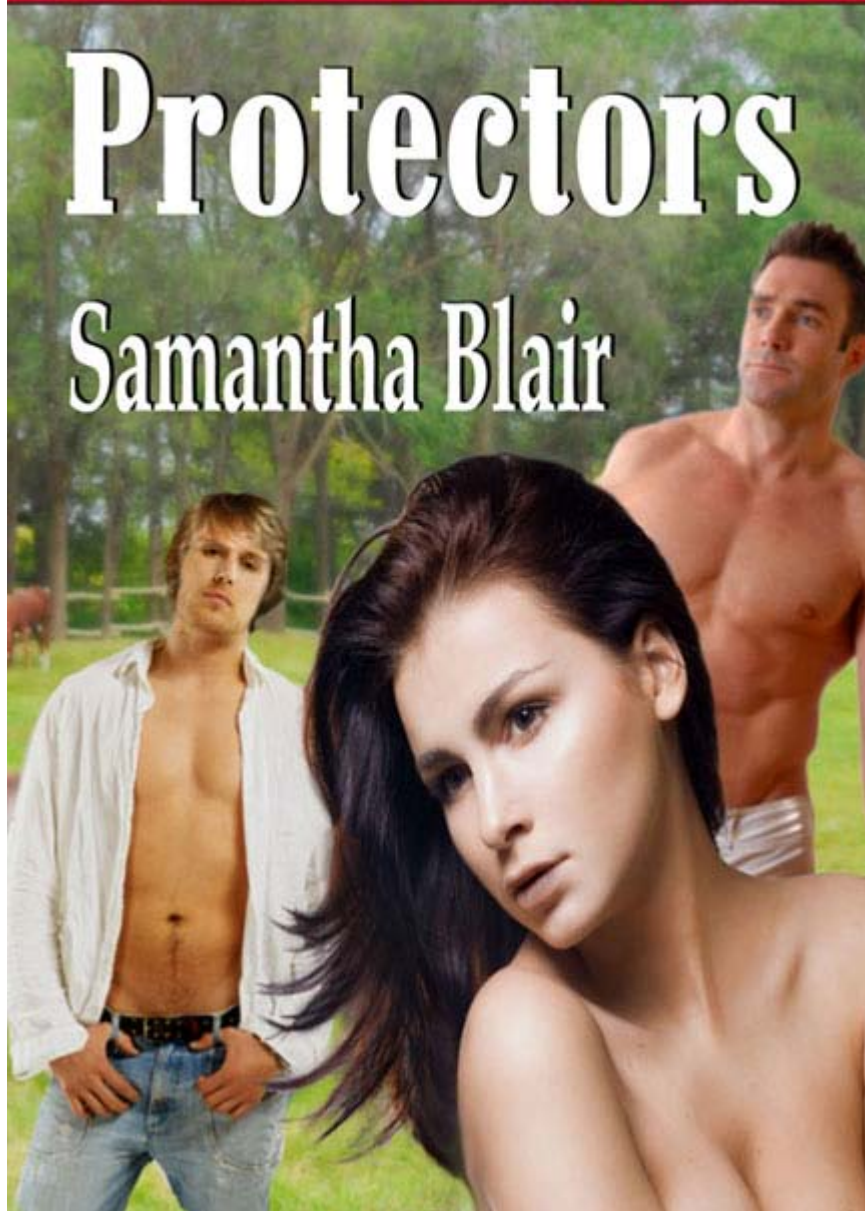


Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*

# Protectors

Samantha Blair



## Protectors

Fleeing from her dangerous and persistent ex-boyfriend, Sara quite literally runs into ranchers Tyler and Gage. Believing them to be gay, she goes home with the two smoking hot cowboys who vow to keep her safe. After patching her up, the men realize that something has been missing from their relationship... a beautiful brunette. Together, they conspire to seduce Sara by showing her exactly how delightful it is to be shared.

Tyler and Gage serve as the ultimate protectors while Sara's ex comes after her with a vengeance, but when the danger is gone, will the men be able to convince her to stay?

Protectors is packed with steamy erotic scenes that include a couple of dirty-talking cowboys who love to pleasure each other and the woman they share.

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

**Length:** 32,461 words

# **PROTECTORS**

**Samantha Blair**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



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# **DEDICATION**

For my husband who supports, even when he doesn't agree.

Special thanks to JoAnn who read and encouraged this story in its infancy. I would have given up long ago without your feedback.

# **PROTECTORS**

**SAMANTHA BLAIR**

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## **Chapter 1**

Sara Effese fled blindly through the dark. She'd gotten a head start, and as long as she didn't trip, she might just make it to the road before he could catch her. There were places to hide—the old barn, what was left of the springhouse, and the little patch of woods at the back of the property—if she could just make it to the road.

Her breath came out in tortured puffs as she pushed herself hard. She was in pretty good shape, but running through the dark, uneven field in the middle of the night wasn't easy. Endless rows of corn stretched out to her right, and she considered ducking into them, but the cornfields were full of rats and snakes. She didn't really want to step on any of those creatures in the dark.

The driveway ambled along to her left, just on the other side of the sparse tree line. Sara threw a glance over her shoulder checking for headlights. So far so good. He was probably too drunk to start the temperamental ignition in the old truck properly.

Her foot caught on a root, and she tumbled forward. Her hands groped frantically in the air before she hit the ground with a hard thud. The fall knocked the wind out of her, and she was momentarily unable to move.



In the sudden silence, she heard the truck's ignition crank. It almost fired up. It stalled. It cranked again, and this time turned over to a rough idle.

*Shit. I've got to get out of here. Move!*

Sara forced herself up from the ground, ignoring the pain in her twisted ankle and her scraped knees. The road was only about a hundred feet away. If she ran fast enough, she might make it to the other side before he made it down the long driveway. She pushed herself hard, harder than she ever had before, vowing with every step that this would be the last time. If she could just manage to hide, she would sleep until daylight, then leave and never come back.

Ten steps in front of her was the steep ditch that separated the field from the road. Nine. Eight. *Almost there.*

Gathering the last of her strength, she leaped out over the drop, expecting to feel a sharp jar in her shins as her feet hit the shoulder of the road below. Instead, she plowed straight into the passenger side door of a parked pickup truck.

\* \* \* \*

"Stop it." Tyler groaned into his lover's neck. "You're making me crazy."

"Me?" Gage teased in return. "You're the one who's been rubbing that fine ass of yours all over me for the last three hours."

"You know you like it."

"I love it, but you're lucky I didn't bend you over right there in the bar."

Tyler groaned as Gage squeezed his aching length through his jeans. "I would have been luckier if you had. You make me so fucking horny."

"Prove it. Let me see that beautiful cock."

Tyler debated, but not for very long. They were still ten minutes from home, and there was pretty much nothing along this road but

cornfields. He couldn't wait another ten minutes. Gage had fired him up so easily back in the bar, and his cock was already aching from his lover's attentions. Tyler unbuttoned his jeans and lowered the fly. He sighed in relief as his erection sprang free.

"Touch yourself," Gage commanded softly. "I want to watch you stroke that cock."

"I'm never going to last until we get home." Tyler sighed. "I want you so bad."

Tyler circled his fist around his own throbbing length as he'd been instructed. He imagined that it was Gage's hand or maybe his hot mouth instead.

\* \* \* \*

Gage flicked his eyes from the road to his partner's cock, his mouth watering at the sight of it. He knew just how the other man would sound as he swallowed it. He loved to hear Tyler groaning and panting, begging for release.

It was all that he could do to keep the truck on the road. Watching his lover handle himself on the seat beside him was more than he could take.

"I'm going to pull over. Now you're the one making me crazy."

He brought the black F-250 pickup to a halt on the side of the road. It was a nearly moonless night, and there was nothing out here but darkness and rows of corn. It was unlikely that another car would pass, and even if a car *did* pass, seeing a pickup truck pulled to the side of the road was not uncommon in this town. No one would care.

Clicking his seatbelt loose, Gage pushed Tyler back across the bench seat. He captured the other man's lips and kissed him hard. One of his hands sunk into Tyler's shaggy blond hair, the other closed around his firm erection. Tyler groaned and bucked his hips, fucking Gage's hand.

"Oh please!" he begged.

“What do you want, baby?”

“I want your mouth on my cock.”

“You want me to suck you?” He squeezed his fist around the cock in his hand, giving Tyler a couple of good, firm strokes. A drop of pre-cum leaked from the slit and rolled down onto his thumb. He spread it around the sensitive underside of the head making Tyler’s eyes roll back. “You want me to suck your cock and finger your tight ass? Stretch you out so that I can take you home and bend you over the kitchen counter?”

Without waiting for an answer, he lowered his head and licked the whole length of Tyler’s cock from his balls all the way to the tip. Tyler groaned loudly as Gage sucked the head of his cock into his waiting mouth.

“Fuck, yes.” Tyler sighed. “Feels so good.”

Gage licked and sucked, taking Tyler’s cock deep into his throat. After nearly six years together, each man knew exactly what it would take to make the other crazy with need. Normally he would draw this out, tease Tyler until he begged to be allowed an orgasm, but Tyler was not the only one with an aching erection. Gage couldn’t wait to get him home. There were things that just couldn’t be done properly in the cramped cab of a truck on the side of the road.

Gage rolled Tyler’s sensitive balls in his hand, gently caressing them as he worked him. Between the long night of teasing and Gage’s incredible skill, Tyler wouldn’t last much longer.

“Oh, fuck. Oh, Gage, that’s... Fuck, I’m gonna...”

Tyler’s hips bucked up, pushing his cock to the back of his lover’s throat. A couple more thrusts and he exploded into Gage’s greedy mouth. Tyler’s head made a soft thump as it dropped back against the seat.

“Fuck, baby, that was amazing.”

“Mmm, I’m glad you enjoyed it,” Gage replied. “Because I’m sure as hell going to enjoy your tight ass as soon as I get you home.”

“Promises, promises.”

“Hey! Have I ever broken a promise to you?”

“Never.” Tyler captured Gage’s mouth with his own, the flavor of his own seed still on his lover’s tongue. “God, I love you.”

Gage hummed in agreement.

Both men jumped apart as an unknown object slammed into the side of the truck. The whole cab shifted, and a dull thump echoed through the quiet night.

“What the fuck was that?” Gage asked.

“I don’t know. Deer maybe?”

“There’s a flashlight under the seat.”

Digging under the seat, they eventually found the flashlight. Gage got out of the truck first, Tyler sliding out the driver’s side door right behind him.

“I don’t see it,” Gage said. “Do you think it ran off?”

“I’m not sure. I was looking the other way. I didn’t see anything at all.”

Whatever had hit them made impact on the passenger side. They moved around the truck hoping that the deer, if that was what it was, hadn’t done too much damage. The beam of the heavy Craftsman flashlight illuminated the length of the embankment beside the road.

“Oh my God,” Tyler breathed.

A young woman lay curled on the ground beside the truck. Her hand was pressed to her forehead, and there was blood running down her arm. She was still moving, but she was clearly hurt. Her light summer dress offered little protection, and one of her flip-flops was missing.

*What in the hell is she doing out here?*

Tyler ran to her.

“Hey, can you hear me?” he asked, crouching down beside her.

She groaned in response.

“Don’t move. We’ll call an ambulance.”

“No!” she cried. “No hospital. He’ll find me. I have to hide.”

“Hide? From who? Is somebody after you?” Tyler asked.

"Help me, please," she begged. She tried to stand, but wobbled severely on her feet.

Tyler put his hands under her arms and pulled her back against his chest to steady her. She looked so small in his arms. Gage felt every protective instinct within him kick into full gear. Something was very wrong here.

The noise of a loud exhaust coming down a dirt road caused them all to look up.

"I have to hide," the woman repeated.

"From that truck?" Gage asked.

She nodded.

"Get her in," Gage said. He ran around to the driver's side door, pulling it open so that Tyler could hoist the woman into the tall cab. Gage was sure that Tyler would be worried about her injuries, and upset about moving her, but the more immediate danger seemed to be whatever was coming down the driveway in their direction.

Gage turned the key in the ignition and floored the accelerator. They were two hundred yards up the road before he even thought to flip the headlights back on.

\* \* \* \*

Tyler turned, looking over his shoulder and out the back window, watching for the other truck. He spotted the old rust heap when it stopped at the end of the road. A big man stumbled out of it. The headlights of his own truck briefly illuminated him well enough for Tyler to see him throw up his hands in obvious frustration.

Gage rounded the next corner putting the man out of sight.

"I think we lost him." Tyler sighed before turning his attention to the trembling woman in his lap.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" Tyler asked gently. He pushed the woman's hair back out of her face so that he could see her. Her wide brown eyes were as terrified as they were enchanting. There was a big

gash on her forehead, which was still bleeding pretty heavily, but she otherwise seemed to be okay.

She seemed familiar, but it took a moment before he could place her. Her name was Sara, he thought. They'd spoken a handful of times at the library and passed each other in the grocery store, but she'd always been on the skittish side, never staying too long and always looking over her shoulder.

Tyler unbuttoned his shirt and pulled it off.

"What're you doing?" The woman shrank back from him as if she was expecting to be assaulted.

"Your head is bleeding," he answered. He pressed the soft cotton of his shirt to the side of her head to absorb the blood.

"Oh, but you'll ruin your shirt!"

"Are you kiddin' me? Your head is bleeding, we just escaped from some psycho who was obviously after you, you are missing a shoe, your legs are all scratched up, and you're worried about my shirt?"

She started to cry as if the reality of the situation finally hit home.

"How bad is it, Ty?" Gage asked. Tyler lifted his shirt and blotted the blood away.

"It's bad enough. She needs to go to the hospital."

"No!" she pleaded. "Please no. Don't take me to the hospital. Just take me to a motel. I'll be fine."

"We're not taking you to a motel. You probably have a concussion. We need to call the police."

"No! You don't understand. He *is* the police. You can't call them. Please."

The two men eyed each other from across the cab of the truck for a long moment, considering.

"I think I can patch her up with the supplies we've got at home," Tyler said.

Gage made a U-turn in the middle of the deserted road and nosed the truck onto the lane that would take them back to the ranch.

“I’ve been looking for a reason to try out that security system anyway.”

## Chapter 2

Sara couldn't seem to get control over her trembling limbs, so Gage carried her into the house and set her on the counter in the master bathroom. Tyler went to the cabinet and started pulling out all of their first aid supplies.

"Do you need anything from the barn?"

"I don't think so," Tyler responded. "Let's see what we can do with what we have here."

Sara was still crying, but the sobs had turned to sniffles, and she was now more overwhelmed than anything. She had imaged this night ending a couple of different ways, but this particular escape scenario had never crossed her mind.

"Don't worry, honey," Tyler soothed. "We're going to take care of you."

She didn't know them well, but everyone in town knew who the men were. Most often referred to as "the gay ranchers," Tyler and Gage had caused quite a stir in the local gossip when they moved to town and bought the Big Sky Ranch. For the most part, people spoke very highly of them, when they weren't making wisecracks about their sexuality.

Sara raked her gaze over each of the men. They were both in their late thirties, maybe early forties, she guessed, but the similarities stopped there. Physically, they were very different from one another.

Standing about six-four, Gage had dark hair that was cropped military short. The tight black T-shirt that he wore accentuated his broad shoulders and enhanced his thick biceps. Sara was instantly afraid of him, although he seemed gentle enough. A man of that size



and build could do a lot of damage with his fists. She knew this from personal experience.

*He doesn't have any reason to hurt me. He's trying to help me.*

Tyler was his polar opposite, blond and fair. His hair was unruly, falling into his blue eyes and covering the tops of his ears. He, too, was tall—maybe six-one, but he seemed dwarfed by the larger man.

Tyler was naked from the waist up, as his shirt was still pressed to her forehead. She could see his strong abdominal muscles and the little line of hair that trailed down into the waistline of his jeans. His hipbones made an unbearably sexy V shape, and a hot flash of desire raced through her. Although she'd never admit it, she had noticed his handsome figure as she'd passed him in town. Seeing it up close took the attraction to a whole new level. She wanted so badly to press her lips to the sweet spot just below...

"Sara?"

"What?" she asked, wrenching her gaze away from Tyler's six-pack. When her eyes met Gage's, she realized that the men had one more thing in common. Gage's eyes were also blue, an icy, striking blue that seemed to look right into the heart of her.

Tyler took his shirt away from her and tossed it into the oversized bathtub. He replaced it with a damp towel, gently blotting her head to clear the blood away. Sara was pretty sure that he worked as a large animal veterinarian, and as a vet, Tyler probably spent most of his time caring for animals, but it was obvious that he was good at nurturing people, too. He had very gentle hands. Sara winced at the sting, but tried to hold still.

Tyler stroked her cheek, his thumb brushing across a bruise. She resisted the urge to press her face into this hand. It'd been so long since she'd been touched this way, so tenderly. Sara relaxed. She wasn't sure why, but she felt uncommonly safe with him.

"Can you tell us what happened?" Gage asked softly. "I don't want for you to be afraid, but I think we need to know what you're running from if we're going to keep you safe."

“My boyfriend... *ex*-boyfriend. That’s who was in the truck. He gets kind of mean when he drinks.”

She saw anger flash in Gage’s eyes and instinctively backed away, pulling her knees up to her chest on the counter.

\* \* \* \*

Tyler looked up to see what had startled the poor girl.

“You’re scaring her, Gage. Take it easy.” He turned his attention back to the trembling woman. “I know that he looks intimidating, honey. It’s all that manly brawn, but I promise you, he’s not going to hurt you. You don’t need to be afraid of us. We’re going to help you. Okay?”

She nodded and let him resume caring for her. The bleeding had pretty much stopped, and thankfully, the cut wasn’t as bad as he’d originally thought. Head wounds had a tendency to be deceiving because they bled so much.

He put an antiseptic on a cotton ball to disinfect it. “I don’t think I need to give you any stitches, but this is going to sting a little.” That was the understatement of the century. She hissed through clenched teeth as he applied it.

“Shhhh,” he soothed, blowing softly on her forehead to relieve the sting. “You’re gonna be all right. It’s almost over.” He applied a clean bandage to the cut, making an effort to keep the sticky backing out of her hair.

One cheek was sporting a large bruise. It was bound to be ugly and purple by tomorrow. Tyler was fairly certain that someone had punched her in the face, but he chose to keep that information to himself for the time being.

“I’m not sure if you know who we are,” Gage said, “but I’m Gage and this is my partner Tyler. You’re on our ranch.”

“Yeah, The Big Sky Ranch. I know who you are,” she replied, “but I don’t think we’ve officially met.”

“We’ve talked a couple of times at the library, if I remember correctly,” Tyler interjected, turning her neck to check for scrapes. “I recall wishing that you’d stay to talk longer, but you always seem to be in a hurry.”

“Jeremy didn’t approve of my talking with you, said that you weren’t good company to keep.” She blushed deeply, and Tyler could feel her embarrassment.

“Why’s that?” Gage asked. Tyler already knew the answer.

