

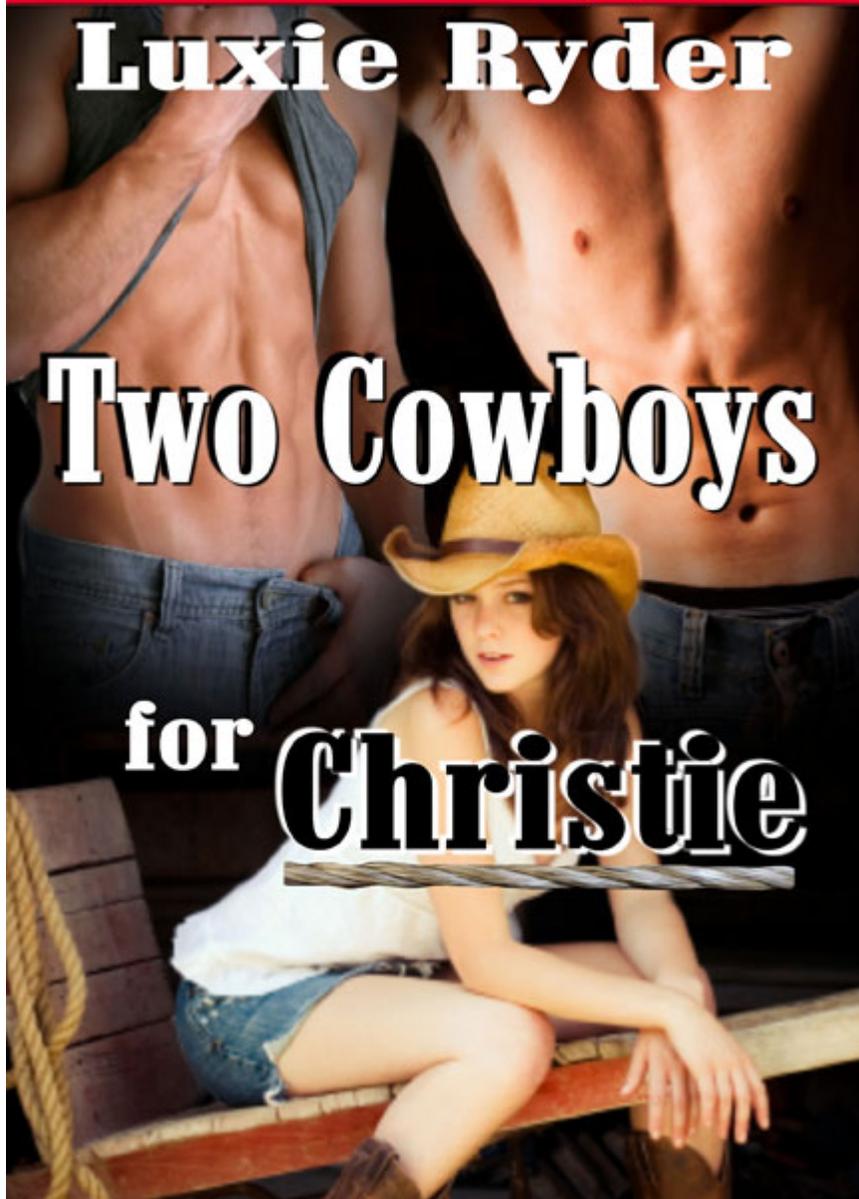
Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*

**Luxie Ryder**

**Two Cowboys**

**for Christie**



**TWO COWBOYS FOR  
CHRISTIE**

*Midnight Cowboys 2*

**Luxie Ryder**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.  
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**TWO COWBOYS FOR CHRISTIE**

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## **DEDICATION**

To my fiancé who will have become my husband by the time this book is released. Nothing else matters...

# TWO COWBOYS FOR CHRISTIE

*Midnight Cowboys 2*

**Luxie Ryder**  
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## Prologue

*One night in a barn many years ago...*

Christie took a big swallow from the jug Garrett had handed to her. She tried her best to force the potent liquid down her throat but couldn't stop a gasp escaping from her lips as it burned its way to her gut. 'Great,' she said in as strong a voice as she could manage, desperate not to let Garret and Connor think she wasn't up to the challenge.

To her annoyance, they laughed at her anyway. 'Well, I didn't see you drink any,' she challenged Connor, thrusting the jug of moonshine towards him.

'Surprised there's any left after the birthday boy here poured most of it down his throat,' Connor said then smirked as he noticed the condition of his cousin. Garrett had a sloppy grin on his face and his blue eyes were glazing over. 'We should share the rest. I think he's had enough.'

Garrett protested. 'Hey, I'm the only one old enough to be drinking.'

‘Only by a day,’ Christie reminded him, ‘and anyway, I bet you had a drink when you were my age.’

‘At 19, I knew I was still a kid,’ he teased, flinching as she punched him in the arm.

‘You may be the oldest but that doesn’t mean you know best,’ she said with a smile, using a phrase she must have said to him a hundred times over since they’d first met as kids.

The three of them had snuck away from the birthday party and into the barn after Connor had stolen the moonshine. Christie thought the boys looked very handsome in their new shirts, jeans and boots. They’d even bought new hats and cut their shaggy blonde hair. Seeing them so looking so smart was a welcome change from the scruffy work clothes they usually wore. Secretly, she thought they looked pretty great in those too.

She knew she looked nice in her party dress. Many of the older party goers had told her the pale green watered satin looked pretty against her red hair. It was the first ‘grown up’ dress she had ever owned and she felt very adult and glamorous wearing it.

‘I’ll be 21 before the end of the year,’ Connor said to nobody in particular, ignoring Garrett’s outstretched hand and passing the moonshine back to Christie. She laughed as she shook the jug, realizing it was almost empty and that he’d taken almost as much as Garrett.

‘This must be my share,’ she said, tipping her head back and allowing the alcohol to pour down her throat.

‘Christie, be careful,’ Garrett warned, edging towards her.

Connor made a grab for the jug. ‘Seriously Christie, stop it.’

She continued to drink, fighting the burning sensation it was causing and wriggling out of their grasps as each of them tried to take the moonshine away. Finally, Garrett lurched forward, dragging her hand away from her mouth as Connor pinned her to the hay.

‘She drank it all,’ Garrett said to Connor, turning the jug upside down to show there wasn’t a drop left. Christie giggled.

‘You see that Garrett? She thinks she’s funny,’ Connor said, laughing as he began to tickle her ribs. The other young man joined in the game, pinning her arms over her head to give Connor better access.

‘Stop it,’ she gasped through her laughter, ‘you’ll ruin my dress.’ Thankful that they seemed to have stopped, she made to sit up before she realized Garrett had not yet let go of her hands. His gaze had dropped down to her neckline and he had become very still.

‘That sure is a pretty dress,’ he said quietly, bringing his eyes back up to hers.

‘You do look beautiful,’ Connor agreed, dropping down onto the hay and turning to lie next to her. Garrett released her hands and took the position on her other side.

Christie knew she was free to sit up but now, she didn’t want to move. Suddenly, she was the focus of their undivided attention – attention she had craved for the last few years. The crush she’d had on them since the age of 15 had been near painful at times, especially as she’d been forced to endure watching them flirt with the local girls. She’d grown tired of being ignored by them because she was their tomboy sidekick and had begun to make subtle efforts to get their attention by doing her hair and dressing a little more feminine. Nothing had worked. But now, they were laying either side of her, telling her how pretty she was and looking at her in the way men should look at women. Christie loved every moment of it.

Garrett moved, trapping one of her long red curls in his fingers. Christie turned towards him and had the breath knocked from her lungs as she saw the expression in his eyes. She hadn’t had much experience but she sure knew what that look meant – he wanted to kiss her. She closed the distance between them when she saw a resolve settle across his features and knew he wasn’t going to act on the urge. Christie kissed him quickly, before her nerve could desert her and it gratified her to hear his sharp intake of breath. Her closed lips pressed against his for a moment until she felt him pull away.

She kept her eyes closed, frightened she would find him laughing at her but instead he spoke.

‘If you’re gonna kiss me, do it properly.’

Christie felt his hand grasp her jaw and she opened her eyes just in time to see him tilt his face towards hers. Their lips touched again, but this time, he was kissing her. His mouth moved softly over hers, gently prizing her lips apart and she gasped as she felt the tip of his tongue touch hers. His strong hand slid down the column of her neck and over her arm, his thumb just brushing across the rise of her breast as it passed. Christie squirmed against the heat building between her legs and swallowed a groan as she felt his palm slide over her butt and he pulled her closer to him.

Suddenly, a new sensation joined the ones already overwhelming her. Connor’s lips grazed across her neck just before his body slid behind hers. She felt his erection pressing into her butt and wondered if Garrett knew what was happening. She opened her eyes again to see Garrett’s gaze flash in Connor’s direction, but it didn’t seem to bother him and he still continued to kiss her. If anything, he became more intense, pressing himself harder against her.

Christie felt safe, protected and worshipped and the thought that she shouldn’t really be doing this with both of them was chased away by the sensations they were causing in her. Connor pulled at her leg, dragging it back across his thighs and allowing his hand access to her groin, still covered by clothing. He brushed his fingers over her mound through the fabric and Christie reacted so strongly that she had to tear her mouth away from Garrett’s and moan out loud.

Her torso was exposed, allowing Garrett more access and he’d just placed a tentative hand over her breast when suddenly, he froze and began to push her away. He fell onto his back in the hay with a hand thrown across his face as if refusing to look at her.

‘What’s wrong?’ she asked, terrified that she had either done something badly or that her inexperience was showing. Connor

stopped his actions and looked over her shoulder at his cousin, his ragged breath blowing hard in her ear.

‘Get away from her,’ Garrett said without looking at them. Christie felt a moment of resistance from Connor but he eventually pulled away with an angry grunt.

She sat up slowly as Connor got to his feet and walked over to his cousin, kicking the sole of his boot hard to get his attention. ‘I’m getting pretty damn tired of you telling me what to do Garrett,’ he warned, the anger in his voice making it tremble.

Garrett jumped to his feet and squared up to Connor and Christie was sure he would hit him. She found her legs and got in between them. ‘Stop it!’ she shouted.

‘Straighten your dress,’ Garrett said, flicking his eyes away as if the sight of her disgusted him.

