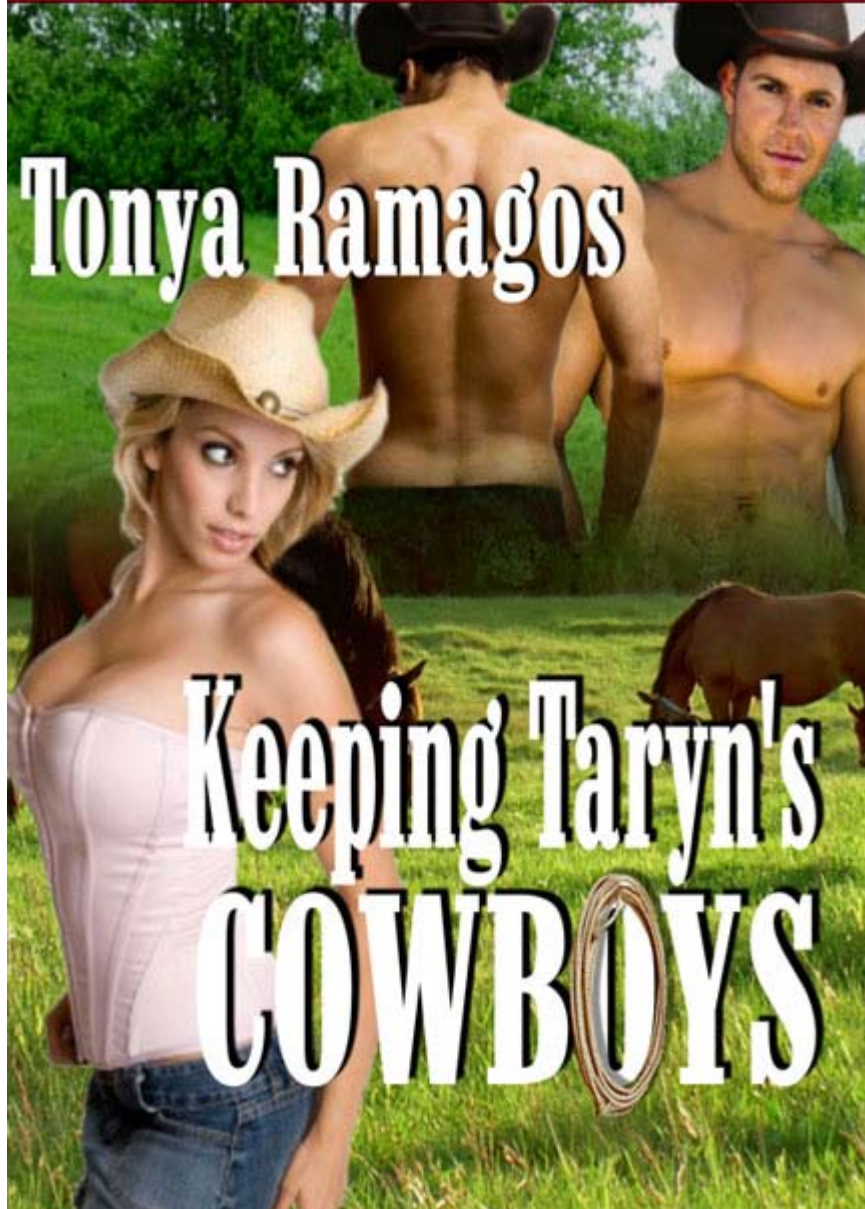


Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour

Tonya Ramagos

Keeping Taryn's
COWBOYS



Sunset Cowboys 3

Keeping Taryn's Cowboys

Eight years ago, Royce convinced himself that sweet, innocent Taryn wasn't ready for the rough, controlling sex he and Clint crave. Now the blond spitfire is taking care of business and dialing their number. But the first touch leaves Royce wondering if they're ready for *her*.

Clint has been chomping at the bit to get his hands on Taryn. One night, and he'll know the feel of taming the defiance simmering in her eyes. When she tumbles into his arms, he's got her where he wants her. So why does he feel like a caught man?

Taryn waited eight years to go after what she wants. She's kept her distance from the Shelton brothers, biding her time for the right moment to toss her rope. Lassoing the pair of rugged cowboys for a night of pleasure that bucks the edge of erotic madness is easy. The fun is in keeping them.

Genre: Contemporary, Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Western/Cowboys

Length: 27,019 words

KEEPING TARYN'S COWBOYS

Sunset Cowboys 3

Tonya Ramagos

MENAGE AMOUR



Siren Publishing, Inc.
www.SirenPublishing.com

ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED:

Your non-refundable purchase of this e-book allows you to only ONE LEGAL copy for your own personal reading on your own personal computer or device. **You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and the copyright owner of this book.** This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload to a file sharing peer to peer program, for free or for a fee, or as a prize in any contest. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law. Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, online, offline, in print or in any way or any other method currently known or yet to be invented, is forbidden. If you do not want this book anymore, you must delete it from your computer.

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

If you find a Siren-BookStrand e-book being sold or shared illegally, please let us know at **legal@sirenbookstrand.com**

A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK

IMPRINT: Ménage Amour

KEEPING TARYIN'S COWBOYS

Copyright © 2011 by Tonya Ramagos

E-book ISBN: 1-61034-039-6

First E-book Publication: January 2011

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

All cover art and logo copyright © 2011 by Siren Publishing, Inc.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED: This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission.

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

PUBLISHER

Siren Publishing, Inc.

www.SirenPublishing.com

Letter from Tonya Ramagos

Regarding E-book Piracy

Dear Readers,

Not everyone can say they love their job, but I am among the lucky few who can. I love my job beyond measure. I find enjoyment, fulfillment, and satisfaction in exploring the characters and stories I create. I am also honored to be able to entertain you with my stories. My greatest joy comes from knowing that you have found happiness through one of my books.

It pains me to know that there are people out there who are downloading my work illegally. Pirating ebooks is a crime. When an ebook is shared or put up as a free download for anyone to take, it is stealing. I write for my readers and for myself, but I cannot afford to work for free. Pirated ebooks do not support my family.

Please do not pirate my books. Encourage people instead to respect the ebook industry and buy their own copies rather than downloading any ebook illegally.

With deep gratitude,

Tonya Ramagos

KEEPING TARYN'S COWBOYS

Sunset Cowboys 3

TONYA RAMAGOS

Copyright © 2011

Chapter One

Royce wanted to fuck her. The primal desire wound inside him like a ribbon of satin. Taryn Aldean's sultry voice tied that ribbon securely around his stiffening cock.

"Can you do it, Mr. Shelton?"

You can bet your sweet ass I can do it, darlin'. He figured what he wanted to do and what she wanted him to do likely fell on opposite sides of the fence.

"I'm sure we can work out something, Ms. Aldean." He could make her want it. The idea of her lithe little body stretched and bound to his bed while he took his time exploring her naked flesh until she begged him to fuck her nearly made him come.

Royce prided himself on control. He knew his limits, his triggers, his sexual hungers. Taryn Aldean pushed those limits, set off every trigger, and instilled a hunger in him no other woman could satisfy. He ought to know. He had tried many times.

He shifted in his chair to relieve the pressure behind the zipper of his jeans. It didn't help. Neither did the glance he shot Clint or the look of aroused purpose on his brother's face. Clint wanted her just as

badly. No doubt his brother would be right there with him. Together, they could make her want it and a whole lot more.

Taryn breathed a heavy sigh through the phone. Royce imagined the heat of that breath fanning the sensitive flesh beneath his ear as she nuzzled her face in the crook of his neck while he buried his cock deep inside her pulsing channel. He predicted that breath would turn to a shuddering moan as Clint mounted her from behind, entering her ass while Royce pleased her pussy until they drove her mad with pleasure.

If she didn't drive them mad first.

"I can't pay much, Mr. Shelton. I don't have much."

Royce knew what an admission like that must have cost a woman like her. Taryn Aldean didn't look for handouts or sympathy. She carried her own the best she knew how and did it damned well in his opinion. Sometimes too well. The delectably tempting blonde with amazing cheekbones, lush, full breasts, and legs that seemed to stretch for miles proved she could take care of any business as well as a man.

Royce and Clint aimed long ago to prove there was at least one area of business she needed a man to fulfill. Trouble was, they fought a helluva battle getting anywhere near her ever since.

"Tell you what," Royce drawled, swiveling the chair so he sat sideways behind the desk. He propped his elbow on the blotter as he held the house cell phone to his ear. "How about Clint and I take a ride out to your place, oh, say, about three this afternoon, and you can show us what you want. Then we'll let you know what we want in return."

She took so long to answer he started to wonder if she hung up. Finally, she said, "That'll be fine. I'll see you then."

"Yes, ma'am." Royce grinned as he snapped his phone shut.

"I don't suppose you could toss out any more innuendoes in a single phone conversation," Clint commented. The middle Shelton brother sat in the corner of the office sofa, one arm stretched along the

back, the other extended on the armrest. His expression glinted with amusement.

Royce toyed with a pencil he picked up off the desk. "No innuendoes there, brother. The lady wants a job done. We can't tell her what we'll charge to do it until we see the work for ourselves."

"And when did you two start accepting sex as payment for handyman work?"

Royce gave his youngest brother a noncommittal look. Jacob Shelton stood in the doorway of the office, one shoulder resting against the frame, cowboy hat sitting low on his head, and a smirk tilting his lips.

On the sofa, Clint sighed and sat up straighter. "When Taryn Aldean finally figured out how to dial that phone number." He jerked his chin at the cell phone Royce put on the desk.

"I never said we would take sex as payment for services rendered." Not that he would balk at the idea. He'd do just about anything to bury his cock in Taryn's sodden heat. He rubbed the back of his neck and stared down at the phone. Desperation got him by the balls and suspicion made him curious. "Makes me wonder why she made the call, though."

"The little spread of hers is probably getting to be too much for her." Clint walked to the mini-fridge and took out a bottle of water. "You caught a glimpse of it the same as I did the last time we were out at the CTS. She took on a few more horses, likely bit off more than she can chew, and probably needs work done to the barn. She can't pull Buck off his chores to see to stuff like fixing rotting boards or painting a few walls. Not if she wants the rest of that place to keep running smoothly."

Royce shook his head. "If that's all she needed, she could've asked any one of the guys at the CTS. They'd do it for free."

Cord DeMoss, Trace Tanner, and Sam Yates operated the CTS Ranch to the right of Taryn's property. Cowboys, friendly, and gay,

Royce knew none of the men would hesitate to lend a hand to Taryn if she asked.

“She said she couldn’t pay much, that she doesn’t have much.” And she called him Mr. Shelton. As if they hadn’t known one another since she wore that long, silky blonde hair in friggin’ pigtails. Hell, he’d wanted to fuck her nearly that long.

“Wouldn’t surprise me none if she’s close to broke,” Jacob commented. “Word around town is she lost her job in the city. She’s been picking up shifts at the Swingin’ Sunset Saloon a couple of nights a week.”

Royce gritted his teeth. He heard about her taking her sister’s place as the bartender at the Triple S a few times in recent weeks, and he didn’t like it a bit. Forget that most of the cowboys that frequented the Triple S went for partners of the same sex. He didn’t care for his Taryn working behind a bar.

His Taryn? Where in the hell did that thought come from? He wanted to fuck her, to make her writhe and beg and scream. He wanted to get drunk off her hot pussy juices and then shoot his wad deep inside her clenching channel. He didn’t want to keep her, to make her his, for Pete’s sake. Show her pleasure, get his rocks off, and walk away smiling. That’s what he and Clint did. A few hours or even a night with Taryn Aldean wouldn’t change a thing.

“Maybe she’s looking to sell the place,” Clint suggested, taking a long pull from the water bottle. “Fix it up real nice, get a good price for it, quit while she still can.”

“Taryn isn’t a quitter.” If anything she was a fighter, a true survivor.

“She sure as shit quit on you, bro.”

Jacob’s reminder hit Royce where it hurt.

“Not because she wanted to.” Clint tipped the lip of the bottle in Royce’s direction. “His stupid ass pushed her away from both of us.”

Royce met his brother’s gaze, saw the anger still simmering in the cool depths of Clint’s eyes. Nearly eight years and the man couldn’t

let go of his mad any more than he did his need for the woman Royce turned away.

"She wasn't ready, and you know it." She'd barely been old enough to have sex, much less fuck in the ways Royce and Clint enjoyed. "We would have scared her to death, broken her spirit." And lost the part of her Royce loved most. The blonde spitfire could defy a man hell-bent on taming her and bring him to his knees. He should know. He'd been on his knees praying for the strength to stay away from her for the last eight years.

"We won't now." Clint sounded confident, determined, and ready. "That call was more than a service request. I'm thinking she's finally calling an end to this cat-and-mouse game."

Yeah, Royce figured as much, too. Taryn called looking for a man to do more than give her a price quote on carpenter repairs. The question of how much more kept bucking around in his mind.

Jacob grinned, tongue in cheek. "If you ask me, the way you two have been starving for her all these years, she's likely to be the one to do the scaring and breaking."

"Well, nobody asked you, little brother," Royce and Clint said in unison.

Of the three Shelton brothers, Royce and Clint shared the most. The bond between them built over years of seeing to the ranch and the handyman business, to Jacob's upbringing after their parents' deaths, to pleasuring the women they enjoyed. Nobody sent them running scared and nobody broke their spirit, least of all a delicious little hellcat like Taryn Aldean.

"One of the hands reported a problem along the fence in the back pasture," Royce told his youngest brother, effectively putting an end to the one-sided amusement of the conversation.

"I'll head to check it out now." Jacob pushed off the doorframe. "Seeing as the two of you will be busy with Taryn's estimate, I'll take care of getting the truck back to the Waldon's, too. Gunner ought to be able to handle things around the ranch this afternoon."

“Good enough.” Royce nodded and continued to stare through the doorway even after Jacob vacated the space.

“We should’ve been the ones to check out that fence,” Clint commented, snagging Royce’s attention. “It’ll take a good hour or more to see it done right. Sure would’ve beat sitting around this office waiting on that damned cuckoo out in the hall to chime three times.”

Royce slid a look at the other man. He couldn’t argue with his brother’s logic. They waited eight years for Taryn Aldean. Another three hours spent anticipating the feel of her satiny flesh sandwiched between them, of imagining the sultry sounds she would make as they brought her insurmountable pleasure, might drive them both insane.

* * * *

“I sure hope you know what you’re doing.”

Taryn met her sister’s gaze in the mirror as she pulled on the silk camisole and skimmed her hands down her sides. The material clung to her body like a second skin. The narrow band of lace tracing the heart-shaped neckline flirted with the swells of her breasts. Her nipples beaded, providing evidence to the fact that she decided to forgo a bra.

She tucked the hem into the waistband of her jeans, slid her arms into the sleeves of her favored Western-style work shirt, and tied the gathered sides together at her stomach. Stepping back a half step, she gazed at her reflection in the mirror over the dresser and let a slow smile spread her lips. Who knew she could combine worn work clothes and sensual silk to create a look sure to knock the Shelton brothers clean out of their boots?

“You can’t play games with them, Taryn,” Trixie warned.

“Who says I’m playing games?” Taryn spun to face her sister. Trixie sat Indian style in the center of Taryn’s bed, her red-painted lips set in a frown, dark eyes imploring. Half amused and half

placated, Taryn planted fisted hands on her hips. "I'm going after what I want, same as I've always done."

"I know, and I admire that about you. What you've done with this place since Dad up and left, the life you've made for yourself, you did exactly what you wanted, and you made it work. I couldn't have done it, wouldn't have fought so hard for it, but you did."

Taryn didn't bother reminding her sister that their father left her with little choice. The day Trixie turned eighteen and ceased to be his responsibility any longer, he hit the road to chase down greener pastures. Seeing as their mother had been the first to do the same over a decade before, Taryn hadn't been too surprised. At least he left her the ranch and everything that went along with it. Forget the horses had been half starved, the house and barn in complete disrepair, and the land in not much better shape. Barely two years later, the ranch was an unrecognizable beam of its former self.

