

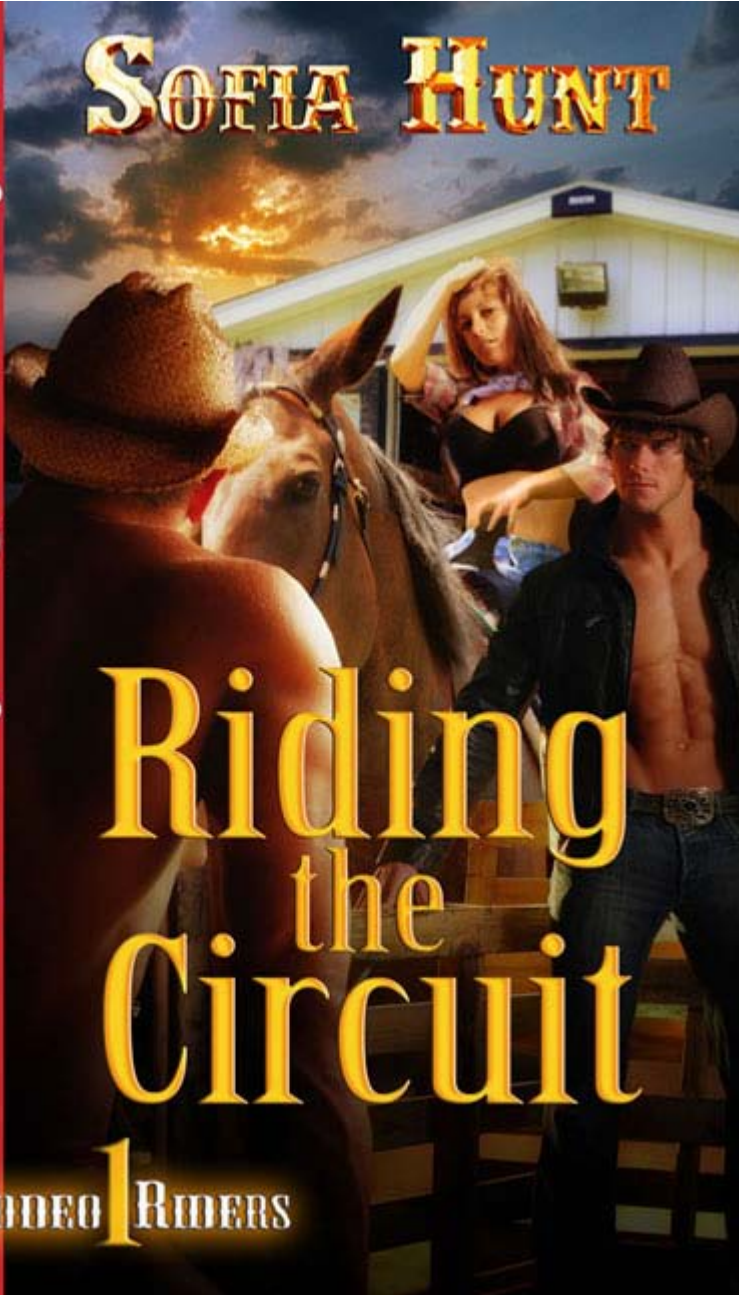
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Riding the Circuit

RODEO 1 RIDERS



Rodeo Riders 1

Riding the Circuit

Professional rodeo cowboys and Special Forces Reservists Riley Backstrom and Jonah Yates never figured on spending their spare time guarding a rodeo queen, especially not feisty, headstrong Mitzi Garrison.

Believing her stalker is harmless, even fictional, Mitzi resents her father hiring bodyguards. She doesn't want the two cowboys underfoot, especially Riley, as they have a history. But history or not, Mitzi can't resist either man and soon becomes involved with both hot cowboys at the same time.

Despite giving them her body, she refuses to give them her cooperation when it comes to guarding her—until one night the danger presented by her stalker becomes a reality.

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

Length: 40,379 words

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Sofia Hunt

MENAGE EVERLASTING



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DEDICATION

For Mitzi, a former rodeo queen, a horsewoman extraordinaire, a best friend, a shoulder to cry on when times are bad, a patient listener when times are good, and a partner in crime when I need one. You've always been there for me, and I hope you feel I'm always there for you. Thanks for all the rodeo advice for this book. You said you wanted a hot cowboy, and I gave you two. Enjoy!

RIDING THE CIRCUIT

Rodeo Riders 1

SOFIA HUNT
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Chapter 1

“A rodeo queen? You want us to fucking babysit a rodeo queen?” Riley Backstrom shook his dark head in amazement. He rocked back on the worn heels of his cowboy boots and speared the man behind the desk with his patent intimidating glare.

“Just for a few months.” Lee Bristol ran a nervous hand along the edge of his scarred oak desk.

“No. Effing. Way. The US Army didn’t spend hundreds of thousands of dollars training us for this.” Riley crossed his arms over his chest. He ground his teeth together and braced himself for the hard sell to come.

“Her daddy is the North American Rodeo Association’s biggest sponsor. We can’t afford to lose his sponsorship money. It’s a favor, payback for all the bucks his family’s poured into the rodeo over the years.” Lee, the president of the association, looked to Riley’s buddy, Jonah Yates, for a little help. “Jonah, can’t you talk some sense into him? I need you two to guard Mitzi Garrison.”

Jonah had perfected his laid-back, country-boy charm. Yet, at the mention of a certain rodeo queen’s name, his laughing blue eyes turned to ice faster than a top roping horse charged out of the box.

“No can do. There’s no sense in what you’re askin’ us.” Jonah’s

good-ol'-boy Oklahoma accent got stronger when he was on the verge of digging in his heels. He shoved a hand through his unruly brown hair, which was badly in need of a pair of scissors.

Riley vigorously nodded his agreement. "Damn straight. Garrison can afford to hire a professional bodyguard. Besides, we're talking Mitzi Garrison. I don't want a thing to do with that she-devil. I've been down that path." No way in hell would he do this for anyone, and especially not for *her*. He glanced again at his buddy, who was regarding him with open curiosity. Riley turned away. He fisted his hands and braced his legs, preparing for battle, physical and emotional.

"She refuses to accept a professional bodyguard."

"Not our problem."

"Ah, but it is. Her father wants you two, and he's used to getting what he wants."

Riley couldn't argue that point. Garrison's tenacity and ruthlessness were as legendary as his devotion to his only daughter.

"Why us?" Jonah kept glancing at his buddy. Riley knew he'd aroused his suspicions.

"Your background in Special Forces, the fact that you already travel the circuit."

"We're reservists." Jonah plucked a mint from the bowl on the desk and sucked noisily on it.

"You go through the same training as any Special Forces soldier."

"Yeah, so?" Riley started backing toward the door. "Not interested." He scowled and pinned the man with his best "go to hell" expression.

He had to give the NARA president credit. Lee wasn't giving up. Not yet. The man held his ground. "She's in danger, being stalked by an unstable admirer. If this nutcase causes an incident—"

"I don't buy that. Have you met her? I pity any man who crosses that one. She's headstrong and spoiled rotten. No way am I spending even a minute in her company." Riley snorted his disdain. One second

in that barracuda's company would be one second too long.

"She's a piece of work, that one. Sorry, no deal." Jonah backed up his buddy like he'd been doing for years. Riley relaxed a little.

Besides, the complaints were accurate, as Riley knew all too well. Mitzi Garrison had bigger balls than most men, an iron will, a wild streak a Texas mile long, and one hell of an opinion on anything and everything. The good lord had disguised it all behind a deceptively sweet face and a body lingerie models would kill for. She'd fooled more than one man on the circuit and left a trail of broken hearts trampled under her lethal red cowboy boots.

The association president lowered his voice and leaned forward. "There's money in it for you. A lot."

Jonah hesitated and took the bait. "Money? Since when does the NARA pay for bodyguards?"

"They don't. Garrison is paying."

Riley shot a quick look at Jonah. His buddy's eyes narrowed as he calculated the monetary value of dogging that redheaded ballbuster. "How much?" Jonah stifled a yawn, but he didn't fool Riley. Shit, Jonah was caving.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars and your expenses." Lee leaned forward. "Including your entry fees."

"No shit? Just to watch a rodeo queen? For how long?" Jonah ignored the warning glare Riley shot him.

"The next few months while she travels the rodeo circuit. I'll give you a list so you make sure you compete in the same ones."

"Sorry, not worth it." Riley spoke for both of them and reached for the doorknob.

"Wait." Jonah grabbed his arm. "Let's discuss this first." He nodded at Lee. "Give us a few minutes."

The man stood. "Take all the time you need. I'll be in the next room."

Riley sighed. He'd meant what he said. He didn't want anything to do with Mitzi "Wildfire" Garrison or her powerful father.

Unfortunately, it looked like this wasn't going to be his day, and the next several weren't looking so hot either.

* * * *

Jonah waited until the door shut then lit into Riley. "Are you fucking crazy turning down money like that?" He stood toe-to-toe with his friend. Tension radiated from every pore in his body.

At six-foot-two, Riley boasted a three-inch height advantage. Yet, Jonah knew he could kick his buddy's ass on any given day, not that he was interested in kicking ass today. He was way too sober to enjoy a good fight. Since duking it out wasn't his preferred solution, he'd use a mutual concern of theirs to gain Riley's cooperation—their empty bank accounts.

"Come on, Ry, you know we could use the money. It'd give us enough to bail your family's ranch out of foreclosure. We've been wanting to start a cow horse training business, and your dad's anxious to retire. This is perfect."

"I'm not sure it's worth it even under these circumstances." Riley chewed on his lower lip, obviously torn.

"Garrison would be paying our way around the circuit. That'll mean even more money in our pockets, and we can save all our winnings."

"I still don't like it. You know her reputation."

"Who the hell doesn't? She's a gorgeous bitch, a major cocktease."

"She might be a cocktease, but she delivers, too, sucks a guy dry, kicks him in the balls when he's down, and struts off after she's stripped him of his pride."

Jonah stared at him. Really stared at him. "There's something you're not telling me."

Riley squirmed and refused to meet Jonah's eyes. Warning bells rang in Jonah's brain. He'd survived more than one precarious

situation by trusting his gut. Right now his gut insisted there was more to this story than met the eye.

“Spill it, buddy. What’s up with you and her?”

Riley ground his teeth together and picked up a stapler from the desk, turning it over in his hands. Tension reverberated off him in almost-visible waves. He blew out a deep breath. “She doesn’t like me much.”

“Yeah, so? You do that to a lot of people. You’re not the charmer I am.”

“It’s not that.” Riley lifted his gaze, dark eyes riddled with guilt.

“Awww, crap. You slept with her.” Jonah rubbed his temple. Suddenly, he had a headache. “I don’t fucking believe it. How come I never heard this before?”

“Just once. Afterward, she didn’t want a thing to do with me, which was just fine with me.”

“It was that bad?”

“Hell, no, it was that good.” Riley slammed the stapler down on the desk.

Jonah rolled his eyes. “Don’t go getting all romantic on me. So you fucked once, big deal, especially to a good-time girl like her. She probably doesn’t even remember you. We can’t pass up this money. Leave her to me. I’ll handle her.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of.”

“Who gives a shit? We aren’t going to fuck her, just protect her. What could be that hard? Besides, do you believe for a second that she’s really in danger?”

“Not really.”

“So, we park our rig next to hers. Hang close to her. It’ll be easy money.”

“Nothing related to that woman could ever be easy. I was lucky to get out with my balls intact.”

“You’re blowing her reputation all out of proportion.”

“Yeah, right. Tell that to Larry. He quit the circuit last year after

she led him around like a bull with a nose ring and then dumped his ass for a cowboy with better earnings.”

“Yeah, I remember. Larry still whines about missing her. It’s pathetic when a man lets a woman get to him like that.” Jonah grinned. “So whadaya say? Shall we take her on?”

Riley walked a few steps away and stared out the window. Jonah waited, not so patiently. They needed the money. Their dream of owning a ranch and raising quality Quarter Horses just might become a reality. They sure as hell weren’t getting rich on the rodeo circuit.

“So?” Jonah prodded him with a finger.

“Yeah.” Riley heaved a big sigh of resignation. “Yeah. It’s only a few months of hell out of our lives.”

“We’ve been in worse situations.”

“That’s what you think. I’d rather face down the entire Taliban than deal with this woman.”

“It’s not like you to be so uptight about a woman. She really got under your thick skin.”

“Yeah, like a tick.”

“Come on, man, take one for the team.”

“You’re not going to give me any peace unless I do.”

“Damn straight.” Jonah slapped Riley on the back. “I knew I could count on you, buddy. Let’s tell Lee.” He strode to the door Lee had disappeared behind, not giving Riley a chance to argue. His buddy followed and slouched against the open doorway.

“You’ve thought it over?” Lee almost smirked. He had the two cowboys by the short hairs, and he knew it.

“We’re suckers for a little lady in distress,” Jonah drawled lazily. Behind him, Riley choked.

Lee raised one eyebrow but chose not to dispute the bald-faced lie.

“Does she know about this?” Jonah questioned.

“Her daddy will let her know.”

“So who’s the stalker?” Riley pushed away from the door frame,

all business.

“Hell if we know.”

“You don’t have any proof? And suspects?” Jonah snorted and shot Riley a knowing look.

“All I know is she’s received disturbing e-mails, phone calls, flowers, cards. He knows things about her, which indicates he’s been watching her.”

“So let’s see the proof.” Riley frowned.

“I don’t have it.”

“You don’t have it?” Jonah rolled his eyes.

“Nope. Sorry. But the threat is real.”

“Yeah, whatever.” His buddy didn’t seem to buy it much more than Jonah did. “Shouldn’t the police be called in?” Riley rested one butt cheek on the edge of the desk. He, too, leaned forward. Lee scooted his chair back a few feet and wiped his brow.

“They were. They can’t do a damn thing. She’s never seen the guy. He’s never approached her. Essentially, their hands are tied until something happens.”

“And by then it could be too late.” Jonah rubbed his stubbled chin. The ladies loved the five o’clock shadow look.

“That’s right. Best-case scenario, the guy is obsessed but harmless. You’ll scare the shit out of him and earn a good chunk of change for a cushy babysitting job.”

“Cushy? You forget who we’re talking about here.” Riley shook his head. “Nothing about being around Mitzi could be considered the least bit cushy. Women like her suck the testosterone right out of a man.”

“She’s easy on the eyes,” Jonah noted, even as a sick feeling settled in the pit of his stomach.

“Yeah, like an enraged lioness is easy on the eyes.” Riley turned to leave the office, and Jonah followed.

“One more thing, guys.”

“Oh, crap. What?” Riley stopped in his tracks, and Jonah almost

ran into him.

“There’s a ten-thousand-dollar bonus in it for you if you keep her out of trouble. The association and her father don’t want any negative press.”

“Mitzi? No negative press? That’s impossible. She’s a wild one.” Jonah groaned and rubbed his eyes, beginning to regret talking Riley into this.

With a deep sigh, Riley shook his head and clapped Jonah on the shoulder. “We’re screwed, buddy.”

* * * *

Mitzi Garrison led her palomino Quarter Horse gelding back to the barn, untacked him, and hosed him off. The cool water splashed on her face. She didn’t care. It felt refreshing in the unusually warm, early summer sun.

Rowdy D Bar, aka Rowdy, shook his big body then nuzzled her, leaving a wet spot on her pink T-shirt. She laughed at him and swatted his nose. He paid her no mind and tugged on the lead rope in an effort to sample the grass near the road.

Loaded with major chrome and lots of attitude, Rowdy turned heads everywhere they went. When he was on, not a horse could beat him. When he was off, well, watch out. A girl would be better off taking her chances with a cantankerous bull than Rowdy in one of his moods.

Mitzi had fallen in love with his flash and convinced her daddy to plunk down the necessary chunk of change for her tenth birthday present. But then her daddy never denied her anything, except his time. She’d taken Rowdy from an unbroken weanling to a competitive roping and reining horse. Together they’d won countless championships in rodeo and Quarter Horse events, including the women’s all-around.

She loved Rowdy, and he loved her. He’d always been there for

her, never judged her, never asked anything of her except to be treated with respect. In a lot of ways, he was her best friend, at least when it came to males.

Rowdy and Mitzi shared a mutual distrust of most humans, an unpredictable personality, and a driven nature.

Mitzi had arrived this afternoon, a day before the rodeo began. She liked time to settle in and get used to a place before the competitors rolled in and the fans filled every nook and cranny. Her duties as Miss Rodeo North America kept her busy throughout the events, and she loved every minute of it.

Turning off the water, Mitzi led Rowdy around the gravel parking area until he was dry, and his breathing returned to normal.

She checked for messages on her cell—two from her father, one from her flake of an alcoholic mother, one from Ethel the NARA rodeo queen coordinator, and several from different men currently vying for her attention. She shook her head in exasperation. Men said women were bad? Heck, seemed like every man she slept with tried to slip a ring on her finger as soon as the deed was done. Every guy except one.

Marriage wasn't in her future, let alone a steady boyfriend. Marriage to a controlling man drove her mother to the bottle. Sure, she maintained her sobriety enough to function and hide her problem well. A functional drunk was what she'd call dear old Mom.

A cool breeze ruffled the red hair that'd escaped her ponytail. She tucked it behind her ears and settled into a lawn chair in front of her living quarters horse trailer with a beer in hand.

Trailers pulled in and filled the space around her. She watched with interest, waving at old friends. Scraps of gossip floated to her on the breeze. Barb Maxwell bought a new horse, rumored to be really fast. Jenn and Dave McGivens split up because she'd been having an affair with a bronc rider twenty years her junior. Mike Brant busted his nose in a bar fight the night before.

A beat-up truck towing an equally beat-up trailer squeezed into

the space next to her pristine rig. So close she'd be able to hear them take a piss in the middle of the night. She frowned and stalked over to the piece of shit truck, ready to ream the cowboy who dared invade her space.

Mitzi groaned as the self-proclaimed Casanova of the North American Rodeo Association stuck his head out the passenger window. "Oh, damn, not you two." She smacked her forehead in exasperation.

Jonah Yates, the obnoxious bastard, was bad enough, but Riley Backstrom was near intolerable.

"Yeah, babe, it's the men of your dreams." Jonah flashed his perfect white teeth, set off by his day's growth of beard.

"More like the men of my nightmares, Yates." She rolled her eyes.

"We can be that and more."

"Why don't you park that piece of shit on the other side of the grounds?"

"No can do, darlin'. We like this spot. Don't we, Riley?"

"Yup." Riley didn't look her way, just stared straight ahead. A muscle twitched in his jaw. Just once.

"Sorry, honey. You're stuck with us. Besides, is that any way for a national rodeo queen to talk?"

"Wearing a crown doesn't mean I have to put up with the likes of you." She glanced at Riley then addressed Jonah. "You need to cultivate a better class of friend."

"I like my friends from low places. They make life a hell of a lot more fun."

Riley still wouldn't look at her. Well, fuck him. She didn't need him or his obnoxious buddy. "You two deserve each other." Mitzi growled and turned back to her trailer.

"And aren't you the lucky one to have us watchin' out for your best interests all summer?" Jonah's smooth voice reached her ears.

Mitzi halted and spun back around. "What did you say?"

“Why, honey, didn’t your daddy tell you?”

Mitzi glanced from one to the other, not appreciating their knowing smirks. “Tell me what?” she ground out through gritted teeth.

“Why, he’s hired us to be your bodyguards this summer. We’ll be snuggled right here next to ya, you lucky little lady.”

“Not if I can help it.” Mitzi stalked into her trailer and slammed the door behind her as she dialed her cell phone. Her father’s foreman answered on the first ring, as if he’d been waiting for her. “Scott, is my dad around?”

“Sure, honey, but wouldn’t you rather talk to me?” The edge in Scott’s voice raised the hairs on the back of her neck. He’d been coming on to her for years, but lately he’d ramped up his campaign. She didn’t like his ever-increasing innuendos, which bordered on inappropriate.

Biting back a smart retort, she forced sticky, sweet syrup into her voice. “As much as I’d love to shoot the breeze with you, Scott, I really need to talk to Daddy. It’s important.”

Silence followed, long and thick with tension. Mitzi frowned into the phone and wondered if they’d been disconnected.

“How’s my little girl?” Steve Garrison’s deep voice floated to her over the miles.

“Not happy. How could you do this? Daddy, I told you I don’t need bodyguards. Especially not those two.”

Her father chuckled, not the least bit moved. “Now, baby girl, you know I worry about you.”

“I know, Daddy, but I can’t have them following me around. I’ll take my chances with the stalker.” Mitzi hated the childish tone her voice took on every time she talked to her father. Yet she didn’t have a clue how to prevent it.

“Sorry, they’re sticking to you like glue until I’m satisfied you’re safe, and that’s the last I’ll hear of it.” Her father dismissed her, just like he always did. “I have another call coming in. Behave yourself.”

Just like that, he hung up. She debated on calling him back, but he rivaled her for stubbornness. So instead she threw herself on the bed in frustration.

This could not be happening to her. Jonah, she could handle if she had to, but Riley Backstrom bugged the hell out of her, like a burr under her saddle. Last summer they'd spent one unforgettable night screwing each other's brains out in her trailer's gooseneck bed. Hot, sweaty, messy, wild, frenzied sex. Sex like she'd never experienced before. The kind of sex which ruins a woman for anyone else. And it'd done just that.

Riley battered down her carefully constructed walls and touched her deeper than any other man in her life. She let him in, and he'd proven to her exactly why she shouldn't be so trusting.

The next morning she'd woken to find him gone. Not just gone from her bed but gone from the rodeo grounds. No note. Nothing. Just flat-out gone.

She'd run into him countless times since, and never once did he mention their night together, almost as if it hadn't happened. Perhaps, it'd been so unmemorable to him he'd filed the memories away with all the other insignificant women in his life. The possibility grated on her.

Men didn't just walk away from her. They pleaded with her, begged her, dogged her, but they didn't walk off. Especially not after a night like that.

She hadn't been done with Riley, yet he'd been done with her.

Chapter 2

Mitzi rubbed her temples, but the motion did little to ease the dull ache in her head mainly caused by the cowboys camped out a few feet from her trailer door in their piece-of-crap horse trailer. She chastised herself for her snobby attitude. What they travelled in had nothing to do with her feelings toward them. If they towed a hundred-thousand-dollar living quarters trailer, she still wouldn't want them parked next to her.

She offered her BFF, Tanya, another cup of coffee, as the two sat across from each other in her trailer's small dinette. Mitzi didn't have many female friends, and Tanya ranked at the top of a very short list.

"Okay, the truth. What are *they* doing parked next to you? I know how you feel about both of them." Tanya pointed out the small window at the rusted trailer no more than ten feet from Mitzi's mansion on wheels.

"My father hired them to protect me all summer long." Mitzi glared out the window at the trailer dominating her view.

"Oh, crap. Because of that stalker?"

"There is no stalker. I don't believe it for a second. It's a scheme my father's concocted to keep me under his thumb and prove to me I'm just a helpless female."

"What if you're wrong? What if he's real?"

"Real? Are you kidding? You know my father. Would he hire those two clowns to guard me if he honestly thought I was in danger? He'd hire a former FBI or CIA agent, a real professional."

"They're Special Forces. That's professional."

"Professional screwups. That's all I've ever seen from them."

Tanya pursed her lips, obviously not agreeing with Mitzi's assessment. "What makes you think this stalker isn't for real?"

"First of all, the timing. He started stalking me after I approached my father and demanded to be equal partners in the ranch, just like my brother."

"I bet that went over like a three-legged bull in the extreme bull riding."

"Then he told me I needed to settle down and raise a family like a normal woman. You can't imagine how pleased he was I did a feminine thing like run for rodeo queen."

"Why *did* you run for queen?"

"I love the outfits."

"Yeah, what else?"

"It's something I've wanted to do since was a little girl. I enjoy it. The clothes, the grand entry parades—"

"The attention." Tanya winked at her.

"You know me too well."

"But you being queen seems to have attracted a stalker."

"An alleged stalker." Mitzi sat at the dinette and sipped her coffee.

"Other than your suspicions, what other things make you think he's not real?" Tanya picked up the mirror sitting on the table and checked her makeup.

"Lots of little things, but this guy knows intimate details about my life, stuff he'd have to get from a close family member or friend."

"Hello! He's a stalker. That's what they do—stalk and gather information."

"This guy didn't gather anything. It was fed to him by my father. I'm not playing his game. I'm losing these lowlifes and giving them a run for his money. I'm not a baby anymore. Dad needs to see that. As far as he's concerned, I'm a decoration to be hung on the wall and admired but not to be taken seriously."

"So you talked to him about helping your brother manage rodeo stock."

Mitzi sighed. “Yes. He actually laughed in my face and told me to worry about my rodeo outfits and whether my hair is out of place. Let the men take care of the real work.” Her father kept trying to shove that square peg into that round hole. Her brother wasn’t made to be a stock contractor and rancher. Mitzi was, but the lack of balls and a penis exempted her from consideration as far as daddy was concerned.

Tanya shook her head. “Your dad is something.”

