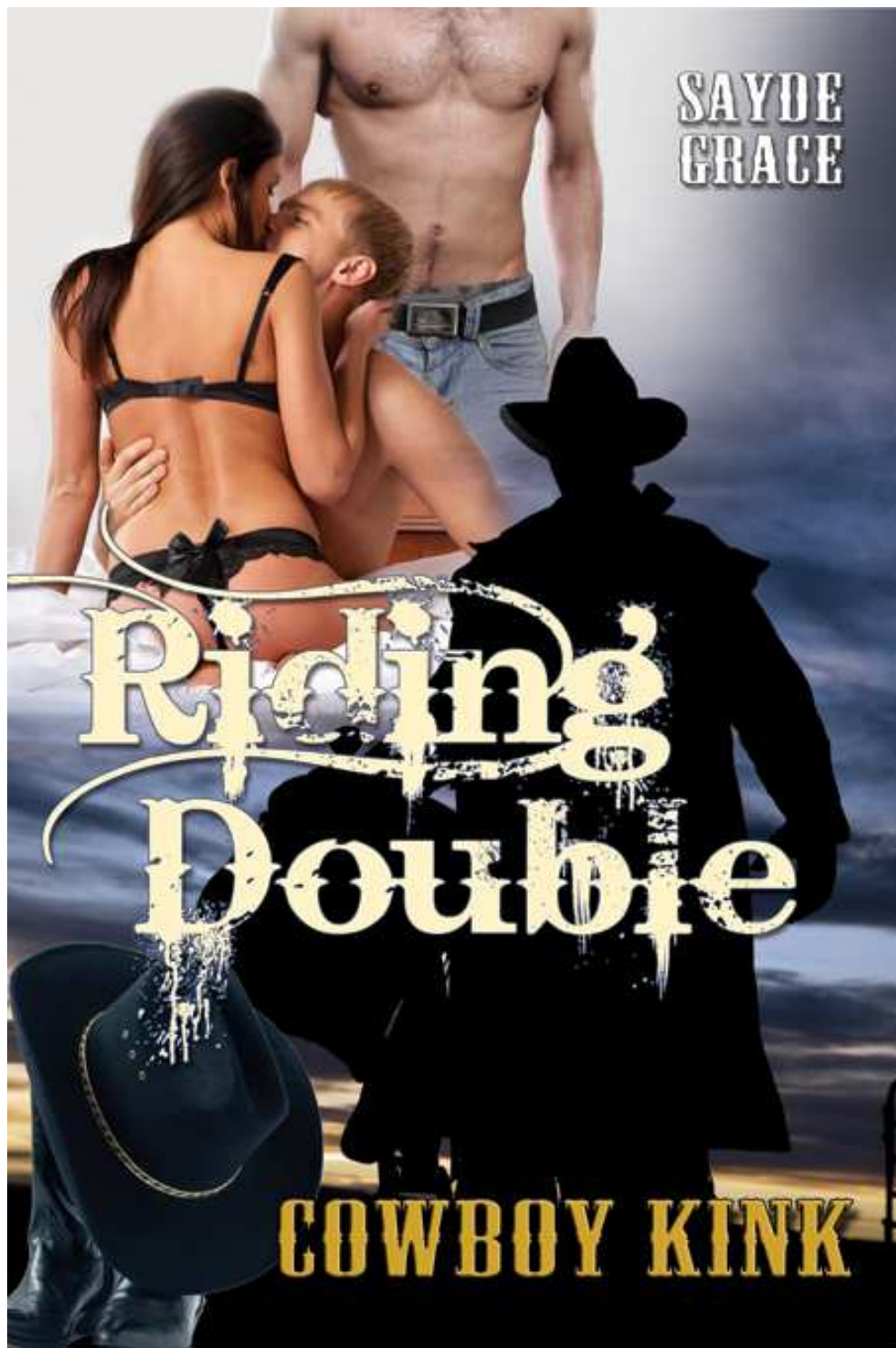


SAYDE
GRACE

Riding Double

COWBOY KINK



Riding Double

by

Sayde Grace

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Riding Double

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Dedication

Because this is my first ever publication good luck shutting me up.

First I owe a huge thanks to my husband who didn't run screaming for a divorce when he read my erotic romances. God love ya. I'd also like to give a huge thanks to all my Southern Sizzle Ladies, you gals know how to sizzle. Also thank you to my friend Brandi Hall who helps with all my grammar, blame it on her if it's not right. Thank you to Rebecca Zanetti who suffers through every rejection I get and encourages me to suck it up and keep going as well as critiquing my work. I couldn't find a better support system, and if you find something wrong with this book: it's their fault, not mine!

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PRAISE FOR AUTHOR

Sayde Grace

RIDING DOUBLE

“Saddle up and hold on tight. RIDING DOUBLE brilliantly ropes emotional characters together with true-to-life rodeo excitement igniting passion between Billie and the rugged, dangerous and sexy as hell, Bo and Chet.”

~KyAnn Waters, author of Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down

Chapter One

The sound of metal gates crashing shut, the crowd cheering, and hooves thundering on the ground relaxed my frayed nerves. No matter how much I wanted to sell my stock and stop hauling all over the countryside, I couldn't. Rodeo was in my blood, and I'd never be able to leave it fully behind, regardless of how bad my mom wanted me to settle down and have babies like a normal woman.

"All right folks, hold onto your seats." The announcer's vibrant voice caught my attention. "This next rider has drawn one of our legendary horses here tonight. It should be a high scoring ride if contestant Chet Haskins can hang on to the furious mare, Black Betty. Chet is ranked number three in the series. Betty is owned by Atwater Buck-Out."

I looked up, and the mare stood still, waiting for the chute to open. She'd been in more rodeos than most of the cowboys and cowgirls competing, so she knew the drill. The cowboy would strap his rigging on, get settled on her back, and then nod his head. After that, her job was to get him off her.

The mare always bucked hard, shook like she was having a seizure in mid-air, and somehow managed to roll the skin on her back. Many cowboys had ridden her, but none had found the magic formula of how to stay on. Most said they just hung on for dear life and prayed.

This would be her last season. Ten years she'd been busting out of that chute like a demon horse running through the gates of hell. Ten years she'd been denied making it to the national finals rodeo because she was just "too hard" to ride.

Still, she was a legend in her own right. This time next year she'd be well on her way to delivering a new legend.

Tonight Mr. Chet Haskins had his work cut out for him. He was one hell of a rider, but not *that* hell of a rider. I strutted down the catwalk behind the chutes to watch the ride.

"Here we go. Chet Haskins riding Black Betty, nicknamed the...well, since there's innocent ears out there, I won't tell y'all good folks her nickname. Just watch this and you'll know."

I laughed at the announcer.

Her nickname was "Devil Bitch." Most everyone called her that and for good reason. She was the reason I was here. My best friend and business partner wouldn't haul her, so I had to. I'd bought her and now took care of her, and I was the only one she let near. Everyone else she tried to bite, kick, or stomp. "Devil Bitch" about summed her up.

I shook my head and focused on the ride about to start. The cowboy astride her leaned back and braced himself for the mark-out then nodded his head. The sound of the cowboys milling around me, the announcer talking the cowboy up, and the noise of the crowd faded away as I watched the mare. The chute gate was flung open, and Black Betty jumped out with a kick toward the chute man and a hard jump that shook the ground when she landed.

She was amazing. The horse had so much wild spirit it took my breath away. Poor Mr. Chet Haskins. He'd be sore for weeks after this ride. Maybe I'd buy him a beer after the rodeo. With his tall muscular build and deep green eyes, he was one of the best-looking men here tonight.

I smiled as Betty made her signature move and rolled the skin on her back while she threw her front end out, forcing him up and over her. The loud roar of the crowd came back to me as the ride ended with

Chet flat on his ass, cussing a blue streak. He was so gonna get fined for that little expression of anger.

Betty ran right to the gate she knew would open to let her out of the arena. She snorted at the nearby cowboys, which had them scrambling out of her way. The gate man nodded at me to let me know it was time for me to get my bitch, as he called her.

"Damn horse. Billie, when the hell are you gonna retire that bitch? I'm getting too old to run for cover every time she gets near me. You should have put her ass down years ago, do the world a favor," Sunny Torrent fussed at me as I walked past him.

"I'm not putting her down. She's getting bred this coming spring." I snorted at his stricken look. "Look at it this way, by the time her offspring is ready to buck out, you'll be retired, while some poor young fool will be working that gate. Now, get the hell outta my way and let me get the bitch rounded up." I headed into the catch pen to get her.

Looking around, I noticed Chet climbing over the arena fence. He was still cussing as he turned to see me walking in the pen.

"Hey! Lady, get the hell out of there! That damned animal will kill you." He ran toward the pen but stopped short when I just raised my eyebrows at him. Sunny shook his head at the young cowboy then turned his attention back to the rodeo.

The calf ropers were getting ready to head to the other end of the arena. I knew a few of them, and they nodded at me. The sound of a lasso waving through the air, the rawhide rubbing against polyblend, reminded me of a time when I, too, had waited on horseback, getting ready to team rope.

The gate opened to let the ropers ride into the arena, and then they were gone. The only proof they'd been there was the dust flying up from the horses' hooves and the sound as they thundered through the arena to the roping box.

Betty snorted at me as I drew closer. "Back off, Betty. You know it's time to get put up." I stepped a little closer, but her attention was directed toward the handsome cowboy she'd just bucked off. She turned to him, snorted, and then charged the fence.

"Fucking crazy bitch. They should shoot your ass."

Chet Haskins had quite the vocabulary. I laughed as Betty took another glance at him, daring him to get closer. He stared back at her, determined to win the staring contest. He would lose. Betty was hell on hooves.

"You mad because she's mean to you or because she bucked you off faster than any horse ever has?" My sweet tone held a hint of sarcasm. The sounds of the rodeo in the background faded away as the roping came to an end. Before long, bulls would be up and I needed to get a move on it to get my bulls taken care of.

"Lady, you're as crazy as the damn horse. What's your deal?"

I laughed at his harsh tone.

Betty stopped staring at him long enough to notice me again. She shook her head, snorted unhappily at the cowboy one last time, then ambled over to me.

"Come on, baby girl. That mean ole dumb cowboy has been kicked in the head one too many times." I had no clue if he'd ever been kicked in the head, but I knew it'd get him riled up. Cowboys, even fun-lovin' carefree ones like Chet Haskins, didn't like being made fun of. "Come on. I'll put you in your stall." I rubbed the mare's slick forehead as I slipped the halter over her head.

"You work for her owner?" Chet frowned at me.

"I *am* her owner." I walked the mare past him toward the stalls.

He sidestepped Betty when she eased out of the

pen behind me. He looked ready to run, but Betty didn't even glance at him. She knew it was time to get put up and eat. Looking around the trucks and trailers, I spotted a familiar Ford truck.

Great, *he* was here. Damn Saige and her stubborn self.

She probably knew the whole time *he'd* be here this weekend. I hurried to the barn away from the crowd and the arena. The noise of the rodeo barely registered as I contemplated the many ways in which I was going to hurt Saige. How could she do this to me? She knew how much I hated *him*, but she just had to keep pushing.

I shoved my anger aside to focus on Betty, Saige would get hers later. I corralled Betty into her stall, then moved a hand over her body, checking for any cuts. She was slick and muscled.

The feel of the soft black hair reminded me of just how far the mare had come in the past ten years. She'd been two hundred pounds underweight and had the most god-awful looking coat. Now, she was shiny, black, and beautiful.

"Why's that mare let you have anything to do with her?" I looked over the mare's back to see the cowboy had followed me.

He sighed and stepped closer. "She goes ape-shit when anyone even looks at her. Except in the chute. That mare will fool you. Everyone talks about how tough she is to ride, but in the chute, she acts like an angel."

"She only likes me. Don't know why, but ever since I bought her, I'm the only one she's ever let mess with her. For a long time I didn't think I'd ever be able to get her to buck out, but my brother and his best friend worked with her some. After a while she learned it was her job. Still, she hates everybody but me." I smirked at him.

He shook his head, obviously not knowing what

to say. Most men didn't when they couldn't figure out a female, either a woman or animal.

I patted the mare on the shoulder then left her be. She'd done her job tonight, time for feed and rest.

"My name's Chet Haskins. I guess you're Billie Atwater?" He raised an eyebrow.

"That's right. You got a problem?" I challenged him, wondering if he'd heard about the abundance of one-night stands I'd had lately. None of which had done anything for me, except get me hotter and hornier for *him*.

"No, ma'am. I just never met a Billie as pretty as you. I always thought Billie Atwater was a guy. Heard he was one of the best ropers out there." Chet stood back to let me out of the stall.

"Jake Atwater. He was the roper." I looked away quickly as the moisture threatened to pool in my eyes. It'd been two years since Jake died, yet every time someone talked about him, I teared up. "I've got another horse up in the saddle bronc and two bulls tonight, so I gotta get back and check on 'em. This little mare is the only one that gets a stall, but the others need to be taken care of, too. It was nice meeting you." I stepped away from him.

All thoughts of getting a beer were gone. Maybe if he hadn't mentioned my brother, reminded me of his painful death, I would have asked Chet to have that beer with me.

"I gotta throw my gear in the truck and wait around for my roommate. Maybe we can meet up later." With his long stride, he'd caught up with me in a flash. "There's a bar just down the road, why don't you let me buy you a beer for bad mouthing your horse."

I glanced at deep green eyes twinkling with mischief. Maybe, just maybe, he'd be enough to make me forget. But knowing the owner of that familiar Ford truck, there was no way I could go to

the bar. *He'd* be there.

"Sorry, I can't. I need to get all these animals taken care of, then get a midnight dinner." I smiled, instantly regretting it. He returned it with a sly grin. His playboy smirk hit too close to home. Too close to *him*.

"In that case, let me buy you that dinner. I'll pick you up in an hour or so. Where are you staying?" He was so cute, I couldn't say no. Plus, he was sexy. If I intended to keep my promise to myself, I'd need to get laid and good before I ran into *him*.

"All right. Pick me up at the Holiday Inn Express down the road. Just call up to room 310." I hurried past the contestants' area, which was filled with cowboys and cowgirls who'd already ridden and were fussing and congratulating one another or with ones who were about to ride. Bull riding was going on, and *he'd* either be about to ride or finished and getting ready to leave. Either way, I rushed past the area.

"Sounds good. I'm in room 308 with my roommate." Chet waggled his eyebrows, causing me to snort at his boy-in-the-candy-store expression.

"Hmm, maybe I shouldn't have told you what room."

"Nah, I'm glad you did. Now I know where to bill the pizzas." He stopped walking when we got to the stock pens.

Metal gates slammed to a deafening height around us. The stockmen hurried the last of the bulls to the chutes, whooping and yelling the whole time. The smell of bull shit was thick in the air, and not just from the bulls. The bull riders were getting geared up to ride.

I turned back to Chet. "Yeah, yeah. Mr. Haskins, you'd better get a move on it. My other horse has bucked out, bulls are next. At this rate, I'll be waiting on you."

“Don’t worry, I’m worth it.” He winked, turned away, and left me standing there staring at his round firm-looking ass. He was cocky, that was for sure. If he was half as good in bed as his attitude let on, I was in for one hell of a ride.

Exactly one hour later, a knock sounded on my hotel room door. I’d showered, fixed my hair and make-up, and wiggled into a pair of slim fit tighter-than-tight blue jeans and a white T-shirt. My cowboy boots stood out against the plain clothes, but the red ostrich print boots fit my style. Classic with a flare of fire.

Deep red wavy hair draped my shoulders, covering my cream-colored skin. The T-shirt dipped just enough in the front to show the swell of my breasts. I glanced in the mirror to check my make-up one last time. My lipstick was on right, coloring my soft pink lips a deeper shade of pink, and my bright green eyes were outlined with black eyeliner. The knock echoed again so I rushed to the door.

I peered out the small peephole to see Chet waiting. He was decked out in tight fitting boot-cut denim jeans, a long-sleeved blue button-up shirt, and black cowboy hat. I opened the door as he was looking down the hall.

“You need something, mister?” I flipped my hair off my shoulder, trying to look coy. Inside, I was screaming to skip dinner and just fuck. The slight grin on his face and the growing hard-on in his tight jeans told me we wouldn’t be out long anyway, which was beyond fine with me.

“Yes, ma’am. I need a date to dinner. But if you’re offering dessert, I’d be glad to take you up on the offer.” He winked. His eyes held a hint of devil in them, a devil I wanted to see.