"The fight isn't over yet." She didn't kid herself into thinking it ever would be. Running a ranch, no matter how large or small, brought about one obstacle after another. She could have made life easier, sold the place, moved on. The option held little appeal. Instead, she put in eighteen-hour days bringing the ranch up to par while holding down a full-time job in the city to make ends meet. Then she got laid off. With the economy being what it was, she'd seen it coming. She started putting back precious pennies each paycheck, going without unnecessary pleasures in order to build some sort of cushion to catch her when she fell.

"I can let you pick up an extra shift tomorrow night. Friday is always a sure-to-pack-the-pockets tip night." Trixie gnawed her bottom lip thoughtfully. "Or I could move back in for a while."

Taryn lifted a brow. "You want to move in here?" She knew better. Trixie enjoyed her freedom as much as Taryn cherished her own. Her sister relished her single room apartment in town and paid-for pick-up truck, no matter how diminutive the apartment or beat up

the truck. She easily supported her simple lifestyle on the money she made tending bar at the Swingin' Sunset Saloon.

Trixie shrugged. "I could if you need me to. I feel bad sometimes, Tar. What Dad did, leaving us like that wasn't right, but I left you, too."

"You did." Taryn nodded. "You grew up, moved out. It's what people do. I've got the life I want, same as you." She started to move to the bed, to pull her sister into an embrace, but thought better of it. Though close, they'd never had a touchy-feely type of sister-ship. She settled for hooking her thumbs in the pockets of her jeans. "Thanks, but no thanks. I'll take the extra shift tomorrow night, though."

"It's yours." Trixie's gaze slid down Taryn, slowly climbed up again. "And that's not the only thing you're planning to claim today, is it?"

"Nope."

"*I can't pay much, Mr. Shelton. I don't have much.*" Trixie imitated Taryn's tone almost perfectly. "Thought you weren't playing games."

"I didn't lie." She did lay the cowgirl-in-distress act on a little thick though. "I wouldn't be taking you up on your offer to work at the Triple S if I was rolling in dough."

"Mmm, hmm, and what did Royce say to that?"

"He and Clint are riding out at three to take a look at the job, give me an estimate, and we'll discuss it from there." They would let her know what they wanted in return. At least that's how Royce put it in his sinfully sexy drawl that sent whips of lust slashing through her insides. "I've gotta figure they know I've been struggling lately. Hell, everybody in town knows everybody's business. What makes mine any different?"

"Everybody also knows there is little you need done you can't take care of yourself."

"Well, sometimes a woman encounters a thing or two only a man can fix."

"A thing or two only a couple of cocksure, rough, dominant cowboys can fix," Trixie corrected. "They'll see right through the act, Tar. Struggling or not, you're far from a damsel in distress."

"You bet your ass I am." Taryn turned back to the mirror, scooped the back of her hair in her hands, and decided to secure it with a rubber band. She might be dabbling in the sensual arena with the silk camisole and lace thong beneath her worn jeans and Western shirt, but practicality won on a working ranch. "I'm a cowgirl in distress." She purposely tugged free a few shorter strands of hair by her ears, letting them fall in wispy, natural waves that framed her cheeks.

"The difference being?"

Taryn met her sister's gaze in the mirror. "A cowgirl is strong enough to take care of her own, but occasionally finds herself in the predicament of needing a cowboy, or two, to ride to her rescue."

"The cowboy, or two, being Royce and Clint Shelton. Cowboys who shot you down once and you haven't let anywhere near you since."

"They needed to learn a lesson."

"Eight years is a long time to teach a lesson."

"Some heads are harder to crack, take longer to learn than others."

Trixie barked a laugh. "And heads don't get much harder than those of the Shelton brothers."

Taryn shot her sister a meaningful smile. "So I've heard."

Trixie rolled her eyes and groaned. "I wasn't talking about *those* heads."

"Yeah, I know, but until I convince *those* heads I'm the only cowgirl for them, I won't stand a prayer in hell of getting through the thick skulls inside the heads on their shoulders."

"I sure hope you know what you're doing," Trixie sing-songed again.

Taryn thought of broad chests, ripped abs, flat stomachs, narrow hips, and mouthwatering bulges barely contained by skintight Wranglers. Her mental camera flashed on the promising gaze that

always held her spellbound in Royce's hazel eyes. Her heart tripped at the predatory gleam ever present in Clint's greener, harder stare.

She knew precisely what she aimed to do. She meant to make Royce and Clint Shelton hers once and for all.

Chapter Two

Clint decided the cuckoo clock could go to hell. He followed Royce up the stairs of Taryn's front porch a full twenty minutes before their scheduled meeting, stopping to lean a shoulder against the porch post while Royce did the knocking.

His brother waited a beat, rapped again, then shot Clint a look over his shoulder. "Think she changed her mind?"

Clint ran his tongue along the insides of his bottom lip and mulled over the question. "Naw, more likely she's out on the ranch. We're early." He glanced to the right, caught sight of the corner of the main barn and tipped his chin toward it. "Let's check in there."

At nearly the same height, Royce's strides matched Clint's as they covered the distance between the house and barn in short order. A cursory inspection locked Clint's attention on several areas of the outer barn walls that needed repair. The structure appeared sturdy enough, but the peeling paint, dipping eave, and lopsided door needed fixing.

Royce stopped to give the door a closer study, proving the brothers were thinking on the same wavelength, which was often the case.

Clint moved past Royce, pausing when his boots hit the dirt-covered slab floor to let his eyes adjust to the dimmer light inside the barn. The sight to fine-tune his vision nearly knocked him out of his boots. His gaze landed on the mud-crusteds heels of a pair of work boots, slowly climbed the jean-clad legs, and fixed on a tight ass of pure feminine perfection that made his mouth go dry. Ass cheeks

flexed, hips shifting as Taryn Aldean moved a rung higher on the extension ladder. Clint's sanity took a dive for his zipper.

He watched as she stretched her arm, hammer in hand, attempting to reach a protruding nail. The effort pulled the plaid Western shirt she wore tighter against her body. Clint didn't know the small of a woman's back could squeeze a man's balls to aching. He fisted his hands at his sides, palms itching like mad to grip her trim waist. She wore her blonde hair up, off her neck. Several strands reached low enough from the ponytail to flirt with her nape, dancing along the flesh and tempting his tongue to do the same.

Instinctively, Clint sensed Royce move beside him, started to speak. Taryn's sudden squeak prevented either man from making a sound.

Clint saw her start to fall and felt himself react as if in slow motion, lunging forward to catch her. Reflex more than thought had one hand snagging the arm holding the hammer before she clocked him with it as his other arm seized her waist. Off balance, he stumbled back a step, his arm tightening around her waist to steady them both.

"Nice timing, cowboy." Taryn puffed out a breath sounding of half laugh and half astonishment that scorched the material of Clint's shirt and sent fiery embers of lust raining straight to his cock.

Blue-gray eyes looked up at him from beneath long lashes in a tanned face with cheeks currently flushed from her sudden fall. Or maybe it was the heat sparking between them that brought that sultry color to her flesh. Lord knew Clint felt his own color rising, and it had everything to do with the feel of her sinuous body against his.

He might chalk her fall up to a ploy—after all, falling off a ladder at the precise moment for a man to catch seemed to be a classic female trick—but for the genuine surprise in her expression, the breathiness in her tone. No, Taryn hadn't known he and Royce had stepped into the barn.

"Well, now," he drawled. "Looks like there might be something around here a few handy cowboys can fix after all."

Temper flashed, quick and hot, in her eyes. "Duh. Why else would I call? You want to let go of me now?"

Clint pretended to think that over for a moment, enjoying the clashes of embarrassment, arousal, and annoyance in her expression. "Naw, I'm thinking I like you right here just fine." Finer than he thought he might, and that said a lot. He spent the better part of eight years lusting after this blonde hellcat, imagining the feel of her curves settled against the hard planes of his body. Once. He only wanted to take her once. What would it be like to command Taryn Aldean in bed, to tame the defiance simmering in her eyes? One night, a few precious hours, and he would know. Then he could move on to the next willing filly and never look back.

Taryn's pretty pink tongue peeked between her luscious lips, and his cock turned to stone in his jeans. "I can't breathe." She sounded winded enough. He felt her quiver in his arms. He'd put his share of the Shelton ranch on the fact that neither had anything to do with how tightly he held her.

"Sure you can, sweetheart." Clint kept his voice low, dipped his head a fraction, and let his lips hover above hers. "All you have to do is relax and let your natural instincts take over."

"Would you be talking about be the natural instinct to hit you with this hammer or fuck?"

The challenge in her gaze closed around his shaft like a vise. The crude word rolling from her succulent lips tightened that vise until he felt a bead of precum wet his briefs. Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, he never wanted to fuck a woman this intensely. Worse, he never experienced this acute desire to hit the ground running. It chased close at the heels of his almost desperate need for release, comingling until both blew in a cloud of confusion.

"You won't use that hammer on me, darlin'." He hoped. But he tightened his grip on her slender wrist just in case. "As for the other..." He pushed his knee between hers, flattening his hand at the small of her back and pulling her belly flush against his tormented

cock. The sweet gasp the move coaxed from her throat made his balls spasm. “Why did you really call us out here, Taryn?” He lifted his thigh, rubbed it against her pussy, and swallowed a groan as her hips undulated, pushing against the denim of his jeans and hers.

“To take care of a few things that need fixing.”

“Are you one of those things?” Royce asked, moving up behind her.

Clint caught his brother’s gaze over Taryn’s head, saw the hungry anticipation in Royce’s eyes. Royce tended to be the softer one, the brother their ladies turned to for reason and tenderness when Clint got too rough. Clint liked it rough. He liked it hard and fast. He liked to push a woman beyond her limits and show her a level of pleasure she never experienced with another man. He wanted to give Taryn that pleasure, take with him the memory of her soft pleas and throaty satisfied moans when he walked out of her bedroom come sunrise.

Taryn didn’t turn her head, but her question left no doubt to whom she spoke. “What do you care if I need fixin’? You had your chance. You pushed me away a long time ago.”

And hurt her. Damn it all to hell, Clint saw that now as clearly as he saw the realization settle in his brother’s eyes. Royce should’ve done more explaining, should’ve tried to make her understand why they wouldn’t take her all those years ago. He’d never asked what exactly transpired between Royce and Taryn. He’d been too pissed at his brother for denying them both a piece of this woman to care. It was the only time in their lives Clint had been that furious with his brother over anything. By the time the anger dimmed, Taryn had taken to avoiding them and then somehow managed to have them sidestepping around her ever since.

“I didn’t push you away.” Clint touched the tip of her nose with his, watched her eyes flare in anticipation of a kiss he didn’t give her. Not yet. Not till they got this little part of their past out of the way. “If you’re giving me that chance to pleasure this body of yours, then

you're giving it to Royce, too. It's both of us or neither. You know that, darlin'."

Taryn held his gaze, and he saw she did know. She might argue, might want them to realize how pissed she got when Royce turned his back on her, but she still wanted him, wanted *them*, just the same. Clint felt the proof of that when Royce closed the distance between his body and her back. Taryn stiffened slightly in Clint's arms for a half a heartbeat before her amazing eyes slowly closed, her body settling against Royce's front.

Royce reached around her face, hooked a finger beneath her chin, and turned her head toward him. "Look at me, Taryn."

Something about the compassion in Royce's tone sent a whip of trepidation slashing down Clint's spine. Softer brother or not, he'd never heard Clint use that much compassion on any woman.

"You weren't ready for us then." Royce's thumb caressed the side of her jaw. Clint bit back the urge to lick the muscle he saw jumping just above Royce's finger.

"Shouldn't that have been my decision?" Defiance laced her question, narrowed her eyes to slits Clint wanted to see widen once more as he thrust his aching cock in her tight pussy. He didn't lower his thigh, still felt the heat of her center seeping through her jeans and his. Another minute, just a few more seconds, and he would feel that fire with no barrier between them.

"No, it shouldn't have." Royce's fingers glided over her cheek to dip into the hair behind her ear. Clint's gaze fell to the slender column of her neck, the pulse beating a rapid staccato as if beckoning his mouth to taste. "You were a virgin."

Clint's attention jumped to Royce. He didn't know why that statement surprised him. Common sense would tell any man the sweet, tempting blonde with a quick-fire temper despite the innocent blue-gray eyes was a virgin.

God, to have been the one to take that claim from her...

And find himself committed to one woman for the rest of his life because he stole her innocence with an act implying a promise of forever?

It finally clicked. Royce's reasons for denying them the only woman they ever shied away from. Forget the cowboy she lost her virginity to had obviously not been the stayin' kind. Clint couldn't say for sure who walked around with that title. He only knew Taryn Aldean ceased to be a virgin long ago, enjoyed the pleasures of the flesh whenever she felt the itch, and didn't have a steady man to dub her a woman in need of promises and commitments. In Clint's eyes, that made her ready for him and Royce.

"And because I'm not a virgin now, you think I'm ready to take both of you on?"

Clint guided the wrist he still held down to her side, sliding his hand on the small of her back further down to cup her ass. At the same time, Royce continued to hold her gaze, to hold her head steady while his free hand moved between Clint's body and hers to cover one breast.

"I'm thinking you are, unless you've got an argument to the contrary."

* * * *

Taryn could barely breathe, let alone think up a good argument. She prided herself on being quick-witted, always ready with a snappy comeback and steady on her feet in any given situation.

Her IQ fled with her balance when she tumbled from the ladder and straight into Clint Shelton's arms. Any snappy comebacks got lost in the bubbles of lust clogging her throat. As for being steady on her feet, two muscular statues of support kept her upright even if her body betrayed her by melting in their arms.

She envisioned this meeting differently. Somewhere in her rapidly clouding mind, she knew that. Somewhere in those clouds rested the

carefully laid out plan to snag these cowboys, to make them want her for more than this one moment, but damned if she could find that plan now.

Desperation riddled her thoughts. Taming these two ornery cowboys would take a skill and precision she knew she possessed but couldn't seem to find sandwiched between their unyielding bodies. The Shelton brothers weren't the stayin' kind. She knew that as sure as she knew her own name. They rarely returned to a woman for seconds and certainly didn't hold out for more.

Taryn wanted more. She aimed to have more, just as soon as she could find her scruples again.

They caught her unprepared, totally off guard. After Trixie left, Taryn had been restless. She spent the better part of a half an hour pacing the hardwood floors of the main house, casting surreptitious glances at the clocks she passed. When her hands reached for her ponytail with the full intent of giving it a good frustrated yank, she knew she needed to find something to do until three o'clock. The barn needed work, much of which she could do herself. She figured it the best place to fritter away the time while keeping close enough to the drive to hear the Shelton brothers arrive.

If she hadn't let her mind drift to the anticipation coursing through her of tasting Royce's kisses, of feeling Clint's calloused hands on her bare flesh, she would've known they were there. Hell, she wouldn't have fallen off the blasted ladder in the first place!

"Do you have any arguments, Taryn?" Royce's lips edged a minute fraction closer to hers. She felt the warmth of his breath fanning her mouth, the featherlike caress of his lips graze hers. The hand he slipped into her hair held her head steady enough to prevent her from moving the final inch to claim the kiss her body craved clear to her toes. "Now is the time if you do, because once I taste you I'm not stopping. Clint and I will take what we want, and they'll be no going back."

She didn't want to go back. God, she wanted them to take her, to do all the ravenous things to her the stories she heard about them proclaimed. Clint still held one of her hands, his grip firm. His other palm squeezed her ass cheek. She arched, hips thrusting forward, pussy grinding on the thigh he kept positioned between her legs. Acute awareness of his rigid cock pressing against her belly, of Royce's equally solid erection jabbing at her back, made her shiver in delighted expectation.

She knew she shouldn't give in to them so easily, hadn't planned to be the sweet little submissive she heard they liked. Women didn't fight them, didn't attest, and didn't challenge them. They made it too easy for these stalwart cowboys to ride away. She hadn't intended to make it so easy.

The best laid plans are often the ones that fail the hardest.

Ain't that the truth. She felt her head shake of its own volition, heard the breathy, "Take me," escape her lips, and knew the greatest defeat of her life.