“Tell me about it.” Mitzi tossed her hair back and rested her chin on her hand. Her father was the world’s most impossible man—overbearing, self-righteous, and infuriatingly chauvinistic. He treated Mitzi like a ten-year-old. She’d give anything if just once he’d acknowledge her as a person with a brain, not just a pretty face he showed off to his buddies, a princess on display.

Her friend glanced toward the unwanted neighbors again. “I don’t know how you’re going to ditch them.”

“Jonah might be okay, but Riley—”

“You’re still harboring a grudge.”

“I am not.” Mitzi focused her irritation on her friend, who dared broach the truth.

“Oh, but you are, my dear. Riley got to you.”

Mitzi threw up her arms in exasperation. “Okay, fine. I just thought Riley would be different. I expected a love-’em-leave-’em attitude from his buddy, but Riley seemed more serious, not as much of a player and not so swayed by superficial stuff. Turns out I was wrong.”

“So? You just want superficial relationships with men.”

“I know, but I also like to be the one in control.” Mitzi smiled a wry smile.

“When are you going to learn? You need to practice using the word ‘no.’”

“I can’t help myself. I’m addicted to gorgeous bastards. I didn’t want to say no at the time. Later, well, that’s a whole different pile of

bull manure.” Mitzi sighed and propped her siren-red cowboy boots on the opposite couch.

“I know that story, but sometimes doesn’t it all seem so—” Tanya struggled for the right words. “So hollow? Don’t you feel empty after an orgasm with an interchangeable hunk?”

“A little.” Mitzi shrugged and sighed.

“We’re testosterone junkies.”

Mitzi nodded her agreement. “Someday, we need to grow up.”

“Not yet. I’m only twenty-six, and you’re only twenty-five.” Tanya tossed back her long blonde hair. Her teeth worried at her lower lip.

They should’ve been rivals, archenemies always competing for the same prize, battling it out to the end. Yet, somewhere in their long acquaintance, they recognized kindred souls, poor little rich girls gifted with every physical attribute a woman could have, yet penniless when it came to love from their families and from men.

Other women hated them with a jealous passion just because they were beautiful. Men didn’t want to know them as people, only as possessions, beautiful trophies to flaunt to their buddies. They wanted the conquest, the bragging rights, and the body under those tight western outfits.

Mitzi and Tanya met in college. After a wild night of partying, they’d staggered out of an anonymous frat house at the same time, both disgusted with certain men and all men in general. They sat on a beach until daylight, sharing a bottle of tequila and their complaints about the opposite sex.

They’d forged a fast friendship—two women who didn’t make girlfriends easily. Both had learned to mask their pain and loneliness behind dazzling smiles, perfect teeth, painstakingly applied makeup, and designer clothes. Even though they’d competed against each other for numerous rodeo queen titles through the years, they stayed close. Tanya, an excellent horsewoman, had taken a fall in the national rodeo queen finals last winter and finished second runner-up. The first

runner-up being the she-bitch, Brooke Regan, whom neither of them could stomach.

“Are we a little jaded about men?” Tanya’s voice snapped her out of her reminiscing.

“How about a lot. They don’t care about me as a person. I’m a plaything with boobs.”

“Honey, it’s not just your boobs they’re after.”

“Well, it’s not my virtue either. You can only lose your virginity once, and I lost mine years ago.”

“I’m sure those men are grateful you aren’t guarding your virtue.” Tanya leaned forward, eyes sparkling. “So how did you lose your *virtue*?”

“Another gorgeous cowboy, a champion bull rider. Ten years older than me. I was only fifteen. Bulls weren’t the only thing he rode. He was doing me and three other girls at Reno. I thought I was in love until I discovered him banging Patsy Kilmer up against a bucking chute.”

“How come you never told me that story before? You’ve heard mine.”

“Yeah, yours is worse. A married man old enough to be your father.”

“Older brother, and I didn’t know he was married. I thought he was divorced.”

“So we’ve both been suckers at love.”

“Good thing we have each other.” Tanya popped a piece of cantaloupe in her mouth. “I really thought something might come of you and Riley.”

“So did I.” Mitzi’s voice trailed off. She’d had high hopes after watching him from afar. They’d been casual friends for a few years. Never once had Riley treated her with anything but the utmost respect. He’d been the consummate gentlemen in a world full of randy cowboys. She’d liked that about him.

For one brief moment in time, in the afterglow of the most

incredible sex she'd ever had, she'd felt like a woman cherished for her brain and her personality, not just her face and body. Riley talked to her, asked questions, and most of all, he listened. The next morning, he'd snuck out of their bed, packed up his gear, and headed to the next rodeo. Just like that. He'd made her almost believe in love then he'd shown her exactly why she shouldn't.

She didn't forgive easily.

"All he wanted was an eight-second wild ride and a chance to add another notch to his belt." Mitzi added more sugar to her coffee, stirred it, and added another spoonful.

"Professional cowboys. They're all the same."

"So why do we keep going back for more?"

"Because we like what they have to offer. We like how they come out of the chute bucking and twisting and going hell-bent for leather. It's all good as long as our hearts stay in the barn, and our bodies are the only thing participating in the rodeo." Mitzi pictured steamy windows surrounding her gooseneck bed and a steamier Riley heating her up all night. Swallowing, she breathed a big sigh and sipped her coffee. "I have a confession. I haven't slept with another man since Riley."

"You're joking? Wasn't Riley over a year ago?"

"Yes. How screwed up am I? I've had tons of propositions. When it comes down to it, my heart just isn't in it. I keep comparing every one of them with Riley. They come up lacking."

"Wow, I had no idea. You got it bad for the guy."

"I'll get over it. Celibacy isn't such a bad thing. The way Ethel is hounding my every step, it's a good thing I'm behaving. She thinks it's her duty to protect my tarnished virtue." Ethel worked for NARA, coordinating the rodeo queen's calendar, selecting of a new queen, and ensuring the current queen maintained the *high standards of ethics and morals set by the association*. Between her and the cowboys next door, the circuit would be hell.

"I feel sorry for you with that old bat on your case all the time."

"I knew the requirements when I tried for the position. I guess I'd better abide by them."

"So what is the scoop on your supposed stalker? Your dad must be really concerned if he hired those two."

Mitzi snapped back to the present. "It's nothing. Haven't heard from the guy in a while. It all goes with the territory. I mean, it started after I won the title."

"You should still be careful."

"I am as much as I need to be. I still think it's all bullshit. Something my dad concocted to try to control me. Same as hiring Riley and Jonah. He wants me chaperoned so I don't besmirch his already ruined good name."

They both paused to watch Jonah step out of the camper and splash water on his face from a nearby bucket.

"Oh, my God. Look at his body." Tanya fanned herself. The muscles in Jonah's bare chest flexed as he stretched in the morning sun. His broad shoulders tapered to a narrow waist, a nice six-pack, and a sexy dusting of black hair on his chest. His unbuttoned Levis revealed black briefs and a generous bulge between his legs.

"Have you ever saddled that boy?" Mitzi asked her friend. Tanya had sampled most of what the professional rodeo circuit had to offer.

Tanya shook her head. "Not yet." Her friend pressed her face against the window and patted her chest. "Be still, my heart."

"He hangs out with Riley. That was enough for me to stay away."

"I'll put him on my to-do-later list. I have my sights set on Armondo Pacardo. I hear he's unparalleled in the bucking chute. He's also creative and daring in the sack, a quality most of these boys lack outside of the rodeo arena. I bet ninety percent of them only think there are two positions—missionary and doggy style. But not the Pack."

"Armondo's legendary. I hear he doesn't hesitate to use his big gun."

"I hope he stocked up on ammunition because I aim to find out."

Mitzi grinned. "Go gettun, sister."

Something caught Tanya's attention beyond their half-naked neighbor. "Well, sister, duty calls. Armondo's rig just pulled in. I'd better give him the royal welcome." She winked at Mitzi, reapplied her cherry-red lipstick and fluffed her hair in the mirror.

Mitzi smiled and shook her head. Beware Tanya, the lioness on the prowl. God help any man she set in her sights. "Wait until he's unloaded his horses and settled in. You don't want him to think you're hot for him."

Tanya's red lips turned down in a pout. "I suppose you're right."

Laughing, Mitzi went into the small bathroom and left her friend staring out the window.

Chapter 3

Jonah knocked on the door of the fanciest horse trailer he'd ever laid his eyes on. Tanya Sloan, a hot little blonde number, swept open the door. Jonah pasted a broad smile on his face and slipped into his good-ol'-Southern-boy charm. He ran a hand through his hair and called attention to his shaggy hair. Ladies loved stubble and unruly hair, and Jonah loved the ladies. He had it all going on, he figured.

"Howdy, ma'am." Jonah swept off his hat and bowed gallantly.

"Hello there." The tigress looked him up and down, as if sizing up his potential to warm her den. Jonah had a penchant for den-warming as long as it didn't last the night.

"Hello there, darlin'." He echoed her words back to her. His eyes wandered over her body, giving her a little of what she gave him.

She almost purred. "Jonah, to what do I owe this pleasure?"

"Looking for a cup of sugar, baby."

"You came to the right place for sugar." She jutted one sexy hip to the side and slid a red-tipped nail down his bicep.

"Now we're talkin', sweetheart." Jonah recognized the woman was toying with him as much as he was toying with her. Not that he'd mind a little midnight ride with the lady, but the rodeo grapevine buzzed with rumors about her being hot for Armondo. Jonah didn't steal his fillies from another man's barn.

Gold sequins and dazzling rhinestones drew his attention away from Tanya. Mitzi walked out of the small bathroom dressed in her gold rodeo queen outfit. His jaw almost came unhinged, but he faked rubbing his chin to keep his jaw in place. Jonah let out a long, low whistle. She looked better every time he saw her. When she graced

him with her professional rodeo queen smile, he made his decision.

He wanted Mitzi Garrison. They'd be a notch on each other's belts neither would forget, yet there was the deal with Riley. Not that he understood it. Regardless, a little flirting couldn't do any harm.

"Damn, but you do look good in rhinestones, darlin'." In fact, she'd look even better in nothing but a rhinestone belly-button piercing and sequined nipples.

"Thank you." She smiled at him, with minimum warmth but a little bit of interest. He smiled back, feeling pretty good about his chances. She didn't look him up and down like her friend, despite his bare chest. Instead, she met his level gaze.

He leaned against the door frame, copping his best nonchalant pose. "By the way, I found this stuck in your door. It's got your name on it."

He held out an envelope and gauged her reaction. She reached for it then froze, as if she sensed something sinister about the contents.

"Are you expecting something bad?"

"No, nothing." Mitzi snatched the envelope from his hand. Her fingers shook imperceptibly as she stared at the handwriting.

Tanya touched Mitzi's arm. "Mitzi? What's wrong?"

"It's nothing really. Just a fan."

"A fan?" Tanya frowned. "You're afraid to open the envelope."

"No, I'm not. Really."

"Why is your hand shaking?"

The two women exchanged one of those looks meant to communicate *not in front of him*. Jonah played dumb and watched both women, carefully observing the situation. Protecting Mitzi was his job now. More than twenty-five thousand dollars rode on it. What more there was to his interest in Mitzi, he didn't care to analyze.

Some bastard had the nerve to stick a note in her door in these crowded quarters and right under Jonah and Riley's nose. That didn't set well with him. Not just because it was his job, but for reasons he couldn't explain, he felt oddly protective toward this woman.

Tanya shoved a cup at him. "Here's your sugar." She pushed on the door, but he stuck his foot in it and part of his big body.

"It's your stalker, isn't it?"

"No. Not at all. Just another fan letter." Mitzi recovered her composure.

Damn, but the lady was hot even when she adopted an ice-cold outer shell. He'd love an opportunity to put a blowtorch to that ice.

He glanced at the envelope now crumpled in her hand. "Are you sure?"

"Positive. Now you need to go."

"Honey, we can't very well protect that fine ass of yours if you won't be honest with us."

"And I told you I don't need protecting. I can take care of myself." She pointed at the door.

Jonah knew when it was time to back off. Nodding, he stepped back, and the door slammed in his face. He listened but couldn't catch any of their whispered words.

Women.

Riley might be right. This mission, or whatever the hell you'd call it, might well be the death of them.

* * * *

Riley chucked another forkful of manure in the wheelbarrow. His old horse, Loco, watched him with interest and munched happily on his hay. Jonah leaned over the stall door.

"Hey, Ry, we have a problem."

"Like I don't know that? Anything to do with Mitzi Garrison is a problem."

"Yeah, I know. But more than that. She got another note from her stalker."

"What did it say?"

"You think she'd tell me? One of us needs to get close enough to

her that she'll trust us."

"That piranha? No thanks."

"That leaves me."

"Sure does. I prefer to protect her from afar." Riley slapped him on the back. "Good luck, buddy."

"With my looks and charm, I won't need luck, just stamina." Jonah grinned, way too pleased with the prospect of protecting Mitzi, which stuck in Riley's craw. He didn't want anything to do with the woman, but it bugged the hell out of him that his buddy might be considering more than a professional relationship.

"Hey, this is a job, remember?"

"Yeah, so? I'm not one to turn down fringe benefits when they're offered to me. Unless you have an issue with it." Jonah studied him carefully.

"Hell no. Why the fuck should I care?" Riley snorted. "Besides, who says she'll offer?"

"She will. You shoulda seen the way she was looking at me earlier. Like I was a prize stallion needing to be ridden."

Riley ground his teeth together and resisted the urge to wipe that smug smile off Jonah's face. A twinge of guilt reminded him he had no right to feel that way.

Yet he did.

* * * *

Mitzi smiled for the cameras, flanked by the home-town rodeo committee. She jabbed one old goat in the side with her elbow when his hand ventured too low on her ass. He rewarded her efforts with a grunt. Then she was grouped with the local rodeo royalty for more pictures. All the while, she stifled a yawn.

Ethel Hagert hovered nearby, writing on her ever-present clipboard and barking orders to the poor photographer. Mitzi sighed. The smile plastered on her face felt forced, but no one seemed to

notice. The men were too busy looking at her boobs, and the girls were too in awe of her glittery outfit. Tossing back her auburn mane, Mitzi nodded to the group and said her good-byes as Ethel ushered her out of the building to their next stops—a tour of the rodeo grounds and the stock, an interview with the local newspaper, then a spot on a country music radio station. By late this afternoon she'd be dragging, but she'd pull it together in time to ride in the grand entry in the rodeo's opening night festivities.

Several hours later Mitzi sat on Rowdy inside the arena during the calf-roping event. Her job was to push the calf toward the stock pen gate after each roper finished his run. Rowdy watched all the goings-on with interest, his ears pricked toward the chute. He loved these events and most likely hated being relegated to watching on the sidelines. Mitzi held the reins loosely in one hand, her other hand resting on her sequin-clad hip. She ignored the hoots and hollers from the wannabe cowboys crowding near the fence behind her. *In your dreams, boys.*

Her heart sped up when Riley appeared riding his veteran cow horse, Loco. The big bay backed up in the roping box and sat back on his haunches, ready to spring forward at the lightest touch of Riley's heels. The man sat on a horse like it was a part of him. His long legs wrapped around the big gelding's barrel. His big hands held the rope with the pigging string clenched between his teeth. He sat slightly forward, his face a hard study in concentration. A battered black cowboy hat was pulled low over his eyes.

Mitzi knew those eyes, how they burned with such a dark intensity when aroused and profound tenderness in the aftermath of lovemaking. She squirmed in her saddle just thinking about the cowboy. What a monumental waste of time to be so interested in a man who didn't show the least bit of interest in her. Yet, she couldn't drag her gaze away from his lean, muscled body. He might not be charming and carefree like Jonah, but his quiet intensity and guarded expression inspired a girl to break down his walls and discover the

complex man underneath. There'd been a time a year ago when she'd aspired to do just that, even chipped a few holes in that wall.

Riley nodded to the guy sitting on the chute. A split second later the calf shot out, and Loco charged after him. Riley swung the rope over his head in powerful loops then released at the precise time. The rope caught the calf's head and tightened, yanking it off its feet. Riley leapt out of the saddle and ran to the calf, flanking it on its side and tying up three legs. He sat back and raised his hands over his head to indicate he'd finished.

Chest heaving, Riley stood and walked back to his horse. He stepped easily into the saddle, a satisfied grin on his face. He'd gotten a good time. It'd be hard to beat. Mitzi found herself smiling, too, as she rode to the calf, waited for the men to untie it, and herded it out the open gate. Turning her horse, Riley rode by, and their eyes met.

"Good run." She gave him a thumbs-up.

He tipped his hat at her, but the brief meeting of their eyes caused her pulse to race. She felt her face flush and pulled her hat lower to hide her reaction.

Jonah rode a few runs later, also riding Loco. More compact and bulky than Riley, his dark good looks stirred something inside her, too. Funny, she hadn't felt interest in any man except Riley in a long time, yet Jonah attracted her as much as his buddy. She hoped it was a sign she was getting over Riley, instead of a sign she might be even deeper than she wanted to be. Lusting after both men, currently her bodyguards, wouldn't be a wise thing, not when her interest in at least one of them extended beyond a casual sexual attraction. She didn't *like* either of them, yet her body sure did.

Crazy, but true. She wanted them. Both of them. Separately, of course. Or together. Or hell, she didn't know what she wanted. She just wanted their bodies, naked, hard-muscled male bodies, sweaty and turned on moving on top of her, inside her, even underneath her.

Mitzi fanned herself and reined in her imagination.

Those two meant nothing to her. She suffered from sexual

deprivation, and they were convenient. She'd best keep them at arm's length and maintain the pseudo-professional relationship they pretended to have. Sure, she loved to get under their skin, driving them crazy by eluding their watchful eyes and making it difficult for them to keep track of her. Heaven knew why she enjoyed harassing them, but she did.

"Hey, cowgirl, pay attention."

Mitzi started, embarrassed to be caught daydreaming by the grizzled old cowboy sitting on the arena fence. She turned her horse around and waited for Jonah to bust out of the roping box.

Jonah's run was only a tenth of a second behind Riley's. If their times stood, they'd be on their way to winning first and second money, a good start to the circuit for them. Judging by the looks of their trailer, they could use every penny they earned.

Finished with her duties, Mitzi rode back to the barn and unsaddled Rowdy. She looked up when she heard footsteps near her stall. She glanced up, expecting Riley and Jonah.

"Honey, I could've helped you with your outfit design." Her archrival Brooke Regan's voice dripped venomous honey.

Mitzi bristled and bit back an equally nasty retort. Brooke and Mitzi got along like two Mustang mares vying for alpha mare status. Brooke had competed for the NARA Rodeo Queen title along with Mitzi and lost by a fraction of a point. She still held a grudge. In fact, she claimed Mitzi slept with the judges, which was so not true. Those paunchy, old men? Not a chance, not for any crown.

"Good to see you managed to stay in the saddle." Brooke sneered.

"So, Brooke, how *did* you do in the barrel racing today? Seems like I saw a barrel or two hit the ground." Mitzi shot Brooke a murderous glare over the top of Rowdy's back.

Brooke pursed her lips as if she'd just swallowed a particularly sour lemon. "I'll be in the money this weekend." Suddenly, she turned her attention to a spot behind Mitzi. The acid look on Brooke's face transformed instantly into a megawatt smile.

Mitzi looked over her shoulder to see Riley and Jonah walking toward them, still in their chaps, spurs jangling. Something inside turned soft and gooey, which irritated Mitzi. Her response to these two guys wasn't acceptable. They were thorns in her side thrust upon her by an overprotective, controlling father, not love interests, or even sexual interests.

"Howdy, ladies." Jonah tipped his hat and leaned nonchalantly against the stall. He caught Mitzi's eye and winked. Her heart thudded, and she glared at him, pissed at her ridiculous reaction.

"Oh, Jonah," Brooke gushed. "I've been looking all over for you. I'm looking at a new horse. I'd like your opinion." The bitch's gaze flicked to Riley, but his brooding expression backed her off. Riley had that dark, dangerous thing going on, just the bad-boy type who attracted women like flies even when he didn't try.

"Well, now, darlin', I'll look you up this weekend, and we can discuss it." Jonah turned away from Brooke.

Obviously dismissed, Brooke shot one last dagger at Mitzi and stomped off.

"Did she and Brent Black split the sheets?" Jonah directed the question at Mitzi.

Mitzi shrugged. "Heck if I know. Not that it'd matter to her one way or another. She's after anything in chaps."

Riley raised one dark brow but didn't comment.

"Don't you two have horses to take care of or stalls to muck or something?"

"What's the matter, honey? Are we making you nervous?" Jonah's voice dropped a notch and sent chills tripping along her spine.

"No, not at all. I just don't need your constant attention. Get a life."

Riley straightened and scratched the back of his neck. "You are our life for the next few months. Like it or not."

* * * *

The Enforcer stood back in the shadows and watched as Mitzi prepared herself for bed. He could almost make out the outline of her figure through the curtains on her windows. He moved closer, careful to stay away from the pool of light near the trailers. The light flicked off, removing his ability to see anything.

He pictured her in her bed, naked, the cool sheets sliding across her soft skin. Someday, it'd be his body doing the sliding, inside her, deep inside, claiming her as his and purging all others from her mind.

Soon. Soon he'd come for her.

Chapter 4

Whoever coined the phrase *pleasant dreams* had never dreamed of Riley and Jonah all night. *Pleasant* didn't come close to describing the erotic fantasies invading her sleep. Mitzi wanted nothing to do with those cowboys, yet her body had different ideas.

Fuming at her body's uncontrollable attraction, Mitzi turned on the water spigot near the barn and waited for the bucket to fill. Once full, she lugged it toward the open doorway.

"A little cooperation from you would make our lives easier." Riley Backstrom spoke from behind her and caught Mitzi off-guard. She dropped the bucket and soaked her red boots. Just what she needed to start off the morning—wet feet and an argument with Riley.

"I told your better half I don't need a bodyguard." She stopped in her tracks, swinging the now-empty water bucket against her leg. Mitzi's feet squished inside her boots.

"Your father says you do, and he's paying the bills. Ours and yours."

"Admit it, Riley Backstrom, you don't like the arrangement any more than I do."

Riley lounged against the fence, his arm rested on the top rail. He chewed on a piece of straw and studied Mitzi with heavy, lidded eyes. "What makes you think that, darlin'?" He did a lazy assessment of her body in her tight western shirt and even tighter blue jeans.

"You do a piss-poor imitation of Jonah's accent." Irritation rippled through her and settled in the pit of her stomach along with something more unwelcome.

"It's not Jonah we're talking about here." He smiled his rare

crooked smile, the one that lit up those deep chocolate eyes and was guaranteed to make her panties moist. It worked. She'd gone from bone dry to squirming in a split second. Her feet weren't the only things that were wet.

"You don't like me much." Part of her wanted his denial. She licked her lips and stared at his. She wanted them on her, everywhere and anywhere, as long as they did their wicked deeds and left her satisfied just like before. She'd never gotten over their one night together. How pathetic was that?

"I don't hate you. Exactly." His dark eyes, ever watchful, revealed nothing.

She jerked her head upward and met his dark gaze. "Then why do you avoid me?"

His mouth quirked. "*You hate me.*"

"No, I don't." She wished she did, but try as she might, her body and heart weren't playing fair.

"I'm glad we've gotten that straight. Neither of us hates the other."

"Hate's a strong word. Mutual dislike is more accurate."

"That's about right. Unfortunately, I have a job to do, and you aren't making it easy."

"I don't need you two dogging my every step. Besides, I believe in people earning their money." Mitzi waited for his reaction to her pointed insult.

He raised one eyebrow and shrugged. "It's a tough job, but somebody's gotta do it."

"I don't need you or your crony."

"Oh, but you do." He stepped into her space, too close for comfort. She stood her ground, refusing to let him get a rise out of her. A small scar ran across his chin. She wanted to touch it, run a finger along the ridge of his nose, across his sensuous lips.

"You got another letter. What did it say?" Riley put a finger under her chin, forcing her to look up at him. She hated being put at a

disadvantage like that. Her nostrils breathed in the earthy scent of him, a combination of hay, horses, and soap. He'd rolled up the sleeves on his faded flannel shirt, and his biceps bulged with raw strength. His broad shoulders and chest filled out the shirt nicely. Her fingers itched to dive under that shirt and through his chest hair. He released her chin.

Mitzi's gaze slipped lower to tight blue jeans slung low on his hips and a big belt buckle under which was an even bigger bulge between his legs. He wasn't immune to her any more than she was to him. She remembered what Riley's big cock felt like as it plunged into her over and over again until he took her over the edge and into the most incredible oblivion.

Riley snapped his fingers in front of her face, flinging her back to the present. His intense gaze indicated he'd known exactly what had distracted her. "Hey. What was in the letter?"

Mitzi met his gaze, her face hot with embarrassment. "It said, 'I'm watching you.'"

"I don't like the sound of that." His jaw tightened.

"To me it sounds like a line out of B movie and just as original. It's all a farce of my dad's invention to keep me in line. He's probably in cahoots with Ethel Hagart."

Riley seemed to ponder that for a moment. "And what if you're wrong?"

"I'm never wrong." At least Mitzi hoped she wasn't.

* * * *

"That she-devil is driving me fucking crazy." Riley ran his fingers through his hair and popped the top of a cold one. Frustration clouded his judgment and wound him tighter than a bull in a bucking chute.