“He wouldn’t have approved, of um...” Sara’s gaze flitted back and forth between the two men.

Gage growled. He didn’t care much for some of the judgmental assholes in this town.

“I’m not judging you,” she clarified. “I don’t share his point of view.” Her expression was changing from embarrassment to shame.

“He knows that, sweetheart,” Tyler said. “He just doesn’t like people who get all prejudiced about shit they don’t understand. Who’s this Jeremy guy? The ex?”

“Yeah.” She lifted her eyes to Gage as if asking to be forgiven for a sin that she didn’t commit. “Do you know him? He’s the sheriff.”

“Sheriff Jeremy Granger. How could I forget?” His eyes traveled to Tyler. “He was a real piece of work. Dropped in to meet the new neighbors, couple of days after we moved in, I guess. Took one look at you out in the corral, and told me that they didn’t take kindly to faggots in this town. I politely told him to get the fuck off my property. He’s sneered at me a couple of times when I’ve passed him on the street, but for the most part, he’s left us alone.”

“Why didn’t you tell me any of this?” Tyler asked.

“I didn’t see any point to it. We’d just gotten here, and the last thing that you needed was a welcome like that. It’s not like that was the first time I’d been called a fag, and you know it won’t be the last. We knew when we moved west that we were going to run into some of this.”

“I still wish you woulda told me,” Tyler grumbled.

“Why? So you could fret over it?”

Tyler sighed in exasperation. Gage did have a point. He was a worrier. “That why you insisted on having that security system installed right after we got here?”

“It was one reason,” Gage agreed.

Tyler finished cleaning out the scrapes on Sara’s palm. “Lift up your legs, honey. I wanna get the scrapes on your knees.”

Sara obediently lifted her feet up to the counter. The hem of her dress slid up her thigh, and Tyler caught a glimpse of her blue cotton panties. He bit down on his lip to stifle a moan. Now was not the time to be noticing how attractive she was, or to think about how long it had been since he’d had the pleasure of being with a woman.

He returned his attention to her knees.

“What happened to you, sweetheart? You sure are beat up.”

“Jeremy was out with some friends. They were supposed to be gone most of the night. I’ve been planning to leave him for a while now, but I haven’t had the means or the guts to get away. It’s kind of complicated, but tonight was supposed to be the night. I packed up all of my stuff and was just about to leave when he came home early. He saw my suitcases in the living room and went ballistic.”

“He hit you?” Gage asked. It didn’t really sound like a question.

She nodded, her eyes filling with tears.

“I had a full tank of gas in my car. I’m not sure how far I would have gotten. I didn’t have anywhere to go, but I figured I’d get out of Montana and then find a job waiting tables or something until I got back on my feet.” The tears streamed down her cheeks, and Tyler handed her a box of tissues. “I couldn’t even get that far. Maybe I am stupid, like he always says. I just thought I could get out.”

Tyler pulled her into his chest. “I never want to hear you say that again. You are not stupid. You were doing the right thing trying to get out of there. We’re gonna help you. Okay?”

Lifting her gently off the counter, he set her on the ground. “You’re all patched up, but I think we should give you a change of clothes. Your dress is pretty well ruined.”

“Grab one of my T-shirts,” Gage suggested. “It should fit her like a dress.”

Tyler shot him a questioning look. It was obvious that his own clothes would be a better fit for her. He was much closer to her size, although she’d be dwarfed by either of their wardrobes. He knew his partner very well, and he could think of only one reason why Gage would have made that statement. Gage wanted to see her in his clothes because he was already staking ownership over her. He wanted her.

Tyler didn’t argue, instead leading her out of the bathroom and into the master bedroom. He pulled one of Gage’s shirts from the dresser and a pair of his own boxers from the drawer above.

“Why don’t you change and meet us down in the living room?”

She wiped a final tear away with the back of her hand and took the offered clothing. The men left her alone to change.

## Chapter 3

“So what are we going to do?” Tyler asked as soon as they were out of earshot.

“We’re going to go over the bastard’s head, call the state police, and get them to arrest the sheriff. Then we’re going to go over there, collect her stuff, and help her get her car,” Gage answered.

“Then what?”

“Then it’s up to her. If she wants to move out of state, we can’t keep her here. She should be as far away from that asshole as she can get.”

“So you *do* want to keep her here,” Tyler stated. A mischievous light glowed in his sparkling blue eyes.

Gage shot him a firm look. “I know I’m not the only one in this room who thinks she’s attractive. However, she currently believes that we’re gay, and I certainly don’t think that this is the best time to be telling her otherwise.”

“We should at least offer her a room. We’ve got plenty of space. She has nowhere else to go, no job, no means to support herself. I’ll be damned if we let her get in some car and drive off for the state line with no guarantee that she’ll be all right. You know she’ll be safe here with us.”

“Do you really think she’d accept it? I’d love it if she spent a few days with us, but it’s quite clear that she’s got some trust issues with men. I’d be surprised if we can talk her into staying the night.”

“I’m not sure, but she won’t stay if we don’t offer. Let me talk to her. I think you intimidate her with all that muscle mass.”

“I’d never hurt her, Ty. You know that.”

“Of course I do, but she doesn’t. How big is this Jeremy guy? Do you look like him?”

“I guess. Not that I’m fond of comparing myself to him, but he’s your typical male bully. Not quite as big as me, but certainly big enough to do some damage to a little lady like Sara.”

“She is tiny. It wouldn’t take much,” Tyler agreed.

“I hated him from the minute I first saw him,” Gage confided.

“And Sara?” Tyler asked. That mischievous look had appeared in his eyes again.

“What about her?”

“What do you feel for her?” Tyler asked cheekily. He was pushing, and they both knew it. If he didn’t knock it off soon, he’d wind up with a pink ass to show for it.

“I feel the same thing that you do. I want to protect her.”

“Is that all?” Tyler asked.

“She just got the crap beaten out of her by some redneck asshole, and you want me to hit on her?”

“Nope. Just verifying that you *want* to hit on her. I know I do.”

“Leave her alone, Ty. She’s not ready.”

“And neither are you.” Tyler smirked at him. “But you will be soon. Both of you.”

Gage leaned down and pressed his lips to Tyler’s, effectively ending the discussion. His fingers threaded through blond hair, tipping Ty’s head back, dominating him with his kiss. Tyler submitted to him, opening his mouth to receive his tongue.

A small squeak from the doorway alerted the men to Sara’s presence.

\* \* \* \*

Sara came downstairs after dressing to find the men in a heated embrace. She was embarrassed by how warm she felt after watching them kiss. She could admit to herself that they were both extremely

attractive men, but it was wrong. Wasn't it? To be aroused by the sight of two men kissing?

"I'm sorry," she said, backing away and blushing as the two men looked up at her. "I didn't mean to interrupt..."

"Don't be silly," Tyler said. "Please sit down."

She sat down awkwardly on the overstuffed couch opposite the loveseat that the two men were sharing.

"So Gage came up with a plan," Tyler explained. "We're going to go over Jeremy's head. We'll call the state police and have him arrested. After that we'll take you to get your car and your things. You can stay with us for a few weeks while you look for a job, and after you find something and get back on your feet, we'll help you move into your own place."

"Oh, I couldn't impose like that, and I'm not going to the police. In fact, I should be on my way. Thank you for patching me up and for getting me out of there. I'll just get out of your hair..."

"Don't be ridiculous," Tyler protested. "You don't even have a complete pair of shoes. You're not leaving this house tonight."

To her surprise, Tyler moved to hold her on the couch, gently pulling her into his strong arms. He'd pulled a T-shirt on, so she could no longer see the hard lines of his sculpted chest, but she found his warm embrace comforting anyway. He smelled of sandalwood and horses, nothing like stale beer and Jack Daniels.

Trusting these men, especially Tyler, was as easy as breathing. She didn't doubt that she was safe with them, but she didn't want to bring trouble into their lives. It was obvious that they were happy with each other. Two self-sufficient gay men would have no place in their lives for a battered woman who could barely take care of herself.

Still, it did feel incredible to be held and cared for. These were easy men to like. She really didn't want to leave, at least not tonight.

"Why don't you want to call the state police?" Gage asked.



“They all know each other. It’s my word against his,” Sara answered. “They won’t listen to me over the word of another cop. I know they won’t.”

“Ty? What would you think about calling Martel?”

“It’s not a half bad idea, I guess. It’s not in his jurisdiction by any means, but he might have an idea who we should talk to.”

“Who’s Martel?” Sara asked softly.

“Mike Martel is an old friend of mine,” Tyler explained. “We were in college together. He works for the FBI now.”

“FBI?” Sara squeaked. “That sounds like a bad idea.”

“He’s a really good friend, honey. I talk to him almost every week anyway. I’d be calling as a buddy. It’s not the same as calling the police to report an incident.”

“I think I should just leave town,” Sara stated firmly. She was terrified of Jeremy and every other person who could be considered law enforcement in any way. There was no way that she was willingly going to the police.

“Well, you’re staying for tonight, at least,” Tyler insisted. “And you’re going to let us get you a change of clothes and a decent pair of shoes. If you still want to leave after that, then I suppose we can’t stop you, but I’d really feel better if you’d agree to stay a couple more days. You’re safe here with us. We won’t let anything bad happen to you.”

“He’ll find me,” Sara stated, positive of the fact. “He knows this town inside and out. He’ll come after me if I don’t get out of here.”

“He never comes to our ranch,” Gage said. “He’s probably afraid that our sexual preferences will rub off on him or some such bullshit. No one knows that you’re here, and we don’t plan on tellin’ anyone. So you can rest easy, at least for tonight.”

Sara looked from one man to the other. Tyler’s arm was still around her shoulders comforting her. It was already after midnight, and she was exhausted. She didn’t have anywhere else to go.

“Thank you, then,” she said quietly. “I’ll stay the night, and we can figure out what to do in the morning.”

“Come on, sweetheart. I’ll show you where the guest room is.”

\* \* \* \*

Tyler looked up from where he’d had his nose buried in Sara’s hair. *God she feels good in my arms.* He helped her up from the couch and led her back up the steps. He put her in the guestroom across the hall from the room that he and Gage shared. He really wanted to tuck her into his own bed, but he knew that Gage wouldn’t agree. He didn’t want to rush her, even though he was sure that he could comfort her.

*I can think of more than one way to get her ex out of her head.*

He turned down the covers for her and watched her slide into the big bed. He admired the way her long, dark hair spilled over the white pillowcase. He fought to keep his cock in check as he pulled the covers up around her and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead. She was so beautiful.

“We’ll be right across the hall. Please come and get us if you need anything,” he whispered.

“Sleep sweet, Sara,” Gage said from the doorway.

“Thank you both, for this,” she responded.

The men left her room, pulling the door most of the way closed behind them.

## Chapter 4

Gage rolled his eyes at Tyler, as soon as they were out of Sara's view. They had discussed her staying for days, not weeks, like Tyler had suggested to her, and he really didn't believe that she would stay anyway. He knew that if Tyler got his way, she would never leave at all. They had discussed bringing a woman into their lives on more than one occasion, and it was painfully obvious from the way that Tyler was holding Sara and tucking her into bed that Tyler believed this to be the perfect opportunity. Gage wasn't so sure. They'd shared women in the past, and one time in particular the whole thing had ended badly. He wasn't in any great rush to have his heart broken again.

When they were back in their room, Gage captured Tyler around the waist and pressed him up against the wall. They kissed deeply, their hands roaming over familiar physique.

"You like her, don't you?" Gage murmured into Tyler's neck. "You are so good with her."

"I didn't do anything that you wouldn't have done yourself. We both like her. It's not your fault that those muscles intimidate her. I happen to think they're fucking sexy as hell."

Tyler's hands tugged at his belt, but Gage pushed him away, finding it faster to do the job himself. He was already hard and aching. Tyler dropped to his knees.

Gage groaned as Tyler took his cock between his lips. His hot mouth always felt fucking fantastic. Gage thrust his hips, fucking deep into the other man's mouth. Tyler loved to be used in this way,

the rougher the better as far as he was concerned, and Gage had no problem giving it to him rough.

“Ugh, not like this. Get on the bed,” Gage panted. “I want to come in that tight ass.”

“Yes, sir,” Tyler said with a smile. He hurried to the bed, shedding clothes all over the floor as he went. Gage detoured to the nightstand and retrieved a small bottle of lube before joining his lover.

“Bring that beautiful butt over here.”

Tyler turned and lifted his ass in offering. His cock was curled up against his belly, and it bounced delightfully as he moved. Gage moved in behind him, his knees forcing Tyler’s a little farther apart.

“Tell me what you want,” he growled.

“I want you to fuck me,” Tyler said, his voice thick with desire. “Put that thick cock up my ass. God, I need you so bad.”

Gage pushed his lubricated fingers gently into Ty’s tight hole, stretching and preparing him for his cock. Tyler rocked back and forth on his fingers, trying to take him deeper. Gage reached around and palmed Tyler’s cock, giving it a good hard stroke from base to tip.

“Oh fuck,” Tyler swore.

“I’m about to,” Gage teased. He withdrew his fingers and rubbed a little more lube onto his own cock. “You ready for me?”

“Oh yes, please.”

Gage gripped Tyler’s hips and began to push his cock into the puckered hole an inch at a time.

Tyler groaned loudly, *too loudly*.

“Shhh, baby,” Gage murmured. “She’s going to hear you.”

“Mmm hmm,” Tyler agreed. “Do you think she’d enjoy it? We could invite her to watch.”

Gage rolled his eyes at his lover’s antics, but did not respond. The fantasy that she might lay awake in the dark listening to them made his cock twitch. What would it be like to have her between them in

bed? He thrust his hips forward, his balls tightening at the combined physical sensation and mental image.

When he was fully seated inside, he paused for a moment, feeling the exquisite tightness of his lover's anal passage. Tyler, impatient as ever, squeezed down on him, encouraging him to move.

"Shit, Ty. You know I won't last if you keep that up."

He began a steady rhythm with his hips, fucking the ass in front of him deep and slow. Tyler thrust back against him, trying to meet his strokes, but he pushed Tyler's shoulders down to the mattress, gaining better access and restricting Ty's ability to move.

Gage began to fuck him harder, delighting in the submission that he was showing. Gage loved to control his lover in the bedroom, and Tyler was just as eager to accept his attentions in any way that he wished to give them.

His balls made a delicious slapping noise as he slammed home in Tyler's ass.

He shifted the angle slightly so that he could fist Ty's cock in his right hand. His hand was still slick from the lube that he'd rubbed on his own cock, and Tyler's length passed smoothly through his fingers as he stroked him.

"Does it feel good, baby? You like my cock in your ass?"

"Oh God, yes. You're going to make me come."

"Not yet," Gage growled. "Wait for me."

"Oh fuck." Tyler thrust his hips back, taking Gage's wide cock all the way to the balls. It was more than either of them could take.

"Come with me," Gage cried as his orgasm overtook him. Tyler's cock pulsed and spewed in his lover's hand, spraying them both with thick streams of his ejaculate. Gage thrust one final time before pulling his cock from Tyler's dark hole. They collapsed on the bed in a tangle of limbs.

\* \* \* \*

Sara lay awake in the darkened guest room. It wasn't that she was uncomfortable—the bed was wonderful in comparison to her ancient, lumpy mattress at home—but the men across the hall had her mind in knots. It was obvious that they were trying to be quiet, but if she strained her ears, she could catch the occasional heated curse or masculine grunt. They were making love not twenty-five feet from her.

She was amazed at how easily she'd come to trust them. Tyler in particular seemed really genuine about wanting her here, but she couldn't quite figure out why. A couple of times, over the course of the night, he had looked at her in a way that felt oddly sensual. He hadn't deliberately made a move on her, but his gaze had unsettled her.

*That's stupid, isn't it? They're gay.*

Sara couldn't help but wonder what it might be like to watch them together. The heated kiss that she had witnessed between them was enough to set her heart racing. She had an odd desire to sneak out into the hallway to see if they had left the door open. Instead, she closed her eyes and tried to go to sleep. It had been a long day. She had a headache from her collision with their truck, and she really needed to rest.

She rubbed her legs together in an effort to release some of the tension that she felt. Why was listening to them such a turn-on for her?

The dynamic behind their relationship wasn't hard to figure out. Gage had the more dominant, serious personality of the two, and Tyler was the fun-loving comic relief. She was more comfortable with Tyler, and it was obvious that he felt right at home in the caretaker role. His sweet smile was hard to resist, and she imagined that confiding in him would be as easy as breathing. Gage, however, puzzled her. She was naturally more fearful of him, but if it really came down to a fight with Jeremy, she would want him on her side. A

man like that could be one of two things: dangerous, in a deadly kind of way, or the ultimate protector.

They were both as sexy as sin. Their bodies were hard and tan from working the ranch. She could just imagine what it would be like to watch them touch each other, their muscles slick with sweat as they ground against each other. Another soft moan came from the room across the hall. Sara groaned with them.

The house quieted down a short while later, and despite her sexual frustration, Sara finally fell asleep.

\* \* \* \*

When she woke, sunlight was pouring through the windows. The small clock on the nightstand glowed 10:33. Sara blinked in surprise. *I haven't slept this late in years.*

Not hearing anyone else in the house, she made her way down the stairs slowly. Gage sat alone at the kitchen table, a notepad, laptop computer, and cell phone all placed in front of him. He looked up as the last stair creaked under her feet.

"Good morning," he said. "How do you feel?"

"Morning. I'm fine, thanks."

"No headache?"

"No. I'm a little sore, but it's nothing that won't heal."

"Good. Would you like some coffee?"

Sara brightened. The coffee smelled fantastic. "If it isn't too much trouble, that would be wonderful."

"It's no trouble at all," he said. He pulled a mug down from the cabinet and filled it from the half-full coffee pot. "Especially because Ty made it before he left. I'm not much good in the kitchen. Cream?"

"Yes, please."

Tyler had left. Sara fought the urge to panic. There was something very intimidating about being here alone with Gage. She accepted the coffee from him, but hung back on the other side of the room. It made

her more comfortable to have the kitchen counter between them. He didn't try to invade her space.

"Where did Tyler go?" she asked, trying to sound nonchalant.

"He ran into town to get some things. We needed a few groceries, and he wanted to pick up some things for you. Shoes were at the top of the list."

"Oh. I'm sorry that I slept so late. It's not like me..."

"You were exhausted. There is nothing wrong with getting a lot of rest while you recover."

"Yes, but I feel guilty that he's shopping for me. I'm sure that I can manage—"

"Please don't say any more. There are some things that you just can't argue with Tyler about." He smiled, his fondness for the other man clearly evident. "You'll never win."

"Maybe, when he gets back, if it's not too much trouble, could one of you take me back to where you found me? Jeremy should be at work by now, and as long as he didn't do anything to my car, I should still be able to reach the state line by nightfall."

Gage didn't answer her right away. Instead, he took a sip of his coffee and considered her with a calculating gaze. His blue eyes were sharp, intelligent.

