping while you take care of the things you need for the ranch."

"I think we have a plan then." Brock scooted back his chair and stood up. "I want one of those apple pies, but I need to let dinner settle first."

"Me, too," Brady said.

"How about you guys watch TV while I clean up, and then I'll put a scoop of ice cream over them and bring them to you."

"Actually, I'm going to wash dishes. You and Brady watch the weather for me, and then we can all enjoy that ice cream and apple pie together." Brock walked around behind her chair and pulled it out for her.

"I can wash the dishes. There's no need for you to. You've been working all day." Jeni wrung her hands.

"I can handle a few dirty dishes. Besides, most of them go in the dishwasher anyway." Brock picked up her plate and silverware and walked to the sink.

"Come on, Jeni. We need to hurry so we don't miss the weather." Brady grabbed her hand and pulled her along behind him.

"Brady, what is going on with you today?" she fussed at him when he pulled her through the kitchen door into the living room.

"Nothing, why?"

"You're acting peculiar."

Brady smiled and sat down on the couch. He pulled her down onto his lap with a plop. Jeni struggled for a few seconds, but became

aware of the solid ridge of his cock beneath her ass. She stilled. Brady took advantage of her sudden lack of movement to pull her more solidly into his lap.

“There, are you comfortable? Just lean back. Your head can rest on my shoulder.”

“It would probably be more comfortable for both of us if I sat on the couch,” Jeni suggested.

“I like you sitting here. Just relax. I won’t bite you—yet.”

The weather came on and they were both silent as they listened to the predictions for more snow. This storm would be different from the last. Since the temperatures weren’t as low as before, they would start out with sleet and freezing rain that would turn into snow later in the evening. They were only expecting accumulations of about two feet, but the underlying ice and sleet would make getting around dangerous. Not just in a car, but on foot as well. They were advising people to stay in after Friday morning.

Brock walked in. “Did I miss it?”

“Yeah,” Brady said.

They filled him in on what the weatherman had said. Brock sat on the couch and nodded.

“Tomorrow is the best time to go then. I don’t want to be on the road in icy weather. As long as it doesn’t speed up and get here before Friday, we’ll be fine to go tomorrow,” Brock said.

“I’ll go get the pie and ice cream now.” Jeni struggled down from Brady’s lap.

“You need help?” Brady asked.

“Nope, I’ve got it.”

Jeni escaped to the kitchen. She leaned her head against the fridge for a few seconds to gather her wits about her. Being so close to Brady and not being able to kiss him and hug him like she wanted to kept her on edge. And Brock. She really wanted to taste him like she had Brady. Could she initiate a kiss with him? Jeni wasn’t sure she had enough guts to do it.

Finally, she felt able to fix their ice cream and pie without dropping something. Once she had three bowls with a pie each and a scoop of ice cream on top of them, she carried two into the living room to the men. Then she returned for hers. When she walked back into the living room this time, she deliberately sat in between them. She wasn't going to sit on Brady's lap when she couldn't sit on Brock's too. Maybe one day she would feel comfortable enough with both men that she could choose whose lap to sit on.

"Damn, this is good, baby girl." Brock's face looked as if he'd tasted heaven.

"It sure is," Brady said. "If I wasn't so full from dinner, I'd eat another one."

"I'm glad you like them. I'll make peach pie when we have some fresh peaches."

"I'll make sure we get some for you." Brock licked his spoon and stood up. "If we're going to get up early and go, we need to get to bed soon."

"I'll take care of the bowls and spoons," Brady said.

"Thanks, guys, for doing the dishes tonight. It's my job, though, so don't make a habit of doing it." Jeni shook her finger at them.

"Don't worry about it, baby. We don't like doing dishes enough to take that task away from you." Brady squeezed her to him, then let her go.

"Let's meet down here at six," Brock told her.

"I'll fix us something quick to take with us. How about leftover roast sandwiches?" she asked.

"Sounds good to me." Brock pulled her into his arms and kissed her on the lips.

It was a quick kiss, but it warmed her all the way through. She sizzled just from his touch, and she realized that she reacted differently to each of the men. Brady made her hot, but Brock burned her from the inside out. She felt Brock's erection hard and thick against her belly. She remembered how it had felt in her mouth. The

salty taste that clung to her even once she swallowed. She wanted to taste it again.

Jeni snapped back into the present to hear Brady fuss about being left behind. She smiled. He wouldn't want to miss out on any fun they might have, she decided. From the sounds of it, though, Brock planned to get there, shop, and get back as soon as possible. They wanted to get everything unloaded and put away before nightfall. Even leaving early, it would be a fast trip.

"Let's head to bed, you two. Morning comes early here." Brock beat them up the stairs.

Brady looked at her and shrugged. He obviously wasn't in any hurry. He stopped outside her door and leaned against the door facing.

"You going to miss me tomorrow?" he asked.

"I doubt it."

He frowned, wrinkling his forehead. "What do you mean you doubt it?"

"I'm just kidding, Brady. You're so easy."

"Am not," he argued with a grin. "I'll miss you."

"You'll miss breakfast and lunch."

"And you, too, baby." He brushed his lips against hers, then drew in a deep breath and left.

\* \* \* \*

Brock loped down the stairs and into the kitchen to the smell of coffee. He checked his watch; it was only a quarter after six. Jeni had gotten up early. He found her making sandwiches on the kitchen table.

"Morning, Jeni. Hope you slept well." He hadn't.

Brock spent most of the night tossing and turning thinking of her. When he had slept, it had been to erotic dreams of her beneath him or her riding him. He couldn't wait to actually feel her hot pussy suck



his cock inside of her. The memory of that hot mouth nearly undid him, and he had to grit his teeth to keep from groaning out loud.

“Hey, Brock. I slept okay. I guess I was too keyed up about going to town today to sleep much.” She continued making sandwiches without looking at him.

“How many sandwiches are you planning on us eating, baby?” He looked at the pile she’d made up.

“I went ahead and made enough for Brady to have lunch. He won’t have to fix his own that way.”

“You’re spoiling him something terrible, Jeni. He’s already spoiled rotten as it is.” Brock shook his head and picked up one of the sandwiches. He bit into it then sipped his coffee.

“Who’s spoiled?” Brady shuffled into the kitchen, scratching his belly.

“You are,” Jeni and Brock both said at the same time.

“Am not. Did you fix enough for me?” Brock asked as he eyed the sandwiches.

Jeni laughed and shook her head when Brock glanced her way.

“I made enough for you to have two at lunch today. You will have to fix something for breakfast, though. Or, you can eat an apple pie for breakfast.”

“Oh, yeah. Apple pie sounds like a great idea.” Brady walked over to where Jeni had them covered up and pulled one out.

“Stick it on a plate and put it in the microwave for about fifteen seconds,” Jeni suggested.

“Maybe we should take a couple for the road as well,” Brock mused.

“I’ve already got ours packed,” she said. “You can eat yours once we get to town. No eating and driving. You can finish your sandwiches here and then we’ll get going. I, on the other hand, can eat while you drive.” She smirked at Brock.

Brock shook his head. She was going to be one big handful, that was for sure. And he and Brady would love every minute of it. He

could hardly wait to turn her over his knee and spank her pretty little ass the first time she disobeyed them about something that mattered. He could already feel her soft skin beneath his hand. That cute ass would turn a nice shade of pink and warm his hand right up.

“So, you ready?” Jeni asked, interrupting his musings.

“Yeah.” He swallowed the last of his second sandwich and crossed to the coffee pot to refill his travel mug.

“Bye, Brady. See you later,” she said and gave him a quick kiss.

“Bye, baby girl. Behave yourself.” Brady swatted her on the ass as she turned to leave.

Brock tried to cover his smile when she turned around and growled at Brady. Yep, she was going to be a handful. The two of them were up for the challenge though. They just needed to get her on the same page as them.

Brady walked them to the truck and waved them off. Brock knew his little brother was chomping at the bit to spend more time with her. It didn't take a genius to see that he was totally in love with Jeni now. Even Jeni seemed to be aware of it on some level. She responded to him with ease. He hoped this trip would do the same for the two of them as well.