Jonah glanced up briefly from the saddle he was oiling. "Sounds like a personal problem to me." He rubbed the saddle with big, lazy circles of his sponge.

“She’s not sending you over the edge?” Riley wiped sweat off the bridle, hung it on a nearby nail, then leaned back against a stall. He tipped his hat back on his head and rubbed his eyes.

“She’s a little challenging.” Jonah’s mouth twitched.

“Try a lot. She’s making this job hell. She takes every opportunity to ditch us. When she doesn’t ditch us, she finds other devious ways to torture us, like spending three hours in the mall shopping for handbags. All the time she knows good and well I’m waiting outside. Damn, just put a bullet in my head. It’d be less painful.” Riley shook his head and paced in front of Jonah. He wrung his hands and wished he could ring her neck instead. No amount of money was worth this crap.

Jonah chuckled his sponge toward the open trailer door and dropped into the lawn chair. Cleaning tack had never interested him for long. He seemed deep in thought. Riley waited him out.

Finally Jonah spoke. “Do you think they’re real?”

Riley jerked his head up and barked out a strangled response. “Real?” He remembered too well how real they felt in his hands, how hard and perfect her nipples were, how they looked after he sucked on them and made them wet with his saliva. *Damn*. He sank down onto the trailer steps and stared at the sky.

Jonah chuckled. “Aw, man, drag your big head out of the gutter. I’m talking about the threats, not her tits.” His buddy’s eyes narrowed. “But while we’re on the subject, are they? Real?”

Riley sighed. “There’s nothing artificial about that woman.”

“Awww, man, I knew it. Why don’t you just fuck her again and get it out of your system?”

“Are you crazy? No thanks. I barely escaped with my soul the last time. Maybe you should. You keep bringing her up.” Riley couldn’t take back the suggestion once he’d uttered it, even though he damn well wanted to.

“Oh, man, I can’t do that to my best buddy.” Jonah rubbed his chin in thought. “Even though the more irritated she makes me the

more I want to take her for a wild ride.”

Riley bit back his gut response. “Be my guest.” It didn’t set well with him that his buddy or any other guy might be taking Mitzi for a ride. Which was crazy. He didn’t have any claim on the woman, and he’d only bedded her once. Sure, it’d been the hottest sex he’d ever had in his entire life, but the power of that one time made him keep a safe distance. If the spirited filly ever realized his vulnerability, she’d exploit it for all she was worth.

“You don’t really mean that.”

“I do. Have at it.” He avoided Jonah’s eyes.

“I just might, given the opportunity. I’d tame our little chestnut.” Jonah grinned and puffed his chest out.

Riley snorted and rolled his eyes. “Buddy, you have no fucking idea what you’re dealing with.”

Jonah narrowed his eyes and studied him. “You’re jealous.”

“Of you? With her? No way in hell. I’m worried for you. She’ll crush your balls under her boot heel, rip your heart out of your chest, and you’ll still be begging for more.”

“Sounds like my kind of woman. I wonder if she rides double.”

Riley looked up. Their eyes met, each deep in their own private, carnal thoughts. “Now there’s a thought.” He found himself oddly intrigued. He and Jonah shared women over the years, but none like Mitzi. “It’d take two of us to break that little filly.”

“Who said anything about breaking her? I want her bucking and twisting when she comes out of the chute.” Jonah grinned at the thought.

The problem was, so did Riley. He’d tried to bury his memories of Mitzi with the bodies of several women since, and he kept coming back to her. Always her.

He had it bad, and there didn’t appear to be a damn thing he could do about it.

Chapter 5

Damn it, the little spitfire had disappeared on them again. Pissed as hell, Riley grabbed a flashlight, Jonah on his heels, and headed out the door.

“Shit, where the hell is she now?” Jonah growled in the dark. Her truck sat next to her trailer. They tried the door of her trailer. It was unlocked with no one inside. Her purse sat on the bed.

“No signs of a struggle,” Riley noted as his heart slammed against his chest.

“She’s jacking us around. Again.” Even as he said the words, Riley caught a glimpse of worry in Jonah’s blue eyes.

“Check the barn. I’ll check around the arena and stock corrals.”

“Wait a minute.” Jonah pointed toward the tall, slender figure sashaying toward them.

“Where the hell have you been?” Riley fisted his hands and attempted to corral his temper.

Mitzi tossed her auburn hair and smiled at them. “I checked on Rowdy. He had a touch of colic earlier today.”

“Why didn’t you wake one of us before you went out in the middle of the night?” Riley’s patience stretched to the point of breaking.

“I didn’t want to bother you.”

“Of all the stupid-assed—”

“You’re not my keeper, Riley Backstrom. I don’t answer to you or my father.”

“You need a spanking.” Riley advanced toward her. His hand itched to connect with her bare ass once he stripped her and threw her

over his knee.

Alarm flashed in Mitzi's eyes. "You wouldn't dare."

"Wouldn't I?" Riley stepped into her personal space, so close her perfume filled his nostrils. Mitzi backed up a step. The sexual tension between them crackled and popped. Even Jonah seemed to feel it, because his eyes smoldered with their own fire. He stepped in between them.

"While spanking Mitzi does sound enticing, we need to talk. All three of us. In there." Jonah pointed toward the trailer.

Whirling around, Mitzi flounced into her trailer, both men hot on her heels. She poured herself a glass of wine and tossed a couple bottles of beer in their direction. Riley throttled down his temper and sat as far away from her as he could get in the small space. He'd come within an inch of smacking that shapely ass of hers. Who knows where that would've led considering the heavy hint of sex in the air between the three of them.

"About the threats." Jonah steered the conversation back to safer ground as he settled on the bench seat opposite Mitzi.

"They're bogus. Made up by my dad." Mitzi folded her arms on the table in front of her.

"Has he made any contact since the note a few days ago?"

Mitzi shrugged. "Maybe."

"Maybe?" Riley's temper flared again. "Like what kind of maybe?"

"I had a few hang-ups on my cell from an unknown caller, nothing serious. Just the usual crap. You know, the heavy breathing. A few words."

"What were the words?" Riley clenched his hands on his thighs, better than around her neck.

Mitzi actually squirmed. "Oh, I've been watching you. You'd look good naked. That type of thing. He even mentioned a few things I'd been doing so I'd know he was watching."

"And you didn't think that was information we should be aware

of? This asshole has your cell number.” A spanking sounded better and better to Riley.

Mitzi filed her nails and yawned. “No, not really.”

“How can you still think this is your dad’s doing?” Riley snorted. Of all the stubborn, mule-headed reckless women...

Jonah flashed one of his peacemaker smiles and patted Mitzi’s hand. She jerked it away. “Mitzi, humor us. Let’s just assume for a minute, the threats are real.” He looked to Riley. “What kind of guy are we looking at?”

“Someone who follows rodeo. We know that for a fact.” Riley grouched from his corner.

“Another cowboy?” Mitzi snorted her disbelief.

For once Riley agreed with her. “I can’t picture one of the guys doing that.”

Jonah shook his head as if they were both idiots. “Are you kidding? What about Brent Black for starters? And Walter Craig? Jack Jameson?”

“Okay. Okay.” Riley held up his hands. “Let’s make a list and narrow down the possibilities.” He snagged a notepad and pen sitting on the dinette table. “Walter’s wife travels the circuit with him. He’s so pussy-whipped, I can’t see him breathing without her permission.”

“Yeah, but that’s just the type who’d have a secret life because he’s been so oppressed by his woman.” Jonah sipped his beer and put his booted feet on the couch. Mitzi glared at him. He just grinned back.

“Hmmm. Good point.” Riley scratched Walter’s name on the notepad with a few notes.

“Then there’s Larry McGuire. Hell, he’s never been the same since Mitzi dumped him last year. He quit the circuit and everything. I hear he’s living out of his trailer in Arizona and drinking his life away.”

“I didn’t do that to him. He already drank too much when I met him.” Mitzi’s pouting red lips tempted Riley to kiss some of the

attitude out of her. He rubbed his sweaty palms on his thighs.

“Mitzi, this is a guy you most likely know and have known for a while. Who gives you a creepy feeling when you’re around them?” Jonah helped himself to another beer.

“Besides you two?” Mitzi smiled sweetly at them.

Riley glowered at her. To hell with kissing the attitude out of her, he’d rather go straight to the main event and fuck the attitude out of her.

“Come on, kids. Let’s play nice together.”

“I’d rather not play at all.” What a liar he was.

“Like I would play with you?” Mitzi tapped her fingernails on the table.

“Stop that. It annoys the hell out of me.”

“You two sound like an old married couple. Let’s concentrate on the stalker. Mitzi, give us some ideas. This guy is likely someone you know.”

“There is no stalker.” Mitzi continued to glare at Riley, who glared right back. Sexual tension hung in the air like a dense fog on Puget Sound.

“Just humor me, then we’ll get the hell out of your hair for a while.”

Mitzi turned away from Riley. “Fine. Lots of guys. Larry Maguire, for one. He’s never forgiven me for dumping him. Jack Jameson. Walter Craig. Beau West.”

Jonah scratched the names on a piece of paper. Not one of them surprised Riley in the least. “Any others?”

Mitzi hesitated, chewing on her full lower lip. Riley bit back a groan. “Just one.” She shook her head. “It’s stupid. There’s no way it could be him.”

“Who?” Riley leaned forward.

“Scott Trimble, my dad’s foreman. He’s always given me this weird feeling.”

“What kind of weird feeling?”

“Like he’s always watching me. But it can’t be him. He’s married to my dad’s ranch. He works twenty-four-seven and never leaves the place, and it’s too far away for him to make quick trips here.”

“Maybe someone is doing it for him.” Riley’s suggestion brought an unladylike snort from Mitzi.

“That man is so controlling, he’d never allow someone else to do his dirty work for him.”

“Then we’re back where we started.”

“Which is nowhere.” Jonah finished his second beer and grabbed another. “Maybe I’ll just get shitfaced.” Jonah’s typical answer to all his ailments.

“Not in my trailer. I’ve had enough. You’re wasting my time.” Mitzi stood and pointed at the door. “Both of you. *Out*. You figure out who my stalker is—like there’s even a real one—and earn your money. Don’t bother me with this garbage.”

Riley got to his feet, pissed as hell. He stomped by her and out the door. He turned to find her standing in the doorway. “Lock your damn door and don’t leave that trailer again until morning.”

She slammed the door in his face. He heard the lock click. At least he’d gotten the last word. A small triumph, but with that woman, he’d take it.

Chapter 6

Mitzi was bored with being good. She'd spent two weeks behaving herself, and she couldn't tolerate one more minute of captivity. Her boredom had morphed into way too many sleepless nights fantasizing about Riley and Jonah, separately and together. Pleasuring herself only went so far. She needed the real thing, but much to her disgust, the real thing consisted of Riley and Jonah. The arrogant, controlling cowboys had not only taken over her life, now they'd taken over her dreams.

Maybe a few hours boot-scooting with the locals would give her some relief from all the sexual frustration she'd bottled up inside. Regardless, she couldn't stand another minute cooped up in this trailer with her overactive imagination.

She peeked out the curtain to see if her jailers were standing guard. She'd had enough of those two following her everywhere. Hell, she half-expected them to follow her to the showers and the bathroom.

Then there was Ethel Hagart. The woman made it her life's work to make Mitzi miserable. And here Mitzi had been on her best behavior to uphold the standard of the NARA rodeo court. Sneaking out could bring down the wrath of that prudish old hag. On the other hand, Ethel would never venture into a seedy honky-tonk.

And Mitzi knew just the place.

She'd have preferred going out with Tanya, but the woman had hooked up with Armondo, and she hadn't emerged from his trailer since.

Her mind made up, Mitzi slipped on a scooped-neck top. The

material clung to her body and outlined every curve. She donned a tight, knee-length leather skirt along with her red boots. The skirt had a slit up one side, offering a generous view of her thigh.

Opening the door a crack, she stared over at the beat-up trailer next door. She could see the boys playing cards inside. She looked left and right then slipped into the night. She glanced behind her but didn't see Riley or Jonah. She'd made a clean getaway.

A few minutes later, Mitzi stood in the doorway of a loud, smoky bar filled with hot cowboys. Several heads turned toward her. She bellied up to the bar and flirted with a small group of cowboys, amused as they vied for her attention. All the while, their tongues hung out of their mouths, and their eyes never strayed far from her tits. Men were so transparent. She relished the power she had over them. It was one of the few times in her life when she had any control since her father pretty much controlled every other aspect of her life and her future. Hell, she'd even run for NARA rodeo queen just to satisfy him and make him proud.

The men jostled for a position closest to her. The male quest for dominance played out in front of her, like stallions fighting for control of the herd. Mitzi evaluated each man, hoping one would interest her enough to wipe Riley's imprint off her body. As hard as she tried, none of them elicited even a lukewarm response from her uncooperative body. One especially bold cowboy slipped his arm around her and pulled her against him. She rewarded him with her hundred-megawatt smile. He started to whisper in her ear when someone wrenched him away from her.

"She's with me, boys. Back off."

Mitzi froze. *Oh, crap.* So much for a clean getaway. She turned and met the deep blue eyes of the only man who interested her sexually, next to Riley. Jonah stood with legs braced apart, hands fisted, and eyes blazing a challenge to every man in the room.

Her admirers sized up Jonah and decided not to push it. They shuffled their feet and backed off a little. The braver ones hung on in

hopes they'd get another chance.

"I'm not with you." Mitzi shot Jonah an annoyed look. What did a girl have to do to get any freedom around this place? Her father had gone too far this time. She had half a mind to show the old man what happened when he hired two gorgeous bodyguards to protect her.

"But you want to be with me." Jonah's confident smile irked her all the more.

"In your dreams, cowboy."

"No, in your dreams."

Mitzi squirmed under his knowing gaze. The man didn't have any way of knowing how she spent her nights. "You're a big talker, Jonah."

"Give me a chance. I'll do more than talk. I'd fuck you from here to daylight." Jonah elbowed his way into the space next to her and leaned against the bar. His hip rubbed her hip. A smile tickled one corner of his sinful mouth, the type of mouth that promised all sorts of decadent pleasures, just the kind to whet Mitzi's appetite.

"Is that a promise?" One crook of her little finger, and Jonah would be all over her like a stallion on a mare in heat. A sultry pout played on her lips as she imagined sex with Jonah. It'd be hot, wild, and animal crazy. Maybe he'd be just the man to end her celibacy and erase Riley's memory from her mind. She couldn't believe she was actually entertaining the thought.

"Ah, honey, that's a fact. This boy can go all night." He leaned closer. His minty breath teased her neck and sent little chills down her spine. He turned her to face him. She slid off the barstool and put her hands on his shoulders. They were almost eye-to-eye with some help from the heels on her boots.

"Prove it." She moved closer to him, pressed her hips against his. His blue eyes turned a stormy violet. His pupils dilated, and his nostrils flared like a bull catching the scent of a prime heifer.

His mouth grazed her ear, setting off prickles of sexual energy arcing from her body to his. The chemistry between them sizzled like

sparklers on the Fourth of July. His big hands rested on her hip bones. He hooked his thumbs in her belt loops.

“You are one hot cowgirl. I’d sit in your saddle any day.”

“Promise?” Mitzi teased back, enjoying the flirting and seriously considering sampling what he had to offer.

“Oh, heck, yeah, darlin’.” Jonah groaned.

Mitzi studied him with interest. His midnight blue eyes twinkled with pure devilment underneath sinfully long lashes on a ruggedly handsome, so very male face. A fun time. A good-time guy. The man was strictly love ’em and leave ’em, a female version of her. And he attracted her. Her nerve endings sounded the alarm whenever he came close. Her panties grew wet, and her imagination went into overload.

He rubbed small circles on her back with his thumb. She shivered. His mouth turned up at the corners, showing off a set of sexy dimples on his tanned face. A man’s man who’d fulfill a woman’s darkest pleasures.

Jonah was just the thing she needed. No strings. No promises. No pining for him after the fact like she pined for Riley.

She made her decision and nodded to him.

“Let’s get the hell out of here.” Grabbing Mitzi’s hand, he dragged her outside.

Mitzi pinched his ass with a sassy laugh. Five minutes later, Jonah pulled her behind an empty barn and backed her against a corral fence. He smelled of shaving cream and mint and male, all male.

Jonah’s large belt buckle grazed her belly, and she shuddered as every nerve ending she possessed, and some she didn’t know she did, went on alert. She leaned closer. Her hips angled toward his hips until her crotch rubbed against his erection. He drew in a sharp breath but still didn’t touch her.

He angled his face near hers. A predatory smile creased the corners of his strong mouth. She wanted that mouth on hers, to taste, to tempt, to tantalize. Clothes were not an option for what she had planned. If his lazy, hooded eyes were any indicator, he had the same

plans. He placed his big hands on either side of her head, leaning on the fence and boxing her in. She wanted to be boxed in.

“You’d look good naked in the moonlight.” His raspy voice sent tingles of pleasure to sensitive points between her legs.

“So would you.”

“Our own moonlight rodeo. What’ll it be? Bareback riding? Tie-down roping?”

“I’m partial to bull riding myself.”

“Better than steer wrestling.”

“There aren’t any steers around here, mister.”

“You can ride this bull any day, and I promise you’ll last longer than eight seconds.”

“I’m counting on it.”

She touched his chest where his shirt lay open. Black curly hairs peaked out. She popped the first few snaps on his shirt and slid her hands across his warm skin. His heart pounded under her fingers. His chest rose and fell, his breathing shallow. She walked the fingers of one hand down to his belt buckle and lower. His erection twitched under the tight denim. She ran her index finger down the length of the bulge in his jeans and lower. Cupping his balls through the fabric, she squeezed. His eyes rolled back in his head, and he groaned.

“Oh, fuck, you’re killing me here, babe.”

“I never let my prey out alive.”

“I’ve heard that about you. What a way to die. Kill me, baby. Send me to heaven.”

Glancing around the empty corrals, she didn’t see a soul. This part of the fairgrounds wasn’t used for the rodeo, which was exactly why she’d suggested they come here.

Still, someone could happen by. If she was caught, she’d lose her crown. Her father would be furious. Her life would be screwed. But then she’d never been one to worry about the future when the present looked like Jonah.

Jonah’s hot breath tickled her neck, and she forgot everything but

this hot stud nibbling his way down her neck to her collarbone. She shuddered when he took the skin on her shoulder between his teeth and nipped, certainly leaving a mark.

“Oh, fuck.” He stiffened and drew back, a troubled frown on his face.

“Don’t stop now, cowboy.”

“What about Riley?” Jonah’s chest heaved, concern etched on his ruggedly handsome face. So the man had scruples.

“Let’s not talk about him right now.” She didn’t know how she felt about Riley. Her emotions were mixed where he was concerned. Yet her attraction to both of them couldn’t be denied.

“He’s not going to be happy about this.”

“Put your conscience away for now. Riley doesn’t have a claim on me. We aren’t a couple or anything. We’ve just hooked up once and that was a year ago.” One year and seven days to be exact, not that she’d been counting.

She used to hook up with a lot of men for one night of pleasure, not that she was proud of it. The guys she dated pulled out every trick in the book to get in her pants. It was a downside of her looks. Men considered her a trophy to be won rather than a living, breathing person. In her naive younger days, she’d succumbed to countless handsome men’s persuasive sweet-talking, truly believing each one loved her. In her wild and rebellious college days, pure lust ruled her choices in the men she bedded. She’d been a sucker for good-looking, fast-talking cowboys and gained quite a reputation on the college rodeo circuit.

Her current role as Miss Rodeo NARA required her to behave, and that night with Riley had made it easy for that to happen. She took the honor seriously, more seriously than she did the man looking down at her with desire smoldering in his eyes. Or so she thought.

“Yeah, but—” He hesitated. She saw the conflict reflected in his eyes.

“Why would Riley care?” His concern for Riley touched her,

made him all the more desirable. She liked a man with scruples, a man who considered his friend's feelings.

"I guess he wouldn't, or so he says." He shrugged and looked away for a moment as he chewed on his lower lip.

A sharp, bone-deep pain sliced through her. Riley didn't care if she slept with other men? Of course he didn't. That one night hadn't meant anything to him. He'd proven that by walking out on her. Just because she'd pined for him all year didn't mean he felt the same.

"Jonah, Riley isn't a part of this."

"You're right." Jonah nodded and redirected his gaze on hers. His eyes burned with intensity so strong she felt pulled into their swirling depths.

She pushed on his chest, but the man was as moveable as a boulder. "I like sex. I don't like ties. Got it?"

He seemed to make his decision. "I love sex, and I don't like ties either." One corner of his sexy mouth turned up in a grin.

"Then we don't have a problem."

"No, we don't."

Jonah's hands crept under her tight little top. She sucked in a breath and held it. Her nipples hardened and ached for the feel of his calloused fingers on her breasts. He pushed her top past her bra. She lifted her arms to make it easier for him as he pulled it over her head and tossed it aside. She shivered in the cool night air, even though her skin burned with desire.

"You are so fucking hot." Jonah unhooked her bra with minimal effort. She discarded it for him. It joined her top on the grass.

Naked from the waist up, she let Jonah have his fill as he stared at her. Anticipation thrummed through her veins and need pooled between her legs.

* * * *

Jonah gazed at heaven. Mitzi's tits were large and perky with

erect nipples.

“Hot damn, if you don’t have the prettiest tits west of the Mississippi.” With his free hand, Jonah fingered the small gold bar piercing each nipple. He squeezed her breasts, surprised to find they *were* real after all, not silicon.

He pushed away the guilt. Riley had told him it was okay even though Jonah didn’t believe it for a second. But still, his buddy had said the words. And maybe, just maybe, this might be the start of something more—*unusual*. It’d been a long time since Jonah and Riley had run across a woman they both desired. A long time since they’d shared a female’s body together. Jonah groaned just thinking about it. No, this didn’t have to be a choice between Riley and him. Not by a long shot. Tonight, though, he’d lay the groundwork.

He didn’t expect Mitzi to be a virgin, not with that body and that face *and* that reputation. Yet, he wanted to be special, unique, the guy who stood out among all the others. He didn’t want to think about how many guys she’d fucked. He hadn’t a clue if he was one of a few or one of many. If rumors held true, she’d most likely lost count. It didn’t matter. Tonight, he was the lucky one, and by the time he finished with her, she’d forget there’d been any others before him.

Holding her waist, he turned them both around so his butt and shoulders rested against the rail fence of the deserted corral.

Mitzi undid his big-ass belt buckle with deft fingers and no fumbling, like a woman who’d done it a hundred times before. Without hesitation, she unzipped his zipper and pushed his jeans past his hips. Gravity slid them down his thighs until they pooled around his cowboy boots and effectively hobbled him. Not that he planned on trying to escape.

She sank to her knees in front of him, unmindful of the dew on the grass beneath her. Gazing up at him, her half-lidded eyes mirrored his own as lust rumbled through his body. Grasping the waistband on his boxer briefs, she pulled them down and set his cock free.

Licking her lips, she wrapped her fingers around his long, hard

dick and ran them up and down his length. He groaned and held onto the fence rail to support most of his weight. His legs sure as hell weren't doing their job.

"You're impressive."

"Darlin', I'm a pleasure machine, and tonight you're the lucky operator."

Her tongue slid across the tip of his cock. It jerked in response, and even his balls twitched. Her fingers circled his base and tightened the pressure. Her wicked mouth with those full, pouting lips opened on him. The tip of his cock disappeared into her mouth. He fisted one hand in the back of her hair and pushed further inside her wet, hot mouth. As if greedy for more of his meat, she took him deeper. His cock hit the back of her throat. She pulled back then went down on him again with incredible enthusiasm for her job.

"Awww, fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Take me deeper, sweetheart."

She got a little further, gagged, and pulled back, panting.

"You're hung like bull." Mitzi rocked back on her heels and gazed up at him.

"That's what all the girls say, darlin'." He grinned. "Tonight your cunt and that gorgeous ass are mine." He put his hand on the back of her head and applied pressure. "Why don't you and my boy get better acquainted?"

She didn't resist the pressure. One hand grasped the base of his cock. Her bright red lips opened to cover the tip. Her tongue toyed with the bulbous head, while she applied just the right amount of suction. He liked deep-throat action, the feel of his cock sliding across a woman's tongue, forcing its way down her throat even as her throat muscles constricted around him.

"Take me deep."

She looked up at him, her eyes glowing with passion and hot with need. He didn't wait for an invitation, but pushed forward, holding her head. She opened her mouth wide. He pressed his cock to the back of her throat. To her credit, she didn't gag. Yet. The lady had done

this before, but he doubted it'd been with a cock the length and breadth of his. Withdrawing so only the head of his penis was in her mouth, he advanced again. She angled her head, and he pushed past her throat.

His cock in her warm, wet mouth was the thing of dreams. Hell, he'd trade championship buckle for her brand of rodeo. She drew back then went at him again. A woman on a mission, and damn did he love being her mission. She opened wide and went down on him. Slurping noisily, she sucked his dick deeper. He helped her out and fucked her until his cock penetrated her throat, and her nose was buried in his pubic hair. He held her in that position for a few seconds then allowed her to surface for air. She gasped, her jaw slack. Saliva slid down her chin. Taking a deep breath, she went after him again.