‘Don’t tell her what to do,’ Connor said. She was smart enough to know he wasn’t really defending her. He was just adding more fuel to the fire to infuriate his cousin. ‘Who the hell do you think you are?’

Garrett took a threatening step towards him and Christie tried again to get between them. A firm push on her shoulder sent her stumbling across the barn but she kept her feet. ‘Go home,’ Connor bellowed at her.

Tears threatened but she wouldn’t cry in front of him. She hated him - hated both of them in fact. Christie did up the stray buttons on the front of her dress and smoothed down her hair before walking from the barn with as much dignity as she could muster. She let the door swing wide as she pushed through it, waiting until she heard it slam shut behind her before allowing the tears to come.

She ran home that night, sure she would never hurt as much again as she did right at that moment. The boys she adored – the ones she loved more than herself – had just rejected her and life would never be the same again.

## Chapter 1

*Fifteen years later...*

Christine Shepherd took a big gasp as she tried to stop her head spinning. She'd just been charged and then bear-hugged by two boys who'd grown into big handsome men since she'd last seen them and the experience had nearly taken her breath away.

'Whoa! Guys, put me down,' she pleaded as the pair took turns in lifting her from the floor in over enthusiastic greeting. 'Garrett! Stop that!'

The taller, older of the two did as he was told although never quite letting her go. 'Damn, Christie. It's good to see you.' His handsome face split into an ear to ear grin and he barely looked a day older than he had fifteen years earlier.

'Sure is,' agreed Connor, almost as reluctant to let go when he got his turn to hug her. 'How long has it been?'

'Too long,' she smiled, reclaiming her arms and folding them quickly in case they were tempted to trap her between them again.

'The years have been good to you.' He smiled, giving a long low whistle as he looked her over. 'You still look sixteen.'

'Liar,' Christie said, punching him playfully in the arm. The temptation to muss his wavy blond hair fled as her fist made contact with a wall of solid muscle. Wow. Since when had Connor been so built? Cornflower blue eyes locked on hers as he noticed her reaction.

'Guess I filled out, huh?' As much a boast as a statement, it seemed Connor was mighty proud of his body, and so he should be Christie thought as she took the time to look at him properly. 'Filled

out' wasn't nearly enough of a phrase to describe what had happened to the scrawny kid she'd played with all those years ago.

'He's not bad for a little 'un,' she heard Garrett say, dragging her attention back to him. Christie looked at him with new eyes too. Damn! What did they put in the water around these parts? Even bigger and stronger than Connor, Garrett's hair was a shade darker than his cousin's wheat blond but he had the same piercing blue eyes that they had both inherited from their grandfather. They looked more like brothers than cousins.

Thinking about their Wyler heritage reminded her of the reason she'd come home after all this time. 'How is she?'

'Mom's coping ok,' Garrett said, kicking at the dust with his boot. Christie could see that he still wouldn't allow those close to him to know when he was hurting. 'Pa's death is a blessed relief for both of them. He couldn't handle anymore pain and she sure couldn't handle watching him suffer.'

'Poor Maisie.' Christie had never been close to the woman but her heart went out to her. Nobody deserved to watch their big, strong, larger-than-life husband waste away, ravaged by the cruel cancer that had spread through him. Now in her late sixties, Maisie must have found nursing him absolutely exhausting, both mentally and physically.

'It means a lot to Garrett that you came back for the funeral,' Connor said as if sensing his cousin found it hard to say the right words. 'It means a lot to all of us.'

'I loved Winston like an uncle. I had to be here.'

Christie waited for Garrett to look at her again, but he'd hidden his eyes under the brim of his hat. She could see a muscle flexing in his strong, wide jaw and the grim set of his lips. Searching out Connor's eyes, she found him gesturing that they should just head for the house.

'You sure are a sight for sore eyes,' Connor said again. He stood to one side to allow her access to the front steps leading up to the big,

rambling ranch house. 'Although I don't remember you being a brunette.' His gaze was teasing as he allowed it to drift over her long, sleek hair.

'The red is still there.' She laughed. 'It's just really well hidden.' Garrett chuckled behind them, making it clear his moment of sadness was over.

'You're too skinny,' he said, running his eyes over her 5'9" frame. Christie couldn't argue with him. The trauma she'd gone through the last couple of years had cost her twenty pounds she hadn't needed to lose. Still, it wasn't polite to point it out and she told him so with a laugh.

'We've put you in your old room,' he said, smiling apologetically as he changed the subject. She'd known where she'd be staying as soon as she agreed to come. Many a time during the years they'd grown and played together, she'd spent the night in their parents' house. The Wyler ranch had bordered her father's until the day her family had been forced to move away due to the bank calling in the loan. By that time, she had married and moved to another town.

Connor's parents had died when he'd been barely more than a baby and Maisie and Winston had taken him in, raising him like a younger brother to Garrett. There was only 8 months age difference between them but neither really looked as if they were just a couple of years off forty.

'Where's your mom?' Christie asked, surprised to find the kitchen that formed the heart of the big rambling house empty.

'She's staying with her sister in town,' Connor said. 'She just couldn't face being here alone while we were out working the ranch.'

'I think she should live with Aunt Claire from now on,' Garrett added. 'There's nothing for her to do out here now Pa's gone.'

'Have you suggested that?' she asked gently, aware that the Wyler men didn't always speak their minds.

'Not yet.' Connor smiled. 'We were kinda hoping that Aunt Claire would do it for us. You know Ma; she's as stubborn as a mule.'

‘Yeah, but can you blame her?’ Christie smiled as she reminded them both what nightmares they had been as kids. ‘Look what she had to put up with.’

‘Hey, we weren’t that bad,’ Garrett protested, swatting her behind with his hat.

Later, alone in the pretty room that still had the flowered wallpaper, drapes and bedcovers she remembered from her childhood, she realized just how much she had missed Catron County and the two men.

Remembering how crazy in love she had once been with both of them made her heart beat a little faster and brought a smile to her face. Christie felt a ripple of heat go through her as she remembered how big and strong they were now. The pair had always been handsome boys but they’d grown into very attractive men. Years of hard work out in the New Mexico sun had made them bronzed and hard. Christie was glad her raging, teenage hormones hadn’t been subjected to such an overdose of testosterone. If she met either of them now as strangers, she doubted her thirty-six year old hormones would fare much better.

The memory of a night she had never been able to forget came crashing back, spurred on by the thoughts of how sexy they’d become. Things had gotten out of hand after a birthday party and she’d found herself alone in the barn with Garrett and Connor. The boys had stolen some moonshine and they’d all been a little tipsy. All Christie actually remembered were a few fumbles and kisses but she’d learned an important lesson. If Garrett and Connor had tried to take it any further, she would have been powerless to resist. She was glad now that they’d stopped short of actually doing anything, but to this day, she knew things wouldn’t have ended where they did if left to her. With nothing more intense than a few chaste kisses, they had turned her on to the point of abandon.

Christie had been unable to think of them in the same way after that, and no longer as older ‘brothers’ who watched out for her. To

her teenage eyes, they'd turned into men and feelings that she didn't understand flip-flopped in her stomach whenever they got near.

She gazed out of the window, enthralled once more by the view she had never quite forgotten. The irregular shaped valley that the Wyler Ranch had shared with her father was surrounded by mountains and high ridges. The northern end of the spread opened out into meadow with Ponderosa pines, aspens, oaks and firs lining the hillsides. The two-track road she'd just arrived on wound its way lazily through the center of the valley before finally disappearing behind a mountain.

When her husband had moved them both out to Albuquerque, over 200 miles away, she'd always known she would be back one day but not for such a sad reason. The dream of raising the money to buy back her father's ranch had long since faded as property prices soared and the income from farming continued to fall. By then she had divorced the man she knew by that time to be the lowest example of a human being she'd ever had the misfortune to come across, and her priorities had changed. Getting away from Jack in one piece had consumed her thoughts for the last couple of years.

Christie smiled as she imagined what two magnificent male specimens like Connor and Garrett would make of the slightly effeminate, metrosexual Jack. What she'd once thought was suave sophistication turned out to be just plain old fashioned vanity. And the 'pretty' man had an ugly soul. She hoped his recent silence meant he'd given up stalking her with his attempts at reconciliation. She blew away the thoughts of him, determined to use her time in the wilds of New Mexico to get him out of her system once and for all and find herself again.

## Chapter 2

Supper was interesting. Christie didn't know what she'd expected when she heard they were having chili but it sure didn't look anything like the brownish red sludge on her plate. She stared at it for a moment, unsure if her desire to please Connor by eating the meal he'd prepared outweighed her fear of actually putting any of it in her mouth.

'We never learned to cook,' Garrett said when he saw her reaction. 'Ma's always done it.'

'It doesn't taste as bad as it looks,' Connor offered, scooping a large spoonful into his mouth.

'I sure hope not,' Christie said under her breath. She felt a kick under the table and looked up to find Garrett shaking his head almost imperceptibly as if warning her to shut up.

'We don't usually bother much if Ma isn't here but Connor wanted to welcome you properly.'

Christie realized that Connor was trying to please her, hence Garrett's warning. 'Well, it's very kind of you.' She smiled, forcing herself to eat. Connor had been right. It didn't taste too bad at all and Christie found herself hungry enough to clear her plate, pleasing him in the process.

'You know, he used to have the biggest crush on you,' Garrett said as Connor left the room for a moment after they'd cleared the table.

'Me?' she said dumbly, unsure why he'd chosen to tell her that now.

He nodded. 'We both did.'

She didn't know what to say, so she said nothing. Garrett's eyes told her there was more to the story but he didn't share his thoughts. Christie wondered if he knew just how ironic their conversation seemed. One of the many reasons she'd stopped herself from staying in touch was the fact that, when she left and for a long time after, she'd been in love with them both.

In the years before she married and moved away, Christie had watched, sick with envy, as they began to show more interest in the girls in town. Large breasts and pretty hair suddenly impressed them more than a tomboy who could climb a tree or kill a rattlesnake as well as they could. Neither of them had seemed remotely interested in her anymore after that night in the barn and she blamed herself. Their lives had taken separate paths from that moment on and she hardly saw them anymore. A chasm had opened between her and the boys and they'd barely been on speaking terms when she'd first met Jack on a rare night out in town.