Even so, surrender never tasted so sweet. She watched as Royce's eyes turned a deeper shade of hazel from arousal, saw the flash of victory sweep through them, felt the heat of his breath fan her lips one last time. She swore he muttered, "About damned time," a nanosecond before his tongue swept over her mouth.

Her lips parted on a sigh, her thoughts echoing the words she imagined he said. *About damned time*. Yes, it was. As his tongue dove inside her mouth, sliding over her teeth, tangling with her own tongue, eight years of longing and despair exploded in a fiery burst of satisfaction.

Lost in the kiss, her body sizzled in the next heartbeat as she felt the light brush of Clint's curls to the side of her neck followed by the moist heat of his tongue. He licked a path down the side of her neck, nipped her collarbone, and traced the outline of her throat.

Taryn's mind scrambled with the sensations catapulting through her. Royce's mouth, Clint's, both worked different parts of her into a

frenzy of heated euphoria. Royce controlled the kiss, taking her need higher as he explored the depths of her mouth, bit at her lips and tongue, and smoothed away the burn. Clint left a tingling trail of passion in the wake of his tongue as he licked at her flesh, pushing aside the open neckline of her shirt to run the tip of his tongue along the lacy bodice of her camisole.

“Came prepared for this, didn’t you, darlin’?” Clint closed his lips on the swell of the breast Royce held in his large palm, sucked at it.

Taryn moaned into Royce’s mouth, unable to break the kiss even if she wanted to. She didn’t want to. Jumping jelly beans, she could stand here and kiss this man for the rest of her life and never want to stop. The skill with which he kissed her, the way he made love to her mouth, only heightened her need to feel his mouth on every other part of her. The delicious things Clint did to her flesh already put her on the verge of begging. If Royce’s mouth moved from hers to join the torment Clint delivered, she would be a goner for sure.

“I like this look on you.” Sheer male appreciation sounded in Clint’s husky tone. “Shows how sexy you really are beneath the ranch clothes. Makes me wonder how much sexier you are inside these jeans, too. Are you hiding a treat for us there, too?”

Royce chose that moment to finally break the kiss, pulling back slowly to stare down at her through heavy-lidded eyes. Handsome didn’t begin to describe the man with his brown curls teasing his brows, the perpetual five o’clock shadow he maintained to hide the scar running along the curve of his jaw. The intensity and desire in his expression only enhanced his chiseled features, rendering her no hope of recapturing her breath after the mind-consuming kiss.

“Why don’t you find out?” She didn’t know where she found the wherewithal to issue the challenge but figured she couldn’t ask for a better response than the spark of pure male pride in Royce’s eyes. That is until his hand cupping her breast started to glide down her abdomen.

“I believe I’ll do just that.” His splayed hand covered her slender frame, the heat of his touch burning through the silk of her camisole to send her body reeling in its need for skin-to-skin attention. He released her head, tracing her lobe with the tip of one finger before skimming it down the side of her neck, following the path Clint’s kisses left tingling.

Finally free to move her head, she turned to find Clint’s gaze boring down on her, a cocky smile toying with the corners of his glistening lips. He watched her, unspeaking as he slowly lowered his thigh from between her legs. The absence of pressure to her aching pussy had her hips bucking to chase after it, to draw it back. The cocky smile bloomed to a devilish grin, a gruff laugh accompanying it as his hand closed around her hip, stilling her thrusts.

“Patience, darlin’,” he drawled.

She felt the knot of her shirt work free, shivered as a hand delved beneath the camisole, knuckles tickling up her front. The hand on the downward slide to the waistband of her jeans continued, large fingers yanking the button loose, tugging down the zipper.

“As you can see, Royce is about to give you something so much better to grind against.”

Taryn couldn’t see it, but she could damn sure feel it. The rough tips of Royce’s fingers danced along the elastic band of her panties. The length of those fingers pushed beneath the material and buried in her intimate curls.

Hands worked at her sides, Royce’s free hand and Clint’s, she realized with the part of her mind scrambling to keep track. Together, the men tugged her jeans down her hips, affording Royce with the ease he needed to push the final fraction home between her legs.

One impossibly long, deliciously coarse finger slipped between her sodden folds. Taryn couldn’t say for sure who moaned the loudest, herself or Royce as his hand stilled and her head fell back to rest on his shoulder.

“Christ, she’s wet.” Royce’s words came on a growl that rumbled from low in his throat and sent a sliver of excited apprehension racing down Taryn’s spine. She never heard him sound so animalistic, so primal. “It’s like sinking my finger into a jar of molasses, thick and warm. She’s drenching my fingers already, and I haven’t even gotten inside her yet.”

Taryn opened eyes she hadn’t realized she’d closed, peered at Clint through the narrow slits. She didn’t lift her head from Royce’s shoulder. She couldn’t find the strength. Her hands found purchase on their bodies, one fisting Clint’s shirt on his broad shoulder, the other turning to grip the back of Royce’s thigh. She wanted to fist more, to grip more. She wanted to touch them, taste them as they did her.

Clint’s skimming hand pushed her camisole up, baring her breasts. His head dipped, gaze remaining locked with hers beneath his lashes as he licked one taut nipple into his mouth and sent her body bucking once more. He didn’t tease, didn’t caress. He bit, sucked, plucked with his lips, and created a zing of pleasurable pain that bolted straight from her nipple to her pulsing clit.

“Ah, God, Clint!” Taryn’s head lolled on Royce’s shoulder, her breast thrusting into Clint’s mouth even as her hips gyrated in search for more of Royce’s touch. “Royce.” She hissed his name through her teeth as Clint delivered a sharper bite to her tortured nipple.

“Like that, baby?” Royce’s hand angled between her legs. His finger drove into her flaming channel, wiggled, explored, but he kept the base of his palm away from her clit. “Tell us, Taryn. Do you like it rough? Do you like the way your body burns, convulses uncontrollably, clouds the line between pain and pleasure?”

“Yes.” She loved it! She wanted more, wanted everything they would do to her and then some. Pressure built in her womb. Her clit pulsed. Her inner muscles gripped at Royce’s questing finger. The electric burn Clint started at her breasts blazed out of control, igniting a desire in her so carnal and naughty she couldn’t define it, let alone prevent it from eliciting the plea from her lips. “Please.”

“That’s it, darlin’,” Clint said around her nipple. “Beg for us. Beg Royce to fuck that pussy, for me to pleasure these breasts. You taste so delicious, Taryn, like a peach that’s been waiting for me out in the sun.”

She probably would have. Jesus knew she teetered on the verge of crying for them to do everything Clint asked of her. The orgasm built inside her, clawed through her channel like a tortured animal seeing freedom. Her breasts tingled, nipples throbbing in a fantastical pain she never before experienced. Then Royce’s hand flattened on her pussy, another finger joining the first as the heel of his palm pressed to her clit.

“Yes,” she said again, the breath leaving her as tears of sheer emotional overload filled her vision. She caught sight of Clint as he gazed up at her, mouth locked around one breast. Something about the look in his eyes and the position of Royce’s neck against her head told her the brothers exchanged a wordless communication in that instant she couldn’t define.

Then she stopped trying as the release took control. She fell apart between them, bucking and writhing, panting and moaning, unable to stop any of it, too overtaken by the force of the orgasm to try. She didn’t know how long they held her quivering body. She dimly registered the retreat of Royce’s fingers from her core, the rising warmth of Clint’s body at her front as he straightened. The sudden stiffness of Royce’s stance fully penetrated her fog-riddled mind first. When Clint eased away from her, she managed to finally lift her head from Royce’s shoulder.

“Can you hold yourself up?”

A prickle of alarm flittered through Taryn at the hard, carefully guarded inflection in Royce’s tone. She nodded and braced herself for him to let her go. In front of her, Clint lifted a hand to her cheek. His expression seemed as guarded as Royce’s voice, but she saw something deeper there, something she instinctively knew he would rather her not see.

“Royce was wrong.” Clint brushed his lips to the tip of her nose, dropped his hand, and moved back again. “You still aren’t ready.”

Taryn blinked as shock slammed into the instant rise of temper. They left her standing in the middle of her barn, jeans below her hips, panties soaking wet, body humming for their touch, and her mind awash in confusion.

Chapter Three

“What’ll it be, cowboy?”

Royce swung a leg over the barstool and gave the bartender a cursory glance before shifting his attention to the dance floor. “Give me a draft and a shot of whiskey, Misty. And keep ’em coming.”

Misty Mathews clucked her tongue and sidestepped into his view. Golden-red locks straight from a bottle framed a freckled face with bright blue eyes. Eyes, Royce knew, that observed every man and everything that transpired within the walls of the Double Horn Saloon.

“Rough day, darlin’, or are you looking to get your swerve on and have a little fun?”

Looking to forget, but he doubted he would succeed in the next decade or twenty. It didn’t stop a man from trying. “Just thirsty is all.”

Misty pursed her lips, nodded once, and set to filling his order. Seconds later, she slid a mug on the bar, set the shot glass beside it. She leaned her elbows on the bar, jerked her head toward the dance floor. “Looks like Clint is itching for a little fun tonight.”

Royce figured his brother wanted to forget as much as he did, but Clint went for a different poison available at the Double Horn Saloon. Cowgirls of every shape, size, and readiness crowded him on the dance floor, line dancing and gyrating as Dierks Bentley sang about getting a little sideways.

“Won’t do him a bit of good,” Royce muttered and picked up his mug. Too late, he realized he spoke aloud.

“Oh?” Misty’s brow winged up. “Want to tell me what’s gotten into your craw? They say bartenders make for great listeners. Besides,

your brother's scoping out the wrong part of this place if he wants a real good time."

Royce let that one slide right on past. He didn't doubt the beautiful redhead with a do-me bod and temper to match would present a few hours of enjoyment between the sheets for him and Clint. Trouble came in knowing up until a few months back she had those bright blues set on Logan Cartwright. The fact that Logan failed to return the interest and locked his eyes and every other appendage onto rodeo queen Jaelynn-Sue Murphy got Misty's back up enough to try for a little revenge. It wasn't the first time Misty meddled in Logan's life, but it turned out the last.

Royce didn't want Misty getting her heart all in a flutter over him and Clint. He also knew without analyzing the situation much that the woman needed a strong cowboy with a firm hand to set her straight and keep her there. Royce and Clint could've done it easily if they had half a mind, right up to the keeping part, that is.

"Clint knows where to look to get what he wants." Royce didn't figure he ever spoke truer words, didn't think he ever tasted more bitter ones either. Damn it all to hell, it was that want he sat down to drown in whiskey and beer. Clint apparently thought to dance away from the same with every smooth stepping song in country music.

Royce frowned, brought the mug to his lips, and swallowed slowly as he registered the scent. Taryn. The smell of her sweet pussy juices still lingered on his hand strong enough to overpower the beer. He let his eyes close as the hunger grew claws in his gut. They hurt her today. Though he hadn't seen her face as he stepped away from her in the barn, he'd heard her startled breath, noted the way her stance instantly stiffened as he turned to leave, as Clint followed at his heels. No doubt about it, if Taryn Aldean so much as shot him and Clint a seething look again, they could consider themselves the luckiest cowboys in the east.

Just as well, too, Royce told himself. He thought about knocking back the whiskey, but kept his fingers locked around the handle of the

mug as he set it back on the bar. He deserved a few more minutes of self-recrimination before he gave into the intoxicated bliss waiting for him in the shot. How did he not see it before? All these years he lusted after her, told himself he did the right thing by turning her away. She had been young, inexperienced. Over time, she turned the tables on him and Clint, becoming the one to keep them out of reach. He started to see her as a challenge then, a woman of strength and agility, a woman who tempted him clean down to the soles of his feet.

But not as a woman who held a firm grip on his heart.

No, not held. He refused to think she got her slender fingers around that untouchable part of him already. She could though. Damn, she fit perfectly between them. He always knew instinctively she would, which was another reason he pushed her away, even if he didn't recognize it at the time.

He felt it today, though, saw the realization echoed in Clint's eyes when their gazes met as Taryn came apart in their arms. Her juices flowed over Royce's hand. Her inner muscles convulsed around his fingers. Her body quivered in his and Clint's embrace, and he knew he'd been wrong all along. They told her she wasn't ready when, in truth, they were the ones not ready for her.

Cursing a blue streak under his breath, Royce knocked back the shot and slammed the glass on the bar. The sharp sound drew Misty's attention down the bar where she'd set to serving another customer. She nodded once, reached for the whiskey bottle, and afforded him with a bull's eye view of the front door.

A door that wrenched open as Taryn Aldean stepped inside, her shoulders set in determination and a wicked intent on her beautiful face. Royce fought the conflicting urges to pretend he never met her or run like hell. When neither option settled as making much sense, he glowered at Misty.

"Hurry with that shot, will ya'?" His gaze flicked to Taryn, his cock stiffening and heart pounding harder than it had the right at the sight of her. She strode purposely toward him in the very camisole

that drove Clint mad and tight Wranglers that set Royce's balls to pulsing. "Might as well bring the whole damned bottle," he muttered. "Looks like I'm gonna need it to get through this night."

* * * *

It took Taryn a few hours to turn her anger into a more useful emotion. She did it, though, and when the fortitude was met with a keen understanding, she latched onto it, knowing exactly what needed to be done.

She scared them. She had been too caught up in the passion at the time to know it, too controlled by the throes of the orgasm ripping through her body to recognize the look in Clint's gaze, the rigid set to Royce's body at her back, for what it had been. Fear. Who would've thought the Shelton brothers could be afraid of anything, least of all her?

On the heels of the shock from the realization came an intense surge of power. She used the confidence now. She let it guide her through the doors of the Double Horn Saloon, straight to the bar and Royce's side.

Ordinarily, Taryn would balk at the idea of chasing a cowboy, let alone two. Except, when it came to Royce and Clint, they seemed bound and determined to prove themselves too stupid to be left on the loose. She figured it high time the cowboys got rustled into a cage and she aimed to do just that tonight.

"What are you doing here?" Royce didn't so much as glance her way. He fixed his gaze straight ahead on the dance floor, likely on his brother, as if attempting to will Clint for backup.

Taryn bit the inside of her cheek to prevent her lips from twitching. Interesting how one brother couldn't seem to manage a second in her company without the other one. Now that she thought back, she saw it had always been that way. Clint appeared too

preoccupied by the mocha-skinned beauty in his arms to be of any help to Royce this time.

Another interesting note, Taryn thought as she took a second to watch Clint's lean hips execute a perfect bump and grind to the beat of Jake Owen's drawl singing about it being better than any eight second ride. Of all the women showing obvious interest on the dance floor, he chose the married one. If he thought to be giving any woman an eight second ride tonight, it certainly wouldn't be Jaelynn-Sue Cartwright.

She let the grin come as she went back to studying Royce. Maybe Clint went for Jaelynn-Sue out of a need for safety. Much like she guessed Royce did with his beer and whiskey. Royce took a long pull from his mug. The way his eyes briefly turned to slits, shoulders rising and falling in a deep breath, made her lift a brow.

"I figured I might find you and Clint here." A vacant stool stood beside him, but she didn't sit. She rested her forearms on the bar, standing close enough to him that their arms brushed, sending slivers of erotic excitement raining to her booted toes.

"Can't think of why you'd be looking for us." His surly tone nearly got her back up until she realized he probably intended to do just that.

"You can't drink it away." At his sharp look, she shrugged as if what she said didn't mean a hill of beans to her. "Getting pissed over it isn't going to help you much either. Besides, I happen to have a good reason for being here. Walking out on clients isn't good business. I shouldn't have to tell you and your brother that. I've got stuff that needs fixing around my ranch. I wanted you and Clint to do it. You left before giving me the estimate I asked for."

"We don't want the job." He held her gaze for a telling moment, the swirl in his hazel eyes saying a lot more than his words, before he turned his attention back to the dance floor. "There are plenty of good handymen in this town that can do what you need done. You'll have to get a couple of them to help you."