He fucked her face harder, every stroke taking maximum depth. Until he couldn't take it anymore. Either come in her mouth or get out now while he could and plant his dick in her hot pussy. She bitched when he withdrew a final time.

"What the hell. I'm not done with your cock, cowboy."

Glancing around, he didn't see a soul. "Honey, I'm not done with you either. I just need a change in venue."

She licked her lips. Anticipation lit up her sexy eyes. "Fuck me." Her throaty whisper sent shivers of sexual need from his lips to the tip of his cock.

"A woman like you needs a hard ride."

"The harder the better."

"On your hands and knees, darlin'."

Mitzi quickly complied, wriggling her ass in his face. Raising his hand, he brought it down hard on her fine ass. She shrieked, caught off guard by his more-than-playful slap.

"What the hell was that for?"

"Just breaking in my little filly."

"This filly wants you to get your ass in the saddle."

Jonah laughed. "Don't tell me you've never dabbled in the dark

side of sex?”

She snorted. “I’ve dabbled in everything to do with sex.”

He was intrigued. “Even multiple partners?”

“The more, the merrier.” She looked back at him and winked. “Hot damn.”

Jonah fumbled for a condom in his jeans pocket and slipped it over his rock-hard dick. He dispensed with further foreplay and positioned himself at her wet entrance. With one hard thrust, he buried himself deep into her pussy, which was surprisingly tight and pure sinful heaven. Jonah paused and savored the moment. She fit him like a glove, custom made for his cock. Her body pulsed around him, muscles contracting to bring a sweet pressure to bear on his hard dick.

Jonah threw back his head and uttered a guttural growl from deep inside, primal and untamed. Her mass of red hair fell across her back and over her shoulders, reflecting fire in the moonlight. The same fire built in his groin to almost painful proportions.

He drew back, gritting his teeth from the steel control being exerted to keep from pounding into her. His hands rested on her sides, grasping her silky skin, and shook from the effort it took to hold back.

His heart pounded in his ears. Withdrawing with painful slowness, he slid inside her again, a deceptively slow, lazy stroke. She arched her back and moaned, grinding her hips into his crotch.

“You feel so fucking good, Jonah.”

“Babe, not half as good as you.”

Reaching underneath her, Jonah grabbed two handfuls of tits, squeezing and pinching. All the while, Mitzi squirmed and writhed, rearing back to press her ass against his hips and take him even deeper. He held on as she bucked in a wild frenzy beneath him.

Everything they said about her was inaccurate. She was far better than anything he’d heard. No wonder she broke the heart of every male lucky enough to fuck her.

As he watched her sweaty body gyrating with unbridled

enthusiasm, he fell a little in love himself. Jonah gave as good as he got. He meant to take it slow, treat her like a lady, but the lady wasn't making it possible. So he treated her like a woman. He rode her hard and rough, like a wild filly who needed taming. She demanded more, and he gave it. He'd always held back with women for fear of hurting them. But not this woman. She demanded, and he had to give then up the stakes.

She came first. Her pussy squeezing his cock tight with each spasm of her body as it shook with the intensity of her orgasm. He bit down on his lip, right on the edge. But he wanted to see his cum on her body, not inside a condom. It took a supreme effort but he withdrew and flipped her onto her back. She stared up at him, her eyes glazed with lust.

Ripping off the condom, he knelt over her tits and reached for his throbbing dick. She pushed his hand away and grabbed him, taking care of him in the way only a hot woman could. She tightened her fingers around his hard shaft and pumped him. A few strokes later, he threw back his head and let go. His cum landed on her nipples and ran down the swells of her breasts, pooling in her cleavage.

He sank to the bed and pulled her to him, sweat and cum mingled on their naked bodies. The scent of sex filled his nostrils, mixed in with the smell of animals and dust. He'd never felt this good before. They lay in silence, their bodies intertwined until she spoke in a husky voice.

"You're the first man who's interested me since Riley."

"That was over a year ago. You don't mean to say you haven't fucked anyone since then?"

She smiled at him. "Crazy. Isn't it?"

Not only was it crazy, but it scared the shit out of him, and he wasn't totally sure why.

* * * *

Watching in disgust, the Enforcer crouched in the darkness. The slut needed to be punished, taking a man like that where anyone could see. She'd been warned she was being watched. Didn't that mean anything to her? Didn't she understand she belonged to another?

She'd given this man her body, which wasn't hers to give. No, not at all. She belonged to the Enforcer, body and soul.

She'd learn her lesson.

Soon.

Chapter 7

“Where the hell have you been?” Riley met Jonah at the door of their trailer. Jonah’s clothes were rumpled, his T-shirt was on backward, and his hair stood up on end every which way. Jonah’s eyes had the glazed look of a man who’d recently been sexually satisfied.

As Jonah grabbed a beer and sprawled in a lawn chair, Riley’s knuckles tightened into a fist.

Jonah regarded him with the raise of one eyebrow. “What’s stuck in your craw?”

“What the fuck have you been doing?” Riley’s entire body tensed, ready for a fight, for that satisfying feel of fist meeting with jawbone, the flash of pain, the crack of knuckles on bone.

“What are you? My mother?” Jonah’s relaxed body didn’t invite an altercation even though his words did. Guilt flashed briefly in Jonah’s eyes, and Riley knew what he’d suspected was true.

“You fucked her.” Riley blinked and balanced back on his heels. He loosened his fists and drew in deep breaths. The fight drained out of him, and he sank onto their tack trunk.

Jonah stared at his beer and concentrated on peeling the label.

Riley leaned the back of his head against the wall and stared at the aluminum ceiling of the horse trailer. “Aww, man, you did.”

Jonah looked up, irritation mingled with guilt. “Yeah, so. You said you didn’t care.”

Riley crossed his arms over his chest. He drew in deep, calming breaths and admitted to the truth in Jonah’s words. “I don’t. Why should I? I was just worried. You were gone a fucking long time. I

thought something might have happened.”

“Something did happen.”

Riley ground his teeth together. Jealousy bit at his heels like a cattle dog after a recalcitrant heifer. He hated the feeling. Riley never got jealous. Never. He had no right. Hell, he’d only slept with the woman once himself. A year ago. This was stupid. Yet, his gut twisted at the thought of Jonah and Mitzi naked and writhing under the moonlight.

“Hey, Ry, you aren’t pissed at me, are you?”

Riley shook his head. “I’m pissed at myself.”

Jonah narrowed his eyes and studied his friend. “Now I understand.”

“Understand what?”

“Why she’s considered so hot. The woman ruins you for any other woman.”

“Tell me about it.”

“Know what?”

“What?”

“I was the first guy she’s been with since you.”

Riley’s eyes opened wide. “What? Not a chance in hell.”

“I’m telling you the truth. She said I was the first guy she’d been interested in since you.”

“Holy shit.” Riley slumped into the other chair. He ran a hand through his hair.

Jonah leaned forward. “You know what that means, don’t you? We could both have her if we wanted her.”

Riley swallowed and cleared his tight throat. His cock hardened at the thought of the two of them with Mitzi every night, all night. “How big is that bed in her trailer?”

“Pretty damn big.”

* * * *

“You did what?” Tanya set down her coffee cup with a clunk.

“I slept with Jonah.”

“I thought you were still hot after Riley.”

“I never said that.”

“You didn’t have to. I have eyes. Besides, you’d been celibate since Riley.”

“I know, but Jonah—” Mitzi sighed and wrapped her hands around the warm mug of coffee. “I’m so confused. Jonah was incredible. Surprisingly caring and considerate, gentle, yet rough. I mean, he seemed to know just what I needed and when I needed it.”

“Just like Riley.”

“Yeah, just like Riley in some ways. Jonah’s not as serious. He’s a lot more playful. Riley is more intense, more consuming. But even after Jonah, I found myself watching the two of them today during their go-rounds. Sleeping with Jonah didn’t make me less hot for Riley. It made me hot for both of them.”

“Then do both of them.”

“Are you serious?” Despite what she’d told Jonah, she’d never fucked two guys at once or even allowed another guy to watch.

“Why not? You ever done two guys at once?”

“No, I’ve never given it a thought before.” Not exactly true. She’d thought about Jonah and Riley and her together. A lot.

“Get serious. It’s every woman’s fantasy to have two hot men all over her.”

“So maybe I’ve entertained the thought a time or two.” Mitzi regarded her friend. “Have you had two guys at once?”

“Not yet, but Armondo has a brother—”

“Julian?”

“Yeah, you’ve noticed him. He’s yummy. So who knows? I get the impression they’d be game for it, but I’m taking my time.”

“You know what I’m afraid of?”

“What?”

“If I tried it, I might never be able to go back to just one man.”

“Yeah, I know. Once you try two, that’s all you’ll do.”

Mitzi giggled. “Can you imagine what my Daddy would do if he found out I was part of a ménage? Or that old prune, Ethel? I’d be stripped of my crown for sure.”

“Who says they need to find out? Your sex life is no one’s business but yours.”

“Yeah, but guys talk. Compare notes. It’d get around.”

“Do you think Riley and Jonah are the kiss-and-tell type?”

Mitzi considered that for a moment. “No, no, I don’t.” She stood and stretched.

Mitzi opened the trailer door to let a little morning breeze inside. A wilted red rose and an envelope fell to the ground. She picked them up and went cold inside.

Tanya saw her change in expression. “Another one?”

Mitzi nodded, placed the rose on the table, and ripped open the envelope with trembling hands, annoyed she was letting this bullshit get to her.

“What does it say?” Tanya fingered the rose.

“I saw you last night. You were a bad girl, and bad girls need to be punished. You belong to me.” Mitzi looked up as fear crawled through her. The realization stabbed her like a knife in the stomach. “My stalker can’t be my dad or someone working for him. If Daddy knew about last night, he’d be here first thing this morning sending my butt packing to the ranch.”

“You really do have a stalker.” The alarm in Tanya’s eyes drove it home even more. “You have to tell Riley and Jonah.”

“I know, but I’m dreading it. They won’t give me a moment’s peace. Won’t let me out of their sight. They’ll move in the trailer with me.”

Tanya grinned. “I know. You lucky girl.”

Chapter 8

Jonah pocketed the prize money he'd won from steer wrestling and coming in second in calf roping. It'd been a good weekend. Riley had won the calf roping, and they'd finished third in team roping. Thanks to Garrison who paid all their expenses, they socked away their earnings in savings.

Mitzi had avoided Jonah all day as they packed up their rigs to get ready for the next town on the circuit. She'd given him a curt nod, but other than that, she'd kept her distance. He didn't regret their night together, but she seemed to have a problem with it.

Women. He sucked down a bottle of water, lowered the ramp on the trailer, loaded his own horse, and waited for Riley to come out of the barn with Loco.

Next door, Mitzi struggled to roll up her fancy awning. Jonah wandered over. "Need any help, little lady?"

"Not from you."

"Now is that any way to talk to a man who made your night such a memorable one?"

"Memorable? I've already forgotten about it."

Jonah leaned forward and blew on the sensitive spot in the hollow of her collarbone. She shivered. He grinned. "Hmmm. Seems your body has a better memory than your brain."

"At least I have a brain."

"Ah, honey, brains are overrated. I much prefer to think with my little head."

"Now that doesn't surprise me." Mitzi met his gaze. Her brown eyes seemed troubled, not what he expected. The little minx usually

enjoyed their sparring. Jonah liked that in her. A little clashing of personalities added spice to the sex. She stopped wrestling with the awning and stepped back. "Here, put your muscles to good use."

"No problem, darlin'." Jonah rolled up the awning and secured it. "Wait for us until you pull out. We'll be on your ass all the way."

Much to his surprise, she didn't bitch about their plans. She just nodded and looked away.

"Is there something you're not telling me?" He touched her shoulder and half-expected to be reamed out. He wasn't. She lifted her gaze to his. Her stricken expression started his heart racing.

"Did you hear from the stalker again?"

Mitzi looked away. Her teeth worried at her lower lip. He found the action enticing. "He saw us last night at the corrals."

"Saw us? Doing what?" A sick feeling invaded Jonah's stomach. He hoped he was wrong.

"What do you think? Even your little head oughta be able to figure that one out."

"Oh, shit." Jonah took off his hat and swept his fingers through his hair.

Mitzi pulled the crumpled note out of her jeans pocket and handed it to him. Jonah read it. "Damn. He's pissed. Like he thinks he has a right to be." Their indiscretion could set off an unstable mind, especially when the guy was operating under the delusion that Mitzi was his property.

"Do you know what this means?"

Jonah frowned, not sure what she was getting at. "That we have a problem?"

"A big one." She blinked several times, her big brown eyes moist. With tears? Mitzi? He found that shocking. She rubbed her eyes. "It's not my father doing this. He'd have come apart if he'd heard about us together. He wouldn't have used an anonymous note to get his point across."

No wonder she didn't get into their bantering. She had bigger

worries. Now, so did Riley and Jonah. He'd never seen her look so vulnerable, not ball-busting, heart-breaking Mitzi Garrison. Jonah's protective instincts kicked up a notch, along with something more disturbing that felt a hell of a lot like tenderness. *Crap*. He was a tough guy, a cowboy, a smartass, a smooth talker, his own kind of heartbreaker. He did not get tender feelings about anyone, let alone women he slept with. Even worse, women whose fathers hired him to do a job.

Jonah didn't trust relationships with women. He'd never seen a good one, except for Riley's parents. He figured they were exceptions to the rule.

His immediate family was as dysfunctional as they came, a drifter father, an alcoholic mother, and three older sisters who were in trouble more than they were out of it. He'd been the forgotten child, left to fend for himself most of his growing-up life. He hadn't seen his old man in ten years and his mother in five. He heard from the sisters when they wanted something, like being bailed out of jail. He kept his distance to save himself because God knew he couldn't save any of them.

Now Mitzi looked at him like she considered him a man to depend on. A savior. That was so not him. Not at all. Sure, he'd do the job he'd been hired to do, maybe take her to bed a few more times, but it ended there. After the circuit, they parted their ways.

No ties, no mess, no hard feelings.

Looking into her eyes, he feared they'd crossed an invisible line he never crossed. Except this one time.

* * * *

Riley lay on his sleeping bag and mattress and stared at the aluminum ceiling of the trailer. Up in the gooseneck area, Jonah snored away. The man could sleep through a buffalo stampede. Riley envied his buddy's talent for compartmentalizing his worries. Yet, he

knew Jonah's avoidance of his problems only compounded them in the end when he finally had no choice but to face them.

Riley preferred to tackle issues head-on, deal with them, control them to his advantage, and move on. Only his current problems weren't that simple. Mitzi infuriated him, drew him in, and made him crazy.

He hated thinking of her and Jonah together, yet he fixated on sliding into her warm, willing pussy while she deep-throated Jonah. The visual conjured up powerful images of double-penetration, of not leaving one inch of her body untouched, of hot, wet, wild sex in every position imaginable.

Sitting up, Riley groaned. His cock throbbed like a son of a bitch, and the damn thing swelled to painful proportions. Standing, he decided a trip to the bathroom on the other side of the barn was in order, and then perhaps he'd pay Mitzi a late-night visit to refresh his memory.

* * * *

Mitzi tossed and turned in her bed. She checked the time on her alarm clock. 1:52 a.m. Damn. She couldn't sleep. Her mind churned with fifty different conflicting thoughts. Sex with Jonah far exceeded her expectations. In fact, fucking him had rivaled fucking Riley, but it hadn't driven Riley from her mind. If anything, she wanted him even more. In fact, wanted them both equally. Guilt overwhelmed her, as she struggled with the dilemma of being attracted to two men.

The only way she'd get any sleep tonight would be if she got some fresh air first.

Sitting up, she pulled on a spaghetti strap top, jeans, and a Windbreaker. Shoving some bills in her pocket, she exited the trailer. Just across from the rodeo grounds was a quick stop store. She'd grab a snack and hope the walk would clear her mind and let her sleep.

* * * *

It didn't take Mitzi long before she regretted the reckless impulse which had driven her to sneak out of her trailer alone in the middle of the night.

She grasped the small grocery bag to her chest and darted across the street, trying to stay in the streetlights. Between the store and rodeo grounds stood several blocks of industrial buildings. Darkened, defunct businesses lined the strip of road.

She hadn't banked on the nearest grocery store being closed, and the next one being so far away. Shivering in the cold evening air, she pulled her windbreaker tighter to her body. Her gaze darted to the shadows between each building and the darkened doorways. Mitzi felt like the stupid heroine in all those horror movies who walked right into the monster's arms again and again.

She hurried her pace, wishing she'd at least remembered some kind of protection like mace or a baseball bat. She almost smiled at that visual. *Baseball-bat-wielding rodeo queen goes postal and assaults a suspicious-looking bush.*

Something banged behind her, and she jumped out of her skin. Casting a look over her shoulder, she didn't see anything. Her heart pounded against her rib cage while goose bumps spread across her skin. Chastising herself for being such a coward, she tilted her chin upward and projected an air of confidence. Even so, she listened and watched for any warning sign, anything out of place or suspect.

Footsteps sounded behind her.

Her heart slammed in her chest. Mitzi hurried faster, almost running now. She chanced another glance over her shoulder. A figure dressed in dark clothes strode about a half-block behind her. A sweatshirt hood was pulled over his face and concealed his features.

Oh, God. It was him. It had to be. He'd followed her from the trailers, and now he was following her back. She glanced about for a car or another person. There wasn't a soul to be seen. Terror crawled

through her belly, warning her to run while she still had a decent lead over the man. Adrenaline pumped through her, spurring her on.

She broke into a jog. His footsteps pounded on the sidewalk behind her, closing the gap between them. Gasping, she pushed herself a little faster, afraid to look back in fear he might be within a few steps. What she'd give right now for a passing car, or even better, a policeman.

Breaking into an all-out run, Mitzi sprinted across the street, adrenaline pumping and her body in full panic mode.

A tall figure stepped from the shadows into the streetlight several feet in front of her.

Riley.

Mitzi had never been so relieved to see someone in her life. She threw herself into his arms, sobbing and shaking. His big body enveloped hers in a dense fog of warmth and safety.

She never wanted to let this man go.

Chapter 9

Riley held Mitzi tight as if any moment some monster might emerge from the bushes and wrench her from his arms. He didn't know if the wild pounding in his chest was her heart thudding against his chest or his own wildly beating heart.

When he'd come back from the bathroom earlier, he planned to wake her up and do the things he'd been thinking of doing all night. He tried the door and found it unlocked, cursing her for her stupidity. When he didn't find her inside, fear had consumed him as his mind played through the possible scenarios.

Frantic, he didn't even take the time to wake Jonah, nor did he have his cell phone, so he couldn't call for backup. Instead he ran to the barn but didn't find her. Coming out of the barn, he spotted Jack Jameson walking a bay mare who had a bout of colic.

"Jack, have you seen Mitzi?" His breath came in short gasps, partially from running and partially from fear.

Jack studied him quizzically, shaking his head, as if he couldn't imagine what had Riley so riled up. "Might have. I saw a tall gal with red hair over that way. She left the grounds and headed down the street." Jack pointed in the general direction.

"Thanks, man. Hope your horse is okay." Riley had patted him on the shoulder and jogged to the main road.

When he'd seen her running toward him like the very devil was chasing her, he'd broken into a sprint. She'd slammed into him so hard she'd almost leveled him. Now he held her and vacillated between wanting to comfort her and spank her for her foolishness.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," she cried into his broad

shoulder. Her entire body shook from the trauma. He held her until she calmed down, and then he pushed her back a step. Fear mixed with anger, and his temper boiled.

“Are you so stubborn you’re stupid? What the fuck are you doing out here in this neighborhood at this time of night?” Riley’s body vibrated with conflicting emotions. She felt good in his arms, just where she belonged, even though she pissed him off like no other woman ever had.

“I couldn’t sleep. I needed a few things at the grocery store. I didn’t want to wake you guys.” The words tumbled from her mouth in a jumbled rush.

“So you went out by yourself at 2:00 a.m.?”

She nodded into his shirt, soaked with her tears. “I know. I’m sorry.”

“I should spank your little ass. Treat you like the child you are.”

Mitzi stared up at him, and his insides turned all gooey, and his anger melted in a puddle at her feet. He lifted his calloused hand and gently wiped the tears with the pad of his thumb. Their eyes met and held. Tenderness crawled through him, invaded his every cell, like a long-lost friend who’d shown up on his doorstep.

She broke off the contact first and glanced over her shoulder. “Did you see him?”

Riley frowned and tried to concentrate on her words, instead of looking at her full, red lips and imagining the feel of those very lips on his dick. “See who?”

“The guy. He was right behind me. The faster I walked, the faster he walked. When I started running, I think he did, too. I could hear the sound of his footsteps pounding on the pavement behind me.”

“I didn’t see anyone but you. Are you sure there was someone behind you?” Riley surveyed the area but didn’t see a soul. His instincts insisted she told the truth. No one ran with terror in their eyes like she did and was faking it.

“Positive.” She clung to him. Her fingernails dug into his back.

“Did you get a look at him?”

“Not at all. He stayed in the shadows. He was wearing a hoodie and dark clothes. I couldn’t see his face.”

“What about his build?”

“I don’t know. Maybe average height. Average build. I don’t know. He could have been taller.” She shook her head in frustration.

Riley sighed, feeling somewhat helpless and inadequate. Thank God, she didn’t see him that way. “Let’s get you back to your trailer.” He put his arm around her and pulled her close. When they walked back by the barn, Jack was gone.

Entering the trailer, Mitzi busied herself making a pot of coffee. Riley stood in the doorway, not wanting to leave her but not sure staying would be a good idea either.

“Would you like a cup of coffee? I don’t think I can sleep.”

“Fuck, I could use a whiskey.” Riley wouldn’t be able to sleep either. The pleading look in Mitzi’s eyes sealed the deal. He couldn’t leave her when she was so uncharacteristically vulnerable. A sassy, smart-mouthed Mitzi he could handle. This Mitzi brought out too many protective instincts in him.

He sat down at her little dinette and took the whiskey she offered him. She took a seat across from him. They sat in strained silence. The clock hanging on the wall ticked while in the distance a big truck rumbled down the nearby street. A horse whinnied, then silence except for the clock ticking. Ticking. Ticking. Ticking Riley’s life away, second by second. Ticking away lost opportunities not seized upon. Ticking away what might be the most important decision he’d ever make. The damn clock ticked like a time bomb, counting down the moments in his life. It taunted him, daring him to take the risk.

Mitzi glanced up at him. Her brown eyes met his. A wave of longing swept through him, more than mere lust, way beyond a craving for her body. Unwelcome tenderness wound its way around his heart and slipped into all those places he kept locked up tight. The fear he’d felt when he’d found her missing earlier shocked him into

realizing how much she meant to him, how devastated he'd be if something happened to her.

"Why did you walk out on me that night?" She stared at him, her gaze direct and accusing.

He jerked back, blindsided by her question. "You told me to."

"I did not." She glared at him, hurt and distrust shining in her eyes.

Confusion battered his normal defenses. "You told me earlier in the evening that you never let a man stay the night with you. Once the deed was done, you expected him to leave."

"So you took me at my word and left?" Her accusatory tone betrayed the depth of her hurt.

Confused, Riley shook his head. "I was doing what you expected, what you wanted."

"I *expected* more of you. I thought we had something special."

Only a woman would come up with such twisted logic. "So did I, but the next day when you didn't want anything to do with me, I assumed I was just another guy to you."

"You treated me like a piece of ass, nothing more."

"I did not."

"You did."

"You are the most contrary, unpredictable woman I have ever met." Riley's head hurt. Never try to figure out a woman's logic.

"I expected you to be different."

"You wanted me to leave."

"I never said that. I said I told other men to leave. You weren't other men. Didn't you get that? You didn't have to leave. Do you do everything a woman tells you?"

"Fuck, no, but I thought—" Riley fisted his hands in his hair. "You didn't want me to stay but you did want me to stay?"

Mitzi blew out a held breath and nodded, actually almost smiled. "Doesn't make sense, does it?"

"Not one damn bit. If it makes a difference, I wanted to stay. It

took every ounce of willpower I possessed to leave your bed that night.”

Silence hung over them. Words unspoken. Thoughts not articulated. Feelings hidden and protected from each other. It all boiled down to self-protection on both their parts.

“Riley. We’ve been so stupid. You and I.” Her eyes sucked him in, sold him on their sincerity. He bought it, hook, line, and sinker.

“Yeah, we have.” He stood and moved to her. Rasping her hands, he pulled her to her feet and into his arms.

She hesitated, pushed against his chest. “What about Jonah? I slept with him. I’m attracted to him, too.”

Riley chewed on that for a moment, considered it, and found it didn’t disturb him nearly as much as expected. “It’s okay, honey. Jonah and I don’t mind sharing. It’s a possibility we’ve already discussed.”

She frowned at him. “I don’t know how I feel about that.”

“You don’t need to worry about it right now. We’ll cross that bridge later. For tonight, let’s tuck you in bed and make sure you’re safe.”

She grabbed his arms and held him. “Don’t leave me. Will you stay with me for a while?”

“Sure will.” Like anything could keep him from her bed tonight.