“Hmm, sounds good. I love dessert. My room or yours?” I opened the door wider.

His gaze swept the inside and landed on the extra bed where Saige's suitcase lay. "Mine, unless your roommate would join in." I shook my head. No way would that happen. "Oh, well. I'm next door."

My body screamed to take him right here, right now. The hell with Saige. For all I cared, she could sit and watch. Something about Chet Haskins ignited a blaze in me no other man besides *him* had ever stoked. I moved out of the room before I decided to let Chet eat dessert right there. I placed my arm around his muscled forearm.

The thought of one more one-night stand all of a sudden didn't seem bad. For the first time, I was actually hopeful this cowboy would be different. He was charming, cute, playful, and sexy as homemade sin. Given half a chance, he could talk the pants off any woman, and tonight, that woman was me.

"Chet, you are at least old enough to buy beer, right?" The thought of him being that much younger than I was hadn't really occurred to me until his boyish grin lit up the hallway.

"Yes, ma'am, I'm twenty-one. Why, you're not much older." He smirked.

"Just a couple years." Six to be exact, but that was all right. I could deal with six years difference.

Excitement soared through my body. Over the past few years, I'd had quite a few one-night stands trying to sate a lust that never seemed to be quenched, except by *him*.

The slide of the key card into the lock made me stop and consider what I was about to do. Another hotel room, another cowboy. When was this going to end?

Chet reminded me vaguely of the cowboy I was trying to forget. Maybe that's why I wanted him. The lock clicked and the door opened, dragging me from my thoughts. Chet regarded me with nothing but excitement.

“Coming, darlin’?” He held his hand out to guide me into his room.

“Once we get inside, I plan for you to make me,” I said, not caring how it made me sound. He thought he was experienced in getting women in bed. Ha, he had no idea what he was getting.

When he kicked the door shut, I grabbed him, hauled him to me, and started ripping clothes off. His body was to die for. It seemed that years of working out in the gym, on ranches, and riding bucking horses had rewarded him with a hard body that didn’t have an ounce of fat.

His taut skin was tanned and rippled with muscles. Biting my bottom lip to keep from moaning at the sight of his delicious body, I leaned away. I wanted to see all of him.

His lips tugged into a knowing grin. He knew he had a fine ass.

I moved to one of the two queen-size beds. “Which one?” I snatched my T-shirt over my head.

His face slackened when his gaze fell to my large breasts. The lace bra I wore revealed I had no need for padding. My cup runneth over in that department. In a second, his long, confident stride had him across the room. He backed me to the closest bed, claiming my body with his work-roughened hands.

“Either bed is fine with me. I just want you completely naked on one of them.” His voice rumbled, full of desire.

“Just as long as you’re naked in the next ten seconds and inside me five seconds later, everything will be fine with me, too.”

“Damn, darlin’, I’ve never been timed getting down to business before.” His hands roved quickly down his body to open the fly of his jeans.

“Oh, chin up boy. You should be used to timers by now.” I licked my lips when his dick stood at

attention, proud to be released from the confines of his jeans.

I eased just out of his reach so he could slide his boots off, followed by his jeans, then his shirt. He'd skipped wearing underwear, which was perfectly fine with me.

As he straightened, I noticed once again how much Chet reminded me of *him*—tall, slim, muscled, and blond. Not to mention his dick happened to be porn star worthy.

Maybe I'd finally found a cowboy who would hold my attention, make me forget what my body so desperately screamed for at night. Chet seemed nice, a little younger than my usual guy. Plus he was one fine piece of man flesh.

"You like what you see?" His voice was low, sensual. "Why don't you come on over here to get a better view? You might need to get down on your knees to see." He waggled his eyebrows, sitting on the edge of the bed.

I laughed at his outrageously cheesy comment, and he shook his head slightly, knowing he'd missed the mark.

"*You might* need to learn better lines." I smiled wickedly but edged slowly toward him.

"It got you over here, didn't it?" He breathed in, holding still as I slipped my hand through his thick blond hair. He leaned forward and kissed a path from my navel to my bare breasts.

I moaned loudly as his rough, callused hands grazed my soft flesh. Leaning my head back, I reveled in the sensations flooding me.

He still carried the smells of sweat, dirt, and horse. The smell of a cowboy. One who was doing amazing things to my breasts with his mouth.

His perfect, white teeth scraped gently across my hard nipples, sending zings of electricity straight to my pussy, making me wet. Maybe this wasn't

going to be just like all the others. None of them had ever had me this wet, this quick.

I looked down at the man sitting on the edge of the bed, laving my nipples, and pushed him back. "Maybe you were right. Maybe I do need to get on my knees to see you better."

"Anything you want, darlin'. I'm open to everything."

I bent closer to him, letting my breasts skim his chest.

"How open are *you*?" His tone changed from hot and sexy to cautious.

I stopped in mid squat to look at him. The room fell silent.

"What do ya got in mind?" My heart thrummed faster. I'd heard Chet liked rough, wild, threesomes.

I'd never participated in one before and wasn't entirely sure I wanted to, but damn, my body responded to the thought of him and another hot cowboy filling me.

"My roommate may show up. If he doesn't have his own girl, you interested in taking both of us?" He stared at me, waiting patiently for my answer.

I gazed at the plainly decorated wall. The room had been painted white with very few pictures on it, and the bedspread was also white. Everything looked so innocent compared to what Chet was offering.

Looking at the pristine white, I knew without a doubt I was no longer innocent, but was I that wild?

Hell, two years ago, I would have slapped him for suggesting it, but now I was desperate. Desperate to feel something more than heartache. Desperate to feel half the love I'd felt with *him*. Yeah, I was open to anything these days, or at least tonight. The morning would be different, but tonight, anything would go.

"Maybe. Who's your roommate?" I kneeled,

letting my nipples graze his chest to his stomach and gently caress his cock as I perched before him on my knees.

I leaned forward and circled the silky mushroom head of his cock with my tongue. As if on cue to answer my question, the sound of the key card sliding into the lock drew my attention. The plain white door opened wide with a loud creak, giving me a view of his roommate.

My heart sank as the newcomer strode into the room, taking in the scene before him. I turned my face from his heated stare.

My blood raced, bile rose, and I wanted nothing more than to bolt from the room. But I couldn't, no matter how bad I wanted to. My limbs were numb with shock.

Damn *him*.

Chapter Two

The air in the hotel room turned completely icy as Bo, the cheating bastard who'd broken my heart, strode into the room. Chet's wide grin told me he didn't notice the tension that ran through my body as I eased off the floor and onto the hard mattress beside him.

"Hey, Bo. I see you brought a friend. Hope she don't mind screwin' in the same room with us. I thought I had a little more time before you'd be back, so we got started."

I glanced at Chet who waggled his eyebrows at Bo and his friend. Bo stood in the doorway, staring at me intensely.

It'd been eight months since the last time we'd fucked. And that was *all* it was these days. Neither one of us spoke when we screwed like animals. The fire between us wouldn't extinguish. It just smoldered until neither of us could stay away from the flame.

Bo's friend for the night beamed at both Chet and me. She looked barely eighteen, with her deep brown hair, creamy complexion, and her tight Britney Spears "Future MILF" T-shirt, and her shorter than short denim mini. Here I felt bad about sleeping with a twenty-one year old. Hell, that was only six years my junior. The girl rubbing her body all over Bo, as she giggled like a two-year-old in a candy store, was at least ten years younger than him.

"She's leavin'." Bo heaved the surprised buckle bunny out of the room without an explanation. Her

protest from the other side of the door was ignored.

In a second, she kicked the door before silence reigned. Bo quirked a sneer toward the door then turned back to stare stone-faced at me.

Chet chuckled. "Good, she wasn't my type. This beautiful lady here is—"

"Billie Atwater," Bo finished for Chet.

"Yeah. I might have had shitty luck in the arena tonight, but outside of it things turned good." Chet wrapped an arm around me, trying to reassure me silently that it was still my choice. How wrong he was. There was no choice, not now, not with Bo here.

"Billie's always been good." Sarcasm drenched Bo's voice.

My back stiffened at his words. The chill in the room disappeared as anger coursed through me. I started to stand up, but Chet's arm drew me closer. He brushed the hair from my neck to gently kiss my back. My body thrummed with anger and fear. But the more Chet kissed my neck and nibbled on my ear, the more those feelings faded to be replaced with wanton lust and the urge to show Bo how much I didn't need him. That now I'd found someone who could stoke the flame.

Chet turned me toward him. His eyes searched mine for any indication I wanted to leave. I tried to mask it, but he noticed and his lips moved to my ear.

"I'll send him away in a heartbeat. Just say the word, or we can end the date now. I'll take you to your room if you want." His tongue darted out to caress the tender flesh of my earlobe, sending me past the point of turning back.

His hard-on pressed against my thigh, and I knew how much those words cost him. He'd have a hell of a time walking right now if I decided to go back to my room.

"No, I want you."

He smiled against my mouth. "Good." He leaned

into me scooting us to the middle of the bed. His lips ran across my shivering skin.

His mouth covered mine, exploring with his tongue. He slowly caressed my own then surprised me by rubbing the roof of my mouth. The sensation was electric. Never had anyone done that. I loved it. I moaned softly into his welcoming mouth and kissed him back greedily.

During the shock of seeing Bo, my pussy had gone dry, but now, because of Chet's masterful kisses, I was dripping wet. He stroked my clit with his thumb, and one finger gently entered me. His finger caressed, hitting the one spot that would make my eyes roll back and stars brighten through the darkness.

I lay utterly still, trying to hold in the screams of pleasure I wanted to release, though I knew in the back of my mind that Bo was watching and this whole situation was wrong.

Chet increased the pressure. He plunged two fingers inside my tight cunt and crisscrossed them. I gasped, forgetting everything else except Chet and his long, skillful fingers.

"That's it, baby. You're so damn wet and feel so fucking good. I bet you taste as good as you feel. I wanna lick all that cream from you." He dragged his body away, but I grabbed him.

"No, you're way past your fifteen seconds, cowboy," I panted, causing him to laugh.

He gave a hesitant look over his shoulder at Bo, who sat on the other bed with his pants unzipped and dick out. Chet looked back at me, questioning if that was okay.

Instead of answering with words, I put my lips to his. He took the hint and slid over my body.

A small package hit me on the hip, and I glanced down to see Bo had thrown a condom over to us. It reminded me once again that Bo was watching me

with another man. I looked at the condom, then over at Bo. He shrugged his shoulders.

“Better safe than sorry.” Bo’s eyes never left mine. “You never know about people these days.”

No, you never know about people these days. I’d never thought in a million years that the man I’d loved more than anything would have cheated on me. But he had, and now there was nothing left between us but hate, bitterness, and an occasional fuck that left me unable to walk for a day and unable to think for weeks.

“Thanks, buddy.” Chet either missed the insinuation or chose to ignore it. Either way, I didn’t give a shit. If Bo wanted to watch, I’d give him a show.

Chet spread my thighs with his large rough hands, then caressed me from clit to asshole with the head of his dick.

I tuned Bo out, directing my attention solely on the cowboy about to ride me. His cream-slicked shaft felt good sliding up and down my wet pussy. An ache started to grow, but the rubbing wasn’t enough. I needed more, much more.

“Chet, please...” I pleaded with him to finish, to thrust inside me, to make me burst with pleasure.

The tip of his cock eased into my opening to spread my tender burning flesh and make me writhe with need. It’d been eight months since anything this size had been inside my pussy, and god help me, I wanted all of him.

He thrust a little further, slow and easy, letting his hard dick fill me inch by glorious inch. He was hot, hot from pleasure, hot from holding back the passion I knew he contained.

His corded neck and strained face showed me he was trying desperately not to thrust too deep or too hard. I closed my eyes as the sensation of being stretched and filled took over. His hard body covered

mine, and even though he was holding himself up, he was still heavy.

His coarse leg hair rubbed against my inner thighs, creating a friction that only increased the intimacy of the moment. He slammed in harder, but my body didn't want to take any more of him. I relaxed my inner muscles and spread my thighs wider for him to sink further and stroke deeper.

"Fuck, you feel good." He drove all the way in, bumping against my cervix. The sensation didn't hurt, but it sure didn't feel that great either. I grimaced from the odd sensation.

"You all right, baby?" He glanced down at me with concern.

I nodded, trying to avoid looking at Bo, who knew everything I liked and didn't like. Goose bumps spread across my flesh as I tried harder to fight the urge to look. I knew he'd be staring, knew he'd be watching, and knew he'd be waiting.

"She doesn't like the feeling of your dick slamming against her that deep. Don't push so far." Bo's tone was harsh.

"Thanks man, but shut the hell up." Chet's tone was just as harsh. He looked back down at me, ran his thumb down my cheek, and then leaned down to whisper, "Next time you don't like something, you tell me. I don't want to hurt you."

Either he was ignoring the obviousness that Bo knew so much about me or he was well aware of it. I wanted to stop to find out, but his slow, deep penetrating strokes were enough to make me care less and dig my nails into his ass.

His eyes half closed from pleasure. "Like that?" He thrust a little harder, yet not quite as deep as the first time. "You're so fucking tight. Jesus." He gritted his teeth then picked up his rhythm.

The bed creaked with each movement, and the headboard slapped against the wall. I couldn't fight

the need to see what Bo was doing, so I glanced at him. He stared at me with fire in his eyes.

Whether the fire was from anger or from lust, I didn't know. The past two years since we'd split up, we'd been with several people, but none had been serious and never had we been in this situation.

He grabbed a bottle of lotion from the table between the beds with one hand and opened it with the other. The sound of the lotion squirting into his palm added to the wickedness of the moment. He spread it on his fully erect dick as he stared at me.

Groaning, I watched in fascination as he stroked himself in rhythm with Chet and me. Chet was in his own pleasure-induced world while Bo and I stared at each other. With every stroke of Chet's dick, I thrust my hips up to meet him, and Bo stroked himself harder and faster.

Watching Bo get off on watching me with Chet was supposed to piss me off, disgust me even, yet I wanted nothing more than for him to crawl onto the bed and take me, too.

Above me, Chet's body stiffened. He was close. I closed my eyes, drank in the feeling of his dick caressing my throbbing cunt. Listened to the small groans he made and tried desperately not to imagine Bo above me, fucking me mindless. Chet rubbed that magical spot inside me once. Moving faster with him, I ground my clit against him as he hit my sweet spot again.

Sweat trickled from his body to mine; the salty taste of it on my lips enticed me. I cried out, begging for more, but his dick jumped and twitched. Fuck, I wasn't done.

Under normal circumstances I wouldn't waste my time with even faking it, but Chet deserved it. He was a damn good lover. If Bo hadn't shown up, I was pretty sure I'd have been screaming out my release, too. Instead, I dug my nails into him,

stiffened, and clenched my Kegel muscles, moaning loudly and pretending to explode with him.

For a minute, we lay there motionless as we tried to catch our breath. His chest heaved as he fought to get enough air into his lungs. His body shone with sweat and he trembled with aftershocks. He eased off to lie beside me.

The sound of the bed next to us creaked and let me know Bo had moved from his viewpoint. The bed sagged to one side as he lay down next to me. He was gloriously naked and gloriously hard. I licked my lips as he eased closer. Chet slid away to leave me alone next to the man who had broken my heart and fucked me senseless on more than one occasion.

"I'm gonna go wash up." Chet leaned down, kissed me gently, then headed for the bathroom.

"You didn't come." It wasn't a question. Bo knew.

"Don't fucking talk to me. You asshole. Why'd you have to stay?" I hissed in a near whisper, trying to keep my voice down so Chet wouldn't hear. I yanked the covers over me and looked around for my clothes. The lust I'd had for him all of a sudden turned back into hate.

"I thought you said not to fucking talk to you." Bo sat up. "How about *you* shut the fuck up so I can make you come since he couldn't." He shook his head in disgust. "When did you start fucking two at a time?" His voice was low, almost a whisper.

"If you hadn't noticed, I didn't fuck two at a time. He was the only one with his dick inside me. So go to hell, or better yet, back to Sarah." I didn't know whether he and Sarah were still involved, but it helped to remind me that no matter how bad my body begged for me to let him take me, I couldn't. My heart wouldn't survive if I kept running back to him.

I jumped from the bed to gather my clothes from the floor with the full intent of heading back to my

room. I wrapped the sheet around me in an attempt to be modest, which was absolutely ridiculous. He'd seen every inch of me and more on many, many, occasions. Regardless, something about being completely naked right now as he looked at me with contempt...

I gathered the sheet tighter and headed to the door.