He watched her finish her sandwich. Keeping his eyes on the road proved to be difficult when she swiped that little tongue over her lips to remove the mayonnaise. All he could think about was how she'd licked his cock and swallowed it down. He huffed out a breath and tried to adjust himself while driving. Thank goodness the roads were clear. His cock wanted out in a big way. He risked another glance in her direction and did groan this time. She was licking her fingers. Just the sight of her sucking one of her fingers into her mouth nearly had him coming in his jeans.

“How much longer ‘til we are there?” Jeni interrupted his thoughts again.

“Another twenty minutes, I think.”

“You’re going to drop me off at the grocery store while you head to the feed store, right?” She turned in her seat as far as the seatbelt would allow her.

“That’s right. I’ll be finished before you are, so I can help carry out the groceries and load them in the truck.” He maneuvered around a pothole in the road. “Remember how I told you to pack them if you get finished before I make it back. All the frozen stuff in one set of bags and the milk and cold stuff in another.”

“I remember. That’s why you brought the coolers, right?” Jeni looked over her shoulder at the two coolers sitting in the back of the truck.

“Yeah, we’ll keep them cold for the trip home. With the temperature not much above freezing, they should be fine until we get home. I’ll buy a bag of ice for the frozen stuff. One bag should keep it all frozen just fine.”

“I think we’ll run over to the department store first though.” Brock noticed they were getting closer to town by the amount of traffic picking up on the road around them.

“Okay, what did you need there?” Jeni asked.

“Just need to look at some stuff,” he hedged.

Brock wanted to get her a hat for one thing and another couple of shirts that were warm enough. Maybe even a couple of pairs of thermal underwear. She wouldn’t get as cold if she wore them during the day. At night, she had the electric blanket until they worked out their sleeping arrangements a little more to his liking. He didn’t want her getting sick again from lack of good clothes.

“Hey, we’re here!”

Brock smiled at her enthusiasm. The town wasn’t much to look at compared to most, but you would have thought she was in Billings or somewhere bigger. He began pointing out buildings to her. On the way to the department store he had in mind, he told her about some of the stunts he and Brady pulled in town when they came as youngsters.

He could still laugh at a lot of them. She seemed to enjoy them just as much as he did thinking about them.

“Okay, let’s see if we can find a hat for you while we’re in here,” Brock said.

He walked around to the other side of the truck to help her out, but her door was already open and she was sliding out of the truck. She saw him and looked a little embarrassed. He just shrugged it off and she relaxed.

“I don’t need a fancy hat. Just a straw one would be fine.”

“I’ll pick out a couple of hats that would be appropriate, and you can pick the one you like best. How’s that?”

“Okay, that’s fair enough.” Jeni let him open the store’s door for her.

He smiled. She had waited on him to do the honors.

For the next thirty minutes, they sorted through hats until they agreed on one. She seemed happy with the purchase though. Next, they argued over her need for thermals and shirts. Once again, he won out, but she got to limit the number of thermals to two pair and only two flannel shirts. He made a note of her sizes and decided he could order her some things online. He smiled. Something besides the negligees he and Brady had already placed on order.

Brock took every opportunity he could to touch her. He wanted her used to his touch so she wouldn’t shy away from him when they both touched her. He knew they got curious looks. Some even were so bold as to ask to be introduced to his girlfriend. She colored at the term “girlfriend.” Brock shook his head and urged her to make friends with the ones who came by to talk. His mind kept straying towards the clothes and, by association, the sexy underwear they’d bought online.

He could hardly wait to see her in one of them. She wouldn’t have it on for long, but the tease would be worth it. Especially if she kept them busy for awhile before she let them touch it. By that time, they

would be so horny they might rip it to shreds to get at the sweet present underneath.

Brock stored the packages in the backseat of the truck then drove her over to the grocery store. He hated dropping her off like that, but it would save time if he went ahead and got the feed they needed while she shopped. He should be able to get back over there in plenty of time to help her bag the groceries.

Picking up feed turned out to be a bigger ordeal than he would have thought. Everyone in the area was there trying to stock up before the system moved in. Nearly two hours passed before he made it back to the grocery store. He found Jeni sitting on a bench outside with easily a dozen or more bags stacked around her. He winced at the raised eyebrows he got from her when he pulled into the parking place.

"I'm sorry, baby. They were covered up over there. I never dreamed it would be that busy, or I wouldn't have left you here alone." Brock hoped she wasn't going to get all pissy about it. He really couldn't have helped it.

"Well, okay. As long as you didn't just stand me up to have a drink or something." She finally smiled at him. It lighted up her entire face.

"Let's get this loaded and get back to the ranch. It's going to be well after lunch by the time we get going."

"At least it will still be before dark. I'll help unload, so it shouldn't take too long."

"You will put groceries up. You're not unloading anything." Brock would brook no argument about that.

Jeni, on the other hand, would argue quite easily about helping out. She glared at him and squared her shoulders as she handed him a sack to pack in the backseat of the truck. He opened his mouth to protest, only to have it covered by hers.

## Chapter Thirteen

She was so mad at him right then she could have choked him. Instead, she took his mouth in a life-altering kiss. If she wasn't sure before, she was sure now. She loved Brock just as much as she loved Brady. There was no room for any doubt now. Jenna had to figure out how to lure them back in her bed to get them to realize they couldn't live without her. She sure couldn't live without them.

If she had initiated the kiss, she wouldn't have known it since Brock took over almost as soon as their lips met. His tongue licked along the seam in her lips until she opened for him. He swooped in with his tongue and explored her mouth from top to bottom. He chased her tongue around, then sucked on it. The sweet friction went straight to her womb. It burned inside of her. Chill bumps traveled up her arms and back down her back as he moved the kiss around her chin and to her neck. His mouth there drew a moan from deep inside of her. His teeth nipped as his tongue swiped the hurt away.

Jeni wanted to drown in his kisses. They were so different than Brady's. One was not better than the other. They were just different. Whereas Brady's were more playful and sexy, Brock's were more intense and serious. The way they kissed reflected their personalities, she realized. Two separate people whom she loved for who they were.

She watched as Brock loaded the groceries. He did it with purpose and methodically as if he knew what should go where without even looking in the bags. The only thing he looked at was the paper bag since it contained ice cream. She smiled when he raised his eyebrows.

"If I keep making pies, you're going to want ice cream on them."

"I'm not complaining. I didn't say anything," he said.

“But you were thinking about it,” Jeni accused.

“I was just going to say someone had a sweet tooth.”

“Yeah, you and your brother. I can’t keep a cake cooked for you two,” she complained.

“I’m not complaining,” he said.

“I’m just saying.” She smiled at him.

“Come on, let’s get that ice and head home.”

Home sounded great to her. She hoped one day she could call the ranch home. Maybe if everything worked out okay it wouldn’t be long. They seemed to be attracted to her just fine, if last night had been anything to go by. She frowned. But what if she was just a convenience to them? They might just enjoy her as long as she was willing and then cast her aside for someone else. Jeni swallowed and put those thoughts aside. She would concentrate on making them want her around always.

“Hey, why the gloomy face?” Brock lifted her chin with two fingers.

“Oh, just thinking about those poor cattle in all the ice and snow,” she lied.

“Uh huh. Don’t worry about them. We take good care of them.” He obviously didn’t believe her.

He hugged her and kissed her. This time, he didn’t make it a quick peck on the lips, he angled his head to take as much of her mouth as he could. He pressed his lips tight against hers, then licked along the seam until she opened to him. Brock slanted again to take possession of her mouth. His tongue dueled with hers, teasing it until she followed it into his mouth. He sucked her tongue in until she moaned with the pleasure. Finally, the kiss ended, and she gasped for breath.

“What was that for?” she finally asked.

“Because.”

“Because why?”

“Because I wanted to. Now let’s get that ice and get on the road.”

Two kisses. One she had initiated and one he had. Both hot, intense, and lethal. There was no way they didn't care about her. She just had to figure out how to make them admit it. Somehow she would find a way.

They rode in silence all the way back. At some point during the drive, Brock had reached over and held her hand for awhile. Then he put both hands on the steering wheel as they reached the bridge. He didn't claim her hand again after that. That one small touch for those brief minutes meant a lot to her. He'd reached out to her with his hand even more so than with the kiss.

At a quarter to two, they drove up into the drive. Brock seemed to relax once they were on ranch ground. Either the drive had been more treacherous than she had realized, or he didn't like being away from the ranch. Since he was the older brother and seemed more in charge than Brady, she guessed she could understand the need to be close to it. Would he feel like that about her one day?