As a young kid, there had always been a part of her that believed she would be married to one of them when she grew up. Garrett had been her first choice back then but, even in her childish fantasies, she'd always known that Connor had a soft spot for her. The idea of being with him instead had made her almost as happy. But that was a lifetime ago. Now, it felt a little surreal to be sitting in their kitchen as a grown woman, remembering her young dreams and hearing about their old feelings for her.

'I can't believe you two are still single,' she said. The need to stop Garrett reading her thoughts as he stared deeply into her eyes had helped her to find her voice. 'Last time I looked, you two were all over the girls in town.'

'Connor almost bit the bullet once.' Garrett laughed, turning to explain the conversation to the other man as he walked back into the room. 'That's before he caught her in the back seat of Billy Ray's pick-up.'

Connor groaned. ‘Don’t remind me. I almost made the worst mistake of my life.’

Five minutes later, after they had moved out on to the porch to watch the setting sun, she found Garret watching her closely. ‘What about you?’ he asked. ‘We heard things didn’t work out with you and that guy—what was his name?’

‘Jack.’ Christie knew well and good that Garrett hadn’t forgotten his name.

‘Yeah, that’s it. What happened?’

‘That’s one soap opera you don’t need to hear about right now,’ she said.

‘You had problems?’ Connor asked.

‘Not so much these days. Jack is beginning to realize that it’s over between us but he still turns up every now and then.’

‘You divorced him?’ Christie nodded in reply, unsettled by the interest in Garrett’s gaze as he’d asked the question. ‘Are you dating again?’

‘No. Jack would have caused all kinds of problems if I’d tried to see anyone else. It just seemed easier to get him out of my life totally before I even thought about dating again. This last couple of weeks, I haven’t seen him at all so maybe he has given up.’

‘Sounds like a real piece of work, Christie. What in hell did you see in a guy like that?’ Connor sounded angry.

‘He wasn’t like that in the beginning. He loved me, made me feel special, you know?’ She looked from one to the other, wondering if they realized just how much of the way things had turned out was their doing. ‘Isn’t that what we all want?’

‘You’ve always been special to us,’ Garrett said.

She felt a blush creep over her cheeks. ‘Thank you. You have always looked out for me and I appreciate it.’

‘It’s more than that, Christie.’ Connor left the sentence hanging, allowing his words to sink in. Why were they talking this way?

Maybe grief was making them nostalgic for the past. ‘We loved you too.’

‘Still do.’ Garrett said.

‘Aw, thanks guys,’ she said, unsure if she’d understood but choosing to play it down. ‘I love you too.’

‘We don’t mean the kind of love you have for a kid sister, Christie. We are in love,’ Garrett clarified.

She took another shaky breath as they watched for her reaction, pretty sure the confusion and surprise was written all over her face. ‘Why are you telling me this now?’

‘Because you’re here. If you’d have come home sooner, we’d have told you then.’ Connor looked to Garrett for agreement. ‘We made ourselves a promise that if we ever saw you again we would tell you how we felt.’

‘But it’s been almost fifteen years.’

Garrett laughed. ‘Don’t I know it.’

Christie felt her temper begin to rise. ‘Why in hell didn’t you tell me this back then? Do you know how embarrassed I was, how humiliated I felt when you rejected me?’

Connor’s brow knit into a confused frown. ‘Rejected you? What in hell are you talking about?’

‘That night in the barn.’ Her cheeks flamed as she was forced to remember what had happened. She dropped her gaze. ‘I’m not sure if you remember it as well as I do.’

‘Jesus, Christie,’ Garrett near shouted, ‘of course we remember. That was the cause of all the problems.’

She squirmed in her seat, unsure if she could take a verbal rehashing of what had been one of the most painful experiences of her life.

‘Nobody rejected you. Garrett stopped because he heard Pa calling. I didn’t even know until he told me later. I guess you didn’t hear him either?’

Garrett shook his head, as if he still couldn't believe what she'd said. 'That night, Connor and me had a huge fight over you.'

'Fight over me?' Christie said. She realized she sounded like a broken record but found it hard to do much more than repeat everything they said.

'You wore that pretty green dress and curled your hair. Then you danced with both of us,' Connor said, his eyes aglow with the memory. 'You'd just turned nineteen, Christie, and it was the first time either of us had noticed how much you'd grown up.'

She hoped they'd be kind enough not to mention what had happened next in detail. Both of the boys had been very attentive, even before they'd gone into the barn, hovering close by all evening. Back then, she'd put it down to nothing more than camaraderie, certain they had no idea of the huge crush she had on them both. When things had gotten out of hand, she'd blamed it on the drink.

Connor continued the story. 'Anyway, I made the mistake of telling Garrett after the party that I would marry you one day. His reply was 'like hell you will'.' The pair of them laughed, as if reminiscing about nothing more than an old hunting trip. 'So, we had a fight over you, right there in front of the house.' Connor used his bottle to point out across the yard.

'Pa came and separated us, whooped our behinds and told us no woman was worth losing family over.' Garrett said the words quietly but Christie heard the anger simmering beneath them. 'He'd figured out some of what we'd been up to in the barn and he tore a strip off us, saying we'd taken advantage of you. He was right. We were older and should have known better. He told us any fool could see that you had feelings for us and that the manly thing to do would be to stay away from you and give you time to grow out of it. Like fools, we agreed.'

Connor took up the story. 'By the time Pa finished, he'd made it sound like we had lured you into a trap and plied you with booze.'

Every time I saw you after that, even though I wanted you badly, I just felt so guilty.'

'We both did.'

Christie was stunned. So they hadn't rejected her at all? Connor was right, she hadn't heard Old Man Wyler calling for them but it did explain why Garrett stopped what he was doing so suddenly.

'Is that why you are telling me this now, because your Pa has died?' Christie didn't believe either of the men had been afraid enough of their father to let him dictate who they could love or how to live their lives.

Connor shook his head. 'No, we decided way before then. The night before you got married, Garrett and me got stinking drunk and started to talk about you again for the first time in forever. We were sick with jealousy that you were marrying that jerk and we realized that neither of us had gotten over you.'

'It took a couple more years until we decided that we had to do something about it, Garrett said. 'Neither of us had moved on. So we agreed that, if things didn't work out for you and Jack, we were gonna come find you, tell you how we felt.'

'So why didn't you?'

'Because time passes and feelings get pushed to one side once work and family responsibilities take over. For the last few years, we've done nothing but run the ranch and support Ma in caring for our father. There wasn't much time for anything else. Besides, from what we heard in your mother's letters to our parents, you seemed happy with your husband.'

'But, now you are here.' Connor's face lit up with hope.

Christie fell silent, staring from one to the other in turn. What she'd just heard seemed insane. 'What do you want from me?' she said, still unsure what they were asking.

'We want to know how you feel.' Garrett leaned forward, pinning her to the chair with the intensity in his eyes. 'And we want to ask you to stay here with us. Don't go back to Albuquerque.'

‘Stay? How the hell could I stay here now?’ Christie began to shout as the old hurt and frustration returned. They had turned their backs on her when she needed them most. Ok, they had a damned good reason but she hadn’t known that at the time. ‘I had feelings—once—but you forced me to push them away. You wanted other girls, not me, and I learned to live with that. You can’t just click your fingers and have me come running back here as if nothing had happened.’

‘That’s not what we are asking for, Christie,’ Connor said patiently. ‘Garrett is jumping the gun.’ The look he gave his cousin spoke volumes, warning him to back off. ‘First, we just need to know how you feel.’

‘I feel cornered and confused,’ she said, tiredness making her voice weak. Christie knew she had to be honest but speaking about the emotions she’d learned to bury deep inside her was hard after so long. ‘As a kid, I used to hero worship you both and followed you around like a lovesick puppy. Then, as I started to get older, my feelings changed. You’d become men and I reacted to that. I began to have feelings—’

‘So you felt the same?’ Garrett interrupted.

‘Yes, I did,’ she agreed. ‘But that was then, this is now.’

‘What’s changed? We’re still the same people we always were,’ Connor said.

‘What’s changed is that we’re all grown up now and things are different. You turned your backs on me after that night. So I moved on.’

‘I know and I am sorry,’ Garrett said. ‘If it’s any consolation, we have suffered for our decision.’

‘We’ve all suffered for it.’ Christie couldn’t keep the bitterness out of her voice.

‘Then give us a chance to make it up to you,’ Connor pleaded.

‘This is crazy. I could never knowingly come between you even if I wanted to.’

‘Why would you come between us?’ Connor asked.

‘Because I would be forced to choose, and I could never do that.’

Garrett sat back in his chair, face pensive as he ran his hands over his denim clad thighs nervously. ‘Who’s asking you to choose?’

## Chapter 3

*Who's asking you to choose?*

The words ran through Christie's head over and over again throughout the long, almost sleepless night that had followed their conversation. Were they really suggesting she date both of them at the same time?

Even as her brain told her that she could never agree to such a thing, she caught herself thinking about what it would actually take to keep two men happy. Christie laughed aloud at one point as she imagined drawing up a schedule, giving each guy an alternate night but keeping Sunday for herself. Hey, a girl would need time to recover.

Had they already discussed who would spend the first night with her? Christie knew if left to her, she'd have a hell of a time deciding which one she wanted the most. Connor was the kind of guy you would turn to if you needed a confidence boost. His easy charm made a girl feel good. But Garrett—he could burn you up. He wasn't great with words but he made up for that in his actions. Whoever he dealt with knew exactly what he wanted from them. Christie didn't see any reason to doubt he'd be the same in bed.

By morning, she'd convinced herself that the grief of their recent loss had made them both a little reckless. Christie knew from the experiences of other friends and family that bereavement often gave people a desperate need to do something 'life affirming'.

She had very little time to think about what had happened for the rest of the day. The funeral had been scheduled for early morning. Connor and Garrett were due to leave just after she came down to

breakfast and acted as if nothing untoward had happened. Neither of them mentioned the conversation they'd shared. This day was about something far more important and any unfinished business would have to wait.

'I'm not looking forward to this,' Garrett said, looking handsome and somber in his grey suit. Christie slid her arms up around his neck, finding it hard to reach but managing to force him down to her height for a hug. His initial resistance melted and she heard him sigh heavily as the tension eased out of him. Connor didn't resist her comforting touch. Unlike Garrett, he had no trouble in asking for what he needed. He squeezed her hard, only letting go when reminded it was time to head out.

She swallowed down the huge lump that formed in her throat as she watched them leave. Being the strong one was a new feeling for her. She'd always turned to Garrett and Connor for support in the past but she was glad to be there for them when they needed her.

