



TINA HOLLAND

DANI LOVES DALLAS

Caulfield Cowboys

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By Tina Holland

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and occurrences are a product of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, places or occurrences, is purely coincidental.

For my friend, Debbie Cairo, whose adventurous Cougar Diaries inspired me.

Prologue

Dallas Caulfield rested in confines of stark white sheets, a strap over his lap and cool metal railings against his sides. The moonlight reflected off the glass shards scattered about the dark road. He was cold. The smoke of his breath glowed in the blackness as he sighed. He turned his head at the crushing of leaves in the woods. His eyes came to rest on a tan coyote. Lucky bastard.

Dallas heard boot steps behind him. He lifted his head to face a serious looking highway patrolman.

“Mr. Caulfield.” His lips were a thin line.

Dallas continued to stare forward. He tried to make sense of the jumbled letters on the name tag. The trooper’s uniform reminded him of sand, but the mood was not sunny.

“We’ve gotten most of the information out of your friend over there.” The officer nodded to Cal.

His best friend. Cal had been driving home to prevent this very thing from happening.

“Yes,” Dallas answered absently.

“You seem a little shell shocked.” There was a steel edge of insincerity to the trooper’s voice.

“I was just in a car accident!” Even with the pain shooting up his leg, he couldn’t hide his annoyance.

“Officer, we’re going to take him to the hospital. Can you talk to him there?” a female paramedic asked.

“Yeah that’ll be fine.” The patrolman turned and walked back to his vehicle. The red and blue lights still blinking and shattering the pitch night.

“Do you want your friend to ride with you?” the lady in black asked him.

Dallas nodded his head.

Cal made his way through the dark night. Once they sealed up the ambulance, Dallas turned to see his friend bandaged about the chest. His curly hair was mashed down by a bandage that replaced his cowboy hat. Cal’s eyes were dark and unfathomable.

“You okay?” Dallas winced. In spite of his pain, he needed to assure himself that Cal was all right.

“A couple of broken ribs, they think, we’ll find out when we get to the hospital. What about you?”

“My leg hurts.”

His friend looked down, but his face was unreadable.

“I’m sure it does,” Cal whispered.

“Are you okay?” the brunette asked Cal, gripping his bicep.

“I’m fine,” Cal snarled at her.

Cal’s dismissal was very uncharacteristic. He was usually such an outrageous flirt. Dallas was taken aback by his friend. Something was wrong. His mind knew, but he felt like cotton was shoved in his head stuffing him up.

“What’s wrong?” he asked worried.

“Nothing.” His friend’s voice was calm again. “You need to relax.”

Dallas sat staring at his friend who glowered at the EMT.

She squirmed underneath his scrutiny.

“You boys sure are lucky.” She focused her attention on Dallas.

“What do you mean?” Dallas asked.

“That was a pretty bad accident.”

“Can you just shut-up for one millisecond?” Cal leaned forward whispering a death-like sentence.

Dallas couldn’t think clearly. His head was so cloudy since the accident. They’d been drinking...they shouldn’t have. It was too much. He and Cal had been celebrating...that’s right. Dallas couldn’t remember driving home. He closed his eyes trying to think.

“Stay with me buddy,” he heard Cal say.

"I'm here." But Dallas wasn't. He was too focused on remembering. Finals had occurred earlier in the week. He remembered. Dallas passed his tests with flying colors.

"Did you pass the trig final?" he asked absently.

"Yep, you're the best tutor ever." Cal touched his shoulder.

Dallas got a flash of arms wrapped around his neck. He wrinkled his brow at the thought. That seemed out of place. Cal was teasing him. Dallas heard his voice in his mind. He remembered a soft touch against his leg right before the accident and kisses. Cal was laughing. Bare skin touched his with light nips and exploring fingers. Tongues twirling about and hot and heavy breathing, he moaned at the memory and was struck by a sense of fulfillment.

"Is he all right?" Cal sounded concerned.

"He's fine." He felt a ring of cool metal on his chest.

Dallas struggled to recall the events of the evening; he opened his eyes and looked hard at Cal.

"What?"

"You're attractive." His admission was pulled from a position beyond logic and reason.

"Um, thanks." His friend looked confused.

"Maybe you should close your eyes," Cal encouraged him, pressing his hand over Dallas's eyes.

Cal's touch was out of place and didn't fit. Dallas continued to let his memories come forth. He started from the night of celebrating and the touch, it was softer, lighter with more passion. It was female. He remembered giggles and a ring on her finger. His engagement...he'd gotten engaged. That was right. He remembered her showing the ring to everyone in the bar. She was so excited her hazel eyes seemed to glitter, and her curly brown hair bounced when she'd danced. It was an awakening experience that left him reeling.

"Jodie. Where's Jodie?" Dallas opened his eyes, searching for answers.

"She's dead." Cal looked at Dallas, his eyes ridden with guilt and sadness.

Reality struck as pain deeper than his physical ailment coursed through him. Dallas couldn't see himself loving another person after Jodie. He vowed in that moment he would never replace her in his heart.

Chapter One

“Hot Damn!” Dallas Caulfield shifted uncomfortably and swore under his breath. A small girl retrieving her pink luggage from the carousel frowned up at him. Apparently his curse wasn’t quiet enough. His only excuse was his inability to control his reaction to the sexy stewardess he was picking up from the airport. Danielle Stewart, with hair the color of his black bay, porcelain skin and eyes that matched her navy blue outfit, was a walking goddess.

“I sure hope you’re Dallas.” Her voice was breathless as she stared at the sign he gripped, “Because I really don’t have time to deal with a potential stalker.” She grinned wide.

“Uh, yeah.” He looked down at her scrawled name. He knew her the minute she came into his view. He’d seen pictures of her at Buck and Chastity’s in Montana.

“Great. Let’s go to the car, shall we?” Danielle took strides and Dallas couldn’t help but wonder if he’d rather see her coming or going as he admired her assets from behind.

“Where’s the fire?” He managed to catch up with her outside the terminal.

“In there.” She nodded back at the building, “I just did back to back shifts across the fricken’ country. I had to get out before someone grabbed me for another.” She rested on her luggage, crossing her legs.

Dallas swallowed hard as Danielle’s skirt inched up. Were knees supposed to be sexy?

“Sorry. I don’t mean to sound ungrateful. I really appreciate you putting me up for the week. But right now all I’m interested in is going to bed.” She rubbed the back of her calves.

“Of course.” Dallas knew what she meant, but the way she phrased her exhaustion made him imagine her naked beneath him. Damn! His jeans tightened over his cock. Dallas regretted not wearing khakis; his erection demanded the extra room.

“So where are you parked?” She looked out over the parking ramp.

“Company car, which reminds me...” Dallas took out his phone and dialed his driver.
“Roger, you want to pick us up at terminal two, parking ramp H. It’s green.”

“Yep I got it, boss. See you in a few.” Roger’s voice came loudly through the earpiece.

“Great.” Dallas folded the phone shut. “Roger will be here in a few minutes, and then I’ll take you back to the ranch so we can go to bed.”

“Oh. You’re joining me?” She winked a big blue eye at him.

“I mean you can go to bed. I’ll be there but not in bed with you, of course.”

“Darn.” She pouted. He was certain her modest sulk was for effect.

Dallas didn’t have time to banter with her. Roger rounded the corner to park the company car in front of them.

Roger made short work of Danielle’s luggage. He placed the bags in the trunk before quickly opening the door for her.

Dallas was impressed. Roger was an excellent employee, but Dallas doubted the driver ever worked with such energy before.

Once they were seated inside the limo, Danielle kicked off her matching heels and began rubbing her feet over her legs.

Dallas groaned. He leaned back into his seat captivated by her long legs. He wondered what they would feel like wrapped around his flanks as he drove into her. Dallas imagined her heels pressing against his flesh pushing him deeper inside. A groan escaped his mouth.

“Again, I can’t tell you how relieved I am that you are putting me up. Ever since I started taking the airline’s western flights, it’s been harder than heck to get a day off. You have no idea how ruthless they can be; if I stay in the company endorsed hotel, they find me. I prefer going off the grid so to speak.” She continued massaging her feet.

“Why do you wear the heels if they are so uncomfortable?” His curiosity got the best of him.

“They aren’t.”

He nodded straight at Danielle rubbing her feet.