Bo rushed to the door first, hitting it with a thud. In an instant, he circled his arms around me roughly and shoved me against the wall with his hard, hot body. I shot daggers at him. I held onto the sheet so tight my knuckles turned white.

He grabbed the stiff fabric, tugged once, raised his brow then tugged again harder. The sheet went flying across the room to leave me completely exposed, again.

I gasped at his roughness. He'd never been this way before. But then he'd never sat and watched me screw one of his friends, either. His breath rushed in and out. The blaze burning in his eyes let me see he was just this side of losing control. Control over either me or his emotions, it didn't matter.

"Don't be shy now. Not after that show. Lie back down," he whispered against my ear as he started to lead me back to the bed.

"I hate you." My eyes filled with tears, but he ignored them.

His hands circled my waist and squeezed hard. I gasped from the pain.

"Either you walk back to the bed and lie down or I will throw you over my shoulder and carry you." He glared at me with an odd mixture of desire and hate.

The mixture stirred a strange reaction in my body. I wasn't mad he was being such an ass, not really. Instead, I was turned on, which completely pissed me off. Why it had to be him who made me this way was *completely* unfair.

My body responded to his demand. I tingled from head to toe. No other man alive could make me feel the way he did. I hated it and loved it at the same time. With just one look, he'd always been able to make me go wet. I sighed, shoved him away, and strode back to the bed. Why'd it have to be him?

I listened for Chet, but he was still in the shower. Bo would have time to take care of me indeed. He knew just what to do.

I stared at him. "Does Chet know about our past? Is that why he asked me up here?"

"No. I didn't even know he knew you until I walked in to see you on your fucking knees in front of him." At Bo's harsh tone I kicked out at him in anger. He had no right, *no* right at all to judge me. He'd brought some buckle bunny slut up here to fuck.

He grabbed my knees and pried them apart with a force I'd never experienced. When I tried to close them, his fingers dug into my flesh and I wriggled to get away from the pain.

"Get off me," I ground out through gritted teeth.

"Do *not* fight me." His voice held such an edge to it I almost didn't recognize it as his. "I just sat and watched you fuck another man." His grip on my knees tightened. "Now lie back so I can eat you."

I started to argue, but when his tongue stroked from my clit to asshole, I shut up.

"You have the sweetest pussy I've ever tasted."

"Jesus, shut up. Just don't talk." I grabbed his hair and jerked his head back to me, effectively shutting him up. He was *not* gonna ruin this by talking.

He lapped up my juices in long rough strokes, spread my lips apart, and sucked the cream from both sides. The heat from his mouth stoked the fire higher. No longer able to hold back my moans of pleasure, I cried out.

“That’s right baby. I’m the one making you come, not him. He’ll never be able to make you feel this. Not with his finger, not with his tongue, and not with his dick.” The stubble on Bo’s chin scratched my tender flesh and excited me more.

Two rough fingers dipped into my wet pussy as his mouth closed over my clit, teasing it with his tongue. Another finger circled my ass, gently pressing against the puckered opening. The tip of that finger eased ever so slightly inside to make me moan loudly.

We both sucked in a breath when he delved further in. I rocked against him, crying out when his finger eased all the way inside my rectum.

He sucked hard on my clit, used his teeth to nibble on the bud, and all the while his fingers fucked me. Those fingers caressed places that made me beg for more. His hot panting breath between my legs urged us both on as he grew more and more excited. He withdrew the finger from my ass and palmed his cock as he pushed harder into me with his other fingers.

My body tightened as the ache developed into a drumming pulse. His elbow bumped my inner calf as he fisted himself tighter. I opened my eyes to see him working both of us, trying to reach the cliff that we would jump from and soar into ecstasy.

My orgasm hit me like a tidal wave hitting the shore. I clenched my eyes shut, thanked god I was finally getting some release, and held onto Bo’s head between my legs to keep him in place.

My mouth opened. A low keening noise began and started to grow into a full-fledged, honest to god scream, but a hand closed over my mouth, muffling my cry.

“You want lover-boy to know he couldn’t do it for you?” Bo’s tone tore me from the earth-shaking orgasm and brought me back to reality. I stiffened

and fought against his hold.

Chet walked back into the room at that moment, and I looked away from Bo, but not before I noticed his smile.

“Good as always.” Bo smacked his lips, drawing my attention back to that gloriously talented mouth. He wiped it with the back of his hand, then licked his fingers before he slid on top of me.

I moaned, not meaning to, but he was too good at turning me on. I glanced at Chet to see his reaction. His forehead scrunched into a slight frown, but he sat down carelessly on the other bed to watch.

“You wanna return the favor?” Bo whispered in my ear.

“You put your dick near my mouth, and I swear I’ll bite it off.”

He laughed. “I don’t doubt it. Still, you used to love doing it, and you were damn good at it. I’m sure that mouth of yours is capable of doing more than telling me how much you hate me.” Bo’s powerful thighs pushed mine wider apart to accommodate his hips. I shook my head no. I was *not* sucking his dick. It was not going to happen.

He silently conceded, but the disappointed look in his eyes tore at me. Once we’d shared these times in love, not anger. We’d worshipped each other, cried out I love you’s, and promised forever’s. Now those dreams were gone. The love had turned to hate and bitterness.

“Lift your hips.” His soft voice pulled me back from the memory of our past. I did what he asked, unable to contain my eagerness for what was about to happen.

The aching pleasure of him hitting my sweet spot nearly undid me again. Knowing what he was doing, he stroked that spot. His dick filled, stretched, made me burn to have him driving hard. I cried out when his cock stroked that spot over and over again.

His lips brushed my ear. "I'm the only one who will ever be able to touch you like this. No other man can make you make that sweet sound."

He drew back to look at me, but I looked away. He was right. I'd slept with numerous men over the past two years, searching for just one who could make me feel this way.

"I hate you," I said softly, low enough only he could hear.

"No, you don't." He hissed above me. "That's the problem." He panted, trying desperately to finish his sentence. "If you really hated me...I wouldn't be able to make you scream that way. Someone else would."

I jerked my head to stare at him, but shut my eyes as spasms racked my body. I quivered inside out, drawing in more of his cock just as he spilled his hot cum inside me.

Yet the words he'd spoken hit home, bringing me back from the mind-shattering orgasm. This was the first time he'd said that out loud. We'd never talked about it or anything else, but we both knew it was true.

Chapter Three

The sun's rays drowned out my memories of the night before and washed away some of my guilt. What had I been thinking? I groaned loudly, not realizing it until it was too late.

"What's wrong with you?" Saige, my best friend and biggest pain in the ass, asked from her lounge chair by the pool. Her soft features were hardened with concern.

I rolled over onto my back to look at her. The people splashing around in the pool, enjoying the warm front passing through, sounded so carefree. Something I wished I could be.

"You don't want to know." I sat up and adjusted my new turquoise and brown bikini.

Her bright blue eyes were pinned on me, her body tense, as if waiting for me to drop a bomb or something. There was no way she'd leave it alone now.

"Fine. But don't freak out."

"I'm not going to freak out. I saw you talking to Chet Haskins at the rodeo. When you weren't in the room when I got there, I figured you'd gone out with him. How was he?" She waggled her eyebrows, which usually would have gotten me to laugh, but today I whimpered and tried to hide my face in my hands, peeking at her through thin slits between my fingers.

"Really?" Her eyebrows shot up. "I'd heard he was a really good lay. Tessa slept with him a while back. Said he was amazing."

She sounded so shocked that I snorted. "It

wasn't him."

Her brows lifted. Then the light bulb came on, and her eyes lit up. "You gotta get over Bo. It's been two years since y'all broke up." To most, her motherly sympathetic tone would have been comforting. But knowing her as well as I did, I knew she was mocking me. "Either get over him or forgive him."

"It's not that easy and you know it." I shook my head. "Anyway, last night I was actually considering maybe dating Chet. He's funny, sweet, and gorgeous, but he asked if it'd be all right for his roommate to join in." I swallowed hard, looked away from her, and sighed. "I told him yeah."

Saige gasped, and I held up a hand to silence her. "I have no idea what's wrong with me these days. I'm not a slut. Well, at least I never thought I was, but lately I can't make the emptiness go away. The only time it even ebbs some is during sex."

I glanced around to make sure no one nearby heard me. There were innocent children around, and I really did *not* want to be the one their parents sought out for teaching them the word *sex*.

Saige tapped her fingers on the lounge chair, drawing my attention back to her. "Or maybe it's that none of them are Bo."

"He's Chet's roommate. I didn't know until Bo walked in as I was about to go down on Chet." I looked at Saige. "He had a girl with him, but he took one look at me and shoved her out the door. After that things got so complicated. I did them both."

Saige had taken her sunglasses off to stare at me. Her mouth hung open in shock.

"Don't look at me like that. I told you I don't know what's wrong with me."

Her mouth snapped shut, and she nodded for me to keep going. Her face flushed pink, but she wanted to know all of it, so I told her.

“Jesus Christ, Billie. What else happened?” Her tone was a mixture of disgust and fascination.

I looked away, not wanting to meet her eyes. I still wasn’t sure how I felt about the whole situation. Things like that were wrong, frowned on, and never talked about, but last night, even with the tension, it was good. Too good.

“Bo is what happened. It was like he was trying to prove to me that no matter what Chet and I did together, it’d never be as good as what he and I do.” I chewed on my bottom lip to keep from finishing my thought. He was right.

A huge bright smile proved just how fascinated Saige was by the whole story. She fanned herself with her hand. “What I wouldn’t give to be ridden by two men as gorgeous as them.”

I wanted to contradict her. To tell her that it hadn’t been that good, but it had.

Movement from the other side of the pool caught my attention. Chet and Bo headed our way. Chet’s face held a warm expression. His eyes were bright and laugh lines showed in the corners as they did around his genuine smile. I tried to return the warmth, but I only managed a weak version.

Bo’s sexy swagger clouded my mind with lust. He had on a pair of low-riding board shorts that showed his fine, toned lower abdomen that led to heaven. The hard planes of his face softened just a bit when his bright green gaze landed on me.

The urge to touch him, to feel his warm skin on mine was nearly overwhelming. Last night hadn’t slackened the lust I held for him. Truth be told, it made me want him more.

“You’re pathetic. Either forgive him or move on.” Saige’s flip statement had me wanting to slap her nail file from her hands as she continued to work on her nails like she didn’t have a care in the world.

How she could be so calm was beyond me, but

then she didn't know the whole story of what had happened between Bo and me. Yeah, she knew most of it. After all, she'd been engaged to my brother before his death. The car crash had not only taken Jake away from my family, but it'd taken him away from her, too.

The months I spent in and out of the hospital she didn't remember. The doctors had doped her up pretty good back then. And I'd never told her that Bo really had cheated on me. That it hadn't been just a rumor we'd heard that night.

I glanced at Saige, whose eyes filled with warmth and tenderness when she looked at Bo. She'd always had a soft spot for him. He'd been Jake's best friend, and she'd long forgiven Bo for the wreck that claimed my brother's life.

She'd never blamed Bo for driving recklessly down that curvy street or being too distracted about the cheating rumors to watch the road.

"Hey, babe. I went by your room, but no answer. I figured maybe you were out here." Chet sat on my lounge chair. I scooted over to give him more room. "You look good." He kissed my cheek and ran his hand down my leg.

Saige turned red but thankfully didn't say anything. Bo stared at Chet and me then sat down beside Saige.

I grinned at Chet. "You look good, too. I didn't figure you'd have a suit so I didn't bother calling you to swim."

He raised an eyebrow before his devilish grin worked its way up. "Baby, I'd swim naked if you asked me. Hell, that sounds better than swimming in these things." He tugged on his board shorts.

"They're sexy," I teased. Saige caught my eye with her raised brow. "Chet, this is my best friend, Saige. Saige, Chet."

"Nice to meet you. I take it you're the friend who

won't haul that devil horse." He winked at me.

"That's me. Ever since Lance found out this is her last season, he's booked her for every rodeo between now and finals."

Lance, the livestock booking manager for the rodeo circuit, had already tried to talk me out of retiring Betty, but it was time, so he'd decided to book her for every rodeo in hopes of getting her ridden more than just a few times.

"So you're the boss?" Chet looked at Saige then back at me.

"Not reall—"

"Yes. Somehow I ended up with Jake's quarter but she started Atwater Buck-Out when she was in high school. Her, Jake and—"

"I'm gonna go get another beer. Anybody want one?" I interrupted Saige before she could tell Chet that Bo had been the third partner in the business.

The day after the accident, he'd signed over his third of the business to me. I'd still been unconscious and to this day had no idea why he'd done it. Maybe guilt, but who knew.

I let my thoughts wander back to that time. Bo had grown up on the neighboring ranch back home. His dad and mine were still best friends. The night Jake died in the car crash, Bo had been at the local bar and took another girl home.

We'd had a huge fight at the bar over a rumor that he'd been screwing someone else. Jake had dragged me to the truck to keep me from fighting Sarah, the girl Bo was rumored to have been sleeping with.

After a long chat with Bo, Jake had climbed into the truck with Saige and me and took us to get a midnight dinner and to calm me down.

During that dinner, he and Saige convinced me to let Bo explain things, but after we dropped Saige off there'd been no time. Bo's truck had been racing

down the road toward our house when he lost control and ran us off the road.

Jake's truck hit a tree and his seatbelt snapped. He was flung from the truck before it flipped ten times, crushing the cab and almost killing me. Bo, on the other hand, walked away with no injuries. He had a totaled truck and a DWI to show for it. Jake, who'd been the designated driver that night, lost his life, and I lost my brother.

I glanced over at the three sitting by the pool. Chet and Saige laughed and talked, but Bo stared at me. If I let myself believe in romance, believe in fairy tales, then I could accept the love I still had for him.

Hell, I could even get over his cheating, but the problem was no matter how good he looked, how good a fuck, he was still the guy who'd loved me yet broken my heart.

I grabbed another beer from the bar before reluctantly heading back to the group.

Chet looked up when I got close, wrapped his hands around the back of my knees and tugged me to him. He frowned when his gaze reached my legs. "Damn, you've got bruises all over your legs."

I glanced down to see small purplish spots on the tender flesh on the side of my knees. Chet leaned forward and skimmed his warm wet lips to the bruised spots. Saige tried to hide her smile, but I saw the grin. Bo looked away, his lips drawn in a tight line. He knew those bruises hadn't come from Chet. He'd given me those.

"I hate to tell you this, but you've got bruises on your hips, too." Chet's hands wandered to my hips, caressing softly. "I don't want to make a scene out here. Why don't we head back to your room so I can kiss away the pain? I'm sure they hurt." He winked.

I laughed, shaking my head. "You are so full of shit."

"Now, why would you say such a thing?" He

continued to caress my hips. With each touch, cream trickled from my pussy, making my swimsuit damp.

I gave him a measured look. "Because that is not why you want to go back to my room."

He looked at Saige and Bo, grinning like an ape. "You're right. I'm hungry." He waggled his brows, causing both Saige and me to laugh.

Bo grunted, got up, and walked to the bar. Saige pinned me with a look, but I ignored her. Chet stared at his friend closely, and I could see the wheels turning in his head. It was just a matter of time before he figured out the past between Bo and me.

"Come on, I'm kinda hungry myself." I grabbed his hand to lead him back to the room.

Saige cleared her throat, getting my attention. I turned back to Chet and handed him the key card. "I'll be up in a minute. Here, let yourself in."

He nodded before glancing over at a scowling Bo. Chet cocked his head to the side, but Bo didn't respond. Instead, he turned up his beer. Chet sauntered back to me, hauled me flush against him so every hard muscled part of him rubbed against me before his lips met mine, kissing me hungrily.

The very public display of horniness shocked me. I wanted to pull away, to keep my distance, but couldn't. After his tongue stroked my bottom lip, I opened my mouth to him. He wasted no time reminding me how masterful he was. He drew away, winked, and walked back to the hotel.

"Wow, he's a hot one." Saige fanned her face.

I laughed and nodded. "He's something all right. Now, do me a favor. Keep Bo busy. I would like at least five minutes alone with Chet."

She shook her head from side to side. "Billie, there is no way I can keep Bo away from that room. I thought he was going to combust next to me when Chet kissed your knee and ran his hand across your

hip. He gripped the chair so hard I heard the dang thing creak from the pressure.”

I could see the web spinning in her head. Her smile brightened, and she twisted a strand of her hair up to twirl it in her fingers. A sign of her thinking hard, forming a scheme. “You may have just enough time to get back to your room, but I can almost guarantee you that nothing will be happening between you and Chet without Bo there to interrupt.”