"You're lying." A muscle jumped in his jaw. She swallowed the urge to trace the pulsing line with her tongue as she rose slightly to her tiptoes and leaned closer, lowering her voice. "I think you want the job. I don't think you want anyone else to do it in your place."

Inspired to see if her suspicions proved correct, she reached over, pried his hand off his beer mug and brought it to her nose. She smelled herself on his fingers, the lingering evidence of the orgasm he gave her in her barn.

He slanted her a look, and she boldly ran the tip of her tongue over his middle finger, holding his gaze and letting him see the arousal igniting a fire in her center.

"I know you want the job." She let go of his hand and reached for the shot glass Misty slid over the bar. "Yours?"

He nodded, gulped visibly, and fisted his hand on the bar.

"He's going to need another, Misty." Taryn knocked back the shot, barely stifling the wince as the whiskey burned a path down her throat. "You'll want to take it easy on the hard stuff, cowboy. I'd hate for you to let your inhibitions get clouded by too much whiskey."

Taryn turned her back on him, moving away from the bar in a sure stride that brought her to the edge of the dance floor. She felt Royce's gaze on her, caressing her back like a physical touch. Angry, confused, or thoroughly aroused, the man could be as potent as the whiskey he sat at the bar drinking by the shot.

Clint, every bit his brother's equal in body-numbing intoxication, miss-stepped on the dance floor as he caught sight of her. His gaze shifted past her. She hung her head, unable to not let a little laugh escape. Never in a million years did she guess making a couple of tough, controlling cowboys squirm could be such fun.

The song ended, segueing into the sexier beat of *Doing Something Right*, and Taryn made a beeline onto the dance floor to Clint.

"Mind if I cut in, Jaelynn? Mr. Shelton and I have some unfinished business to discuss."

* * * *

Clint never knew fear at the sight of a woman until he looked up to find Taryn's gaze locked on him. With nowhere to go, he stilled himself for whatever punches she thought to throw. He stifled a curse when Jaelynn-Sue stepped out of his embrace without question, the hint of a knowing grin tilting her luscious lips.

Taryn moved in the other woman's place, arms rising to circle his neck, front pressing against his as she started to move. Jumpin' jelly beans, the woman's hold on his neck felt more like a rope than a set of delicate, pliant arms.

Clint started to sweat, another phenomenon he never knew until now. Not at the cause of a woman, at least. His cock, already stiff from the sensual bump and grind of the kind of line dancing that took place in the Double Horn Saloon, strained harder as every ounce of blood seemed to settle in his shaft. His hands rested on her hips, his lower body leading hers in the gyrations and steps keeping them in time with the other couples lined on the dance floor. The moves, though similar to the Texas two-step, incorporated a series of body rubbing slides and flowing glides that amped the sexuality of the line dance to a level fit for between-the-sheets action. Usually he enjoyed the sensual play, thought of it as a little public foreplay. As Taryn's belly ground against the length of his cock, he felt it might kill him before the song even ended.

"Been taking lessons from Logan, I gather." He nearly growled the words as the next series of steps had her spinning in his arms, backing into his embrace and settling her delectable rear against his thighs. Christ Almighty, his hands fisted tight enough on her hips to bruise as he battled the desire to yank down her jeans, bend her over, and sheath his tortured cock in her wet heat in front of God and everyone in the Double Horn Saloon.

"A few." She held his hand in one of hers at her waist, the other reaching back to splay on the side of his thigh. "First time I've used what I learned. I thought I might have forgotten how to do this."

He wished like hell she forgot. Maybe then he could get her out of his arms and off this dance floor before he treated her like less than a lady in public. Not that there was much ladylike in the way she moved her lithe body against his. He walked away from her this afternoon because he realized in the instant she started to come for him and Royce things he didn't want to put definition to even now, hours later. The woman scared the ever-lovin' shit out of him. Damned if he knew what to do about it.

"What are you doing here, Taryn?" He never expected her to walk through the doors of this place tonight. Hell, he never expected her to talk to him again, much less drive him clear to madness in a bar packed with onlookers.

She tipped her head back to look up at him, the expression on her face starkly sexual despite her casual words. "Funny, your brother asked the same question."

"What did you tell him?" Before she could answer, he spun her around, drawing her back sharply, her front slamming against his. Her lips curved into a smile of pure, wicked temptation as she molded to him. Her beaded nipples pressed to his shirt, pussy grinding his upper thigh as the next move brought his leg between hers much like they had stood in her barn.

"Same thing I told Jaelynn." She paused, her eyes growing heavy-lidded as he lifted his thigh higher, grinding it in a more pressured massage to her pussy. "That's not part of the line dance."

"That's not what you told Jaelynn." He should stop. He already teased her once today. Forget that Royce brought her to orgasm. Clint pleased her breasts until they turned pink and swollen from his attentions. He figured himself and Royce lucky she didn't walk into the bar tonight with a double-barrel shotgun after the callous way they left her.

“We have unfinished business,” she told him, breathless enough he almost didn’t hear her over the music.

“People are going to talk, Taryn.” He didn’t know where the warning came from. He never cared about what the folks of Sunset said before. A town like Sunset didn’t thrive on propriety in the first place. Residents did as they pleased, often did who they pleased, and rarely passed judgment about any of it.

“Are you making excuses, Clint? Because I’m not buying it any more than I did the pansy way you and Royce walked out of my barn this afternoon.”

Clint narrowed his eyes, recognizing the challenge in her gaze, feeling the fight seeping into him everywhere their bodies touched. Over her head, he spotted Royce striding purposely to the dance floor. Their roles seemed in reverse tonight. Usually Clint stuck to the bar while Royce tore up the glossy hardwood. The intent look on his brother’s face told him Royce decided to tear it up all right, but the dancing he was surrendering to wouldn’t be done on this floor.

“You don’t know what you’re doing, darlin’.” Hell, he couldn’t say for sure he knew what she might be unleashing. He felt like an animal pacing to get out of a cage. He couldn’t ever remember needing to be inside a woman’s body this badly, ever hungering for her taste, ever burning for her touch. It had to come to an end. He had to get her out of his system or he’d likely go out of his friggin’ mind.

“Oh, I think I do.” The sultry, purely devilish tone in her voice turned all the more wicked when Royce came up behind her, fitting his body to her back. “I definitely think I do.”

Chapter Four

Taryn found herself trapped and sandwiched between the rock-hard bodies, in every delicious way, of the Shelton brothers for the second time that day. Exactly the way she'd wanted, she mused. Royce, pressed to her back, dipped his head to speak in her ear.

"You walk out of this bar and you belong to us tonight."

She let the shiver move through her at the husky warning of his tone. She angled her head to look back and up at him, licked her lips, and watched his gaze follow the glide of her tongue until she drew it back inside her mouth. His hazel eyes deepened with aroused promise, darker even now than in the barn this afternoon. She knew this time he wouldn't renege on that guarantee. Still, she couldn't help but push him a little further.

"I'm not the one racking up the jobs left unfinished. I'm just keeping score."

"You'll stop keeping score tonight. Let's go."

A perverse thrill skittered down her spine as she let him lead her off the dance floor. Heads turned, brows arched over knowing eyes as Royce kept a steady hold on her hand, maneuvering them through the crowd. Clint walked closely enough at her back that the toes of his boots brushed the heels of hers more than once, causing her to stumble. She shot him a narrowed look over her shoulder.

"I like you being close, cowboy, but you want to back up an inch and give me room to walk?"

"Seem to be doing just fine. A little unsteady, but we're covering hardwood fast enough."

“I wouldn’t be unsteady if you weren’t walking on the back of my feet.”

“Don’t want to give you space enough to run.”

Apparently Clint didn’t catch the conversation between her and Royce before leaving the dance floor. She lifted her lips in a wry smile. “Afraid I’m going to do to you what you did to me this afternoon?”

“I wouldn’t put it past you to want a little taste of revenge.”

“Oh, I mean to get my revenge, all right, but leaving ain’t how I plan to do it.” The assurance in her tone as she answered Clint got Royce’s attention, too. He steered her to his side as they reached a break in the crowd near the front door. Clint moseyed to her opposite side, hooked an arm around her waist. The sharp, worried glance the brother’s exchanged nearly made her laugh.

A gentle evening breeze caressed her flesh as they stepped into the parking lot. Goose pimples decorated her arms, danced along her chest.

“Cold, darlin’, or is that nerves causing that silken flesh to ripple?” Clint grazed the backs of his fingers down her arm, eliciting more goose pimples to rise in the wake of the touch.

“I caught a little chill. That’s all.” No way would she admit to the nerves zinging below the surface of her skin, putting her system on edge.

“I can tell.” His fingers moved over her breast, flicking the taut nipple pressing against the silk of her camisole. She drew in a quick breath as pulses of electric need raced through her.

He chuckled, soft and amused. She unleashed the sexual monster in him, put herself in the position of prey to the kind of domination that roared inside him. Wetness leaked from her folds to dampen her jeans at the thought of what he would do to her when he got her alone.

Royce stopped between two parked trucks in the shadow of the parking lot. “Did you drive?”

"I took a cab." She hadn't wanted to leave her truck outside the Double Horn till morning and had no intentions when she left the ranch of returning to it alone tonight.

Royce nodded. His grip on her hand firm, he whipped her around, slamming her back against one of the parked trucks, his body a wall of unyielding muscle as he pinned her there. He gave her a nanosecond to anticipate the kiss before his lips slanted over hers. His tongue drove into her mouth, seeking, claiming, and making her head woozy. He tasted of whiskey and beer, but overshadowing that came a hint of desperation she never thought to experience at the hands of a Shelton brother.

By the time he wrenched his mouth from hers, his chest heaved against her and his eyes blazed with heated desire. "Drop your jeans to your ankles and lay across the seat."

He stepped away from her so fast, leaving her body scrambling with a riot of sensations, that she blinked, trembled, and let her gaze follow him as he circled the front of the truck she leaned against. Clint opened the passenger door, a too-sexy, cocky grin tilting his lips, a forearm resting on the top of the door as he waited for her to comply with Royce's orders.

What did Royce want her to do? Oh, yeah, drop her jeans to her ankles. Here? In the middle of the Double Horn Saloon parking lot?

"Don't make me do it for you, Taryn."

She licked her lips hesitantly at the warning in Clint's tone, the spark of danger in his eyes. She wanted this. She knew the stories about their sexual preferences swung closer to truth than tall tales. Those stories coupled with her own fantasies of these two rough, devilishly sexy cowboys were what attracted her to them for much of her life.

Taryn closed her eyes, took a deep breath for courage and unfastened the button on her jeans. She shot a furtive glance around the seemingly soulless parking lot then locked gazes with Clint, watched his eyes turn unbelievably dark as his gaze followed her

hands. She shimmied her jeans down her hips, taking the thin strips of her satin thongs with them, and let them fall. They bunched on the top of her boots.

“Here, darlin’, let me help you up.” Clint moved to her, catching her waist and lifting her to sit on the bench seat inside the truck.

Taryn drew in a quick breath at the cool leather that greeted her bare bottom. “Wouldn’t you boys rather go to the ranch?” Christ on a pogo stick, she never expected them to get down and dirty here. A propriety she didn’t know she possessed warred with the naughty thrill of what was happening.

Clint answered her by way of another order. “Roll over and get on your hands and knees, then crawl to the other side of the cab.”

His hands on her waist guided her to roll on the seat, pulled her until she rose to her knees. She walked on her hands across the seat, knees sliding along the leather. Her thighs quivered, her intimate lips so wet with anticipatory juices she wondered they didn’t drip on the leather.

“I can’t think of a woman in this county that’s ever come chasin’ after us.”

Taryn lifted her head to find Royce blocking the driver doorway, forearms braced on the roof, head dipped to peer down at her. She pursed her lips, cocked a brow. “Glad to know I’m original.”

He chuckled, a quick burst of amused air. “Never been any doubt about that.”

“It’s a brave thing you did, coming here tonight.”

She couldn’t tell if Clint meant to praise or scold her.

“Most women have enough sense to leave us be until we come knockin’,” Royce said. “Might offer up a bit of resistance, try to play a little hard to get, but it doesn’t last long.”

“Course they know we ain’t much into chasing either,” Clint said.

“You tell the lady you want her, she falls on her back with her legs spread, gives you the ride you’re after, and lets you walk away.”

Taryn didn't mean to let the scorn loose in her tone. "No strings, no questions, just a few minutes of fun."

"Ah, sweet thing, we always show a woman more than a few minutes of fun." Clint's hands framed her rear, massaged the exposed flesh.

Taryn fought the urge to rock back into the touch. She gave in easily enough to plenty already. Showing a bit of that resistance herself wouldn't hurt none. "Really? Mind you, I didn't think to set the stop watch in the barn this afternoon, but the whole escapade, while decidedly fun, couldn't have lasted longer than five minutes, ten tops."

The slap that landed on her right butt cheek made her suck a breath through clenched teeth. Another followed in quick succession, stinging her flesh and sending a jolt of pleasurable pain straight to her already sodden pussy. On the third slap, she hung her head as her pussy pulsed, her body shuddering from the intensity of her arousal.

Royce hooked a finger under her chin, lifted her head once more. His expression one of pure male domination, his eyes shimmered with a hint of tenderness among the raging desire. "After what we have in store for you tonight, you're going to wish you never mentioned anything about time." His hand dropped from her chin to his fly. The sound of metal scraping metal as he lowered his zipper seemed to echo in the sexually charged atmosphere of the truck cab.

Taryn forgot all about being on her hands and knees, about her still-smarting ass, about any snippy retorts that sprang to her tongue as her gaze became transfixed on the magnificent cock Royce extracted from his Wranglers. She wondered she didn't start to drool as the need to taste, to close her lips around the purplish engorged head, made saliva pool in her mouth. When he closed his hand around the base of his shaft, started to pull at his cock in long, purposeful tugs, she barely suppressed a whimper.

"Why did you come after us tonight, Taryn?" The way the slit in the head of Royce's dick glistened with moisture in the moonlight

gave evidence he liked his own touch, liked her watching as he jerked himself off. The steady timbre of his words rendered evidence of his superior control.

"I already answered that question *twice*." The last word came out on an undignified squeak she never heard herself make as Clint delivered another blow to her rear, this one harder and sharper than the others. "Damn it, Clint, stop spanking me." That got her yet another slap and then another. Her back arched, her ass thrusting higher in the air, seeking more on its own volition as her pussy spasmed in agonized flames of pleasure. The orgasm building in her center grew claws, sparking her anger and controlling her body.

"You'll answer it again, and you'll tell us the truth this time." Royce's tone turned harder, his hand on his cock pulling more forcefully. He'd put one booted foot on the running board of the truck, the position thrusting his hips forward enough to very nearly put his dick in her face. A few precious inches and she would be able to reach the precum pooling on the slit with her tongue. She licked her lips, unable to swallow the low-throated moan.

"I wanted you, both of you." She could admit that much. They liked a woman to give in after a bit of defiance. Didn't they just tell her that? She could give them some of what they wanted while taking everything she came for in return.

"What is it you want from us?" Clint slid a finger into the crack of her ass, gliding over her anus, and she nearly bucked so hard she hit the roof of the truck. He chuckled, using the tip of that finger to circle her opening, to press against it without entering before moving on down to the sensitive skin between her pussy and anus.

She didn't answer, couldn't. Her aching channel contracted in anticipation of the finger surely about to thrust inside, about to bring her even the smallest molecule of relief. Instead, his hand flattened to cup her pussy then drew back and delivered a faint smack that filled the cab with her clenched curse.

"Fuck!" Every muscle in her body went rigid as the next smack had his fingers slipping inside her folds to connect with her engorged clit. She rocked forward only to have his free hand close on her hip and pull her back.

"Fuck? Is that what you want from us? Do you want us to fuck you, Taryn?" Royce fisted his free hand in her hair, yanking her head up once more from where it fell against her chest on the last flaming slap to her cunt.

"Yes." She hissed the word as Clint's fingers stayed between her folds, spreading her, teasing. Could a woman die from foreplay? Jesus, she never thought so until now.

"We want to hear it." Clint strummed a fingernail over her clit, sending a dart of pure erotic pain to her very soul. "Say it for us. Tell us."