Christie made her own way to the funeral. The boys had to travel with the procession and would meet up with her after the ceremony. She sat in the back pew of the church, tears welling in her eyes when she saw the pain etched on their faces as they passed by with the coffin held aloft.

The ceremony was a testament to the life Winston had led and many of his friends gave very moving speeches about him, but the family didn't speak. Christie imagined their grief ran deep and thought of her own parents, too busy to travel down to attend, and how she would feel in the Wylers' place.

By the graveside a short while later, she had a moment to focus on Connor and Garrett more closely. They seemed to be coping well, both of them determined to support their frail mother. She didn't look anywhere near as formidable as Christie remembered. Crumpled between her two sons, Maisie looked frightened and alone despite their comforting embraces.

‘Hello dear, how lovely to see you. Thank you so much for coming,’ she said to Christie as the mourners began to give their respects after the service. Her voice had taken on an automatic drone and Christie suspected she was barely managing to go through the motions of speaking to everyone.

‘I’m fine, Mrs. Wyler. My parents couldn’t make it but wanted me to send their love.’

Christie saw the recognition in her eyes and realized that Maisie hadn’t even realized who she’d been speaking to so far. ‘It’s great to see you again, Christie,’ she said with a weak smile. Christie squeezed her hand before moving along to allow others to pay their respects, turning to look for Maisie’s sons. She found them standing at the graveside, Garrett’s arm thrown around Connor in support. Christie didn’t approach them as they said a private goodbye to their father.

They searched her out later, at the reception that had been organized in a local bar, after taking care of the guests and seeing their mother off to her sister’s house. ‘Sorry we’ve been ignoring you all day,’ Garrett said.

‘I understand.’ Christie had kept her distance, partly because of the sad duties they had to fulfill but also because she felt in no rush to deal with the unspoken issue hanging between them. As the hours had passed, she had often turned to find either Garrett or Connor staring at her questioningly. She knew the conversation of the previous night was as much on their minds as it was hers. ‘You look a lot less burdened now it’s over,’ she said, noting the color had returned to Garrett’s cheeks and the old, familiar fire was back in his eyes.

He laughed. ‘A lot of that has to do with the amount of liquor I’ve had.’

‘Yeah, what is it with funerals?’ Connor said as he joined them. ‘Everybody keeps refilling your glass.’

Christie smiled, glad to see the guys were doing ok. ‘So, I guess you are gonna need a ride home?’

'I'm gonna need a little more than that,' Garrett said darkly, making Christie's eyes clash with his. His lips had parted and she could feel his warm breath fanning her face as his gaze slid slowly down over her body.

As inappropriate as the timing of his comment was, Christie still felt her nipples pebble instantly and a flush bloom on her cheeks. 'You're drunk,' she whispered angrily, shame making her voice harsh.

'Not too drunk to know what I want,' he answered quietly, making sure with his gaze that she knew he'd noticed the reaction of her body. 'What's your excuse?'

'This isn't the time,' Connor warned him gently. Still, he moved to stand on Christie's other side, almost sandwiching her between him and his cousin. 'We'll talk later.' His eyes said more and she began to wonder just how much they had discussed between them.

A little later as they headed back to the ranch, Christie's anger was forgotten when she had to smile at the sight of the very tall Garrett squashed into the back seat of her compact car. 'You ok back there, big guy?'

'Don't push it,' he warned, his rueful grin the only thing visible under his Stetson. Garrett had decided to lie across the back seat after opening the window to put his booted feet through it and his hat had slipped down to cover most of his face.

Connor wasn't faring much better. His hat lay in his lap and, even with the front seat pushed back as far as he could get it his knees were almost up under his chin. 'I knew we shoulda taken the truck.'

'You'd both had too much to drink,' she reminded them.

'Not as much as you think. Garrett said he could drive but you wouldn't listen.'

Christie laughed. 'I'm just looking out for my boys,' she said lightly. The mood in the small car changed after she'd spoken and they spent the rest of the journey home in awkward silence.

## Chapter 4

Christie was glad they enjoyed the meal she'd prepared. After arriving home from the funeral, Garrett and Connor had suddenly seemed exhausted and sad all over again. She'd suggested they go take a nap and rest a while. They'd been drawn back to the kitchen a couple of hours later by the smell of food.

'Wow, that's it. You can never leave again.' Connor laughed, mopping up the last of his sauce with a hunk of bread. 'You have to stay and feed us.'

'It's only lasagna.' She was playing it down but watching them devour the simple meal she had prepared had made her feel good. It surprised Christie to realize how much she still cared about every facet of their wellbeing, from how they were feeling right down to whether they'd had a decent dinner.

'It tasted great,' Garrett added, rubbing his taut stomach as he leaned back in his chair. 'Didn't realize how hungry I was.'

Christie thought they had coped amazingly well with the loss of their father. 'It's been a long time coming,' Connor said when she told them. 'We did our grieving long ago and over many months as we watched him waste away.'

'Amen to that,' Garrett added. 'Mom has been our main concern recently.'

They toasted Winton's memory over a glass of wine, each taking a moment to say goodbye in their own way.

The guys insisted she go relax in the living room while they cleared away the dishes, giving her a glass of the wine to take with her. Christie sank into a large leather sofa, avoiding the chair she

knew had been Winston's. Thinking of him again made her sad and she took a long sip of her drink to chase away the feeling.

She'd only been in Catron County for just over 24 hours and already she felt at home, as if she had never left. If she was honest with herself, Christie would have to admit that every part of her wanted to stay. There was nothing back in Albuquerque for her now. Her parents didn't live anywhere near her home and she'd had to cope with her sham of a marriage alone. Christie wasn't angry at them but couldn't shift the feeling that their financial mismanagement had robbed her of her heritage. She'd been born in the family home that lay just over the hillside out of view, and she hadn't yet managed to bring herself to visit it. The sense of loss was too great. When the bank had repossessed her home, they had robbed her of far more than property. They'd taken her destiny too.

As Garrett and Connor walked back into the room, she wondered which of the men would have been her husband. As crazy as it seemed, Christie didn't have a clue. She'd loved them both. Still did, she realized with a jolt. Just the few hours she had spent with them had brought every emotion she'd ever felt crashing back. The connection had never been broken, at least not for her.

'What are you thinking about?' Garrett asked, smiling down at her softly as he refilled her glass.

'Being here again. It's so strange but it feels like I never left.'

'It doesn't feel that way for us Christie. There has always been a huge hole in our lives that only you could fill.'

'Don't say that, Garrett.'

'Why not?'

Christie put her glass down. 'Because you guys have done nothing but put pressure on me since I arrived, acting as if your whole happiness depends on how I respond to your crazy offer. You want me to stay here with you—both of you—and God help me, but I've been considering it.'

'Glad to hear it,' Connor said with a smile. 'What's the problem?'

‘The problem is what kind of woman would that make me?’ She laughed as the absurd thoughts she’d been having spilled out of her mouth. ‘You don’t even know me anymore. The person you want is the naïve little kid who thought you two were gods made flesh. I’ve grown up, Connor, and I need a grown up relationship.’

‘That’s what we are offering.’

‘Have you thought it through? I mean, really? I’ve never even had sex with either of you yet you want me to commit to having a relationship with *both* of you. Do you realize how insane that sounds?’

Connor blew out a frustrated breath and Garrett paced away, running a hand through his hair as he thought on her words. Finally, he turned to her. ‘Look, I admit the conversation went too far last night. I was putting the cart before the horse.’

‘You can say that again,’ Connor said accusingly.

‘All we really want is a chance to see if what we believe is true.’

‘And what’s that?’ she asked.

‘That we are meant to be together. All of us.’ Garrett sat beside her on the sofa, clasping her hands in his. ‘Your entire childhood, you spent every waking moment with me and Connor. You were taken away from us at a time when we’d been fighting to keep our distance because we thought it was the right thing to do. Now, we want another chance to make things turn out the way they should have all along.’

‘You don’t have to say yes, Christie,’ Connor added, taking the seat on her other side. ‘But we think you feel the same way about us.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘Tell Garrett you don’t love him.’ Connor eyes fixed on hers as he dared her to speak the words.

‘You know I can’t,’ she said finally, dropping her gaze. She heard Garrett let out a shaky breath beside her but she couldn’t bring herself to look his way. A pulse beat loudly in her ears, drowning out the tense silence in the room.

‘Ok, then tell me.’ Christie stared at Connor again, angry almost that he could see through her so easily. She wished she could tell him that she didn’t love him just to wipe the smug look off his face but she couldn’t. Tears pricked her eyes as she shook her head slowly, letting him see that she was no more able to say it to him than she had been to Garrett.

‘So where does that leave us?’ he asked gently. Garrett remained silent, seeming content to let Connor speak, knowing his cousin had a way with words, Christie guessed. ‘We are adults and we love each other. Why aren’t we together?’

‘I don’t know. It’s just wrong I guess.’

‘Who says so?’ Garrett asked finally. ‘Who better to make the rules for our own lives than us?’

‘All we are asking for is a chance to show you how great it could be,’ Connor added when Christie fell silent again. ‘Let us show you how much we love you, Christie.’

She sighed, sinking back against the sofa as she closed her eyes. Christie could feel them waiting for her answer. When they put it the way they had, their suggestion didn’t seem unreasonable but she simply couldn’t shake the idea that it was wrong. She told them so.

‘Just let it go,’ Connor soothed, leaning closer as the hand that had been smoothing her hair began to trail down over her cheek. He tilted her chin, giving her plenty of time to pull away as his mouth lowered to hers.

Christie gasped as their lips touched, self conscious at first to be kissing him in front of Garrett until she became aware of his hand on her shoulder. Almost as soon as she felt it, he turned her towards him and away from Connor, replacing his lips with his own.

Garrett’s kiss seemed deeper and more possessive, as if he was trying to claim her. She began to respond to the probing of his tongue as it forced its way into her mouth. A long dormant ache came to life in her groin, and she tested the sensation, pushing against it as she realized how aroused she’d become.

Connor's hand caressed her thigh and she felt him move closer. His other lifted her hair, giving him access to her neck. Christie felt a hard jolt of desire slam through her as his lips found her skin and he nibbled at it gently. Garrett's free hand grasped her other leg and he wrapped a large palm around it, squeezing and smoothing as he made his way nearer and nearer to her crotch. Christie felt the first, fleeting pressure against her pussy as his knuckles grazed the fabric between her legs. Her insides contracted and she felt her muscles quiver at the warm, wet sensation his touch had caused.