"If that's what you want," he finally answered, "then sure. We will take you back there to get your things and your car. If everything seems to be okay, we'll book you a couple of nights in a hotel in whichever state you're heading to, just long enough to get your bearings."

"Oh that's not necessary. I'll find a place to stay."

"You can't put the reservation in your name. He could find you. Let me book it for you—"

"No," she interrupted, rather harshly. "I can fend for myself."

"Don't argue with me," Gage snapped.

Sara took a step back, ready to bolt for the door if he came toward her.



“Wait! I’m sorry,” he said in a softer tone. “I didn’t mean to raise my voice. Really, I just want to help. I would feel terrible if something bad happened to you out there. Please let me do what I can to see that you are safely out of the state.”

They considered each other across the counter in an awkward silence.

She spoke first. The words were barely a whisper. “I thought that I would go south...maybe? Through Wyoming and eventually into Colorado...they say that Denver is nice.”

He gave her a soft smile. “Denver is great. You’re gonna love it there.”

They faced another awkward pause.

“You know it’s only about a nine hour drive,” Gage said. “If you stayed one more night you could get an early start and make it the whole way in one day.”

Their discussion was cut short by the sound of tires on the gravel drive. A wave of relief came over Sara when she realized that Tyler was home.

He burst through the door a moment later, shopping bags wrapped around each wrist. Gage moved automatically to take some of the bags from him.

“Are there more to be brought in?”

“Just a couple,” Tyler answered. He kissed Gage on the corner of his mouth as he handed off the grocery bags and went back for more. The familiarity and comfort between them was easy to see as they managed the simple domestic chore. They set the bags down on the counter and began to remove the contents.

“How are you feeling this morning, honey?” Tyler asked Sara. Getting his first real look at her today, he drew in a sharp breath. “Just look at your eye! Does it hurt? I’m going to kill that bastard.”

Sara instinctively put her hand over the bruise on her left cheekbone. It was tender, but it didn’t really hurt unless she touched it. “It’s fine. It doesn’t hurt. I’m sure it looks worse than it is.”

Tyler pulled a bag of frozen peas from the freezer and wrapped a clean dishtowel around it. "This will reduce the swelling." He crossed the room to her and gently cupped the side of her face in his large hand. "Let me see."

Sara obediently took her hand away and offered him her bruised cheek. He gently pressed the cold peas to the swollen area. "I can't believe that asshole would do such a thing..." he mumbled to himself.

Sara looked up into his eyes and for the first time realized how close they were standing to one another. Her breath caught in her throat. Her skin tingled where he touched her. Tyler looked down at her. His beautiful blue eyes were warm with compassion.

"We're not going to let anyone hurt you ever again," he promised.

His left hand was cradling the side of her face, the other gently holding the ice pack to her bruised cheekbone. He slowly swept the pad of his thumb across her bottom lip, causing her to draw in a sharp breath. The air between them was charged with anticipation.

Gage, still unpacking groceries, set a glass jar on the counter, and the noise brought her to her senses. She jerked back from Tyler as if burned. Tyler's face visibly fell as she backed away. Had he wanted to kiss her? Surely it was just her imagination running away with her.

"I was just asking Gage if you could take me to get my car," Sara mumbled, trying to diffuse the charged air between them.

Tyler held up the peas for her to take. "Sure. I got you some clothes and some shoes. Why don't you take a shower, we'll feed you, and then I'll drive you home."

Sara made her way up to the guest room with the clothes that Tyler had purchased for her tucked under her arm and the makeshift ice pack still pressed to her cheek. Going back to the house was not something to look forward to, but it needed to be done. She had encroached on the cowboys' hospitality long enough, and she needed to be on her way.

As she waited for the water to warm, she considered herself in the large vanity mirror. When she took away the ice pack, the bruise did

look pretty terrible. She'd have to pick up her makeup when she got home and try to hide it.

She peeled the bandage off of her forehead and looked at the gash. It wouldn't be easy to conceal, but it already seemed to be healing. If she laid low for a couple of days in hotel rooms, it might not even be noticeable when she tried to find a job.

Sighing, she stripped off her borrowed clothes and climbed into the tub. The warm water felt wonderful on her sore muscles, but stung in the cuts. She washed gingerly, not wanting to reopen any of the scrapes.

As she watched the soapy water and dirt swirl down the drain, she turned her thoughts to the sweet and generous men downstairs. Why couldn't she find a man like that?

When she'd first met Jeremy, he seemed like such a decent guy. Taking into account his profession, she'd trusted him more easily than she should have. He'd used his position to explain away his aggression, and she'd fallen for it, believing that all policemen were respectable. She certainly had a different opinion about that now.

It was different with Tyler and Gage though. She didn't respect or trust them due to their positions. She just felt safe with them naturally. They were the kind of men that her mother would have approved of: friendly, intelligent, genuine... and as sexy as they came.

That one brief moment with Tyler was packed with more heat and anticipation than Sara had experienced in the whole relationship with Jeremy, and it wasn't even a moment. *I'm pathetic. I'm going gaga over a gay man because was gentle with a bag of frozen peas.*

Cursing herself for her own stupidity, Sara turned off the water and used one of the fluffy towels from the rack to dry herself.

In addition to men, Tyler had excellent taste in clothes. The khaki shorts and navy tank top were definitely things that she would have picked for herself. Even the sandals, which were a good bit sturdier than the flip-flops she'd so foolishly tried to run away in, were comfortable and attractive.

Putting the peas back on her cheek, Sara went back downstairs where Tyler was flipping pancakes and cutting up fresh strawberries. Her stomach growled noisily, and Tyler looked up at her.

"I'm glad you're hungry," he said. He had the world's sweetest smile. He handed her a plate stacked with warm pancakes and strawberries.

"Where's Gage?"

"He nearly finished up a job yesterday, but he had to go back to pick up some of the extra materials and make sure that the client was completely satisfied. Of course, the clients always are when it comes to Gage, so he shouldn't be more than a couple of hours."

The affection in Tyler's eyes was obvious as he talked about his partner, and Sara was distracted by a whimsical thought. What would it be like if Tyler looked at her like that?

"He took the truck and left us the Jeep," Tyler continued. "It's less likely to be recognized, I think, because we don't drive it much. I don't anticipate any problems if you think Jeremy's at work but just to be on the safe side."

The thought that she might run into her ex sobered her quickly. She needed to keep her wits about her if she was going to get out of here in one piece.

"You can just drop me at the end of the drive where you found me last night," Sara stated.

"Please tell me you're joking. Obviously the previous man in your life hasn't treated you very well, but I am not a brute. I will walk you to your door like a gentleman. I'm not letting you go until I at least have verification that your car is working properly, and you are safely on your way to an out-of-state hotel."

"You're being very kind, but—"

"But nothing. Finish your pancakes, and we'll go and get your things."

Gage was right. There were just some things that you couldn't argue with Tyler about.

When they'd finished eating, Sara put her torn dress and one remaining flip-flop into a plastic grocery bag and climbed up into Tyler's Jeep. At least he could return the additional clothes that he bought her if all went well.

The dirt road for the Big Sky ranch house was a long one, and it took a couple of minutes to even reach the road. Sara tried to enjoy the light conversation about books that Tyler was trying to maintain, but her head was too full of other thoughts to be much of a conversation partner. What if Jeremy was still at the house? What if he wasn't? Could she really get out this time?

Tyler reached across the seat and put a reassuring hand on her knee. "Don't worry, honey. Everything is going to be fine."

But it wasn't fine. As they rounded the last curve and the end of Sara's driveway came into view, they could easily see Jeremy's old truck parked in the middle of the drive, where they had last seen it the night before.

"Get down," Tyler said, moving his hand to her shoulder and encouraging her to duck down out of sight. Tyler slowed as they passed, but didn't stop or make an effort to get up the driveway around the truck.

"Did you see him in the truck?" Sara asked.

"No. It looked like it was just parked there, but I'm not willing to take the risk. Does he normally drive to work?"

"Yeah. He's either still passed out up at the house, or else the truck won't start and so he got a ride to work from someone on the force. Neither would be a big surprise. Truck is an old piece of junk."

"Well, if it stalled out last night and he couldn't get it started, he might not be at the house, but I'd prefer to have Gage with us if we're going to confront Jeremy. I think we should lay low until we know that he's gone for sure."

Sara wasn't thrilled about inconveniencing Tyler any longer, but she had even less desire to see Jeremy again so soon.

“Okay. Maybe it would be safer to come back in a couple of hours,” she agreed.

Tyler made a U-turn a little ways up the road, and Sara ducked down again as they passed the driveway for a second time. Waiting a few more hours was preferable to confronting a hung-over, abusive ex-boyfriend.

“Well, I’d say I’m sorry that this didn’t work out,” Tyler said. “But I’m not sorry that I get to spend a little more time with you. I don’t like the idea of you running from one cold hotel room to the next, and I do wish you’d agree to stay a few more days.”

“I’m sorry to be such a burden. As soon as I can get my car, I’ll get out of your hair.”

“Believe me, Sara. I am very much enjoying having you in my hair. I get very little female companionship, and I would love it if we could sit on the couch and watch chick flicks all afternoon until Gage gets home.”

Despite her fears and insecurities, Sara laughed. When he put it like that, who was she to turn him down? Besides the thought of curling up on the couch with Tyler sent a fire straight to her core.

“I’d like that, too,” she said softly. She just hoped that she could continue to keep her hormones in check.

\* \* \* \*

By the time that Gage returned that evening, Tyler was convinced that Sara was the perfect woman for them. She was caring and thoughtful, going out of her way to do little things like offering to get their drinks while he was making the popcorn, and pausing the movie when his phone rang. To a lot of people, it was just common courtesy, but the little things really mattered to Tyler.

The phone call that interrupted their movie had been Gage calling to say that he was on his way home. Tyler asked him to pass by Sara’s house on the way in to see if the truck was still parked in the drive.

Sara had visibly tensed on the couch when she heard that, but Tyler was able to divert her again by starting a small popcorn war with her as soon as he hung up the phone.

Watching her behavior was quickly becoming one of his favorite pastimes. She laughed at all the funny parts in the movie and had a tendency to fidget and bite her bottom lip during the more sexual romantic scenes. He was hoping that all of the fidgeting was because he wasn't alone in his attraction. Throughout the day there had been a couple of times where the atmosphere had become charged between them, and he didn't believe that it was all one-sided.

He'd deliberately inched closer to her as the movie had progressed, and eventually he'd convinced her to put her feet up in his lap so that he could rub her ankles and shapely calves under the blanket that she had thrown over her legs.

He tried to keep their interactions light and friendly because he didn't want to scare her off, but just being in close proximity to her had been enough to keep him semi-erect all day. He wouldn't push things any further without Gage present, but he was convinced, more now than ever, that Sara needed to be a part of their lives. Once Gage got to know her, he was going to love her.

"Gage is back," Tyler said, hearing the truck pull up.

Sara pulled her feet out of his lap and scooted away as if she didn't want to be caught sitting too close to him. To make her more comfortable, Tyler got up and went to answer the door.

"Was the truck still there?" Tyler asked, after Gage had a few minutes to settle in.

"Yeah," he answered. "There wasn't anyone around that I could see, but the truck hasn't moved."

"Unfortunately, his work schedule changes. It can be hard to tell when he'll be home if he isn't taking the truck. He may not have gone to work at all, or he could be down at the station and we've wasted a whole day thinking that he's home," Sara said.

“I guess you’re stuck with us for another night,” Tyler teased. “We better wait until we know for sure that he’s gone.”

“I agree with Tyler,” Gage added. “We can try again in the morning if you want, but there is no rush. You can stay here for as long as it takes.”

Not wanting to give her any more time to protest, Tyler suggested that they make dinner together, which turned out to be a great idea. Sara was a huge help in the kitchen and a lot of fun to be around.

Choosing to give her some one-on-one time to get to know Gage, Tyler slipped out to the barn after dinner to tend to the animals in solitude. The fresh air did help to clear his brain, but he still found himself wishing that Sara might decide to stay.

This whole mess with her ex had to end sometime, and when it did, Tyler had every intention of being there for her.



## Chapter 5

When Sara woke the next morning, it was only eight thirty and a little closer to her normal schedule. She'd really enjoyed the day before, getting to know Tyler and Gage, but it was time to get back to reality before she did something really stupid like come on to one of them. Unable to resist, she'd worn the borrowed boxers and T-shirt to bed again last night just because she found them so comforting. She needed to get a hold of herself where these men were concerned.

She wanted to make breakfast as a way of saying thank you for the hospitality, and then she'd ask them to take her home again. Even if Jeremy's truck was still there, it was unlikely that he would skip work two days in a row. She'd been hiding long enough. It was time to run.

The kitchen was empty when she made her way down to it, but the coffee had been made, so at least one of them was up and about. After making dinner with Tyler the night before, she knew her way around the kitchen pretty well, so finding the ingredients for French toast was easy. They even still had a few strawberries left over to go on top.

Gage came down the stairs as she was taking the first two slices out of the frying pan.

"French toast? You are my new favorite person in the whole world."

"Don't let Tyler hear you say that," she teased.

"Eh, Ty's a great cook, too, so you might have some competition."

Sara resisted the urge to sigh as she added another slice to the pan. Just one more thing to like about them, the men never seemed to speak badly of each other. They teased, but they didn't nitpick like some couples, and Sara really envied that. Not a day went by where Jeremy didn't criticize her for something.

Tyler came in from the barn a few minutes later, greeting Gage with a lingering kiss that Sara pretended not to see. He, too, praised her breakfast skills and eagerly accepted the next couple of slices hot out of the pan.

When they were finished eating, Sara got up to wash the dishes, and Tyler joined her with a drying rag at the sink. Their playful banter between the three of them all morning was enough to make her heart ache, and just standing this close to Ty at the sink was torture. She fought to ignore the growing chemistry between them, telling herself that it was only in her head, and that he was just being nice.

Every time the breeze blew in from the screen door she caught his earthy smell and wanted to bury her face in his chest and soak it up.

Suddenly, Tyler took a glass from her hand and set it back in the sink. He dried his hand absently on the towel before cupping the side of her face. She wanted to protest, to ask what he was doing, but her breath caught in her throat. He was too close.

He leaned into her slowly, giving her plenty of opportunity to back away. She closed her eyes and let him come to her. When their lips met, she felt a tingling sensation that she had long ago forgotten existed. His kiss was sweet and gentle, asking, not demanding. A woman could get lost in a kiss like that.

Gage cleared his throat across the room, and Sara jumped away from Tyler, sending the dish water still on her hands across the counter and over the floor. "Oh, God," she whimpered. "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have—"

"Whoa, take it easy. It's okay," Tyler said. But she wasn't looking at Tyler. She was apologizing to Gage.

She had kissed his lover! What was she thinking?

*Well, okay. Tyler kissed me first...but still.*

“Sara, I think we should explain something to you,” Gage said softly. There was neither anger nor disappointment in his voice. “Will you sit in the living room with me for a minute?”

Why wasn’t he freaking out? He had just watched his lover kiss another person, a woman even, and he was reacting so calmly. There wasn’t even a hint of jealousy in his icy blue eyes. If anything, he looked oddly aroused.

Sara swallowed thickly and followed him into the living room. Gage sat down on the couch with Tyler beside him. Sara perched on the loveseat across from them, trying to keep her distance.

Tyler leaned over the coffee table and handed her the towel. “You’re allowed to dry your hands.” She almost laughed. It seemed like such an absurd thing to say at the moment.

She took the rag and waited uncomfortably while the two men shared a few whispered words.

“Tyler and I have been together for more than five years,” Gage began. “We do everything together, and we share everything.” Tyler put his hand on Gage’s knee in a reassuring gesture.

“For the most part,” he continued, “we only see each other. We are in love and undoubtedly committed to each other.”

Sara made a move to interrupt him, but he held up his hand, effectively silencing her. “Please let me finish.”

“Okay,” she said softly, sitting back and trying to listen.

“Both Tyler and I enjoy women. We are bisexual, not gay. We are especially fond of sharing a woman, when an appropriate opportunity arises. It doesn’t happen often, but when it does, we’ve found it to be extremely satisfying for everyone involved.”

“I’m not sure that I understand,” Sara murmured.

“I’ll make it easy for you, honey,” Tyler interjected. “We want you. We *both* want you.”

Sara's eyes went wide. Her mind raced with the possible implications of such a relationship. There was so much that she wanted to ask, but the words just wouldn't come to her.

These were good men, everyone said so, and they had been nothing but kind to her, but both of them wanting her? It seemed so perverse, even with the unmistakable arousal building in her core at the mere mention of it.

Tyler slowly stood up from the couch and walked over to sit beside her. He pulled her into his arms. Sara tensed a little but did not protest. Her mind filled with images from the last two days. She remembered how hot it had been watching them kiss and listening to them make love. It seemed so dirty, so forbidden. And now, they wanted her. Both of them. *Together.*

"I'm sorry if I rushed you," Tyler whispered to her. "You are just so beautiful and so sweet; I couldn't help myself. We were up half the night the last two nights fantasizing about what it would be like to have your soft body between us. I couldn't stay away from you for one second longer."

Sara felt a rush of heat pool between her legs. They were thinking about her while they touched each other? Knowing that, she didn't feel quite as guilty about listening in from across the hall.

It had been so long since a man had desired her. Recognizing that she was wanted made her feel distinctly feminine and attractive. After months of Jeremy's negative comments about her body and her lack of sex appeal, it was a boost to her hurting self-confidence.

She wanted them, too, she realized. She would only be here for a couple of days at the very most while she collected her things and prepared to leave. Why not take what they were offering? No one had to know. She could enjoy their company for a day or two and then never look back.

When she didn't respond, Tyler continued. "I know that you're still bruised and sore. That and your asshole ex-boyfriend are the only things that kept me from sneaking into your room last night and

hauling you back into ours. I would have asked you out a long time ago if you hadn't been so quick to run away from me in town."

Sara's eyes flicked from Tyler to Gage. It wasn't as hard for her to believe that Tyler wanted her. He was a terrible flirt, and always had been in their previous encounters, but Gage didn't seem the type for casual sexual. Would he be okay with a brief tryst before she made a break for the state line?

"Do you understand now why I asked you to stay?" Gage asked. "We want you here. We want you to stay here, in our house, in our bed, with us, for as long as you want."

Sara met his steady gaze with a sense of wonder. He wanted her to stay, to be with them, if only for a day or two.

Before she could respond, Tyler joined his plea. "Oh yes. You can't leave us. You have to stay. You'll be safe here, and I promise you, we'll spoil you rotten. Please, honey. Give us a chance to show you how good it can be."

The next few minutes passed in a blur for Sara. Tyler took the dishtowel from her hand and tossed it aside. He leaned into her swiftly, joining their lips, and she lost herself in his embrace. When he kissed her, it was like everything else disappeared. He was all she could comprehend. His lips and tongue were gentle but insistent as he deepened the kiss and slowly explored her mouth.

She tangled her fingers in his hair like she had wanted to do from the moment she first saw his unruly locks. He moaned in appreciation and pulled her farther into his lap. She felt the firm bulge of his erection against her thigh, and she fought the urge to rub against him like a cat in heat.