“No really, they aren’t. I’m just glad to be out of them. Besides they make the legs look good.” She stopped.

Dallas didn’t think her legs really needed any help, but he knew better than to say so. He couldn’t help but wonder why she stayed employed with the airlines if she didn’t like it. He

knew the economy was tough and most people weren't as lucky as his family. She just seemed damned unhappy.

Danielle loosened the scarf she tucked beneath her blazer. She pulled the fabric out. Dallas's mouth watered at the swells revealed beneath. He saw flashes of purple silk and realized only the jacket lay between him and her lingerie. What the hell was the matter with him? He wasn't some untried youth who'd never laid a woman. Well not a woman like Danielle, all curves and silk underwear. She was overwhelming to all his senses.

"So what do you do, cowboy?" Danielle settled into her seat. Her hair blended into the dark fabric, contrasting sharply with her ivory skin.

"I'm the chief financial officer of Caulfield Cattle and Oil at your service, ma'am." He tipped his Stetson towards her.

"Sounds like a bunch of cash burning a hole in your pocket." She whistled.

Dallas was never ashamed of his family's money, but now he was uncomfortable. He looked at Danielle who continued to rub her feet. In front of him was a woman who worked long stretches without much time off. He originally was inconvenienced at even coming to get her. Now, he was a capital ass; there was no doubt in his mind.

"Are you okay?" She waved at him as if he were stunned. He was. He had no idea how he was supposed to manage his reaction with her. Dallas knew her for nearly thirty minutes and she'd already managed to wreck the steady calm he was known for among his relations.

"I'm fine, just a bit shell-shocked."

"Oh?" She crossed her legs.

Dallas shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Damn hard-on.

"You're not what I expected." He hoped Danielle appreciated his honesty.

"Did you expect a blond bimbo with a stacked rack?" Her eyes darkened as she voiced her accusation.

"Of course not, I've seen pictures of you. In the flesh, I knew exactly what to expect. However, your directness surprises me."

"Sorry, I can be a bit nippy." She visibly relaxed.

"No. Overall, I like it." He instinctively dropped his gaze to her nipples.

"You like direct women?" Danielle bent forward, giving him a fine view of her ample bust.

“I don’t know. You’re the first I’ve met in a long time.” Dallas didn’t withhold his heated gaze.

Danielle sidled over to his side of the limo.

“That must be very disappointing for you.” She rested her slender hand on his inner thigh, her tapered red nails scraping against his balls.

Dallas couldn’t stop the groan that slipped past his lips.

“Would you like me to touch your bare cock?” her velvet voice whispered. The tiny hairs on his neck stood at attention, just like his shaft straining against the buckle of his jeans.

“Yes.” His voice was strained.

Danielle teased her thumb underneath the waistband until her index and middle fingers rested against his button-fly. First she loosened the belt until the leather was free of the denim loops. Then, Danielle slowly undid each button giving his erection desperately needed freedom.

His shaft already managed to work free of his boxers.

“Hmm. Nice.” Her soft touch grazed his cock, rubbing the underside until there was a rhythm where his hips responded.

He bucked against her capable touch.

“Are you going to cum in my hand, cowboy?” Her voice beckoned him like a siren.

“God. Yes, Danielle,” he cried out her name as if saying her name would give him some sort of power in a scenario where he had none.

“Call me Dani.” She leaned farther forward. Her pink lips getting closer were his undoing.

“Dani,” he groaned as his seed spilled onto her and the purple fabric of her lingerie.

* * * *

Danielle couldn’t help but grin down at the white fluid starting to dry on her violet, custom-made corset.

Dallas fumbled over by the limo bar before passing her a miniature towel.

“Here.” His ruggedly striking face was bright red as he passed the white terrycloth to her. His expression made him look young.

“How old are you?” She accepted the towel.

“I just reached thirty-two.” He finished buttoning up his dark-denim Levis.

Three years her junior, somehow she felt older. Dani roughly wiped her hands and reached into her purse and pulled out a liquid sanitizer. Dani spritzed and rubbed her hands until she believed all the semen was gone. Scooting back to her designated side of the limo, she looked at Dallas. When she'd taken him in her hand she'd felt every bit the seductress.

"Did I make our encounter awkward for you?" she asked.

"No. Of course not." Dallas fumbled with his belt buckle.

"I'm a bit impulsive," Dani confessed.

"I like it." He lifted his head; there was a hint of laughter around his mouth, revealing some very boyish dimples.

Too boyish; she felt like Mrs. Robinson. A girl should not feel that way, not about a man she'd had designs on since she saw a picture on an end-table in her friend's living room.

The limo stopped.

"We've arrived," his voice seized a rasp of enthusiasm.

The hot air hit Dani with a force she hadn't felt as keenly at the airport. Her senses were heightened following her intimate encounter with Dallas.

"Let's get your things to the house."

Dani stood on the sidelines as Roger retrieved her pilot case from the trunk. Roger's eyes seemed to assess her when he released the handle to her. She wondered if he suspected what happened in the back of the car.

"Right this way."

Dani twirled slowly away from Roger, her fascination growing as she followed Dallas into the ranch house. She couldn't help but admire the view from behind. He had such a tight little ass. Damn!

"Your room is down the hall, second door on the left." The tour began. No chance of finishing what was started in the car. No matter. She was a patient woman.

Dani heard the love for his house in every detail he expressed. His devotion was unmistakable. The house was very rustic and totally male. The only exception was his mother's sitting room. The delicate lady-like room looked as though English tea was still served. French furniture with lace doilies stood apart from the log furniture scattered through the rest of the house. In spite of their money it didn't seem as though the Caulfields were extravagant in their style. It seemed like any other middle-class home.

“Here’s your room.”

The guest room also stood apart. Dani took in the ivory walls with soft eyelet embroidery of a matching color on the bed. White gauze in full, wide panels covered the windows with tiebacks restraining the material from the patio doors. The wicker headboard and furniture in vanilla made this a place of pristine whimsy. The beauty of it caused her heart to skip a beat. She was appreciative of her host’s generosity.

“Where’s your room?” she asked without shame. She needed a distraction from the overwhelming romanticism of this space.

“Follow me.” He led her out French doors leading to a pool area that was anything but middle class.

“Oh my.” She was awestruck. Outside her room was Eden. Four little pools flowed into a much larger one which was done in a natural style with boulders, rocks and greenery. The pools were raised and waterfalls flowed down to the larger pond. Dani couldn’t resist; she reached down to touch the closest pool. It was warm like a hot spring.

“That’s the hot tub,” Dallas said.

“Across from it is our koi pond which is actually separate from the pool but the designer was able to encompass the look. Kitty-corner,” he pointed across the pool area, “is the kiddy-pool also not connected.”

“Are all the pools separated?” She wondered if it was all an illusion.

“No. These are connected. The waterfall from the hot tub keeps the pool warm even in the winter and the one outside my room is a waterslide.”

Dani stared at the matching French patio doors similar to her own.

“Is this your room?” Dani liked that Dallas was close by. A hot flame surged through her as she imagined their nightly trysts.

“Yep. Feel free to stop by anytime.” He reached out and trapped her wrist.

She offered no resistance and lost herself as his sinewy arms closed around her before he lowered his head to hers.

His tongue pressed against her delicate lips. She complied. He thrust in and out of her mouth; a promise of what would come.

Dani squeezed her thighs together, in spite of her need. Best things in life were worth waiting for. She truly believed Dallas was the best thing she'd seen in a long time. She broke off the kiss.

"Later?" His green eyes held a questioning gaze.

"Yes, please." The words came out in a quick breath.

"No problem. Follow me."

They continued around the pool to a patio set up on the opposite side for entertaining outdoors with a dining area and a massive grill. There was also an outdoor stone fireplace with comfortable lounge-style chairs for conversation between the two bedrooms.

"The kitchen is right through these doors and down the hall from the bedrooms, if you find you're ravenous in the middle of the night and I can't accommodate." Dallas winked at her.

As she stepped into the kitchen closing the sliding patio screen behind her, she heard footsteps down the hall.

"Don't worry. That's just my hired man Cal—"

"Ryder." Dani finished the sentence.

Cal Ryder was as shocked to see her as she him. He just didn't stay dumbfounded long-enough. Dani silently cursed her bad luck.

Chapter Two

“Dani Stewart! Is that you girl?” Cal dropped his coffee cup.