She laughed as she glanced at Bo, who was walking back our way. “Those bruises were from him, and by the look on his face, he wanted to be the one kissing them, making you feel better.”

I started to object, but Bo was getting close. “Just keep him here for *five* damn minutes. Maybe that’ll be enough time alone to jump on and see if he can do it for me.” I muttered the last part, but Saige heard me.

“It’s not going to work, and you know it.”

Bo stopped near us, halting the conversation.

“Just forgive him,” she whispered.

I looked at Bo, who was watching me closely. “I’ll talk to you later. Come by in a little bit, we need to go by the rodeo office. Lance said he’s got something to talk to us about.” I rolled my eyes.

“All right,” Saige muttered, then turned to Bo.

I glanced back at them before going inside the hotel. She’d gotten him to sit down with her. They both had serious expressions. I hoped she wasn’t trying to convince him we needed to be together.

Bo watched as the one woman he loved more than life itself walked into the hotel on her way to go fuck another man. His heart contracted from the pain of knowing she had no interest in him anymore. Once Chet showed her he could please her the way Bo used to, she’d be done with him for good.

"I promised her five minutes. I've set my timer on my phone. After it goes off, your ass better be running like hell up there to interrupt."

Bo looked over at Saige. Her expression was one of pure exasperation. He knew the feeling well. He leaned back against the lounge chair. "It won't matter. Sooner or later she'll find someone."

"I swear I don't understand either one of you. You most of all. How could you let her walk off? She stood there wanting you to stop her. She doesn't really want Chet or any other man except you."

"Did she say that?" Bo's heart beat faster just thinking about Billie still loving him.

"Not in so many words, but I know her. She's still so in love with you she can't function. It's gotten worse, too. I've never seen her act the way she has been lately. I'm afraid Lance is going to tell her he won't be using the company anymore. He's pretty old-fashioned when it comes to women's behavior, and now that she's slept around a little, I think he's gonna be mad." She smirked at him. He and Lance were good friends. Saige shook her head. "That conversation is going to go, oh, so well. You know how much she loves being told what to do."

"Yeah, I know." Bo knew too well how she "loved" being told what to do. He'd tried like hell at first to explain what had happened between him and Sarah, but Billie was too stubborn to listen. And when he'd demanded she listen, she'd slapped him and walked away.

Bo ran a hand across his face. "She tells me all the time she hates me. Every time I touch her, she looks so disgusted it almost kills me. I can't change her mind about everything that happened, and to be honest, she's better off with someone like Chet. Someone who didn't kill her brother and take her future away."

Bo looked away quickly, instantly regretting his

words. He'd forgotten he was talking to Saige.

Her expression turned soft, holding no anger. She reached out and patted his hand. "It was an accident. Even she knows it. I don't think she ever truly blamed you. There was something else that happened, wasn't there? There had to have been. She loves you too much to just walk away after she realized she was wrong. That's not easy for her. She hates to admit when she is wrong about something, but she did."

Saige leaned toward him. "I remember this one day that she went to your place to tell you she was sorry. She'd regretted the way she'd been acting. It'd been on one of the few days back when I hadn't taken any of my pills, so I was pretty clear-minded." She smiled weakly. "She was so happy, told me she was going to make everything okay between y'all, but when she got back, she wasn't the same. I knew something was wrong, but she wouldn't tell me. She still won't tell me what happened." Saige stood to go but stopped. "What'd you mean when you said you took her future?"

Bo's mind raced as his heart broke even more. The day Billie stopped by she was there to make up? He silently cursed himself. He'd been an ass to her, still hurt from her anger at him. She'd walked in on him and Sarah. They hadn't been doing anything, but Billie's hot-headedness took over and she stormed out. That was the day everything changed. He'd called and called her, but she'd told him real quick to go to hell.

He looked up to see Saige waiting patiently for him to answer. He rubbed his hands across his face, trying to figure out what to tell her. If Billie hadn't told her what happened, he wasn't either. How she didn't know was beyond him. They lived in a very small town.

"I didn't mean anything." He stood to leave, too,

still not looking at her.

“Now you’re lying to me.” She shook her head, disgusted, and stepped in front of him so he couldn’t get by.

“Saige, just drop it. I made some stupid mistakes after we broke up.”

She opened her mouth, most likely to argue, but the timer on her phone went off. Handing him her key card, she stepped out of his way, and he made a mad dash inside.

Chapter Four

“So what’s going on?” Chet looked pointedly at me. I didn’t have to ask what he was referring to. I’d sensed it when I walked into the room. He’d figured out the connection between Bo and me.

I shrugged. “Just what you see. We get together every couple of months, screw like wild animals, and that’s it.” I eased to the bed to sit beside him. “There’s nothing there. Just some fantastic sex.”

“It doesn’t look like that to me.” Chet clucked his tongue and narrowed his eyes. “Looked to me like you two were trying to fuck the past away...or fuck a future together. Either way, it’s not over. He meant to make sure I knew you were his. He’s usually a lot of fun to be around, but ever since he saw us together, he’s been brooding.”

He laughed and shook his head. “I thought he was gonna try and fight me out by the pool when I kissed the bruises he left on you.”

Chet Haskins was a very observant young man. I’d thought he hadn’t noticed all the looks passing between Bo and me or the fact Bo left those bruises.

“I’d usually step back, but I like you. I don’t mind sharing you, either. So if you wanna keep things going like last night, I’m good with it.” He winked, relieving my tension.

He lazily stroked my thigh with his work-hardened hands. His fingers brushed my already wet pussy lips. I gasped at the brief intimate contact. His lust-filled gaze wandered down my body then back up.

“There are times when it’s hot as hell to watch

your buddy with a woman. Last night, when you two were going at it, that was fucking hot. I'm kinda ashamed to say it." His mouth quirked up in a sly way to let me know only a wicked suggestion was headed my way.

"But I enjoyed the hell out of last night and want to do it again. I figure we got about ten minutes before he shows up wanting in. How 'bout we get started without him. I am very hungry."

My pussy clenched in response to his statement. The way Chet could turn me on with a few words amazed me. Only one other man had that power. Which only served to remind me I was supposed to be staying away from Bo.

"What if I told him to stay away? Just let it be me and you?" I glanced toward the window. "Last night was hot, but I'd like to get to know you. We'll just keep screwing like rabbits."

"I'll get him to back off some, but he's my roommate on the road and a good friend. I won't throw him down for you." Chet scrunched his face. "You're fun and sexy as hell, plus one of the best lays I've ever had. I'd like to keep this going, but it's up to you." He waited for my answer.

I wanted to keep it going, too. He was definitely hot and damn good in bed. I just had to hop on and ride him before Bo showed back up.

I yanked my bikini top down to reveal hard nipples. Chet had a beautiful smile that melted my bathing suit almost off. I leaned closer, kissing his mouth softly. He dragged me onto his lap and thrust his hard-on up to meet my cream soaked bikini bottoms.

"I was hoping you'd wanna go for a ride." His hands gripped my hips.

I groaned when he slid me across his bulge, rubbing my clit against it. "You hoped right."

I shoved him back against the bed, pinning his

hands down with mine. His body was slick with a fine sheen of sweat. I leaned forward and licked a circle around his nipple. The small movement gained a low moan from him, and I kept going. I flicked his taut nipple with my tongue, scraped my teeth against it, then found myself flung onto the mattress.

"You kill me. I've been turned on before, but the slightest encouragement from you drives me damn near crazy." He said it so low I almost didn't hear it. "I'm starving."

His calloused hands skimmed up my thighs to my hips, and my skin burned with each touch. He hooked his thumbs into the inside of my bikini bottoms, scraping his fingernails across my tender skin, creating a pleasurable pain.

He leaned forward, and his tongue darted out to caress my bottom lip. He moaned, pressing his mouth harder against mine. His tongue delved into my mouth, exploring every inch. Shots of electricity zipped through me.

I reached between us, one hand to stroke him and the other to stroke myself. He looked at my hands, mesmerized. The sound of my fingers gliding across my slicked folds gained a shudder from both of us.

His eyes blazed. The scent of our arousal hung thick in the air. I could smell mine climbing up my body with each stroke as his cologne mixed with sweat.

"Here, I thought you were getting something to eat." Bo dropped the pizza box beside my head, startling me.

I gasped for air and jerked my hands from my pussy and Chet's crotch. He rocked against me, letting me know he was still ready to go. I shook my head. The mood was gone. Bo had scared the wits out of me. Beside the box, he dropped a keycard.

Chet groaned above me then rolled over onto his back with a sigh.

“Thanks man, but damn you’ve got the shittiest timing ever. Next time knock or something. You scared the mood right out of Billie.”

“My bad.” Bo grinned, but I knew it wasn’t just bad timing. We hadn’t been here more than six minutes alone. Damn him and Saige. “I brought pizza though. That should count as an apology.”

Chet snorted and grabbed the pizza.

I turned on my side to watch the two men and wondered how many women they’d shared over the years. A twinge of jealousy worked its way through me to turn off my shut-your-mouth switch. “How many have there been? Am I another slut who’s willing to do you both or is this something you two don’t normally do?”

Both men looked back at me.

Chet grabbed an extra paper towel and piece of pizza then handed it to me. “That’s a trick question, darlin’. But I will say this is the first time I’ve ever had this conversation. It might ruin what we’ve got going on and fuck things up between the two of you even more if I give you too much information.”

I gaped at him. Bo stared at him, dumbfounded, too.

“Oh, for Christ’s sake. It’s not like I can’t tell something is going on or was going on between you.” He looked at Bo with a look of total exasperation. “Hell, man, you didn’t even wear a condom with her. You’re religious about that. I’ve never seen you fuck a girl without one. You don’t go down on them, either.”

He said he wasn’t going to explain about the women they might or might not have had over the years, but hearing him talk about Bo’s habits, I knew they’d watched each other with women.

“I knew when you walked in and shoved that hot

piece of ass out so fast she didn't know what happened, you two had a past. You both can decide where this goes. I'm good with whatever happens." Chet leaned down and kissed my head. "Let's watch a movie."

He slid to the center of the bed, towing me with him as if nothing had been said out of the ordinary. His words hit home, leaving me cold and nauseous. I'd wondered if he noticed Bo hadn't used a condom, especially since Bo had made sure Chet used one.

"I can't have kids." My voice was low. "We know each other well enough to know the other is safe."

Chet tilted away to look at both Bo and me. His gaze finally settled on my lower abdomen. His fingers gently ran across one of the long scars left from surgery.

"I was in an accident. It killed my brother and damaged my tubes. I can't get pregnant." I glanced at Bo, who stood pale, staring at me. "It turned out that although the driver was speeding, it was just a freak accident. The police arrested the driver for a DWI, but his blood alcohol was lower than the limit after he tested."

I dragged in a deep breath, trying to stop my voice and hands from shaking. "The brake line on his truck busted, which made it impossible for him to stop when he went around a corner. Jake and I were coming around the same corner."

Why I'd never admitted the truth before now was beyond me.

"It was just an accident." I got up, wiped tears from my eyes, went straight to the bathroom, and locked myself inside to cry. Why I'd told him that in front of Bo was crazy. I'd never even told myself I didn't blame him for what happened, but now we both knew.

What seemed like hours passed before I

returned to the now empty room. The silence was unbearable. I quickly dressed then grabbed my bags. There was no reason to stay the night. I had stock to get back home and stock to move to another rodeo.

Black Betty and the others competing tonight would get the next weekend off, but there were other horses and bulls that would be going. Another rodeo, another set of cowboys.

I sighed at the thought of more cowboys. I didn't want any other cowboys. This weekend might have been a little more emotional than I'd expected, but it'd been fun as hell.

Saige already waited for me by the truck when I went down. I threw my bags in the back seat of the Semi and climbed in. Sometimes it was a bitch to have to drive a huge-ass truck, other times it was fun. Tonight it was just plain irritating. There were too many gears, too many people on the road to the arena, and too many people on my mind.

"Do we still have to talk to Lance tonight?" Her voice broke the silence.

I sighed. "No, I'm not talking to anyone if I don't have to. I want to get the stock loaded and get the hell home. I'm tired."

"Yeah, I ran into Chet. He said you told him the accident was a freak one. Why did you wait to tell Bo? Or did you even tell Bo?" She waited for me to answer, but my silence spoke volumes.

"You didn't even address him when you said it, did you?" She shook her head in disgust. "Girl, you're screwing up so bad."

I opened my mouth to scream at her to leave me the hell alone, but I didn't have the energy. I just wanted to go home and hide. The arena came into view, and I headed to our trailer.

After hooking it up, I left Saige standing by the truck staring at me. She knew me well enough to leave me alone for a little bit.

Black Betty gave 'em hell again along with my other horses. Chet rode a horse from a bucking company out of Colorado and won. The horse was a beauty with just enough buck, just enough flare, and just enough style to take whoever rode her to the winners' spot.

I stayed out of the way until the end when I heard Bo's name called. I'd always hated that he rode bulls, but he loved it. Every time I heard his name called, my body tensed and my insides clenched. Each ride he made, nausea took over from the second he swung over the chute until he jumped back over the arena fence.

I eased to the arena, avoiding the other bull riders getting ready to ride, and sidestepped their gear bags. The sound of the crowd and metal gates opening and closing grew louder. In the back of my head, I told myself to walk away, not to watch Bo ride. But I kept striding to the fence and caught Lance watching me with a smug smile. Everyone thought they knew what was best for us.

The announcer said Bo's name again, and I stopped breathing. The drumming of my heart picked up as the crowd roared with excitement. The bull had jumped forward in the chute, ready to get out. The sound of the fifteen hundred pound bull banging into the metal chute sent me stepping forward to get a better look at Bo.

He was fine, but the bile rising in my stomach increased. If he didn't get the bull rode and his ass safely back out of the arena soon, I'd be puking my guts up. The chute gate swung open and my world stilled.

The sound of the crowd gone, the yells of encouragement from other riders silenced, I could only hear my heart drumming in my chest and my breath slow and uneven.

Dust flew as the big brindle-colored bull spun

and bucked, and all the while Bo held on with one hand and spurred like it was a Sunday ride. His style and grace made it look easy when it was anything but. The bulls were like the bucking horses. They knew their job was to get the cowboy off their backs, and they tried every trick in their book to succeed.

I stood in a trance, gripping the fence, watching Bo. Others around me banged on the fence, yelled at him, and jumped up and down. I silently stared at the cowboy on the bull's back. Bo still wore the royal blue and silver chaps I'd bought him for his twenty-fifth birthday. Those chaps snapped in the air like a bullwhip popping as his legs went up then down onto the bull.

His feet and spurs landed on the bull's shoulders. The eight-second buzzer sounded, but I continued to hold my breath. Nothing was final until he made it over the arena fence.

He slung a leg over and jumped off the bull. Without missing a beat, Bo ran toward me. He hit the fence, causing it to shake and rattle from the force. Our eyes locked, my breath still held while his heaved in fast, adrenaline-induced bursts.

In an instant, he was over the fence and in front of me, his breathing harsh and unsteady. Bright green eyes ignited with the passion he held for the sport. A smile that could have lit the arena played on his flushed face.

I blew out the breath I'd been holding. I shook my head at him, wondering for the hundredth time in the last eight seconds why in the world he'd want to strap his ass on the back of a fifteen hundred pound bull.

He laughed, knowing what I was thinking. "I love it, and I love that you still get nervous when I ride. Just proves my point. You don't hate me."

In an instant, his lips were on mine, molding

them to me and branding me as his once again. In the past two years, I'd avoided this intimacy with him. Yeah, we'd done it like rabbits, he'd eaten me, and I'd ridden him hard. But I hadn't let my lips touch any part of him. I'd been so afraid the intimacy would be too much for me.

I'd been right. There was no going back now. He was mine. Whether I could ever accept what he'd done or not, there was no one else for me.

His tongue met mine as my arms wrapped around his neck to tug him closer. His lips were as soft and pliant as always, his warm wet tongue eager and skillful, just as it had been before our breakup. I sank into the kiss, desperate to have all of him.

At first the rush of the unexpected kiss shocked me. I didn't return it, but now the shock was over. The rough kiss emerged tender, intimate, and expressed the love that had once been between us.

A love I thought had died.

I moaned into his mouth, loving the feel of his tongue against mine, sliding against my own as his hands roamed my back. He gently pulled away and left me empty. The noise from the cowboys walking by and the crowd still cheering him on grew louder. We stared at each other even though a crowd of cowboys patted him on the back to congratulate him on his win.