She jumped when Gage suddenly put his hands on her waist from behind. She hadn't heard him approach. He was amazingly quiet on his feet for someone so big. The couch sank down as he shifted his weight onto it, pressing her between them.

Was she really brave enough to do this? Could she let go of her conservative, small-town upbringing and give into the overwhelming

desire that she felt? It seemed unlikely that she'd ever have the opportunity to act on these yearnings again.

"Shhh, honey," Tyler soothed. "Let him touch you. Gage has amazing hands. He's going to make you feel incredible. Do you trust us?"

Sara arched her back as she felt the soft pressure of Gage's lips on the side of her neck. She tilted her head to give him better access. He sucked gently at her pulse point, and she felt a strong wave of lust overtake her.

Oh yes. She could do this. For one day she could put aside everything else and give in to the distraction that they were so generously offering.

"Yes," she moaned softly. "I trust you. I want you. Oh, please don't stop."

Gage's thick fingers fisted in the oversized T-shirt that she still wore from the night before. He tugged it free from between their bodies and pulled it over her head.

"Oh fuck," Tyler moaned. "Look at those gorgeous tits."

Gage chuckled against her back, his lips returning to her neck as Tyler cupped her breasts carefully in his hands.

"Tyler is definitely a breast man," Gage said.

"What are you?" she asked, if only to keep the silence from falling. She could barely think.

"Isn't it obvious?" He chuckled. "I'm an ass man." In one fluid motion, he pulled back on Sara's hips so that her ass was planted firmly on his lap with her back flush against his muscled chest. "And yours is fucking fantastic."

Gage's hands moved up to join Tyler's, the rough calluses scraping the soft flesh at her belly and sending fire straight to her core. Working in tandem, as if they'd rehearsed it, one set of hands replaced the other. Gage held her from behind, lifting her breasts in offering to the other man. His fingers closed around her delicate

nipples, and she cried out as the slight pain radiated from the tips of her breasts all the way down to her aching clit.

Tyler moved to his knees, leaning over her as she reclined against Gage. He kissed her lips first, swallowing her cries as Gage continued to tug at her nipples. Already hardened to pebbles, her nipples burned in a way that she'd never felt before. When Tyler lowered his mouth to them, Sara was sure that she would orgasm on the spot.

Her whole body was on fire.

Sara had never before experienced an orgasm that she didn't give herself. Jeremy had always told her that she was broken, defective, frigid—but she felt whole and alive under Tyler's care.

More. She needed more.

Naked except for the thin pair of borrowed boxer shorts, Sara could feel the rough weave of Gage's jeans under her bottom. She rocked her hips and squirmed wantonly in his lap as Tyler licked and sucked at her breasts. She spread her legs, fighting to find an angle that would give her the friction that she so desperately needed.

Gage groaned before nipping her shoulder at the sensitive point where it met her neck. "Fuck, baby, don't squirm like that or I won't be able to help myself. I'll drop my jeans and sink my cock into your hot pussy."

She squirmed even harder as Tyler gently bit down on her nipple. Gage shifted her, moving her around as if she weighed nothing at all, until her legs were on either side of his hips. Her soaked pussy was pressed directly on top of his rock hard erection. With his hands firmly holding her hips in place, he thrust up against her. She bucked her hips back against him, another surge of pleasure wracking her body.

Tyler squeezed her breasts together and ran his tongue into the valley between them. Fisting her hands into the hair at the back of his neck, she struggled to keep her balance as she pressed her tits into his face and rubbed herself against Gage's cock. Never had she felt so wanton. It was filthy and delicious at the same time.

“You are so responsive,” Tyler whispered. “I love the sounds you make.”

She cried out again as he twisted her nipple hard between his fingers. His gentle tongue lapped at the same spot a moment later, soothing away the pain and arousing her to an almost uncomfortable level.

Gage’s hand traveled once again across the flat plane of her stomach, this time dipping just below the elastic waistband of her shorts.

“You okay, sweetheart?” he asked before brushing the tips of his fingers over her swollen clit.

Her whole body jerked in response. “Oh God, yes!”

Gage chuckled, his broad chest bouncing against her back. “You’re right, Ty. She is incredibly responsive. I can’t wait to hear what she sounds like when I’m buried balls deep in her cunt.”

She gasped and threw her head back as he brought his thumb and index finger together around her clit, pinching her gently. She came instantly, a swarm of colors clouding her vision as the tidal wave crashed over her. She rode it out, engulfed by their strong arms, with their lips on either side of her neck.

Pressed between them, she was wrapped in a cocoon of pure heat and arousal. Her body shuddered, out of her control. She was like putty in their hands, and their hands were everywhere. They lifted her to stand between them, Gage supporting her, as Tyler pulled her shorts down her wobbly legs. His eyes swept over her curves, the look of desire unmistakable. No one had ever looked at her that way before.

“Let’s go upstairs,” Gage said, picking her up easily.

Tyler shed his clothes as he walked, dropping everything just inside the bedroom door. When Gage set her down on the bed, she was able to trail her eyes over Tyler’s incredible form. He was perfection. His slender body was graceful and strong, like a jungle cat.



*They are the hottest men I have ever seen.*

Tyler caught her staring and smirked at her. "See something you like?"

"Absolutely." She sighed. "I want to touch you." A blush reddened her cheeks when she realized how desperate she sounded. She needed him, both of them, so badly. What had happened to her? She'd gone from being indifferent to sex to practically begging for it. These men had a power over her body that she could barely comprehend. Maybe it was because it felt so forbidden, or maybe it was just these men, but she did not want to stop now.

Gage laughed as he pulled his shirt over his head. He moved behind Tyler, wrapping his muscled arms around the smaller man. He pressed his lips to Tyler's shoulder and looked down at Sara.

"He is beautiful, isn't he?" His hand trailed down Tyler's chest past the sexy V in his hips that Sara had admired the night she arrived. His large hand circled Tyler's rock hard erection and stroked it firmly.

A sexy moan escaped Tyler's lips as he thrust his cock into Gage's hand. Sara's pussy flared to life as she watched them touch each other. They put on quite a show for her. Her thighs were slick with her arousal as she rubbed them together.

"Do you want to suck him?" Gage asked.

Sara nodded, unable to put her desire into words.

Tyler's cock suited him perfectly, long and graceful like the rest of his body. The large head was purple and swollen, begging for attention. How would he taste? What would it feel like to have him in her mouth?

"Go lay down," Gage said, pulling away from Tyler and giving him a quick slap on the ass.

"Yes, sir," Tyler answered playfully, joining Sara on the bed. Together they watched as Gage pushed his jeans down over his hips. Sara glued her gaze to the thick cock standing up proudly between his legs. She didn't have a whole lot of experience, but she was quite sure

that his was the largest cock she had ever seen. He was terrifyingly huge.

Tyler put his arms around her and whispered conspiringly in her ear. “Don’t let him intimidate you with that monster. It’s going to feel fantastic when his cock is stretching you out.”

Fully naked, Gage crossed the room in three long strides. “Lay down, Ty. Let her suck you.”

Tyler dropped obediently to his back on the bed and twisted around so that she was kneeling between his legs. She ran her hands over the hard planes of his chest and abs before bringing them up the insides of his thighs.

“I’m a little nervous,” she confided. “I mean, I’ve never...”

“Never sucked a cock before?” Tyler finished for her.

“Well, I mean... I have, sort of...” She felt flustered. Gage knelt beside her and put his arms around her.

“It’s okay, sweetheart. You don’t have to do anything that you don’t want to do.”

“No. I want to,” she insisted. “He’s just bigger... and I don’t want to choke if... I mean... Jeremy always said that I wasn’t any good...”

“Shhh.” Gage pressed his lips to hers, tasting her mouth for the first time and effectively halting her nervous rambling. His kiss soothed her nerves considerably. “Nobody is going to choke you, honey. Your ex-boyfriend was probably too rough with you, but you’re safe with us. We’re going to make you feel good. If you get uncomfortable or don’t want to do something, you just tell me. Okay?”

Sara lifted Tyler’s cock with her small hand and squeezed gently at the base. She gave a questioning glance to Gage as if waiting for instructions.

“Go ahead, honey. Use your tongue on him.”

Sara took a tentative swipe at the head of his cock with the tip of her tongue. Tyler moaned in encouragement. Emboldened by his

response, she licked him from base to tip before circling her tongue around the large head.

“Fuck, Sara. Feels so good, sweetheart. Take me in that hot little mouth.”

Sara took him into her mouth an inch at a time, gently bobbing up and down as she sucked. Tyler gathered up her hair and held it out of the way so that he could watch her as she worked his shaft with her lips and tongue.

Knowing that both Gage and Tyler were watching made her hotter than she could have imagined. Gage moved behind her, stroking her back and pressing his lips to her spine.

“You look so sexy like that, baby. I love watching his cock move between your lips.”

She moaned around Tyler’s cock as another warm wave of sensation flooded over her.

Just being between the two of them completely naked made her feel both vulnerable and desirable. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to just feel. Gage’s hands were blazing hot as he caressed her back and down her flank. When he knelt behind her and pressed his hard body to her back, she trembled with need.

“I’m going to fuck you now,” he said. His voice was like liquid sex. She moaned her encouragement. She was going to take both of them at the same time. The thought boggled her mind and increased her arousal exponentially.

She heard the tearing of a foil packet, and then she felt the head of his condom-covered cock positioned at her wet entrance. He teased her with it for a moment, and she whimpered in frustration.

Tyler’s grip tightened in her hair as if bracing her for impact. It struck her once again how in tune the two of them were. It was like they could communicate silently, always moving as one.

The intense feeling of fullness interrupted her train of thought as Gage thrust his huge cock into her tight channel. Tyler’s cock fell from her lips, and she cried out.

Gage held still for a moment, allowing her to adjust to the width of him before slowly beginning to rock his hips back and forth. “You okay, baby? Does it feel good?”

“Uh-huh. Oh God.”

Tyler laughed and brushed the side of her face with his fingertips. “I think you’ve rendered her speechless, Gage.”

“Her pussy is fantastic. Fuck, honey, you are almost too tight. You feel so good wrapped around my cock.”

Once again regaining her senses, Sara took Tyler back into her mouth as Gage began to fuck her in earnest. She sucked harder, delighting in the way that his body responded to her. She wanted desperately to make him feel as good as she felt.

“Oh fuck, sweetheart. You’re gonna make me come.”

Tyler stroked her breast as she used her mouth on him, gently tugging at her nipples, sending electric bolts of fire straight to her clit.

She redoubled her efforts, sucking him hard, desperate to pull the pleasure out of him. His orgasm came with a masculine grunt, her mouth flooding with his seed as his hips left the bed. She swallowed hurriedly and basked in the warm power that came from knowing how she had pleased him.

When he was spent, Sara pressed her cheek to Tyler’s flat stomach, both of them panting, as Gage continued his unrelenting rhythm in and out of her aching pussy. Slowly, Tyler wiggled his way down under her until she was lying on his chest with her head pressed to his shoulder. He lifted his hips under her, forcing her back to Gage’s waiting cock. The new angle allowed her to take him so deep that he bumped up against her cervix at the end of every stroke. Never had she felt so completely taken, so fully claimed.

She relaxed between their two solid bodies and gave herself over to the pleasure. Tyler’s long, graceful fingers found her clit. He rubbed light circles over her sensitive nub just barely touching her. It was an exquisite torture. The combination of Tyler’s gentle touch and Gage’s hard thrusting had her begging for release.

“Oh, please. Don’t stop. I need... Oh, please.”

“Shh,” Tyler whispered in her ear. “We know what you need. Just relax. Let us make you feel good.”

Tyler increased the pressure of his fingers just a little, and it was more than she could take. She toppled over the edge, screaming their names, and digging her nails into Tyler’s shoulders.

“Fuck, baby. You’re milking my cock so hard,” Gage said. He fucked her through her orgasm, wringing every last ounce of pleasure out of her, and then gave into the pleasure himself, following her into bliss.

## Chapter 6

Gage smiled as he looked down at the beautiful woman curled into his side. Twenty minutes later, Sara was still lying contentedly between them, and now that he'd been with her, he didn't want to let her go. He knew that Tyler would feel the same way.

"I should make us some lunch," Tyler suggested. "Do you like Mexican? I could throw together some fajitas."

"Fajitas sound wonderful," Sara agreed.

Gage smiled to himself. Tyler's Mexican was one of his favorites, and he would have been disappointed if she didn't like it. She was in for a real treat. Tyler was a fantastic cook.

"Why don't you two get cleaned up? And I'll see what I can do," Tyler said getting out of the bed and pressing one more kiss to the top of Sara's head. He pulled his boxers on and disappeared through the doorway.

"Take a shower with me?" Gage asked.

He was concerned that he might be crowding her, but she seemed considerably more relaxed with him now. He wanted to make as much progress as he could with her because he was sure that it wouldn't be long until they were discussing her leaving again.

Now, more than ever, Gage did not want her to leave. Her body was the peak of perfection, and the sex was fantastic, but watching her with Ty had been the thing that truly did him in. It was easy to see that his partner was falling fast. Tyler had always been the more adventurous of the two, always the one to jump in headfirst. He had an extremely optimistic outlook on life. Gage was much more

reserved by nature, but despite his own fears, he could not deny his lover this joy. For as long as Tyler wanted her, he wanted her.

“I’m not sure I can walk that far,” she answered. “I think you’ve turned my legs to Jell-O.”

“Then don’t walk.” In one fluid movement, Gage stood up from the bed and swept her up into his arms. Sara squealed in surprise. “I happen to be fond of carrying you.”

It was obvious to Gage that Sara’s ex-boyfriend had really done a number on her both physically and emotionally. As they had made love to her, Gage could see the compassion for her in Tyler’s eyes, and he could feel the rage welling up in his own stomach when he realized that the asshole had terrorized her in the bedroom as well as outside of it. If they ever had the opportunity, Jeremy would pay for making her feel this way. In the meantime, he planned to prove that men, even big men, could be gentle and loving.

\* \* \* \*

She was amazed by his strength, and his desire to lift her. Every motion seemed effortless, and while that terrified her in some ways, she also found it undeniably attractive. She’d been carried more in the last two days than in the last ten years. The experience was strangely comforting, although she’d never admit it. It had been so long since a man had held her or used his strength to aid her, rather than harm her.

He set her down gently on the counter and turned on the water in the shower. She was beginning to feel at home next to the bathroom sink.

As she waited for the water to warm, she took the time to fully appreciate the room. It was obvious that the old farmhouse had been recently renovated. She hadn’t been in the house with the previous owners, but having lived in a similar place all her life, it was clear that this home had been updated in a way that her own had not. Whoever had done the work was a true master. The black and white ceramic

tiled floor and black granite countertop were the perfect complements to each other. The silver faucets were polished to a shine. It was a perfect blend of masculine and elegant, not showy, but a subtle work of art.

The bathroom held an oversized tub and a standing shower incased in a frosted glass box. The frosting formed a leafy pattern allowing for privacy but making her wonder exactly how much skin might be visible in the breaks between leaves. The twin showerheads and large tub screamed of sharing. This bathroom had quite deliberately been built for two *or more*.

She slid down off the counter and walked to Gage, who was holding one hand under the warming stream of water.

“Your bathroom is incredible. Did you have it remodeled when you moved in?”

“Thank you. Yes. We’re still working on it—the house, I mean—but the bathroom was one of the first things to get done. I couldn’t stand it the way it was.”

“You did this? As in did the work yourself?” Sara was surprised. The quality was exquisite.

“Yep, with Tyler’s help of course. I was a general contractor in my old life. I used to do high-end office buildings and condos.”

“And now?”

“Now I do our house, and take other jobs, when they interest me. I just finished the renovation of a really beautiful old Victorian house in town. Unusual architecture for this area.”

“And Tyler manages the ranch? I thought he was a veterinarian?” she asked.

“Ty’s is a vet. He takes care of our animals and does rehabilitation for some that won’t stay with us permanently. He also helps with the birthing for a lot of the horse ranches up north. We have a ranch, but we’re not really ranchers. Tyler loves horses, so he breeds and trains them, but we don’t have cattle, and we only ever have four or five of our own horses at a time.”



“Wow. It sounds like you stay busy. No wonder you guys are in such great shape.”

Gage chuckled. “Yeah, well, Ty would be upset if I developed a beer gut. He’s always threatening to cut me off if I get lazy on him.”

Sara smiled. She found it hard to believe that Tyler would ever threaten Gage in any way. She was pretty sure that Gage was the one whipping them both into shape.

A moment later, Gage declared the water to be warm enough, and pulled her in with him. The spray still stung her swollen face and scraped knees, but also felt fantastic, and it hurt less than it had yesterday. Her muscles ached from the stress and the fantastic workout that the men had put her through.

Gage lathered his big hands with soap, and then caressed her from behind, gently washing her stomach and moving over her hips. Sara relaxed and let him have control of her body. Closing her eyes, she leaned back against his solid chest.

She was so relaxed that she jumped when the bathroom door opened a few seconds later. Tyler poked his head into the shower and smiled at them.

“I bought you some shampoo and conditioner yesterday and forgot to give it to you before your shower. Gage and I both use stuff that I thought would be too hard on your hair.” He offered the bottles of Pantene up to her.

“You shouldn’t have gone to so much trouble,” Sara protested.

“Shhh,” Gage interrupted her, taking the bottles from Tyler. “I told you there are some things that you just can’t argue about. Tyler and I take care of our own.”

He pulled her back into his arms and began wetting her hair. Tyler took one last long look, as if he was contemplating jumping into the shower, clothes and all, before pushing the shower door closed.

\* \* \* \*

Sara was washed, dried, and dressed in a brand new pair of jeans and tank top not fifteen minutes later. The clothes, just like those from the day before, fit perfectly.

"I took your size from the dress that you were wearing the first night, but I had to guess at the size for the jeans," Tyler confessed. "I hoped they would fit."

"Thank you. I can't tell you how much I appreciate it," Sara said.

"I had expected the top to fit a little tighter." Tyler laughed, pulling her into his arms and kissing the top of her head. "I wouldn't be opposed to seeing a little more of that gorgeous cleavage."

Sara playfully punched him in the arm before sitting down with her plate. She seemed pleased with the fresh vegetables that he had prepared, and it made him happy to think that she might enjoy his cooking.

"Not that I really want to bring up the depressing subject," Sara started, "but I do need to go home soon. I shudder to think what Jeremy might have done to my things, not to mention my car. I'd really like it get it back, if it's still running. Maybe he took the truck to work today."

Both men looked at her solemnly, but it was Tyler who spoke first. "You're not really planning to leave, are you?" He couldn't fathom why she would want to go home to that monster when she so obviously belonged with them.

"Well, I can't stay here forever..."

"Sure you can," Gage said sternly. "Tyler and I will take you to get your things, if you want them, but you're coming right back here when we're done. You don't even have to go back at all if you don't want to. We'd be happy to get you whatever you need. We have two vehicles. We'll take you wherever you want to go."