“In the flesh.”

“Hot damn!”

Dallas watched in dismay as Cal crossed the short distance of the room to grab Danielle about the waist and lift her up like she was a feather.

“How do you two know each other?” Dallas struggled to voice the question.

“Dani and I met in Vegas about...” He focused on Danielle. “What was it...two years ago?”

“About.” Color rose in her cheeks.

“Anyhow, her and I, we had ourselves one hell of a private rodeo, if you catch my drift.”

Dallas merely nodded. The meaning was loud, clear and upsetting as all get out.

“What are you doing here, girl?” Cal smacked her behind. The sound pierced the air.

“She’s on vacation.” Dallas’s jaw locked as Cal’s palm stroked downward possessively to Dani’s hip.

“Yee-haw,” Cal whispered low into Danielle’s ear.

Dallas still heard it.

He clenched his fists tight until he heard a feminine giggle erupt from Danielle. Dallas had no hold over her. Danielle was her own woman and could choose whichever man she wanted. Damn it anyhow.

Dallas couldn’t remember the last time he competed for a woman’s affections, if ever. Cal certainly was a worthy adversary. The two men were friends since their Longhorn days at university. Even then they’d never competed. Dallas was a bit of a bookworm back then, no

room for competition. They'd become friends when Dallas tutored Cal in trigonometry. Cal was on the football team and on his way to the pros when he blew his knee out during the Cotton Bowl. Cal was able to fall back on his business administration degree that Dallas helped him get but preferred to work for Dallas at the ranch. Today was the first time Dallas regretted hiring him.

"I was just going to let Dani settle into her room."

"I'll be pleased to show the way." Cal squeezed her tighter.

"I know the way. Dallas gave me a tour." She pulled away, loosening Cal's grip.

Dallas rested his chin against his chest hiding his smirk.

"If you gentlemen don't mind, I think I'll go to my room and freshen up."

"You don't need no freshnin,' girlie. You smell mighty fine to me," Cal drawled.

"Nonetheless..." She walked away.

"Did you ever see a woman so finely made?" Cal groaned as Danielle exited the room.

"If I recall, you feel that way about many women," Dallas responded.

"You're not wrong. Dani is different."

"How so?" Dallas asked.

"I never forgot her. In all my years with the opposite sex, I still remember one night with Dani."

"Well best you forget that night." Dallas intended to use every trick at his disposal to keep Cal at bay.

"Whoa! Do I sense a challenge?" There was a glint in Cal's brown eyes.

"Course not. Well, Danielle's a guest and friend of Buck's wife, Chastity. I don't need her going home with a broken heart and telling my sister-in-law."

"I wouldn't break her heart. Hell, I'd keep Dani if she let me." Cal finally sat down.

"Oh?" Dallas was far too curious to let the comment go.

"I nearly proposed to her in Vegas."

Dallas remained quiet. He had no idea Cal was lovesick over the girl.

"She was just lookin' for a good time though." Cal sulked.

"Maybe she's changed." Dallas couldn't stop the words falling from his mouth, despite his own desire. Cal's feelings for Danielle affected any stake he wanted to claim. He wasn't about to let his libido wreck a love-match.

“You think?” The hope in Cal’s dark eyes made his decision seem right. Dallas amended his plan to seduce her. He wouldn’t go anywhere near Danielle. As far as he was concerned, she was officially off-limits.

* * * *

Dani stayed holed up well past the time she thought Cal should be gone. The time was eight o’clock in the evening to be exact.

The growl of her stomach was the only reason she escaped her room. She padded her way across the dim hallway and managed to make a PB&J and steal a Diet Coke from the fridge without alarming anyone. The creak of the front door made her bolt out onto the patio towards the pool in such haste she left her food on the kitchen counter. She continued backing up as she peered through the darkness to see who entered the Caulfield house. That was her ill-fated mistake.

SPLASH!

Dani felt cool water rush up the white fluffy robe she’d found in her personal bathroom, wetting her skin, soaking her royal blue silk PJ’s. Blood rushed to her cheeks when she thought of who might greet her at the surface.

The robe was saturated now and she shed the weight as she swam upward.

“Dani-girl, you okay?”

She recognized the voice immediately once she cleared the water. Of all people why Cal Ryder? Dani remembered his tenacity in Vegas. He was hard to shake. Dani doubted she was the best lay ever and was sure he’d seen better before and after their encounter. He was good-looking but not worth the trouble.

“I tripped.” Her excuse sounded plausible in her mind as she gripped the edge of the pool.

“I think you’ve been avoidin’ me.” Cal reached his hand down to assist her.

“Why would I do that?” Dani crawled along the ledge towards the stairs.

“You tell me.” He kept pace with her.

Dani finally reached the stairs and slowly ascended out of the water. Despite being early spring the night air was hotter than she expected.

At Cal’s sharp intake of breath, she looked down.

The dark material clung to her like a sheath, outlining her ample form. Dani’s nipples puckered under his watchful stare. Her belly-ring rubbed up against the material and the fabric

wedged its way between her nether lips giving her a camel toe. She wondered how much more was revealed. Dani stood there wishing the heavy robe wasn't resting on the bottom of the pool. Distracted by that thought, she was unprepared for Cal's embrace.

He kissed her with such force. His passion was unmistakable. Cal's arousal rested against her pelvis. She'd forgotten how delicious he was.

Dani moaned unable to resist his advance. She quieted the part of her mind demanding more than a good fuck. She needed a man, and Cal would certainly do.

"Dani-girl, I want you something fierce."

"I can tell," she panted.

Cal scooped her up into his brawny arms with ease. His T-shirt dampened and the definition of his muscles filled the white cotton to perfection. Cal's nipples budded up as well. She licked his neck in delight.

"I'm not going to make it to the lounge if you continue that play, baby."

Dani nipped at his ear.

He promptly set her down on the stone counter.

"I taste you first," he grunted.

As soon as her backside hit the granite, and he was ripping at her top. The buttons popped as his eagerness took over. When her breasts were exposed, Cal began to lap at the large globes, making his way towards her distended coral nipples. He whisked one tender peak with his tongue while he began a lust-arousing discovery of her yielding flesh. The stroking of his fingers thrilled her.

A moan caught in Dani's throat. She was too delighted by his touch to offer any objection. Her mind smoldered with the recollection of their last mating.

Cal's tongue explored the fullness of her curves, trailing lower to the apex of her thighs.

Dani gasped when he lowered his mouth to her aching clit. Her impatient longing for release compelled her to grasp his tawny hair, drawing him closer. Her pussy tingled as he continued to rub her channel with expert skill.

His tongue darted over her responsive nub, sending tremors of delight through her. Yep. Dani definitely remembered his skill. Cal Ryder was one of the most gifted lovers she'd had. His talent with his tongue was unsurpassed. She reclined, resting her bare skin against the cool granite, and closed her eyes. Dani's burning desire, and aching need, was the wish Cal was

someone else. She longed for the tongue circling her clit and the digits plunging into her hot, wet sheath to belong to Dallas. She hungered for him since their encounter in the back of the limo. Dani was seized by an orgasm so passionate she bucked uncontrollably against Cal's knowledgeable handling.

"That's a good filly." His finger inched towards her anus as he circled the forbidden hole.

Opening her eyes, Dani came back to reality. She lifted herself up on one elbow. Dani wasn't really surprised to find Dallas staring at them from across the pool. Dallas watched them closely, his hunter gaze riveted on her. A frustrated blush stole into her cheeks. She withdrew her glance and in one forward motion, locked her arms behind Cal's neck.

"Dallas is watching us," she whispered with calm, but desperate, control.

"Let him," Cal's tone was unapologetic.

Dani considered his words for a split second, but couldn't deny the tantalizing excitement building within her at the prospect of Dallas watching her with another. She lifted her eyes across the water. When she saw Dallas lounging in a canvas chair outside his dimly lit room her first emotion was relief. Dani felt an eagerness coming from him. He scanned her decisively and beamed appreciation. The nearness of him created a hot ache demanding fulfillment.

She settled back, sinking into Cal's corded embrace. His fervent kisses feathered her neck. Her pussy quivered from his massage of her back crevice. His tongue traced her swollen lips before entering, just as his index entered her ass.

Dani gasped in starved agony as he explored both orifices with deft knowledge of her secret desires. His exploration was hungry yet tender.