'Stop,' she said weakly, ripping her mouth from Garrett's and pushing them both away. 'I can't think with the two of you doing things to me.'

The men stayed put but didn't touch her. Christie looked from one to the other. Two pairs of blue eyes stared back, watching as she straightened her clothes and got to her feet. Connor slumped forward to rest his forearms on his thighs, raising his head to look up at her. Garrett fell back, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he breathed heavily. His erection was clearly outlined in the denim of his jeans and she had to resist the urge to drop to her knees and release it.

'So, what's it gonna be, Christie?' he asked quietly, drawing her attention back to his face. 'If you keep looking at me like that, the choice isn't gonna be yours for much longer.'

'I can't have sex with both of you at once,' she protested weakly, knowing that she very much wanted to.

'That night back in the barn, we all started something we've just got to finish,' Connor said, getting to his feet to stand in front of her. 'None of us can move on until we do.'

'Besides,' Garrett added, 'it would cause too much jealousy if you chose one of us over the other. That's why we agreed, if it ever happened, it was gonna be all or nothing.'

'What makes you think I could handle that?' Christie asked

'It wouldn't have to be this way every time,' Connor said. 'Just this first time—then we'll see what happens.'

‘This isn’t just about sex,’ Garrett said, getting to his feet to stand in front of her beside Connor, ‘but I’ve had a hard-on for you for fifteen years and I can’t wait another minute to fuck you and I know he feels the same.’

Christie got wetter. Garrett didn’t know how to sweet talk a girl but if the look in his eye was anything to go by, he sure knew how to make her feel wanted. Her breath caught in her throat as she looked up at the pair of them. Every fantasy she’d ever had could be about to unfold in front of her and for the first time, she acknowledged to herself that it was exactly what she wanted. The damp throbbing in her pussy could not be ignored any longer.

She took a step back, enjoying a brief moment of power as she saw a fleeting look of disappointment cross their faces. ‘Give me five minutes and then come up to my room.’

## Chapter 5

Christie found she was excited and nervous as she took a quick shower and leapt into bed to wait for them. Jumping out again, she crossed the room on tiptoe, flicking off the main light, unsure she could take having two pairs of eyes she knew so well on her naked body. Changing her mind again, she put on a nightshirt and got back in to bed, then sat up with a laugh and took it off.

‘Why the fuck am I so nervous?’ she asked the empty room. Christie giggled breathlessly as she finally settled on staying naked and leaving the lights off.

A gentle tap at the door made her heart leap into her chest. ‘Who is it?’ she called, almost slapping herself in the head with a palm as she heard the idiotic words come out of her mouth. The sound of deep laughter from the other side of the door made her cheeks burn. ‘I mean, come in.’

‘Whaddya mean, ‘who is it’?’ Connor teased, poking his head around the door. Christie was glad she’d turned the light off and they couldn’t see her cringing at her own silliness.

Garrett followed Connor in through the door, walking around to stand on the opposite side to his cousin. ‘Do you mind if I open the drapes, Christie?’

‘No, that would be nice,’ she said, realizing it would be the perfect solution to her quandary. She wanted to be able to see them but not feel like she was on display herself. The moonlight would be just bright enough.

All rational thought flew from her mind as clothing started to hit the floor. Garrett’s shirt landed first, followed by his jeans, leaving

him in boxers that barely contained his erection. Connor decided on ripping off his bottom half before lifting his arms and pulling his t-shirt up over his taut abdomen and wide shoulders. His hard-on jutted forward proudly as he took a single step and drew back the sheet to get in bed beside her.

He kissed her gently on the lips, keeping his hands to himself for the moment as if giving her time to relax...but she couldn't. Christie became aware that Garrett had still not moved and she turned to find him standing uncertainly above them. If she didn't know him better, she'd have thought he was nervous. Christie put out a hand, inviting him to join them. A smile of relief crossed his handsome face and she realized that he needed to be sure that this was what she wanted. He shed his boxers revealing an erection slightly larger and thicker than Connor's—similar to the difference in their physiques—and took her hand as he climbed in beside her.

'We're gonna need a bigger bed,' Connor said. His voice trembled slightly, giving away that he wasn't as confident as he'd first appeared. Christie was relieved they seemed as nervous as her, in a way. While a huge part of her needed them to take control, another wanted it to be as special for them.

Garrett hushed his cousin, turning Christie's face towards him and kissing her deeply, rekindling the fire they had started in the room below. Her body reacted instantly, muscles clenching and releasing as her pussy cried out to be penetrated.

Connor's hands began to wander, pushing the sheet off her and cupping a breast to hold it steady as his hot mouth closed around her aching nipple. Christie started to shake as his lips continued downwards and his tongue circled her belly button before traveling further south. He pulled a leg towards him possessively, parting her to the night air that felt cool against her hot, sensitive skin.

Garrett continued to kiss her, brushing over her other nipple with an idle thumb and gasping as she bit his lip when Connor slid a long, thick finger inside her. Christie's hands went up into Garrett's hair

and she held his mouth against hers as his cousin continued to slide his fingers easily in and out of her throbbing, wet cunt.

‘My God,’ Connor said, his voice breaking, ‘I want to be inside you, baby.’

‘Not yet,’ Garrett warned, scooting down the bed and pushing Connor to one side. Garrett groaned as he watched Christie grinding in frustration against the loss of Connor’s fingers. ‘Hold on, darlin’. I’m gonna make you feel better.’ He dropped his head and sucked her clit into his mouth.

Her body cleared the mattress at the touch of his lips, only to meet Connor’s, coming to lean over. He straddled her torso, keeping his weight on his knees as he brought his groin level with her face. Christie grabbed his cock greedily, opening her mouth for him before he had a chance to ask.

‘Shit!’ Connor’s hands slammed into the wall above the bed as she sucked on him hard and without warning. His head fell forward and he looked down at her, his mouth going slack as she drew the fight from him. Christie’s hands found the taut muscles of his ass and she sank her nails into it as Garrett’s lips on her clitoris began to pull her orgasm nearer.

‘You are so fucking wet,’ she heard him groan from his position between her shaking thighs. ‘I’m gonna make you come so hard,’ he warned. Pushing a thumb into her swollen pussy, he friggd her in time with the movements of his tongue.

Christie’s insides began to coil tighter and tighter and she felt her muscles clamping down on the digit plundering her. A new sensation joined the others as the tip of Garrett’s finger probed her anus. Her hips left the bed and he slid his free hand under her butt to keep her groin level with his face. His head began to move from side to side in rapid, jerky motions and Christie finally began to come.

Her thighs closed around Garrett’s bristled face and she felt her pussy draw his thumb even deeper inside her when wave after wave

of spasms became hard, almost painful shudders as the orgasm drew to its end.

Her body began to still and she realized she was no longer holding Connor's dick. He still kneeled above her but had stopped to watch her face as she came. Her eyes cleared to find him smiling down at her and she gave him one in return.

He moved to lie at her side again, helping to roll her over onto her front as Garrett put her on her knees. 'Are you ok?' he asked, smoothing the hair away from her flushed face. Christie could do no more than nod as Garrett's thick cock slid into her moist, hot pussy.

His animalistic groans echoed off the walls and spurred her into action, sending her reaching for Connor again. He slid his body under her shoulders, helping to brace her arms on either side of his hips. Christie took his penis into her mouth again, determined this time she would make him come. Poor Connor had been so patient and kind, she felt almost guilty.

Garrett lifted her hips from the bed slightly, deepening the angle. Tears pricked her eyes as he buried his hard, thick shaft into her over and over again. Once more, Christie could do no more than hang on to Connor blindly, unable to give him what she wanted as Garrett jerked her body forward with almost brutal thrusts.

'Fuck me,' she said brokenly as the warning tremors began in her groin. 'I want to come again...make me come.'

'I can't hold on....' Garrett's words died in his throat as his orgasm began. Thick fingers bit into her hips as he slammed into her, groaning her name between curses as his body jerked helplessly.

'Connor,' he said hoarsely, gesturing that he should take his place before he fell away to the side, panting heavily as sweat coursed down his body.

Christie was flipped onto her back by the younger cousin who began to kiss and fondle her breasts as he slid inside her. He groaned low in his throat as he sank his prick into her and began a slow, persistent rhythm. Beyond the point of gentle lovemaking, Christie

lifted her knees, reaching down over his back and urging his ass into her harder, faster.

Never slow to take a hint, he brought her legs up over his shoulders to spread her wide and began to pound down into her. Christie's head jerked wildly from side to side as the angle brought her clit into contact with his hard pelvis, just enough to make her moan but not enough to finish her off a second time.

Garrett moved to lie at her side and slipped a hand in between them, holding the flesh of her nub between the flat of his fingers and rubbing it briskly. His mouth found her breast and he flicked at her nipple, stopping occasionally to urge her onwards and tell her how beautiful she looked. Christie's fingers dug into the flesh of his arms, her nails making angry red marks as she clawed at him.

'Oh God, she's coming,' Connor groaned suddenly, launching into his own orgasm almost as soon as he'd uttered the words. He turned his head, sinking his teeth into the skin of her calf as she began to grind against the sensation of the hard cock penetrating her and the fingers rubbing her clit. Any thoughts she might have had that Connor would be the gentler of the two disappeared as his thrusts became hard, sharp stabs and he jerked wildly above her until the climax robbed him of his strength.

Her second orgasm hit more intensely than the first, brought on by the combined attentions of the two men. Christie was the one who swore this time, calling their names as they made her body nearly tear apart with the intensity of it all.

Connor brought her legs down quickly, as soon as she had calmed, as if he knew they would be sore. He stayed on top of her for a while longer, kissing her face and smoothing her hair from her sweaty brow. Garrett remained on his back beside them, linking his fingers through hers as he waited for them to catch their breath.

Christie gave Connor a gentle nudge with her hips, showing him she needed some space. He rolled away and Garrett took the

opportunity to pull the sheet up over her, kissing her on the cheek and then getting to his feet.

‘We’re going to leave you to rest,’ he said, gesturing to Connor that he should get up too. ‘He’s right, that bed isn’t big enough for all three of us.’ He reached down to grab his clothes, bunching them in his hand as he leaned over to kiss her again. ‘Besides, mom is coming over in the morning.’