Sara stared wide-eyed. "No. You can't drive me all over the place or spend any more money on me."

Tyler chuckled. "I wouldn't try to tell him what he can and can't do, honey."

“Well, at the very least we should go see if my own car is okay. It’s already paid off. I would like to have my own clothes and a few of my mother’s things as well. It’s not very much...”

“Your mother’s things?” Tyler asked curiously.

“Yes, she died about a year ago, and Jeremy sold a lot of what she had in the house, but there are still a few things, like my grandmother’s quilt, that I would like to have to remember her by.”

“Why were your mother’s things in Jeremy’s house?” Gage asked. “Did she live with you?”

“Well, technically we lived with her,” Sara explained. “It’s my family’s house. The Effeses have owned it and the land for three generations. My father passed away when I was young, but my mom and I lived there alone until she got sick. I was working as a teller at the bank, and just occasionally dating Jeremy, but then she got stomach cancer, and he thought that it would be a good idea if I quit my job and stayed home with her.”

“So he moved in with the two of you?”

“Yes. It was great at first. He made sure that the bills were paid, and I was able to be with my mom when she really needed me. Eventually though, he started suggesting that we merge our bank accounts. It seemed reasonable because he was managing the household and had the only income. It wasn’t until months later that I discovered that he was spending our savings. We weren’t really well off, but my mother was careful, and she had saved little by little her whole life. Jeremy was drinking and getting into some pretty bad poker debt.”

“Bastard,” Gage growled. Tyler sympathized with him. If Jeremy ever went near her again, there was going to be trouble.

“By the time he started to get violent, my mother was really sick, and I couldn’t take her away from her own home, so I tried to throw him out instead. The first time that we had *that* discussion he put me in the hospital with a broken nose and dislocated shoulder. When I got home from the hospital, my mother was screaming in pain. He’d

refused to give her any pain medication while I was away, and she was in agony. He told me that if I ever suggested anything so stupid as asking him leave again, he would kill her.”

Tyler’s hands clenched into fists on the table, and Sara reached across to calm him. He took her hand between both of his, and let her continue her story. For now, there was nothing he could do but be supportive.

“But she died anyway, of course. The doctors had given her less than six months when they first discovered the cancer, and she held on for almost nine. She begged me all the time to leave Jeremy, but there was just no way that I could take her with me, so I stayed and tried not to make him angry.”

“When she died, Jeremy wouldn’t even help me to pay for the funeral. I didn’t have any of my own money at that point because I hadn’t been working for more than six months, and he had control of most of the accounts. Luckily, I had managed to keep one savings account hidden from him. It was supposed to be my escape money, but in the end, it barely covered the cost of burying her.”

“So he trapped you in your own home with no money and abused you while he drank and gambled away your inheritance? I’m tempted to march down to the station right now and explain to him the proper treatment of a lady.” Gage’s face was covered in rage, and Sara’s posture stiffened when she saw it. Tyler squeezed her hand reassuringly. Gage might get mad, but he’d never do anything to hurt her.

“No, you can’t do that,” Sara protested. “It’s better to let it go.”

“And watch you give up your family home and all of your possessions to an abusive bully? I don’t think so. You’re not leaving. He is. It’s your house, and he doesn’t belong there.”

“But he does. He and this crooked lawyer buddy that he plays poker with forced my mother into changing everything legally before she died. She even signed the deed for the house over to him. He owns it now. Everything. He threatened to hurt me if she didn’t do

what he wanted, and she was too sick to fight back. He used me against her, always threatening to hit me, and she eventually gave in. He has a legal right to everything that was hers now. It's all his property, except for my car. The car was the only thing in my name, and I refused to transfer the title no matter what he did to me."

"We're going to straighten this out," Tyler promised. "I know some very good lawyers. He isn't going to know what hit him."

\* \* \* \*

Despite her protests, the men spent the next forty-five minutes making phone calls. Tyler did indeed seem to know a lot of powerful people. For two men that mostly kept to themselves, it seemed odd.

"How does Tyler know all these people?" Sara whispered to Gage as Tyler got on the phone with yet another lawyer.

"His father is a retired senator. He knows a lot of people from helping with the campaigns. The others he knows from Yale."

"Yale? Like Yale, the Ivy League university, Yale?"

Gage chuckled. "Yep. That's the one. Our boy is sharp as a tack. It's one of the things that I love about him."

Sara rolled that one around in her head for a while. He was a brilliant, wealthy, powerful, and unbelievably attractive man. She understood his attraction to the masculine and talented Gage, but what on earth did he see in her?

"What's the story?" Gage asked as Tyler rejoined them in the living room.

"I've got it all taken care of," Tyler announced. "Martel called two state cops he knows well, with me on the phone. I told them your story, and they are going to come out here to get an official statement later this afternoon. I also spoke with my family lawyer who said that he would be happy to help with the criminal case. He referred me to an expert in inheritance law as well. They think that you have a strong case because all of the paperwork that your mother processed was

signed under duress. It will be harder to win because she's no longer living, but if we win the criminal case, he's confident that he'll be able to recover the house and whatever remains of your mother's savings."

Tears filled Sara's eyes. She was overwhelmed by the possibility that she might not only be safe from Jeremy, but she might regain ownership of the house that she had long ago thought lost forever.

Tyler pulled her onto his lap and held her. "We're going to take care of everything, baby. Don't worry. He can't hurt you anymore."

## **Chapter 7**

The state police were very nice, Sara admitted to herself as she watched their unmarked car disappear down the long drive. They'd sent two detectives by the names Ryder and Filley.

She'd given her statement with confidence, even though she was trembling on the inside. Tyler sat beside her the whole time and held her hand. She had gone over every detail that she could think of from the last two years and provided as much evidence as she could regarding her sick mother, the sale of the house, and everyone who was involved in Jeremy's gambling. Tyler insisted that the bruise on her cheek should be evidence enough, and amazingly, the officers seemed to agree with him.

Sara hadn't known it, but her complaint was not the first against Jeremy. Apparently the state cops had been involved twice before. The first incident was with a tourist who had gotten a speeding ticket while passing through town. The speeding woman had reported him for inappropriate conduct saying that he had made suggestive remarks and been overly aggressive toward her. The event was investigated and noted in Jeremy's file but ultimately swept under the rug.

The second incident had been a bar fight. Jeremy had been off duty and drinking when the fight had broken out. A fellow officer, who remained anonymous, had placed a call suggesting that Jeremy had been involved in the beating of a young man who was hospitalized as a result of the occurrence. Dutifully, this incident had also been investigated, but an anonymous phone call from someone claiming to be a police officer and an absent testimony from the kid in

the hospital, who refused to press charges, were hardly even worth noting.

Jeremy's file was not enough to convict him of anything, but it was enough to make the detectives believe what Sara was saying. The man was clearly an aggressor.

The detectives were going to check in with the bank and the hospital to make sure that the evidence corroborated her story. In order to file for a restraining order against Jeremy, they needed proof that he was responsible for her previous hospitalization, and they wanted at least one or two more witnesses to testify to his gambling and drinking habits. If Jeremy was really as volatile as she described, someone else in town would know about it.

They recommended that she stay away from the property in question until they had Jeremy in custody, which meant that she was staying put for a while longer.

\* \* \* \*

Gage handed her a cup of herbal tea, sat down, and pulled her feet into his lap. "Since we can't take you home yet, was there anything else that you wanted to do today? We could watch a movie or something."

She sipped the tea and considered his offer. "I'm feeling a little restless to be honest. I don't think I can sit still long enough to watch a movie."

"I was just about to go bring the horses in, if you want to take a walk with me," Tyler suggested. "They've been out in the pasture, but Clove in particular can't stay out there much longer. She's still recovering from having stepped in a bear trap."

"Jeez," Sara said. "The poor thing. It's a wonder she survived at all."

"Yeah, the trap wasn't functioning properly. It sliced up her leg pretty badly, but didn't get into the bone. She's a lucky mare."



“I’d like to get some air, if you don’t mind, and I’d like to see the barn. I always wanted a horse, but my mom would never let me have one when I was a kid.”

All three of them went out together. Sara found it interesting how they constantly moved around her to keep her between them. One or both of them was always reaching for her hand or putting their arms around her. They made excuses to get close to her, and she loved every minute of it. Never had anyone been so attentive to her.

Tyler gracefully mounted the one horse that had been left in the stable and rode out into the field. Sara and Gage stood side-by-side at the fence appreciating the way his ass looked as he posted in the English saddle. The muscles in his thighs and ass tightened and relaxed rhythmically as he moved up and down in sync with the horse’s stride. Gage told her Tyler had learned to ride in a proper English barn back east and had never switched over to the western ranching style. Some of the ranchers had poked fun at him for it, but they quickly shut up when they saw how good he was. People called from states away to have him treat and tame their horses.

When he had ridden out of sight, Sara turned her face up to the sun, enjoying the day. It was warm but not too hot. Perfect. Her eyes scanned the horizon, tracing Tyler’s silhouette, as she looked over the beautiful property. Gage answered her questions about how much land they had, told her about the lake on the backside of the property, and how many of what kinds of animals they had right now. When she ran out of questions, he lifted her up onto the fence and stepped between her legs, kissing her lips lightly. They were still kissing when Tyler returned with the other horses. He herded them around expertly until they were safely in their assigned stalls.

“Did I miss all of the fun?” he asked, joining Gage and Sara at the fence.

“Absolutely,” Sara teased. “This guy rode by on a horse, and he had the hottest ass. Gage and I both thought it was great!”

Playing along, Tyler laughed and swung her down from the fence. “I don’t like the sound of that at all. You belong to Gage and me now, and we’re not letting you go to some other man, no matter how hot his ass is.”

“I belong to you, huh?”

“Yes, ma’am. Want me to prove it to you?”

“I think you better, cowboy.”

Tyler needed no further encouragement. Tucking her under his arm, he led her back to the house with Gage hot on his heels.

Less than five minutes later, they were once again naked in the huge bed, and Sara could think of no other place that she would rather be. Her men, as she was starting to think of them, could fire her up faster than she would have thought possible. Just a heated look from either one of them was enough to make her wet between the legs.

“Spread your legs for me, honey. I want to get a taste of that sweet pussy before I fill you with my cock,” Tyler said.

Finding no fault with that plan, Sara spread as requested and closed her eyes. The feel of Tyler’s long fingers pressing against her thighs, opening her wider, made her feel both vulnerable and wanted. The heat of his mouth was excruciating as he kissed a slow trail up her thigh. Impatience overwhelmed her. She fisted her hands in his blond hair and arched up under him.

“Mmm, such a squirmy little thing,” he murmured into the skin of her thigh. “I think I’m gonna need Gage to help hold you down.”

Sara’s eyes widened in a combination of unease and excitement. Gage moved in behind her, pressing her back to his chest and propping them both up against the headboard. His arms closed around her like steel bands. Her shoulders were pinned under his strong biceps as he used his hands to hold her thighs apart. She was completely helpless and any attempt to move was useless. He overpowered her effortlessly, and she fought the urge to panic.

“Easy, baby,” Gage whispered softly. “We’d never hurt you. Just relax and let Ty make you feel good. I promise we won’t do anything that you’re not ready for.”

Tyler slid his hands under her ass and lifted her pussy to his waiting mouth. When she felt the rough texture of his tongue against her clit, combined with the heat of his insistent hands, she let go of her timidity and gave in to the overwhelming pleasure.

Gage whispered the most erotically filthy things in her ear as she writhed in his arms. In no time at all, the two of them had her begging for release. She could feel the solid length of Gage’s cock against her ass. Subconsciously, she wiggled against him as much as she could, trying to find friction.

“If you don’t stop rubbing that beautiful ass all over me, I am going to be tempted to fuck you there, and I don’t think you’re ready for that yet,” Gage said.

Sara’s eyes opened wide and her body tensed at the thought.

“Relax, Sara. I promised that we wouldn’t push you, but someday soon, when you’re ready, you’re going to take Ty and me at the same time. Ty is going to fuck your pink little pussy while I fill your tight ass. It’ll make you orgasm harder than anything you’ve ever felt before.”

Sara groaned out loud as Gage moved his hands around to replace Tyler’s on her rear end. He parted her cheeks gently and rubbed his cock along the crack of her ass. The sensation was as powerful as it was foreign. She was already so wet that his cock slid easily through her folds and back again to press against her dark hole.

“Make her come, Ty,” Gage growled.

The low arousal in his voice sent a wave of heat right through her body. Tyler sucked her clit between his lips and grazed her gently with his teeth.

She bucked hard between their solid bodies, the building tension coming to a sharp point at her very core before exploding in a wave of overwhelming sensation.

“Mmmm, good girl,” Gage said softly as he nuzzled her neck and brought her back down. “You look so beautiful when you come, honey.”

“Come here, Sara,” Tyler said, pulling her out of Gage’s arms and kissing her deeply. “I need to be inside you. Let me make love to you.”

Spreading her legs wide around his hips, making room for him, Sara nodded her agreement breathlessly. Gage moved out from behind her, allowing her to lie down fully. He reappeared a moment later behind Tyler.

Sara was overwhelmed as she looked at the two of them together. Gage’s lips went to Tyler’s neck, and she watched Tyler arch back in ecstasy. Gage’s strong arms came around the other man, and he fisted Ty’s cock for a moment before rolling a condom down over his length.

“I’m going to fuck you while you fuck her,” she heard Gage whisper. Tyler moaned his response, but didn’t hesitate in lifting Sara’s legs higher around his hips. She felt the solid pressure of his erection against her soaked pussy for a brief moment before he pushed his hips forward and sank fully into her.

Unable to keep them open, Sara closed her eyes and threw her head back against the bed. Tyler set a slow, steady pace, pulling almost all the way out before filling her fully again.

When she found the strength to open her eyes again, she was greeted with the most arousing sight she’d ever seen. Tyler had his head turned away from her, the muscles of his neck pulled tight and his back arched, as he locked in a passionate kiss with Gage. Gage was running his left hand over Tyler’s chest and forcing him back against his larger body.

They broke apart a moment later, and Sara almost cried out in protest. That was something that she would never tire of watching. Seeing her men together fanned a flame so bright within her that she thought she would combust on the spot.

She was unable to speak as Tyler lowered his body over hers and captured her mouth in the same type of heated kiss. His hips thrust forcefully a few more times before he stilled with a groan.

Sara knew that Gage was holding Tyler's hips still as he filled his lover with his thick cock. Tyler moaned low and long, and his eyes closed as an expression of intense pleasure crossed his face.

Sara waited, with her breath caught in her throat, as her men adjusted into a more comfortable position. When Gage finally began to rock his hips, Sara felt it all over her body. The two men established an easy rhythm that spoke of how well they knew each other's bodies.

Tyler's cock filled her over and over as she squirmed under him. Her hands joined Gage's as they ran over Tyler's lean hips and solid chest. She looked up into Gage's ice blue eyes as they fucked the man between them from either side.

\* \* \* \*

Tyler closed his eyes and tried to think of anything but the overwhelming sensation of being pressed between the two of them. Gage's cock was firm and steady, pressing against his prostate with every stroke and forcing him closer and closer to the edge. The familiar feel of his strong lover behind him was complemented perfectly by the feel of the soft feminine form under him. She was so wet and so malleable, soft where he was hard, and welcoming in every way. Fuck, he wanted to spend every day of the rest of his life like this. This was perfection.

"Gage, please," Tyler moaned. There was no way he could last much longer with the two of them pleasuring him in this way.

Gage brought his hand down hard on the curve of Tyler's ass.

"More," Tyler begged.

Gage spanked him again, giving him a little bit of pain to combat the overwhelming pleasure. “Hold it, Ty,” Gage growled. “Make her come again first. She’s close.”

\* \* \* \*

Sara jumped at the sharp crack of flesh. A protest was on her lips, but the expression on Tyler’s face was one of deep arousal, not pain. Sara watched the faces of her men as they communicated in ways that she couldn’t yet understand. Gage sank his teeth into the sensitive flesh at the base of Tyler’s neck, and Tyler bucked forward.

Sara stopped thinking after that and just let herself feel. Tyler shifted his angle slightly, rubbing more directly against her clit, and her already oversensitive body couldn’t take any more. She dug her nails into the flesh at his sides and came hard around him.

“Oh, fuck, Sara,” Tyler cursed as he let her orgasm trigger his own. Their lips met in a brief breathless kiss as their bodies shuddered in unison. The sounds of their combined panting and the relentless slapping of flesh filled the air as Gage worked himself to completion in Tyler’s exhausted body.

The trio collapsed on the bed in a sticky tangle of limbs. The boys resumed their usual positions on either side of her, and Sara curled easily against the warmth of their bodies.

## Chapter 8

When the three of them finally rolled out of bed, it was almost eight in the evening, and their stomachs were all rumbling from hunger. Gage felt more content than he had in a long time. He loved Tyler, but he had to admit that having a woman around made things more interesting.

“What do you say we order a pizza?” Tyler suggested. “I’m not much for cooking at the moment, and I think we’ve more than worked off the calories.”

“Good with me,” Gage agreed.

Sara nodded her assent as well, and Tyler pulled a takeout menu from the drawer by the phone. They easily agreed on toppings, and Tyler placed the call for delivery.

Gage flipped open the laptop to check his email as they waited for dinner to arrive.

“Any news?” Tyler asked.

Gage scanned the messages. “Not really. Just an email about that barn renovation that they want me to do.”

“You gonna take the job?”

“I’m not sure yet. It might be better if I’m home this week,” Gage answered, lifting his eyes to Sara.

“You can’t take off work on my account,” Sara protested.

“I make my own hours and take whatever projects I want,” Gage insisted. “I don’t have to take this job.”

“I’d feel terrible if you passed it over just for me.”

“I’ll be here with her,” Tyler added. “Take it if you want to do it. Those boys will have Jeremy behind bars soon anyway. She’s safe here, if you want to work.”

Gage frowned at the computer screen. “You sure you don’t mind? I’ll only be gone a couple of hours a day. It’s not a rush project, but they’d like to get it started.”

“Tell them you’ll take it,” Sara said.

Gage typed the email quickly, letting the barn owner know that he’d drop by the following afternoon to go over the project details, and clicked send.

When Gage was finished, Tyler logged in to check his email as well, but there didn’t seem to be any updates from any of the lawyers or policemen, so the three of them moved to the couch to watch a little TV and relax.

\* \* \* \*

Billy Barack, recently hired delivery boy for Planet Pizza, loaded the two medium pies into the warming carrier and then slid behind the wheel of his ageing Chevy Cavalier. He double-checked the address on the order and headed for the Big Sky Ranch. He’d never been back the drive the whole way, but he knew how to find the house easily enough. Billy had grown up in the small town, and he knew who was who and where just about everything was.

He wasn’t particularly looking forward to the delivery, but he had heard that the queers who ran the ranch tipped well, so he hoped that it would be worth putting up with them for a few minutes. As a recent high school graduate, he felt that the whole job was beneath him. The fact that he couldn’t pick and choose his clients only made it worse. He didn’t mind a little late night delivery to some of the better looking girls in his high school class, but the town fags didn’t rank high on his list of people to see. He just hoped that they wouldn’t be all over each



other when he got there. He'd be likely to puke in their bushes if he saw them making out.