Cal raised his mouth from hers and gazed into her eyes but continued his artistic probing. His chocolate eyes held unbidden questions.

Dani arched towards his touch, widening her thighs. Lifting her head, Dani's gaze came to rest across the pool where Dallas stood. The green towel he'd worn dropped to the stark cement. Water still glistened on his skin from an obvious shower. His short blond hair was damp and contrasted sharply with his deep tan. In the dim light, his emerald eyes seemed to pierce her soul as he looked his fill. She bit her lip to stop her outcry of delight at the view of Dallas with his extended cock in hand.

* * * *

Dallas gave into his curiosity of watching the couple when he'd exited his patio door. Cal's very vocal "let him," gave him permission to enjoy the lovers' uninhibited consummation.

He looked on as Danielle gave a genuine exclamation of delight. He made no attempt to hide the fact he spied or was getting off.

Danielle licked her strawberry lips, causing him to moan. Dallas rubbed his shaft allowing the pre-cum to help moisten his cock. He recalled with ecstasy the caress of her capable touch. The feel of her fingers burned into his memory. He held her indigo stare and continued his masturbation. He widened his thighs allowing more room for increased strokes.

Dallas ached to touch her. His shoulders heaved as he grasped his throbbing cock. He longed to take Cal's place. His brain told him to stand firm in his convictions, but his libido refused. He wondered what she tasted like as Cal tongued her delectable pink flesh. He envied his friend feeling the release of her climax.

Her blue eyes finally locked into his as if she desperately yearned for him. Cal seemed to be touching her again, making no attempt to mount her. Dallas was both relieved and desperate to fulfill her fantasy. The notion of stirring her passions made his grow stronger. He heartily rubbed his shaft. The involuntary tremors of climax took over. He groaned long and low as he abandoned himself to release.

Danielle's fervor was unmistakable as she cried out, "Dallas!"

His name echoed into the night. He grabbed the nearby damp towel and walked silently back to his room. Dallas was so spent he didn't bother to hide his limp.

Dallas savored the feeling of satisfaction before closing the patio door behind him.

Chapter Three

Dallas stiffened as Cal entered his home office.

“What do you need done around here today?” Cal asked before sliding into his black leather sofa.

Good. They were going to pretend like last night didn’t happen. In a way Cal’s dodging flabbergasted him. Cal usually liked to rib him pretty hard, and Dallas was sure his voyeuristic activities last night met Cal’s teasing standards.

“I don’t really have any projects here today,” he replied, distracted.

“Errands in town?” Cal leaned against an arm of the couch and rested his dusty boots on the opposite side, his weight sinking him into the pliable furniture.

“Nope,” he frowned as dirt settled on the arm. Dallas was suspicious and wondered what Cal was really after.

“So you really have nothing planned?” Cal raised a dark eyebrow.

“What do you want, Cal?” Dallas growled. He didn’t bother to hide his irritation. Dallas rifled through the papers on his desk, not looking at his friend.

“I was planning on spending some quality time with Dani.”

There was the claim. Cal was trying out his subtle technique.

Dallas didn’t dare say a word. He resolved to maintain the façade and be practical. There was no way acknowledgment of last night would bring anything less than a giant mess.

“Maybe I’ll have a repeat performance of last night?” Cal’s voice held a challenge.

Apparently they were past subtle. Dallas knew the man was pointing out the obvious. So he watched them, his voyeurism didn’t seem to bother Cal at the time, so what was his beef now?

“Sounds good.” Dallas wasn’t about to admit wrong doing, let alone justify his actions.

“Maybe you’d like to join us next time?”

Dallas looked up from his papers expecting to see a devilish expression; instead he was met with a sober inquiring stare.

“You’re serious?” He wondered why his charming easy-going friend all of a sudden seemed thought-provoking and intense.

“Absolutely, I don’t mind if we share.”

“Like hell you don’t.”

Cal looked taken aback. For Dallas the image remained vivid.

“Remember that girl in college who wanted to sleep with both of us?”

“No.” Cal stiffened. He looked down. The brim of his hat hid his expression.

“Shelia something.”

Silence.

“You dated her for three months. When she asked, your response was, ‘I don’t share.’ You broke up a week later.” He couldn’t believe Cal didn’t remember. His cock hardened at the memory of soft red lips and a question in a darkened booth.

“I didn’t because you had just met someone,” Cal’s voice was an inaudible whisper.

Anything Dallas was going to say lodged in his throat. Memories of extreme opposites flooded back, haunting him. He felt ice-cold remorse, and guilt wash over him. Dani’s presence distracted him from his past. He allowed the pain to build a wall. His fiancée Jodie was one more reason he shouldn’t be involved with Dani.

“Of course.” Dallas kept his voice level.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t want to bring Jodie up.” Cal jerked to his feet. He closed the distance from the sofa to a chair across from Dallas’s desk. He didn’t drop down, but remained still and seized the edge of the mahogany desk.

“It’s done.” Just thinking of Jodie crushed him. The conversation let past nightmares and doubts cloud the present.

Cal took a deep, unsteady breath before settling into the wing backed chair. He seemed relieved, yet minutes passed in silence.

“Maybe you should reconsider?” He shifted in the chair.

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea.” Dallas heard the question and fought with his conscience.

“After last night I’m sure Dani would enjoy attention from you.”

“Didn’t it bother you when she shouted my name?” He acknowledged his participation with the question.

“Not at all.”

Dallas must have had the most perplexed look on his face because Cal chuckled.

“She’s more woman than I can hold; it’s probably why she didn’t stay before.” Cal flicked invisible lint from his jeans.

“She is a handful,” Dallas spoke from experience.

“I want to grant her secret desires and gain her surrender. When she leaves here I want her longing from the memories. Her unbridled passion might be my only chance.” Cal was obviously eager.

Dallas was smart enough to see his friend was smitten, so he didn’t mention he would also be in Danielle’s memories.

“I think we need to be sure she wants both of us,” he remarked.

“I believe sharing two-men is her fantasy.”

“Then count me in, but take...we need to take it slow,” Dallas spoke with hushed importance.

“Agreed,” Cal replied with a hint of excitement.

* * * *

Dani should’ve learned long ago not to eavesdrop. Nothing was quite as unromantic as two men plotting to seduce you. In the beginning, she was thrilled. Now Dani felt like some sort of prize. She wasn’t. Her attraction to Dallas drove her to please him, and last night she had fantasized about both men taking her. How could she not? Cal pleased her as Dallas pleased himself. She wasn’t sure if a ménage was the right choice. Dani was wet between her thighs now in spite of her reservations. She was attracted to Cal but much more towards Dallas. Unfortunately he seemed to have a past love that was not entirely absent from the picture. And why did that bother her so much?

Dani didn’t have time to question her feelings before she heard boot-steps tap on the hard wood floor. She dashed down the eggshell hallway as fast as her robust legs would carry her, and blindly rounded the corner to the kitchen with barely enough time to pause for a breath.

“Danielle, were you looking for something?”

She pivoted to answer her host's question, hoping the rise and fall of her chest didn't reveal her overhearing their conversation.

"Sugar; I like it in my coffee." Dani twisted back towards the maple cupboards and granite countertop trying to still her beating heart.

"Is that how you stay so sweet, darling?" The underlying sensuality of Cal's words distracted her. Dani wasn't going to let two men decide who she slept with. To her annoyance, she felt a blush creep up her neck and swiveled away from Cal.

"Where's the sugar?" She directed her question to Dallas.

"Upper left cabinet," his tone was husky.

She walked slowly to the corner cabinet and reached up, she felt a familiar touch on her rear. Cal's hand lingered and explored the curve of her bottom. Knowing Dallas watched and may participate crumbled her resolve to not share the men. Her breath hitched.

"Are you hungry, Dani-girl?"

Was she ever? Thoughts of food left her mind as blind need took over. So much for taking it slow. She merely nodded.

Dani felt strong arms scoop her up. She tilted her head into Cal's T-shirt covered chest and let him carry her down the hall to her room. He deposited her with such force on the queen bed she bounced. Her belt loosened and her red silk robe fell open revealing her breasts and navel.

Cal removed his belt and shrugged loose of his shirt. His jeans were around his ankles before he noticed Dallas standing at the door.

"Join us," Cal waved to draw Dallas closer before sidling up to her on the bed.