Brady met them at the porch steps with a grin a mile wide on his face.

"How was the trip?"

"Good," Brock answered.

"Great," she countered with a smug smile.

Brady walked over and swung her around in his arms. "I missed your cooking."

"You didn't miss anything but breakfast. I fixed lunch for you."

"Yeah, but you weren't here to share it with me."

"If you two are finished making eyes at each other, we have a truck to unload before dark, Brady." Brock sounded stern, but the twinkle in his eyes gave him away.

He dropped the tailgate of the truck and picked up two bags to take them inside.

Jeni sighed and walked over to the truck. She picked up a sack, only to have it snatched from her hand by Brady.



“You don’t carry groceries at all. That’s what we’re here for. You unload the bags and put them away,” he said.

“I can carry a bag of groceries. Things would go a lot quicker if you’d let me.”

“Nope, get your butt in that kitchen before I lay a hand to it.” Brady sounded stern and there wasn’t a single twinge of laughter in his eyes.

“Fine.” She turned and walked inside.

If they were going to treat her like a helpless female, she could play along—for now. For the next hour, she unpacked groceries and put them away. By the time they had finished unloading the feed, she had put the last can away. Now all she had to do was figure out what to cook for dinner. It would be a little late, but they would understand.

She remembered the soup she had frozen last week and pulled it out of the freezer. She could make grilled cheese sandwiches to go along with it. Jeni popped the soup in the microwave to thaw and set about making the sandwiches. By the time the soup had thawed, she had the sandwiches ready to grill. She’d just put the soup on to warm when Brady came inside, stomping his boots on the porch before stepping inside the house.

“Woohoo, it’s cold out there already,” Brady complained.

“Go wash up. Dinner will be ready in about thirty minutes.”

“Dinner? You cooked dinner after being gone all day? You’ve got to be kidding. We could have had sandwiches again.”

“It’s not much. Just warmed up soup and grilled cheese sandwiches,” she admitted.

“That’s a lot. You sure didn’t have to do that.”

“Do what?” Brock asked as he walked inside, shaking off the cold.

“She cooked us dinner,” Brady said, sounding as proud as if he’d done it himself.

Brock scowled at her. “You had a long day today. You shouldn’t have gone to all that trouble.”

“You and Brady had a hard day today too. You deserved something hot to eat. It’s cold as a witch’s...” She stopped and clamped her lips closed at Brock’s stern look. “Well, it’s cold out there.”

“Thanks. I’m going to wash up. You better come on and do the same, Brady.”

The two men walked out of the kitchen. She heard their heavy boot stomps on the stairs. Had they really thought she wouldn’t cook them something just because she had gone in to town for the day? Good Lord, she hadn’t done a thing other than buy some groceries. Still, it made her feel good inside to know they cared enough about her to not want her to do too much. Another step closer to having the home she wanted.

After they finished dinner, Brock and Brady insisted on doing the dishes. In other words, they rinsed them and put them in the dishwasher. She smiled. They were so cute when they did things like that.

“What are you smiling about, baby girl?” Brady asked.

“Nothing really.”

“Uh huh, I believe that.” He pulled her across his lap.

When Brock came in the living room, he sat on the other end of the couch and pulled her feet into his lap. They watched the news and weather with Brock massaging her feet and ankles. Brady kept his hand across her waist and rubbed up and down her side. The sensations sent chills down her spine. Brady mistook it for her being cold and went and got a blanket for her.

“So, the storm is supposed to hit tomorrow afternoon around one or two right?” she asked.

“Yep. I figure we can get most of the chores done before then if we start early,” Brock said.

“I guess I better go to bed so I can get up early and get you something to put in your bellies before you go out.” She shifted to stand up, but Brady held on to her.

“We can fix something to eat. You don’t have to get up so early.”

“Hey, that’s what you have me for,” she teased.

Brady huffed out a breath. “That’s not the reason you’re here.”

“Brady,” Brock said in a soft voice.

“Sure it is. I needed somewhere to stay, and you offered me a job. I’m just doing my job.”

Jeni so wanted them to deny it. She wanted them to say she was there because they wanted her near them. She waited, but they didn’t say the words. Finally, she drew in a deep breath and stood up. Brady didn’t let go of her wrist for a few seconds. He seemed to be trying to tell her something using his hand on her wrist, but she couldn’t tell what. Instead, he let go and she left the room feeling a little bit melancholy. Maybe she was wrong after all about Brock. Brady seemed to want her for more than just a convenience. Maybe Brock didn’t. She blinked back the tears as she got ready for bed. She wouldn’t cry about it. She just wouldn’t.

Still, the tears flowed as she lay down. But she didn’t make a sound.

\* \* \* \*

“Brady, don’t screw this up. She has to want us both and enough to stay on her own. If you go and influence her, we’ll never know if she really wanted us or just a place to live.” Brock stood up and paced the room.

“I think she already wants us. She kisses us back when we kiss her. She responds when we touch her. It doesn’t matter if it’s you or me. She obviously feels something for us.”

“Until we’re sure she understands we want her together, we don’t influence her. We made that deal and we are going to keep it.” Brock stormed out of the living room and upstairs, leaving Brady alone in the living room.

Brady shook his head and turned off the TV. He was sure Jeni already loved them, but Brock was cautious. He guessed he could understand. It wouldn't be easy for a woman to take on two men, even without the stigma that went along with it. She would have to be strong and have a thick skin. He believed she was the one.

Brock wanted a relationship like their parents had, one that was filled with love and devotion. They trusted each other and lived on that trust. He knew there would be times when they wouldn't agree on something, but all marriages had that. They could make it work. He was sure of it. Now if he could only convince Brock she was ready.

Early the next morning, Brady dragged himself out of bed, determined to beat Jeni downstairs and start the coffee. He hoped he was even ahead of Brock for a change. He dressed and walked as quietly down the stairs as possible, only to smell the scent of freshly brewed coffee. He sighed and wondered who'd made it down first. More than likely it would be Jeni. She seemed to have a sixth sense on what time to get up no matter if they told her they would be up early or not.

"Morning, baby." He wrapped his arms around her as she kneaded the dough for biscuits.

"Morning, Brady. Hope you slept well." She blew a wisp of hair from her face.

"Slept fine. What about you? You couldn't have gotten much sleep. You're up too early." He kissed her cheek and let go of her to pour a cup of coffee.

She looked so right in the kitchen—like she belonged there. He enjoyed watching her work, the way she put all her weight into molding the dough. Everything about her turned him on. She looked up and smiled at him and he felt on top of the world.

"Brock's late this morning," she commented.

"Who's late?" Brock walked into the kitchen and headed straight for the coffee.

"You are, big brother. Even I beat you today."

Brock frowned at him and then winked at Jeni. She smiled back at him, but ducked her head as if embarrassed. It was cute that she could be teased.

“So, what is on the agenda today?” Brady asked.

“Make sure we have all the stragglers in as close to the barn as we can get them. I want to try putting some of the younger ones inside. We’ll watch them close, and as long as they seem pretty calm, we’ll leave them there through the worst of the bad weather.”

After breakfast, he shrugged into his coat and settled his hat on his head before stepping out behind Brock into the cold air.

“Not cold enough to freeze yet. Let’s hope it cools off before it gets here or we’re going to have ice before the snow.” Brock shoved his hands into his gloves and flexed his fingers.

“Think we’ll lose any to this?” Brady asked.

“Probably. I want to keep the numbers down as low as we can. Keeping them well fed will give them the energy they need to stay warm.”

“I guess it depends on us getting out there as much as possible. At least we have the hands to help us.” Brady nodded and got to work.

Thoughts of Jeni at home waiting for them kept him going. The weather got colder but still not quite cold enough to keep the freezing drizzle from starting by the time they’d finished everything. It began to sleet in earnest as they stomped their boots on the back porch. Brady pulled off his coat and shook the ice from it before walking inside. He quickly shut the door, though Brock was still outside shaking out his coat. He knew better than to waste heat.

“You finished out there for now?” Jeni asked from the doorway.

“Yep.” Brady blew on his hands.

“I’ve got the fire going in the living room. Why don’t you go warm up? I have stew on the stove waiting for when you’re ready to eat.”