‘You have no idea how much this meant to me, to us,’ Connor said at the doorway as the pair left the room. Christie’s eyes began to drift shut as pure exhaustion washed over her. The last thing she remembered was seeing their bodies silhouetted in the light from the hall and the gentle click of the door as it closed.

## Chapter 6

Christie creaked open a reluctant eyelid to find Connor and Garrett standing over her—one holding a breakfast tray, the other a bunch of wildflowers.

She laughed. ‘Am I ill?’

Connor smiled but Garrett didn’t get the joke. ‘What do you mean?’

‘Nothing. I was teasing about getting breakfast in bed. For a moment, I thought I’d woken up in hospital.’

‘Oh yeah, that’s funny,’ he said, smiling awkwardly and avoiding her eyes. Christie wondered what had made him so edgy. He’d gotten what he claimed he wanted the night before. Why was he acting so strangely now?

‘What time is it? Did I miss your mom?’

‘She’s not coming out. Aunt Claire called and asked us to come over to her place instead. Apparently Mom wants to talk to us about something,’ Garrett said.

‘Which is why we brought you breakfast. We have to leave so we just came up to say goodbye.’ Connor placed the tray on the nightstand. ‘Relax and we’ll see you later, ok?’

Garrett placed the flowers on her lap, dropping a shy kiss on her cheek and striding from the room without looking back. ‘What’s up with him?’ she asked.

Connor turned to look at the empty doorway. ‘Dunno. He’s been like it since he woke up.’

‘You don’t think he regrets last night?’ It made Christie’s toes curl that she had to be the first to mention it but Garrett’s behavior was worrying her.

‘No way,’ he said emphatically. ‘I told you, honey. Last night meant everything to us.’ He perched on the edge of the bed and wound a strand of dark hair around his finger. ‘What about you? How do you feel this morning?’

She tried to keep the grin off her face but she couldn’t. ‘I’ve felt worse,’ she giggled, squirming away when Connor poked her in the ribs.

A serious expression crossed his handsome face and he dipped his blond head. ‘No kidding this time, ok? How do you feel?’

Christie saw the look of hope in his eyes and realized what had been wrong with Garrett. Both of them were waiting to see what her reaction would be. ‘I feel loved, and cherished, and very, very lucky,’ she said. A lump formed in her throat at the expression on Connor’s face. His relief was evident but she could see he had more to say. However, the sound of Garrett’s voice from below telling him that they had to leave made the words die in his throat.

‘Best not to keep the big guy waiting.’ He laughed. He got to his feet and leaned down to receive the kiss she offered him. It was sweet and fairly chaste considering what had passed between them already but it felt good. Connor made her feel like a kid on prom night. ‘We’ll talk later, ok?’

As she heard them drive away, Christie looked down at what they called breakfast—black toast, cold lumpy eggs and coffee. She picked up the cup and ignored the rest. As she drank the not-too-bad coffee, she tested the idea of actually staying with them on for size.

Her mind replayed every moment of the previous night in excruciating detail, making her blush. She’d always thought sex was over-rated—or that those who said they’d had mind-blowing experiences were just plain lying—but she didn’t anymore. The sex she’d had with Garrett and Connor would have been amazing

individually but together? Between them, they had ruined her for anyone else. Christie couldn't believe that she'd ever be truly satisfied with one man again.

There was much more to it all than just the physical pleasure of having two hot, sweaty men working hard at giving you an earth-shattering orgasm. The glow of love she had felt from both of them had made it even more life changing and she knew she would miss it every moment.

It seemed insane to even consider packing up her whole world and moving to the ranch with them but, what did she have to lose? Work wasn't an issue. Anybody could do her job and they would have no trouble replacing her.

She'd gotten the house as part of the marriage settlement, so it wasn't as if she would have to give up everything. If things didn't work out, she could just move back to Albuquerque. She sure as hell needed to put some distance between herself and Jack and being back in New Mexico with two big cowboys looking out for her would soon sort out that little problem.

And, God but she missed her home. Not the house that her family had lost so much as living where her soul wanted to be. Catron County was where she had been born and she longed to live and die there. Now, she had another reason to come back. Or should that be two?

\* \* \* \*

'What would you tell your mom?' she asked the boys later as they ate another meal she'd prepared. Christie had pretty much accepted that she would starve unless she cooked herself. Nothing they'd come up with so far had been anywhere near edible.

They got the gist of her question, making it obvious that the subject of her staying was as on their minds too. 'We've told her already,' Garrett said, shoving a big piece of steak into his mouth.

‘What?’ Christie almost dropped her fork. What the hell had they said?

‘Calm down,’ Connor said, seeing that Garrett couldn’t answer with a mouthful of meat. ‘All we told her was that we’d offered you a place to stay and a job.’

‘How did she react?’

‘She seemed relieved I think. I had a feeling when we went over today that she wanted to tell us that she’d decided to stay with Aunt Claire but didn’t want to have to leave us to fend for ourselves. Garrett told her not to worry, that we’d asked you to stay, and if you didn’t agree, we’d find someone else.’

Christie felt indignant. ‘Find someone else? I didn’t realize you could replace me so easily.’

‘Only in the kitchen, darlin’.’ Garrett winked at her as he spoke, making her smile right down to her toes. Still, the thought of anyone taking her place made her uneasy.

After clearing away the dishes, Christie took a deep breath and told the guys that she was going home the following day. ‘Why so soon?’ Connor asked earnestly. Garrett had gone quiet, trying to read her eyes as he waited for her answer.

‘Because I need time to think,’ she said, rubbing Garrett’s shoulder in an attempt to ease the tension causing him to sit rigidly in his chair. ‘And, if I still feel the same way I do right now, I need time to pack.’

‘So you’re thinking about saying yes?’ Garrett spun in his seat, looking up at her with an expression that near broke her heart. She’d begun to feel as if she was solely responsible for their happiness and it gave her pause.

‘You are gonna say yes, aren’t you?’ Connor pushed her for an answer when she fell silent again.

‘Maybe.’ She smiled, trying to chase the crestfallen looks from their faces. ‘Guys, I gotta ask. What will you do if I say no?’

‘Well, I can’t speak for Garrett,’ Connor said with a devilish gleam in his eye, ‘but I’d probably throw myself in the canyon.’

‘I’d stand in front of a stampede,’ Garrett said dryly, exchanging a sly grin with his cousin.

‘Very funny,’ Christie laughed despite her embarrassment. She’d been seriously worried about their feelings and yet here they were teasing her about it. But their joking had put things into perspective. They’d be ok whatever her decision.

‘I told you last night, all we ever wanted was a chance to tell you how we felt,’ Garrett said, returning to his usual, down-to-earth self. ‘If you don’t want the same thing as us, that’s fine. At least now, we will know for sure.’

‘And nothing can ever spoil what happened last night,’ Connor said, fixing her with an intense stare. ‘You don’t know how long I have wanted to be with you that way, Christie.’

‘I exorcised a few demons myself,’ Garrett added, voice low. Christie felt her insides tighten as the atmosphere in the room went from warm and friendly to hot and heavy in seconds. He cleared his throat as if refocusing his mind. ‘What time do you have to set out in the morning?’

‘First thing.’ Christie could barely speak. The men became silent and still and she knew what they were thinking about. The tension of waiting to see if it would happen again was killing her.

‘Um, we’ve been talking,’ Connor said, his voice cutting through the electrically charged air. ‘It might be a good idea if we spent some one-on-one time with you before you left—if that’s ok?’

‘But I’m leaving tomorrow,’ she said coyly, realizing as she heard the words come out of her mouth that they sounded like an obvious come on. ‘There won’t be time.’

‘Then let’s not waste any,’ Connor said, getting to his feet.

## **Chapter 7**

‘At least let one of us drive back with you,’ Garrett insisted, refusing to let go of her overnight bag as she tried to put it in her car the next morning. ‘That’s a hell of a long way to go alone.’

‘I made it here ok, didn’t I?’ She wrestled the bag from him finally, using her body to move him out of the way so she could close the trunk. ‘Besides, I thought we agreed no pressure. The last thing I need is one of you there trying to influence my decision.’

Connor stepped in to help out. ‘Let her go, Garrett. It’s not like we’d ever be able to decide which one of us should get left behind anyway.’

Garrett dropped his arms, giving in for the time being. ‘Ok, but phone us as soon as you get home. Just to let us know you are safe,’ he added quickly when he sensed she had misunderstood. ‘Even I don’t expect you to make a decision that quickly.’

Christie tried to kiss the concern from his face, holding his unshaven cheeks between her palms. ‘Stop worrying, big guy. I’ll be fine.’

Connor gave her a tight hug and then opened her door for her, closing it with a pat as if to check it was shut properly. ‘Don’t keep us waiting too long,’ he said, leaning in to kiss her cheek again before stepping back to join his cousin.

She pulled away slowly, straining to see them in the rearview mirror, watching as Connor placed his hand on Garrett’s shoulder, as if to reassure him. Christie almost stopped the car and ran back to promise them both that she would return as soon as she could and never leave again, but she knew it wouldn’t be true, not yet. Time and

space to think was what she needed, despite the fact that every fiber of her being didn't want to go.

Once the road had taken her out of sight of the ranch, her mind started to drift back over her 'dates' with the men on the previous night. She was a little embarrassed to admit that she'd been disappointed to discover that neither of them intended to make the most of having her all to themselves. They'd been perfect gentlemen—dammit!

Connor had taken her for a sunset ride through the fields surrounding the house, telling her of their plans for the future and the struggles they faced in the current economic climate. 'If you decide to come live with us, the house and administrative side will be your main duties,' he'd said. 'Of course, we'd make you a full partner.'

'That wouldn't be necessary.'

'Don't be so quick to reject the idea, not until you've heard it all.' And with that, he'd begun to explain the plan he and Garrett had come up with to buy Christie's now derelict family home. 'We thought of running it as a dude ranch for paying guests. It wouldn't be the same as living there but at least it would be back in the family.'

Christie had been so overwhelmed at what he was suggesting, she'd been unable to reply. 'I know It's a little unfair of me to sweeten the pot and try and influence you,' Connor had said after telling her not to make a decision straight away, 'but I just wanted to show you how serious we are about this whole thing.'