"Are you sure?" His question was directed solely at her. Dani was pleased with his sensitivity towards her person.

"Yes." She stared at him with hunger.

Dallas followed Cal's actions, removing first his dark denim jeans then his signature checkered shirt. She stared in wonder as his potent, lean-muscle body strode with easy style towards her. He led with his left foot and seemed hesitant, in spite of his confident strides. She briefly wondered about his unbalanced gait from last night.

"Please," she begged.

Once his weight was on the bed, Cal slid the silk material from her heated skin and drew her back towards the eggshell chintz pillows, rotating her on her side towards Dallas.

“Let him explore you,” Cal breathed against the back of her neck.

“Of course,” she opened her arms to Dallas.

Her new lover quickly captured her lips, letting his tongue explore her mouth as his hands explored her soft flesh. He cupped, squeezed and massaged her aching, sensitive breasts.

She moaned.

“Do you like his touch, Dani?” Cal asked as he nipped at her shoulder. She felt his skillful touch discovering her wet entrance.

“Yes,” she panted and parted her thighs for him.

Cal plunged two digits into her, coating them in her cream before rubbing the lubricant between the crevice of her ass. His movements were slow and sensuous. The supple muscles of her thighs tensed in arousal.

Dallas’s hand replaced where Cal’s had left, and he lightly massaged her clit.

“Wet your cock with my juices,” she whispered against his ear. When he complied, Dani wrapped her fingers around his cock and began rubbing his erect organ.

Cal’s thick shaft rubbed against the sensitive flesh of her anus, and his digits slipped up her back and wrapped tightly in her hair. He licked at her neck and gave an occasional bite to her shoulder. The vibrations he created contrasted sharply against the sensations Dallas formed at her front.

Dallas’s skillful fingers dove in and out of her wet pussy while his thumb rubbed her hot little button. His mouth covered hers hungrily, devouring all her moans. His tool was like slick velvet. Dallas wasn’t as thick as Cal, but the length was more than most girls could handle.

Dani endured such sweet torture; her impending orgasm was inevitable. Her agonized gasps filled the air. Something clenched deep inside her, with a dizzy, sudden increase of pleasure. She sucked large amounts of air as spasms of delight erupted in an incredible climax.

“On your knees, Dani-girl.”

Dani barely recovered from her release, but she would deny nothing to her men. How could she? She scrambled into the position Cal demanded. Her palms flattened against the ivory embroidered coverlet and her knees sank into the soft mattress. Dani heard the tear of the foil

wrapper seconds before Cal entered her from behind, encased in latex. He moaned. Her vaginal muscles still pulsed from tremors of ecstasy.

The cock resting at her lips belonged to Dallas, and she relished tasting his lengthy organ. He rested on his knees, making him and Cal of similar style on either end of her. She tentatively stuck her tongue out licking around the tip before closing her lips around him. His hands wound through her hair gently tugging her closer. As she took in more of his length, she moaned as she felt another wave of pleasure about to peak. She was definitely a lucky girl.

Cal continued to push deeply into her, his actions causing her to engulf more of Dallas's erection. She was curious which man would come first. It was neither. Dani's second orgasm rocketed through her, causing the shudder to reverberate to both men like dominoes on either side.

She felt Cal's deep plunge followed by his strong fingers impressing upon her hips before his rhythm came to a stop.

Dallas slowed his ministrations right as his hot seed shot to the back of her throat. She swallowed the salty liquid as he began to pull away.

The three of them collapsed on the bed, wiggling beneath the soft cotton sheets, letting their heads rest on the polished fabric of the pillows. Cal and Dallas lay on either side of her. Dallas grasped the edge of the coverlet pulling the spread over them.

"We'll eat breakfast later," he said.

"Right now our goddess needs some rest." Cal yawned.

Dani agreed with her whole-heart. She wondered how much longer she would last under their careful yet contradictory styles of adoration. Dani sighed in contentment before drifting to sleep.

* * * *

After a full day of eating and relaxing, Dani awoke later that night to candlelight flickering in the dark. The soft white of her room let the light bounce off the walls and onto skin creating a warm glow. She rested on her side. Two men feathered kisses. One across the back of her neck and the other along her collarbone. Wet tongues exploring her heated skin gave Dani a stimulating sensation. Desire pooled in her abdomen as she anticipated the devotion from her two lovers.

Cal gently kneaded and stroked her aching breasts while Dallas tenderly outlined the curve of her bottom. She snuggled back against him as he reached between her thighs. Dallas placed his fingers at her wet entrance before slipping one in.

Dani moaned as she thrust her hips towards him.

Cal caught her bruised lips between his, capturing the small mewls escaping her. He trailed his fingers to her dark nest of curls. He explored until he discovered her clit and he excited her button with small strokes, mimicking his tongue.

Dani pressed her hips forward, and Dallas closed in behind her with his long fingers brushing inside her wet pussy. Yearning pushed the blood through her veins until it beat like a pagan drum inside her chest. Their touch was ravishing her in harmony. Waves of euphoria flooded through her. Dani was captured by such head-over-heels bliss, she screamed in wild abandon.

As luck would have it there was no rest for the wicked. Dani smiled in contentment as digits slipped out to be replaced by two very different cocks.

Cal was the first to suit up and slide in claiming his prize. Cal's tool was thick and rigid in her pussy.

Dallas was teasing her rosebud, his long cock nestled against her back thigh.

"Let Dallas have your luscious plump ass," Cal encouraged her.

Dani couldn't deny such a carnal request. She draped her thigh over Cal, allowing Dallas access to her back entrance. His fingers worked in and out of her tight ass until she bucked back craving his touch.

"Are you ready, beautiful?" Dallas asked.

Dani was incapable of speech and could merely nod. She felt the pinnacle of his penis press against her taut anus. She stilled, allowing Cal's light forward thrusts to impale her inch by agonizing inch on Dallas.

Once sandwiched between the two men, they stopped their advances. However, their smothering lips and exploratory touch was constant.

"Please," she begged in sweet hunger.

Her permission was all the men needed before their lustful jabs continued. Their enthusiastic responses matched her own. She yielded in searing need.

Dani saw the heart rending kindness of Cal's gaze and a soft gasp escaped her. His affection frightened her. She closed her eyes, worn out by uncertainty. Dani couldn't afford his romantic notions, not when all she felt was desire. She courageously met his coffee-colored eyes and forced her lips to curve upward. He gripped her hips in response.

Dani responded to Dallas in spite of Cal's intense stare. She felt the sexual energy emanating from him like a beacon. It drew her like a moth to flame. Dani pressed her buttocks backward to meet his driving pelvis. Here was a man she wanted to feel more than lust for her. Dani fought the overwhelming desire to twist away from Cal and give her attentions to Dallas. She molded tight against Dallas's hard body. She was completely enthralled by his trim, athletic physique pressed against her pliant form. His grip curled into her shoulders as he nuzzled her neck with kisses.

Both men increased their tempo, their thrusts seemed to alternate as if filling any sexual void that might be left within her. The dizzying sudden increase of impatient longing was unavoidable. Her carnal moment of release came with soul-shattering frenzy. Dani was carried away by her own response and failed to notice the men neared their own orgasms.

Cal groaned in blissful agony as he convulsed against her.

Dallas continued thrusting into her forbidden channel. Something in his strokes soothed and aroused. He gently rocked her back and forth. Dani shivered from his intimate contact.

"You are so fucking perfect," he whispered, his breath hot against her neck.

Dani moaned in response, pressing her buttocks back.

His palms moved to dig into the yielding flesh of her hips, yet she didn't stop him or cry out. She hoped he pressed hard enough to bruise, branding her with his mark. Dallas plunged into her once more, stiffened and freed an uninhibited cry of satisfaction.

Skin to skin, Dallas, Cal and herself were one. The contentment was wholesome and likely to explode. Dani could not continue loving both men; it was too much to take, when her heart had already chosen one. She was embraced by half-ice and half-flame. Dani snuggled back towards the flame.

Chapter Four

The next morning Cal left in a rush for Vegas, leaving Dani and Dallas alone. Dallas asked her if she'd like to visit a local winery.

"That sounds romantic," she said quietly before pecking him on the cheek to go change.

"We usually have Grapefest every fall, so hopefully our tour will be relaxed." He started the conversation as they drove to her first winery.