“Did I hear stew?” Brock asked as he closed the door behind him.

“Yes, you did. Go warm up in front of the fire, and I’ll get the cornbread in the oven.”

“You kept the fire going?” Brock asked.

“I thought I should. I knew you would be cold when you got inside and we don’t know if the electricity will go out or not.” Jeni bit her bottom lip.

“That was smart thinking,” Brock said.

Brady breathed a sigh of relief. He had been worried Brock would light into her for picking up the logs. Either he hadn’t thought about it, or he knew it was a good idea. Brady backed up closer to the fire as Brock pushed him aside to hog the heat.

“If the sleet keeps up much longer, we will be out of electricity before the night is over,” Brock commented.

“I filled the wood box up and stacked some extra on the porch. Maybe we should look at bringing the mattress downstairs and putting it in front of the fire,” Brady said.

“I was thinking the same thing. Let’s see how things go the next few hours first.”

Brady and Brock watched the weather after their meal of stew and cornbread. The front was moving slower than anticipated. So far, ice accumulations had been a little over an inch. It hadn’t started snowing yet. Around six they bundled up to check on the cattle again. Brock took the bulls and horses. He took the cattle in the pen and the barns.

By the time they finished and started inside, it had changed over to snow. Brock let out a breath, and Brady felt the same way. Snow was better than the ice on any day. They walked into the kitchen, shedding their coats and gloves.

“Got the stew warmed up again. Cornbread will be ready in another ten minutes.” Jeni walked in the kitchen.

“Sounds good to me,” Brady said.

Just as he walked into the living room the lights went out, no flicker of warning.

## **Chapter Fourteen**

Jeni couldn't help the smile that bloomed on her face. No electricity meant no electric blankets. They would have to stick together to stay warm. She wondered if the men thought the same thing or if they dreaded it. She certainly hoped they would look forward to it like she did.

"Damn."

Jeni heard Brady's voice as he ran into something. She stayed where she was until someone located a flashlight. Suddenly one flicked on.

"You okay in here, baby?" Brady asked.

"I'm fine. Food is ready but we need some candles to see to eat."

"Hey, Brock, aren't the candles in the closet in there?" Brady called out.

"I'll get them," he called back from the living room.

A few minutes later, Brock walked into the kitchen carrying a box of candles and the flashlight he was using to see by. He looked funny by the light of the flashlight, almost like he was grinning ear to ear. Ridiculous, she thought. Just the light playing tricks on her eyes. He handed her the box. She retrieved a box of matches from near the stove.

Jeni went about placing candles on the table and around the room so they could see to eat. Brady provided the light for her to see by until the candles were all lighted. Then she placed the soup and the cornbread on the table. They all sat down and ate in silence. Once the meal was over, Jeni washed up the dishes since they didn't have a

dishwasher while the men made another trip out to check on the cattle again.

She looked out the window at the swirling snow. It was pitch black outside. Without stars or the moon, there was nothing to illuminate the land surrounding them.

Once the men returned, they set about pulling the king-sized mattress downstairs to the living room where they'd cleared out a space in front of the fireplace. Jeni made the bed and piled on several different comforters. She couldn't wait to have them in bed next to her once again. She'd missed them. She hoped they had missed her too.

"I'm going to take a flashlight upstairs and change clothes," Jeni announced.

"Be sure to wear something on your feet. They'll be pointing away from the fire," Brock said.

"He really means that he doesn't want cold feet touching him in the middle of the night," Brady teased.

"That either." Brock actually cracked a smile for a few seconds.

Jeni laughed and made her way to the stairs.

"Wait," Brady called out. "I'll go with you to be sure you make it up the stairs okay."

"Goodness, I think I can climb some stairs by myself."

"I don't want to take the chance you might fall." Brady took the flashlight from her and shined it on the steps as she started to go up.

"Okay, daddy. I think I can make it from here."

"Daddy, huh? Do you need a daddy to take care of you, baby girl?" he asked.

"Maybe. Now let me go and change clothes. You can sit out here in the dark and wait on me." She took the flashlight and closed the door to her bedroom behind her.

She could just imagine him standing there waiting on her. She almost took her time to make him wait, but decided that wasn't a nice thing to do. Jeni decided on a pair of cotton PJs and a pair of socks.



They were the warmest thing she had, other than the thermal underwear Brock had made her buy. She was tempted to put it on, but wanted a reason for them to snuggle up close to her.

She opened the door to her bedroom and, sure enough, Brady stood waiting for her. He held out his hand for the flashlight and winked at her in the light. She let him guide her down the stairs and realized she really needed his help. Walking down without any light other than the flashlight wasn't as easy as she thought it would be.

"You look warm enough," Brady said as she held on to his arm.

"I don't much like being cold."

"We'll keep you warm." Brady reached up and squeezed her arm.

When they made it back into the living room, Brock was tending to the fire. He had pulled off his boots, from what she could see of him. Brady proceeded to do the same.

"Get on into the bed, baby. We'll be in right behind you." Brock pulled back the covers for her to climb inside.

They turned off the flashlights. Jeni couldn't see a damn thing. Even as her eyes adjusted to the darkness, all she could do was make out a shape in the dark. She could tell they were undressing by the sounds of cloth flowing over skin and zippers unzipping. One of the men got into the bed next to her and pulled her back into his arms. It was Brock, she could tell by the way his arms went around her. She inhaled and smelled his unique scent that was woodsy and fresh-smelling all at the same time.

The bed dipped and Brady climbed in on the other side of her. He scooted in close, then turned over and pulled one of her arms over his side, where he captured it with his hand. She felt safe and warm cocooned between them once again. She couldn't imagine never having them in her bed again.

Brock squeezed her. He moved aside her hair and began nibbling the back of her neck. She shivered at the sensation and not the cold. He made his way from the back of her neck to her shoulder then up around her jaw. He sat up, half leaning on one arm as he grazed his

teeth around her jaw and back down her neck. His hand moved upward until he cupped one breast. He lightly flicked the nipple, drawing a moan from her.

“You like your nipples played with, don’t you?” he asked.

“Yes. It feels so good.”

“It would feel even better if you weren’t wearing this top.”

“What are you doing to me?” she asked with a moan.

“Seducing you. Isn’t it obvious?”

Brady turned over and stared into her eyes. For a brief moment, she felt as if she were falling into them. He smiled and closed the distance between them to take her mouth in a kiss. While his mouth devoured hers, his fingers worked on the buttons of her PJ top. First one then another of the buttons came undone under his expert fingers. Soon, bare skin met bare skin as two sets of hands covered her breasts and abdomen. She thrilled at their touch.

Jeni groaned as someone’s hand dipped into her bottoms to graze over her mound. She shivered when someone, Brock, licked then gently bit down on her shoulder. He was marking her, she realized. Surely, that meant something in the scheme of things. Fingers slipped between her pussy lips to tease along her core. First one, then two fingers teased her clit, circling and grazing it until she writhed on the bed between them.

Brock chuckled in her ear. “I love the feel of you hot and wet on my fingers.”

“You make me that way.” She reached for Brady. “Both of you.”

“Feel what you do to me.” Brady pulled her hand down to his boxers and the bulge no longer hidden there.

He felt huge in her hand. She rubbed up and down it until he was grinding his hips into her hand. Behind her, Brock pushed his cock against her ass so that it rode the cleft between. She felt like the filling in their sandwich. They fucked her body without being inside of her. It felt so damn good she thought she might come just from them rubbing their thick cocks against her.

“Ah, hell, baby. I want to feel that pussy sucking me in,” Brock said as he slowly pumped his fingers in and out of her hot cunt.

“Please, yes. I want to feel you there.” Jeni realized she was begging him.

Brady didn’t wait for either of them to say anything more. He grabbed hold of the waistband of her PJ bottoms and pulled them down her thighs and over her ass. Then he delved beneath the covers and pulled them off her legs. When he emerged from the sheets, he held her bottoms up and threw them across the room.

“Now the top,” Brock said as he fondled her breast with one hand and her pussy with the other.

Brady didn’t seem to mind his brother directing things. He deftly maneuvered her top from around her and between her and Brock. It too flew across the room to land in a heap on the floor next to her pajama bottoms. It left her completely naked and vulnerable. She shivered as cool air touched her skin.