Tears burned in my eyes from the unexpected love flooding through me. My heart ached. Not knowing what had just happened between us, I rushed away from Bo and the feelings he'd stirred within me.

Chet waited beside the truck when I went back. He was smiling from ear to ear. I tried to shake off the exchange with Bo so I could focus on Chet.

"Hey." My voice was still a little shaky. "I was hoping I would see you before I left. You going to

Casper in two weeks?”

“Yeah, me and Bo will fly out there. You got stock entered up?”

I grimaced and nodded. “Yeah, it’s a long haul. I’ll leave this coming week and stop by some friends’ places to visit. It won’t be too bad. Melanie, Saige, and I have hauled longer tracks before.” I frowned, then glanced around to see if Bo was near.

“Let me see your phone.” Chet’s voice barely registered.

There was no shaking off the exchange between me and Bo. I looked up at Chet and absently handed him my phone. My mind replayed the kiss. My body hummed with desire to go find Bo and lose myself to him tonight.

“I put my phone number in there. The decision is all yours. I’d love to spend time with you in Casper.” Chet’s voice snapped me out of my thoughts. “It’s a long weekend that could be a lot of fun.”

He brushed himself against me to show just what type of fun he was talking about. “Bo will be there, too. I saw the kiss out by the bucking chutes. I’ve never gotten so hard from seeing a woman I’ve screwed kiss another man. You’re so fucking hot together. I can’t wait to see what it’s like for all of us to be with each other.” He kissed me hungrily then turned without saying a word.

I stood breathlessly, not knowing what to say or do. I could run to him, tell him there was no way in hell I was willing to do both of them at the same time, but the truth was, it was the only way I could emotionally handle being with Bo.

I needed someone else there to distract me from the emotions. After telling Chet about the accident, how I didn’t blame Bo, then that kiss...it would be too much to be alone with Bo ever again.

Bo raked his hand through his hair. He'd let Billie go again. Damn, it was killing him.

"Wow, I see time hasn't burned out the flame between you and Billie." Saige's warm voice caught his attention, and he turned toward the announcer's booth. She cocked her head to the side and shuffled her feet.

"Nope. It's burning hotter than ever." He walked toward her, hoping the conversation would be quick and painless.

"You can't possibly let her go after that." Saige leaned against the wall and fanned herself.

"What other choice do I have?" He sighed. "She's chosen Chet, and I'm just a side note."

Saige straightened and stepped toward him. "Then make yourself the whole damn book. Jesus, Bo, it's not that hard to do. Make her see what she's missing. She used to tell me the things you said and did to get her complete and undivided attention. Make it happen again."

"It's not like that anymore. Neither one of us are those same people." He'd always been able to leash his possessive side around Billie. Not anymore. He'd put bruises on her legs, and given the chance, he'd do it every time.

"Thank god. Now y'all know what it's like to be apart and know you're better together. Go—"

"She's made her choice."

"Bullshit. You haven't given her a choice. You just keep stepping back because you're holding onto guilt over cheating on her." She poked him in the chest. "It took me a while to figure it out, but I finally did. I didn't want to believe you'd done something so stupid, but I guess you did."

Her eyes searched his, and he blinked to keep her from seeing the truth. She'd just have to guess. At least until he could tell Billie everything that had happened.

“It’s over and done with. Get your shit together and make it right between y’all.”

“Chet’s better—”

“No. Be a man and ram Chet and every other cowboy from her mind. Command her to see you, feel you, love you. She’s never stopped wanting it, and that kiss should have proven it to you.”

Saige narrowed her eyes on him. “Or are you that much of a chicken shit to admit you were wrong and cowboy up? Or maybe you just enjoy seeing some other man fuck your woman?”

“Goddamn it, Saige. I’m trying to be the better man, I’m trying my hardest not to beat the shit out of Chet and ramrod Billie until she submits to me.” Bo gritted his teeth.

Damn Saige and her knowing self. Billie had always told him once Saige got something in her head she’d ride you raw until you took care of it. Billie hadn’t lied. Saige had pushed his buttons, and damn it to hell, he would get Billie back.

“It’s not working. Get over whatever guilt you have. None of the accident was your fault, but this right now is.”

He ran a hand across his jaw, trying not to slam a fist into the wall. “Shit. I can’t. I did once. The night in Vegas after she showed up at my hotel room. I let go of the guilt because I thought she had gotten over my involvement.”

He glared at Saige, hating her for bringing up all the feelings he’d stored away. “Every time we’ve been together since then, I’ve given her what she wanted because I couldn’t be harsh and cruel to make her as miserable as I am. But now, if I open up again and she says no, I’ll have nothing left. I won’t ever be able to even touch her again.”

“You’ve got to take that chance or else you could lose anyway. Chet’s not you, but Billie is attracted to him. He makes her smile, and we both know that

takes a lot these days.”

Without another word to Saige, he walked to the truck. Anger roared in his veins. He should have gone after Billie when she'd ran out of his house after the accident. Instead, he'd gotten pissed and let her go. Damn his wounded pride.

Then he'd let her go again in Vegas. Fuck, when she'd shown up he'd thought everything was all right. He'd been so happy, filled with hope. He could still see her biting her lower lip, standing in the doorway of his hotel room. Then she'd dropped her robe, and before he could explain everything, she'd taken his control and they'd lost themselves in passion.

He should have tied Billie's headstrong ass to the bed. He'd truly believed she'd cooled off and would finally listen to his explanation. There had never been anyone else for him. It'd always been Billie.

Saige was right. He had to man up, show Billie's stubborn ass who she belonged to. And even if that meant having Chet around a little longer, he'd make the sacrifice.

But soon he'd lay it all out on the line for Billie. Then she'd have to be his again.

Chapter Five

The old single wide trailer Melanie, Saige, and I share was cold and lonely when I got home. Once upon a time Bo had kept me warm and *unlonely* at night.

I shook my head. Tonight wasn't the time to think about it. I just wanted to settle down and sleep. I hadn't expected my weekend to turn out to be such a damn mess. As I drifted off to sleep, Jake's last conversation with me filtered into my mind.

"I fought Bo over you once. Did I ever tell you?" He looked at me, grinning. I shook my head. "When we were in middle school, and he'd just started high school. He told me he was in love with you. I told him to stay the hell away from my sister, or I'd beat his ass. He just shrugged his shoulders and said go ahead."

Jake's eyes lit up with the memory, and he shook his head. "He stood there stock still letting me hit him. After about three hits, he told me no matter what he wasn't fighting me, but he wasn't giving you up either."

I stared at Jake across the truck, dumbfounded.

He sighed. "My point is, he'd do anything for you, so don't think for one minute those rumors are true."

Jake, so sincere, so sure of his best friend.

The problem was the rumors had been true. I'd found out the truth when I'd walked in on Sarah begging Bo to screw her again.

"Momma, just drop it. Jesus I'm tired of

everyone thinking they know what's best for me. I'm not a child anymore." My voice hit an octave too high. My parents and Saige were killing me. I'd only been home two days and they'd already driven me near insane.

My mother raised an eyebrow.

"You act like one," Saige muttered from across the room. I glared at her. "I'm just saying." She shrugged her shoulders as she got her breakfast.

I glanced around the room in an effort to keep from throttling her. She knew when to push my buttons. When I couldn't do anything about it.

Sighing, I returned to looking at the newly remodeled kitchen. Dad had done a nice job. The floors were now a black and white checkered pattern, the cabinets a deep rich mahogany, and the granite counter tops were smooth and shiny.

My mother insisted the room be painted a cherry shade of red. At first I'd thought it would be awful, but now the walls had dried and it looked marvelous. The room was accented with red Navajo print curtains and rugs. The parents had done good.

I turned to Saige when my temper died some. "Well, don't. If I want to spend Thanksgiving in Cancun I can *and* I will."

I'd dropped that bombshell ten minutes ago. My mother had responded by rolling her eyes and telling me not to forget the pecan pie ingredients when I went to the store. She wanted me to make a pie.

We always ate Thanksgiving dinner with Bo's family. Last year, I'd spent Thanksgiving at my grandparent's house, but this year they were going to Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Saige was stuck at our house for the big dinner since her mom would be working and her dad was sure to be drunk somewhere. She and my mom were already planning a feast that would feed an army.

"You're being stupid. Just because Bo will be

here doesn't mean you've got to run. Hell, you spent all weekend with him." Saige quirked an eyebrow, daring me to say something.

My mom and dad's heads shot toward me, both wearing hopeful expressions. My mouth had dropped open. I wondered what to say now. I couldn't exactly tell my parents I'd spent the weekend with Bo *and* Chet. That was a conversation I hoped never to have.

"I did *not* spend the weekend with him. He was around, but it was his roommate I spent time with."

Saige waved the comment off. She knew she could say whatever she wanted right now, and I wouldn't contradict her. Not in front of the parental figures. "Same thing. I bet by the time Thanksgiving comes around, you and Bo will be back together." She grabbed a biscuit. "You're just seeing Chet because he reminds you so much of Bo. I hate to tell you, but that man isn't anything like Bo." She looked away quick as she sat down at the large breakfast table.

I couldn't tell whether it was because she had a thing for him or whether she'd gotten him on board, too.

"Oh, my god." I stared at her, which had her squirming in her chair. "What have you done?"

Her chin tipped upward, and a defiant glint burned in her eyes. "I haven't done anything, *yet*. Don't make me, either." Now who sounded like a child?

Not wanting to talk about it anymore, I sucked in a breath and stood. "I'm heading to Amarillo. There's an auction with some good bulls listed. When I get back, please drop it about Thanksgiving. I know you all want to do a big family thing, but Bo isn't family."

"Wilimina Lana Atwater, Bo Bennett is as much part of this family as you are. I might not have given

birth to him, but he's like my own child." My mom clucked her tongue against her cheek. "I will not let you be rude to him and try to make him leave. You *are* going to be here for Thanksgiving."

Two weeks later in Casper my mom's words still echoed in my head as I stared toward the arena where Bo and Chet prepared. They were laughing and joking around. It reminded me of the two hellish weeks between rodeos that had been full of constant bickering between Saige and me.

I needed to tell her about the cheating. If I did, she'd leave Bo and me alone. But right now, Melanie, my cousin and worst employee ever, and Saige were hunting Lance down so we could get to that meeting he had insisted on.

I spotted Lance, Melanie, and Saige across the arena, headed into one of the arena offices. Saige texted me to come on over. As I headed in that direction, Chet looked up and saw me walking by. Smiling, he ran over to me.

"Hey, baby. I called you when I saw Devil Bitch here." He brushed a hand down my cheek. "You don't look so happy. Everything all right?"

His concern erased some of the tension I'd been feeling. I managed a weak smile. "Not really. Things are kinda shitty right now, but I don't want to talk about it. What hotel are you staying at?"

He beamed, easing more of the tension. "Actually, I've got a place here. We're staying there this weekend." He wrapped his hands around my waist, tugging me to him so his stiffening cock bumped against me. "I've missed you. You have no idea how much."

His lips slid across mine, wanting me to respond. I wasn't in the mood, but I knew how masterful his kissing could be and opened for him. My tongue glided across his, my hands cupping his

face, urging him to me.

His lips quirked upward. "Hmm, we've gotta get back to the house. Please tell me I don't have to wait for you to get your stuff from a hotel. I've *really* missed you."

I laughed as he brushed against me with his hard cock clearly visible through his jeans. "Down, boy."

My phone rang again. Saige. She had perfect timing these days. I groaned, not wanting to walk away from him. The past two weeks we'd talked every day, getting to know each other.

Turns out Mr. Chet Haskins was one very nice guy. Not only was he smoking hot, he was sweet, funny, and caring. He made me laugh when nothing or no one else did these days. He was the only bright spot about this trip.

After dealing with my parents' constant fussing about Thanksgiving, I needed a break. Chet was a terrific break, one I couldn't wait to have.

I groaned again when he smiled at me. He was just so beautiful.

"I've gotta get over to that meeting." I cupped his face in my hands, brought his lips to mine, and kissed him again. Reluctantly, I let go of him. "I'll catch up with you after the rodeo, and no, you don't have to take me to a hotel to get my stuff." I smiled ruefully. "My stuff's still in the truck, so whenever you're ready, I'm ready." I winked.

He laughed, leaned forward, and kissed my forehead. "I really have missed you. I'll find you after the rodeo. Me, you, and Bo can grab something to eat then head back to the house."

My heart raced as I realized Bo was here. Here, and very nearby, watching Chet and me. I looked to my left. Next to the bucking chutes, Bo stood staring at us. I inclined my head in a hello, and he sauntered over. He stopped in front of me and

grabbed my hand, pulling me to his side.

"I've missed you more, no matter what kind of smooth talk this dipshit has told you." He gave a dizzying smile, which I returned. "But this weekend we've got to get something straight. If we're to be together," he waved his hand back and forth between us, "then you need to understand I expect some control over this."

My eyes almost bugged out of my head. He did not just say he needed control. I'd kill him. I opened my mouth to argue, but before I had a chance, his lips closed over mine. I had a moment to panic. Everyone who'd just seen me kiss Chet would know I was also involved with Bo. I jerked away, and he let me go.

Bo's jaw firmed, and his eyes bored into mine. "Make no mistake about it. If I'm going to share you, you're gonna let me keep some control. Otherwise, I don't know if I can go on with this."

For an instant I thought about telling him to fuck off, but I couldn't. His kiss had demolished my emotional barriers. I wanted him. I needed him and couldn't deny it any longer.

"Chet may have missed you some, but I'm the one who thought about you every day." Bo's voice turned low and deep, filled with desire. His eyes blazed with lust. "Remembered your touch, the feel of your skin sliding against mine, and how sweet you taste."

Chet snorted. "He's been talking nonstop about you for two weeks." He laughed. "I told him there was no way in hell I was bowing out. The two of you would have too much fun without me." He turned and ambled away.

Bo stood, looking at the ground. I gazed at him for a second to let the giddiness of knowing how much that kiss had affected him rush through me. I might regret it later, but this weekend I was

determined to have a good time, and if that meant spending time with him, pretending things were like they had been, fine.

"I gotta get to that meeting." I turned to go but stopped. With a glance over my shoulder, I melted a little. He was staring at my ass. "I wanna be with you tonight, but nothing has changed. When this weekend is over, things will go back to the way they were before."

My heart sank, but he had to know. I still wasn't ready to forgive and forget. Maybe I never would be.

He smiled and shook his head. "You're wrong. After this weekend, things will never be the same."

Saige stood outside the arena office, tapping her boot so hard I'd be surprised if she didn't bruise her foot or crack the concrete. I could hear Melanie arguing with Lance already. I shook my head as I stepped closer.

"Where have you been? I texted you three times." Saige's angry voice was higher pitched than normal. A sure sign things were not going well between Melanie and Lance.

Saige could handle my temper usually, but she was no match for Mel's. Mel had never been reined in before. Her parents ignored her most of the time, which left her with lots of pent-up rage. Thank god she was on our side. Even with her temper, she tended to be gentle-hearted toward my family, Saige, and of course, Bo. But unlike everyone else, she was on my side when it came to it being my decision and my choice of when, or if, I ever wanted anything to do with Bo Bennett again.

I glanced at Saige as she fidgeted with the hem of her shirt.

"Sorry for being late. I ran into Chet." Heat spread across my face, and I smiled shyly.

"Great, just great. Lance was already

complaining about you running around.” She pushed past me and left me to stand, stunned at the nerve she and Lance had.

How dare she and Lance talk about me and my private life.

I followed her inside the room, ready to give her what for, but was stopped short by Melanie. She stood toe to toe with Lance, both of them red-faced from anger, glaring at one another. Sexual tension crackled between them.

Lance turned to me. “Fucking crazy women.” His voice boomed. “That’s what you and Mel are. Both of you. If it wasn’t for poor Saige, I’d have already stopped using your stock.”

“Fucking crazy women, huh? I’ll show you crazy.” Melanie reared her hand back to slap him, but I grabbed her first.

I narrowed my eyes on Lance. “Your momma taught you better than to call women crazy and I know it. Now, why don’t you calm down before you piss all of us off and I call my lawyer?”

He shook his head, but I could tell he was calming a little. His stiffened back slouched a little, and he ran a large strong hand across his jaw. I’d known Lance since I turned eighteen. He was a couple years older than me, but he’d rodeoed in the same circuit. He was a good friend of Bo’s. Unlike Bo, Lance had retired from an injury and managed the stock contracts for our area.