Too close to hold back, too far gone to care, she gave them what they wanted. There would be time enough to hold on when she could think clearly again. "I want you to f-fuck me. I came here tonight because I want both your cocks inside me."

"That's our girl."

Taryn very nearly missed the flash of surprise that moved through Royce's eyes at his own words. If she hadn't been looking right at him, she knew she never would've seen the realization of what he said take hold in his mind before he quickly hid it behind his dominating mask.

"We want you vocal, loud, screaming. You'll do that for us tonight, won't you?"

Tonight and every other night for the rest of our lives. "Yes."

"That's good." Clint pulled his hand from between her legs and she didn't attempt to stop the whimper this time. "Now, now, darlin', no need to cry. You'll get what you want. We just ain't about to give it to you in this here parking lot and especially not in our brother's truck."

Their brother's truck? She whipped her head around to glare at Clint in shock? "This is Jacob's truck?"

His boyish grin spread from ear to ear. "Sure is. Now, come on. I'll carry you over to our truck. It's only a few slots down." He curled an arm around her waist, pulled her from the truck, and settled her in his arms before she could think to protest. She found her voice quickly enough as he started to walk from the relative seclusion of the parked trucks.

She slapped at his shoulder, squirming in his arms in an attempt to get down. "Christ, Clint, at least let me pull up my jeans."

"Unless you want me to bend you over the hood of this truck and turn that sexy ass of yours redder than the paint on your barn, you'll stop wriggling now, Taryn Aldean."

She stopped, secretly fascinated at how horny the threat made her. She didn't know her pussy could get this wet! "What if someone walks out of the bar or pulls into the parking lot and sees you carrying me like this?"

"Then they'll get a helluva view of the drenched pussy Clint and I are going to own," Royce answered, leading the way to their truck.

Taryn stared at his back, wondering if he realized he failed to add tonight to the end of his sentence. She wouldn't squabble a bit about her pussy, her entire body, her very soul belonging to both these cowboys. Whether they knew it or not, after tonight, they would belong to her, spectacularly hard cocks, sinfully muscled bodies, and devilishly wicked souls.

* * * *

Royce felt like a man on the edge. Of what, he couldn't yet be certain. He pulled open the passenger door of his truck, waited as Clint set Taryn on the seat, and climbed in beside her. The move got him a raised brow from Clint. Royce always did the driving.

"You got your keys or do you need mine?"

Clint pulled a ring from his pocket. "I've got my own."

"Good, you're driving." Royce started to close the door, leaving Clint with the choice of getting hit by it or stepping out of the way. He saw his brother shaking his head as he rounded the front of the truck, a grin tilting his lips.

"Does he even know how to drive?" Taryn shifted beside him, her bare ass scraping the leather as her flesh stuck to the seat. "I've never seen anyone but you behind the wheel of this truck."

"He knows how." Royce waited a beat, slanting her a glance. Jesus, with her hair a mess from where his hand fisted the satiny strands, nipples beaded to inviting points beneath the sinfully sexy camisole, and jeans and panties down around her boots, she looked like a cross between a Playboy bunny and the cover girl for a sexy cowgirl magazine. "He'll prove it to you soon enough."

Her incredible blue-gray eyes widened slightly, proving she didn't miss the double entendre in his statement. "I doubt that."

Royce studied her. Sopping wet pussy, taut nipples and moist mouth. Horny, ready, and waiting. No, the half hour it would take to get to her ranch on the outskirts of Sunset likely wouldn't be soon enough for her.

I want you to f-fuck me. I came here tonight because I want both your cocks inside me.

Christ Almighty, Royce heard women he and Clint shared make similar requests in the past. Together, they brought woman after woman beyond her sense of embarrassment and straight to the level of begging that rendered her theirs for the absolute taking. Not a single one of those women ever sounded as freaking sexy in their pleas as Taryn Aldean did mere moments ago.

"You know what's going to happen tonight." He let his gaze dance over her face, let her see the promise, the intent, the hunger in his eyes.

"I'm hoping the two of you are going to finally make good on all the teasing you've been doing."

Clint opened the driver door and slid inside the cab in enough time to catch her retort. "That's some smart mouth you've got on you tonight, Taryn." He started the engine, backed the truck out of the parking spot, and headed for the road.

"It's the same mouth I've had since the day I was born."

Royce hid a smile as he shot a glance his brother's way. He always liked her quick tongue, knew it was one of the things he found so attractive about her. Tonight, it was also one of the things keeping him on the edge.

"Then we need to find that sassy mouth something better to do for the drive." He reached inside his still-unfastened jeans, pulled out his cock while he buried the fingers of his free hand in the back of Taryn's hair. "This ought to shut you up for a while."

He used his hold on her hair to yank her down. The cab of his truck was bigger than the one Jacob owned, offering more room for three adults to maneuver even in awkward positions. Still, he scooted closer to the door while Clint steered the truck with one hand, his other reaching across her to grip her thigh and pull her lower body his way.

Royce kept his fingers curled around his shaft, just below the crown, and painted Taryn's lips with the bead of precum moistening the tip as he pushed her head farther down. She didn't make a sound in protest. Instead, her breaths quickened, the heat fluttering over the engorged head of his cock and making his nut sac spasm. When the silky ribbon of her tongue touched his tip for a tentative taste, his hips very nearly shot off the seat. His fingers tightened on his shaft, adding another level of pain to his already aching dick. Her tongue circled his cock head, dipped inside the slit, and then her lips closed around him as she repeated the action.

"Ah, yeah." His head fell back, his fingers in her hair fisting to hold her head in place. She would get only as much of his cock as he allowed her, gain only as much control as he gave. It had to be that way. Otherwise, he would never make it through this night.

Her lips pushed at his fingers ringing his cock. "More," she said around his throbbing flesh. Then her teeth clamped lightly beneath the flared skin of the mushroomed head, and he discovered a new level of erotic fear.

"You bite me and I'm going to paddle your ass so hard you won't sit for a week." He growled the warning. Still, he gave her what she asked. He glided his fingers midway down his length and pushed her head down to follow. He used his continued hold on her hair to pull her up again as she gave a delicious moan that felt like a whip to his balls.

"Damn, that's hot. Listen to her."

Royce glanced at his brother, saw Clint's knuckles turning white on the steering wheel. A cursory look at the speedometer showed the gauge steadily climbing as Clint increased their speed.

"You should feel it." Royce couldn't help but tease his brother. Something started happening almost the moment Royce took Taryn's call that day, something neither brother put to voice but both recognized as their possible demise. Royce had sat at the bar watching Clint with Taryn on the dance floor and spotted the surrender the instant it slammed into Clint. They agreed in unspoken terms to leave her alone after the episode that shook them both to their booted toes in the barn. In that moment, Royce had known without question, they agreed in unspoken terms once more to see tonight through to the end.

Taryn wriggled on the seat, obviously seeking a more comfortable position as her head started to pull against his hold, to push with the same defying force. She wanted control. He wouldn't give it.

Royce paced her movements, the depth of her pulses. He could lose himself in this woman and never regret it. That kind of thought brought him right here, right now. He planned to use tonight as a test to see if the statement held true.

"So hot." Royce drew a breath between clenched teeth as her teeth grazed the sensitive skin on the underside of his cock. She didn't bite, but the roughness sent electric charges slamming against the inner

walls of his cock. “So wet. So good. Ah, Taryn, I don’t want to know where you learned to suck a dick like this, baby.” The knowledge might push him over that still-indefinable edge he teetered.

“Are you dick hungry? Let me hear it,” Clint ordered. “Suck him hard and let me hear how you like it.”

Christ, why didn’t she pick that time to be defiant? Royce felt her lips clamp stronger, her cheeks caving to caress the sides of his shaft as she pushed her head up against his hold. She created a suction so intense it left him no choice but to allow her head to lift, the absence of such pleasure igniting a fierce need that made him force her head down once more.

Dimly, he registered the slip of her hand from where it gripped his thigh. It fell down between his legs, snaked toward his balls. He caught her wrist just before her hold found home. She growled like a female tigress, the protest reverberating down his shaft.

“No.” Cool, dark authority turned the word into the denial he intended.

She started to quiver, her bottom wriggling on the seat, her breast pushing against his leg. Her knees clamped together, and he realized she sought to put pressure on her pussy, no doubt because sucking his cock was getting her off, too.

“Does that dick taste good, Taryn?” Clint didn’t look away from the road. Taryn started sucking and slurping at Royce’s cock with each bob of her head he allowed. The fervent sounds filled the cab with an eroticism like no other.

“Mmm,” she crooned around Royce’s cock.

“You’re wet.” A grunt of agreement met Clint’s statement. “I know you are because I can smell your cunt.”

Royce could, too. The sweet, thick scent of her arousal coupled with the deviousness of her mouth made it difficult for him to hold back. As badly as he wanted to come down her throat, he didn’t plan to give her that just yet. First, he wanted to come in her lithe little body.

“Open your legs.” He couldn’t let her ease the pressure. When she shook her head, he saw Clint push a hand between her tightly clenched thighs. He followed suit, each of them curling their hands over her thighs and spreading her legs for her. It felt like trying to pry apart a couple of nailed two-by-fours.

Royce pushed his hand higher, covering her mound with the flat of his hand, closing his eyes as the heat of her pussy seeped into his flesh. Her mouth pulsed on his cock, milking his shaft at the pace he set, and he let his head settle on the headrest for the remainder of the drive.

Chapter Five

Taryn's mouth made an audible pop as Royce pulled her head up, dislodging his cock from her lips. He let go of her hair, and she looked up, eyes narrowed, lips tingling, jaw aching, and a dozen seething curses springing to the tip of her tongue.

She never felt so horny in her life. Never felt this angered either. Did she really want to spend the rest of her days at the mercy of these cowboys?

Hell, yes. She never wanted anything more.

They were ruling her body, controlling her every sense and sensation. She had known they would, had wanted exactly that. In return, she vowed before it was all said and done, she would rule their hearts. A fair exchange, she mused, her temper ebbing as Royce got out of the truck, put away his still massively stiff erection, and held out a hand for her.

She took his offered hand, but before she could slide his way, Clint's hand closed around her nape. He yanked her toward him, delivering a punishing kiss to her lips that she found demonically delicious and promisingly dangerous.

All too soon, he wrenched away, gave her a slight push. "Get out of the truck."

The huskiness in his tone sent a sliver of thrilled trepidation fluttering through her belly. Royce gently pulled her arm, his other hand closing around her waist as he stopped her on the running board.

"Let's pull up your jeans. I don't want any of your hands seeing you like this."

His concern surprised her, especially seeing as how he let Clint carry her bottom half naked through a public parking lot back at the bar. She didn't dare question, grateful for his indiscretion on her ranch at least. She let go of his hand, pulled up her jeans, and winced as the crotch grew instantly wet from the juices seeping from her pussy. She wondered she didn't squish like a squeezed sponge as she stepped off the running board and let him steer her to her front porch.

She pulled her keys from her pocket, opened the front door, and preceded the men into her house. Nerves she didn't expect to find slammed into her wall of strength as she stopped in the foyer at the foot of the stairs. Damn it, what was it about being with these men that stripped away her confidence, leaving her feeling vulnerable and uncertain? Traits like those would send them running just as fast as if she demanded they marry her on the spot.

She squared her shoulders as she turned to face them. "Want something to drink before we head up? I've got beer, and I'm sure there is a bottle of whiskey around here somewhere."

Royce's brow rose as did the corner of his too-kissable lips. "Playing the gracious hostess now?"

Taryn narrowed her eyes, feeling her unease give way to the temper his cocky expression sparked. "I'm not *playing* at anything. I merely offered you a beverage. The bedroom is a long way from the kitchen. It seemed sensible to grab something to drink while we were down here if anyone had half a mind."

"I've got half a mind." Clint folded his arms, drawing her attention to his broad chest accented by the Western shirt he wore. He left the top three buttons undone, creating a V that exposed the springy, blondish curls covering his chest.

Taryn's hands started to tingle. She wanted to bury her fingers in those curls, flatten her palm on the unforgiving plane of his chest, and feel his heart beat beneath her touch. Would it pound furiously as hers did now? Or would it remain as steady and controlled as the man it kept alive?

“What I’m thirstin’ for ain’t beer or whiskey.” His gaze fell in a leisurely glide down her front. Parts of her managed to find a bit of chill since walking into the house. The chill swept away, replaced by an instant blaze that brought every sensation in her body right back to do-me-quick orgasmville. The gaze undressed her more completely than either man did thus far, leaving her feeling stripped, vulnerable, damn near ready to beg them to touch her again.

“My taste buds are looking for something thicker, sweeter, creamier.” His gaze settled on the juncture between her thighs, managing to massage a stream of wetness from between her pussy lips as surely as if he physically touched her. Her pussy clinched, the seam of her jeans biting into her folds and creating a rough friction she wanted to undulate against. “Take off your clothes.”

They stood before her in poses so relaxed they might have been standing on the sidelines, watching a Sunday football game. Royce hooked his fingers in the pockets of his jeans, booted feet spread shoulder width apart, eyes watchful. Clint stood in much the same way but for his folded arms and the authority hardening his eyes.

Taryn shifted her weight from foot-to-foot, licked her lips, and enjoyed a nanosecond of feminine power as she watched both men’s gazes follow the path of her tongue. Clint stripped her of that power as effectively as his gaze did her clothes, as his command would certainly leave her bare.

“Now, Taryn, or I’ll give you more of what I did in the truck, only this time it won’t be my hand landing on your sexy ass.”

Taryn gulped, her attention instantly dropping to the wide leather belt he wore. She didn’t doubt he would use it to spank her. A naughty thrill swept through her at the idea. She very nearly decided to push him before she thought better of it. Not yet. She wouldn’t let him know how much his threats of punishment, how the delivery of them, turned her on.

“I would rather one of you do it.”

“Did we ask what you would rather?” Royce spoke in a casualness that matched his easy stance. God, how could they be so controlled, so nonchalant when every inch of her body screamed for rapture only they could deliver?

“A man likes to watch his woman get naked,” Clint told her. “Strip. No need to make a show of it. Just get out of those clothes.”

Taryn puffed out a breath and started to turn. “Fine.” She got one booted foot on the bottom step before Clint’s demanding tone stopped her again.

“Here. Now. Face us and take them off.”

Temper simmering just below the surface, Taryn toed off her boots, kicking them toward the wall beside the stairs. They didn’t want a show. She certainly didn’t plan to give them one. Her movements jerky, she bunched the bottom of the camisole in her hands, yanked it up and over her head, let it drop to the floor. Her bare breasts met with the cool air, already taut nipples aching all the more for an attention they had yet to find.

She could give them that attention. She knew how to pleasure herself, how to relieve the pulsing need. Instead, she busied her fingers with the button of her jeans. No way in hell would she revert to something she could do any day when she had two strong, surly, drool-worthy cowboys standing in front of her.

The button gave way easily, as did the zipper. The edge of anger still fueling her moves, she shucked her jeans and panties down her legs, kicked them off, and let them land with her boots by the wall. The moment the last thread of clothing left her body, unease swept through her system so fast she froze. Weakness, uncertainty, God, how she hated the emotions! She fought to hold onto that sliver of temper still prickling beneath the surface of her tingling flesh. Better to come off as irritated, to save the neediness for times when she could use it to her advantage.

Her empty hands came to rest on the front of her thighs. The fire between her legs, the dampness coating her inner thighs, beckoned the

touch. No, she wouldn't get herself off, wouldn't give them a show, but she would tease them into taking this torment to the next stage.

"Touch that pussy and the belt comes off." Clint's calm threat had her hand stilling just before it sank home. She chewed her lower lip as her bottom erupted in a low shiver of anticipation. She wanted his belt to come off, but a sliver of fear kept her from egging him to follow through with the threat.

"You know what fascinates me most about you?" Royce moved toward her, continuing before she could answer. "The way you go from the wicked spitfire one moment to the timid angel the next. I thought I knew you before today, but this time with you—first in the barn, then the bar and now here—has made me wonder. Which is an act?" She didn't attempt to answer that one. "You don't need to act around us, you know."