Garrett had picked up where his cousin left off, using his part of the evening to drive her over the hill to the boundary of the property. 'I often come up here,' he'd said, pulling her into the crook of his arm as she'd begun to cry. 'I always picture you upstairs in that little room at the front, watching for us out of the window.'

Christie had laughed at the memory. 'You have no idea how many hours I wasted waiting for you guys. Ma used to say my face would get stuck to the glass.'

'So, have you thought any more on what you're gonna do?'

‘Not yet, Garrett. This is all so overwhelming.’ She’d struggled out of his arms then to pick at an imaginary piece of lint on her jeans. ‘And, as much as I love the plans you and Connor have, it’s just putting too much pressure on me.’

‘I’m sorry. I know we promised, I just—’

‘No, it’s not that. What happens if things don’t work out? Will I lose my best friends and my home? I couldn’t go through that again.’

Garrett had forced her back into his arms, wiping the tears from her cheeks. ‘Christie, don’t you know us better than that? You could never lose our friendship, and as for the house, well, Connor and I have agreed that if anything happens you should retain full ownership.’ After that, the talking had stopped for a while and they’d got nearer to making love than she and Connor had earlier, but Garrett had ultimately shown the same restraint as his cousin.

Christie squirmed in her seat as she thought about the two men and how easily she’d accepted the idea of being with them. Either of them alone would be enough for one woman. Connor was seductive, confident and devastatingly handsome. Garrett had enough raw sex appeal to fuel a rocket ship and a quiet, dependable manner that made you feel safe. Between them, they made the perfect man.

She turned off the interstate a mile from her home, amazed at how fast the journey could go if you had something to think about. She stopped a few blocks from the house to buy some fresh milk and groceries, and then pulled onto her driveway wondering why she’d bothered to come home at all.

It wasn’t where she wanted to be.

## Chapter 8

‘You’ve got to be kidding me.’

Christie’s best friend and work colleague, an outspoken woman in her early forties named Annemarie, looked at her as if she were crazy. Maybe she was right. She’d just told her about Connor and Garrett and their offer. ‘What have I got to lose, Anne? It would get me out of this godforsaken place *and* away from Jack.’

Annemarie crossed her arms over her ample bosom, opening her brown eyes wide. ‘But living with two men?’ Her friend sounded scandalized, dropping her voice to a whisper in case anyone could hear them in the middle of the empty staff canteen. ‘And what’s wrong with this place anyway?’

‘It’s ok I guess,’ she said, looking out of the window of the large office block she worked in. ‘But spending my days sitting at a desk and dealing with middle management egos isn’t quite how I imagined my life turning out.’

‘But you imagined shacking up with two cowboys?’ Annemarie tried to soften the harsh words with a smile. ‘Has Jack fucked you up so badly that you have given up on love?’

‘I do love them both, very much.’

‘That’s not love. It’s a teenage crush you never got out of your system.’

Annemarie began to piss her off. ‘Look, I am not asking you for permission. You are my friend and I wanted to let you know what was going on.’ Christie began to regret telling her anything at all. ‘It’s real easy to judge other people when you have a good man at home.’

Her friend looked a little surprised at the fervor in her tone and Christie apologized instantly. 'I'm sorry. You must realize how lucky you are.'

'Sure do. I got me a fine man,' Annemarie said before changing the subject as if she realized it was almost exactly the wrong thing to say at that precise moment. 'Well, it certainly sounds like your mind is made up. Have you told them yet?'

Christie shook her head. 'No. I'm still not sure about the whole thing. I've been home almost a month and I'm still no nearer to making a decision than I was the morning I left the ranch.'

'So what's stopping you?' Annemarie gave her a searching look.

'I don't know—fear I guess. What if you're right? What if it is just something we all needed to get out of our systems?' Christie shook her head, unable to stop her thoughts spilling out now that she'd finally decided to talk to someone about it. 'What if they lose respect for me?'

Her friend clasped her hand, forcing her to look up into her eyes. 'Is that the problem or is it losing respect for yourself that worries you the most?'

'That too,' she said with a shaky smile. They fell silent, both lost in their thoughts as they realized they'd come to the real issue.

Finally, Annemarie spoke. 'Have they been in touch since you left?'

'No, that's another thing. What if they don't want me anymore after...you know.' Christie couldn't say it out loud.

'That isn't very likely, now is it? The one thing I know for sure from what you just told me is that they love you Christie. Ok, so I don't believe that three people can be happy in a relationship but I don't doubt for one moment that they are sincere.'

'Thanks, that means a lot.'

'That brings us back to you,' Annemarie said before looking at her watch and getting to her feet. 'Scratch that. We'll have to talk

later. Lunchtime is over. I better get back to my desk. There's a big meeting scheduled for this afternoon.'

'Oh God, I totally forgot too,' Christie exclaimed, throwing the rest of her coffee down her throat and rushing out behind her friend. 'I don't know where my head is these days.'

She barely made it back to her desk in time, managing to prepare the notes and collate the information her line supervisor needed just as he arrived. From that point on, she had little to occupy her time and spent the remainder of the afternoon doing what she always did anytime she had a moment to herself these days—wondering what the hell she was going to do.

Why hadn't they been in touch? When she'd first come back, she'd been almost certain she knew what she wanted but, as the time had passed and she no longer had their seductive voices whispering in her ear, doubts had begun to creep in. Christie relied on their steadfast confidence to reassure her that she was doing the right thing.

An instant message from Annemarie popped up on her computer monitor. 'We'll talk more tonight. You cook dinner and I'll bring the wine, ok?'

Christie smiled, looking forward to going home that night more than she had in a whole month.

\* \* \* \*

As it turned out, they didn't get to open the wine. Annemarie had brought it as promised, but she'd also turned up bearing two of Christie's favorite indulgences—chocolate and a DVD of *The Way We Were*.

Christie groaned as the first strains of the film's enigmatic theme tune began to drift over her a few minutes later. 'God, I love this movie,' she said to her friend, popping a chocolate-covered bonbon into her mouth. The pair had piled onto the sofa after kicking off their

shoes, ready to spend a couple of hours wrapped up in the gorgeous Hubble and his spirited Katie when the doorbell rang.

‘Damn!’ Christie leapt to her feet feeling uneasy.

‘What’s wrong?’ Annemarie asked as she noticed that Christie hadn’t moved to open the door. ‘Aren’t you going to see who it is?’

Christie shook her head. ‘No. I’ve got a nasty suspicion it’s Jack.’

‘Is he *still* bugging you?’

‘I thought he’d given up but obviously not.’

‘Well, don’t worry,’ Annemarie assured, getting to her feet. ‘I’ll get rid of him. Nobody comes between me and Robert Redford.’ She was still laughing as she stepped out into the hall.

Christie slipped into the bedroom to retrieve her purse and find the card with her lawyer’s phone number. If Jack thought he could just continue to harass her then he was wrong. So help her, this time, she would get a restraining order against him.

‘Christie, where are you?’ she heard Annemarie call from the lounge moments before her head appeared around the bedroom door. ‘You’ve got visitors.’

‘What visitors?’

Annemarie stepped into the room excitedly, closing the door behind her for a moment as she spoke in a rushed whisper. ‘Cowboys—two of them.’ Her voice broke off into a giggle, and she clamped her hands over her mouth as she stared at Christie in wide-eyed admiration. ‘Damn girl. You didn’t tell me they looked like that.’

‘Oh, so now that they’re handsome cowboys, it’s ok?’ Christie had to laugh at her friend’s behavior. Growing up in Catron County, men like the Wylers were ten a penny although not usually as good looking.

‘Christie?’ She heard Garrett’s voice from the other side of the door getting impatient. ‘Are you coming out or do we need to come in and get you?’

‘Just a minute,’ she called, giving her friend a look that told her she needed to pull herself together.

‘Ooh, masterful too,’ Annemarie said, still lost in her Wild West fantasy. Christie laughed and pulled her out of the way so she could open the door.

‘Hi,’ she said to the two irritated looking men filling her living room. ‘Sorry about that. I...I was doing something.’

Her friend surged forward, one hand outstretched as she patted her hair with the other. ‘Hi, my name’s Annemarie. And you are?’

‘I’m Garrett and this here is Connor,’ he said as he shook her hand with a small grin.

‘Pleased to meet make your acquaintance, ma’am,’ Connor said, tipping the brim of his hat, playing the role of the gentleman cowboy to the hilt. Christie had seen them pull the same routine many times before and it always had the desired effect. Annemarie almost melted into a puddle right at their feet, giggling coquettishly.

‘Christie’s told me all about you.’

‘Has she?’ Garrett asked interestedly as he raised an eyebrow in Christie’s direction.

‘Hey, weren’t you just leaving?’ she cut in, ignoring Garrett’s laugh as she gave Annemarie a look that told her to shut up.

‘Was I?’ her friend said, taking a moment to catch on. ‘Oh, yes, I was.’

Outside a few moments later as Christie walked her to the car, Annemarie still hadn’t calmed down at all. ‘Forget everything I said before.’

‘They just turned your head, that’s all.’

‘Well, damn. They are pretty head-turning.’ She laughed before becoming serious. ‘But really, Christie, they seem to care about you. Why else would they come all this way?’

‘I guess so,’ she said, hugging Annemarie quickly as she got into the car.

‘Just don’t do anything I wouldn’t do,’ she called as she drove away.

‘Well, that narrows it down,’ Christie said with a laugh as she turned back and walked into the house.

## Chapter 9

‘Do you have to try and knock every woman off their feet?’ she asked as she walked back into the room. Christie found them occupying her sofa and picking their way through the open box of candy on the coffee table.

‘What do you mean?’ Connor asked, trying to look like the picture of innocence.

‘Never mind.’ She kissed them both on the cheek as they stood and pretended not to notice Garrett’s lack of response. ‘So, what brings you guys here?’

‘Now, that’s a stupid question,’ Connor said, his natural good nature disappearing slightly. ‘Did you forget you had the two of us waiting to hear from you?’

Christie blushed. ‘No, I didn’t forget. It’s just that—’

‘See, I told you we shouldn’t have come,’ Garrett said to him accusingly. ‘She’s obviously made up her mind and just hasn’t bothered to let us know.’

‘Hey, now just hang on a minute,’ she protested, holding onto his arm to stop him stalking from the house. ‘It hasn’t been an easy decision to make.’

Garrett stopped, turning back to face her. ‘So what part of it hasn’t been easy? Is it that we care too much or just that we tried too hard?’