“We gotta talk, Billie.” He glared at Melanie. “Send your watchdog away. I’m done arguing with her.”

Melanie flipped him off, then flopped down in a chair obviously *not* ready to leave. I had to bite my lip to keep from laughing. She usually at least tried to keep from going head to head with guys twice her size, but Lance seemed to set her off. All control was gone now. If she could glare him to death, he’d have

been dead before I ever got here.

She looked at me, brown eyes blazing with anger. "I'm *not* leaving. He can kiss my ass."

I glanced back at Saige, who shook her head. I shrugged at them both. I couldn't make her leave without physically moving her, and I wasn't ready to fight tonight. "Sorry Lance, you're shit out of luck. She's staying. Now, let's get a move on. What's up?"

"I'm gonna end your contract come Finals."

It took a minute to process what he'd said. My mind reeled. He was ending my contract? "What?" I yelled, outraged.

"Lately you've run around, slept with so many cowboys, I have no other choice. Your actions make us look bad."

My temper flared. Heat roared through my body, my hair bristled, and I stomped closer to him. "How dare you talk to me about screwing around? You've fucked more women in the last week than the number of men I've screwed in my entire life. If anyone makes the rest of us look bad, it's you."

He raised a hand. "I'm a guy, it's okay for me to be loose. You are a woman. You aren't supposed to have sex with just anyone."

"I don't give a damn if I'm the Queen of England. It's no damn body's business what I do in my personal life." I was ready to argue more, but Melanie was out of her chair and moving toward him.

"You weaselly little bastard. I'll file sexual harassment charges against you for this. How many times have you tried to get one of the three of us?" Melanie edged closer to him, glaring. "I suppose if we were to screw you, this would go away?" Her voice boomed, and I was sure the people outside had heard that comment.

Lance's face reddened at her accusation. "That's not true. This has nothing to do with me hitting on

y'all, and by the way, I'd never sleep with Billie. She's Bo's." He pinned me with his accusing look.

"That's what this is about? You're doing Bo's bidding now, too? What the hell's wrong with everyone? For two damn years no one has cared what or who I did. Now, all of a sudden, you all act as if I'm a slut from hell who's taking you down with me. I—"

"That's not it, Billie. I just think it's time you settled down. This isn't any kind of life for a good girl like you. You should be at home having babies and raising them, not out on the road working with a bunch of rowdy cowboys. And you should know your dad called me the other day."

Lance's eyes softened. "He wanted to know if you were all right. Said he'd heard you weren't yourself." He continued to stare at me with that knowing gaze.

My heart pounded in my chest, and blood rushed to my ears to block out all sound. I sat down to try to get control over my emotions. Of course my dad had called Lance. He'd been one of Jake's friends, too. I was sure if dad had called Bo, he hadn't told him anything. Lance was just far enough from the situation that he'd know what was going on, but not be involved in it. Damn.

"I don't give a shit if Uncle Troy called you or not, it's none of your damn business what any of us do. As far as staying home and raising babies, you've lost your mind. This ain't the fifties, dumbass." Melanie grabbed my hand, yanked me out of the chair, and thrust me through the door. "You'll hear from our attorney, asshole."

She stalked toward the truck, still mumbling and cussing Lance. Saige silently strolled behind us. I glanced back at her to see her deep in thought. She was on Lance's side. I spun around to face her, and the movement surprised a little squeal from

Melanie. Saige looked up at me, not backing down.

“Don’t look so surprised. You’re not the only one who depends on this business. If you lose this contract, I’ll be out a job and so will the rest of the people who work for you. I’m not on Lance’s side, but I think it’s time you settle down some.”

She crossed her arms over her chest. “You’ve been running wild for two years. I for one am damn tired of it. Why do you think I haul with you so much and not Melanie?” She dared me to answer. “It’s not because of your sparkling personality these days, that’s for sure.”

“I don’t give a shit. From now on, don’t bother getting in that fucking truck with me.” I turned to walk away.

“Jake would be so goddamn ashamed of you.” Her voice was low, just loud enough for Melanie and me to hear. Mel gasped, but I laughed.

“Nice. Real fucking nice. You wanna get into this here?” I waved my arms around, indicating where we were.

The trucks and trailers surrounded us, as did all the cowboys and cowgirls getting ready to ride. She shrugged.

“Fine. It doesn’t matter what my brother would have thought because if he was still alive, Bo’s ass would be wiped and I’d have moved on. He wouldn’t have spent two years pushing me back to the man who’d cheated on me and broke my heart. No.” I shook my head. “Jake would have beaten the shit out of him, and Bo Bennett would be just a bad memory instead of a constant heartache.”

Saige’s face paled, but she didn’t back down. “We can’t change what happened. The least you could do is to stop running around. Find someone.”

“I’ve been trying for two damn years, but every time I do, one of you interferes somehow.” I threw my hands in the air. It was just like being back in

high school. She kept on at something until you wanted to reach out and smack her upside the head.

"Yeah, you're looking real hard, aren't you? Looking in every cowboy's pants that comes around." She walked past me, leaving me seething with anger.

My body shook as I fought off the urge to go after her and knock her into next week. Damn self-righteous bitch. Shaking, I turned back to see Melanie with a strained expression. She chewed on her bottom lip, a nervous habit she'd always had.

"What?" I demanded.

"I don't like when you two fight. You've never talked like that to each other." She muttered the last part to herself, but I heard it.

"Shit. Who does she think she is? I should go beat her ass for what all she said." I stomped off to find her with Melanie right beside me.

"Leave her alone, Billie."

I stopped and turned to stare at Melanie. Not her, too?

Mel held her hands up to stop me from biting her head off. "You don't get it. She sees you fighting every day not to go to Bo. Every day you have the chance to be with the man you love, and every day she's stuck with a memory of Jake. Bo's out there living while Jake's in the ground. She can never see him, touch him, or talk to him." Her voice cracked as tears rimmed her eyes.

"You have everything right in front of you, but you won't swallow your pride long enough to see it. That's what she's so upset about. Not that you've slept with a couple of cowboys. You have the opportunity to be so happy."

Mel turned and left me numb in shock. In one day both my best friends had put it to me.

I glanced around the arena. There were a few cowboys staring at me. The gates crashed loudly,

spurs jingled, low hushed voices passed me, and the sounds of the stock reminded me I had a job to do. Regardless of what Melanie, Lance, or Saige thought, I was damn good at my job. My horses and bulls were world-class athletes. Each bred, born, and raised for bucking.

Jake had started the bulls along with Bo, but I'd always been in charge of the bucking horses. They were my babies. Black Betty had been the first I'd bought. Right now, she was standing off to herself in one of the small catch pens. Her black head shot up at the sound of footsteps. Her ears pinned back, she took a step forward, snorting like the devil horse she was.

I smiled and stepped closer. "Easy, girl, it's just me."

She lowered her head when my voice registered and ambled over to me. I ran a hand down her back, her black hair slick from being groomed. Her muscles relaxed under my touch.

My thoughts drifted to Saige as Betty walked back to the other horses in the other pen. In a way, Saige and Betty were a lot alike. They kept to themselves, never letting anyone near them, except me.

I sighed. I *had* been too hard on Saige. Melanie was right. I had every opportunity Saige didn't, and yet I'd been a bitch to her about it. Nothing that had happened between Bo and me had been her fault.

I marched back to the truck to find Saige. She sat next to Melanie, wiping tears from her face. They both looked up when they heard my footsteps. I raised a hand to stop them from saying anything.

"I don't think Lance is right, but I'll tone it down to keep the contract. I'm sorry I snapped at you, and I'm really sorry for everything I said. I know you think I'm running from Bo. I'm not." I stared at Saige. "Yeah, a part of me still loves him, but I'm

moving on.”

Her eyes were red and puffy from crying. My heart broke, knowing I’d done that to her. I’d caused her to feel such heartache and pain.

“I’m so sorry. I know you don’t agree with me about this, but every time he touches me, I wonder if he touched Sarah that way, if he said the same things to her as he does to me. I try to stop, but the thoughts always come.” I sighed and grabbed my bags from the truck. “I gotta go get the stock ready. You two go on back to the hotel. I’ll see you tomorrow sometime.”

“Where are you staying?” Saige’s shaky voice echoed in the truck.

“With Chet.” I slid out of the truck and walked away. She didn’t comment, yet disapproval rolled off her. I kept walking. There was no need to question her about it. She wanted me with Bo, regardless of what he’d done. I needed to put my things in the arena office and speak with Lance.

Lance was still in the office when I threw my stuff inside. I sat down in front of him. His expression was weary.

“I’m not going home to get married and raise a bunch of babies. What I will do is back off my exploits, although I don’t think it’s right, you telling me what I can do in private.”

I raised a hand to stop the comment about to come from his mouth. “I’ve been talking to Chet Haskins for a few weeks now. Things are going good. I think I’ll give it a shot with him, see if there’s anything there.”

Lance nodded his head. “Chet’s a nice guy. He’s not Bo, but he’ll be good to you if y’all get serious.” He leaned back in the chair and sighed. “I didn’t mean you should go home and do all that. You know what I’m saying.”

Unfortunately I did know what he was saying.

“This is still a man’s world, and not many of them are happy about your success. They want to see you fail, either personally or in business. They’d be happy to get rid of the competition. Your company has become one of the best, and they’re all just looking for a reason to shun you.”

He shrugged. “I don’t care what’s between your legs, just that your stock is badass and you pull your weight. Now go on, get to work.” He grinned ruefully. “Unless you’ve come to offer me something else. I’m always willing—”

I didn’t give him a chance to finish that sentence. I picked up a pencil from the ground by my chair and chunked it at him. Even with his bad leg, he moved quick and ducked before it hit him. He could be such an ass at times and then be pretty funny.

Chapter Six

The house Chet took us to was a huge log cabin built in a valley with a view of the mountains from each room. Chet was very lucky.

“Here, let me take your bags.” He slid my overnight bag from my shoulder. His rough fingers grazed my skin, setting my flesh on fire.

It had been a long night. His touch on my skin erased all the anger I’d held. I eased closer to him.

“You okay staying in the same room? I can put you in one of the other rooms, but I thought maybe you wouldn’t mind staying with me.” He cast a boyish grin at me. “I’m still scared of the dark. I might need to be held tonight.”

I laughed at his teasing. He let me feel good, and right now, I wanted to feel really good. “I’m okay with that just as long as we get there quick.” I heard Bo’s grunt as he strolled past us to the bedroom.

“Well, I don’t want to keep you waiting.” Chet wrenched me to him, dropped the bags to the floor in the hallway, and pressed his warm lips to mine. His mouth covered mine in a harsh, needy kiss.

My hands roamed to his belt buckle. It was cold, rough, and snapped loose easily. His jeans unbuttoned just as easy, but his dick was so hard I had to pull and tug the zipper over his cock to get it down.

He groaned next to my mouth when I slipped a hand inside his briefs to stroke him. His silky flesh was hot to the touch. His pubic hair brushed against the back of my hand as I swept it up and down his thick shaft. A drop of moisture pooled on the head.

I smiled. "Hmm, you really have missed me." I squeezed him a little harder and earned a shudder from him. I slid my mouth to his earlobe where I nibbled and licked.

His breath caught. "Baby, you have no idea how much."

I leaned back to look into his blazing green eyes. My lips were dry so I ran the tip of my tongue across my bottom lip. His eyes glazed with lust, and his arm wrapped around me, lifting me to straddle him. "Wrap your legs around me."

I did, and he carried me to the bedroom. The scent of his cologne, all male and spicy, filtered to my nose. I inhaled, loving the arousing scent. The footsteps on the hardwood floor stopped just in front of a large oak door. He turned the knob, breaking the night silence with the creaking. His hot, hard body rubbed against mine as he lowered me slowly to the bed.

White heat surged through me. I wanted him more than I'd thought. His head dipped to my neck to kiss a path down across my collarbone. My eyes opened to see Bo standing in the doorway.

I pushed Chet back a little, held out my hand to Bo, wanting him, too. Never before had I thought of having two men in bed with me, but tonight I couldn't choose. I needed both.

Bo took a step then paused. His chest rose as he inhaled then lowered as he released the breath. On the exhale, he took the final few steps as Chet slid my pants off. Chet's hands stroked my thighs, and his lips followed, leaving me shivering in their wake.

Bo stopped beside the bed to wait for my next move. I put a hand on Chet's shoulder to stop him. He looked up, then at Bo, nodding as he stepped back to finish undressing. I scooted up the bed on my ass, tugging Bo onto the mattress with me.

The bed was a huge California king, easily

fitting both Bo and me. It was comfortable, much plusher than any hotel bed. I was thankful that for tonight I'd get to sleep in a bed at a house and not another hotel room. The soft fleece blanket was smooth against my skin.

"Take your clothes off," I moaned.

"First, you need to understand that in order for me to play, you're gonna have to pay." His crooked grin made me squirm. Bo bargaining was never good.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, if you want this, both of us, first you need to show me you don't hate me. Show me how much you want me." His voice grew demanding. "God knows I wanna fuck you so bad I could explode. Show me you need me."

I wanted to object, to tell him to go to hell, but he was right. He needed to know I didn't hate him. Hell, I was tired of pretending. And I was more than willing to show him how much I wanted him. Tonight he'd get something I'd denied him for years.

"I don't hate you. You should know that. I mean, I hate what has happened, what you did, but I don't hate you." I ran my hand down his chest to his belt buckle.

I flipped it open and slowly unzipped his pants. Bo's large, thick cock was already hard and ready for me. Since we broke up, I'd refused to suck his dick. The intimacy of the act had been too much for me, but not tonight. I wanted that intimacy with him.

"Pull your pants down." I looked into his eyes. His lips quirked up. "Please." I surprised myself by not choking on the word.

"You don't have to do that, darlin'. That's not exactly what I meant." He brushed his thumb across my bottom lip.

The tender gesture was one he'd given me so many times during the moments of love, and it

brought tears to my eyes.

"I want to," I whispered, fighting back the emotion rushing through me.

Bo's hands wandered to his shirt, unfastening each button slowly and with shaking fingers. He flexed his hands to try to stop the trembling, and that slight sweet movement undid me. I grabbed at his shirt and finished unbuttoning it.

"Easy, baby. It's okay. I want you just as much." He ran a hand down my face, cupping it gently.

I stared at him. He was too much. I didn't want a lot of emotion tonight, and I thought of running.

"Don't. Stay." Bo's quiet whisper calmed me. He knew how my mind worked.

I eased down his body. Each inch of my skin against his fanned the flame higher. My nipples hardened to aching points, dragging against his chest and abs. As my mouth neared his glorious cock, his hips arched off the bed then fell back against the mattress.

I closed my lips around the flared head and flicked my tongue down the throbbing vein. I glanced up to find him watching me as I lowered my lips further on his cock.

"Oh, god." His stomach muscles jumped.

The scent of male musk, oak, and sex flooded my senses. My body thrummed, pounding with lust, and that was exactly what it was. Lust.

I ran my hand down his hard shaft and licked from the base of his cock slowly up the vein. His blood pulsed through it. I smiled, loving the power to make him quake.

His fists clenched the sheets, and his legs flexed as I lashed the vein again. This time I ran my tongue all the way up to the top of the smooth head and licked the moisture off the top. Salty liquid and the faint taste of sweetness spread on my tongue.

"Fuck, Billie." He gasped for air.

I took it as a good sign and closed my lips around the head, flicking my tongue across it. I swallowed his dick deep into my mouth, but he was too large to take all of him. I wrapped my hand around the base, pumping up and down with the suckling of my mouth.

His hands dove into my hair, clenching tight. Shallow thrusts from his hips forced his dick to the back of my throat. I swallowed hard, trying not to gag. When I did it again, he thrust deeper.

Below me, his body stiffened and his cock swelled thicker.

“Oh, god.” He tugged my hair, trying to pull me from him. But I refused, wanting to taste him. Cum exploded on my tongue—salty, gritty, and feral. I continued to lick and suck him. After getting every last drop, I flopped beside his trembling body.

Chet’s hand eased up my thigh to hook his thumbs under the waistband of my thong, reminding me he was here, too. That he’d been watching.

Bo’s gaze drifted down to watch Chet slowly slip my thong from my body. He left me bare from the waist down.

Chet smirked before his head dipped between my thighs. His hot, wet tongue caressed my outer folds. I arched my back and rocked my hips toward him to beg for more.

Bo shifted to his knees and tugged my shirt up over my head, followed by my bra. He held it on one finger then slung it across the room. He lowered his head to my breasts, tasting each hard nipple. His hot breath against my skin had me moaning.