“Don’t worry, baby. We’ll warm you up,” Brady said.

They pounced on her then. Four hands and two mouths devoured her body as if it were a delectable treat to be tasted and consumed in one sitting. Brady migrated south towards her pussy. He spread her legs with his shoulders and proceeded to consume the cream they’d brought forth from her. The more he tasted, the more she produced. Need spiraled inside her until she thought she would explode from the thrill of finally having them touching her.

“Please,” she begged.

“Please what, baby?” Brock asked as he licked the top of her breasts. “What do you need?”

“You, inside of me,” she pleaded.

“Soon, baby girl. Soon.” He sucked in just her nipple and ran his tongue over and over its pebbled surface.

While Brady continued to torment her below with teeth and tongue, Brock teased her nipples. He nipped at them then laved them with his tongue. He twisted them until she cried out, then sucked as

much of her breast inside his mouth as he could. Over and over, his tongue teased and tasted of her nipples. When he pinched them at the same time Brady sucked in her clit between his teeth she ignited, screaming her release. They rode her until she could no longer breathe, and then let her slowly down.

Brock kissed her, taking her tongue into his mouth, and sucked. He nipped at her lips, then sucked the bottom one in to tease with his tongue.

“I want you on your knees,” he said.

Jeni turned and immediately rolled to her knees once Brady moved away. She looked back over her shoulder to see Brock rolling on a condom. When he had shed his underwear, Jeni didn't know. Suddenly the tip of him teased at her opening. He slowly fed his cock to her one inch at a time. He was thicker than Brady had been, though Brady was longer. She struggled to accommodate his girth.

Finally, he was fully seated. He stilled and allowed her to adjust to his size. Then he began pumping into her, slowly at first, then building as she pushed back to meet his thrusts. A cock brushed her cheek and there knelt Brady in front of her holding his dick with one hand. He reached out with the other one to hold her head steady as he pushed his penis past her lips and into her mouth. She moaned around him, earning her a curse from him. She smiled around his thick stalk and hummed as she began sucking.

“There you go, baby. Suck me down deep.” Brady held her head as he began to slowly shuttle in and out of her mouth.

The angle was perfect for deep-throating him. She took him to the back of her throat then swallowed and felt him jerk in her mouth. She licked back up his stalk and around the rim of the mushroom cap of his cock. Then she nibbled lightly until he pulled on her hair.

“Watch those teeth.” Then he groaned when she reached up and fondled his balls.

Brock continued to piston in and out of her, slowly building her arousal up again. He adjusted his angle and every brush of his dick

tickled along that special spot inside of her. She moaned again around Brady's cock and fought to breathe all at the same time. She was going to come again. She'd never climaxed more than once in a night before, but they were going to make her come again.

"Ah, fuck. I'm gonna come, Jeni. Get ready, baby." Brady began to pump faster until his rhythm became sloppy and he yelled out his release.

"That's right. Swallow me down. God, look at you with my come on your lips," he said.

Jeni licked it off then proceeded to lick him clean as Brock pounded into her from behind. He was close. She could tell by the change in rhythm. She pushed back hard, meeting him thrust for thrust. He reached around and pinched her clit at the same time he erupted inside of her. She came screaming even as she felt the heat from his release into the condom.

Finally, he pulled out of her and disposed of the condom. She collapsed on the bed with Brady gently caressing her hair. Nothing had ever been this sweet before. She could honestly say sex had never been so intimate and consuming. The brothers gave her a feeling of closeness she'd never had with any of her lovers before, especially not with Glenn.

Brock returned to the bed a few minutes later with a warm, wet bath cloth. He carefully wiped her face then ran it between her legs to clean off her juices so she wouldn't feel sticky later. No one had ever treated her so tenderly before. Tears formed in her eyes, but she blinked them away before the guys could see them and think something was wrong, because nothing was wrong. Everything was right, or at least she hoped it was.

\* \* \* \*

Brock carried the used bath cloth back to the bathroom. He paused to look at himself in the mirror. He had a grin a mile wide on his face,

and he felt like celebrating something. She did this to him. She gave him a reason to be happy. He couldn't imagine ever being without her again. He had to figure out some way to approach her about staying with them, not as their housekeeper and cook, but as their woman—their wife.

He returned to the bedroom to find Jeni lying face down on the bed and Brady lightly rubbing down her hair. She had to be freezing without the covers over her. Brady should have taken care of that.

“Brady, she’s going to catch pneumonia if you don’t cover her up.” Brock climbed back on the bed and helped Brady pull the covers back up.

“Sorry, you’re right. I wasn’t thinking.” He tucked the blanket and comforter around her neck.

She didn’t move. They must have worn her out. At least he hoped that was what they did. It would kill him if they’d hurt her. He sat on the edge of the bed and ran a hand up and down her back through the covers.

“Jeni?” he whispered.

“Ummm.”

“You okay, baby girl?”

“Umm hmm.” She snuggled deeper into the covers.

Brock looked over at Brady and smiled. His brother smiled back just as big. She was perfect for them. Brock eased beneath the covers and pulled her into his arms. Brady came at her from the other side and between them they sandwiched her into a warm welcoming embrace. One, he hoped, she would never want to leave. One he planned she would never be able to.

She was the answer to their prayers for a woman who could accept them as they were and understand their way of life. Jeni hadn’t balked at the long hours or rough way of living. She’d rolled with the weather and took it in stride. There could be no better woman for them. Now for the hard part, he realized—getting her to want to stick around for the rest of their lives.

“Brock?” Brady whispered over Jeni’s head.

“Hmm?”

“She’s ours, right?” he asked, still caressing her hair.

“She will be. All that’s left is convincing her to stay and be our wife.”

“I think I’ve fallen in love with her, Brock.”

“I know, Brady. I know.”

Truth be told, he was already in love with her. He wanted her to love them back more than anything in the world. To have such a treasure would be beyond anything he could imagine. Brock hoped they could keep her happy out in the middle of nowhere, USA. They would take her into town anytime she wanted to go and plan trips in to Billings as often as possible so she could shop in the big stores. They could take her out to eat in a nice restaurant. Brock thought of all the little things women liked that he wanted to be sure she got.

A small moan pulled him back to the present. She was dreaming and squirmed in her sleep. He wasn’t sure what she dreamed about, but it wasn’t pleasant. He didn’t want her to have bad dreams. Brock bent over her and kissed her cheek.

“Wake up, sleeping beauty. You’re having a bad dream. Wake up.”

Her eyes opened and she stared at him without really seeing him at first. Finally, her eyes cleared and she smiled up at him.

“You were having a bad dream,” Brock said. “What was it about?”

She hesitated for a fraction of a second. “I don’t really remember that much about it.”

“Jeni? Don’t lie to me. I would hate to have to turn you over my knee.” Brock arched an eyebrow at her.

“Well, I really don’t remember a lot. It was about Glenn.”

“Honey, you don’t have to worry about him ever again. First, because he’s in jail and will be for a long time. Second, because Brady and I will always keep you safe.”

“Always?”

Was it his imagination or was her voice quivery when she asked that?

“Always. As long as you are with us, we will make sure no one hurts you again.” Brock hoped he could keep that promise. He would do his damndest, that was for sure.

“I believe you.”

Those were three of the most beautiful words he’d ever heard.

Brady bent down and kissed her forehead. “I promise, too.”



## Chapter Fifteen

Jeni woke up the next morning to find herself alone in the bed. A cold draft seeped from somewhere under the covers to her. She shivered and contemplated remaining in the bed all day if it meant not having to get up and dance naked in the living room putting on her pajamas. Still, the fire in the fireplace was dying out, and she needed to keep it going. With a sigh, she climbed out from under the warm covers and scurried to get into her PJs as fast as she could.

Still cold, she hurried up the stairs to the bedroom and stripped off one piece of clothing at a time, only to replace it with something warmer. The thermal underwear turned out to be a godsend, as far as she was concerned. She needed to apologize to Brock about throwing a fit when he bought them for her. Underneath her jeans and bulky navy blue sweater, she finally felt a little warmer. Adding a pair of warm socks and her new boots, Jeni felt ready to deal with the fire and whatever else came her way.

The clock on the bedside table said it was nearly eight o'clock in the morning. Wow! She'd really overslept. Why had they let her do that? Now they were outside without anything warm to eat in their stomachs. She'd just have to make it up to them with lunch.