His anger took her by surprise. Luckily, Connor stepped in, forcing Garrett to ‘sit down and shut up’ before he took his turn to speak. ‘Don’t take any notice of him. He’s not really mad, Christie. He’s just hurt.’

‘Why?’

‘Because you haven’t been in touch. We knew it would take a while but we kinda hoped you would be as excited about our offer as we were.’

‘I was. I mean, I am.’

Connor began to look frustrated. ‘So what’s the hold up?’

Christie sat down on the edge of the coffee table, facing them. ‘It’s me. I’ve just gotten out of one relationship and I’m not ready to jump right into another one, especially not one as complicated as this.’

‘Ok, well, I guess that’s it,’ Garrett said, looking angrily at Connor. ‘Are you happy now?’

‘At least we have an answer.’

‘Yeah, the wrong answer. You pushed her and now she’s not gonna come.’

Connor got to his feet, followed instantly by Garrett. ‘Sure, we could have done things your way and stayed home getting more and more pig-headed.’

‘Pig-headed?’ Garrett’s voice got dangerously low but Connor wouldn’t back down, squaring up to the bigger man bravely.

‘Yeah, I said it. Pig-headed.’

‘Stop,’ Christie yelled, leaping onto the coffee table to get between them. ‘If you’re gonna fight, you can both just get out.’ Two pairs of eyes that had gone a cold, steely blue stared each other down for a moment longer.

‘Well, he started it,’ Garrett said, only serious for as long as it took for him to realize he sounded like a twelve year old. His face split into an unexpected grin.

‘That was mature,’ Connor teased, laughing openly. Christie joined in, relieved that the moment of tension had passed over. She’d forgotten the pair could fight at the drop of a hat. It was one more thing to consider.

‘You gonna come down off that table?’ Garrett said, picking her up before she could answer. He seemed reluctant to let her go and his eyes wandered over her body as his breathing got heavy.

‘Put me down, Garrett.’ She could have happily stayed in his arms, but first they had to talk. He placed her on the sofa and stood back next to his cousin. Christie took a deep breath. ‘I will move back to Catron County,’ she said carefully, holding up a hand to stop them saying anything until she’d finished. ‘But on one condition.’

‘Anything,’ Connor said, fighting to keep triumphant smile off his face.

‘What condition?’ Garrett asked, cautious as always.

‘On condition that I sell this place and buy back the family ranch in my own right.’

‘So you won’t agree to live with us?’ Connor’s smile got a little shaky.

‘Not right away. My plan is to move back to the ranch and then we can take it from there.’ The men looked at each other as one raised an eyebrow and the other shrugged.

‘Ok, we can live with that,’ Garrett said, ‘but what about the rest?’ Christie shook her head, unsure what he meant. ‘You know—me, you and Connor.’

‘Oh, that,’ she said with a smile.

‘Yeah, that.’ Garrett’s eyes made it clear he had the answer he wanted but needed to hear her to say it.

‘Well,’ she said, getting to her feet, ‘I think I’ve forgotten exactly what it was you had in mind. You boys may need to refresh my memory.’

## **Chapter 10**

Garrett pulled her trousers off over her feet and then stood to face her, letting his denim-clad erection graze seductively up her naked thigh as he did. Connor finished stripping off her t-shirt and bra and moved to stand behind her, pressing the crotch of his jeans against her ass, letting her know he was just as hard and ready as his cousin.

They'd moved straight from the living room into the bedroom without another word being spoken and, this time, she couldn't have cared if the lights stayed on or not.

Christie groaned and let her head fall back against Connor's shoulder as his lips found her neck while his hands slid up her torso to cup her breasts. Garrett watched her through slit eyes, biting his lip as his hand grazed over her abdomen and down over her pubic hair. She lifted her head to allow him to see her reaction as his hand sank into her moist curls.

Her legs shook as Garrett flattened his palm and pressed up into her flesh in a slow circular motion. Connor pinched her nipples between his fingers and thumbs and rolled them gently as his mouth moved to her shoulder. 'Fuck, she's so wet,' Garrett said to him, drawing Connor's gaze down to where his hand was buried.

She felt Connor move away briefly and heard him removing his clothing. Christie felt the wet head of his cock slide up the crease of her ass when he moved to stand behind her again. His hands went to the insides of her thighs, pulling her legs open slightly to allow him access. His teeth bit into her shoulder at the precise moment he slid a finger into her convulsing pussy.

Christie bucked back against him, forcing Connor to place a steadying hand around her waist as he continued to plunge in and out of her. Garrett leaned in to kiss her, sliding a tongue into her gasping mouth as his hand on her clit moved faster and faster. She dug her hands into his shoulders, needing to cling onto something solid as her knees began to shake and threatened to give way.

‘That’s it. Come for us, Christie,’ she heard Connor say. ‘I can feel the muscles in your cunt quivering. Just let it go.’ Garrett dropped to his knees and replaced his fingers with his mouth, spreading her legs wide with his huge hands and sucking her clit.

Christie’s orgasm slammed through her violently, making her body go rigid between them as neither man stopped his assault on her body. She began to grind her pussy into Garrett’s face, trying to intensify the contact, clawing at the air wildly as she tried to find something to dig her nails into. Finally, they made contact with his hair and she clung onto it, holding on tight until the spasms subsided.

Connor slid his fingers from her, turning her around to kiss her face as Garrett stepped away to remove his clothing rapidly before moving up behind her again. Her arms were looped around Connor’s neck and she tightened her grip as he lifted her legs from the floor and wrapped them around his waist.

‘Put me inside you,’ he groaned into her ear. Garrett put his palms under her ass and supported her weight as she dropped her hand to Connor’s hard cock and positioned it at her entrance. The tip slid in easily, helped by the wetness of her pussy.

Christie’s body quivered as Connor filled her when Garrett allowed her weight to drop onto the rigid penis. He took a step closer and began to lift her repeatedly, helping to intensify the impact of Connor’s thrusts. Her hands found their way into his hair and she was forced to cling on again as Garrett continued to bounce her body up and down, helping Connor to ram his dick into her over and over again.

Garrett fingers closed over hers and moved her arms, forcing her to put them over her head and around his neck. His broad hands spanned her back, supporting her weight as she lay suspended between the two men with her head resting against Garrett's torso. Connor's hands went to her hips and he dropped his head in concentration when he was finally able to penetrate her as deeply as he wanted.

'Do you like Connor fucking you?' Garrett whispered into her ear. Christie groaned, unable to do more than nod.

Their words spurred Connor onwards and he looked up over her body with glazed eyes as his own peak began. 'Fuck!' he shouted, his cock sliding in and out of her rapidly until he impaled her one final time, jerking into her silently. He pulled out of her almost immediately, placing her feet back on the floor and dropping to his knees to suck in ragged breaths.

Garrett wrapped his arms around her waist, still standing behind her. 'Are you ok?' he asked.

Christie turned in his arms. 'I'm doing better than him,' she smiled, gesturing to the still breathless Connor now lying supine on the rug.

'Hey, I worked damn hard,' he protested with a weak laugh.

Garrett smiled and climbed onto the bed, beckoning her to him with a crooked finger. Christie crawled over his body, kissing his thighs, hips, abdomen and chest as she made her way slowly up to his mouth. Straddling him instantly, she lowered herself onto his cock, throwing her head back on a groan as she accommodated his larger size.

'Your pussy feels so fucking tight,' Garrett ground out as he began to jerk beneath her. 'Yeah, that's it.' He urged her on as she started to grind down onto his dick. He moved his legs, spreading his knees wide to push against her as she sank onto him.

Christie felt the bed dip beside her moments before Connor grabbed a handful of her hair and forced her to turn her face upwards

to accept his kiss. His body pressed up against her side as he kneeled next to her, giving him easy access to her groin, stretched taut over Garrett's quivering abdomen. He placed his armpit over her shoulder and his thick bicep squashed her breasts as his fingers slid over her swollen clitoris. Connor's lips grazed the base of her neck as he alternated between licking and biting the soft skin.

'Keep doing that. She likes it,' Garrett groaned as Christie's body began to jerk around his hard cock. 'I can feel her pussy sucking on me.'

Christie opened her eyes just in time to see his orgasm begin. Garrett tried to hold her gaze but ultimately lost the battle, throwing his head back onto the pillows as his stomach began to convulse when his orgasm began. His hands locked onto her hips and he pumped her furiously up and down on top of him as Connor's fingers rubbed her hard. Her cries joined Garrett's as she followed him into her own climax, sinking her teeth into the hard shoulder inches from her face.

She collapsed on top of Garrett when Connor finally let her go, allowing him to fold his arms around her as they both gasped for breath. Connor lay beside them quietly, scooting over to the edge of the bed when Christie had to move.

'We're gonna have to take this bed with us,' he joked, lifting his head up to take in its full size. 'Why in God's name did you get one this big?'

'That's Jack's fault,' she said, still breathless.

'This was his bed?' Garrett sounded unhappy. 'We don't want it,' he said without waiting for her answer.

'No, he took his when he left but the room had been designed around a bed this size so I replaced it.'

'That's ok then,' Garrett said, chuckling as she pinched his arm.

\* \* \* \*

‘So when are you coming home?’ Connor asked as casually as he could an hour later. They’d just finished the meal Christie had been forced to offer them once she’d heard the sorry tale of how they almost starved while she was away.

‘When are you guys heading back?’

‘Is now too soon?’ Connor’s eyes shone with hope. Garrett, as usual, kept his emotions hidden but his body went tense, making it clear he was waiting for her answer.

‘I guess not,’ she smiled, as ready to start her new life as they. ‘As long as you don’t mind me staying with you until the ranch is ready?’

‘Ok, but there’s one condition,’ Garrett said, finally allowing himself to smile.

‘Yeah, what’s that?’ Christie played along, happy to allow him to think he was teasing her.

‘You gotta bring that bed.’

**THE END**

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

I live in a beautiful part of the Southwest of England with my fiancé of 15 years and our dog. We have our own small business which allows me to work from home and leaves plenty of free time for my hobbies. My first experience of writing was creating what is known as 'fan fiction' on the Internet forum of one of my favorite artists. Lots of my readers gave me really positive feedback and encouraged me to write more and take things further. Without them, I would never have had the confidence to submit a manuscript. I enjoy the process of writing and creating characters I would like to meet and situations I would love to be in.



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