In the back of my head, there was an awareness telling me this wasn’t right. I wasn’t supposed to be having sex with two men at the same time, yet every caress, every touch, every move from them made me wetter. I writhed under their touch, wanting to be taken, needing to be taken.

"I can't stand it. Please..." I gasped when Bo's scorching hot mouth closed over one of my nipples and bit hard. A shock of pain jolted through me. I squirmed, but as he licked the same nipple softly, the pain vanished and I was left with the most thrilling pleasure.

There was no talking, no thinking, just feeling. Bo flicked the taut peak with his tongue again, and his finger tweaked the other. Chet slid a finger into my cunt, closed his lips around my swollen clit, and nibbled with his teeth.

"Please..."

Bo looked up at me then, his expression unreadable. "Where do you want me, baby? How do you want it?"

Where *did* I want him? Chet's finger left my pussy. A moment later, the slick digit stroked my tight anus in a circular motion. I whimpered in pleasure.

"You go wherever you want, Bo. This is where I'm going." Chet pushed his finger into my ass while his other hand stroked my clit, keeping me wailing with sensations.

Bo's eyes questioned, and I nodded to let him know I was okay with what was happening. More than okay. It was freakin' wonderful. He rolled onto his back with my thighs gripped firmly in his hands.

I straddled him, ready to sheath his hardened cock, but Chet stopped me. "Hold on, baby. Bend over a little so I can ease into you."

The crack of a bottle opening and the squirt of lube sent tingles down my spine, and I moaned in anticipation. Chet's thick finger eased back into my anus as his other hand reached around my waist to stroke my clit.

I looked down at Bo to see him staring at me with pure lust. He wanted me, *badly*. He licked his lips when I gasped as another finger joined the first.

I rocked back to take in more.

Chet's fingers withdrew, slow and easy. The pleasure/pain of being taken there had always pushed me over the uninhibited cliff. He leaned back, and a tear of foil broke the sound of my heavy panting as he slipped a condom on. His dick slid up and down my crack, sending waves of desire through me and aching need to my pussy.

His fingers pushed back into my anus to spread my opening so he could ease the tip of his dick past the tight ring of muscle.

The silky head had been lubed, but the thickness, combined with the fact that it'd been years since anyone or anything had penetrated that area, made it burn. He was slick, hard as steel, and patient. He was in no rush.

Gently, he dipped his cock inside me then stopped to let me get used to the feeling. His dick was large and my opening was not. It burned, but the sting only increased my senses. My nerves were on fire with every touch. Chet's finger continued to stroke my clit, distracting me from the fullness.

Bo pulled my face down to his and closed his mouth over mine. His tongue delved past my lips, stroked my own tongue, and ran an arousing stroke against the roof of my mouth. He'd been talking to Chet.

I tore my lips from Bo's as Chet's dick inched inward again. "Ah, god. Deeper. Fill me."

Chet thrust, this time without stopping for me to adjust. I gasped, knowing that not only was I nearly completely filled with him, but he still had more to give.

"Oh, my god," I hissed.

He shoved deeper, and his head rested beside my ear. He ground his teeth, a sure sign of how much he was holding back. He was trying desperately not to hurt me. It aroused me even

more. I rocked my hips, taking even more. Every last inch of his long, thick cock filled my ass. The air rushed from my lungs as I groaned.

“Oh, fuck.” Chet grabbed my hips to keep me from moving, his fingers mashed into my skin, and his nails bit into my flesh. “Jesus, Billie, don’t move. You’re gonna make me come right now if you do.”

Sweat trickled down Chet’s forehead onto my shoulder. The faint scent of Ed Hardy Love and Luck cologne mixed with sweat and dirt to make an arousing combination.

“Fuck, you feel good.” He held on tight, still not moving.

After a second of panting, we both caught our breath. He withdrew almost all the way then eased forward just as carefully. His breath tickled my neck, his hair brushed against my cheek, and Bo shifted beneath me, getting my attention.

“You all right?” Bo’s hoarse whisper skittered over my heightened senses, and his concern touched me.

I nodded, but he didn’t budge. Instead, he shook his head a little in disbelief. I didn’t know whether it was from the act we were all of a sudden involved in or if he didn’t believe me. I leaned down, feathered my lips against his, and then sank into the kiss. My tongue licked his bottom lip. My teeth nibbled the soft flesh. I begged silently to have him inside me.

Chet’s hands drove my hips downward as Bo thrust his hard cock up into my cunt. I cried out with pleasure. Bo grunted and Chet jumped inside me as his orgasm grew closer.

Never in my life had I thought I’d be in this situation. It happened to be the most satisfied I’d ever felt in my life—Bo under me, gently thrusting in and out in rhythm with Chet pumping from behind. Bo kissed and suckled my breasts as Chet sucked on my neck and nibbled my earlobes. Being

fucked by two men at the same time was extraordinary.

Chet tensed, and I knew he was spent. A second later, he grunted his release in my ear. He draped his body over mine and tried desperately to breathe as he kissed the back of my neck. His cock slowly eased from my rectum, making me writhe with the need to push him out all the way. What minutes ago had felt amazing now stung.

I dropped down over Bo, exhausted, but not nearly done yet. Chet flopped beside us, shaking from the adrenaline rush of what we'd just done. I eyed him for a second before it hit me. This *was* the first time they'd every truly *shared* a woman.

"Holy hell, I can't believe you two aren't done. Fuck." Chet ran a hand down his face, wiping sweat off. His breath was still shaky and uneven. "Jesus, just call me minute man, I guess, but that was fucking terrific."

I smiled warmly at him, caught his hand in mine and squeezed. "Minute man you might've been, but it was one of the best minutes of my life." I winked, and he laughed as Bo shook his head.

"His minute's over. I want mine." Bo lifted me and caught my left breast in his mouth, sucking hard on the nipple. I moaned loudly.

Chet eased from the bed. "I'm taking a shower and then getting in the hot tub," he said absently as he headed out of the room.

Bo stared up at me, waiting for me to draw away, to close off just as I normally did. Not tonight. I gazed down at him. He was gorgeous, and when his bright green eyes met mine, I couldn't help smiling.

"I don't want to fight tonight," I whispered. "I've fought with Saige, Lance, and Melanie today. Tonight, I just want to feel good."

He nodded and slid from beneath me. "Then lay on your back so I can make you feel good." His low

voice held a sincerity that touched me deeply. “I don’t want to fight either. Tomorrow we can, but right now, let’s forget.” His mouth closed over mine before I could protest.

I hadn’t said I wanted to forget. That would get me into trouble. That would let me believe, if only for tonight, we had a future. In the morning, those thoughts and hopes would be destroyed, as well as my heart again. No, I couldn’t risk forgetting.

Bo looked into my eyes as he slowly entered me again. Chet may have felt good, but Bo was amazing. He knew my body better than I did—every move he made reminded me of what we’d once shared. We’d known everything about each other, and now we barely spoke. I closed my eyes to block out those memories, to just feel.

“If you only knew how damn tight you are.” He gritted his teeth. “Your pussy is like a satin vice grip around my dick. Every time you move, you squeeze my dick, pulling me further into you.”

He shoved harder into my aching pussy, withdrew, and plunged back in. “I can’t get enough.”

I nodded, knowing just what he felt. There didn’t seem to be a way to rid us of our need for each other. I arched off the bed to meet him thrust for thrust, begging for more. A familiar ache grew inside me, my body tightened, as if it were a cable stretched so taut it was ready to snap. And snap it did.

One second the ache inside was building to a crest and in the next it was bursting over and shooting to the moon. My cry was muffled by Bo’s own shout of release. His dick twitched and pumped inside me. He filled me with his cum, and it made me hotter to know I’d given him so much pleasure.

I lay breathing hard and sated. Bo’s cum and my juices seeped onto my inner thigh as he withdrew and rolled off me.

Sighing, I let reality drift its way back. For the first time in two years I'd given myself completely to Bo and now I needed to clear my head. My emotions ran too raw for cuddling at this point.

Moving off the bed, I headed to the shower. The sound of footsteps behind me let me know Bo was coming, too. It'd been a long time since we'd shared any kind of intimacy after the deed was done. Hesitantly, I stepped into the large tile shower and let Bo close the glass door behind him.

The shower had been built for luxury with jets on three sides and a huge overhead sunflower sprayer. Bo turned the water to the hottest setting that wouldn't burn us, and I melted into it. His hands snaked around my waist. I closed my eyes and let him pull me to him. He stroked my back, relaxing and comforting me.

One hand wandered away, and with my eyes still closed, I drank in the sounds and scents around me. The shower sprayed almost silently. Water bathed over me in a gentleness that caressed my skin. The smell of coconut reminded me of the beach.

Smiling, I leaned closer to Bo. He turned me to face the opposite direction, then his hands stroked my hair. Shampoo lathered richly as he continued to massage the delicious-smelling liquid through my hair.

I tilted back and pressed against him, loving the feel of his large hands on my body, gentle yet firm.

"I love the way your hair turns to silk in the water and molds to your body." Bo spoke in a soft voice near my ear. His lips brushed the tender flesh of my earlobe and sent goose bumps across my skin. "I love how you respond to me, even after all this time apart." He swept the hair from my neck to place sweet tender kisses there. I moaned from the gentle affection. "Hmm, you like that?" His soapy hands roamed down my body.

I looked down in fascination when his hands cupped my breasts, kneaded them, and rolled the nipples in his fingers. His cock grew stiff against my back, pressing hard and hot. I reached behind me, desperate to touch him, but Bo grabbed both my wrists in one hand and shoved them to the wall.

“Stand still, baby. Let me wash you,” he whispered in a lust-filled tone.

He held my wrists in place as his free hand ran across my stomach. It stopped to splay across my lower abdomen where my scars from surgery were. I hissed in a breath and squirmed to free myself from his grip. All the times we’d been together over the past two years, I’d never let him touch me like this.

“Please, don’t.” I turned my head to see his face. His gaze drifted down my naked body, and I couldn’t see the emotions they held. His strong square jaw clenched, and his face grew paler. “I’m so sorry. Everything that could go wrong that night did.”

I barely heard the whisper before his hand ventured lower. He leaned toward me and rested his head on my shoulder as his hand cupped my pussy. The soap lathered into bubbles when he stroked back and forth, creating a soft friction that threatened to take me to the edge again.

I rocked my hips against his hard cock. He drew in a ragged breath then removed his hand from between my legs. An instant later, he released my wrists and pulled my hips back to bend me forward slightly.

I knew what he wanted so I flattened my hands to the smooth shower wall and lifted my ass higher. A hand caressed my right butt cheek before the other dipped a finger into my wet, soapy cunt.

Water sprayed over us in a hot, steady stream. I rocked back against his hand, but he held me still. I turned my head to see him smile as his cock rubbed against my lathered pussy. He eased his dick into

my slippery passage, and I gasped at the warmth that instantly spread through me.

The door to the shower opened, and we both turned to see Chet, naked and hard. "I can't get over you two. You're so fucking horny." He shook his head. "I love it."

He sat down on the small bench in the corner of the shower, grabbed a bottle of shampoo, and dribbled some on his hard cock. He scooted down on the bench, spreading his legs wide for me to see.

With one hand, he cupped his balls and the other began to stroke his hard cock. The rush of adrenaline worked its way through my system, and I closed my eyes as the burn built.

Bo started to thrust—hard, deep, and fast. At that angle, I felt every centimeter of his cock inside me. The veins of his shaft rubbed my inner walls, and I quivered in response. I gasped, opened my eyes, and cried out.

Chet sucked in a breath and reached toward me. Bo turned me to face Chet without missing a thrust.

I placed my hands on either side of the wall by Chet's head and stared down at him. He stroked his hard cock fast with one hand and used his other to pinch my clit.

"Oh, god." I groaned. "Yes, please. That feels...good."

Chet smiled then rubbed his thumb firmly against my clit in a circle. The touch was hot, driving me closer to exploding. Fire burned from head to toe. He sank to the tile floor and pulled me close.

"Jesus, Bo, hurry up, man. I wanna get her in the hot tub," Chet pleaded. His hand stroked me harder, and Bo picked up the pace.

My body tensed, I threw my head back to rest against Bo's shoulder, and cried out as my orgasm hit hard and rough. My knees went weak, and I lost

my balance. The euphoric sensation made me languid and elated.

Bo held on as he gently eased his cock from me. Chet soaped up his hand and washed me, again. I hadn't even considered whether Bo had come until Chet's hand withdrew from between my legs, cum shining bright on his hand. He rinsed off and stood up. His lips met mine in a passionate kiss.

The burning grew inside me again, and my clit began to throb. I moaned at the pleasure his mouth gave me even as I wondered how in the hell I was going to walk the next morning. He drew me close and lifted me.

"Wrap your legs around me, baby. I wanna take you in the hot tub." I did as he asked, and by the time we'd kissed and stroked our way to the hot tub on the back deck, I was more than ready to be taken again.

I glanced behind us to see Bo following, holding a bottle of Jack Daniels whiskey. He put the bottle to his lips and drank a long swig. Jack burned no matter how much you drank it, and Bo wasn't a big drinker, so it amazed me to see him swallow with ease.

His eyes blazed brightly, and the heat from the stare made me look away. With each look, touch, and word from him, I softened. I wanted to forget the past, start over, but could I really forgive?

I looked around as we neared the hot tub. The back deck gave a view of a large mountain that looked as if it belonged in one of those Alaska tourist commercials. I gazed at the beautiful landscape. It was stunning with its high mountain peaks and valley.

Cold night air whisked against my skin. The scent of chlorine and the warm mist of water hitting my skin reminded me of why we were outside.

Chet sat in the water with me straddling him.

The water nearly scorched my skin, but in just seconds the tingling stopped and the heat cooled to relax me. He lifted us out of the water and grabbed a condom from Bo. His hands shook as he quickly tore the package in two.

I slipped my hand down to help him. He sucked in a breath as I stroked him, putting the condom on. His cock nudged my pussy, begging to be inside.

I slid down on him and leaned back until I lay almost flat in the water. My hair swirled around my head, and my breasts bobbed fluidly in the water with their tight peaks pointed upward. I eased up again out of the water and then down on his cock.

Bo sat on the edge of the hot tub. He raised a bottle of lube, squirted it over his revived cock, and palmed it. I licked my lips at the sight. His balls jiggled when he pumped his hand up then down. The water splashing around me caressed my back. The sound of his oil-slicked hand stroking himself made my pussy clench in response.

Chet laughed beneath me. "Jesus, you're killin' me." He shook his head. "Bo, every time you do that, her pussy grasps my dick harder and harder. She's a horny little thing."

He smiled at me before leaning forward and sucking one of my nipples into his mouth. His tongue flicked the taut peak back and forth. "I think she wants us both again."

Chet relaxed against the edge of the hot tub and let his arms fall to the sides of it, holding on. Bo slid into the water and slipped up against me. He lifted me off of Chet's dick, and I leaned forward to rest my head on Chet's hard chest.

Bo crammed his cock into my ass. Before I had a chance to adjust to his size, he raised me and pushed me back down onto Chet's dick. We moaned and cried out as one.

The nearness of both men to each other

distracted me briefly—Chet's face close to Bo's, and inside me their cocks hitting each other's through the thin barrier separating them. I knew if I could feel it, they certainly could, too. Neither seemed to care at the moment.

Chet's mouth took mine in a ragged kiss, and Bo sucked roughly on my collarbone and neck. We moved as one. Up, down, back and forth. Whatever thrusts one made, the other met, and I gladly let them take me in a way I'd never experienced before.

Not even earlier had I given up complete control to them. But this time, I wanted them to control me, to use me as they wanted, and I loved every minute of it.

Bo must have sensed my submission because he instantly picked up the pace. His strokes became hard, nearly painful. Chet mimicked Bo's thrusts. I leaned back to wrap my arms around the nape of Bo's neck, holding on desperately while the tingling that started in my clit slowly spread outward and upward, growing more heated and intense.

Chet thrust harder, Bo plunged deeper, and I screamed as the intense pleasure cracked like a whip inside me. My body shook and both men held me as they, too, came.

Chapter Seven

Early in the morning, Bo woke me, stroking my cheek with his thumb. I lay pretending to be asleep, knowing if I opened my eyes, we'd have to talk.

His warm breath tickled my face as he leaned down to softly kiss my forehead. "Tonight's the last time. I can't keep pretending to hate you, and I can't take hearing you say you hate me. I love you, but this is it. I know you're awake, I know every move you make. I've spent all my life watching you, getting to know you, so open those beautiful eyes to look at me."