The car bumped uneasily over the dirt lane, and Billy cursed. He couldn't afford to replace the shocks again, not if he was going to get into the police academy this fall like he hoped. He'd have to pay tuition plus the cost of the uniform and the firearm. Delivering pizzas was hardly lucrative.

"Fuckers better tip *really* well," he mumbled under his breath.

When he pulled up in front of the big farmhouse, he could see the living room lights on. There were three people huddled together on the couch, and for a minute, he thought that three men were making out. One of them stood up, though, when they heard his car, and he got a better look. It was two men and a woman.

One of the men came to the door, and the other two walked toward the kitchen. He barely caught her profile, but when she turned into the light, Billy recognized the woman as Sara Effese.

*What the hell is she doing here? Sheriff Jeremy's girl doesn't belong on this ranch.*

The tall man on the doorstep cleared his throat, diverting Billy's attention. "What do I owe you?"

"Uh, twenty-seven seventy-six," Billy said, looking down at the receipt.

The man handed him thirty-five dollars and told him to keep the change. He did tip well.

Billy gave him the pizzas and got back in his car, tossing a final glance over his shoulder to see if he could find Sara again, but the living room was empty.

\* \* \* \*

The pizza was good and hot, and it went down well with a couple of cold beers. Sara felt more content than she might ever have imagined possible. Everything was turning out better than she had

dreamed. On either side of her was a warm, protective man, and she believed them when they said that they would help her and keep her safe. Sitting in the pleasant atmosphere of the kitchen with them, it was easy to imagine that she could stay like this forever.

They went to bed early, partly because the stress of the day had worn them out, and partly because they were anxious to be naked and tangled together again. They lay awake in the dark talking softly as hands roamed over warm skin and gentle kisses were placed.

\* \* \* \*

A dark figure sat in a rusty truck on the outskirts of town. He knew that she hadn't gone far. She didn't have transportation, and he'd seen to it that she had no money either. He tipped the bottle of Jack back and took a long swig.

*Fucking bitch. How dare she defy me?*

Well, she could run, but she couldn't hide forever. This town wasn't that big. She'd turn up eventually, and when she did, he'd be waiting to welcome her home.

The stupid cow had called the state boys on him. He just knew it. He'd passed an unmarked police cruiser twice today. The state police had no business being there, in his jurisdiction, without notifying him, so he'd flipped his radio over to the state frequency and listened in to find out what they were after. Turned out they were after him.

Stupid lying cunt. It was all her fault. She thought he was too rough on her, always bitching and moaning about how hard he hit. Damn straight he hit hard. She deserved it, too. He'd put up with her mother's mouth long enough to get the old bag's money, but he wasn't going to take the same shit from her white trash daughter.

When his truck wouldn't start, he'd called one of the deputies to bring him a patrol car. That was fine for yesterday, but he had to lay low with cops looking out for him, so he'd ditched the car a couple of blocks from the station and hiked back to the truck.

Turns out the old rust bucket had only been out of gas. Apparently he'd had a little too much to drink and had left it running most of the night. It was an easy enough problem to solve.

So now he waited. They couldn't arrest him if they couldn't find him, and he knew this town a hell of a lot better than they did.

He'd picked the parking lot off Route 87 as his current hideout. It sat up from the road a little ways and allowed him to overlook the town watering hole as well as the only pizza place. A truck parked here overnight wouldn't arouse any suspicions, as many a cowboy never made it home from the bar below.

He'd also picked it because Sara had a friend that kept bar in the filthy place, and he thought that it was possible that she might come here for help. Plus, 87 was the main route to the interstate. If she was leaving town, odds were good she'd pass by here.

He kicked his dirty boots up on the dash and returned his attention to the road below. He needed a plan. He could wait her out, but those state cops would keep looking for him. He needed some way to get them off his tail.

He'd gone to the ATM early in the day, as soon as he realized that he was wanted. He withdrew the maximum ATM limit, which was four hundred and also took a stack of cash out of his safety deposit box. Sara hadn't even known about that box. You couldn't trust women with anything, and this was why.

If they had enough on him to arrest him, they might also be able to freeze his accounts. Odds were good they were watching his credit cards, too. If he attempted to use one, they'd be all over him.

The plan formed in his mind as he watched Billy Barack pull into the pizza shop. He was no doubt returning from a delivery; he hadn't been gone long.

Jeremy knew Billy like he knew most of the town kids. He'd broken up more than a couple of drunken bonfire parties over the last few years, and Billy had been in attendance at most of them. He also knew that Billy wanted to be a cop. The kid looked up to him, maybe

enough to help him out. Billy never had been terribly bright. He had a snowball's chance in Hell of actually making something out of himself.

If Jeremy sent the kid out of town with his credit cards, it might lead the state troopers away long enough for him to find Sara and shut her up. They had nothing on him but her testimony. If she weren't there to speak out, they'd have nothing on him.

Billy finished his shift about an hour later, and Jeremy pulled out behind him. The kid was going about ten miles over the speed limit, which he normally would have let go, but it was as good an excuse as any to pull the boy over. He turned on the single flashing blue light that he kept on the dash in the truck. It took a little while before the kid realized that he was being pulled over, but he eventually slid onto the shoulder, and Jeremy pulled up behind him.

"Evening, Billy," Jeremy said, walking around to the side of the Cavalier.

"Sheriff Granger, I sure am sorry," Billy said.

"Well, you were going mighty fast. You're lucky you didn't plow right into a deer out here."

"I'll slow down, I promise."

"See that you do that," Jeremy said. "But I think I'm gonna have to write you a ticket just so I'm sure you'll remember."

"Oh, no, please don't. My dad's going to kill me."

"Well, you've gotta learn a lesson, Billy. You don't think that they accept speeders like you into the police academy, do you?"

"No, sir. I promise. I'll learn my lesson."

Jeremy had him right where he wanted him. "Well, I know you didn't really mean no harm..."

"No, sir. I sure didn't."

"Maybe we could work out a bit of an agreement?"

Billy agreed eagerly.

"See, I've got a delivery coming into the sporting goods store down in Sheridan. I ain't had the time to go pick it up. If I gave you

my credit card to pay for the order, do you think you could run down there for me tomorrow and bring it back?"

"Sure, Sheriff. I'll take real good care of your stuff."

"I'm sure you will, Billy. You wouldn't want to disappoint me." Jeremy pulled out his credit card and handed it to the kid. "I expect you'll be real careful with my credit card too, won't you?"

"Oh yes, sir. Where should I bring the package? Will you be at home?"

Jeremy considered the question. He wasn't quite sure how to answer that one. "Just bring it back to the pizza shop there. I'll get it from you later."

"Okay."

Jeremy took a step back from the car, satisfied with his plan. He was about to get back in the truck when Billy called out the window. "Tell Miss Sara I said hello, and I hope she enjoyed the pizza."

The good sheriff stopped short. "Pizza? You delivered a pizza to Sara? Tonight?"

"Well, yeah. Out to the Big Sky Ranch. She was visiting those gay ranchers."

"Was she now? You're sure?"

"Positive." Billy nodded up and down in eager affirmation.

"Good work, Billy. You just might make an okay detective after all. I'll be sure to tell Sara you asked about her."

## Chapter 9

When Sara woke, she found one side of her body to be warmer than the other. She was still curled around Gage's back, but Tyler was suspiciously absent from the bed. He appeared a moment later, already dressed with his black Stetson on his head.

He pressed a finger to his lips indicating that she shouldn't wake Gage. He pulled her gently from the bed and brushed her sleep tussled hair out of her face. The rough weave of his jeans pressed against her naked skin, bringing her body to life as he brought her into his arms and kissed her good morning.

He swept her into the bathroom and quietly indicated that she should get dressed in the jeans and long sleeve shirt that he'd laid out. He produced a smaller version of his same hat, that wasn't quite as well broken in, and put it on her head.

A few minutes later he was tugging her out the back door. "I didn't want to wake the bear," he said when they were finally out of earshot, "but I thought you might like to go for a morning ride with me."

"I'd love to." Sara smiled.

The sun was barely up, but there were already a pair of horses saddled and tied to the fence waiting for them. It seemed Tyler was an early riser.

"This is Johnny Cash," Tyler said, introducing her to the all black quarter horse. "He's pretty gentle. I don't think you'll have any trouble with him."

Sara stroked the horse's nose for a minute before accepting Tyler's help up into the saddle. He adjusted the stirrups for her and made sure that she was comfortable.

"This is my little sister's saddle," he explained. "It's her hat, too, but it seems to fit you pretty good."

"Is your sister around a lot?"

"Fraid not. She visits about once a year. Still lives in New York with the rest of the family."

Tyler handed her the reins before swinging himself up gracefully on to his own horse.

They set off on a nice easy walk along the fence line. "I thought we'd just take a loop of the property so you could see the place."

They fell into an easy conversation, learning more about each other as the horses ambled peacefully along. When he was sure that Sara was comfortable with the ride, he suggested that they push the horses into a trot. They jogged along at a steady pace, cutting across the grazing land. The land was open on one side and largely wooded and mountainous on the other.

Sara stayed half a horse behind him, appreciating the view from the rear as Tyler rode the beautiful animal. When they got around to the backside of the property, they stopped to water the horses at the lake that Gage had mentioned the day before.

"It sure is beautiful out here."

"I fell in love with it the first moment I saw it," Tyler agreed. "I was so happy when Gage agreed to buy it with me. I always wanted a place like this."

"In some ways I guess I grew up in a place like this, but our farm never really felt peaceful like yours does. We only had about ten acres anyway, so it was more of an overgrown vegetable garden than a farm," Sara admitted.

"Well, I want this to be a refuge for you. I'm hoping that you'll never see fit to leave Gage and me, and we certainly aren't going to

let you go without a fight, but no matter what happens, I want you to know that you are always welcome here. You'll always be safe here."

"You don't know how much that means to me."

They lay in the soft grass together, feeling the morning sun on their faces, and for a brief moment, Sara felt as if she didn't have a care in the world. They kissed and made out like a couple of teenagers rolling around in the grass together.

\* \* \* \*

"Why do you let him hit you?" Sara asked, out of the blue.

"I'm sorry?"

"Gage. Why do you let him hit you like he did last night? While we were, uh..."

Tyler laughed. "Oh that." He rolled over to face her. "I like it."

"You do?" The surprise was evident in her voice.

"Yeah. I mean, I asked him for it. Didn't you hear me?"

"Yes, sort of, but who asks to be smacked around? I don't really understand that."

"It's not the same kind of pain, Sara. What Gage does to me is nothing like what Jeremy did to you. Gage is my Dominant, well, informally I guess. We don't really put a label on it, but for all intents and purposes, he controls the sexual part of our relationship, and I willingly submit to him. Sometimes that means accepting pain from him where appropriate. It's erotic. He's not abusing me."

"I just don't see how pain is ever appropriate or erotic for that matter." Sara's tone was clipped. It was clear that her experiences had taught her to fear pain, and it was difficult for her to see it any other way.

"Last night is a good example. I was on the verge of orgasm. Your pussy just felt far too good, but I didn't want to finish too soon. So Gage gave me a little bit of pain to help pull me back from the edge."

"I guess that makes sense," Sara conceded.



“It’s like second nature to me, after so many years with him, but I did rebel against some of it at first. I grew up in a very wealthy family, and I was given pretty much everything that I ever wanted. Truth is it made me spoiled in a lot of ways.”

“I don’t believe that for a minute,” Sara said.

Tyler smiled at her faith in him. “It’s true. Gage has really helped me to be more disciplined. I destroyed a lot of relationships because I was always determined to get my own way all of the time. He helped me to see that I needed to give once in a while, instead of always taking, taught me to compromise. When I learned to let him lead, I found that I was much happier. There is a lot of freedom in submission. It’s always worth it in the end.”

Tyler laughed, recalling a happy memory. “He’s tanned my hide more than a couple of times over the years, but I always deserved it, and I always enjoyed it, too.”

Sara shuddered softly beside him, and he pulled her into his arms.

“Don’t worry, sweetheart,” Tyler soothed. “Neither one of us would ever hurt you. I’m not saying that Gage wouldn’t bend you over his knee if he thought you’d done something really stupid—like put yourself in danger—but he’d always do it with your best interest in mind. And, he probably wouldn’t do it at all, knowing your history. He’s really a big teddy bear inside, but he wants to keep you safe, just like he keeps me safe. Gage is a protector by nature. He’ll do whatever he feels is necessary to keep you out of harm’s way.”

Sara swallowed hard and looked into Tyler’s eyes. “I trust you, both of you, but the hitting is just a little hard for me to take.”

“I can understand that. We’ll try to take it easy for a while. Just know that I enjoy it. If Gage ever did something that I didn’t like, I would just tell him, and he would stop. We both would. Everything that we do is consensual. Always.”

Sara nodded thoughtfully and then laid her head back down to look at the clouds.

"I suppose," Tyler continued, "that a lot of people might find Gage and my relationship odd. Probably even more so when you add a female into the mix, but the truth is, this is what I've always wanted—a dominant male and a loveable female to share with him. I really hope you'll stay, Sara. I want you to be with us long term."

"We should get back before Gage starts to worry," Sara said as she placed her hat back on her head. "I'd like to spend some time with him before he leaves for work."

They were resettled and trotting back toward the barn in no time.

Johnny Cash, the horse Sara was riding, spooked just as they were coming over the last hill along the wood line, only about fifty yards from the house. The horse made a quick circle and headed back in the other direction, nearly throwing Sara with the abrupt movement. Tyler reacted immediately, getting control of both horses and pulling her reigns in his left hand.

"Easy there, Johnny. What spooked you, boy?"

"Maybe it was me," Sara answered, readjusting herself on the horse. "I haven't been on a horse for a while. Did I do something wrong?"

Tyler didn't think it was her riding, but he didn't have time to answer her before the gunshot rang out. The ground exploded not three feet from the horses' hooves. Tyler tightened his grip on her reins and took off into the cover of the nearby woods. A second shot whizzed by close enough that Tyler could feel the wind from it. The bullet pierced a tree, splitting the bark. Sara screamed as the splinters showered her left shoulder.

The horse, panicked by the gunshots and Sara's screaming, took off at a full gallop into the woods. Despite his best efforts, Tyler couldn't control both horses at once, and Sara couldn't hold on. Johnny Cash bucked her, and she hit the ground with a hard thud.

Tyler slid off his still-moving mare and dropped to the ground, throwing his body over Sara's. He heard the back door of the house

slam and then a shot from a different gun. He was pretty sure that Gage was shooting at the assailant.

The sequel of tires followed a loud truck engine roar, and then it was all over.

\* \* \* \*

“Sara? Sara? Can you hear me?” Sara barely registered Tyler’s voice. “I think she’s coming around.”

Sara blinked up into the sunlight, squinting into the worried faces of Gage and Tyler.

“Thank God. She’s conscious. Don’t move, honey. We’ve got to make sure you don’t have any broken bones. Does anything hurt? Can you feel your toes?”

“I think I’m fine,” she groaned. “What happened?” Sara moved her fingers and toes, making sure that everything was still intact.

“Apparently Jeremy found you and saw fit to take a couple of shots at you. I don’t think you were hit, and neither were the horses, but Johnny threw you pretty good.”

Sara sat up slowly. Her head spun.

“You should stay on the ground,” Tyler instructed. “The ambulance is on its way. You shouldn’t move without a neck brace.”

“I’m fine,” Sara protested. “Where’s Jeremy? Did you catch him? Is anyone hurt?”

“No one got hurt, except you, of course. Gage came out after him with a shotgun, but Jeremy was already getting in his truck by the time we realized what was happening. He took off.”

“Shit,” Sara swore.

“Don’t worry about it,” Gage said. “We’ll get him. The detectives are already out after him. Just worry about you for now.”

Sara reluctantly let the ambulance take her to the hospital where a doctor checked her over and then released her back into their care. She was lucky. There were no broken bones and no concussion, just a

bump to the back of the head and some splinters embedded in her shoulder from where the tree bark had split apart.

Hungry and rattled, the three of them went back to the house. Gage immediately set the alarm and made sure that both of their rifles were loaded and ready. He would not be taken by surprise again.

Tyler made sandwiches and homemade vegetable soup for lunch. Sara blew on the hot soup on her spoon and considered her options. She was endangering them with her presence, just as she knew she would. Jeremy was running now, and she wasn't sure that they would catch him. He was as smart as he was mean. He wouldn't stop until she was dead. She was sure of it.

"Maybe I should go hide out in a hotel somewhere for a while," she quietly suggested. "I don't want to keep endangering the two of you."

"Absolutely not," Gage growled. "You're staying right here with us, where you belong."

"What did I tell you about his protective instincts?" Tyler asked. "You're not leaving our sight until that asshole is behind bars."

Knowing that she was fighting a losing battle, Sara wisely kept the remainder of her thoughts to herself.

"The one thing that I just can't figure out is how he knew you were here," Gage said. "No one has been back here since you came, and I'm quite sure that he didn't see our truck that first night. If he had, he probably would have come yesterday. It doesn't make sense that he would wait if he knew where you were. Do you think he went through the whole town looking for you?"

"Someone *was* here, though," Tyler interjected. "We had that pizza delivered. I didn't really think about it at the time, but the pizza boy kept trying to look in the windows. I thought it was just because the two of you were half dressed and all over each other, but maybe he recognized Sara."

"Do you know who it was? What did he look like?"

"He was young, dark hair, kinda scrawny."

“Billy Barack, maybe?” Sara asked. “He just graduated from high school. Curly hair? Clothes probably didn’t match?”

“That sounds right,” Ty agreed.

“He worships the ground that my ex-boyfriend walks on. Police academy wannabe. He probably ran straight to Jeremy the minute he saw me here. I am so stupid! Why didn’t I think to stay out of sight? If I’d just waited in the bedroom...”

“It’s not your fault,” Tyler said, lifting her from her chair and pulling her into his arms. “None of this is your fault.”

“Well, the fact remains that he knows you’re with us now. We’re going to have to be on high alert until he’s caught. I want you with Ty or me at all times until they catch him.”

Sara sighed. “I’m so sick of this. Why can’t he just let me go?”

“I’m not sure, baby,” Tyler answered, pressing his lips to her forehead. “But you are ours now, and we’re not letting you go either.”

The phone interrupted their discussion. Gage picked it up, and then paced by the windows, listening to the voice on the other side of the line.

“Who was it?” Sara asked as soon as he’d disconnected the phone.

“It was Detective Ryder. Jeremy used his credit card at a store down in Sheridan. If he left from here and headed south, it would make sense for him to be arriving down there about now, if he was in a hurry. The purchase was a couple boxes of hunting shells and a high-end sleeping bag. It had to be ordered. The order was placed the day you left him. They think he’s making preparations to come after you again.”