"Maybe I should come down for the festival sometime?" She faltered asking the question. Dani couldn't understand why she was nervous. She'd already slept with Dallas, but somehow driving in the car seemed far more intimate than the acts she'd committed with Cal and Dallas.

"I'd like that."

Dani watched as he maneuvered the car effortlessly, she couldn't help but remember his hands on her hips last night as he drew her back towards him. A moan passed her lips.

"I'd like some of that too," Dallas tilted his golden head and gave her a devilish smile.

"You don't even know what I'm thinking," she retorted.

"Last night."

"Yes," Dani didn't deny it. What the three of them shared was so carnal and so special. Her two lovers were so comfortable with each other and so adoring towards her that she wasn't about to deny her attraction for each of them, even though her heart would only love one. She squirmed uncomfortably in her seat.

"Sorry," he muttered.

She twisted, too startled to form a response.

"I shouldn't have brought it up, not without Cal," Dallas focused his attention back on the two-lane highway.

“You can certainly bring it up. As a matter of fact, I’d like you to do more.”

“But I thought...”

“Because I was squirming that I might be uncomfortable?” she asked. Dani knew she was playing with fire, but she didn’t really care.

He nodded his agreement.

“I am uncomfortable, not because of the subject matter but because I’m damn horny.”

“Are we allowed to do anything about that?”

“Because of Cal?”

He nodded again.

“I’m gonna say ‘Hell yeah.’ Cal has no hold over me.” She raised her chin and met his eyes.

“He is rather fond of you, though,” his relaxing voice probed.

“So are you.” Dani wasn’t about to involve Cal in a conversation about what he may or may not want. He hadn’t said shit, and the boy certainly knew better than to tell her what to do. She went from being horny to more than a little irritated that Cal would tell his friend she was off-limits. Cal certainly didn’t give her the same courtesy.

“Did he tell you not to sleep with me?” she asked. She wondered what happened that would make Cal so possessive.

“No.”

“Did he tell you we were a couple?”

“No.”

“Then I think what you and I do is our business, not Cal’s,” she huffed.

Dallas nodded.

The day went on silently, neither wanting to mention Cal. They traveled in silence from the winery to the ranch. The quiet gave Dani time to consider the mixed feelings flowing through her.

Cal’s invisible claim on her wasn’t entirely unwarranted. His charm was his greatest strength, and she certainly enjoyed him in the bedroom, but it paled in comparison to what she felt for Dallas.

Dallas seemed much more grounded in his life. She was getting older and her gypsy lifestyle seemed to lack its original luster. He had an air of calm and confidence she found irresistible. The man was also incredibly honest.

* * * *

Dallas lied to her about Cal. He felt guilty about it too. Cal left intentionally. He said he wasn't sure if Danielle was right for him.

"What do you mean?" he'd asked, baffled since Cal claimed wanting a long term commitment the day before.

"I think she likes you more." Cal shoved his hands deep into the pockets of his tattered jeans.

Dallas loved that Cal didn't mince words. He never softened the blow even when it was directed at him.

"Don't get me wrong, I enjoy the hell out of her. The thing is I want you to sleep with her. I need to know for sure. I'm not going to chase a woman who has designs on someone else."

"What should I tell her?" Dallas asked.

"I'm in Vegas on business."

Cal's cavalier attitude regarding Danielle made him wonder if his friend truly had any deep emotion for her or if she was simply, 'the one that got away.' Cal always did enjoy the chase much more than the catch.

Knowing how Cal felt and what he wanted from Dallas assuaged his guilt.

"Are you up for a swim?" Dallas asked, once he closed the front door behind him.

"How about a soak instead?" Danielle replied.

"Meet you outside in ten minutes."

"Five." She smiled like a seductress.

Dallas chuckled before leaving her to change. He planned seduction tonight and the hot-tub would suit just fine.

The night air was cool compared to how searing the blood coursed through him. When he thought of Danielle, he was consumed with dire need.

He was pleasantly thrilled to see Danielle in the tub topless, her large breasts bobbing on the surface of the water.

A tent immediately formed in his trunks.

“Do you have on bottoms?” he asked.

She tossed her glossy ink hair back and forth.

“When in Rome...” He grasped his waist band and pulled his trunks down to his knees, letting them fall to the concrete and shaking them from his feet.

Danielle giggled.

Dallas let her gaze trail over him. He noticed her royal-blue eyes lingered on his organ before he climbed into the hot water beside her.

Danielle seemed to pout, and Dallas didn’t resist the urge to kiss her soft lips. His lips slid across hers with tempting persuasion and didn’t yield. Dallas captured her mouth-watering lips, hoping she was as wanton as he was enslaved.

Dallas pulled her onto his lap, crushing her curvy and majestic figure against his. The slippery wetness of alabaster and tanned skin beneath the water’s level made the gesture playful. He nibbled a large globe teasingly near to his mouth. His tongue caressed the nipple until it was marble hard.

Danielle breathed lightly between parted lips. He delved his hands beneath the churning water searching for pleasure points on her ripe form.

Dallas slid his index up and down her hot slit.

“Oh, oh, oh. Touch me there,” she cried out as he pressed deeper into her cleft.

Dallas plunged two fingers into her wet pussy while his thumb pad rubbed her swollen clit. She bounced searching for release.

“Are you going to come on my hand, Danielle?”

Her sapphire eyes opened, and she convulsed around him. She mesmerized him. Her full form writhed as her nails scraped his shoulders. Danielle was truly a goddess.

As she relaxed, he pulled his digits out of her and kissed her shoulder. She lifted up so her round buttocks settled in front of his cock teasing him.

“I need to fuck you.” Dallas wasn’t going to coddle her.

“Where?” Her curious look met him as if he’d offered a challenge.

“Heat and rubbers don’t mix so how about my room.”

“Perfect.”

Dallas held her hand, and she exited the tub like a lady leaving a carriage, but he knew better. His girl was a dirty thing, and he loved it when she was wicked. Once she left the tub, he

lifted her up, so she wrapped her legs around him. Her plump ass tempted him again, but he intended to have her sweet pussy tonight. He really wanted to feel her velvet vice without a condom, but he would wait.

He made short work of the distance to his room in spite of a goddess showering him with kisses and teasing his cock with her wetness.

Dallas tossed her onto the king mattress, and all her nice parts bounced. Dallas reached into the nightstand, grabbed a foil packet and slipped the latex on his rigid organ before his goddess could escape.

Danielle stared in awe at his aching cock before licking her lips.

Dallas growled before crawling across the gray down spread and licking her dripping cunt.

She cried out, spreading her legs wider for him and clutching her hands in his short hair.

“Dallas, yes, oh yes.” Her rounded hips writhed beneath his tongue as it swirled up her slit before flicking across her clit.

“I need you.” She pushed at his shoulders.

Dallas lifted her off the comforter to slip her beneath the sheets. Her cerulean eyes stared the whole time with want. He raised himself, letting his lips explore her soft flesh. His tongue made a path up her stomach to her ample breasts. His teeth tantalized her swollen nipples to their fullest.

When his cock rested at her entrance, she tilted her hips upward, but he held her firm.

“Danielle,” he whispered.

“Call me Dani.” She flattened a palm on his heart.

“Dani, I think I love you.” Dallas gave her no time to react, plunging his shaft into her hot tight hole.

Dani bowed to his will and greedily met each thrust. She matched his urgency with her own lusty need. As Dallas roused her passion, his own grew stronger. He knew the moment of ecstasy passed into something deeper, draining his doubt and fear.

Dallas watched her smoldering gaze as she abandoned herself to him, the subtle tremors of ecstasy building in her. She surrendered completely to his seduction and thrashed in overwhelming spasms. Her red lips quivered, and her supple limbs clung to him.

Dallas rode the wild and compulsive waves of her orgasm until he bucked within her heat. He rolled off Dani and pulled her tightly against him.

* * * *

They were still naked and damp from their fierce encounter when a throat cleared.

Dallas inclined his blond head towards the patio door he'd left open.

Cal was back.

Dani scrambled to cover herself. She was ashamed. She took advantage of Cal's absence, and he deserved better.

"I can explain," she said in a choked voice. She worried she crossed a line between two friends. Why was she so impulsive? She should've waited.

"No need, Dani-girl." Cal spoke without emotion.