I sighed then opened my eyes to stare at him. His smile was bittersweet.

"I can't take it anymore, this is it, the last time I'll be with you like this," he said. "When we leave here, it's all or nothing. I want you back more than anything in this world, but I won't grovel. Either you can forgive me for *everything* or you can't.

"I never cheated on you, regardless of what you believe. The night of the accident, everything I told Jake was the truth. Sarah had been ditched, and I got volunteered to take her home. That was it." He shook his head. "But after the accident, after you threw your engagement ring at me and screamed you hated me—I was hurting, and yes, I went to her."

My gut clenched. "What about when I stopped by that day?"

"I should have told you the day you showed up at the house nothing had happened between Sarah and me until after you'd broken up with me. I was

just so pissed you'd shown up at that exact moment." He ran a hand through his hair.

"After the accident I wanted to hold you so bad, but when you rejected me, I lost it. I tried to hang on to the thought you'd get over my part in the accident, but you just seemed madder as time went by. Eventually that's why I gave up my part in the business. I knew you needed it more than I did."

His voice caught, and he cleared his throat. "Jake's death almost killed me, too, but you crushed me. I was messed up after you broke off the engagement. Sarah took advantage of it. I spent a lot of time down at Hogs drinking. She was always there, flirting and trying to comfort me.

"I kept my distance from her until the night you threw the ring in my face. I went and got so tore up I could barely walk. She took me home from the bar that night." He raised a hand to stop me from commenting. "I know. I could have stopped her, but she told me all the things I wanted to hear from you. I pretended it was you talking. After that...I just couldn't take going home alone."

He shrugged his shoulders. "That day you showed up at my place, I was trying to tell her to leave. I didn't want to be with her. But you came in at the damnedest time. Your timing pissed me off because I knew no matter what I said in that moment, you'd never believe me."

Yeah, the damnedest timing all right. Sarah had been on her knees in front of him. He'd stumbled backward trying to push her away, but I'd seen the flicker of lust in his eyes before they met mine. "Maybe I could believe you if your eyes hadn't been half closed with lust before you saw me."

"For a split second. That's it. Yeah, I thought about taking her up on the offer, but as you recall, I didn't."

"Only because you saw me."

“No, because I wanted you instead.” His thumb continued to stroke my cheek as tears streamed down my face. “I’ve loved you my entire life and want to spend the rest of my life loving you each day. Forgive me for it all.”

I wanted to but couldn’t. It was too much for him to ask of me. The accident had taken so much away, and then his actions had taken him away. His eyes clouded with tears. I cupped his chin with my hands, urged him down, and kissed him tenderly and sweetly. After this weekend was over, it’d finally be over between us.

I shoved him back against the bed and straddled him. One last moment of bliss wouldn’t hurt, right?

Wrong. As Bo held onto me, tight, as if he never wanted to let go, I realized this had been the wrong thing to do. I’d never be over Bo. Sex wasn’t the only thing he did for me. He made my heart full. His love filled a hole inside me that had too long been empty.

But even with that, could I trust his words?

Bo eased from the bed, stretching sore muscles as he slipped his boxers back up. Life on the road was taking its toll, and he needed Billie to ease that pain. He ran his hand across his face. He stopped and rested his head on the wall outside of the bathroom. He’d like nothing more than to join Billie in the shower to wash away the cold rushing through his veins, but she wasn’t the only one who needed a few minutes alone.

Two years he’d waited, hoping to have her back. He’d given her two long years to make up her mind, and today he’d either move forward with her or struggle to live again. Without her.

The water turned off, and he sighed. In a few minutes he’d make her decide for good.

She walked out of the bathroom, dressed and ready to go, her auburn hair wet and curly. He

wanted to run his hands through it and pull her close, but he couldn't. Her eyes shadowed when she looked up at him, and his stomach dropped. She still believed he'd have cheated on her with Sarah.

She smiled warily. "Tell Chet I'll call him later today. I don't want him to think my leaving has anything to do with him. But I need to think."

Bo's heart nearly stopped even though some part of him knew she'd say just that. "You've had two years to think. I can't hold out anymore. The pain is too much."

Moisture gathered in her eyes, and he looked down the hall to where Chet slept. He couldn't bear to see her cry. Those eyes had always done him in and her tears broke him.

He turned to go. "I'll tell Chet you left."

Her hand grasped his wrist to stop him. He glanced back at her. The tears that had been forming in her eyes streamed down her face. It nearly made him take back his words and agree to give her more time.

He tugged her close, trying to find the reserve strength to let go after one last kiss, one last taste. Instead, he brushed his lips against her forehead and stepped back, staring at down the hall. Her sweet lavender smell burned into his memory.

In some part of his mind, he wanted to apologize for Jake's death, for ruining her chance of ever having children, and for letting her go without much of a fight. The guilt of the accident was gone now, and he could see all the things he'd let slip. He should have man upped two years ago.

But at least he'd finally done it. Now it was her choice. He'd be able to breathe again, eventually.

The front door shut, and he glanced out the window. Billie looked back at the house, eyes gleaming with tears, then ran to the cab like the devil himself was after her.

Tears slid down my face as the cab driver beeped the horn. I ran to the taxi. Ran away from Bo. Again.

Dread swept over me as I looked through the rear window of the cab to see the house in the distance. Bo had opened up to me. He'd told me everything, and I'd just walked away. Two long years of praying and hoping he'd tell me it was all a big mistake. That he hadn't cheated. Now my prayers were answered...and I left anyway.

What was wrong with me? Bo was everything I'd ever wanted. The reason I'd been running from one cowboy to the next. The reason nothing or no one had been able to make me feel whole.

"Stop." I met the cab driver's eyes in the rearview mirror. "Turn around. Take me back."

"You sure, lady? You didn't look too happy a minute ago." His matter of fact tone made me giggle.

Yes, two minutes ago, when I'd crawled into the cab, tears streamed down my face. But now those tears were gone. My cheeks ached from the huge smile on my face. "I'm sure. Turn around."

"Yes, ma'am," he muttered.

I wrung my hands as the driver turned the car to make a U-turn in the road and the house peeked into view. The steady drum of my heart vanished to be replaced with a loud, fast beat. Hope swelled inside me.

This was it. Do or die time. I opened the cab door. The chilly morning air made my body ache as I tried to remain confident in my decision. The door to the house opened slowly, but I knew who was behind it.

I threw a twenty at the driver and ran up the steps. Bo stood just inside the door, his eyebrows drawn together, obviously unsure of what was going on and a bit wary.

“Everything all right? Did you leave something?” His voice nearly a whisper.

I cupped his face in my palms. “Yes, I left you. I love you.” Tears streamed down my face again, only this time happy tears, blissfully happy. “I thought I needed time, but you were right. I had two years to think about it. And I did, the entire time. I prayed you’d tell me it was all a huge misunderstanding.”

He nodded. “I did, but—”

I put my hand over his mouth to hush him. “You did, but at the time, I only saw her on her knees in front of you. I couldn’t see past the red haze in my brain to the truth. But now I know, and I’m so sorry for everything.”

His throat worked to swallow. A gurgled response behind him that sounded something like “thank god” rang out in the dead of morning silence. I touched my lips to Bo’s. They parted, and our tongues found each other. He tasted of mint toothpaste and coffee.

His arms slid around me to crush me to him, molding us as one. I moaned at the tenderness in his kiss. I tore my mouth from his and caressed his cheeks with my hands. Although I ached all over from the previous night’s sexcapades, I needed him now. “Make love to me. Don’t fuck me, screw me, or any other fast and furious way. Just make love to me.”

He looked around the hallway with a frown. “What about Chet?”

“Baby, he can find someone else because this time it’s between just us.” I nipped Bo’s bottom lip.

“Good.” He bent down, one arm circled behind my knees as the other snaked around my back, lifting me. He strode down the hall and stopped to look at the four doors near us.

“Across the hall is the guest room I had made up just in case.” Chet stepped out of his bedroom,

grinning from ear to ear. "We had a feeling this weekend might just tip the scales back to where they are supposed to be." He winked before turning around and shutting his door.

I looked into Bo's bright green eyes. "Who's we?"

"I don't know and don't care." He kicked the bedroom door open and set me on the large bed.

His hands roamed over my denim-clad legs to the button and zipper. In seconds, he was peeling the jeans down and off me. I'd skipped underwear in an effort to get the hell out of the house. Now that hurry was paying off. Instant access.

His lips trailed across my swollen and slightly tender mound. I sucked in a breath, trying to keep from gasping. He looked up at me, concern filling his eyes. "You all right?"

"Yeah, just a little sore." I reached out to run my hands through his hair.

"Good, I'll go slow." He reached down his hard muscled body to push his boxers off, and his legs slipped between my quivering thighs. Our breath caught as he slid his stiff cock into me, driving it home.

His bright green eyes never left mine as he withdrew and eased back in. I cupped his jaw in my hand, and he turned his head to kiss my palm.

Love. Pure love filled every space between us and the air around us as Bo thrust home, and for the first time in years, my heart felt whole.

About the Author

A native of South Alabama, Sayde Grace was raised and lives with her husband and two young children among the cotton fields and dirt roads of the south. She has a deep love and appreciation for the rural communities and uses her experiences of small town life in her books. In each of her books she uses her experiences in farming, ranching, or rodeoing to make the story setting believable. Growing up in the equine and cattle industry have given her a behind the scenes knowledge of the industry.

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Also Available

Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down

by

KyAnn Waters

A big truck rolled into town. The cowboy wore a black Stetson. Tristan McKay. He knows how to tie her up, but she refuses to be the woman to tie him down.

Jaycee Craven hasn't had hot, tie-me-up sex since Tristan left town. Okay, so six weeks ago she'd told him to go to hell. Now he's back in her one-horse town for the rodeo, only she's the one who's about to get more than an 8-second ride.

Tristan McKay walked away, but he never had any intention of staying gone. Jaycee's temper flares with the same intensity as her arousal and he's been burned by both. Trouble is—he likes playing with fire.

Chapter One

The truck jerked and backfired. “Oh, no. Not now, baby.”

Jaycee Craven checked her rearview mirror as the truck sputtered. She turned the steering wheel to the right, and the piece of shit drifted to the shoulder of the highway and died. White smoke billowed from beneath the hood, churning and pluming into the stifling hot air.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

The day was too damn hot to break down. The temperature was still rising just like her temper. With the window rolled down on the old Ford 150, she rested her arm on the open edge and puffed a heavy exhale. Her morning couldn’t get any worse. God, let it be the radiator and let there be water in the jug.

The door squeaked and groaned as she opened it. She peeled her butt and thighs off the torn, tacky vinyl and slammed the door. She walked to the rusted and dented bed of the truck and stood on tiptoes to grab the plastic milk jug half-full of water.

Returning to the driver’s door, she reached through the open window and tugged the hood release then grabbed a T-shirt to use like an oven mitt to unscrew the cap and release the steam. Rusted metal screeched when she propped up the hood and peered into the engine.

Jaycee had been working on cars since ninth grade auto shop. Actually, she’d been tuning up this very engine. She was more than competent. The hunk of junk should have seen a salvage yard years ago. However, old Freddie Ford had seen too many

good times to let go.

She reached in and twisted the radiator cap. "Ouch." She jerked her hand back. She wrapped more of her exposed skin with the shirt and reached for the cap again. After a few quick turns, she had the cap off. Water sizzled and popped as she poured a steady stream into the hole. Jaycee closed her eyes and pretended she didn't hear the trickle of liquid hitting the road.

"No. No. No." She squatted down and looked under the vehicle. "Oh, that is so not good." The radiator hadn't overheated. She either'd blown a hose or ripped a serious crack in the casing. She stood, stomped around the front end, tossed the rag into the cab and put the water back in the bed.

Since the hunk of junk wasn't going to get her home, she'd have to hoof it. She twisted her keys out of the ignition, grabbed her bag out of the truck, and started walking. If someone stole the broken down, rusted, piece of shit, the thief would be doing her a favor.

The Sage County fair was in full swing. This morning she'd been working the ranch, getting the stock ready for the rodeo tonight. Sheep needed to be corralled for the mutton run and a couple of Shetlands readied for the kids to ride. She'd had to drive the beater truck to haul gear because her brother, Chase, needed the Silverado to transport horses.

The hum of an engine sounded behind her. She turned as an intimidating, black, full-sized truck sped toward her. Shading her eyes with her hand, she squinted into the sunshine.

The truck slowed as it approached. A black Stetson covered sinful dark hair. Just what she didn't need. Tristan McKay.

Dark sunglasses hid his whisky-colored eyes. Good thing because those eyes weakened her knees and a half-lidded seductive glance from the delicious

cowboy had her creaming in her jeans. Passionate, penetrating, and irresistible—apparently to all women since he seemed to collect them with the same speed he collected gold buckles. A sexy dimple creased in his left cheek and the most aggravating smirk twisted his damn kissable lips.

Damn Tristan McKay! Dark, dangerous, sexy...and a cheating jackass.

He pulled along side her and stopped in the middle of the road. “Hey, Jaycee, want a ride?”

“Hell no.” She already rode that pony—more like a stallion—and while it had been a wild, rough, and kinky as hell pleasure, in the end she’d come out bruised—not from his skills between the sheets, but emotionally. Tristan McKay might ride bareback broncos for eight seconds, but he’d ridden her for two years then left her broken—heart broken.

Damn cowboys and their rugged manners, tight asses with cans of Skoal in their back pockets, and big cocks.

“Come on. I saw Freddie back there on the road.”

Jaycee paused, wondering how smart it was for her to climb into the cab of Tristan’s truck. It wasn’t smart. In fact, it was about the dumbest thing she could do. Yet she took a step closer.

He leaned over and popped the door open. “Come on. Get in.”

“Fine.” She climbed in and slammed the door. She’d take the ride in his truck. She didn’t have many options. Half the businesses in town were closed and the ones that were open would be packed with folks coming in from all over the county. The whole town of Shady Hills was celebrating. “I need to get my stuff out of Freddie.”

Tristan chuckled, put the truck in gear, and flipped a u-turn. He glanced in her direction. She could feel his perusal trekking along the length of her legs to where they met the cut off fringe of her

Daisy Dukes high on her thigh. And, of course, her nipples tightened and poked against the ribbed material of her tank top. And, of course, Tristan noticed. He liked tits as much as he liked ass.

Okay, so she could admit she had liked that he was an ass man. Flutters filled her tummy. She couldn't think about him, his cock in her ass, or the way he'd ride her hard then love her softly. Sex with Tristan was as intense as the blazing heat from a shot of whisky and the slow burn that followed.

She'd do better to remember that while the sex would be great, whisky hangovers were a bitch.

She crossed her arms over her chest. "So when did you roll into town?"

He adjusted his rangy form in the seat and angled toward her. One limp-wristed hand rested on the top of the steering wheel. She remembered the feel of those long blunt fingers on her body. And the way they had looked on her former best friend, Heather's butt. She shuddered with the memory.

"Last night."

"I suppose you came in for the rodeo."

He nodded. "Wouldn't miss showing the locals how one of their own can ride."

She chuckled. "You never were modest when it came to your abilities." She wasn't just referring to his skills on a horse.

"I'm sad to see the season coming to an end."

"Will you be sticking around Shady Hills?"

"I might." He took a quick look in her direction then turned back to the road and steered his truck to the shoulder. He pulled up behind her broken down vehicle.

"I'm sure Heather will be thrilled." She slammed her side against the door and jumped from the truck. She didn't want to think about Tristan, didn't want to see him—didn't want to still *want* him. Yeah, she'd had a lot of luck with that. She hadn't stopped thinking about him in the six weeks since she'd told

him to go to hell.

“Heather was drunk.”

“Good excuse for her. What’s yours?”

“Nothing happened.” Fuck, the woman was stubborn. And beautiful. And his. Tristan would never forget the devastation in her eyes when she’d walked in on him and Heather. “Shit, if I could go back and change that night, I would.”

“So would I,” she said, lugging a small saddle from the back of Freddie.

“Here, let me have that.” He took the saddle from her and carried it to the bed of his truck.

“Instead, I’ll have the image of your hands on her butt and your tongue in her mouth forever burned into my corneas.”

Oh yeah. She was still pissed. He didn’t blame her. “Okay, I get it.” He stopped her with a hand on her arm. “I know I fucked up.”

She sighed and slumped against the truck. “I don’t want to relive the moment.”

Crazy, but he couldn’t stop.

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