Riley pulled her up onto her big bed in the gooseneck portion of the trailer. He’d just hold her, nothing more. He lay down next to her and wrapped her in his arms. Her heart still beat a little too rapidly under the thin material of her shirt.

“It’s okay, baby. Jonah and I won’t let anything happen to you. I promise.”

She buried her head in his shoulder. “I’m still not sure about how Jonah will take this.”

“You’re worried what we’ll both think since you slept with Jonah not too long ago?”

“Yes. I am. I wouldn’t want to do anything to hurt Jonah. Or you.”

“Mitzi, you don’t need to hurt either of us. I told you we’re okay with this.”

“I know, but it seems so—so weird.”

“Call it what you want. It’s okay, trust me, but only with us. We might share between us, but we don’t share with others.”

“I want you both. I don’t know how it can be, but it is.”

“You don’t need to choose.” Riley wanted—needed—her to understand how it was. He threaded his fingers through her long hair and touched his lips to hers. Her mouth parted slightly, and he touched the tip of his tongue to hers. She moaned, a primal sound which reverberated throughout his body and tightened his balls. His cock grew impossibly hard.

Riley’s hands slid up underneath her top and rubbed her warm skin. He covered her mouth with his, kissing, licking, sucking, exploring every recess of her sweet mouth and tangling his tongue with hers.

He dragged his mouth from her sultry lips and ventured lower, craving the column of her neck and nipping the sensitive skin on her collarbones. He rubbed his thumbs over breasts, feeling her hardened nipples through the thin fabric.

“I have to see you.”

She whimpered in response. He took that as a yes and slid the thin straps off her shoulders and down her arms. He pushed the knit fabric downward and hit pay dirt.

“You have the most gorgeous tits.”

She giggled. “I bet you say that to all the girls.”

“I might, but to you, I mean it.” He kissed her soft flesh until his mouth found its target. He flicked the nipple with his tongue and licked circles around her nipple jewelry, a small barbell. He sucked the nipple into his mouth. Mitzi grabbed the back of his head and held his face to her breast.

Riley slid his hands down her sides and felt for the top button on her jeans. He fumbled with the button, finally unfastening it, and

pulled down the zipper. He slipped his hand down her jeans under her panties. Wet and willing, her legs fell open as he slid his index finger between the wet folds.

A second later Mitzi's body went rigid. Only then did the sound of the trailer door opening invade Riley's foggy brain.

Chapter 10

Mitzi jumped at the sound of the door opening. She grabbed her spaghetti strap top and pulled it up to cover her bare breasts. Riley stretched lazily on the bed, not the least bit disturbed by their intruder, his long index finger still buried in her wet cunt.

"It's okay. It's just me." Jonah stood in the doorway, his face hidden in the shadows.

It wasn't okay. She'd almost rather it was her stalker. A strange feeling of guilt stabbed her. She didn't understand it. After all, she'd made no promises to either man. This was just sex, nothing more. Nothing less.

Jonah stepped toward the bed, his movements slow and deliberate. He stopped short of the set of steps leading up to the gooseneck area. Still standing in the shadows, Mitzi could only make out his silhouette. Riley nibbled on her bare shoulder, undeterred by his buddy's appearance in the trailer. His finger pressed deeper.

"Riley, stop it," she hissed and swatted at his strong fingers as they tugged on the stretchy material covering her breasts.

"There's no reason to stop. Jonah doesn't care, do ya, buddy?"

A soft chuckle sounded from the shadow. "Actually, I like it. I like to watch."

Mitzi froze as Jonah tossed his T-shirt aside. A second later she heard the distinctive sound of a zipper, shuffling of feet, and Jonah's jeans flew through the air.

Riley resumed his assault of her neck and shoulders, and his insistent mouth distracted her momentarily. Cupping her chin in a firm hand, he pulled her mouth toward his. He attacked her with his

greedy lips and tongue like the ravenous hound dog he was, making her forget everything but his demanding mouth. Mitzi kissed him back, as insatiable as Riley. Another finger joined the first, pressing against her inner walls.

The bed sank under the weight of another person and slammed Mitzi back to reality. “What the fuck are you doing?” She jerked out of Riley’s arms and drew her knees up to her chest, hugging them to her body.

Jonah grinned, not the least bit contrite. His thick cock stood tall and proud and waved like a conquering hero’s flag. “Exactly what you want, babe.”

“What I want?”

“Yeah, darlin’, what you want. Weren’t you having a hard time picking between us?”

“I—uh—yeah, I guess a little.”

Riley stripped off his clothes. Unable to help herself, she feasted her eyes on his lean, muscled body. Her gaze slid down to his cock. Incredibly long and hard, she recalled how it’d filled every empty place in her, given her pleasure she’d never experienced before. She wanted his cock inside her.

“Now you don’t have to pick. You can have us both.” Riley nuzzled her neck.

“Are you damn crazy?” Despite her arguments to the contrary, Mitzi was intrigued, tempted to sample what they had to offer.

“We’ve been told that story before. Is it a problem?” Riley caressed her hip.

She gasped and attempted to move further away, but she had nowhere to go. “A problem? There are two men in my bed.”

Riley’s eyebrow crept upward, and Jonah’s grin grew broader. “You’re catching on, baby. Double the pleasure, double the orgasms.” Jonah’s big calloused hand settled on the inside of her knee.

“Don’t tell me you don’t want this. I can see in your eyes you’re intrigued.” Riley pulled her to him and sat her between his legs with

her back against his chest.

“Ah, come on.” Jonah’s hand crept higher. “You’ve got a rep as a wild one. Don’t tell me you’ve never been fondled by two men at the same time.”

“Never.” She shook her head adamantly.

“Never been fucked in more than one hole at the same time?” Jonah pressed.

“Never. One man is more than I want to deal with.”

“I think you’re lying. You’re intrigued. You’re turned on. And you really want this.”

Riley’s hot breath on her neck and lower sent sharp thrills of anticipation through her body. He grabbed the top of her shirt in both hands and yanked. The material gave way, and he ripped it completely in half, baring her breasts.

“We need to see your naked body, baby.” Riley flicked on a light over the bed, bathing them in a soft glow. She tried to cover her breasts, but Riley held her hands to her sides.

Jonah wrapped his finger around the unbuttoned waistband on her jeans and slid them down her legs, adding them to the growing pile on the floor. He hooked his fingers in her panties and pulled them off. Feeling oddly modest and embarrassed in front of two men, Mitzi clamped her legs shut.

Jonah pried her legs open. His strong hands wrapped around the insides of her thighs and spread her wider. Mitzi moaned and laid her head back against Riley’s shoulder. His hot mouth teased the sweet spot under her earlobe. He filled his big hands with her breasts, massaging them in a circular motion.

Jonah bent his head. His wicked tongue licked a hot trail up her thighs. Mitzi shifted her hips, squirming under the tight hold of the two men.

“You want us to stop?” Riley’s gravelly voice tickled her ear.

Mitzi couldn’t find the words. They stuck in her throat. The cowboys took her lack of response as a no. She didn’t know how she

wanted to respond. Her traitorous body gave its own answer as her hips shifted upward, giving Jonah better access to her sopping pussy.

Jonah's fingers dived into her slit and pumped in and out with deliberate slowness. His thumb fingered her nub, and little jolts of pleasure shot through her. Mitzi closed her eyes and arched her back. She turned her head to kiss Riley. He held her chin in his hand and sucked her tongue into his mouth with such fierce tenderness that sobs welled up in her chest. Fragile emotions she'd never experienced coursed through her. She rubbed her butt on his erection. He growled in her ear and nipped her lower lip. His tongue plunged into her mouth, conquering, possessing, taking charge.

Jonah's tongue supplemented his fingers as he lapped up her juices and worked it inside her. His finger caressed her clit in unhurried circles. Riley toyed with her nipples as his mouth devoured her mouth with just the right amount of pressure and swipes of his tongue.

Two men saw to her needs, tender yet demanding, gentle yet insistent. She'd never imagined such pleasure. Her orgasm crashed down on her as she screamed Riley's name into his mouth and shouted Jonah's name when at last the thrust of his tongue shattered her.

Panting, she lay still. Spent. Bathed in a thin sheen of sweat. Her body tingling from the aftermath of an inconceivable orgasm. Riley rolled her to her back and moved off the bed. Mitzi couldn't even lift her head to see where he'd gone. Her bones were mush, and her muscles had melted to the sheets.

A second later both men appeared, one on either side of her and gloriously naked.

"You ready for another go-round, little filly?" Jonah's sex-roughened voice promised a night of carnal fantasies.

"We're going to fuck you together, sweetheart, and we're going to come at the same time, all three of us." Riley rubbed a hard nipple with his index finger, toying with the little barbell through her

piercing.

“Do you understand what we want?” Jonah leaned close, pinching her other nipple and tugging on the small silver bar. Jonah brought his mouth down on hers for a wet kiss. He tasted salty from her juices and of hot, horny male. He drew back. His pupils dilated.

“Y—yes. I think so.”

“We’re not going to double-penetrates you. Tonight we’ll go easy, but there’ll be other nights we won’t be so accommodating. You’ll need to accommodate us. But tonight is all about you.” Riley propped his head on his hand and watched her face while Jonah’s eyes focused on her breasts.

Mitzi nodded, and excitement and fear built inside her. She’d done anal just once, and that’d been with Riley. It’d hurt like hell until she relaxed and lost herself in the pain-turned-pleasure. She couldn’t imagine both holes filled at the same time, yet the prospect intrigued her, frightened her, and turned her on.

Riley dipped his head and covered her nipple with his mouth. He sucked gently, increasing the pressure until she writhed on the bed and pressed her breast against his mouth, begging for more.

Jonah chuckled. “Our little filly wants to be fucked by two stallions tonight.”

“I’m first. You had her to yourself a few nights ago.”

“Be my guest. I’ve been dying to fuck her ass.”

Riley slid a condom over his long, hard cock. Laying on her back, Mitzi licked her lips as she recalled how the massive instrument filled every spare inch of her. Riley stood and pulled her ass to the edge of the bed. Standing on the steps up to the gooseneck put him at just the right level. Jonah continued to pinch and pluck at her nipple as he watched his buddy.

A wave of shame rolled over Mitzi when she realized Jonah planned to be a spectator for this round. Of all the things she’d done sexually in her life, she’d never allowed another man to watch her being fucked. The thought thrilled and appalled her.

Riley pushed her legs apart and forward, exposing her to him. He stared at her pussy with a reverent expression on his face. "Ain't that just about the prettiest sight in the world, Jonah?"

Jonah nodded and swallowed as his gaze shifted to her crotch.

"Her pussy's all swollen. Drenched in cum and ready to be fucked."

Mitzi swallowed and cleared her throat, which had gone dry. The velvety head of Riley's penis grazed her opening, and she wriggled in anticipation, knowing he'd stretch her wide with his huge cock.

"You ready to take this big boy, honey?"

"Yes, oh, hell, yes." She tossed her head on bed.

His pushed his cock past her swollen lips. An inch at a time, she took him inside her as his hard cock filled her. He must have felt her resistance as her muscles sought to adjust to his girth. Riley stopped and held himself halfway inside her. The effort caused his muscles to tremble in protest. She suspected he wanted nothing more than to ram himself deep inside her with one powerful stroke.

"You okay, baby? I'm trying to be gentle." The veins stood out on his neck, and his voice cracked from the pressure of holding back.

"I know. You're just so big, and I'm not used to anything this big."

He patted her thigh in a sweet gesture of concern. "I'll be as careful as I can, but you feel so fucking good, all tight and wet around my cock."

"Let me ease your mind, sweetheart." Jonah knelt near her head. His thick cock grazed her cheek. Mitzi reached for it, wrapping her fingers around the hard shaft. The velvety tip touched her mouth, and she licked the drop of pre-cum from it. She opened her mouth to accept the bulbous head and suck on it. Jonah's eyes rolled back in his head, and he uttered a guttural growl.

Riley's large cock pushed deep inside her. Her body adjusted itself to his size, as he filled every empty part of her, body and soul. Riley began to move, slow and deliberate at first. She mimicked

Riley's rhythm with the cock in her mouth, bobbing her head up and down. Jonah buried his fingers in her hair, and he helped her go deeper with each thrust. The salty taste of him filled her mouth. She reached under him and cradled his balls in her hand, gently rolling them around and lightly squeezing them. Jonah backed out of her mouth.

"Where are you going?" She pouted, wanting his dick back.

"Nowhere, darlin', just getting a better angle." Jonah shifted positions to straddle her face. His heavy balls hung down and grazed her chin. His cock bumped against her lips. Mitzi ran her mouth along his shaft, down one side, up the other, using her tongue to circle it, tease it, torturing the man with her mouth. Jonah's groans blended with Riley's grunts.

She couldn't see Riley, but she heard him loud and clear. His hands gripped her thighs, betraying how difficult it was for him to stay in control. Her body begged for more of his cock. She protested with a whimper when he withdrew the entire length of him except the head of his penis.

Taking her mouth off of Jonah's erection, the words tumbled from her mouth. "Riley, fuck me. Go deep and fuck me."

For a moment, Riley didn't react. With a shout of triumph, he plunged into her depths, so deep she swore he touched her womb.

"Hey, honey, don't forget about me." Jonah rubbed his dick across her cheek. Mitzi opened her mouth, and Jonah pushed inside her mouth, stretching her lips wide with his girth. She angled her head, opening her throat to him, as his cock tickled the back of her throat.

"Take me deep, while Riley takes himself deep. Let us fuck you from both ends. Let me fuck your sweet mouth, baby."

She couldn't talk with her mouth full of cock, but she grabbed his bare ass to help drive him deeper. Jonah pushed down her throat. At the same time, Riley drove into her with agonizingly slow, deliberate thrusts.

Jonah drove balls deep until her nose pressed against his pubic

skin. He held himself there then withdrew as she gasped for breath. Jonah waited a moment and drove deep again.

The feel of two cocks, one in her mouth, one in her pussy, excited her. Passion flowed through every vein, heightened her senses, made every thrust of their cocks all the more sensual and intense. She craved more than their slow thrusts. Arching her back, she squirmed on the bed and pushed her hips into Riley's, driving him even deeper.

Riley picked up the pace, as did Jonah. She tasted the first drop of Jonah's cum, felt his cock jerk in her mouth. Swearing and calling out her name, Jonah pulled out of her mouth.

She wrapped her hands around Jonah's shaft and pumped as a stream of cum spurted from him on her lips and chin. She opened her mouth and swallowed the remainder. Jonah went limp and slumped next to her. Relaxed and sated, he watched Riley finish the job while he toyed with Mitzi's nipples.

Riley drove into her, each thrust taking them higher. His thumb ribbed her clit, pressing and circling. Mitzi started to shatter a split second before Riley's shuddering body followed her. He held himself inside her as his seed emptied into the condom.

And Mitzi knew it was true. Once you've had two guys, one guy will never be enough, especially when it was these two guys.

* * * *

After several minutes of post-sex relaxation, Jonah's cock was primed and ready for action again. He wanted Mitzi's virgin ass. First, he'd make her pay for all the hell she'd dished out to Riley and him over the past weeks.

Mitzi's head rested on Riley's chest. She squinted at Jonah as he sat up on the edge of the bed. "You know, honey, you've been bad, running off like that. You gave my buddy here quite a start when he found you missing. Now that we've gotten over our relief, I think we need to spank that fine ass of yours."

Mitzi sat up and glared at Jonah. "You wouldn't dare."

Jonah grinned. "I wouldn't? Whaddaya think, Riley, would I dare?"

"Oh, yeah, you would." A slow smile spread across Riley's face as he moved to block Mitzi's only escape route.

Mitzi rushed to her feet in the small space. Her brown eyes darted from one man to another. "Riley, don't let him."

Riley merely crossed his arms over his chest and leaned against the doorway. Jonah grabbed her wrist with one swift movement and threw her over his knees. The little hellcat fought like an enraged heifer on the end of his rope. She groped for his balls, which wasn't playing fair at all. Nope, not at all. He grabbed her hands and held them behind her back. Riley moved to his side and wrapped a leather rein from Mitzi's bridle around her wrists.

"You bastards. Let me go."

Jonah chuckled and lifted his hand. He brought his open palm down on her shapely ass with a sharp smack.

"Nice." Riley leaned forward to eye the red mark marring her perfect white skin.

"Damn it. You jerk, stop it."

Smack. Smack. Smack. Jonah knew his strength and made sure he didn't spank her too hard, just enough for her to feel the sting of his hand.

"Please, stop."

Ah, now the little lady was begging. He rubbed her red ass with his rough hand. "Promise you'll do as we tell you from now on."

Silence from Mitzi.

Another smack. Harder this time. Mitzi yelped.

"Honey, if you're going to behave like a spoiled brat, I'm treating you like one."

Riley slipped a hand under her body. "This turns you on, doesn't it, Mitzi?"

"No, it does not."

“Jonah, our spoiled brat’s pussy is soaking wet. She likes this.”

Jonah’s body rang with sexual need. “You want to be fucked, honey?”

“Yes.” Mitzi choked on the word, as if hating to admit her susceptibility to their little game.

Jonah freed her hands. “On your hands and knees, darlin’. Tonight your ass is mine.”

Mitzi gazed up at him with smoldering eyes and slid off his lap onto all fours. Riley sat down on the bed and pushed his back against the headboard to watch, while stroking his half-erect cock with one hand.

“Got any lube, darlin’?”

Mitzi gestured to the nightstand next to the bed. Riley opened the drawer and tossed a tube of lubricant toward Jonah.

Grinning, Jonah moved behind her. He unscrewed the top and squirted some lube on his fingers. Mitzi’s ass squirmed a few feet from his face. A fine ass it was, too.

“It’s gonna burn at first.”

Mitzi nodded. “I know.” Sweat ran down her face.

Jonah parted her ass cheeks and circled the tight hole with his finger. He pressed one finger against her opening and pushed inside. She gasped and tightened.

“Relax, honey. It’ll be easier if you do.”

She took deep breaths, attempting to comply. He pushed his finger deeper, going slow, being as careful as he could be.

“You okay?”

She grunted then nodded.

He pushed further, past the resistant muscles. He worked his finger around inside her, opening up her tight little hole. Inserting a second finger, he did the same.

She wiggled her ass, starting to enjoy the sensations. He smiled.

“You’re ready for me, aren’t you? Do you want me to fuck your ass now?” Jonah spread an ample amount of lube on his dick and

around her asshole.

“Yes, please. Oh, please.”

Jonah positioned his cock against her asshole. Knowing she’d need a distraction from the pain, he reached between her legs and toyed with her clit. She whimpered as he pushed inside her opening. Jonah hesitated, gave her a moment to adjust to the width of his cock.

“Don’t stop.” She pushed against him, taking him deeper.

“I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You will hurt me, but it’ll hurt so good.”

Jonah soldiered on. Little by little, his cock disappeared into her ass. Her body, stiff from the pain of his invasion, began to relax, letting him deeper inside, until he’d fully sank into her.

Pulling back about halfway, he pushed in again, easier this time as her ass expanded to accept him. He began to thrust, easy and gentle at first until he was certain the pleasure overrode her pain.

Working her clit, his thrusts gained momentum, driven on by Mitzi’s ass grinding into his crotch on every deep stroke. His cock took over, no longer patient or gentle. He plunged into her with powerful lunges. She bucked and twisted, propelling him deeper. The furious rhythm of Jonah’s hips slapping against her ass accelerated and drove them both into an out-of-control oblivion. She came first, shaking and screaming his name.

He rammed into her with one final, aggressive lunge and came with a torrent of fierce tremors. Buried deep inside her, he held on tight and buried his face in her hair until the aftershocks faded.

* * * *

The Enforcer crouched near Mitzi’s trailer. The sounds of sex drifted to him. He gripped the aluminum side of the trailer until the metal edge dug into his hands and cut across his palm. Rubbing the bleeding hand on his jeans, he paid it no mind.

Mitzi’s voice in the throes of passion left no doubt as to what was

going on in the gooseneck bedroom of the trailer. The trailer's shaking added to his anger.

He wanted to be the one touching her, branding her as his, making her forget all other men but him. Once he fucked her, she'd never want another man. He wouldn't give her a choice.

Of that he was certain.

Chapter 11

Bare-chested with his T-shirt slung over one shoulder, Jonah opened Mitzi's trailer door and stepped out. He rubbed his eyes and buckled his belt. Riley followed him, still zipping up his jeans.

Jonah heard a startled gasp and turned in the direction of the sound.

Ethel's eyes widened as she stared at them.

Oh, crap. Time for major damage control. Turn on the charm, Jonah, old boy.

"Howdy, ma'am." Jonah nodded at her as if nothing was amiss and graced her with his good-ol'-Oklahoma-boy grin.

"Mitzi sure cooks a mean breakfast." Riley attempted a feeble cover-up.

Ethel sniffed as if she smelled something really foul. They probably reeked of sex and sweat.

"Riley, you forgot your belt." Mitzi started down the steps holding Riley's belt. She froze when she saw the guys' warning expressions and looked in the direction they were looking.

"Uh, Ethel. You're up early."

Ethel's face turned bright red, her lips puckered like she'd sucked on a lemon. "Obviously, you weren't expecting me. Mitzi Garrison, your behavior is scandalous. Absolutely scandalous."

"I have no idea what you're talking about." To Mitzi's credit, she kept a straight face.

"Is there a problem with her offering us breakfast?" Jonah pasted on his most innocent little-ol'-me expression.

Ethel wasn't buying it. "You're having sexual relations with both

men.” She covered her mouth with her hands, as if her next words were too horrifying to utter. “At the same time.”

Mitzi held her hands to her chest and faked a swoon. “Why, I can’t believe you’d say such a thing about me.”

“Because it’s true. I’d heard you were fornicating with two cowboys, but I had to witness it with my own eyes.”

Jonah turned away so she wouldn’t see his amusement at her use of the word fornicating. So that’s what they were doing. He’d have to remember that one. Hell, he’d fornicate his way around the rodeo circuit with Mitzi.

“What do you mean *you heard*?” Riley put on his shirt and quickly tucked it in. Like that mattered now.

“It appears I’m not the only one who considers Mitzi ill-suited for such an important role. Someone left a note on my door this morning.”

Jonah’s amusement faded. “A note? What did it say?”

Ethel dismissed Jonah as if he didn’t exist. Her attitude didn’t set well with him. He’d spent too much of his life being discounted because he was a poor kid with an alcoholic mother and no father. He didn’t scrape and claw his way to respectability to have this old crone plummet him back to the basement in a few short minutes. He’d had just about enough of this woman insinuating herself into Mitzi’s private life. Chaperoning her to rodeo events and appearances was one thing, but keeping tabs on her after hours was another, especially now that it directly affected Riley and him.

“You have an interview with the local paper at 9:00 a.m. Don’t be late. We’ll deal with your deviant behavior later, once I plot my course of action.” Ethel hurried away, as if their deviant behavior might be contagious.

“Oh, crap. She’s going to make my life a living hell.”

“Hasn’t she already?” Jonah’s eyes narrowed as he watched the tight-ass bitch disappear around the corner of the barn.

“Yes, but this makes it doubly worse. What if she tells the NARA

board, or even worse, my father?"

"What if she does?" Riley snapped. She'd obviously hit a sore spot with him.

"I have a responsibility to the NARA. I made a commitment."

"Did that commitment include celibacy?"

Mitzi chewed on her lower lip. "Not exactly. I did sign a code of conduct clause."

"There's nothing wrong with your public conduct. What you do in the privacy of your trailer is not up for debate." Jonah ground his teeth together. Ethel wasn't going to ruin what they had going on here, not when they'd just discovered how good it could be.

* * * *

"Wipe that shit-eating grin off your face." Riley faked a grimace, but he didn't fool his buddy. Hell, they were both riding that sex-induced wave.

They sat on their horses outside the arena, watching Mitzi gallop hell-bent-for-leather around the arena in the grand entry. Her gold sequined outfit sparkled in the sun and clung to every curve of her delicious body. She might be every man's wet dream, but she'd become Jonah and Riley's reality. Her long legs wrapped around the horse's barrel like they'd wrapped around Riley last night. He shifted in the saddle, his jeans uncomfortably tight.

Jonah swept off his hat and wiped his brow with his sleeve. "Wooo weeee. That little lady sure can ride."

Riley raised one eyebrow. "She sure as hell can."

"I had a damn good time last night."

"And well into the morning."

"That, too. I'm tired, but Mitzi's worth it."

"Yeah, she is." Riley followed her around the arena with his eyes, loving the way she sat on a horse and went all out riding close to the fence and taking the corners like a racecar driver. No fear in that

woman. He found himself smiling like a fool.

“Wipe the drool off your face.”

Riley automatically swiped a hand across his mouth, and Jonah burst into laughter.

“Who do you think left that note for Ethel?” Riley smoothly switched the subject.

The twinkle in Jonah’s eyes faded. “Someone who’s been watching her closely.”

“Yeah, that’s obvious.”

“At least she won’t be sneaking out so easily anymore with both of us in her bed.” Jonah sat back in the saddle.

“Where do you think this thing with her is going?”

“If we can avert disaster with Ethel, I figure it’s going about the same way it did last night for the rest of the circuit.”