Dani was confused and must have looked it.

"I told Dallas to sleep with you."

"You what!" She jerked up, straightened her shoulders and stared sharply at both men, unhindered by her nakedness.

"I told—"

"I heard you, Cal; I just can't believe it." She gripped the dark blue satin sheet, shuffled to the edge of the bed and stood, trying to maintain her dwindling dignity.

"It's not what you think," Dallas said covering his privates.

"Oh do explain." She put a hand on her hip staring him down.

"Cal thought you might want me more than him."

Anything she was going to voice was lost. Dani gaped at them wondering how two men she barely knew comprehended her very soul.

"You do, don't you?" Cal asked.

"That is beside the point," she spoke with light resentment.

"What is the point?" Dallas looked as if he contemplated her impending answer.

"The point is...well it's my decision to make. Not yours." She stared pointedly at both men.

"You're right," they said almost in unison.

"Damn right I am." The steam was missing from her argument. So in typical impulsive form she said the first thing that came to her mind, "Who is Jodie?"

Dallas was still, and his square jaw tensed. He remained silent.

“Dani-girl, this is not the time or place.” Cal’s face held an intense, yet secret expression.

She was taken aback. Cal was being serious? She was more stunned when Dallas rose without a sound and left the room, pausing only to answer her question.

“She’s my fiancée.” Dallas closed the door behind him.

“He’s engaged?” she whispered to Cal before resting on the bed. She was truly a bad seed. She assumed Jodie was a past love. Now she’d slept with a man who belonged to another. Her heart sank.

“He was engaged. Jodie Ryder passed away many years ago.” Cal leisurely strolled over and settled in beside her.

“Your sister?” Dani took his hand in hers feeling tremendous sympathy for Cal.

“The same. It’s how they met you know. Dallas tutored me through trig, and my kid sister always seems to be under foot idolizing him.”

“What happened to her?” Dani asked, wishing to set all the pieces together.

“It was a sad thing really,” his mouth pulled together in a sour grin, “I drove Dallas and Jodie home one Saturday night from the bar.”

“Back in college?” she asked.

“Our last year.” Cal nodded before he continued.

“Dallas and Jodie were going to be married in the summer. They’d been out celebrating their engagement from the Monday before.”

“She was killed within a week of her engagement.” Dani barely heard her own voice.

“Anyway, they called me to pick them up since the two of them had been partying. On the way home a coyote crossed our path, and I swerved to miss the damn animal. Unfortunately, so did the oncoming driver. The car drove right into our lane, hitting us head on.”

Dani drew a sharp breath.

“Jodie and Dallas were all over each other in the back seat. She wasn’t wearing her seatbelt. The coroner said her neck snapped instantly,” he choked out.

“Was the other driver drinking?” Dani asked in a fragile whisper.

“No. It was just dumb misfortune.” He composed himself.

“Is that why Dallas occasionally limps?” Dani couldn’t stop her prodding questions.

“His leg broke. If he leads with his left side, it’s not as noticeable.” Cal gave a pinched smile.

“He still loves her.” Dani sank further into the gray down comforter, letting her shoulders slump. The tragic realization washed over. She would never replace Dallas’s true love.

“A part of him still does. I think a part of him loves you, too.” Cal put his well-muscled arm around her shoulder.

“What about you?” she asked.

“I do love you, but you should know my heart has a history of burning bright for a new love and then fading away.”

“Mine, too,” she said with a cracked smirk.

“I thought that would make us ideal.” He rubbed her back and kissed her cheek.

“Only one problem.”

“What’s that, Dani-girl?”

“I love Dallas.” She dropped her lashes.

“I know you do, sweetling.” Cal cocooned her in his strong arms, sheltering her from the loss.

Despite his best efforts, it didn’t help. Dani let the pain consume her as sobs tore past her throat.

Chapter Five

“Are you going to mope around here all day?” Cal asked.

“I don’t mope. I’m going over the financials.” Dallas was in no mood to be questioned.

“You went over them yesterday.” Cal didn’t miss a beat.

“It never hurts to be prepared.”

“It’s been months.”

“I know.” Dallas didn’t even change the topic. It had been three months since his goddess left.

“Go to her.”

“I don’t know where she lives.” Dallas didn’t want to call Buck and ask. He felt like Dani deserved better than a man who couldn’t decide who he wanted until after she was gone.

“What airline does she work for?”

“I don’t know.” He’d never considered checking the airlines, he’d just remembered when and where to pick her up. He couldn’t remember the details of her uniform, and he was too embarrassed to ask his driver Roger where he’d dropped her off at when she left.

“I do,” Cal spoke with cool knowledge.

“Who?”

“Friendly Fairlines.”

“What else?” Dallas fought to maintain composure while drumming his fingers impatiently on the dark wood desk.

“There’s a flight leaving from Grapevine to Sweetwater this afternoon.”

“What time?”

“Five p.m.” Cal gave him a travel document, “I got you a ticket to see your brother to settle up his accounts.”

“My brother?”

“Dani’s in Sweetwater on her week-long vacation.”

“How’d you—”

“Chastity called yesterday, mentioned how now would be a good time to have Buck sign the title papers for his share of your Daddy’s ranch since they were traveling to Europe once her friend Dani left in a week.”

“Do you think Chastity knows?” Dallas didn’t want his sister-in-law pissed at him over what he’d done to her friend.

“Don’t matter. I think you need to pack,” Cal said.

“Yes.” Dallas pushed away from the desk with purpose. He paused before facing Cal. “Thanks.”

“Don’t thank me. I’m just being a good business manager making sure everything is in order.”

Dallas couldn’t help it. He hugged his friend.

“Stop that.” Cal pushed on him. “You can give me a bonus at Christmas instead.” He winked.

“Done,” Dallas called out as his boot steps thundered down the hall toward his room. He rushed to pack for a flight leaving in four hours.

* * * *

Dani watched as a very pregnant Chastity waddled over toward the patio table. The sun beat down on the back patio with such intensity, even she found it unbearable.

“How are you doing?” Dani asked. She’d never seen her petite friend so burdened.

“I’m fine.” Chastity’s tight look relaxed into a smile as her outsized form found rest in the nearest chair. “Don’t worry about me. You should worry about Buck.”

“Buck?”

“Yep, once he heard twins he’s had me on bed rest, despite the doctor’s assurances that I’m perfectly healthy.”

“Why am I worried about him then?” Dani asked.

“Because if he tells me to go back to bed, I’m gonna throw something at his thick skull.” Chastity lifted the ice-tea glass to her lips as if wanting to hurl objects at her spouse was perfectly normal.

Dani laughed. It felt good. She couldn’t remember the last time she experienced amusement. She was wiping the tears from her eyes.

“I’m glad Buck’s demise makes you laugh.”

“It doesn’t, not really. The picture of you so furious is laughable to me.”

“Love does that to you. Everything is ho-hum and then suddenly without warning, it’s not.”

“I wish I knew what you meant.” Dani had no idea what ‘ho-hum’ felt like, and she longed for it with desperation. She’d been working non-stop the last three months in hopes of outrunning her past.

“You always did have thought-provoking relationships,” her friend spoke without overture.

“True.” She took a sip of her own ice tea.

“So what was it like having two lovers at once?”

Dani choked on her drink.

“What? I’m curious.” Chastity gave her best friend a harmless face.

Dani gave her a stern look.

“And bored, I haven’t gotten decently laid in months.” She was quick to deflect Dani’s mirth.

“I’m not surprised.” Dani looked down at her full stomach.

“Buck won’t even tie me down.”

“Please, too much information.” Dani covered her ears and started to hum.

“Fine, don’t tell me.” Chastity waved dismissively at her. “I’ll find out in the end. You never could keep a secret.”

Dani planned to prove her wrong.

“Do you hear that?” Chastity cupped a hand to her petite ear. “I wonder what all the shouting is about?”

Dani did hear voices coming from the other side of the house.

“I’ll check it out. You stay here.” She motioned for Chastity to stay put.

Dani followed the voices through the kitchen to the front porch.

“I said go the hell back home!” Buck yelled at the top of his lungs.

“Cal said you had the title papers for Pa’s Ranch. I’m here to pick them up.”

Dani stopped cold in the living room. She knew her lover’s voice from anywhere.

“Fine, I’ll sign and mail them to you,” Buck retorted.

“I can wait.”