After adding another log to the fire and poking it until it flamed back up, Jeni wandered into the kitchen. Well, they'd certainly gotten something hot in their bellies after all. The kitchen was a mess in testimony of it. She sighed and began cleaning up the dirty dishes, wiping down the stove and putting away everything left over. How had they managed before she had come along? The place hadn't been in that bad of shape when she took over. Maybe they usually cleaned

up behind themselves but now they knew she would do it for them. Hmm, she might need to change their mind about that.

The chicken she'd left out the night before to thaw was still not quite there yet. She plopped it in some hot water and let it soak. It wouldn't take long for it to be ready to cook. She would fry chicken and make mashed potatoes, peas, and cornbread. They could have leftover chicken for dinner that night.

While she waited on the bird to thaw, Jeni peeled potatoes then put them in a bowl of water to keep them clean and white until she got ready to cook them. The peas would cook faster once they thawed out as well but she could put them in a boiler with some water and let them thaw and cook at the same time. All that was left was to make cornbread batter. It could be made ahead of time as well. She mixed it up and covered it until time to cook it.

A stray memory from last night crept inside her head and she shivered. Just thinking about their hands and mouths on her sent her pulse into overdrive. Heat suffused her face and she swallowed around the knot in her throat. If just thinking about them like that got her this stirred up, what would living with them like this for the rest of her life be like?

Could she really keep them happy all by herself? There were two of them and only one of her. Another thought stopped her dead in her tracks. What if one day one of them found another woman he wanted to share his life with? Could she handle that after knowing how it was with both of them? These were all questions she needed to answer before she committed to them as a family. She couldn't—no, wouldn't—risk her heart again without knowing the possible outcomes. Then she needed to sit down with the two men and have a long talk. Of course, first she had to determine if they were serious about her, or if this were just a fling.

After checking the clock, Jeni decided it was close enough to noon to start the chicken. There was no way to know when they

would come in from outside. She would keep it hot in the oven until they showed up.

Nearly an hour later she had everything cooked and ready for when they got in. Almost as if knowing when the food would be ready, the *thump-thump* of boots on the back porch announced their presence. She couldn't keep the welcoming smile off her face when they walked into the room arguing over something.

"Hey, there, baby girl," Brady said as he stripped off his coat.

"Hey, Jeni." Brock tossed his hat onto a peg then shrugged out of his coat.

"What smells so damn good?" Brady asked, walking over to the stove.

"Chicken. I figured you could use something hot to eat after being outside all morning."

"Oh, that we can," he said.

After lunch, they huddled in the living room by the fire. Brady and Brock discussed the condition of the cattle and the weather report they'd listened to on the radio earlier. The worst of the storm was over but the bitter cold air would be with them for a few more days.

"So when do you think the electricity will be back on?" Jeni asked.

"Could be tomorrow or next week. Depends on where the break in the line is and how close it is to us." Brock hugged her close to him.

"You getting stir-crazy?" Brady asked with an odd look on his face.

"No, just thinking about how long we can go without doing laundry. We're covered for food since you have a gas stove, but clothes might be an issue in a week."

"We can wear our jeans over and over again as long as they don't get cow or horse shit on them. Same with the shirts." Brock nuzzled her neck with his nose and mouth.

"Not underwear though," Brady admitted. "Got to have clean underwear every day."

“I guess I can hand wash those in the sink and dry them by the fire.” Jeni thought about it and nodded her head. “Yeah, that will work.”

“I don’t want you scrubbing clothes with your hands like that. They’ll keep till we get electricity, or we can go without.” Brock scowled at her and Brady.

“I don’t mind washing underwear out in the sink, Brock.”

“No woman of mine is going to use her hands like that. That’s why there are washing machines.” Brock walked away from them.

Jeni stood with her mouth open. What had he said? His woman? She looked over at Brady but the other man wouldn’t look her in the eye.

“What is going on, guys?” she asked.

“Nothing. I’m going back out to check on those calves.” Brock disappeared into the kitchen. A few minutes later the back door slammed.

“Brady?”

“Let it be for now, Jeni. He cares about you—you know that, don’t you?” Brady said.

“No, I guess I don’t know what either one of you feels. You’ve never told me.”

“We could say the same thing about you. Do you care about us, Jeni?”

“Yes, Brady. I do. You both mean a lot to me. I don’t go around having sex with two men and not feeling anything for them. That would make me a slut. Are you calling me a slut?” Jeni could feel red hot heat fill her face.

Brady’s eyes flew wide. “You’re not a slut. Don’t you ever let me hear you say that again.”

“That’s what I’m beginning to feel like.”

Jeni stomped out of the living room and up the stairs to the bedroom. She fumed while pacing the room. They thought she fucked them for the fun of it. Yeah, it had been fun, but it had been intimate

too. She thought they'd shared more than just sex. Maybe she'd been wrong all along. Maybe she needed to leave while she still had an ounce of dignity left.

Only she was stuck for now. One, she didn't have a car and two, the roads were iced over. She couldn't demand they take her to town in this weather. What was she going to do? Tears began falling from her eyes to roll under her chin. She brushed at them, anger replacing the hurt. She wasn't a floozy to be used then shoved aside when things got too close. That was what Brock was doing. He didn't want to discuss feelings or where she stood with them, so he'd walked out. Well she wasn't going to let him get away with it.

She stormed back down the stairs and swept into the living room to give Brady a piece of her mind, only he wasn't there anymore. Fine, she'd find both of them and give them a piece of her mind.

Her coat hung on one of the pegs by the back door. She pulled it down and shoved her arms into the sleeves. Then she pulled on the gloves and grabbed the hat, plopping it on her head. Wrenching open the kitchen door, she stomped out onto the porch and promptly slipped and fell flat on her back. It knocked the wind out of her. She lay there gasping for breath and disbelieving her bad luck.

Finally, she was able to roll over to all fours and crawl to the wood pile frozen solid to the porch. She used it to pull herself back up until she was standing once again. This time when she took a step, she was cautious. Instead of taking off across the yard to look for the men, she eased off the porch and tested the crunch of the snow for ice beneath it. At this rate, they would be coming back inside for the night before she even made it out to the stables.

After what seemed like hours, she opened the stable door and checked for them inside. There were three horses left in stalls. She guessed the men had ridden out on the rest of them. She really didn't even know how many there were supposed to be. If they had taken horses out somewhere, she would never be able to find them. That wasn't acceptable. Since she didn't know how to ride a horse, she

would keep checking around until one or both of them showed back up. She was not going to sit in *their* house waiting on them to grace her with their presence. The longer she thought about it, the madder she got.

Ice crunched under her feet as she used the fence to steady her. She slowly made her way around the corral to the first barn. Inside were fifteen or so cows that looked young. They were kind of cute, actually. She slipped inside to get a closer look at them. They shied away from her. Thinking she might spook them if she continued trying to follow them, she left that barn and closed the door, sliding the bolt back into place. Then she advanced to the other barn. Inside of it were older cows. These all looked to be dangerous to her, so she didn't go inside. Once again, she slid the bolt closed.

Where could they have gone? She debated whether to wait on the back porch for them to show up or look around some more. She hadn't seen much of the ranch other than the day Brady took her around. It wouldn't hurt to look around a little more.

She wasn't sure how much time had passed, but the sun seemed to be going down by the time she turned around to return to the house. There had been no sign of the men anywhere she'd walked. Her legs were tired from trying to keep her balance. She'd fallen several more times during her walk, but she'd gotten back up and kept going. It pissed her off that she still hadn't been able to locate them.

It seemed like it was taking her forever to make it back to the house. She didn't think she had wandered that far away. The more she walked, the colder she became. With the sun setting, the wind was picking back up and the chill turned downright frigid. She began to worry she was lost but didn't see how she could be since she followed the fence line the entire time. When her teeth began to chatter she knew she was in trouble. It reminded her too much of when she'd been running from Glenn. Only this time, she might not have anyone to save her in time since no one knew where she'd gone.

\* \* \* \*

“Where the hell did she go?” Brock yelled at no one in particular.

Ever since he’d come back home to talk to her and found her missing he felt like a part of him had been ripped away. Why hadn’t he just told her how he felt instead of leaving like that? Damn his pride for wanting her to tell them first. What was it going to cost him? Would she forgive him?