“And after that?” Riley shot a sideways glance at his friend.

“There is no after the circuit.” Jonah crammed his hat back on his head and pulled the brim low over his eyes, effectively shading them from Riley’s view. An intentional act if Riley ever saw one. Jonah played the carefree role because to care eventually got you hurt or betrayed or both. People who loved you walked out on you. That’s how Jonah saw it.

Riley didn’t have the disadvantage of Jonah’s crappy childhood. Riley’s parents were still together, through good times and bad, and still in love. Sure, they’d fallen on hard times, and were only a few missed payments from losing the family ranch, but they had each other. Riley wanted a love like theirs. If he couldn’t have it, he didn’t want anything. Up until now, he hadn’t found the woman to share his life with, and perhaps even share with Jonah on a permanent basis.

If Garrison paid them for this job at the end of the circuit, they’d have just enough to get the ranch out of foreclosure, allow his parents to retire, and run the ranch themselves. Their way.

With Riley’s business sense, Jonah’s magic touch with horses, and their combined work ethic, they could make a going concern of it and

a comfortable living.

A spoiled, rich girl didn't fit into those plans any more than two broke cowboys fit into hers.

Sighing, Riley picked up the reins and guided his horse away from the arena fence. A rock settled in the pit of his stomach and squashed the good feelings from the night before.

* * * *

Mitzi paced back and forth in front of her trailer. She'd finished her queenly duties with Ethel shadowing her every step of the way. Even worse, the woman barely spoke one word to her. Mitzi preferred confrontation to a cold shoulder any day. Just get the problem out in the open and discuss it. Normally, she'd provoke Ethel rather than face the silent treatment. This time was different because she didn't want to face the possible results of such a confrontation. She'd examined every option, from losing her crown and being shamed, to having her father find out, to losing what she'd experienced last night with Riley and Jonah. None of the alternatives were acceptable.

She'd find another solution, a win-win for all of them, even Ethel. She swung her gaze to her friends. Armondo and Tanya sat nearby at a picnic table and sipped beer. Riley and Jonah relaxed in plastic lawn chairs. Jonah leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Riley looked as uptight as Mitzi felt. But then Riley had always been as intense as Jonah was laid-back. Their differences were one of the things she loved about them.

Love? Mitzi stumbled. No, not love. Liked, liked about them.

Mitzi came to halt in front of the group. "We have to do something about Ethel. I can't handle both her and a stalker."

"She needs a man between her legs." Jonah straddled a bale of hay and chewed on a piece of straw.

"That's your answer for everything, Jonah Yates," Mitzi chastised him.

"It worked for you, didn't it?" Jonah's wicked grin teased her.

Mitzi kicked his shin with the toe of her boot.

"Fuck. What was that for?"

"For being a smart-mouth."

"I still say Ethel needs a man." Jonah rubbed his bruised shin.

"I don't suppose you know the man for the job?" Riley spoke up, an amused grin playing at the corners of his usually serious mouth.

"I just might have the man in mind." Tanya smiled. Every eye turned to Tanya.

"Who would be that desperate?" Riley shook his head.

"Not desperate but up for a challenge. A real challenge. Armondo's brother, Julian. He likes them tough to get, and he loves older women." Tanya looked to Armondo for confirmation.

"Sí, he loves to cure older women of their sexual hang-ups. He especially loves older women with money."

"She has money. Her daddy left her a pile of it, and they don't come with bigger hang-ups than that old prune. I'd bet she's a forty-year-old virgin." Mitzi was warming up to the idea.

"He'll lay that Latin charm on her, and she'll melt." Tanya smirked.

"Ethel doesn't melt. She's made of cold, hard steel."

"Have you ever seen steel when it gets hot?" Jonah chuckled.

* * * *

"Here she comes, guys. Brace yourself." Mitzi indicated the door with a nod of her head. The group at her table, consisting of Mitzi, Riley, Jonah, Tanya, Julian, and Armondo, stifled their grins or dipped their heads to hide their faces. Julian, Armondo's brother, merely studied the woman with acute interest.

"So that's her?" Julian's dark eyes sparkled with the challenge of thawing Ethel's frosty reserve. Julian's dark Latin looks had turned many a woman's head when they'd walked into the bar earlier.

“What do you think?” Mitzi watched as Ethel stood in the doorway, waiting for her eyes to adjust to the dim lighting in the crowded bar.

“She is an intriguing señorita. I see a hidden fire under those layers of clothes.”

“I’m glad you see it, buddy, because we sure as hell don’t.” Riley slapped Julian on the shoulder.

Armondo laughed. “See, I told you. She’s just Julian’s type.”

Julian nodded his agreement, obviously intrigued and ready for the hunt.

Spotting them, Ethel marched to their table. Displeasure and disgust radiated from her every pore. She huffed like a freight train as she confronted the group.

Dressed in a plain white blouse buttoned to her neck, a simple black skirt, blazer, and practical shoes with no heels, she looked like a prim and proper schoolmarm. Ethel pushed at the glasses perched on her nose. Studying her more closely, Mitzi realized she actually had an attractive face with delicate features and high cheekbones if it weren’t for her perpetual scowl and puckered lips. Her figure wasn’t half-bad either, even covered under layers of fabric.

Mitzi glanced at Julian, who definitely looked interested. He’d already commandeered a chair from the adjacent table and was standing behind it ready to offer Ethel a seat, like the consummate gentleman. The man exuded smooth Latin charm able to melt the coldest iceberg. Mitzi suspected Ethel would give him a run for his money. She’d been frozen so long she’d not be easy to thaw.

Speaking of thawing, her chair was sandwiched between Riley and Jonah’s, their hips and thighs touching hers. She hadn’t slept with either of them since their mind-blowing ménage a few nights ago, but she knew they’d be back in her bed soon. They’d avoided talking about the arrangement, such as it was. Once the circuit ended or her stalker was caught, they’d all go their separate ways. That was the unspoken agreement.

Their temporary situation should have relieved her. After all, no expectations, no foul, no harm when it was over. Just the promise of physical pleasure with two of the hottest cowboys on the circuit. She'd never wanted or asked for more from any of her previous sexual partners. Why should these two be any different?

Only she feared they were different. She enjoyed their company, enjoyed sparring with them, challenging them as they challenged her with their wits and their strength of will. Both men's strong personalities complimented her willful one.

But what of her father? He'd never approve of one of them, let alone both in her life. If she ever hoped to take her rightful place in the management of her father's stock contracting business and the family ranch, her relationship with Riley and Jonah must end when the circuit ended. The inevitability of their situation filled her with sorrow, much to her surprise.

Shaking off her melancholy mood, Mitzi concentrated on the drama playing out across the table.

Ethel stood with her hands on hips, lips puckered into a disapproving scowl. She directed her wrath upon Mitzi, not even noticing Julian, who stood a few feet from her. "Why did you leave me a message to meet you at this place?"

Mitzi smiled her sweetest, most charming smile. "Ethel, you've been working so hard we thought it'd be nice to buy you dinner and a beverage."

Ethel's eyes narrowed with suspicion. "This is a bar, not a restaurant."

"Yes, but they have wonderful food."

Julian cleared his throat and drew Ethel's attention. She glanced at him and did a double take. The handsome Latin oozed sex appeal with his exotic, dark looks and midnight eyes hinting of danger.

"Señorita, please have a seat. I'd be honored to serve as your companion this evening."

Ethel's stern façade thawed like an ice cube in one hundred-

degree sunshine. “Oh, my, I—I—I guess I can forgo decorum just this once.” She sat in the chair he offered her. He slid her chair next to the table and snapped his fingers at the waitress.

“Bring the lovely señorita a glass of your finest red wine and put it on my tab.”

Ethel fanned herself. “Oh my, it’s hot in here.”

Mitzi bit her lower lip, and Riley squeezed her thigh. Jonah hid his face and concentrated on his hamburger as he rubbed her other thigh. Tanya smirked with satisfaction since the entire thing had been her idea, while Armondo sat back and watched his brother weave his magic spell.

Ethel’s eyes grew big, and her face flushed red when Julian leaned close and whispered something in her ear. She lifted a trembling hand and guzzled down half of her wine. So much for being hard to thaw, she’d melted at Julian’s feet once he’d uttered his first sentence.

“Whoa,” Riley said under his breath and winked at Mitzi.

“Unbelievable,” Jonah whispered in her ear.

Even Armondo, who’d no doubt watched his brother at work countless times, blinked as if he couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

The band played a slow, sultry dance. Julian stood and held his hand out to Ethel. “I would be honored, Señorita, if you would dance with me.”

Ethel batted her eyelashes and blushed some more. Mitzi choked. Julian bowed low and kissed her hand. Without further fanfare, his fingers tightened around her hand, and he pulled her onto the dance floor. A few minutes later Ethel’s body was plastered to Julian as if she’d like to crawl under his skin.

“Damn. He’ll have her naked before the night is over.” Riley spoke as if in awe.

“I’d bet within the next hour or less.” Jonah blew out a breath.

“He’s an artist when it comes to older women.” Armondo held up his beer bottle, and they toasted Julian.

One problem solved, now to find her stalker.

Chapter 12

Riley had never seen anything like it. Ethel blossomed under Julian's attentive flattery over the next two weeks. The woman didn't look like the same person. She wore her hair down, along with a little makeup, and more flattering clothes. She actually smiled and laughed. She even quit nagging Mitzi, somewhat. At least, she butted out of Mitzi's private life and only interfered with her rodeo queen duties, which was the woman's job, after all, even though her constant nagging irritated the hell out of Mitzi.

They hadn't heard a word from the stalker. Riley briefly entertained the likelihood that Ethel might have been the stalker, attempting to scare Mitzi into behaving herself. Now that Julian occupied Ethel's time, she might have abandoned the ruse. He couldn't discount the possibility.

Or perhaps, the asshole hadn't followed them from Colorado to Oklahoma. While Riley hoped like hell that was the case, he knew better than to let down his guard, as did Jonah. They tried to make sure one of them was near Mitzi at all times, which wasn't always feasible or practical, but they covered the bases as well as they could.

And their nights, damn, he lived for those nights. He and Jonah had shared a few women in the past, but never more than a night or two. Even though minor jealousies reared their ugly heads, the arrangement worked amazingly well. Mitzi, for all her reputation as a superficial, self-centered brat, shared her time equally with the two men in and out of bed, never giving one more attention than the other. Her careful handling of their *fragile male egos*—her terminology, not theirs—bolstered their confidence in their unusual relationship.

Mitzi continually amazed Riley with her knowledge of horses and ranching. She proved to be much more than a pretty face with her sharp mind and quick wit. Riley respected her opinions and valued their time together, knowing the relationship carried an expiration date.

But he tried not to think about it.

* * * *

Mitzi cherished this brief moment alone with her horse. He'd always been her sounding board, the one steady rock in her life she could always depend on. Riley and Jonah had hurried off to collect their prize money after Mitzi convinced them she could be alone for a half hour.

She straightened Rowdy's black forelock and pressed her cheek against his neck. "Oh, Rowdy, I wish my life was as simple as yours."

Rowdy flicked an ear in her direction, an indication he was listening to her woes.

"I think I've fallen in love with two men at the same time." Saying the words dropped the bottom out of her stomach. The admission came as a surprise because she'd been in denial even in her deepest, innermost thoughts.

She loved them?

Heck, she suspected she'd fallen in love with Riley that night over a year ago. But Jonah? How had he crept into her heart and staked a claim? In all her years, she'd never really been in love with a man. In lust, oh yeah. Even mistaken lust for love a few times, but not like this. Not this soul-deep connection to another person, actually two other people.

Riley and Jonah were as different as they were similar. Jonah laughed and joked his way through life, yet she saw the sorrow and pain in his eyes and wondered who had put it there. She'd wipe away his hurts if she could. Riley brooded and worried about things, but

lately he'd been a little more relaxed, especially in bed. He surprised her with his wicked humor and devilish ways. They both strived to reach their dreams of raising and training stock and roping horses. Neither man shied away from hard work.

All her life, Mitzi had played the part of the tough one, out to prove she could do things as well as any man. She dismissed men's attempts to coddle her or put her on a pedestal. Yet, she liked Jonah and Riley's protectiveness. They made her feel safe, even with the stalker always hovering in the background like a bad dream. They listened to her ideas, respected her knowledge of cattle, horses, and rodeo. They even took to heart her advice on how to improve their runs or their technique. Mitzi wasn't used to men respecting her opinions. Most of them considered her a pretty face and a hot body, but not a person. Riley and Jonah changed all that.

"Oh, Rowdy. This is all so impossible. It'd never work out with one of them, let alone both of them. I'm too stubborn, want my way too much." Rowdy nuzzled her, rubbing his big, soft nose on her shoulder. He blew into her hair, a horse's way of saying hello.

Footsteps tromped through the barn door. Mitzi heard her name mentioned and crouched down low in Rowdy's stall. The voices came closer. She held her breath and listened. Her heart beat faster as she recognized the voices.

"Mitzi Garrison has a stalker?" Walter Craig asked his buddy.

"That's what Brooke tells me," Brent Black, Brooke's current boyfriend, answered.

"Who'd be crazy enough to stalk that bitch?" The third voice belonged to Larry Maguire. Mitzi hadn't seen him since he quit the circuit last year and blamed her for his poor performance in bed and out.

"Hell, it's probably another one of her ploys for attention."

"I pity the man who stalks her if she gets a hold of him. She'll castrate him and hang him by his dick on the flagpole."

The men chuckled. Mitzi bristled. How dare they make light of a

serious situation.

“What’s with Backstrom and Yates? They’re hanging around her like flies to a pile of shit.”

“They’ve gotta be getting some.”

“Both of them at the same time?”

“Damn it all to hell. I’d love some of that action.”

“Who wouldn’t?”

“Not me, I’ve had my fill of that woman.”

“I’d like to see her pay for all the guys she’s fucked with.” Mitzi’s breath caught in her throat. One of these cowboys might be the stalker. She couldn’t make out who’d just spoken as the voices grew more distant.

More laughter. “Yeah, so would I.”

“Wouldn’t we all?”

“Whatever happens, I hope she gets what she deserves.”

The voices faded as they walked out of the barn.

Standing on shaky knees, Mitzi stared at her shaking hands. Word travelled fast on the circuit, and both of her secrets—her stalker and her lovers—didn’t appear to be secrets anymore.

Even worse, one of those men who she’d known and respected for years might know more than he was admitting.

* * * *

Jonah spotted Mitzi near the arena fence staring at the calves in the corral. He ambled over to her, but she didn’t look at him. Deep in thought, she continued to stare off in the distance.

Jonah chucked Mitzi under the chin and laid a gentle kiss on her lips. “What’s going on in that pretty little head of yours, darlin’?”

She turned her head away. “Nice-looking calves, aren’t they?” Mitzi chewed on her lower lip, a habit he’d come to recognize when she was worried.

“They look like any other calf. What’s really on your mind?” He

put his arm around her shoulders and tucked her under his arm, relishing the feel of her soft woman's body against his hard, muscular one. He'd explored every inch of her fine body in the past few weeks, and each time seemed as new and exhilarating as the first time. Even weirder for him, he'd lost his interest in flirting with other women. Hell, he'd considering flirting one of his favorite pastimes, yet with Mitzi in the picture, flirting with other women lost its allure. Only this feisty redhead mattered to him.

Mitzi looked up at Jonah with big liquid brown eyes filled with worry. "I heard them talking about me."

"Heard who?" Riley walked up behind them. He stood next to Mitzi and propped a booted foot on the lowest rail of the fence.

"Some cowboys. They said I deserved whatever the stalker did to me."

"Who the hell were they?" Jonah bristled and went into protective mode. By the muscle jerking in Riley's jaw, Jonah knew he felt the same.

"Did you recognize their voices?" Riley touched her neck and pressed close to her other side.

"Yes, Walter Craig, Brent Black, and Larry Maguire."

"I'll fucking kill the bastards." Riley's knuckles turned white as he dug his fingers into the top rail of the fence.

"I'll be right there with you."

"No, no, that's not the way to solve this. You'll both be kicked off the circuit. Then where would I be?" Mitzi implored both of them to calm down with her eyes.

Jonah didn't want to calm down. He wanted revenge for the fear and sadness they'd put in Mitzi's eyes. Riley appeared to agree with Jonah. Yet neither could deny the truth in Mitzi's words.

"Jonah, Riley, please. One of them could be the guy, but you can't go off all half-cocked and start making accusations. We have to deal with this logically, unemotionally."

Riley nodded, still pissed but under control. With reluctance,

Jonah agreed, too, but if any of them laid a hand on Mitzi or so much as looked at her sideways, Riley would stuff them in a clown's barrel and roll them into the arena with the biggest, baddest bull of all.

The thought of a guy stuck in a barrel while the bull charged the barrel and sent it flying calmed his temper somewhat.

They'd get this guy, and when they did, well, they'd make one mean bull mighty happy.

Chapter 13

Riley pinched Mitzi's ass as she stepped into the limo parked next to her trailer. He quickly followed her inside, effectively sandwiching her between Jonah and him. He'd been looking forward to this night ever since the thought of a ménage with Mitzi and Jonah entered his brain.

He salivated at the sight of Mitzi's tight little dress. The sexy thing clung to her every curve. Her large breasts spilled over the low-cut top, and her hardened nipples were easily visible through the thin fabric. Obviously, she wore no bra. The bottom of the dress barely covered her ass, while her little g-string was damn indecent. Fuck, she was killing him, and not just with her body. He liked matching wits with her, talking rodeo with her, and just plain hanging out with her.

The limo driver adjusted his mirror and watched them, and a sly smile crossed his face. Riley exchanged a look with Jonah and knew his buddy was thinking the same thing. Riley winked at the driver and didn't raise the privacy screen. Let the man enjoy the warm-up before the big show. A little exhibitionism would excite them all.

Mitzi made a move to press the privacy button. Jonah captured her wrists in one of his hands. Pulling her face to his, he gave her a slow deep kiss, which accelerated into an out-of-control make-out session. Riley glanced at the limo driver. The guy seemed to be adept at navigating the streets and keeping an eye on the backseat.

Not to be left out, Riley's hands roamed over her ripe body. He stroked her nipples through her dress.

Mitzi moaned and writhed on the seat. Panting, she pulled back and swatted Riley's hands away from her big tits. "Behave yourself."

Riley laughed. "Oh, honey, this is not a night to behave." Kneeling in front of her, He put his hands on her knees and spread them wide. She tried to close them.

"Relax, hon," Jonah whispered in her ear. "Doesn't it turn you on to have a stranger watching while we make you come?"

"He should be driving, not watching." Mitzi's eyes glazed over as Riley kissed a trail up the inside of her thighs. She groaned when Riley reached pay dirt. He pulled aside the scrap of material covering her crotch and blew his hot breath on her clit. Mitzi's hips jerked in response.

Jonah chuckled as he lowered a strap on her dress. "Close your eyes and forget he's there."

Mitzi's protest caught in her throat. She uttered a strangled moan as Riley plunged two fingers in her wet snatch. The limo pulled into the hotel's parking lot and stopped. The driver made no move to get out. Instead, he watched them as he stroked his hard on.

"Show the driver her tits, Jonah."

With a movement too quick for Mitzi to counteract, Jonah pulled down the front of her dress freeing those big babies.

"Touch them for the man. Show him what turns you on." Riley expected her to balk at his order. She didn't.

Mitzi grasped her nipples, toying with her nipple jewelry. She ran her tongue around her lush lips, causing all three men to groan.

Riley ducked his head and spread her pussy lips. He plunged his tongue inside her, loving the taste of her arousal. Mitzi rolled her head back and forth on the headrest and whimpered. Jonah took a nipple in his mouth and worked it.

Riley pumped his fingers in and out while sucking on her clit. Mitzi dug her fingers into the back of his head and pushed her hips upward, rubbing her crotch in his face. Knowing she was on the edge, Riley pushed her over that cliff. She cried out as her entire body convulsed with tremors of ecstasy.

Sitting back on his haunches, Riley wiped off his face. He met the

driver's eyes in the mirror and smiled.

The driver composed himself, got out, and opened the limo door for them.

As Mitzi emerged from the limo, she smiled at the man. "I hope you enjoyed the show."

"Yes, ma'am. Very much."

Riley's possessive grip on her arm said it all to the man. *You can look, but you can't touch.*

* * * *

The sooner Jonah slipped into something—someone—more comfortable, the better. The elevator sped to the top-floor suite they'd splurged on.

"Tonight's the night, sweetheart. Are you ready?" Jonah stood close to Mitzi. Heat poured off all three of them in the close quarters of the elevator. Jonah's jeans stretched tight across his hardened dick.

"Yes." Mitzi nodded and held his hand tighter.

"This isn't the type of thing you do for the first time in a horse trailer." Jonah glanced at Riley. His buddy concentrated on the floor indicator.

Mitzi's eyes lit up, even though Jonah detected both excitement and worry in those brown depths. She licked her lips and nodded. "I want this. I've wanted it for a long time."

They stepped out of the elevator and walked a short way down the hall. Riley slid the key card into the slot next to the door and opened the door. Standing back like a gentleman, he held it open for Mitzi.

Mitzi halted in the doorway with a surprised gasp. Her gaze encompassed the room. Jonah couldn't suppress his smile. They'd done good. He saw it in her eyes. The room was fancy as hell. He'd never been in a room like this, never imagined the elegance others took for granted. He moved further into the room, picked up a bronze Remington statue, and examined it. Damn, the thing wasn't even

nailed down. What kind of money did it take to stay in places like this on a regular basis? Not the kind of money Jonah and Riley had. More like the kind of money Mitzi grew up with. The realization depressed him. They so did not fit in her world, nor did she in theirs. Jonah shoved his discomfort out of the way. Tonight it didn't matter. They'd rented the room, paid for it with last week's prize money. They'd damn well enjoy it. Tomorrow came too soon, but they had tonight.

Jonah intended to make the night last well into morning.

"Oh my." Mitzi spun around the room like a little girl. "This room is incredible. You guys shouldn't have spent so much."

Jonah dropped the sack he'd brought next to the couch. They'd need it later.

"We wanted this to be a night you wouldn't forget." Riley removed the bottle of chilled champagne from the ice bucket and popped the cork. He poured three glasses. They each took one.

"Any night with both of you is a night I won't forget."

Jonah's heart swelled with emotions he refused to define. He held his glass up for a toast. "To the most beautiful, sensual woman in the world, inside and out."

They clinked glasses. Riley turned on some slow, sultry music to set the mood. He winked at Jonah and motioned him over to the couch.

Both men stripped down to nothing as Mitzi's greedy eyes watched with anticipation.

"Strip for us, darlin'." Jonah sank his butt down on the soft cushion. "Make us good and hard so we can fuck you in both holes later and make the pleasure last."

Riley sat down next to Jonah and watched Mitzi with anticipation.

Mitzi didn't disappoint, but then Mitzi never disappointed.

* * * *

Mitzi aimed to please and be pleased. She moved her hips in a

slow, sexy dance designed to hypnotize and entice her two cowboys. If their tongues hanging out were any indication, she'd met her goals without taking off one shred of clothing.

She pulled down the stretchy straps of her dress and tugged it down her body, baring her breasts, then her waist, her stomach. Down her thighs it slid until she kicked it out of the way. Her little pair of underwear came next.

The men stared, each one absently stroking their erections. Mitzi turned her ass to them and bent over, toying with herself as her hips swayed to the music. Turning back around slowly, she straightened and cupped her breasts, pressing them together.

"Want a sample?"

"Fuck samples. I want the real thing," Riley croaked.

"So do I, darlin'. Dance that fine ass over here and prepare to be mounted by your stallions."

So they were dispensing with any further foreplay. Mitzi didn't mind. They'd given the limo driver a show he'd never forget. Mitzi never imagined having an orgasm in front of a stranger could be such a turn-on, but it was. Now she didn't need more in the way of foreplay. She needed a cock.

Riley crooked a finger at her. She sauntered over to him, loving the way his eyes burned with such intense heat. Yet, something else burned even deeper in those eyes—the fierce possessiveness of a man with a woman he'd claimed as his.

Even if only for a little while.

"You ready for two big cocks at the same time, darlin'?" Jonah stood and motioned her to the bed. Jonah liked anal, so it didn't surprise her that Riley would take her pussy, while Jonah took her ass.

Mitzi nodded. A little scared but willing to go through with it. Riley leaned back on the couch. His big cock stood up straight, waiting for her pussy.

"It's okay, baby, we'll be as gentle as we can be." Riley put his hands on either side of her hips and pulled her to him.

She placed her knees on either side of Riley's thighs. He put his arms around her waist and pulled her closer. His cock rubbed against her crotch as he bent his head to take a nipple in his mouth. He sucked hard, filling his mouth with her nipple. Mitzi threw her head back, reveling in the emotions flooding her senses. The man's talent with his tongue drove her body to a fever pitch. Jonah stood behind her and toyed with her other breast.

Positioning her pussy over Riley's cock, Mitzi lowered herself down, an inch at a time. Riley's eyes rolled back in his head, and he groaned. His big hands held her hips in a vise.

"Ah, man, don't torture me like this." Riley's strength surpassed hers, hands down. He pushed her hips down until her crotch rubbed against his. His huge erection buried so deep she felt as if it touched her womb. Riley held her there, obviously savoring the moment.