“Not here.”

“Why?”

“‘Cuz I know what you’re really doin’ here, Bro. And you are not seeing her.”

Dani understood perfectly well the brothers spoke of her.

“Then why did your wife call and have me sent up here?”

Dani spun around to face Chastity on the patio, her friend’s smile was misleadingly innocent.

“What did you do?” Dani whispered hotly at her once best friend.

Chastity rose like a battleship coming towards her. Dani was wrong, she felt very sorry for Buck. He had no idea what a little witch he’d married.

“I’m fixing it.” Chastity folded her small arms across her expansive chest.

“It didn’t need fixing,” Dani argued.

“Yes it did.” Chastity was so smug in her retort that she hadn’t noticed Buck’s entry through the front door.

“Woman, you know you ain’t supposed to be out of bed.”

Dani ducked; she saw Chastity grab the vase and hurl it at Buck’s head. So did Buck. Unfortunately, Dallas didn’t and was caught in the line of fire. He staggered backwards toward the door frame when the porcelain made contact with his solid shoulder.

“Chastity, what the hell?” Buck strode towards her.

“I’m sorry, Dallas. I meant to hit your brother.” Chastity waddled towards her unintended victim.

“Leave him be, woman. He deserves it, I’m sure.” With his parting words Buck picked Chastity up in spite of her protests and carried her back to their bedroom.

“Are you okay?” Dani asked.

“Yeah I’m fine.” He swept the sharp bits off his shirt.

“I feel sorry for your brother.”

“He can handle her,” Dallas commented.

“He does, very well.”

“I didn’t even know she was pregnant. Cal said they were going to Europe next week.”

He entered into the foyer.

“Cal lied,” she retreated back.

“Oh?” He seemed disappointed.

“It seems like you came up here for no good reason.” She heard her voice muffled and abnormal.

“I wouldn’t say that. I did want to see you.” His emerald eyes searched her face as if reading her feelings.

“Well you’ve seen me.” She gestured and guided him back to the door.

“I wanted to explain why I was such an ass.”

“There’s no need. Cal told me about Jodie. I know you loved her.” The harder she fought the truth the more her heart refused to surrender.

“That’s where you are wrong. I did love Jodie. I’m not saying I didn’t, but even she wouldn’t want me to live my life alone.”

“She sounds like a smart lady,” Dani spoke without resentment. Dallas’s loss came to mean more to her during their absence. She imagined he felt as though he betrayed his love.

“She was. Dani, I have a tremendous need for you. I’ve never wanted anyone as much as I want you.”

“I’m sorry, Dallas, I need more than lust,” her voice cracked. She understood his loss, but she didn’t want to be in Jodie’s shadow.

“What more is there?”

Dani realized he wouldn’t be satisfied unless she bared her soul. If he chose to tear it apart at his will, she would not stop him. Dani must surrender completely before walking away. Anything less, and she would live with regret.

“I love you, Dallas. I felt something different from the moment I touched you in your limo.”

He stared at her with intent.

“I need more than lust. I don’t see loving another, but I deserve better than to be second best.”

“Dani, I will continue to lust after you every day. You are my goddess. I would have no other. I live to worship you.”

Dani listened with a heavy heart.

“I love you.”

Dani blinked, unsure she’d heard him right.

“You love me?” Tears welled in her eyes.

“I love you. I need you.” He lowered to one knee and retrieved a velvet red box from the pocket on his signature crisp checkered shirt. “Will you marry me?”

She couldn’t answer; she was in such disbelief.

“I realize we’ve had an unusual courtship, and I’m willing to share you if that’s what it takes,” he continued.

“No,” she calmly whispered.

“You won’t marry me.” The loss in his green eyes was unmistakable.

“I’ll marry you, but I won’t share you.”

“You don’t have to share; all I need is my goddess.” He spoke tenderly as he slipped the ring on her finger.

“And all I need is you. I love only you, Dallas Caulfield.”

Dallas let out a “Whoop,” as he lifted up his bride and spun her around. He planted a passionate kiss on her before letting her feet touch the hard wood floor.

“Want to see my room?” she asked.

“Lead the way.” Dallas tilted his hat and followed his goddess admiring her ample assets.

* * * *

“I’m pretty good, huh?” Chastity whispered from behind the cracked door.

“The best,” Buck answered.

Chastity swiveled on her heel to come face to face with her husband.

“Now get back in bed, woman,” he said, patting her behind.

The End

About the Author

Tina Holland was born in Frankfurt, Germany to military parents, and is a self-proclaimed military brat. She has been writing since childhood and continues to be prolific at least in starting manuscripts.

Tina began her career by attending a Romantic Times Convention in 2003, and writing a short story for Kathryn Falk's Bordella series.

Tina continues to write as her schedule allows. She is a member of Romance Writers of America Online. When Tina is not writing, she can be found enjoying her hobby farm in North Dakota. It may seem like a desolate place but with her husband, horses, cats, dog and chickens, it's rarely lonely. It's the perfect fit for a wonderful imagination and an opportunity to be a little naughty.

*Also Available from
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***Buckin' Chastity* by Tina Holland**

Buck Caulfield wanted to win a buckle not break a leg. He did just that, and "Doc" Chastity Meadows patched him up and then put him to bed.

Chastity never got over Buck because she didn't have time. She went from setting broken limbs to barely breaking even. Her father's untimely death left Chastity to take over the family ranch now in dire straits.

Chastity has managed to keep the banker and her ambitious neighbors at bay but for how much longer? An unexpected windfall comes: Buck Caulfield.

He had no idea Chastity owned the ranch he was looking at taking over, but now that he's found her, he's not about to let her go, not someone as lovely as his buckin' Chastity.

***Belonging to Them* by Brynn Paulin**

On the run from her past, Rayna Halliday is devastated when her old car breaks down in the middle of nowhere. She soon finds that her ex has managed to block her credit cards, her accounts and even her cell phones in an attempt to exert his control over her. Giving in to him is something she refuses to do.

When the owners of O'Keefe's Gas and Repair come to her rescue, they make her an offer that tantalizes the forbidden desires within her—she can find a way to pay for the car repairs, or she can belong to them for two weeks and they'll see to her repairs for free. At the sexual mercy of four gorgeous men for two weeks... Why not? She can have fun and get things straightened out, all at once. But there are two problems heading her way: an ex on a rampage and her heart that's in for more than just fun.

***FU* by Mia Watts**

When a screw-up by the Fullerton University Housing Office leaves Parker Galloway shacked up with four sexy men, Parker thinks four just might be her lucky number...as long as she can get Kei Yamamoto to join in the fun.

But will taking advantage of FU's mistake end up getting all five roomies kicked off campus, or will it be the closest thing to heaven Parker has ever experienced?

***Ultimate Ultimatum* by Dakota Rebel**

Annabelle has been dating Mike, Kyle and Josh at the same time for quite a while. She believes they are all happy with the arrangement until one night they drop an ultimatum on her. They inform her that she will have to pick one of them or they will decide for her. Torn by her love for all of them, she figures that she would rather be alone and heartbroken than to have to choose between them. But when the time comes to share that decision with the men, she finds out they've had a different plan in mind the whole time. One that will ultimately satisfy all of them.

***Sexing Up the Spy* by Tina Holland**

Lexi Andrews keeps her erotic writing a secret but she'll gladly risk exposure for the chance to work with "Killer" spy creator Jake Stone. While Jake is hesitant to work with anyone, he'll meet Lexi to appease his female fans. They hatch a plan to rehearse the love scenes and give Jake's novel realism.

But what starts out as an experiment soon takes on a life of its own. Jake's deadline doesn't seem as pressing as Lexi's lovely body. Can Jake and Lexi keep their hands off each other long enough to "Sex up the Spy"?

***Their Lady Liberty* by Ann Cory**

There's nothing Liberty likes better than to spend her time with the two men who ignite her body and show her pleasures like no other. She belongs to them both, and doesn't want it any other way.

Brandon and Neil can focus on little else but thoughts of Liberty's hot body and carefree ways, both always dreaming of the next time they will be together. As Brandon and Neil see it, there are worse things to be than at the mercy of a sex goddess.

Behind the steamed up windows of Brandon's van, the threesome meet up for an afternoon rendezvous. Here they can love freely, and live out their most decadent fantasies with...

Their Lady Liberty.

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