“I don’t have a good feeling about this,” Brady said after returning from upstairs to see if she’d taken anything with her.

“She could be anywhere. We might never find her in the dark.” Brock stormed back outside with the flashlights.

Thank goodness it was a clear night. They could use the stars and moon, once they had risen, for light. Until then, they were stuck with flashlights. Would it be enough for them to find tracks? Other than the ones leading off the porch, the wind had obliterated a lot of the ones they’d determined were hers.

“Hey boss!” One of the hands called from the first barn. “She’s been over here. Footprints are pretty clear against the barn. Wind hasn’t gotten to them.”

Brock and Brady hurried over to the barn and traced the footprints to where they ended about six feet from the barn door. The fanned out and looked all around, hoping to pick them back up somewhere.

“Let’s check the other barn. Maybe she was looking for us and she checked all the buildings,” Brady suggested.

Brock nodded and they trudged through the icy snow. The wind blew the frozen snow around, changing the landscape every few minutes. Where a pile of snow was one minute, the next it was flat. Brock swallowed thinking that she could be out there somewhere lost. She’d die out there before much longer. It fueled his energy and quickened his step.

“Got more prints here, Brock.” Brady pointed at the ground next to the barn door.

They checked inside to be sure she wasn't still there. Then they fanned out again and searched the area. Finally, Brock located some nearly obliterated prints next to the fence line heading out to the back sixty acres. He cringed, thinking she might be out there somewhere. There wouldn't be any trees to block the wind, and there were two ponds that might not be completely frozen over. If she fell into one of them...

"Brady. Over here." He pointed to the boot prints. "If she followed the fence line we should be able to locate her fairly easily."

"Let's go." Brady huffed out a frozen breath and began walking.

They were both careful not to slip since they knew it might take both of them to get Jeni back safe and sound. They couldn't afford to fall and get hurt.

Several times they lost her prints and had to make the decision to either spread out and look for them or follow the fence line in hopes they would pick them back up again. They chose to follow the fence. Brock had a feeling she was doing that as well. How far had she walked? Was she still walking or had she stopped by now? God, don't let her have sat down. If she fell asleep, she could freeze to death before they found her.

They turned off their flashlights after a little while since the night sky lit up the landscape with soft lights. Brock could see a good fifteen or twenty yards ahead of him. They continued following the fence line praying they were on the right track.

"Hey!" Brady yelled. "There she is."

Brock peered ahead in the pale moonlight and barely made out the outline of a person sitting against a fence post. He and Brady took off running as fast as they could through the icy snow. Twice Brock slid, almost falling. Still, he made it to Jeni before Brady did.

The soft moonlight left her skin pale. With her eyes closed he could almost believe she was sleeping. He pulled off his gloves and stuffed them in his pockets even before he knelt in the snow beside her. Reaching out with one hand, he carefully touched her face to find



it cold. His heart stuttered a few beats. He reached beneath her coat and felt along her neck looking for a pulse—and found it. He sighed in relief.

“She’s alive. We need to get her back to the house and warm her up.” Brock reached beneath her and picked her up.

“I’ll spell you in a few minutes. We’ll go faster that way,” Brady said.

They took turns carrying her all the way back to the house. By the time they arrived, she roused enough to moan as they bumped her along in their arms. Brock took her from Brady as they neared the house. Brady ran ahead and had the fire blazing by the time Brock made it inside with her.

“Damn, I wish the electricity was on. Go start the generator. We’ll bring the electric blanket down here.” Brock laid her on the couch and began undressing her.

Surprisingly enough, her clothes were dry, with the exception of the lower half of her jeans. The coat had done its job and kept the moisture out. He left her underwear on and bundled her under the covers next to the fire. About the time he had her covered up, the lights came on in a stutter. Brady had gotten the generator going.

Once Brady made it back inside, Brock left him to care for Jeni so he could get the electric blanket. He plugged it in and draped it over the top of the blanket. Then he covered it with a comforter.

“Get undressed and get in there to get her warm. I’m going to make some soup. As soon as she is awake enough to eat we need to get something warm inside of her,” Brock said.

Brady stripped down to his boxers and climbed under the covers. Once he was sure Brady had her in his arms, Brock walked back in the kitchen and leaned against the cabinet. His legs were weak. They might have lost her, all because of his stubborn pride. The realization that she could still get sick and die frightened him into action.

He located a can of soup and warmed it in a pot on the stove. He spooned it into a coffee mug and carried it into the living room where

Brady was talking softly to their woman. She was theirs, and as soon as she was awake enough to understand it, he was going to tell her. He would not let another night go by without telling her how much he cared for her. She would know that they wanted her to be a part of their lives from now on. He would ask her to marry him if that would help his cause. Anything to assure she never left their side again.

“Is she awake?” Brock asked his brother.

“Sort of. She opens her eyes but doesn’t say anything.”

Brock knelt on the bed beside her and sat the mug of soup on the floor. He was almost afraid to touch her. Instead he bent down and whispered in her ear.

“Wake up, baby girl. Let me see those pretty eyes of yours.”

He watched as her eyelids fluttered, then opened. She smiled. It was the most beautiful sight he’d ever seen. She licked her lips and opened her mouth to speak.

“Hi. I was looking for you.”

He had to lean down to hear her.

“Don’t you ever go out on the ranch alone again,” Brock said.

“She doesn’t have any idea how big it is, Brock. We need to show her on the map.” Brady kissed the back of Jeni’s head.

“I’ll take her out on horseback and show it all to her as soon as it gets to be warmer weather.”

“I got so cold. I couldn’t walk any farther.”

“I know you did, baby.” Brock picked up the mug of soup again. “Let’s get some soup in you. Let Brady help you sit up.”

Brock watched as Brady propped her up against his chest and held her with one arm around her waist. He tucked the blanket back around her neck. She drew in a deep breath through her nose and smiled.

“That smells good. My stomach is telling me I’m hungry,” she said.

Brock spooned some into her mouth. Once she swallowed, he gave her more until she was able to take the mug from his hands and hold it herself. He watched her finish the soup then took the cup from

her and carried it to the kitchen. After rinsing it out, he returned to strip off his clothes and climb into the bed with her.

“I thought we had lost you,” he finally said after long moments of just caressing her face.

“Why did you walk off?” she asked.

“Because I was too proud to tell you that I loved you.” There, he’d said it.

It was out in the open now. Whatever came next, he’d told her how he felt.

“I love you too, baby girl.” Brady hugged her from behind.

“You do?” she asked, looking from one to the other of them. “You really love me, both of you?”

“Yes, we both really love you. We want you to stay with us. Be our wife.” Brock wasn’t going to leave any room for interpretation.

He all but held his breath waiting to see what she would say. He glanced over at Brady and knew his brother was thinking the same thing. What if she said no, that she couldn’t live this way? What would they do then?

“I will,” she said, then jumped up and knocked Brock over trying to get into his lap. “I love you, too—both of you.”

Brock grinned. He couldn’t help himself. She was going to stay. Now he needed to lay down the law though. He swallowed. It had to be done though. Living out here was dangerous, and she had nearly paid the price for being careless. Since part of it was his and Brady’s fault for not explaining things to her, he wouldn’t punish her this time.

## Chapter Sixteen

“We need to talk though, baby. You can’t go running off out here all alone. It’s too dangerous. We were just lucky to have found enough footprints to get the general idea of where to look for you. If we hadn’t, you’d have frozen to death out there. Do you understand?” Brock asked.

Jeni nodded. She knew he was going to be mad at her when he got past being glad she was okay. She’d known better than to go off like she had, but she had been so angry with Brock she hadn’t been thinking straight. Brock was right. She couldn’t do that out here.

“I know. I won’t do it again.”

“No, you won’t because the next time you do something like that I’m going to put you over my knee and turn your ass cherry red. Do you understand me, Jeni?” he asked.

She bristled at the thought he would spank her like a child, but she nodded her head anyway. She didn’t want Brock upset with her any more than he already was. She wanted them to snuggle in the bed together in front of the fire. As if he could read her mind, Brock pulled her back into the bed and under the covers, where he wrapped his arms around her.

“My feet are cold,” Jeni complained.