Oh, yes, she did or she might as well throw in the towel on her plans, her dreams, right now. She managed to huff a laugh. "You really don't know me if you think I've ever been an angel."

That made him grin, a slow tilt of her lips that her tongue desired to lick into a full-blown smile. He hooked an arm around her waist. The quick contact was such a jolt after the droning minutes of going without contact that she felt her body melting in his embrace. He stepped around her, moving up a couple of steps and sitting down before drawing her into his lap.

"That's good," he dipped his head to whisper in her ear. "Because the things Clint and I intend to do to you tonight would only break an angel's halo." He splayed his hands on her thighs, pulled her legs apart until her pussy opened wide.

She felt his cock, ridged and pulsing inside his jeans against the curve of her ass. Boldly, she wiggled her hips, smiling to herself when the move garnered her a low groan and a burst of hot air in her ear. The smile faded in the next heartbeat as he delivered the most devious threat she heard from either man tonight.

“Do that again and we’ll tie you to the banister, shove a remote vibrator in your pussy and keep you on the verge of orgasm until morning. Buck still checks in every morning before starting his day, doesn’t he? We’ll let him find you naked, writhing, begging to come.”

Taryn’s gaze met Clint’s in front of her, and she knew with a bone-chilling certainty they would do it. Clint continued to hold her gaze as he slowly unfastened his belt, giving a soft chuckle when her eyes must have betrayed her thoughts. Did he intend to use the belt on her after all? His attention dropped to her pussy as Royce spread his own legs, drawing hers even further apart. Dear God, he wouldn’t use that strap of thick leather there, would he?

Her heart raced damn near out of her chest as he pulled the belt free of the loops in his jeans, teasing, tormenting her with the questions of his intent. He made a show of draping the belt over the stair rail and then lowered to his knees, bending forward to settle between her wide-spread legs. Only then did her pulse return to some semblance of normal, albeit a sexually charged, on-the-verge-of-orgasmic-insanity level of normal.

“I believe Clint’s ready for that drink you offered him.” Royce’s lips brushed the sensitized flesh just below her ear. “Stay still, now. Remember what I said about grinding that tempting ass on my dick. We’ll make it feel good, too, soon enough.”

Taryn held her breath as Clint traced her pouty pussy lips with his fingertips. He flanked her engorged clit with his thumb and forefinger, heightening her awareness and fueling the burn to be touched there, pleased until she screamed her release. She wasn’t prude enough not to scream for them. They wanted her vocal, loud. She’d give them that much. She wanted them to remember the sounds she made as the three of them made love long after the sun came up.

Clint eased his head down, stopping a mere inch from her pussy, and breathed deep, his eyes closing and a low, “Mmm,” rumbling from his chest. “There’s nothing like the smell of a ready pussy.” He opened his eyes, met her gaze as he closed the distance and took his

first tentative swipe of his tongue. Slow, the faintest touch of the tip to her most sensitive flesh. The lick nearly made her buck against his face in search for more. She caught herself just in time, heeding Royce's warning. "Nothing like the taste of a dripping pussy either."

They wanted her screaming. She was about to. The desperate plea for him to get on with it already filled her mouth. He didn't make her say it. Thank God. Instead, he filled his mouth with her.

Taryn's head fell back on Royce's chest as Clint's mouth wasted no time getting down to business. His lips worked her intimate flesh. He sheathed his tongue in her sodden opening in a single thrust that pulled the first cry from her throat. To her credit, she didn't thrust back. She wanted to. Jiminy Cricket, how her body wanted to ram into his questing tongue, to urge him to fuck her with that long, moist satin flesh until she bathed his face in her come.

"Can't." The denial came on a groan as his thumb and forefinger executed a pressure on either side of her clit, driving her mad with the need to come.

"Can't what?" Royce's whispered words sounded so sweet, so compassionate amidst the animalistic ecstasy clawing through her that tears welled.

She squeezed her eyes shut, shaking her head both in answer and attempt to hold back the tears. The last thing she needed was to fall apart that way with these men. Talk about sending them running faster than a deer with a mountain tiger on his heels.

"What is it you can't do, baby?"

Taryn barely registered Royce's repeated question through the battle raging in her mind, her heart, between her legs. Clint tortured her with pressured circles around her clit, bringing her close, so very close to release, but not allowing her to find it. His tongue flicked inside her opening, licked her inner walls, thrust in and out in a rapid synchronization that controlled her senses. Royce bid her not to move as Clint feasted on her pussy. Try as she might, she couldn't obey. The fight, the command over her own body started slipping the

moment Clint settled between her legs. She held onto only the smallest portion of it now, and any minute it would snap from her grasp.

"Need to move," she admitted on a whimper she didn't mean to allow.

"Does it feel good? Do you like what he's doing to your pussy?" Royce's question dripped with tenderness. "I have a good idea what he's experiencing right now. I haven't gotten the chance to taste your syrup, but I carried it around on my hand all afternoon. You know that. You smelled yourself on my fingers at the bar."

She did. She had. Realizing his fingers still smelled of her, that he hadn't rushed to wash off the remnants of her orgasm, told her all she'd needed to know back at the bar. It empowered her, made her bold enough to carry through with her reasons for seeking them out at the Double Horn. Hearing him speak of it now, however, only added another level of torture to what his brother continued to do to her pussy.

"Need to move," she managed again, her body quivering now in her efforts to remain still as Clint flicked his tongue over her flaming clit before driving his tongue inside her opening again.

"No." Still so tender, so compassionate, but laced with an authority that left no room for disobedience. "You know what will happen if you do."

"Please, ah, Royce, Clint, *please*." Her hands—until now she forgot she even had hands—clawed at the carpeted stairs on either side of hers and Royce's legs.

"The pleasure you get tonight will be on our terms, our instruction, our command." To add further agony to her suffering, Royce touched her breasts. He didn't cup them, didn't massage them as a tender lover would. He found her taut nipples with his fingers, delivering a tight squeeze to both simultaneously and then slowly releasing.

Pain slammed into intense pleasure and Taryn screamed, mindless now, tears of sexual frustration burning the backs of her lids. She would have to accept their punishment, exchange pride for the embarrassment of Buck finding her as Royce described. She simply couldn't hold out any longer, couldn't stand the pleasured agony they were inflicting on her body.

She started to give into the plea of her muscles, of her body to thrust forward, to writhe, to do anything to elevate some of the anguish when Clint closed his lips over her clit. He clamped down on the pulsing bud, creating a suction that drew all concentration to that exact point, and she exploded, screaming, convulsing, and no longer caring what they did to her once the height of this ecstasy passed.

* * * *

Clint never tasted anything as sweet as the thick cream bathing his face when he finally allowed Taryn to come. Ambrosia came to mind as he lapped at the syrup, filling his mouth with it to savor the taste before swallowing. *The nectar of the Gods.*

He barely had time to pull away after drinking her dry before the craving to do it all again slammed into his taste buds. That never happened before. While he loved eating a woman's pussy, thought of it as one of life's sweetest delicacies, he always ate his fill, gave the woman pleasure, and it proved enough. His gaze fell on Taryn's still-spasming pussy, swollen and glistening from his attention, and he knew a true bolt of fearful wonder. Would that one time prove enough taste of Taryn? The answer he didn't want came in the form of the hunger already rumbling in his gut.

"Let's get her upstairs." His voice sounded tight even to his own ears as he got to his feet. "I'll take her." He scooped her off Royce's lap and into his arms, finding an unwelcome peace in carrying her this way for the second time tonight. Her body still quivered from the aftereffects of the orgasm. He did his job right, not that he ever

doubted he would. He knew how to satisfy a woman, whether it be with his fingers, his mouth, or his cock. He even knew how to bring her pleasures she didn't know she desired, how to show her ecstasy in things she would find otherwise naughty or even perverse.

You know how to walk away when you're finished, too.

Yeah, he did. Always before, there had never been a question in his mind, until today. After tasting her, feeling her body shake violently in her effort to obey his and Royce's commands, listening to her screams, he found himself questioning that and so much more. The same happened to Royce this afternoon in the barn when his brother got his first touch of Taryn's pussy. As he carried Taryn up the stairs to her bedroom mere steps behind Royce, he couldn't ignore the feeling that fate put a vise on their cocks and the woman in his arms controlled the grip.

"You aren't going to sleep on us, are you?" Clint lifted his shoulder, jolting Taryn's head where it had come to rest as her body slowly calmed. She looked up at him, her gaze instantly finding his. The swirl of sexual promise in her eyes, the devious way her amazing lips unfolded, made something tighten in his chest.

"Not a chance, cowboy, just grabbing a quick rest before the next round."

Clint laughed and dipped his head, brushing a kiss to the tip of her nose. The tenderness of the gesture seemed to surprise her as much as it did him. She stared at him, lips parted slightly, fingers stilling where they played in the hairs at his nape.

He looked away, unable to hold her gaze, to answer the question he saw dancing in her eyes. Royce flicked on the lamp sitting on the bedside table and set to shucking his clothes. They exchanged one of their wordless glances, this time so furtively and unrevealing even Clint couldn't define for certain what transpired in the look. Once naked, his brother climbed onto the bed, settling in the center with his back resting against the headboard.

“It looks like the target of next round has already entered the corral.” Clint lowered Taryn to stand at the foot of the bed. His hands lingered on her sides before he skimmed them up, cupped her breasts, and bent his head. He couldn’t resist the urge to take one more taste of her delicious body before he handed her over to his brother.

He licked a nipple into his mouth, flicked his tongue over the tip. Already half intoxicated from drinking her pussy, his head started to spin at the sounds she made. The woman could make a man drunker than a bottle of his favorite whiskey. Holding her breast in his mouth, massaging and plucking with his lips, he dropped his hand down and around her to cup her shapely ass. Her body slithered like a sensual ribbon of satin in his embrace, back arching, breasts thrusting forward as her ass pushed against his palm. He wanted that ass, wanted it flushed pink from his spanking, wanted it poised in the air ready to be taken. He couldn’t wait to fill it, to sheath his throbbing cock in the tight, virgin hole.

Though as yet unconfirmed, he suspected she’d never been fucked that way. He remembered how her body went rigid when he dared to graze a finger over her forbidden opening in Jacob’s truck outside the Double Horn. Clint felt the resistance mix with a hesitant compliance as he applied a bit of pressure to the hole, not entering but showing his intent to do just that. He would need to prepare her, to stretch her tender entrance. Some women needed more than a few minutes of play to get past the fear, the pain, and allow it to morph into the orgasmic pleasure it could be.

As he gave her nipple a quick nip with his teeth before pulling back, Clint prayed Taryn didn’t fall into the category of some women. He didn’t know if he could stand the wait to bring them both insurmountable ecstasies.

Taryn gazed up at him, her eyes dark with need. Clint felt the band in his chest tighten all the more as he stared back at her, saw his reflection in her eyes, caught the swirl of surrendering promise.

“Get on the bed.” It took more effort than it should to push the command around the emotion in his throat. He averted his gaze, needing to break the eye contact, grateful he would be behind her for what came next. It might be his only chance in hell of not drowning in her tonight.

She made a soft sound, perhaps the start of a word in protest, but apparently thought better of it. He sensed her turn, heard her quick intake of breath as she no doubt spotted Royce, fully naked and waiting on the bed.

Clint waited until he heard the squeak of the springs as she started to crawl onto the bed before he turned. His gaze immediately fell on his prize, on the soft globes of her ass, milky white against her otherwise tanned flesh. He liked that she didn't care enough to sunbathe nude like many of the women he and Royce shared. The natural contrast really did it for him.

Taryn spread her legs wider, walking on her knees as she straddled Royce's body, moving into position to take his erect cock in her dripping pussy. Clint marveled at the fact that her pussy did indeed drip despite the full ringing out he gave it mere moments ago on the stairs. It proved how hot they made her, how ready and wanton she was to be fucked.

Clint let his attention linger between her legs, remembering the feel of her slightly coarse pubic hair around his mouth as he feasted on her pinked flesh. His mouth watered, thirsting for another drink. He swallowed it in favor of the true hunger he would be satisfying next.

With that in mind, he started to remove his clothes when a tube on the dresser to his left caught his eye. Well, well, well, if the woman didn't provide all the necessary essentials to really get this party started. He snagged the lubrication off the top of the dresser and turned back to the bed at the same moment Taryn looked back over her shoulder. Their gazes met, then hers dropped to the tube he held before snapping back to meet his again. White-hot sparks of lust

slammed into trepidation in her amazing eyes. Clint couldn't hold back the smirk as he tossed the tube on the foot of the bed and began unbuttoning his shirt.

Chapter Six

Taryn couldn't stop her eyes from widening at the sight of the tube in Clint's hand any more than she could prevent the bolt of electric excitement that shot clean to her toes. A sliver of fear danced after the bolt, chasing it, but not quite catching. She wanted this, wanted what would happen next no matter the discomfort that might come before it.

She first turned around after Clint's order to get on the bed to find Royce gloriously naked, deliciously hard and waiting for her. The sight of him leaning lazily against the headboard, broad chest bare and covered in a fur of springy curls, ridged abs, flat stomach, and long, thick dick standing at full do-me attention made her feel faint. In the dim light of the bedroom, his dick looked larger, thicker than it had felt when she sucked him off in the truck. He'd cocked a brow at her, held out his arms, and waited for her to crawl into his embrace.

He held her now, his grip strong on her waist as he kept her body poised above his rigid cock. Her breasts dangled, her nipples lightly touching his chest, delighting in his raspy curls teasing her taut tips. She felt the faintest press of his cock to her sodden folds, recognized the flaming need to impale herself with his thick length. Still, despite all the tormenting pleasures she felt from the man beneath her, her attention remained focused on the one slowly undressing at the foot of the bed.

Each button freed on Clint's shirt brought her one step closer to paradise. It amused her how he seemed to be having trouble holding her gaze now. Self-consciousness was definitely not a term she would have ever associated with this man. Perhaps she shouldn't now, but

she saw something in his eyes, felt it his body when he'd held her close just before releasing her, that made her think he played at more control than he actually felt.

Clint unfastened the last button, shrugged the shirt off his broad shoulders, and let it fall to the floor. Taryn couldn't stop the low moan of appreciation as she took in his squared pecs, the beaded points of his male nipples, the pale scar that marred the perfection of his ribcage. A knife wound, she recalled, from a bar fight in one of the dives in the next county over a few years back. If memory served, that had been the last time she heard of the Shelton brothers venturing into a territory outside Sunset.

Taryn nearly growled when Clint's hands fell to rest on the waistband of his jeans. His stomach rippled in a soft chuckle. Beneath her, she felt Royce's chest shake, heard his echoing laugh.

"I think our woman wants it all off, Clint."

Our woman. Taryn wanted to look at Royce so badly after hearing that. Another comment just like the one he made earlier about owning her pussy that she wondered if he realized he said. Or maybe he heard his own words but didn't grasp the full implications of how they sounded. She didn't intend to bring attention to them now, least she scare him clean off her bed. No way in hell would she allow anything to blow the bullhorn calling an end to this rodeo tonight.

"A woman likes to watch her man get naked." Clint's words, turned around on him for her purpose. She watched the knowledge flitter through his expression along with the flash of appreciation for her bravery and quick wit.

He rewarded her by unfastening his jeans and pushing them down his narrow hips. His cock sprang onto the scene so magnificently hard and huge she heard herself growl after all, but not in irritation. No, the sound was pure female hunger. Her belly danced with it. Her body hummed. Her ass, dear God of orgasms, it started to scream. Her butt cheeks flexed at the first slices of true fear.

No. The denial burned her tongue, filled her thoughts, and sped her already racing pulse. No way could she take him inside her, not where she knew he wanted to be. Even as the war started to rage in her mind, she noted the way Clint's gaze sliced away from her, no doubt locking with Royce. Then Royce's grip on her waist tightened even more as he pulled her body down, the head of his cock probing her pussy lips and pushing inside her channel.