Mitzi fought to catch her breath. Her breasts rubbed Riley's chest as he pulled her against him and leaned back on the cushions. She buried her head in his shoulder. Her head swam, not allowing her to think clearly. Fear warred with lust, while anticipation drove her emotions to a fevered crest.

"Oh, shit, I forgot to use a condom." Riley cursed.

"It's okay. I'm on the pill. I want to feel you come inside me tonight."

"Are you sure?" he panted. His control seemed to evaporate with each word spoken.

"Absolutely."

"Hot damn." Jonah rubbed her ass with his big hands.

Her pussy juices flowed even more just thinking about how Riley's seed would empty in her channel while Jonah's spilled into her ass. She looked up, over Riley's shoulder. A huge mirror hung behind the couch, allowing her to see Jonah behind her.

"You ready, darlin'?"

Mitzi nodded her head vigorously. "Yes, oh, yes. Fuck me in both holes."

Reaching for the grocery sack, Jonah spread lubricant on his finger and inserted it in her tight butt hole. Gently, he pushed inside her, past the ring of muscle, pausing to let her relax when her body clamped down on his finger. He worked his finger in and out, stretching her open.

Riley buried his fingers in her hair and pulled her mouth down on his, kissing her deeply and soundly. They bombarded her senses and sent her into sensual overload.

Jonah pushed a second finger inside her. She shifted her body in an unsuccessful effort to ease the familiar discomfort of having his fingers in her ass, made all the more intense by the cock filling her pussy. Jonah inserted three fingers. Her asshole burned as Jonah used the three fingers to expand her asshole.

“You okay, honey?” Jonah asked even as he continued to work his big fingers inside her until he’d buried them to the knuckles.

Riley drew back and shifted underneath her. Sweat dripped off his forehead. His jaw tightened as he held himself back, waiting for his buddy to claim her ass.

“It doesn’t burn so much now.”

“Good, then you’re ready. It’ll still hurt, darlin’. I can’t help that. I’ll be gentle.” Jonah removed his fingers and slathered lubricant liberally on his thick cock. The bulbous head of his cock pushed against her dark hole. Mitzi braced herself. She’d done enough anal with her two cowboys to know the pain would give way to incredible pleasure.

She gritted her teeth as he pushed his cock into her ass. He retreated a bit, pushed inside again. Each thrust buried him deeper. The feeling of fullness caught her off-guard. Her body felt as if it’d stretched to its maximum, as if any minute she’d be ripped apart. Her ass burned with an agonizingly intense throbbing. His cock pushed past the ring of muscle, and she cried out in distress.

“It’s okay, baby. It’s okay. I’ll start feeling good soon.” Jonah’s reassurances helped a little. Obviously, he didn’t like hurting her.

“It’s okay. Don’t stop. I want this.”

Jonah nodded. Riley slipped his finger between their bodies and rubbed her clit. Little spikes of ecstasy merged with waves of pain until she didn’t know where the pain ended and the pleasure began. Jonah grasped her nipples and alternated between pinching and massaging, heightening the conflicting sensations assaulting her body.

“You sure you don’t want me to stop?” Jonah’s breath tickled the back of her neck. He’d buried his cock about halfway in her ass.

“No. No. No.” She shook her head violently. “Fuck me. Fuck my ass. Bury that big cock inside me.” Whatever possessed her to push the man beyond the brink, she’d never understand.

Releasing her tits, Jonah grasped either side of her hips. He reared back so that only the tip of his cock touched her asshole.

Riley increased his torment of her clit, pressing it with his thumb then circling it. His pressure no longer gentle, he roughly taunted the sensitive nub.

Jonah gathered himself and rammed his cock deep into her ass. Mitzi threw back her head and cried out. Tears streamed down her face. Her pussy and ass felt so full she swore she’d split in two. Riley moved underneath her. She could feel his cock sliding against the cock in her ass through the thin membrane separating her two holes.

Pain and pleasure drove her higher to a level she’d never thought imaginable. Lightheaded from the sensual onslaught, she hovered on the edge of passing out. Both men began to fuck her. She clung to Riley’s shoulders and bore down on the cocks in her ass and pussy, forcing them deeper and driving them beyond their ability to physically control their bodies. They twisted and lunged in a turbulent tangle of arms, legs, and torsos.

Her shouts mingled with theirs as they surpassed mortal emotions and splintered into millions of erotic pieces.

Chapter 14

Mitzi groomed Rowdy for the grand entry parade. She'd ridden in so many rodeos, they were all beginning to run together. A few stalls away, Riley and Jonah saddled their two horses for the team-roping event.

She paused long enough to watch the play of muscles under Riley's T-shirt as he went about his tasks. Jonah's big biceps bulged as he heaved the heavy roping saddle onto his horse, Rawhide. Her heart ached with fondness for these two men.

They worked hard and played harder. The pleasure they gave her far exceeded anything in her wildest dreams, and she'd had some wild dreams over the years.

For the past few weeks, she'd traded sleep for tangled sheets and sweaty bodies, and didn't regret it for a minute. Besides, sleep was highly overrated when a girl had two scalding hot cowboys to warm her bed.

When it came to sex, she thought she considered herself pretty well versed, but Jonah and Riley's inventiveness never ceased to amaze her. Still, they held back, initiating her to the pleasures of two men a little at a time. There was more, so much more she wanted to experience with them. She doubted a lifetime would be enough to satisfy her.

But she didn't have a lifetime.

The clock ticked off the days, then weeks, with amazing speed. She dreaded saying good-bye to Jonah and Riley at the end of the circuit, almost as much as she dreaded contact from her stalker, who'd been incredibly quiet the past few weeks.

Brooke walked by leading her barrel horse. She stopped in front of Rowdy's stall, essentially blocking the two women from Riley and Jonah's view.

"Have you no shame?" she hissed.

"Probably not," Mitzi shot back, tempted to do something juvenile like stick out her tongue, or even better, flip off the bitch.

"You're fucking two men at the same time. What would the NARA say if they heard about that? What about your daddy?"

Mitzi ignored her, but her entire body tensed. Brooke's threats couldn't be taken lightly. The woman would do anything to get the crown. Obviously, she didn't have proof or she'd have filed a complaint by now. But then, what would she complain about exactly? How would she prove her accusations? They'd been discrete ever since the incident with Ethel. That little fact gave Mitzi the courage to speak her mind.

She rounded on Brooke. "You'll fuck anything that crooks a finger at you. You don't even need to know their name. What would the NARA board think of that?"

"You're a vicious bitch."

"Better than being a jealous whore."

"How dare you." Brooke's entire body vibrated with anger.

"Not too loud, Brooke. The boys will hear."

Brooke glanced over her shoulder. Both Riley and Jonah stared in their direction. "I'm not finished with you. You'd better watch your back."

"Get in line. I already am."

Brooke sashayed off, tossing the men her most winning smile as she walked past them. Her horse followed obediently beside her.

Mitzi picked up the brush and ran it over Rowdy's coat again. Her hands shook, which pissed her off. She couldn't let a tramp like Brooke get to her. The woman had nothing over her. Nothing.

* * * *

Mitzi watched her two men through the small window over the sink as she made a salad for dinner. Outside, Riley cooked steaks on the portable barbeque while Jonah placed paper plates and silverware on a small table. The domestic scene warmed her heart, despite the niggling fear everything was about to come crashing down on their arrangement.

They'd averted disaster by hooking Ethel up with Julian, but two big problems still loomed in front of them.

Namely, Brooke and the stalker. Brooke seemed to be a known quantity, but what Mitzi knew scared the hell out of her. Brooke hated losing, and never conceded losing the rodeo queen crown to Mitzi, always maintaining Mitzi'd cheated in some manner, slept with the male judges, and bribed the female ones. While Mitzi wouldn't discount bribery of the judges as one of her father's sins, she lived with the confidence she'd out-performed every other woman at the tryouts. She'd earned her crown.

Mitzi's cell rang. The display lit up with her father's number. Speak of the devil himself. She considering not answering it, but he'd track her down eventually.

She tapped Answer on the phone. "Hi, Daddy." She adopted her best daddy's-little-girl tone, perfected over the years to melt her father's heart and allow her to get her way.

Her father sighed, the sound of a man weary of trying to keep his rebellious daughter in line. "Mitzi, let me get right to it. You've been riding the working stock."

Dread washed over her. "Daddy, I've been riding Rowdy just like I always have." Mitzi played the innocent card.

Her father wasn't biting. "You know very well what I mean. I'm talking about the fling you're having with the two cowboys I hired to protect you."

Mitzi ran through her options—continuing to play dumb, admitting to a lesser crime, or reminding him she was an adult

capable for making her own decisions. She doubted any of her options' effectiveness. "A fling, Daddy? Honestly. Riley and Jonah take their jobs seriously."

"A little too seriously, I'd say." Her father actually chuckled, which knocked Mitzi for a loop. Maybe the old man was mellowing.

Her first priority centered around Jonah and Riley. "Daddy, this was all my doing. Please don't hold it against them. They're the perfect gentlemen."

"I doubt that, too. Believe it or not, honey, I didn't call you to criticize your choice of male partners or the quantity. Not that I agree with either. I called to extend an offer."

Mitzi gripped the phone and dropped down onto the dinette seat. "What?"

"Get those two men out of your system by the end of the circuit because once your duties as NARA queen have ended, you'll be coming back to the ranch and working with your brother."

"Working with my brother?" Mitzi's heart beat faster.

"I'm giving you your chance. Prove to me you can run this ranch and be a stock contractor as well as any man."

"Mark isn't working out, is he?"

"I must admit you inherited my drive and my work ethic. It appears Mark takes after his mother. Perhaps I indulged him too much as a child."

"You indulged me, too."

"I did at that, but you're a fighter, a scrapper, while Mark is content to let others do the work for him."

Mitzi resisted the urge to roll her eyes—as if Mark's laziness came as a great revelation to anyone who knew him. "You won't regret this, Dad."

"I'd better not. I'm making a big concession here. I have my misgivings that a woman belongs in this business. It's up to you to prove me wrong."

"Oh, I will. I promise, I will. You won't be sorry."

“One other thing.”

Mitzi’s stomach dropped to her knees. “Okay. What?”

“Have your fun now. At the end of the circuit, you dump those two losers and don’t look back.”

Mitzi felt like a traitor, but she didn’t have a commitment from Riley and Jonah. She’d be an idiot to reject the gift her father offered on the chance she might have a future with two men. How stupid. And she wasn’t stupid. Even if they wanted to prolong their relationship, the threesome’s track records with long-term relationships sucked. None of them were good candidates for happily ever after.

“I expect you to settle down and find a nice man to marry, like my foreman.” The sound of her father’s voice slammed her back to the present.

Mitzi’s skin crawled at his mention of Scott Trimble. The arrogant asshole gave her the creeps. “I’m not interested in him.” Just because Trimble worked for her father, the jerk assumed squatters rights on her. Not on her life. Never. Even when she’d been a teenager, the man had looked at her with lust in his eyes.

“You would be if you gave him a chance. Wait until you get to know him.”

“I know all I want to know.” Mitzi stuck her finger in her mouth and gagged, knowing her father couldn’t hear or see her. She’d be stuck working side-by-side with Trimble because heaven knew her worthless brother didn’t do a lick of work. To achieve her life-long dream, she’d work beside the devil himself. But she wouldn’t sleep with him. A girl had to have her standards.

“You won’t be sorry, Daddy. I promise.”

What about Riley and Jonah? She shook off her thoughts of the future. *Live in the present. Take each day one at a time.* She’d get through the circuit with her reputation in tatters, but tatters beat nothing at all. She’d enjoy her time with Riley and Jonah, keeping the promise they made to each other in the beginning. No expectations.

No promises.

End a good thing while it was still good, like a bull rider quitting at the top of his game instead of at the bottom.

Chapter 15

Mitzi sat in the stands and watched the end of the team roping. Riley and Jonah finished their go-rounds, hopefully, in the money, but that depended on how well the last two cowboys did. For once, she followed orders. They'd asked her to stay in the relative safety of the stands until they came back for her after they'd put the horses away.

"Mitzi, I've been looking all over for you."

Mitzi lifted her head in the direction of the familiar voice. Her father's foreman dropped into the empty seat next to her. "Scott, what are you doing in Oklahoma?"

The man was obviously distressed and out of breath, as if he'd been running. "Mitzi, you have to come with me now. Your father's been taken to the hospital in an ambulance." The alarm on his face got her attention.

"Is he in Cheyenne?" Mitzi's heart pounded in her chest. Her throat constricted so tight her voice only came out as a squeak.

"No, he's here. We'd just flown into town to look at some rodeo stock. He planned on surprising you. After we checked into the hotel, he experienced shortness of breath and sharp chest pains. I called for an ambulance immediately. They rushed him to the hospital. I promised him I'd find you and take you to him." He stood and motioned to her. "Let's go." Without waiting to see if she followed, he headed out of the stadium. Mitzi sprinted after him.

"I need to wait for Riley and Jonah. They'll be here in a minute." She looked around frantically for her two lovers as they came to a stop behind the chutes.

"There's no time. Call them when we get there." He grabbed her

arm, and for a split second she resisted. Images of her strong father, pale and hooked up to all kinds of monitors, assaulted her.

“Okay, where to?”

“We need to take your truck. I took a taxi here.” Scott headed toward the RV parking, as if he knew where to go.

“How do you know where I’m parked?” Mitzi hesitated. Something seemed off. She’d never liked Scott. Major warning bells jangled, and her instincts signaled red alert.

“The security guard at the gate told me where your trailer was parked. I checked there first.”

His explanation seemed logical, but a sliver of doubt settled in her gut. “Take my truck.” She handed the keys over to him. “I’ll meet you at the hospital as soon as Riley and Jonah are ready.”

“No, you won’t.” The man’s firm insistence backed Mitzi up a step. He seemed to realize his abruptness concerned her. He tempered his voice. “There’s no time for that.”

Mitzi shook her head. She’d stall until Riley and Jonah came looking for her. Silently, she cursed her stubborn streak. If she’d stayed at the arena and waited for them like they’d asked, they wouldn’t waste precious time looking for her. “I need to call Riley and Jonah.”

They neared the truck. The man gripped her arm so tight she’d be bruised. “You won’t be calling anyone right now. There’s no time.”

His warning sent a stab of fear through her, but what if it was unfounded? He’d never been known for his tact, and he was obviously stressed. What if Scott was telling the truth, and her father lay dying in the hospital? She pulled her cell out of her pocket and dialed her father’s number. Scott’s eyes narrowed, and he lunged for her. His strength shocked her as he wrenched her arm behind her back. She cried out in pain.

“I’ll break your fucking arm if you scream.” He yanked it back further, bringing tears to her eyes.

Despite the pain, her chances of survival hinged on her ability to

fight him. She screamed for all she was worth. He slammed his fist into her jaw. Agony reverberated through her body. He threw her to the ground and knocked the wind out of her then slapped duck tape over her mouth. With a spine-chilling laugh, he slammed her head against the metal step on her trailer for good measure. She tried to catch her breath as he shoved her onto her back and bound her hands behind her with tape. Mitzi's head spun, and blackness threatened to overcome her. She struggled beneath him, but her movements were sluggish. Her head throbbed. Needles of pain shot through her jaw.

"You little bitch. I'll show you what a real man feels like instead of those two losers."

Standing, he kicked her hard in the ribs with the toe of his cowboy boots. She heard a distinct crack, and more pain rolled over her in waves. Scott kicked her again. Grabbing her arms, he hauled her to her feet and dragged her toward her pickup. He threw her in the backseat. Her head banged against the armrest. After binding her ankles with the tape, he jumped into the driver's seat. A second later the engine roared to life. She worked the bindings, but they held tight, not yielding a fraction of an inch. The truck rocketed out of the RV parking area, spraying gravel, and onto the blacktop street behind the arena grounds.

Scott glanced back at her. "You stupid bitch, you thought it had to be someone who travelled the circuit, didn't you?"

Mitzi nodded, unable to speak. She shot daggers at him with her eyes.

He reached back and yanked the duck tape off her mouth. "Where we're going, no one will hear you scream except me, and I like it when women scream. It turns me on."

"You bastard." Mitzi struggled against her bindings, ignoring the excruciating pain radiating from her ribs, head, and jaw.

"So you never expected it to be me, did you?" He puffed up with self-confidence at how clever he'd been.

"No, I never expected it to be you."

“A little short-sighted, wouldn’t you say?”

“Don’t think it didn’t occur to me, you little creep, but I never pegged you as someone who had the guts. Besides, you never leave the ranch.”

“Oh, but I’ve been spending weekends with my sick aunt. Just ask you father.” Scott held his hands over his chest. “The poor woman. She won’t last much longer, but I figure her odds are better than yours.”

Mitzi fought back the panic and embraced her anger. *Keep a clear head. Keep him talking. Find a way to get free.*

After several minutes and a few turns, the truck rolled to a stop, and the back door opened. Scott cut the tape on her ankles with a pocket knife, shoved it in his pocket, and yanked her to her feet. White-hot pain shot through her beaten body. Even so, she took in her surroundings, knowing every bit of information could eventually save her. She opened her mouth to scream, despite the possibility no one seemed to be in the vicinity. He slapped her so hard her brain rattled in her skull. Clamping a hand over her mouth, he dragged her toward his destination.

He’d parked around the corner of an abandoned warehouse in a deserted industrial district. Scott opened a heavy wooden door and kicked it shut after they entered a darkened warehouse.

He seemed to know where he was going. Mitzi stumbled several times over the trash littering the floor, but Scott didn’t hesitate. He towed her along beside him. They entered a back room. Light filtered through a dirty window. The room appeared to have been used as a place for homeless people to flop for the night. A dirty mattress sat in a corner, and a couple wooden chairs were placed around a table. He threw her down on the chair. As he knelt to wrap duck tape around her and the back of the chair, she kicked at him. Her boot toe hit him squarely in the nuts.

“You fucking bitch,” Scott ground out as he doubled over. Mitzi leapt to her feet and ran for the door. He wasn’t quite as incapacitated

as she hoped. Rage fueled his movements, and he tackled her just as she grabbed the doorknob. They slammed to the floor. Her bruised body cushioned his fall as he landed squarely on top of her.

Pushing himself to his feet, he grabbed a fistful of her hair and jerked her to her feet. Tears ran down her cheeks. He shoved her into the chair. Pulling out his knife, he held it to her neck. Fury contorted his face, making him appear evil, almost inhuman.

“Try one more stunt like that, and I’ll slice you open from your neck to your navel and watch you bleed out.” Wisely, he stayed away from her legs. He knicked her neck to prove his point. The warm blood trickled down her neck.

Grabbing the duck tape from the floor, Scott wound it around her waist and the chair. Then he bound each ankle to a chair leg.

A predatory smile spread across his face. “I’m going to enjoy this, you little cunt.” He ran the knife lightly down her throat to the open collar of her shirt. He grasped the front of her shirt and yanked it open, ripping the fabric and sending buttons flying.

“Oh, yeah. They’re as beautiful as I imagined.” He stared at her heaving breasts, encased in a black lace bra. “You’re mine. You’ve always been mine, since you were a little girl. Your daddy promised you to me. Don’t you get it? If you’d just cooperated and done what Daddy wanted, this wouldn’t be happening.”

He slid the knife lower into her cleavage. Mitzi held her breath.

“I’m going to tame you, little lady. I’ll show you what it’s like to fuck a real man, so enjoy it, because it’s the last fucking thing you’re going to get.”

Mitzi shook her head and spat on him. Her saliva landed on his cheek and ran down his chin. She braced herself for another blow, but it didn’t come. Instead he smiled a predatory smile and wiped the spit from his face.

“I hope you like it rough because I’m riding you until I’ve broken that willful spirit of yours. You’ll be begging for mercy before I’m done.”

* * * *

Riley walked back to the RV parking, cussing a blue streak. “That mule-headed, reckless woman. When I get my hands on her—”

Riley and Jonah stopped in their tracks as Mitzi’s truck barreled past them. They jumped out of the way to avoid being hit.

“What the fuck?” Jonah started to run after it, obviously not thinking.

“Shit, there was a guy driving.”

“Wasn’t that Scott Trimble? Her dad’s foreman.”

“He’s her stalker.”

Together they sprinted toward their truck. Jonah jumped into the driver’s seat. Riley was still slamming the door shut as Jonah accelerated out of the parking lot and burned rubber down the street.

Riley’s heart slammed in his chest. “Come on. Come on! Faster, they’re getting away from us.”

Jonah’s hands gripped the wheel, and he leaned forward. “I don’t see another person in the truck. Maybe she’s not in there. Try her cell.”

With shaking hands, Riley dialed Mitzi’s cell phone. It went straight to voice mail.

“She’s in there. Don’t lose them.”

Jonah ran a red light. He slammed on his brakes to narrowly miss a truck crossing the intersection. The driver honked and flipped them off then took his own sweet time moving past them.

“Oh, shit. I don’t see them now.” Jonah cursed under his breath.

“Keep going to the spot where we last saw them.” Riley’s gaze darted left and right, looking for a sign of the truck down a side street.

Jonah slowed down so they didn’t miss anything. Riley pounded his fist on the dashboard in frustration. They were wasting precious time.

“Call 911.” Jonah spoke through gritted teeth.

“And tell them what? That we think she’s in there and been kidnapped, but we’re not sure?”

“Oh, crap. What if this is decoy? What if we’re following her truck while someone else really has her?”

“That means Trimble has a partner. I don’t think so. We have to keep looking for this guy.” Riley saw a small slice of blue down a side street a few blocks down. “Down there. Turn. Now.”

Jonah cranked the wheel. The truck tires squealed in protest as they skidded around the corner. Riley smelled the burned rubber but didn’t give a shit.

Old warehouses comprised the deserted industrial area, most of them boarded up. Parked around the corner of one building, almost out of sight, sat a familiar blue Chevy diesel pickup.

“It’s hers.”

Their eyes met. Riley’s worry was reflected in Jonah’s eyes. They’d trained for situations like this in Special Forces.

“We need to be smart about this. We don’t know if this guy is armed or what.” Jonah pulled further down the street and parked their truck at the side of the next building behind a dumpster.

“Let’s go.” Riley started to jump out of the cab, but Jonah jerked his arm and pulled him back.

“Riley, don’t go in there half-cocked. Keep your wits about you. Remember your training.”

Riley nodded. His impatience demanded action, but he knew the truth behind Jonah’s words. What a weird reversal of roles. Usually, he calmly analyzed the situation and formulated a plan, while Jonah charged into danger. “Okay, fine. We need to divide up so he won’t realize there are two of us. If anything happens to her, I don’t know what I’ll do.”

Jonah’s gaze locked with Riley’s, and he knew his buddy echoed the sentiment. “All right. I got your back.”

Riley nodded. “Create a diversion.”

“I will. Trust me. One more thing. Open the glove box.”

Riley opened the glove box and a tense smile spread across his face. A pistol was shoved underneath some papers. “A pistol?”

“Never leave home without it. We don’t know if he’s armed or what.” Jonah’s words sliced alarm through Riley, but he reined in his adrenaline and used it to his advantage.

He pulled it out and checked it. “It’s loaded.”

“Yeah.”

Jonah hung back as Riley crept to the doorway nearest the parked truck. The back door of the truck stood open. Riley tried the warehouse door. The knob turned. He opened it a crack and peered into the darkness of the building. What he’d give right now for a good pair of night vision goggles and an assault rifle.

Glancing back at Jonah hunkered against the building, Riley slid through the doorway. He held the pistol close to his side. Crouching down low, he allowed his eyes time to adjust to the darkness, even though any delay frustrated the hell out of him.

A scuffling sound and a whimper caught his attention. Holding perfectly still, he determined the direction of the sound. Across the room, a dim light sliced through a door standing ajar. Soundlessly, he picked his way around the boxes and garbage littering the floor toward the sound. His pulse rate sped up when voices reached his ears.

“You’ll never get away with this. Never.” Relief flooded through him. *Mitzi’s voice*. She was still alive. The edge to her tone indicated she still had fight left in her. That was his girl. Tough little cookie that she was. His heart swelled with admiration and pride.

Jonah entered behind him and took a different route to their target by circling around the room in the opposite direction. Resisting the urge to rush, Riley finally made it to the doorway and listened. Jonah signaled to him from several feet away as he knelt behind some boxes.

Riley stood back into the darkness and waited. He wouldn’t shoot unless he had no other choice. He preferred the satisfaction of kicking

this jerk's ass.

Listening, he waited for the right moment.

"—be begging for my cock before I'm done." The bastard's threat enraged him. Fury vibrated through every cell in his body. His patience slipped several gears. He held on tight, needing that control now to save Mitzi.

Riley nodded to Jonah.

* * * *

Jonah pushed over several boxes in front of him. They crashed to the floor. Riley hunched down and kept his eyes on the door, waiting for Mitzi's captor to rush out. The guy didn't. They might have underestimated the man.

Silence emanated from the room, except for Mitzi's muffled whimpering.

Crap, now they'd put Mitzi's life in danger and alerted the guy to their presence. Riley signaled that he was going in. Jonah followed, keeping himself hidden.