“Why would he put that on a credit card? He’s smart. He has to know that they are tracking his purchases.”

“Maybe he didn’t have another choice. He might not have cash.”

“Yeah, but he has plenty of ammunition at home, and we have camping gear. Even if he doesn’t have any cash, I don’t think those supplies would be at the top of his list.”

“So you think it’s a diversion?” Tyler asked.

"I'm not sure. It just doesn't sound right to me. Did you see what kind of gun he was shooting? Is the ammo even for the same gun?"

The two men looked at each other and shrugged.

"I'll call the police back and let them know what you said. They should know everything that we know, and just to be on the safe side, you're not leaving the house until we hear back."

"We can't hide out in here forever," Sara protested.

"It won't be forever," Gage argued. "Couple of days at the most. I will take you out if you need to go somewhere. I just don't want you to be alone. I already emailed about the barn project, and they are going to put the whole thing on hold for another week. Right now, none of us needs to go any farther than our own corral. That proved dangerous enough in itself this morning. We're staying put."

"Oh no!" Tyler remarked sarcastically, throwing his hand up to his forehead in a dramatic fainting gesture. "Whatever will the three of us find to do when we're all locked in a confined space?"

Sara giggled, and Gage shot them a glare that clearly said this wasn't funny.

"Oh come on, Gage," Sara said. "Ty's right. We might as well enjoy the time together."

"I did insist that we build that bathtub big enough for three for a reason you know," Tyler added.

Gage rolled his eyes but caved. "Fine. Last one naked and in the tub has to do the dinner dishes."

## Chapter 10

Detective Filley flashed a recent picture of Jeremy Granger at the store clerk.

“No, that wasn’t him,” the clerk said.

“You sure?”

“Yeah. The guy that picked up that sleeping bag and ammo was a lot younger than the guy in that picture. He was a kid, maybe eighteen or twenty. Nothing but sticks and bones. That guy’s a good bit bigger.”

Filley looked at his partner, Ryder, across the counter. It seemed as if Sara Effese knew her stalking ex-boyfriend well. She had been right about the sporting goods store being a wild goose chase.

“Thank you,” he said, lifting the photo from the counter and heading back to the car with Ryder.

“So we’re three hours out of the way? And our suspect is probably still hiding out back in town?” Ryder asked.

“Yep.”

“Fuck.”

“Think we should call those cowboys that she’s staying with and let them know that this was a dead end?”

“Might not be a bad idea. They seemed to be pretty well-prepared, but we should still keep them in the loop.”

Filley flipped open his cell phone and placed the call. The phone rang four times and then went to voicemail. “Gage, this is Bob Filley. We have another update on the case. Please call me when you get a moment.”

\* \* \* \*

While the detectives were heading back north, Jeremy was formulating his next attack. He'd circled around after this morning's encounter and ditched his truck in a small cave not too far from town. He tossed a camouflage tarp over it, just in case, but no one would find it. Even he wouldn't have found the cave, but he'd caught a couple of drug traffickers a few years back, and one of them had given up their natural storage space. It paid to know the town's secret hiding spots.

He didn't need the truck anyway. It would be better to stay off the roads. Since he'd missed the stupid bitch by a hair this morning, it would escalate the case to attempted murder. He was going to have to be more careful.

The Big Sky was bordered in the front by Route 87. The backside, where Sara and Tyler had rolled in the grass earlier that morning, butted up against state game land. Neighboring on both sides were privately owned plots of land. One was an active cattle ranch of about seven thousand acres, but the other property, which separated Gage and Tyler's ranch from Sara's family home, was only about twelve hundred acres. An elderly man who could barely see, and heard even less, owned that farm. It was a simple thing for Jeremy to walk into his equipment barn and borrow a four-wheeler in broad daylight.

Jeremy filled the ATV with off-road diesel siphoned from the other equipment and pushed it until he thought it was safe to start the engine. He rode it across the neighboring land to the patch of woods where he'd taken aim at Sara earlier. He cut the engine once again to reduce the noise, and then hid the vehicle in a thicket of brush. He left his service firearm, a Glock .40, tucked under the seat, just in case.

He slung his hunting rifle over his shoulder and scouted for a spot closer to the house where he would be able to keep an eye on his girl. He'd missed her once because of the instincts of that damn horse, but



he wasn't likely to miss her again. If she set foot outside, she was dead.

There was a large maple tree behind the house set between the back door and the closest barn. Crossing the yard in broad daylight to get into the tree might be a little tricky, but he didn't fear discovery in the branches. Truth was people very rarely took the time to look up. If he didn't make any noise to give himself away, he could probably sit there for days without notice.

Jeremy listened for any sign that someone might be preparing to leave the house, or even looking out into the backyard, but everything was quiet. If he wanted to get into the tree, he was going to have to take a risk.

*Stupid bitch had to run off with her goddamn flip-flops on.*

Jeremy had placed tracking or listening devices in most of Sara's shoes, purses, and even cell phone, but the sandals had been too thin to hide a bug. He always knew she was planning to run off, and he'd been well prepared. It was by sheer luck that she had run away with nothing. If she'd worn her old sneakers, he'd be able to hear what was going on inside the house.

Considering his options, Jeremy decided on the path that would leave him out in the open for the shortest amount of time. He crossed carefully from the patch of woods to the barn. No one was outside. He was fairly certain of that. A glance through the open barn door revealed the barn to be empty as well, at least of humans. There were two horses present, but neither of them so much as looked in his direction.

Keeping as much to the shadows of the barn as possible, he picked his way from the barn to the short stack of straw bales. The tree was only fifty feet farther. Taking one more glance around the yard, he made a break for it, running full out, until he caught the lowest limb and was able to swing his feet up off the ground.

There had been as much as a thirty-second window where he could have been spotted, but as he climbed up into the leafy branches,

he believed it less and less. No one appeared at the base of the tree with a loaded shotgun.

Double-checking to make sure that his gun was secure, Jeremy climbed carefully one limb at a time until he was straddling a wide branch parallel to the second story of the house. From here he could see into the open window that he believed to be the master bedroom. It was hard to tell in the daylight, but he would have an excellent view when they turned on the interior lights.

If he closed his eyes and listened hard, he could hear Sara giggling from time to time. He couldn't make out the conversation, but they were all in there together. He was sure of it.

*Lying, cheating, slut. Of course the first thing she'd do is whore herself out to a couple of queers.*

Unhappy with his options at the present moment, Jeremy decided to catch a little sleep. He'd been running on nothing but adrenaline and hate for almost forty-eight hours, and he was going to need a break if he wanted to put that bitch in her place.

\* \* \* \*

A feminine giggle escaped Sara's lips as Tyler pulled her foot into his lap, and gently pressed his thumb into her arch under the water.

"That feels amazing," she sighed.

"I beg to differ," Gage stated. "I can't stand to have someone touch my feet."

"No? Oh, you're missing out. Tyler is very talented."

"Don't you worry, honey. Gage gets plenty of rubs from me. It's just not his feet that are in on the action."

Tyler leaned over and gave Gage a brief kiss. Sara watched them with a mild envy. She wanted the obvious comfort that they had together so badly. Of course that kind of relationship took years to develop. That kind of trust and respect didn't come overnight, no

matter how good of a start you made. After only two short days, Sara was beginning to wonder why she had ever been afraid of them.

“Come here, sweetheart,” Gage said, beckoning to her. “I want to work on another part of you.”

Sara slid over so that she was sitting between Gage’s legs, with her back to his chest and her feet still propped up on Ty’s knees. Gage kissed the nape of her neck lightly, brushing her long hair out of the way before trailing his hands down her sides.

Tyler’s thumb pressed hard into the arch of her foot, and she moaned aloud. Gage chuckled behind her.

“If Ty can make you moan like that with just a foot rub, I can’t wait to hear what you’ll sound like when I finally get my cock in your tight ass.”

Sara’s breath caught in her throat as Gage lowered his hands, cupped her ass, and pulled her cheeks apart. The warm water caressed every inch of her, and she squirmed appreciatively.

“Relax, baby, I’m going to stretch you out a little.”

Sara did as he asked, closing her eyes and giving herself over to the incredible sensations. Tyler slowly worked over her ankles and up to the hard muscles of her calf. Gage gently teased her pussy and her ass, the hand over her leg rubbing light circles on her clit before dipping inside her pussy, and the other stroking her virgin opening.

It was such a foreign sensation when Gage’s finger slipped past the tight ring of muscle that Sara instinctively clamped down on him. Gage pinched her clit in an effort to make her open up, and she gasped.

“Don’t tense up. Let me in.”

“It burns.”

Tyler slid off the ledge, releasing her legs and moving closer. He cupped the side of her face and kissed her gently. Sara moaned into his mouth, and Gage took the opportunity to move his finger gently in and out of her tight passage.

She slowly adapted to the strange sensation. After the initial shock wore off, it began to feel better and better. Gage began a rhythmic motion, his finger pressing deeper into her after each time he withdrew. She relaxed and let herself feel the new but exquisite pressure.

Tyler kissed her lips and gently caressed her body. He could fire her up so easily with just the tips of his fingers. Eventually, his hands replaced Gage's, working over her swollen pussy and enflamed clit.

"Do you like it now?" Tyler asked. "Does it feel good to have his fingers working you like that?"

"Oh yes. God, I feel so full."

"Mmmm, you haven't even come close to full, baby. Just wait until we both have our cocks up inside of you. I can't wait to feel you squeezing me while Gage's cock rubs against mine."

Gage withdrew farther and then pushed forward with the tips of two fingers.

"Oh fuck," Sara swore. She pressed herself harder into their hands, wanting more, more of everything. "Don't stop. Please."

"We're only just beginning, honey," Tyler assured her. "I want you riding my cock while he stretches you."

He reached over the side of the tub and pulled a condom from the pocket of his jeans. When Sara laughed, he winked and said, "I'm like a boy scout, always prepared."

"You'd make a sexy boy scout," Sara agreed, "but I think I like your cowboy look better."

"Well then, cowgirl up."

With their help, Sara managed to straddle Tyler's hips. His cock slid easily into her drenched pussy. The bath water shifted around them, lapping against the side of the huge tub as she began to bounce on his shaft.

Gage's teeth sank into her neck, biting, then soothing the pain away with his tongue. Sara arched back into him, offering him more

of her body as she fucked his lover. Gage was relentless in his pursuit, scissoring wider and stretching her a little at a time.

“That’s right,” he encouraged. “Fuck my fingers. Ride us both.”

“I can’t,” she protested. “I need... I need to—”

Tyler’s lips closed over hers, cutting off her weak protesting.

“You want to come for me. Don’t you, Sara?”

“Oh yes,” she said with a sob.

“Come on, baby.” Tyler’s thumb rubbed gentle circles on her clit, tying a knot of desire inside of her. “I want to feel you fall apart around me.”

Gage’s fingers increased their pace, thrusting in and out in time with Tyler’s hips. The feeling was indescribable and completely overwhelming. With a sharp cry, Sara dropped down onto Tyler’s cock one last time, taking them both deep inside of her as she let the orgasm take over her body.

Tyler followed her, his head dropping back onto the cold ledge of the tub. He held her hips firm and rocked into her as the shaking subsided and the bath water calmed her.

Gage gently withdrew his fingers and lifted Sara out of the tub.

“Let’s get you dry.”

## Chapter 11

“Keep her in the house,” Tyler said. “I’m just going to run out and muck a couple of stalls. I’ll be gone an hour and a half tops, and then we can figure out what to do for dinner.”

“Sounds good,” Gage replied. “Be careful. I don’t want anyone letting their guard down outside of this house until they have that bastard behind bars.”

“I’ll be careful.” Tyler dropped his hat onto his head and reached for the knob on the back door. “Gage?”

“Yeah?” Gage looked up at the beautiful man, dressed in his cowboy gear.

“I love you.”

“Love you, too, cowboy.” Tyler shot him one last devastating smile and then ducked through the door out into the back yard.

\* \* \* \*

The screen door slamming against the frame startled Jeremy out of his nap. He lost his balance for a moment, disoriented by the unusual napping place, and nearly fell out of the tree. Regaining his balance, he swung his gun around and braced himself.

One of the queers, the smaller one, was crossing the backyard to the barn. He had a clear shot. He lined up the scope, putting the crosshairs right on the man’s ear. He’d blow the fucking hat right off of his head. Taking a deep breath, Jeremy steadied the gun right on target as he waited for the sound of the back door.

If he shot now, he'd lose his position in the tree. He'd have the satisfaction of killing one of the bastards who was fucking his woman, but he might lose the opportunity to kill the bitch herself in the process.

*Why doesn't she come out? She's always bitching about how she wants a horse anyhow.*

Frustrated, Jeremy pulled the rifle back behind the tree branches. He was just going to have to be a little more patient. If he got the bitch, he'd get the others as well. Rushing was stupid. He'd have a clear shot at all three of them soon enough.

He could hear the gay idiot talking to the stupid barn animals as he fed them, filled the water troughs, and shoveled shit. No wonder he'd taken to Sara. He must be fond of weak, useless animals.

Jeremy quickly grew bored with sitting in the tree. He considered leaving the gun and taking care of the cowboy with his bare hands. He could always crack him over the head with a shovel or something. If the guy never came back, Sara would be bound to come out into the backyard looking for him. Then he could pick her off with the gun. It seemed like a reasonable plan. There was only one flaw. He'd have to kill the man quickly before he could scream and alert the others to the danger. He held still for another twenty minutes or so, and when the others never game out, he decided to pick this one off.

Settling the gun into a V in the tree branch where it wouldn't fall, he started to climb down. When the gun was just out of reach, the backdoor opened. Jeremy ducked behind the trunk and held his breath, cursing his luck.

"Tyler!" Sara yelled out the back door.

"Yeah?" Tyler responded, coming into view at the barn door.

"Will you be offended if I cook dinner?"

"Of course not, but you don't have to."

"I'd like to. Gage is gonna run me up to the store. We'll be right back."

"Okay, be safe."

Jeremy fought the urge to move. He couldn't reach the gun from here, and if he moved to get it, either one of them could spot him.

*Fucking bitch has the worst timing!*

The screen door shut, and Jeremy cursed. He was still getting resituated with the gun when he heard the truck start. The house was between him and the driveway, so he never had a clean shot, just a brief flash of her hair in the passenger window before she was gone.

Well, at least he could kill the asshole in the barn. With the two remaining targets safely away at the grocery store, he could shoot the man in the barn and then just sit out front and wait for them to come home. Hell, he could sit in the house and wait for them. Stupid woman probably hadn't even thought to lock the back door.

He climbed quietly down out of the tree and ducked around the side of the barn. Thankful for his natural stealth, he crept in through the door. He hadn't gotten to be a cop by tripping over his own two feet.

Hidden behind a stacked pile of straw bales, Jeremy waited for his eyes to adjust to the dim barn. He didn't want to miss the first shot. The man was standing at the mouth of the middle stall, a garden hose in his hand, spraying a stream of horse shit off of his boots. His full focus was on his feet. He'd never see it coming.

Jeremy raised the gun and took aim. His finger squeezed half a pound on the trigger, and in the next second, a cell phone rang.

The bastard dropped the hose and grabbed his cell, walking out of Jeremy's sights and into the tack room. "Hello?"

\* \* \* \*

"Tyler, I just looked at my phone," Gage said on the other end of the line. "Detective Filley left us a message, so I called him back. Jeremy wasn't down in Sheridan. He's on the loose somewhere up here."

"Shit. Sara was right. I thought she might be."



“Yeah, I thought you should know. We just arrived at the store, but Sara seems to be a pretty fast shopper, so we shouldn’t be too long. Just one more thing to like about her.”

Tyler laughed. He knew how much Gage hated shopping. It would be nice to have Sara around for trips to the mall.

“We’re stocking up on a few things,” Gage continued. “I really don’t want to leave the house again for the next couple of days if we don’t have to.”

“Okay. Get more condoms.”

“It was the first thing on my list.” Gage laughed. “Gotta go. She needs something off the top shelf.”

“See you in a bit.”

Tyler slipped the phone back into his pocket and walked out of the barn. If that psychopath was on the loose up here, he didn’t want to dally any more than necessary. He’d done what he absolutely needed to do. The animals would be fine until morning.

He’d gotten an ominous feeling after that phone call. Scanning the yard, he couldn’t see anything out of place. Just to be on the safe side, he made a loop around the front of the house instead of cutting across the back. When he found nothing unusual in the front either, he went in the main door and then proceeded to check all of the locks. Everything was safe and sound.

Tyler returned to the front door when he heard the truck pulling up. The unmarked state police car pulled up right behind them. The four passengers got out of the vehicles, and Tyler went to help carry the grocery bags.

“Detectives, nice to see you again. Is everything okay?” Tyler asked.

“Yeah, we were just returning from our wild-goose chase down south when we passed Gage and Sara in the truck. It seemed wise to escort them home. Is everything okay here?” Detective Filley asked.

“So far as I can tell. We’ve been sticking pretty close to the house, but the horses are all settled in for the night, and I didn’t see anything unusual.”

“Would you gentlemen like to stay for dinner?” Sara asked. “It’ll be a little while before it’s ready, but you’re welcome to wait or to come back if you want.”

Tyler smiled at her. He loved how warm and hospitable she was.

“No thanks, ma’am. I think we’ll just take a stroll around the house and then head back to the station. Just give us a call if you need anything.”

The two detectives walked around the back the house while the residents carried in the groceries and locked up the truck.

“Feel so damn weird to lock the truck in my own driveway,” Gage confessed. “This has always been such a safe place.”

“Hopefully it will be again soon,” Tyler replied. “I feel better with the detectives here though.”

The three of them had the groceries put away in no time, and Tyler helped Sara find everything that she would need to assemble her lasagna. They were startled by a knock on the back door. Gage pushed aside the drapes and opened the door for the state police.

“Could you come out here for a minute?” Ryder asked.

\* \* \* \*

“Sure.” Gage looked over his shoulder at the two in the kitchen and said he’d be right back.

“We found something unusual out in the woods, and we just wanted verification that it isn’t yours.”

“What did you find?” Gage asked.

“An ATV, hidden in the brush.”

“We don’t have an ATV.”

“I didn’t think so. It doesn’t have a plate. It’s for off-road use only, so it’s hard to know whom it might belong to.”

“You think it’s Jeremy’s?”

“No. I don’t think that he’s been home long enough to pick up an ATV, even if he did have one. We have a couple of police officers posted over at his place. I think he stole it. Do any of your neighbors have them?”

“I can’t say for sure, but I would think so. We hear them sometimes. The neighbor over there”—Gage pointed in the general direction—“is half deaf. It wouldn’t be too hard to cut across his property.”

“I think it’s safe to say that the suspect has been here,” Filley said. His gaze swept across the yard. “And may still be here. Maybe we’ll take Ms. Effese up on her offer for dinner after all. I don’t like the look of this.”