Her eyes rolled back in her head as pleasure swamped her. He didn't ram her, but sheathed his length in her channel one tantalizing, soul-consuming inch at a time. Her breathing grew labored as her body worked to adjust to the invasion. All awareness centered on that one spot, sensations clamoring over one another until she felt awash with too many to define.

"Look at me, Taryn." Royce's voice penetrated the rapture, soft but commanding. "I want your eyes on me as I take the rest of you."

Take the rest of her? There wasn't anything left to take! He held her mind, body, and friggin' soul. How could he not already know that?

She forced her eyes open. The bigger challenge came in lifting her head from where it came to bow as she struggled to make sense of the pleasure. Royce had stopped, holding her steady, his cock filling her to the brink as he waited for her to comply with his order.

"That's what I want. Keep your gaze on me. I want to watch you every minute."

Or what? She didn't think that would be possible once he started to move again, once, *Dear Lord*, Clint joined them.

"Are you ready for the rest?"

Taryn stared down at him. "The rest?" She actually squeaked. She never squeaked. It was mortifying! "There's more?"

He laughed. *Asshole*. She vowed to make him pay for it later. She couldn't right now because, even as the shock filled her, so did several more inches. Her head fell back on her shoulders as a mewling cry left her lips.

“Eyes, Taryn.” Royce sounded as though he were reminding a small child of a rule being broken.

Taryn righted her head, locked her gaze with his once more.

“Are you okay?”

The softness, the concern in his question tore at her resolve. She always knew him to be the sweeter one, the gentler brother despite the authority he’d shown her tonight. She wanted the sharp edge of dominance back, preferring to face it at this moment over the kindness that would surely rip her to pieces if she failed to hold on after tonight.

Taryn shook her head, digging down deep for the stronger part of her, the defiant twin that could handle this situation without falling apart. “You want to start moving and I might be.”

“We *are* going to have to work on that smart mouth of yours, darlin’.”

“You can do it another night. *Move*. Tonight.” The implication of her words that there would indeed be more than one night like this between them didn’t seem to register. Her brazen command did, however. Suddenly, she wasn’t sure if she should be glad or not, because he lifted her and then yanked her down again, his hips rising to meet hers, slamming his cock deeper still inside her.

Taryn screamed, the sharp dagger of pleasure at being rammed so exquisitely slicing through her very being and erasing all thoughts of control. He fucked her, so hard and brisk she lost all sense of herself. She felt as if she straddled a bucking bull, wild and relentless in his pursuit to claim.

Then, as quickly as he started, he stopped.

“No!” Taryn thrashed in his hold. She pushed her knees further into the mattress until her thighs ached with the effort, trying to ride his cock, to rediscover the pleasure he stole from her. His hold held firm. He callously denied her. *So much for the sweeter brother*. “You bastard.”

The sharp slap to her rear took her by such surprise she shrieked and cussed again. "Damn it, that hurt!" And sent a knife drenched in wicked pleasure stabbing straight into her womb.

"It was meant to." Clint delivered another equally hard smack to her other butt cheek. "Be glad I left my belt downstairs. Name-calling is so juvenile, especially when you know it isn't true. Royce and I had happily married parents. By definition, that prevents either of us from being bastards."

"I'm rewriting the definition," Taryn retorted through gritted teeth. The singing in her backside made it difficult to think. The orgasm teetering on the edge after that too brief vicious fucking coupled with the devious spanking made it almost impossible to breathe.

"I don't think so. Now settle down." Clint left her no choice but to comply with his order as he spread her butt cheeks and squeezed the cold lubricant on her anus.

Taryn stilled, every muscle growing rigid. He'd sneaked up on her, settled himself behind her while Royce controlled her, and now assumed command by starting work on her rear. She started to shake, her arms jittering on either side of Royce's head where she held the weight of her upper body on her hands. Her knees ached, wanting to crawl away from the intrusion of the fingers beginning to spread the cool gel over her forbidden hole, of the one that probed inside. She couldn't move an inch. The men holding her wouldn't allow it.

"I don't want this." The words left her on a barely audible breath. Still, it must have been loud enough for Royce to hear.

"Yes, you do." Royce sounded so certain, so convincing. "You wouldn't have come looking for us tonight if you didn't."

He's got you there.

"Relax, baby." Clint's finger coaxed deeper into her ass, wiggling, pushing the lube inside her. He pulled back, thrust again, retreated, and then worked a second finger inside her rear channel. "You're so

tight. It's going to hurt at first, but you can take it, Taryn. You want it. You need it. Relax and let us show you the pleasure."

Taryn swallowed hard, but it didn't stop the soft murmurs that escaped her lips. Murmurs that grew louder as the burning in her rear intensified with each thrust of Clint's fingers. She shook her head. The sensations were too much. She couldn't take it. Just when she started to say so, to scream at him to stop, the pain began to light the pleasure. The sensations joined, baffling her even as her hips wiggled in Royce's grip, attempting to shove back on the fingers fucking her rear.

"That's it," Royce said approvingly. "Ah, Taryn, your pussy is growing tighter around my cock. In a moment, Clint's going to fill your ass and you'll know what it's like to have us both. You want that now, don't you? That's what you came looking for tonight."

"Yes." She hissed the word as the burn started again, more intense, but quickly ebbing to the pleasure.

"Three fingers, darlin'." Clint spoke in a harsh, appreciative tone that betrayed his own arousal. "I've got three fingers inside you now. Royce, let her loose a little. Let her ride my fingers. You want that, don't you? Do you want to push back on my fingers?"

"Yes." Taryn felt Royce's hold ease enough for her to rock backward. Somehow he changed his grip so that it still prevented her from slamming onto his cock the way her pussy craved, but allowed her enough room to fuck Clint's fingers, to pull them deeper in her ass.

Royce watched her, his expression unreadable, gaze intent. "That's it. Clint's going to stop now."

"No!" The protest exploded from Taryn's throat as she wriggled her hips back in an attempt to prevent Clint from pulling his fingers free.

"Only for a minute," Royce soothed as Clint's fingers left her rear with an audible pop. Taryn whimpered. Dignity be damned, she was

too far gone to care about the sounds she made, the begging she let fly.

“Please.”

Royce silenced her pleas with a kiss, making love to her mouth far more gently than he'd fucked her body. He kept the kiss going, gliding his tongue over her teeth, licking her pallet, tangling with her tongue right up until the moment she felt the engorged head of Clint's cock start to penetrate her tender anus.

Taryn moaned into Royce's mouth, slamming her eyes shut on the onslaught of pleasurable pain that sliced through her from ass to brain. The sensations mounted with each thick inch Clint pushed inside her. Coupled with Royce's cock still buried deep inside her pussy, her body felt as if it might split in half. She never knew such a magnificent fullness, never dreamed her body could withstand it.

“Christ, you're still so tight. Your ass is like a vise on my cock. Damn, Taryn, so good. Too good.” Clint's guttural sounding words only heightened the eroticism of her pleasure.

Taryn wrenched her mouth from Royce's, needing to fully let go with the screams growing talons in her throat. The rapture, the ambiance, the knowledge the Shelton brothers she'd loved for nearly a decade were here in her bed, inside *her*, ruled the moment.

Royce waited until Clint seated his cock completely inside her anus, folded his body over her back, and gave the quiet go-ahead against her neck before he started to move. Taryn would've thanked him in earnest if she'd been able to find the scruples to speak. Instead, she made more sounds, these indefinable even to her own ears as Royce's thrust upward into her pussy pushed her body backward to meet the partnered pistons of Clint's cock into her ass.

Taryn felt herself drift away, riding the orgasmic wave to a place where sanity disappeared and all that remained was intense pleasure and the overwhelming love she felt from her cowboys.

* * * *

Royce squinted against the sunlight slicing through the blinds over the window and pushed to his elbows. He lay on his stomach on one side of Taryn's bed, naked and covered by the sheet only to the crack of his ass. Taryn, he discovered, was decidedly absent from the bed next to him. The same held true for Clint. A cursory glance at the digital clock on the bedside table told him dawn came several hours ago. Surprised he slept so long, even after a night of testosterone-blowing, heart-claiming sex, he got to his feet, found his jeans where he'd shed them the night before.

Heart-claiming sex. The thought bounced in his head the whole time he dressed, looking for a way out and finding nothing but unyielding walls to hold it captive. Shit. He couldn't deny it anymore than he could forget his own name. He doomed himself the moment he touched Taryn yesterday in the barn, sealed his fate as a taken man when he claimed her body last night. Now, what in the hell did he do about it?

Figuring the best place to start would be in finding the vixen and his brother, Royce left the bedroom, made his way down the hall. He stopped at the foot of the stairs, amusement tugging at the corners of his lips when his gaze landed on Clint's belt still draped over the stair rail, on Taryn's clothes still in a pile where she'd taken them off.

The sound of water running prevented him from sinking into the memory of Taryn on his lap while his brother ate her sodden pussy. He got his first clue of other life in the house as he followed the sound to the kitchen, found Clint shutting off the sink faucet and moving to the coffee pot to pour a cup.

"Where's Taryn?" Royce followed Clint's example, walking straight to the cabinet to retrieve a cup then filling it from the still-brewing pot.

"Your guess." Clint leaned a hip against the counter and sipped from his cup. "I woke up about ten minutes ago lying next to your snoring ass, no sign of our lovely woman in sight. I figured she'd be

down here, so I got dressed.” He stopped, shrugged. “Found the remains of a partial pot of coffee already growing cold, so I decided to brew another pot.”

“She must be out on the ranch already.” Royce spoke more to himself than his brother as he walked to the back door, pushed aside the curtain covering the small window to peer outside.

“Don’t think so. Truck isn’t out there.”

Royce shot a look over his shoulder. “She left?” Where the hell would she go? More, why would she leave them sleeping in her bed?

“Looks like. Didn’t even have the common decency to leave a note.” Clint’s grin made his grumbling less effective. “Guess we know how it feels now, huh?”

Royce winced. Yeah, he couldn’t deny any more than he could count how many times they left a woman sleeping in her bed, no note of thanks for the evening they shared.

“Guess we do.” A round table sat in the center of the kitchen floor. Royce moved to it, pulled out a chair, and sat. “Question is do we leave her be as the women usually do us?”

Clint barked a laugh. “If you think you can after last night, big brother, you go right on ahead. Me...” He bowed his head, shook it, and groaned. “I can’t believe I’m sayin’ this, but I’m going after her.”

Royce dragged a hand down his face, took a scalding swig of his coffee. He couldn’t leave her alone any more than Clint could. Hell, even if he could, he no longer wanted to. She became his last night, *theirs*. Then she turned around come morning and left them high and dry.

Ever the voice of reason, he studied Clint for a long moment over the rim of his cup. “You know what we’ll be giving up if we do that, don’t you?” He always figured he would settle down someday. Truth be told, he pretty well expected it to be Taryn putting the noose around his neck. They’d played the push-me-away-keep-me-away game for going on a freaking decade. He had hoped Clint would be

right there with him when he decided to fall. Trouble came in believing his brother would be willing.

"I know what we'll be giving up if we don't go after her." Clint countered Royce's question with a glare that confirmed the man to be well and truly sunk.

"Think she'll put up much of a fight?"

"Seeing as how she left her clothes at the foot of the stairs knowing Buck and who knows else could walk in that front door at any minute this morning, I think she's already declared herself ours."

"Yeah," Royce nodded, sipped again. "I'm thinking she's waiting on us to declare the same."

"A woman like Taryn, we'll be lucky if she doesn't make us grovel at her feet."

"When have you ever groveled?"

"I haven't, and I ain't about to start with her." Clint slapped a hand on the counter before pushing away to pace toward the table. "We might belong to her same as she does to us, but we make the rules, call the shots. That doesn't change."

Because Royce couldn't agree more, he merely continued to nod. "I don't suppose you ever figured out what it is she called us for in the first place."

"You mean besides what we gave her last night?"

"Taryn isn't the type to play games." She might have played him well and good on the phone, coming off sounding uncertain and at his mercy, but it hadn't been a game. She needed help around this place, wanted them to do some fixing for her.

"No," Clint agreed. "I reckon from the shape of that barn out there and the fact she fell off the damned ladder yesterday trying to repair stuff on her own, that might be the first of the fixings she had in mind."

"Well, no sense sitting around this kitchen shooting the shit until she gets back." Royce got to his feet and put his now empty coffee

cup in the sink. "I'll give Jacob a call, make sure he's got our place handled for the day, then we'll set to work on that barn."

Chapter Seven

Taryn knew what it felt like to be ridden hard and put away wet. Her body ached, both inside and out, from the delicious torment of last night. Her belly did all sorts of girly butterfly stuff each time she let her mind drift back to the wicked things Royce and Clint did to her, of the things they allowed or dominantly forced her to do to them.

You could've had more. The thought became a type of tormenting mantra shortly after she left her ranch that morning, putting Buck in charge while she made her mind-clearing escape. Not before Buck figured out precisely why, though.

Her ears still heated when she recollected the knowing gleam in her ranch foreman's eyes, the smirk he'd attempted to hide. He'd taken one glance at the pile of clothes at the foot of her stairs, obviously her clothes, and the belt hanging over the banister, and he'd known. Of course, the fact that the Shelton brothers' truck was parked in her drive didn't do much for hiding that she brought them home with her last night. Not that she'd gone to any attempts at all to hide it. She wanted Buck and all the other folks in Sunset to know. It was just another step in her plan to keep her cowboys right where she wanted them, upstairs in her bed where she left them.

Taryn took a chance. It might very well prove to be the biggest one of her life. It definitely topped her list of ones she couldn't afford to lose. Everything in the last thirty-six hours rode on what happened next. If she dwelled on that fact, she'd never make it through another minute, much less the endless night of covering her sister's shift behind the bar at the Swingin' Sunset Saloon.

Rocking out to the country beat of Lady Antebellum singing about traveling on an open highway, she pushed her nervous thoughts to the back of her mind. Only then did she manage to concentrate on the draft beer she'd been pouring like water for the better part of two hours. Snagging the handle of two mugs, she turned and slid them down the bar like a pro. Amused at herself, she grabbed for the third and repeated the move.

"Gettin' pretty good at that," Trace Tanner complimented with a grin that swooned as many hearts as it stole. Too bad for those hearts his belonged to Cord DeMoss and Sam Yates.

"Keep it up and you'll be giving Trixie a run for her money." Sam Yates, more commonly known as Sly, snagged one of the mugs off the bar and drank deep. Taryn knew the run Trixie looked for not so long ago hadn't come from her, but the slick cowboy and New York businessman with the twinkle in his eyes. That is until Trixie realized Sly preferred to play in the other corral.

Taryn grinned. "Someone has to keep her on her toes."

"Speaking of toes..." Cord DeMoss made a show of leaning over the bar to peer at Taryn's feet. "Are yours curled in those boots, or did you manage to straighten them out after last night?"

Taryn met Cord's knowing stare with a steady gaze of her own. She ignored the twinge of embarrassment heating the tips of her ears. "My, word does get around fast in this town."

"We live next door." Trace's point held little relevance, and the grin tilting his lips told her he knew it, too. The CTS Ranch might occupy countless acres to the right of her own spread, but much of that land spanned between the main houses. These cowboys would have to make it a point of passing by her drive, poking their noses down it, to know if any man had her toes doing anything out of the ordinary.

Or they'd have to pluck a grape from the vine. After all, she did leave the Double Horn with Royce and Clint last night, let them lead

her out of the bar, and none of them made the least effort to disguise their intentions.

“Hmm,” Taryn made a noncommittal sound. She turned to pour another draft for a customer to her left, grabbed the cash off the bar, and pursed her lips as she spun back to Trace. She rocked back on her heels, tapped the toes of her boots together, and grinned. “Seems they straightened out just fine, thank you.”

“I wouldn’t expect them to stay that way.” Sly’s muttered words sped Taryn’s pulse. His gaze flicked over her shoulder and then slid back to hers, warning and amusement swirling in the depths of his eyes.