"Put the knife down." Riley spoke in an oddly calm voice.

"I'll slit her throat if you come any closer."

"And I'll drop you so fast you won't have a rat's chance in hell of escaping."

"Maybe, but it'll be too late for her." Trimble's voice held no fear, just cold, hard determination. "Drop the gun."

Jonah crept closer to the doorway, which now stood wide open. He peeked inside. Riley had positioned himself in such a way that the other man was turned slightly away from the door. Trimble's knife rested against Mitzi's throat, as her captor focused his full attention on Riley. Any movement from Jonah could alert him and set off a chain of events none of them could stop. The two men were at a standoff.

"Drop the gun." Trimble nicked Mitzi's neck. A thin trickle of

blood ran from the cut. “Drop it, or she gets more of this.”

A muscle ticked in Riley’s jaw as he fought to control his temper. Jonah could almost see those gears spinning in his buddy’s brain. With a frustrated growl, Riley threw the gun to the floor.

“Move away from it.” Trimble gestured.

“You hurt her, and I’ll have your balls and dick served on a silver platter to the hogs.” Riley moved a few steps to the side, farther away from the gun but effectively causing Trimble to turn his back away from the door.

Trimble snorted, not the least bit concerned by Riley’s threats. As the man turned to follow Riley’s movements, he exposed the arm holding the knife to Jonah.

Jonah didn’t wait a second more. He lunged and delivered a quick kick to the man’s arm, sending the knife flying across the room.

“You fucking bastard!” Enraged, Trimble spun around and lunged for the gun. He reached it a split second before Jonah. He swung the gun in an arc and slammed Jonah in the side of the head. As blood ran from the cut, adrenaline rushed through Jonah’s veins. He’d keep the asshole from Mitzi at all costs. Ignoring the pain, Jonah wrestled Scott for the gun. His head swam, but he fought the dizziness.

Riley circled them in an attempt to disarm the man without accidentally setting off the gun and sending a stray bullet God knew where. Jonah grasped Trimble’s wrist, amazed at the man’s strength. They rolled around on the floor like two dogs fighting for alpha status. Jonah managed to pin the guy on his back. At the same time, Riley kicked the gun from his hand. Jonah shot to his feet and grabbed the asshole by his shoulders. He hauled Trimble up in front of him and wrenched Trimble’s arms behind him, not giving a shit if he forced the man’s arms out of their sockets.

“You’re gonna break my arm.” Trimble whined. Just for emphasis, Jonah gave the asshole’s arm a good jerk. The pussy cried out.

Riley ran to Mitzi’s side. Bruised, battered, and more than a little

scared, tears ran down her face. He hurried to untie her.

Meanwhile, Jonah extracted his revenge. “Oh, yeah, you’re a big man. You hurt a lady, but you can’t take it from another guy.”

“Fuck you.”

“Oh, yeah, well, where you’re going, they fight over pretty boys like you.”

Riley pulled Mitzi into his arms. She winced when he held her close. “You okay, baby?”

“I’m okay now you’re both here.” She glanced over at Trimble. “Why? Why did you do this? My daddy trusted you.”

“I told you. You’re mine. You’ve always been meant for me. Don’t you understand?” Even now the guy wasn’t giving up. Jonah didn’t feel sympathy, but the guy *was* pathetic.

“I don’t love you, Scott. I never have, and I never will.”

Mitzi turned to Riley and cupped his face in her hands. “I love you, Riley Backstrom.” Looking over her shoulder, she addressed Jonah. “And I love you, Jonah Yates.”

Only then did Jonah allow himself to breathe.

Chapter 16

“I owe you two my daughter’s life.” Steve Garrison pulled out a checkbook.

Riley said nothing, just stared at the partially open door of Mitzi’s hospital room. His mind replayed the scene with Trimble over and over again, almost as if it was stuck on repeat. He shook his head and attempted to focus on what Garrison was saying.

Jonah stood nearby, wringing his hands.

“I’m doubling what I said I’d pay you.”

Much to Riley’s surprise, he didn’t care. The only thing he cared about was the woman lying in the hospital bed.

“Thanks, but we can’t take your money.” Jonah spoke up.

“Of course you can. You did the job.”

“No, it wasn’t a job. We did what we had to do.” The gravelly sound of Riley’s own voice shocked him.

“Nonsense. Regardless of whether or not you’ll take payment, I already paid off the past-due amount on your family ranch, Riley, and made a year’s worth of payments in advance. Go do what you’ve been busting your butt earning money to do.”

“How did you know about that?”

“I make it my business to know about anything which concerns my daughter’s well-being.” For a moment the older man’s eyes clouded over. “I screwed up on this one. I never saw it coming with Scott. Just thought he was a little too forward with women. Shit, I even encouraged him to date my daughter. Thought he’d make a good son-in-law.” Garrison shuddered and shut his eyes for a moment.

“You couldn’t have known. None of us suspected him. Don’t beat

yourself up over it. She's safe. That's all that matters." Jonah smiled a wry smile. "Thank you. Both of you. I'll take care of her from here on out."

"We can't leave Mitzi now." Riley stalled.

"We care about Mitzi." The expression on Jonah's face said it all.

Garrison looked from one to the other. "You have no future with my daughter. She didn't tell you, did she?"

"Tell us what?" The calculated narrowing of Garrison's eyes shot alarm through Riley.

"Mitzi's agreed to return to my ranch and learn the business. She'll be assisting my son and managing the stock contractor portion of the business. With Scott out of the picture, I'll need her help even more."

"She never said a word." Jonah frowned.

"I told her to enjoy her time with you two because once she returned to the ranch, her wild days are over. She agreed to my terms."

Riley swallowed. The old man finally realized Mitzi's worth. After all these years of resistance, he'd dumped her dream job in her lap. Ambitious and driven, she'd never turn down the opportunity to do the one thing she desired above all else. Even above them.

Garrison narrowed his eyes as he looked from one to the other. "Now you boys didn't think you meant anything to my little girl, did you? Mitzi has a wild streak. She likes her entertainment, if you know what I mean." He chuckled. "But that's all it was to her—*entertainment*. Why don't you make it easy on all of us? Leave now. I'll tell her you needed to get to the next rodeo. She's relinquishing her crown to Brooke. She'll be returning to the ranch with me." Garrison noted their hesitation. "Do you really want her to sacrifice her dream for you two? She'd resent you forever and end up hating you. Take the decision out of her hands, and do the honorable thing."

It was over. Riley knew it. By Jonah's stricken expression, he knew it, too. She'd played them for fools. They never meant a damn

thing to her. He found it hard to believe.

An emotional pain greater than any physical pain he'd ever experienced overwhelmed Riley. But a man had his pride. Sometimes that was all he had.

* * * *

"They left?" Mitzi sat on the edge of bed, dressed in jeans and a T-shirt. Her father insisted she spend the night in the hospital even though she'd been checked over by the doctors and cleared to leave. Along with several bruises, she had a cracked rib and a throbbing lump on her head.

Her father nodded. "I'm sorry, honey, but I paid them what I owed them for protecting you, and they hightailed it out of here. They couldn't get away fast enough."

"But, I—" Mitzi gulped and cleared her throat. She would not cry in front of her father. She'd show no weakness. None. "Did they have any messages for me?"

Her father's brow furrowed. "Messages? No, honey, I'm afraid not. I warned you not to get mixed up with those two cowboys. They used you. Can't you see that now?"

Mitzi shook her head, still in denial. The tender way they'd held her, the caring in their eyes, their devotion to her, all the good times they'd had. Didn't any of it mean a thing to them? It'd meant something to her. She'd let her guard down and let them in. She'd allowed herself to fall in love with them, even assumed they felt the same.

When *would* she ever learn? Riley and Jonah had made no promises, given her no reason to believe they'd signed on for the long haul. She shouldn't be surprised. Walking away was Riley's MO. Why wouldn't it be his best friend's, too?

Sitting in the pickup next to her father, she stared out the window as the miles rolled by. The cracks in her wounded heart deepened and chipped off one by one until nothing was left but a soul-deep pain.

Chapter 17

Mitzi stared out the ranch office window. Six months had passed since she'd last seen Jonah and Riley. She'd become somewhat of a recluse, staying on the ranch and working every spare moment. She'd not been on a date even though her father continued to set her up with various friends. She'd have nothing of it.

Her father's idea of her managing the ranch with her brother turned out to be a disappointment. His views on women hadn't changed after all. Being trained by her brother consisted of being his secretary, even worse, his grunt. He relegated her to clerical work in the ranch office, filing, answering phones, and doing computer research. The closest she got to dealing with the livestock was handling the registration paperwork.

Her brother, on the other hand, threw his weight around, let other staff do the work, especially her, then took the credit, and basically didn't do a damn productive thing all day long but get under her skin and everyone else's. Her father hired a new foreman who sucked up to her father and brother and came onto her every chance he got.

All in all, she hated the position she found herself in. She'd fallen into her father's trap and placed herself under his thumb, right where he wanted her.

Mark sauntered in about noon and sat his ass on the edge of her desk. "Hey, I need those papers on the bulls we bought last week in Houston."

"You need them, or Dad asked you to get them?"

He shrugged and grinned. "All the same as far as I'm concerned."

"Well, it's not the same to me. You're the one who should be

doing the work, but you want me to do it so you can take credit. I'm sick of this."

"Whatever." He rolled his eyes. "I'm pretty damn sick of your dramatics. Why don't you be a good little girl, get yourself hitched to some rich asshole, and start churning out babies?"

"Go to hell."

Mark laughed. He loved getting under her skin, and she kept letting him do it. "Too bad Dad got rid of those cowboys. I'd just as soon you disappeared into the sunset with them and left my life alone."

"What do you mean *got rid of the cowboys*?"

"Backstrom and Yates." He smirked, secure in knowing he knew something she didn't.

"How did Dad get rid of them?"

"He tried to pay them off to get them to leave. They wouldn't take his money, so he told them he'd offered you the opportunity to manage the ranch with me. Told them you'd accepted."

"What?" Mitzi's temper kicked up several notches.

"Yeah, told them you'd agreed to dump them once the circuit was over. They were just entertainment to you."

Mitzi stood and headed for the door.

"Hey, what about the paperwork?"

"Do it your own damn self. I'm done being your slave."

* * * *

A few hours later, Mitzi drove down the highway towing her horse trailer with Rowdy tucked safely inside. Her clothes and personal belongings were packed in the living quarters portion, at least the items she cared about. She'd left a note for her father, and to hell with her brother.

After a few phone calls to friends, she'd tracked down the ranch formerly owned by Riley's parents. Armed with an address

programmed into her cell phone's GPS, she kissed good-bye to her old life, and hello to a new life with the two men she loved, if they'd have her.

* * * *

Jonah worked with the green horse, teaching it to trust him, little by little. He had all the time in the world. Six months didn't lessen the pain of loving and losing. When his father walked out all those years ago, he'd thought nothing could hurt as much. He'd been wrong.

Riley leaned against the fence and watched. "Nice colt."

"Yeah, he is." Jonah removed the halter from the animal's head and turned it loose in the small corral. "He's coming along faster than I thought he would."

"What do you say about going into town tonight and rustling up some women? We need to get on with our lives." Riley didn't seem very enthusiastic about his own suggestion.

"Yeah, sure. I guess we should." Jonah opened the gate and trudged toward the small ranch house. Riley's parents had moved into a house in town and signed the ranch over to them. They'd scrimped and saved and managed to buy cheap stock horses, retrain them, and sell the animals for a tidy profit. Eventually, they planned to do their own breeding, but for now, they fixed other people's problems. Jonah picked up some private clients and did a few clinics in the area also while Riley cut and baled hay from their pastures for their own stock and to sell.

They'd carved out a good, simple life for themselves, but both knew the emptiness in their hearts would be damned difficult, if not impossible, to fill.

"I need a shower and a shave."

"I'm going to run down to the corner store and pick up some beer and chips. I'll be back in a few."

Jonah pushed through the door into the utility room. Stripping off

his dirty clothes, Jonah shoved them in the washer and stepped into the bathroom off the utility room. He turned on the water in the tiled shower and let it slide over his body. Closing his eyes, he ran a calloused hand down his body to his cock. He wrapped his fingers around the limp shaft and imagined a red-haired sassy beauty milking his cock with her luscious lips.

His dick hardened in seconds. He leaned against the wet tiles and worked it. The only kind of sexual relief he'd gotten lately came from his own hand.

"Need some help with that, cowboy?"

Jonah's head jerked up at the sound of that sultry voice. He squinted through the rising steam. His senses hummed with awareness, jolting him into the realization he wasn't imagining the naked figure standing in the shower doorway.

Without waiting for an invitation, Mitzi opened the glass door and entered. Water sluiced down her curves, across her gorgeous tits and over her ass.

"What—What are you doing here?"

"Don't ask questions." She pulled his face to hers and kissed him as if her life depended on his tongue being down her throat. He attacked her with the relish of a man long deprived of a certain female body.

"Damn." He panted. His hands roamed over her body like a blind man memorizing every curve and valley. Her hands did the same.

"Turn around, Jonah." Her tone discouraged argument. Not that he was in the mood to argue. He was too damn horny.

"Yes, ma'am."

"You need to be punished for leaving me without any explanation. Do you understand?"

His heart raced. His dick twitched with anticipation. "Absolutely. I deserve the best you've got."

"And you'll get it. Then I'll deal with that buddy of yours. Bend over."

Jonah bent down, bracing his hands on the shower wall. *Smack!* He jumped in surprise as her hand came down hard on his bare ass.

"I said don't move."

"Sorry," he mumbled.

Smack! Smack! Smack! The lady packed a wallop. His ass stung. It hurt so good.

"Bend down further. Hands on your calves."

He complied and braced himself for another spanking. He didn't get one. Instead she massaged his ass. Grabbing handfuls of it and squeezing.

"That feels so fucking good."

"Just wait." She slid one hand underneath him and grabbed his dick, playing it like a virtuoso on a finely tuned instrument. *Damn. Damn. Damn.* His head spun from the pleasure.

Her other hand slid down his butt crack, and he stiffened. *What the hell?* She knelt down and ran her tongue from his balls to his butt cheeks. Releasing his cock, she spread him wide and circled his asshole with her tongue.

Jonah groaned, filled with dread and anticipation.

Her finger pushed into his opening. "Relax. Try to relax. This'll burn, but you'll get used to it. Spread your legs."

Where had he heard those words before? He did as told. She sat on the floor beneath him and took his balls in her mouth. As she did so, her finger pushed deeper. The pain was excruciating at first, especially when her finger pressed beyond the ring of muscle. Gritting his teeth, he waited for the intense pain to turn to intense pleasure, just like he'd claimed to all the women over the years whose virgin asses he'd fucked.

He winced when she shoved her finger home and began to move it around inside his ass, spreading him wider. The burning faded to a dull throb as his asshole reluctantly expanded to accommodate the intrusion. She plunged her finger in and out while she pumped his cock with her other hand and sucked on his balls.

He lost the ability to breathe. His knees buckled and he sank to a kneeling position, almost sitting on her face. She continued her contortions as she worked his ass and cock. He came like a racehorse out of the gate. His cum spurted out in a violent stream, and his body shuddered. He slumped back against the tile wall as the water ran over both of them. Mitzi grinned. Proud of herself.

Riley clapped from the open doorway. Jonah barely acknowledged his buddy. Instead, he laid his head back against the tile and tried to regain a measure of sanity.

* * * *

Riley stripped off his clothes and entered the shower. “Get up, man. There’s barely room enough for three if we’re standing.” He didn’t bother to ask what Mitzi was doing there. He already knew. At least he hoped he knew.

Jonah staggered to his feet as Riley turned Mitzi to face him. Jonah stood behind her, effectively sandwiching her between their two bodies.

“Mitzi’s the one who should be punished. Don’t you agree, Jonah?”

“Absolutely.” Jonah nodded, even though his eyes were still glazed, his cock was already semi-erect again.

“But first, let’s make one thing clear.”

“And that is?” Mitzi looked up at him, and he read it in her eyes. Still, he needed to hear her say it.

“I love you. You belong to us, and you’re not leaving us. Ever again.”

Jonah nodded. “I love you, too, Mitzi. We belong together, the three of us.”

Mitzi turned sideways in the shower and gazed in each of their eyes. “I love you. Both of you. I’m sorry for leaving you. I’m here to stay if you’ll let me.”

Riley pretended to consider her words. “What do you think, Jonah?”

“I think she can stay, but first she needs to take her punishment.”

Mitzi nodded, doing her best to look grave and serious. Both corners of her sexy mouth twitched upward.

Riley reached out of the shower and grabbed the belt from his pants. Jonah grinned. Mitzi’s eyes grew big.

“On your hands and knees, darlin’, and take it like the wild filly you are.” Jonah drawled. He leaned against the back of the shower, took her wet hair, and wrapped it around his hand. He pulled her mouth to his cock, now almost completely recovered.

Riley smiled and watched her go down on his friend. He waited for just the right moment, raised his hand above his head and brought it down hard on her ass. She opened her mouth to yelp. Jonah took advantage of the situation and shoved his cock balls deep into her mouth with one powerful thrust. Pushing on the back of her head, he held her nose into his pubic hair. Then released. She drew back, gasping for air. Riley struck her again. Jonah’s cock filled her mouth. And so it went. With every smack of Riley’s hand, Jonah fucked her mouth. Her reddened ass bore the marks from Riley’s hand. He rubbed it while Jonah let her catch her breath. Saliva dripped from her tongue, down her chin, and she smiled. She loved every minute of this.

Riley watched as Jonah fucked her mouth until he came. His cum coated her tongue, and she swallowed it then licked his cock clean. Riley nodded and positioned himself behind her. He slid his cock into her wet pussy and drove into her. He pounded into her tight hole like a man possessed, pulling out just in time. He emptied himself on her ass then pulled her up between them.

“We’re not done with your punishment.”

Mitzi stood and faced them, an expectant smile on her gorgeous face. “I’m at your mercy. Give me a homecoming I’ll never forget.”

Riley laughed. He truly doubted Mitzi Garrison would ever

willingly put herself at any man's mercy, but he appreciated the gesture and addressed Jonah. "You heard the lady."

His buddy picked her up and tossed her over his shoulder. Mitzi shrieked with laughter as he carried her to the living room.

"Put me down, you caveman." She slapped his ass and kicked at his chest. He wrapped his arm around the back of her knees and held her tight.

Jonah dropped her on her stomach over the back of a big, old, worn easy chair. He kept a hand on her back to hold her in place.

"Let me go, Jonah Yates. Now. Or—"

"Or what, darlin'?" Jonah's rich chuckle reverberated throughout the small room.

"I have my ways of getting even."

"We're sure you do, but tonight you're ours." Riley slapped her bare ass, and she yelped.

Riley grabbed the toy bag they kept for such occasions from the hall closet, one they'd not touched in months. He pulled out four lengths of rope and tied her hands to the front chair legs. Jonah spread her legs wide and tied her ankles to the back legs.

Riley stood back and enjoyed the view of her gorgeous ass with her pussy exposed and moist. He fingered her snatch. She bucked and pitched, pulling against her restraints.

The night was still young, and they'd spend it branding that wild filly as theirs.

* * * *

Mitzi glanced up at her men, anticipating their next move. She enjoyed this as much as they did, despite her feeble protests. They liked it when she fought them.

Riley dug in the bag and pulled out an item, still in the original package. He held it up for Mitzi to see.

She frowned and bit her lower lip. "When did you buy that?"

Jealousy raced through, hitting her swift and unexpectedly. “Were you planning on using it on another woman?”

Riley indicated the overflowing bag. “We bought this stuff months ago for you and didn’t get the chance to use them.”

“Is that what I think it is?” Mitzi squirmed, wishing she could rub her crotch against something, but her current position didn’t allow it.

“You’ll soon find out.”

“Have you ever used those before?”

“Nope. This is the first time.” Riley grinned.

“Are you sure you know how to properly use it? Did you read the directions?”

“Men never read directions. We wing it.”

“It’s my body you’re winging it with.”

“May I remind you that you’re in no position to question us?”

Mitzi watched as Riley laid the small little devices on the nearby table. She shivered as she imagined how they’d feel on her nipples.

“All right, baby, we need to prepare these things.” Riley knelt down and captured her nipples between his thumb and forefingers. He rolled and squeezed them until they’d hardened into erect little nubs.

Rocking back on his heels, he rummaged in the bag and pulled out a tube of lubricant. He squeezed it onto his fingers and rubbed some on each tender nipple. When he finished, he tossed the lube to Jonah. Mitzi’s eyes grew big when she spotted the butt plug in Jonah’s hand. After rubbing lube generously over the object, Jonah moved behind her. His big hands spread her ass wide. She braced herself for the burning sensation as she felt the plug press against her asshole. She grunted and bit her lip as he pushed the plug past the ring. It popped into place. Mitzi squirmed at the uncomfortable ache in her ass.

She didn’t have time to think about it, as Riley placed one of the small rubber suction tubes over her nipple. He squeezed the bulb at the end of the tube and pumped. Mitzi shuddered from the incredible sensation of having her nipple suctioned into the small tube. For a novice, he seemed to know just how far to go without going to far.

Riley did the same with the other nipple and stood back to admire his handiwork. Her nipples throbbed from the pressure of the suction cups. Her ass burned from the butt plug.

“How does it feel?”

“Fucking fantastic.” The tugging ache on her nipples bordered on orgasmic.

Riley flicked them with his fingers, while Jonah grabbed another item from the bag and moved behind her.

The first snap of the crop on her already sensitive ass sent shocks of pain-induced pleasure slamming through her. The second one landed on her thighs. The third stung her pussy and clit. She detonated, unable to control the sensations assaulting her body, and screamed her men’s names over and over as pleasure encompassed her in a wild embrace of freed emotions.

As she regained her ability to process simple thoughts, Jonah pulled a large, purple dildo from the bag. Mitzi closed her eyes and waited. A few seconds later, she felt the rubber tip pushing against her opening and into her sopping pussy. Jonah drove it home with a long, slow thrust. The thing felt as if it filled every corner of her pussy and touched even higher inside her. A few seconds later, Jonah pulled it out with a pop. His lubed finger pushed into her ass, followed by another. The now-familiar pain of having her ass invaded rocked her body.

Riley moved closer to her. She opened her mouth and took his cock. It touched the back of her throat. A few thrusts, and he buried it in her mouth. As Riley fucked her mouth, Jonah removed his fingers. A second later, his cock pushed against her asshole. Riley fucked her harder. Jonah pushed deeper. She would’ve screamed in protest at the fullness in her pussy and ass, but she couldn’t with a mouthful of cock. The huge dildo didn’t leave much room for Jonah’s cock, but he was relentless, and her body adjusted to accommodate him.

Both men buried their cocks balls deep in their respective holes and held them there. Mitzi thought she’d pass out as stars swirled in

front of her eyes. Her world spun like a circus ride. She closed her eyes and succumbed to the excruciating pleasure as they pounded into her from both ends.

She came again, more violent and soul deep than the last time. Then she collapsed against the chair, limp as a rag doll and emotionally drained.

Jonah pulled out of her ass. Riley pulled out of her mouth. Grabbing her hair, Jonah held her head up. Both men emptied their cum on her face, lips, and in her mouth.

Mitzi caught some of it on her tongue, while some ran down her chin. She'd taken her punishment like a woman and loved every minute of it.

She stared up at the two men, love shining in her eyes, and saw the love in theirs. They untied her, massaged her aches, and kissed her pain away.

She'd finally found home, and she'd never leave their side again.

Chapter 18

Riley sat atop Loco. Jonah sat next to him on a roping horse he was training for Armando. Both men watched as Mitzi swung her rope, sweet and true. It landed over the recalcitrant calf's head. Rowdy immediately backed up as the calf fought the rope.

Mitzi jumped off her horse, tied the calf down, and administered the inoculations. She freed the calf and stepped back into the saddle. Noticing them watching her, she waved at them with her hat. Her red hair framed her face, and she rode over to them.

"Get your asses to work, boys. I'm tired of doing all the work around here."

"If you didn't wear us out at night—" Riley grinned.

"Yeah, I haven't had a decent night's sleep in months."

"And are you complaining?" Mitzi inclined her head.

"Fuck no. I'm bragging." Jonah threw back his head and laughed. Riley and Mitzi joined in, while Riley fell even more in love with her.

For six months, the three of them had worked side-by-side to make this ranch turn a profit—not easy to do in a tough economy. Mitzi worked as hard as any man, but at night she was all woman. Their woman. Even her father dropped by a time or two for visits, going so far as to send some horses to them to be trained.

There were so many things Riley and Jonah had experienced with her. Yet, so many pleasures were left to be experienced. They had a lifetime ahead of them to love her the way she deserved to be loved.

At the end of the day, they put their horses away. The two men kissed her senseless and carried her to the bed. They made love to her deep into the early morning hours.

And made a future together.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sofia loves to write hot romances with even hotter heroes. She prefers warm sun, warm sand, and views of bronzed, buff bodies on the beach. She lives on Puget Sound with assorted animals, including the human male variety. When she's not writing, she's shopping or socializing. She writes traditional romances under another pen name and divides her time between the two personas.

Also by Sofia Hunt

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