## Chapter 12

Jeremy once again cursed his luck. How in the hell had Sara suddenly become so well-protected? After the fuck up in the barn with the damn phone call, he'd waited until Tyler went back inside, and then he'd taken cover in the woods to the side of the driveway. He couldn't risk running across the lawn again, but he could wait until they all came home with the groceries, and then pick them off one at a time with his rifle.

But no, the stupid, fucking state boys had to come along for the ride. He had hoped that the detour to Sheridan would keep them out of his way for a while, but they were back. Shooting three unarmed people was different than shooting five, two of whom would be very good with guns. Plus, shooting a fellow cop was not on Jeremy's agenda.

To make matters worse, the state cops were actually dedicated to their jobs. Instead of just leaving, they had to go poking around. He should have put the ATV farther away. It was a fine line between quick get-away vehicle and discovered vehicle. Now they knew that he'd been here.

The cops had gone into the house with the larger of the two men, after locking the ATV in the equipment shed. They'd found his extra gun, too, so he was down a weapon. They were all sure to be on high alert as well. He needed to let things cool down a bit. Eventually they would get lazy and make a mistake. The cops would have to leave sometime. He would just have to wait them out.

Jeremy was hungry. He could smell homemade lasagna, fresh baked bread, and knowing Sara, there was probably salad and dessert,

too. He had to admit she'd been a pretty good cook when she wasn't nagging him for grocery money. You'd think that he was starving her the way that bitch complained.

His stomach rumbled, and he tried to decide what to do next. It wasn't too far back to the main road, but his truck was a good fifteen miles away. He didn't want to walk that far. If he waited a few more hours for dark, he might be able to go back to the tree. Unfortunately, now he had no method of escape, and those cops would be all over him if used the gun.

There were really only two options: hike into town, get something to eat, and come back with a new vehicle, or wait it out until the cops left and then finish what he'd come to do.

\* \* \* \*

"Would anyone like more bread?" Sara asked, holding up the basket.

"No thank you, ma'am. This was a fantastic meal though. We appreciate the hospitality." Ryder complimented.

Cooking for the four men had been a really enjoyable experience for Sara. At times it was even possible to forget that there was a completely psycho ex-boyfriend after her. It was nice to be able to give back a little because they were all doing so much for her.

"So what do we do next?" Gage asked. "We know that he's been here at least twice, and if he's *still* here, we probably won't find him just by looking. The place is too big with too many good hiding spots."

"There isn't much we can do, I'm afraid," Ryder answered. "We have to wait until he shows himself. He'll get impatient eventually and screw up."

Sara sighed. "He's a very patient man, unfortunately. He's got a short temper, but he's fond of sitting in the woods doing nothing. He's been hunting for years, and he's good at waiting for his prey."

“Don’t worry, Sara,” Tyler said as he stood and kissed her forehead. “We’ll get him, but for now I’ll help you serve that fantastic looking pan of brownies that I saw you makin’ earlier.”

\* \* \* \*

The brownies were delicious, and the ice cream on top didn’t hurt either. Gage watched his two lovers laughing together in the kitchen as they cleaned up the dishes. He’d offered to help, but Tyler had refused, saying that he’d probably just drop something. Tyler was probably right. He was pretty useless in the kitchen no matter what he was trying to do.

Watching their joy, he knew that he was in real trouble. What would he do when Jeremy was caught and Sara decided to leave them? Ty would be devastated and so would he. He was already so attached. She made the house seem so much warmer, just with her laugh.

“When you’re done, would everyone come in here for a minute?” detective Ryder asked him out of his private thoughts. “I think we may have a plan.”

\* \* \* \*

Jeremy watched as the state police cruiser pulled out of the drive. He was glad now that he’d decided to stay hidden in the woods. Those cops must not be as dedicated as he’d originally guessed. They were giving up already.

The sun was setting. In another half an hour, it would be safe to move again. He could go back to his tree and pick them off through the bedroom window. He could always take one of the horses back to his truck after they were dead or take the queers’ truck. It was nicer than his own anyway. Maybe he’d figure out a way to keep it. He was

probably going to have to skip town after all of this. Stupid bitch had totally disrupted his life.

\* \* \* \*

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Sara asked.

Gage watched as Tyler’s hands slowed on the buttons of her shirt where he was working to undress her.

“They said to go about our lives normally, just keep the alarm on, and don’t leave the house,” Tyler responded.

“I’m not so sure that they’d consider all this sexual activity ‘normal living.’ You two are positively insatiable.”

“You complaining?” Gage asked, wrapping his arms around her from behind. He took a deep breath, reveling in her earthy scent. “No, but I’m kind of freaked out by the idea that Jeremy could be peeking in the windows or something.”

“He really scares you, doesn’t he?” Tyler asked softly, cupping the side of her face in his gentle hands. “You’re shaking.”

“You don’t know him. He’ll never quit, not unless he’s dead or in jail. He’s very dangerous.”

“Shhh,” Gage soothed from behind her. “Don’t worry about him right now. We can draw the blinds if you want, but we’re going to keep you safe.”

“Can we go upstairs? I think I’d be more comfortable in the bedroom.”

“Of course!” Just to make her laugh, Gage swung her up over his shoulder in a fireman’s hold and ran up the steps.

“Put me down, you ogre!”

“Ogre! Well, I can’t put you down now. An ogre would never allow a beautiful maiden to get away until he was completely finished ravishing her.”

Gage bounced her up and down forcefully, and she smacked his ass in return.

Sara laughed as he tossed her down on the bed. Tyler pounced on top of her as Gage moved to the side of the bed and pulled his shirt over his head.

“I’m just gonna pull the blinds. No peeping toms allowed.”

“Mmm, but I like to watch,” Tyler growled.

“You don’t count.” Gage rolled his eyes at Tyler’s ridiculous nature.

Gage moved over to the window, intent on pulling down the blinds, when a flash of movement in the yard caught his eye. He dropped to the ground yelling, “Get down!” just before the glass shattered above his head.

Sara screamed, and Tyler shoved her off of the bed, knocking her to the floor and throwing his own body over hers.

\* \* \* \*

After leaving the house, Detective Ryder and his partner circled around the property, waiting patiently for any sign of movement in the yard. It hadn’t been easy to get back into the woods undetected, but Gage and Tyler knew the property well, and they had been right about the best access points. Ryder had been able to stay mostly in the grass, in the darkest parts of the yard, and he was certain that he hadn’t been heard or seen by anyone except his partner.

He was banking on the suspect’s patience. Sara had been right about the man so far, and she seemed to think that Jeremy would wait in the yard for as long as it took. If he was still here, Ryder was determined to find him.

After having a delightful meal with Sara, he wanted the abusive man out of her life as soon as possible. She was a really sweet woman, and she deserved a little happiness after everything that she’d been through. Ryder hoped that she might stay with Tyler and Gage when this was all over. He’d only spent a few hours with them, but it



was easy to see that the three of them had a close, if unusual relationship.

A light appeared in the bedroom window where he could just barely make out the shapes of three people. Gage came closer to the window. A reflection from Jeremy's gun in the tree caught Ryder's eye.

He yelled to Filley just a second before the shot erupted, shattering the bedroom window. From the ground, he couldn't see if anyone had been hit. He and Filley both returned fire into the tree where the shot had come from.

It was full dark, and the bright flare of the gun nearly blinded him, but he caught the motion of Jeremy's large body falling out of the tree. The suspect landed with a hard thud on the ground.

His partner beat him by a few steps. "Call for an ambulance," Filley said. "We shot him in the thigh."

Jeremy was rolling on the ground, still fighting or possibly trying to escape, but it was pretty clear that he couldn't walk. Blood poured from his leg. His rifle hung from the tree, still half lodged in the branches. Ryder pulled the gun down, just in case, and then picked up his radio and called for an ambulance while Filley struggled to put handcuffs on the criminal who was swinging his arms in an attempt to fight him off.

"Is anyone hurt up there?" Ryder yelled up to the shot-out window.

Gage's head appeared through the broken glass a moment later. "No, he missed us. Is it over?"

"Yes, we have him in custody. The ambulance is on its way."

\* \* \* \*

Sara redressed herself, making sure that everything was in place, before heading down the stairs with Gage and Tyler. Tears poured

down her cheeks, and she wasn't even sure if they were tears of relief or pure terror. That gunshot had scared her half to death.

Burying her face in Gage's shirt, she sobbed. "He could have killed you! It would have been all my fault."

"I'm fine, sweetheart. No one got hurt. Well, except Jeremy." He pressed a kiss to the top of her head. "It's going to be okay now. I've got you."

The ambulance arrived a moment later with siren blaring and lights flashing. The two police officers dragged a limping Jeremy around the side of the house.

"You bitch!" he called out to Sara when he saw her. "You'll pay for this!"

Sara lifted her face from Gage's chest just in time to see Detective Ryder plow his fist into Jeremy's jaw.

Tyler laughed beside her. "We'll pretend we didn't see that."

They shut the ambulance doors. Detective Filley was escorting Jeremy to the hospital. Ryder stayed to finish the report and make sure that everyone was okay. Gage drove him back to his police car half an hour later.

\* \* \* \*

"Thank you for everything," Gage said, dropping him off.

"I'm just glad that we got the bastard before he hurt her. You'll take care of Sara now, won't you?" Ryder asked.

"Of course we will."

"I kinda figured that was the case. You're lucky men. She's a sweetheart. Give us a call if you need anything. I guess we'll be seeing you in court."

Gage waited until the other man had started the car, and then pulled out onto the main road again. He couldn't wait to get home. Ryder was right—she was a sweetheart, and he had every intention of enjoying the rest of the evening with her.

## Chapter 13

Sara looked up the comfortable spot in Tyler's arms when Gage walked through the door. Finally, he was home.

"Now there's a welcome sight," Gage said, indicating his two lovers in a heated embrace on the couch.

"We were trying to wait for you," Tyler said, "but you know how fucking irresistible she is."

Gage laughed. "I certainly do."

"I taped plastic over the bedroom window, but I guess you'll want to replace it tomorrow. I thought maybe we'd spend the night in the guest room instead. We were just thinking about heading up there."

"That's a good idea." Gage joined them on the couch and peeled off his boots. "I guess in the morning we can get a window and take Sara home."

Sara tensed. They were planning to take her home in the morning? She'd thought at first that this would be a one night stand—a once in a lifetime opportunity to be with two incredible men—but they seemed to genuinely care for her. Had she misread their affections?

"What is it? What did I say?" Gage asked.

"You're going to take me home?" Sara asked. She tried to sound nonchalant, but her voice gave away the underlying worry she felt.

"I thought you wanted your stuff. You've been asking for your clothes and your car since you got here."

Tyler chuckled on her other side, catching on to the confusion quickly. "Sara, baby, he's planning to bring you back here as soon as you pack a bag. You're staying with us. He's not leaving you there for good."

“That’s what you thought?” Gage asked. “Of course you’re coming back. You’re stuck with us now. I’d never abandon you like that. You will stay with us, won’t you?”

Sara threw herself into his arms. “Oh of course I will. I wasn’t sure that you’d still want me, now that we’re on the other side of the mess.”

“Want you? We love you, Sara,” Tyler said softly.

“Oh, I love you, too. Both of you. So much.”

“Let us show you how much,” Gage said. “Come to bed with us.”

“Mmmm, I like the sound of that.”

Her men lead her up the stairs and into the guest room, shedding clothes and sharing kisses along the way.

“I think I’m ready,” Sara whispered conspiratorially in Gage’s ear.

“Ready for what, baby?”

“I want to take you both. At the same time.”

Tyler moaned and wrapped his long fingers around his own erection. “Fuck, Sara. I can’t wait for that.”

“Get on your knees, Tyler. Right there beside the bed,” Gage commanded. “You’re going to watch me fill her ass.”

Tyler let out a tortured groan that was half arousal and half complaint, but he did as he was told, dropping to the floor on his knees so that he was eye level with where Sara was bent over on her elbows.

Gage took his time, slowing relaxing Sara with his hands and mouth. She kept her eyes on Tyler, who returned her gaze with a burning intensity. He stroked his cock slowly, the purple head leaking into his fist as Sara’s mouth went dry. God she, wanted to taste him, fuck him, anything! She went up in flames, unbelievably aroused by his scrutiny and the feel of Gage’s solid body all over her. Who knew that just being watched would be such a turn-on?

Sara was begging to be fucked by the time Gage finally began to spread lubricant around her virgin hole. She bucked hard on his finger as he pierced her. “Please, Gage. Give it to me.”

“Shhh, easy, sweetheart. I don’t want to hurt you. I want you to be patient for me while I get you lubed up.” Pulling away for a moment, Gage spread more lube on his cock. When he was ready, he pressed the head of his cock against her tight ass. “Relax for me, honey. Let me in.”

Sara pushed herself back onto his steel erection one inch at a time. She held her breath as the muscles gave way, and she felt the foreign burning sensation.

“Breathe, Sara,” Tyler reminded her from his position on the floor. “You’ve got to stay loose. Keep breathing.”

The air rushed out of her lungs in one big burst, and Gage’s cock slid another inch into her channel.

“Oh fuck,” Gage swore. “You’re so goddamn tight. You’re squeezing me so hard.”

“Hot damn, you should see her face, Gage. Our little Sara likes taking your big cock.” Sara looked at Tyler as she rocked back onto Gage. The pain was lessening, and it was overridden by an intense feeling of emptiness in her pussy. She bucked harder, taking Gage’s cock all the way to the balls.

“I want you both,” she begged. “Please, Gage. Let him fuck me.”

“Come here, Ty. Get under her.”

Tyler scrambled up on the bed and positioned himself under Sara’s rocking hips. They stilled for a moment, while Gage aligned Sara’s pussy over Ty’s cock.

“Slide down on him, Sara,” Gage instructed. “Take him in your hungry little cunt.”

Gage held her hips and helped her to balance until she’d taken all of him deep into her pussy. “Oh that’s so good. Move. Please. I can’t...”

“Shhh,” Tyler soothed. “Let Gage and me take care of you.” He cut off any further utterances by claiming her mouth. His tongue swept past her lips, tasting her as she cried out.

Gage slowly rocked his hips back and then pushed forward again starting a pattern for them to follow. Controlling her hips, Gage guided her easily up and down over Tyler's cock. They worked in time together, like one fluid unit. Sara closed her eyes and laid her head against Tyler's shoulder, letting them use her body as they wanted.

"Yes, baby," Gage cooed. Sara relaxed, surrendering to the incredible sensations they were creating in her body. "That's right. Let us fuck you."

It was nothing like Sara had ever felt before. The pleasure was completely overwhelming. There was nothing that she could do except give in and be carried along with the swift current.

"Give her more, Ty. I want to feel her coming around us."

Tyler closed his fingers around her nipples, pinching, and rolling them. At the same time, he lifted his hips, smashing her clit against his pubic bone. Her pleasure spiked through the roof, and she cried out.

Gage held her firm as the two men pumped harder into her convulsing body. Her nails sank into Tyler's shoulders, desperate for something to hold onto as she completely came apart around them. She lost track of which voice belonged to which man as their heavy breathing turned to masculine groans of pleasure. The strong sensations seemed endless.

Eventually Sara became conscious of a warm rag being applied between her legs. Gage was curled around her protectively as Tyler cleaned them both up. He returned to the bed a moment later, snuggling into her other side, and she fell asleep between them in a cocoon of warmth and contentment.

## Epilogue

### *Three Months Later*

Sara squeezed Tyler's hand, looking for reassurance, and he gave it by pulling her closer into his side. The hard wood of the courtroom bench was uncomfortable against her back, and she had to restrain herself from squirming. The sensible black suit that she'd purchased for the occasion was surprisingly comfortable, but even so, she felt as if she was suffocating in it.

"Relax, Sara," Tyler said. "It's going to be okay."

Sara wanted to believe him, but as she sat and waited for the jury to return a verdict, her stomach became more and more knotted. What if they didn't believe her? What if they let Jeremy go?

The last three months had been some of the happiest of her life. She'd moved in with Gage and Tyler, and the three of them had established a comfortable life together. She'd wanted to go back to work, and her supportive men had helped her to find a job. Her new boss at the bank managed Tyler's considerable assets, and he was happy to start her as a teller. She wasn't making much, but she was contributing to the family, and that mattered to her. She was proud to be on her own two feet again.

Tyler had been by her side every moment in court. Not wanting to encourage a negative opinion from the jury, Gage had been distant from her in public, but she knew that he was with her in spirit. The son of a senator, Tyler was just the better choice for a public face. Detectives Ryder and Filley had come through for her as well doing everything they could to help the prosecutor get a guilty verdict. She

couldn't be more grateful for all of their help, but now the decision was left in the hands of twelve jurors.

Jeremy was being tried for two counts of attempted murder, assault, and a lot of complicated inheritance and fraud charges regarding her mother's estate. Sara still didn't understand all of the lawyer-speak, but the simple version was that a guilty verdict would mean that Jeremy was going to jail for a minimum of ten years.

Sara's stomach dropped to the floor as the jurors filed back into the courtroom. Jeremy shot her a bone-chilling glare from across the aisle. She stoically ignored him. He couldn't hurt her any more.

She was so terrified that she didn't even hear the verdict at first. It wasn't until Tyler swept her off the ground in a congratulatory hug that she finally registered the word *guilty*.

They took Jeremy out of the room in handcuffs, and she ignored his threats and profanity. She would have to see him one more time at the hearing where they would determine his jail sentence, and he would be present at the civil hearings regarding the house, but for all intents and purposes, he was out of her life for good. Besides, she had two strong men in her life now, and she was confident of their ability to protect her from anything.

"Let's go home," she said through her happy tears.

When they pulled up to the house, Tyler grabbed her hand and pulled her toward the barn. "Gage and I have a congratulations surprise for you," he said.

Before she could even ask what it was, Gage had come out of the back of the house and put his hands over her eyes. The three of them laughed and tripped their way into the cool shade of the barn.

"Open your eyes," Tyler said.

When she did, she saw the most beautiful brown mare leaning her face over the door of the stall, trying to get a sniff of her. "Oh my God! For me?"

"For you," Tyler said. "Her name is Chestnut, and I think she's going to be the perfect horse for you. Sweet with just enough spunk."



Sara hugged them both as the tears fell from her eyes. “She’s perfect. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.”

“Wanna go for a ride?”

“Yes!”

“On me or the horse?” Gage asked with a wink.

Sara turned in his arms and kissed him deeply. “Both. I want to try out the horse first, but I’ll definitely be enjoying you two later.”

“We wouldn’t have it any other way,” they agreed.

# THE END

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Ms. Blair lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with her loving husband and two cats. Her writing slows every fall with the start of the Steelers season before making an amazing rebound shortly after the Super Bowl. She has a full-time career as a marketing director and website designer, but in her spare time she can frequently be found writing for the sheer joy of it.

She and her husband enjoy traveling, camping, downhill snow skiing, and reading post-apocalyptic fiction together. Taking hikes and wilderness survival classes are among their typical bonding activities.

An avid reader, Samantha devours about 250 books a year from all genres and time periods. Her favorite authors include Stephen King, Fannie Flagg, Stephanie Meyer, and Henry David Thoreau.

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