Taryn didn’t need to turn to know what brought on that look. She felt Royce and Clint swaggering up behind her as surely as they reached out and touched her. Fingers of awareness started at her nape to tickle down her spine. Her nipples beaded, pressing against the Triple S uniform shirt she wore over her lace underwire bra. The sensation of their transfixed attention traveled through her system, bringing those tickles and aches to settle between her legs, drawing a layer of cream from her pussy to soak her panties. Just like that, her body started quivering from the inside out, ready and wanting and unsatisfied by anyone other than her cowboys.

“You might want to run now.” Trixie’s warning startled Taryn. She narrowed her eyes, jerking her head around to find her sister leaning in close.

“What are you doing here?”

“I’m taking over the shift so you can get out of here.”

“Why? You’ve got the night off, Trixie.”

“I told you that you couldn’t play games with them. I’ll tell you something else, too. If you want to walk out of here on your own feet, you better start moving now.”

Taryn didn’t get the chance. Before her sister’s words of advice hit home, she felt herself being yanked off her feet by a strong arm around her waist. The arm spun her around in midair, settling her over

a broad shoulder and mortifyingly stilling her squirming with a sharp smack to her jean-clad behind.

Too shocked to do much more than squeak, Taryn slammed her eyes closed on the riot of pleasure coursing through her system. It took only a nanosecond to determine who held her. Another nanosecond brought to her consciousness the fact that Clint just spanked her in front of every man that frequented the Swingin' Sunset Saloon. Seeing as how much of the clientele of the Triple S were gay or bi-sexual, there were a hell of a lot of men peering on.

Laughing and cheering the Shelton brothers on, too, she realized as the yee-haws, whoops, and whistles followed them out the door. She waited until she heard the rocks crunching beneath Clint's booted feet before she bothered to speak, let alone start to wiggle again. Giving as good as she got, she stretched an arm down, managing to land her flattened palm on Clint's tight ass.

"Put me down, you brute."

"You're going to pay for that, darlin'." Clint jostled her on his shoulder, but didn't put her down. "Pay for it real good."

"Promises, promises." Being carried like a sack of potatoes over Clint's shoulder caused her hair to fall down around her face like a curtain, effectively shielding the victorious smile spreading her lips. She might be embarrassed and would probably hear about the way these cowboys manhandled her for the rest of her days, but she got them. Hook, line, and sinker, the fact they came after her tonight told her so.

"Don't push me, Taryn." The warning in his tone sent the first real shard of trepidation skating down her spine.

Not that she heeded the caution. She was too far gone. "Or what? You'll spank me. Seems you just did that in front of an entire bar full of patrons. Patrons, might I remind you, I'm supposed to be serving right now."

“The only patrons you’re going to be serving tonight, or any other night for that matter, are us.” Royce’s ever-kind, ever-gentle tone put as much finality to the statement as the words conveyed.

Taryn lifted her head, managing to push her hair out of her face so she could search for Royce. Her gaze landed on his feet first, keeping a steady stride slightly behind her and Clint. She pulled her attention up but couldn’t see higher than his waist. That suited her just fine when her gaze settled on his fly seeming to strain over his massive erection. Her inner muscles convulsed at the sight, her pussy weeping another layer of cream to soak through her panties and jeans.

Clint’s steps slowed. “Catch the tailgate, will you, Royce?”

Royce’s denim-encased cock disappeared from Taryn’s view. Why did Clint want the tailgate of the truck put down? The thought barely had enough time to solidify in her head before he spun her down and around again as if she weighed nothing at all. When the whirling stopped, she found herself bent over Clint’s lap, her gaze on the gravel ground beneath the truck.

“You’ll have to let me borrow yours. I can’t get to mine.”

Borrow what? It all happened so fast she couldn’t keep up, much less put voice to the questions Clint’s one-sided conversation brought to mind. Any words she attempted to latch onto slipped from her throat in the form of a shocked squeal as the first smack landed on her rear. Not Clint’s hand this time, but a leather belt. Royce’s belt, she realized when the next blow followed in quick succession. Dear God, Clint was spanking her with a belt in the parking lot of the Swingin’ Sunset Saloon as if she were a child who got out of hand inside the business establishment!

“Clint!” Mortification crashed into the devilish thrill of arousal as the belt struck home again and again. The fact she wore thick denim didn’t offer any protection against the spanking he gave her. Her ass cheeks burned, the flames stretching, licking her pussy, and igniting a secondary fire that threatened to burn her alive. Tears of frustration

pooled in her eyes as the first plea left her on a strangled cry. "Please, oh, please."

"He told you not to push him." Royce spoke softly in her ear as he kneeled at her head. He raked her hair from her face with a touch far more tender than the blows Clint laid on her ass.

"I can't stand it," she whimpered. Dignity be damned, her body quivered with the violent need to come, to find even an ounce of relief for the fierce arousal clawing through her soul.

"Is your pussy aching, baby? Do you need to come?"

"Yes! Please, make him stop, Royce. Make him get me off." She tried to wriggle, to squeeze her thighs together tightly enough to put pressure on her tortured clit. Somehow, Clint held her with one arm in a way that prevented her from doing either while he peppered her ass with smack after unyielding smack from Royce's belt.

"No."

The single word denial sliced through the last of her resolve. Her vision blurred by frustrated tears, she watched as Royce straightened, his booted feet shuffling out of her sight. Then, blessed be to Jesus, Clint stopped spanking her. His hand splayed on her trembling back, skimmed up to her neck, and tenderly glided over her cheek as he leaned closer to her.

"Next time I have to do that I'll make sure your sexy ass is bare for the whoopin'." He lifted her off his lap, set her on her flaming ass on the tailgate beside him, and cupped her cheek again.

Taryn sucked in a breath as much from the predatory love shining in Clint's gaze as he stared at her as from the smarting stings in her rear. She'd pushed him, all right. She'd pushed him right past his breaking point. As he yanked her face to his, delivering a punishing kiss to her mouth, she couldn't be happier with the outcome of the night.

* * * *

Royce didn't know how he survived the drive to Taryn's ranch. By the time he put the truck in park, the agony in his cock and balls turned brutal and the emotions swelling his heart made his chest ache. Spending the day working on Taryn's barn, waiting for her to return, worrying over why she really left them that morning, brought him places he never visited before. What if they were wrong? What if one night had been enough for her? What if she started out all along to simply scratch an itch she'd been feeling for the last eight years with full intentions of denying them the way they had her after she achieved satisfaction?

He didn't play the "what if" game aloud with Clint, but he knew his brother well enough to sense the other man doing the same all day long. The difference between them fell in how they handled the worry, the fear, the fact they loved Taryn beyond measure, once they figured out where she'd gone.

It hadn't taken them much to convince Trixie to accompany them to the Triple S and take over the bartending. A look and the sister's eyes lit with happiness. She'd even told them they were gone on her sister, well and truly, Stetsons-over-cowboy-boots in love with Taryn.

Neither brother could deny it. They didn't bother to try any more than Royce attempted to cage his need for Taryn after he shut off the truck and climbed out. When she started to follow Clint out the passenger door, Royce caught her, sliding her his way along the leather seat until she cleared the steering wheel. Then he caught her waist, lifted her out, and spun her around, sandwiching her between his body and the bed wall of the truck.

"I need to gain some weight." Her half-breathless words coupled with the soft laughter gave him pause.

He nuzzled his face in the crook of her neck, breathed deep, and barely swallowed the groan that bubbled in his throat. "Why is that?"

"Because you and Clint sling me around like I'm light as a feather." Her head fell to one side, exposing the slender column of her neck for his perusal.

"You are light as a feather." He nipped the muscle that stretched just below the flesh, delighted in her sultry moan.

"My point exactly." When his hands found the button and zipper of her jeans, her moan became louder. "What are you doing?"

"I can't wait another second to be inside you." The admission might cost him later. She'd probably use it against him. It didn't bode well to let a woman know how well and truly wrapped she had her man.

"Not even long enough to get inside?" Even as she asked, she raised to her tiptoes in his embrace, garnering herself enough height to rub her tantalizing ass over his aching cock.

"We're in your front yard. It's as private here as it is in there." He traced the line of her shoulder until it disappeared beneath the neckline of her T-shirt. At the same time, his hands worked her jeans and panties down her amazing hips and legs. Heat pumped off her in waves of tempting sexuality. He felt it moving over him, seeping into his skin even before he covered her mound with his palm.

"I doubt that. One of the hands could come out at any second." Taryn rocked into his touch, her pussy lips spreading as he used his hold on her to push her lower body back against him.

Royce worked his cock free of his jeans with his other hand. The sound he made when he thrust inside her soaked channel came from a man who found heaven. He threw his head back, stopping with his cock lodged to the hilt in her clinching pussy, and took several calming breaths. They didn't help.

"It might be the first time they see us fucking you," he told her as he lifted his head, only to return it to the side of her neck, "but I assure you it won't be the last." He eased his hips back, hesitated, and thrust forward again. Another low-throated growl escaped. "Jesus, you feel so good. So tight and wet and ready for a good fucking."

Her hands gripped his thighs, nails biting into flesh through the denim of his jeans. "Do you promise, Royce?"

Her question barely penetrated the fog in his mind. "Promise what?"

"This won't be the last time someone might see you fuck me."

That had him slowing the rapid pace he'd begun. He brushed his lips over the side of her neck, nudged her jaw with his nose, and waited for her to turn her head to look at him. "I promise." Emotions tightened his throat, but he allowed himself three more words. "I love you."

Even in the darkness of the night, he saw her eyes swim with tears. She nodded and, to his immense satisfaction, bucked her hips back in his hold until his cock slammed into her more deeply than before. He let her help him this time, too out of control to care he gave her more freedom than he should. Together they reached a vicious rhythm that had their bodies slapping in the silence of the night until they fell apart together against the side of his truck.

"Christ, I damn near came myself just watching that."

Royce didn't know how, but he managed a chuckle at Clint's declaration.

"You better not," Taryn said sleepily, her cheek pressed to the truck as she struggled to catch her breath. "I've been punished enough for one night."

Clint pushed away from where he'd stood with a forearm resting on the hood, obviously watching as Royce took their woman, and moved closer. "Tryin' to say my coming without you would be more discipline than you can handle for one night?"

"More than I can handle for any night."

Royce watched his brother, saw that bit of information hit home, and knew Clint would catalogue it for the future should their woman ever get out of hand enough to deserve a severe punishment. Taryn apparently realized it, too, because she stiffened slightly in Royce's arms before looking back at him over her shoulder, true worry widening her eyes.

"I shouldn't have told him that, huh?"

Royce couldn't stop the grin that spread his lips. "Nope."

"Shit." She muttered a curse, closed her eyes, puffed out a breath. "Too late now." She opened her eyes again when Royce finally let his cock slip free of her drenched pussy. "I love you, too. I think I forgot to say that."

"You did." Royce dipped his head, kissed the tip of her nose. "But I already knew."

She shot a glance at Clint then looked back at Royce. "Think I can make him say it?"

Amused, Royce forced himself to release her. "I can't wait to watch you try."

* * * *

Clint didn't doubt for a second she could pull it off. The three words he never expected to say to any woman already burned the tip of his tongue. Still, when a woman as sexy as Taryn Aldean shuffled toward a man with her pants around her ankles and a predatory gleam in her eyes, he would try like hell to hold off a declaration as long as possible.

He lifted a brow, knowing exactly how to get to her and fast. "You lookin' to push me again, darlin'?"

Her gaze dropped to his belt then slowly rose to meet his. "Sure am, right over the edge."

He chuckled at her response, surprised by her brazenness.

"Know what else I'm looking to do?"

Any other time it might have been amusing to watch her fumble in her attempts to toe off her boots, shake the pants off her legs. But when she did it all while holding his gaze with a steady one of her own, he couldn't think to laugh.

"What's that?" Clint unfastened his belt as he watched her. The button and zipper of his jeans followed. Approval danced with the determination in her blue-gray eyes.

“I’m looking to keep you, cowboy.”

Her announcement should’ve sent him running. Instead, it filled him with a sense of rightness he couldn’t argue against. He caught her when she launched herself in his arms, her legs clamping around his waist, lower body poised to take his throbbing cock in her deliciously opened pussy.

“Nice move.” He appreciated it immensely, especially the way it put her heated center right where he needed it. “You know we’re both letting you get away with a lot tonight.”

She smirked. “Why do you think I’m taking advantage of it while I can?” She shifted her hips in his hold, finding his cock and impaling herself until she’d seated his shaft deeply and fully inside her. She moaned, low and long, the sound stroking his balls as effectively as her hand could. “What do you say? Do I get to keep you?”

Clint cupped her ass, holding her in place as he carried her to the back of the truck. He lowered her on the tailgate, never pulling out of her tight, tantalizing pussy. With his hands free, he palmed one breast and cupped her nape with the other hand. “You don’t have a choice anymore. You’ve belonged to me since the moment you fell into my arms in the barn.”

Happiness lit her expression even as her lips pursed on the next moan of pleasure he elicited from her. He rocked his hips, screwing his cock inside her while massaging her breast, finding her nipple with his thumb and forefinger for added pleasure. But it was his next words that proved the final caress to have them both shattering in the night.

“I’ve belonged to you far longer than that.”

* * * *

Taryn’s body jerked, her muscles spasming from the tremendous force of a second orgasm so soon after the first. How much pleasure

could a body withstand? She had a feeling she would spend the rest of her life finding out.

Clint grunted his release as hot jets of sperm shot deep inside her channel. Breathless, obviously spent for at least a moment or two, he trembled against her in an apparent effort to hold himself upright. He failed. When he started to go down, his continued hold on her took her down with him. She landed straddling his waist, laughing deliriously on the concrete drive.

“Ouch.” The single, hoarse word only made her laugh harder.

“Now, that’s a first.” Royce sounded thoroughly amused.

Taryn tipped her head back to find him staring down at her and Clint, the grin spreading his lips too sexy to ignore. She reached a hand up for him and he knelt beside her.

“Need some help up?”

Taryn shook her head, still laughing. “Just needed you down here with us.”

“Shouldn’t let him down so easily though,” Clint complained, not bothering to move a muscle. “Should’ve knocked his feet out from under him, let him feel the full impact of the fall.”

Taryn looked from Royce to Clint, taking in their contented expressions beneath the silvery moonlight, and knew they all felt the full impact of the fall. Hard, controlling, and permanent, the fall they experienced would keep her cowboys lassoed to her for the rest of their days.

THE END

<http://www.tonyaramagos.com>

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tonya Ramagos is a bestselling author of contemporary, fantasy, paranormal, and cowboy novels. She spends most of her time in a fictional world dreaming up hot hunks and head-strong heroines. When she's not writing she's reading. Anything from legal and military non-fiction to any genre of romance can be found on her bookshelves and flash drives. Her music tastes are just as varied with artists ranging from country to rock to heavy metal loading her MP3 player. Her idea of relaxing is curled on the sofa or on her back deck with a book and her favorite beverage. A single mother of two fantastic boys, she enjoys playing games, dancing, and walking the nature trails around her home in Tennessee.

Also by Tonya Ramagos

The Heroes of Silver Springs 1: *Caught off Guard*

The Heroes of Silver Springs 2: *Twin Games*

The Heroes of Silver Springs 3: *Stormy Nights*

The Heroes of Silver Springs 4: *All or Nothing*

The Heroes of Silver Springs 5: *Picture This*

The Heroes of Silver Springs 6: *Hollywood Lights*

The Heroes of Silver Springs 7: *Taken By Surprise*

Rock Hard Seduction 1: *Voices and Lies*

Rock Hard Seduction 2: *Picking Art*

Rock Hard Seduction 3: *Sports Beats*

Rock Hard Seduction 4: *Magical Riffs*

Three Hearts 1: *Desired Hearts*

Three Hearts 2: *Divided Hearts*

Three Hearts 3: *Destined Hearts*

Sunset Cowboys Book 1: *What His Cowboys Want*

Sunset Cowboys Book 2: *Logan's Lessons*

The Service Club 1: *Forty-Eight Hour Burn*

Love Me Times Three

Kinsey and the Exotic Dancing Princess

Convince Me

Tasty Treats: Saving Stakes

Available at

BOOKSTRAND.COM



Siren Publishing, Inc.
www.SirenPublishing.com