Then she stuck them back against Brady’s thighs. He yelped and retaliated by grabbing hold of one of her breasts. She hissed out a breath and leaned back into him. Brock latched on to the other one with his mouth and began sucking her in as if he could never get enough of her. The feel of his mouth drawing her in pulled at things

lower in her belly. His tongue teased her nipple until she whimpered for something more.

Brady lifted the hair off the back of her neck and nuzzled her ear. His scruffy chin burned along her neck and shoulder as he nipped and licked his way down her body. He released the breast he held and moved his hands lower to her pelvis and the warmth of her pussy below. His fingers slid past the elastic of her panties and nestled into the wet heat of her channel. She moaned and squeezed her legs together to keep his hands where they were.

“I think baby girl wants something, Brady.” Brock lifted his mouth from her breast long enough to tell Brady to strip her.

Brady laughed and pulled her panties off her legs. There wasn't much left of her bra now since Brady had pulled it up off her breasts. He unhooked it and let it fall away. Jeni wanted them like she'd never wanted anything before in her life. If they didn't fill her soon, she would die of need. Her body ached to be taken.

Brady returned to her pussy with his fingers. He teased her clit with one thumb while his fingers dipped inside her, only to leave once again. She squirmed against him, begging him with her body for more. She needed more of everything. The mouth at her breast nipped at her nipple, then licked away the hurt. Fingers twisted at her other nipple until she groaned and arched her back in an effort to relieve the pressure. Instead of easing, the pressure only grew with each nip, lick, and suck of her breasts.

“Please,” she managed to get out.

“Please, what?” Brock asked.

“I need you inside of me.”

“Brady,” was all that Brock said before his brother rolled her over on top of him and buried himself in one long glide deep inside of her. She screamed at the intense pleasure of being filled in one fell swoop. He groaned and held still while she adjusted to his size. Still, she ached for more—more something. She didn't know what.

Brock was suddenly behind her pushing her down towards Brady's chest. She felt something cold against her anus, then the pressure of a finger sliding inside. She stiffened. Surely, they didn't intend on doing that to her.

"Brock?"

"Easy, baby. I promise you'll love it. It hurts so good."

"I'm scared," she admitted.

He bent over her back and kissed her from her neck to the swell of her ass. Still that one finger twisted and turned inside of her ass. It pinched a little, but not bad. Then more of the cool jell and two fingers entered her. She moaned at the bite of pain. It wasn't so bad. She could handle this, she decided. He twisted his fingers, pushing them in and out of her back channel until he was satisfied by something.

Brady remained still though she knew it cost him. He held his arms around her back, holding her tightly to his chest. She squeezed down around him and smiled at the deep moan that issued from his lips.

"I'm going to get you for that," he promised.

Just when Jeni thought she was prepared for anything, Brock pushed the flared head of his penis against her ass. His hands held her ass cheeks wide open as the head of his cock pushed inward. Jeni whimpered and tried to pull away.

"Easy, baby. Push back. You can take me, baby. Just push back."

Jeni panted and tried to relax. It burned and pinched more than she thought she could stand until she pushed back. He tunneled past that ring of resistance. He stopped to let her catch her breath then pulled back and plunged in farther this time.

"It burns," Jeni said.

"I know. I promise it will feel good in a minute," Brock said.

Once more he pulled nearly out and then pushed forward until he was as far as he could go. His balls banged against her pussy where Brady's cock remained still, waiting to be able to move once again.

“You okay, baby?” Brady asked, the strain to remain still evident in his voice.

“I’m okay. Do something. Move. Please.”

Brock pulled out then pushed back in and Brady pulled out. They slowly began a rhythm of push and pull until Jeni wanted to scream.

“Harder. Faster,” she finally managed to get out. “Please, faster.”

They picked up the pace. Jeni couldn’t move with them. She could only lie there between them and let them do the work. She was a living vessel for them as they pumped in and out of her. The fullness overwhelmed her. At no time was she empty. One of the men was inside of her at all times. The sensation of floating took over and then the pressure built. It grew swirling inside of her until she thought she would fly apart.

“Fuck, you’re tight,” Brock ground out between clinched teeth.

“Hot and tight,” Brady added.

“Please, I need more. I need,” she cried.

“I know, baby. I know.” Brock ground into her as Brady retreated.

She knew they could feel each other through her. The knowledge that they were just as hot and needy as she was spurred her on.

“Fuck me. Please, hard.”

They both picked up the pace and soon she was writhing between them, trying to catch that elusive dive off a cliff. When it came, it broadsided her. She screamed as they both came inside of her. White hot heat seared her inside and out. Then she knew only darkness.

\* \* \* \*

Jeni slowly opened her eyes and stretched. Her body was deliciously sore but sated. She had never known sex could be so intense. The weight of an arm across her belly reminded her she wasn’t alone in the bed. She reached back and found Brady, by the feel of his hip. It was leaner than Brock’s. Funny how she’d picked up on that after only a few weeks in their company.

Brock lay on his back with one arm over his eyes. She let her finger trail from his belly button to his neck. He stirred but didn't say anything. He had to be chilly without the cover on him. She pulled away from Brady, who groaned but let her go. Carefully, Jeni crawled on top of Brock and curled up to go back to sleep.

"Brock?" Brady called softly.

"Yeah."

"I'm going to go check the cattle and see if the hands have everything under control."

"Good idea."

Jeni smiled. He wasn't going to jump up and check on the animals like he would have even twenty-four hours before. Instead, he was staying in bed with her. It did more for her heart than hearing him saying the words.

"I'll be back in a little while. It's my turn then," Brady complained.

"Hmm. Maybe I should get up and cook something to eat."

"Mmm, sounds good, but in a little while. I want you first. I need you." Brock ran his hands up and down her back beneath the covers she'd pulled on top of them.

He made slow love to her, bringing tears to her eyes. It felt so good and satisfying, even though her climax had been like a soft sigh instead of the mind-blowing fireworks of earlier in the night. It meant so much more, though, because Brock had meant every kiss and every caress he gave her.

She slipped from beneath his arm and quickly dressed, minus her underwear. Then she headed to the kitchen and fiddled around in the pantry until she decided on pancakes. It didn't take long to have Brock in the kitchen under foot while she cooked. The smell of coffee drew him to her.

"You smell good enough to eat," Brock said, taking a nip out of her neck when she passed too close to him.

"Behave. Even if you're not hungry, I am."



By the sound of stomping feet on the back porch, Jeni knew Brady was back again. When he opened the door and let all the cold air rush in, she opened the oven door to warm her back up while she beat the batter. He swooped down on her and landed a kiss on the tip of her nose.

“How are your cows doing?” Jeni asked.

“The *cows* are doing fine,” he laughed.

“Get everyone fed?” Brock asked after snatching a kiss from Jeni on her way past where he leaned against the counter sipping coffee.

Brady helped himself to a cup of coffee before answering. “Everyone’s fed. I’m hoping the roads thaw out soon. We’re going to need more sweet feed in another couple of days.”

“Electricity’s still out, so they haven’t gotten this far yet,” Brock said.

“I’m going to enjoy the ice as long as we can feed the cows,” Jeni said.

“What do you mean?” Brock and Brady asked together.

“While it’s out, we all get to sleep together in one big bed.”

“Honey, that doesn’t change when the electricity is back on.” Brock exchanged glances with Brady. “You do understand, don’t you? You belong to us now. You’re our woman.”

“So that means we sleep together from now on?” she asked, rolling her lips inward to hide her smile.

“Yep. From now on, you will have one of us hanging all over you at all times.” Brock flicked the end of her nose with his finger.

“I think I could grow to like that.”

Jeni poured the batter for the first pancakes onto the griddle and listened to the sizzle. She would enjoy having them at her beck and call. Provided they gave her some room to breathe. Brock kissed the back of her neck. Then again, who needed to breathe? They would take care of her. All she needed to do was trust in them.

# **THE END**

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Marla Monroe lives in the southern part of the United States. She writes sexy romance from the heart and often puts a twist of suspense in her books. She is a nurse and works in a busy hospital, but finds plenty of time to follow her two passions, reading and writing. You can find her in a book store or a library at any given time when she's not at work or writing. Marla would love for you to visit her at her blog at [themarlamonroe.blogspot.com](http://themarlamonroe.blogspot.com) and leave a comment.

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