



WILD

SMALL TOWN COP COWBOY STEPBROTHER ROMANCE

BARB COX

WILD

AGE GAP EX-MILITARY STEPBROTHER
ROMANCE

SMALL TOWN BAD BOYS COPS AND
COWBOYS

BOOK 1

BARBI COX

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ALSO BY BARBI COX

In order of publication

Claimed by Him - A Forbidden Dad's Best Friend Romance

The Billionaire's Obsession - An Age Gap Best Friend Ménage

Lovestruck- An Age Gap Brother Ménage

Ménage in the City (Boxset including The Billionaire's Obsession and Lovestruck)

Romance Goals Series

Fake Fiancée Goals Steamy enemies to lovers curvy girl

Dirty Daddy Goals Age gap, I'll have your dad story.

Enemies with Benefits Goals Enemies to lovers

Friends with Benefits Goals Friends to lovers

Bay Boy Players (Boxset includes 4 books above)

Romance Goals Series-Must be read in order

Their Temptation Series- Must be read in order

Dad's Best Friends, Age Gap, Ex Military, Reverse Harem

Prequel - Their Sugar Baby

Daddy's 4 Dirty Friends

Shared by Daddy's 4 Dirty Friends

Loved by Daddy's 4 Dirty Friends

Claimed by Daddy's 4 Dirty Friends

Taken by Daddy's 4 Dirty Friends

Touched by Daddy's 4 Dirty Friends

Spoiled by Daddy's 4 Dirty Friends

Unwrapped by Daddy's 4 Dirty Friends

Unwrapped Bonus Epilogue

Devoured by Daddy's 4 Dirty Friends

Three For Me Series - Age Gap Reverse Harem Dark Mafia Romance.

Must be read in order

Charmed by 3

Seduced by 3

Claimed by 3

Owned by 3

Adored by 3

Their Forbidden Fruit Series - Age Gap Dad's Best Friend Dark Mafia Romance.

Must be read in order

Daddy's Devil

Daddy's Angel

Age Gap Dad's Best Friend Single Dad Mafia Romance

Three Men One Love

Small Town Bad Boys Cops and Cowboys - Age Gap Ex-Military Stepbrother
Romance

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KEVIN CHAPTER 1

As I take a gulp of scalding coffee, despite the heat of Tucson causing sweat to bead on my forehead, I see a group of gorgeous girls walk into a restaurant.

I thought nothing could be more damaging to brain cells than the constant sand overseas, but holy shit, the mind-melting heat here just doesn't end. The thick air, the coffee, the girls, all of it is overwhelming.

I set my coffee down, lower my sunglasses over my nose, and smile, hoping one of the girls notices. I'd be happy to make their night more fun once I get off work.

Before I can get a word out, my partner slaps the back of my head. I turn while rubbing my hand through my hair. "What the hell, Brad?"

"Just because we're sitting at a red light doesn't mean you can catcall," he huffs.

"I was just going to make sure they're drinking safely," I chuckle.

"Bullshit. You might be fresh meat, but you're an adult." He scoffs and adjusts in the seat before taking a large bite of his sandwich. "We're cops. Do you think any girl is going to want to get wild around us?"

"You say that like I have no game," I say as I drum my fingers on the wheel.

"I'm here to teach you to be an outstanding police officer, not here to teach you how to get a date," Brad retorts. "It's green."

I hit the gas but glance over at my partner. He's been a grump since I met him seven months ago. I don't know what he's going through, but he's not checking his emotions at the door.

I'd ask, but I remember what happened the last time I tried. Brad snorted at me and told me to focus on the job before I forget that I'm not overseas. I don't need a reminder to do the job in front of me. Tonight can be low-key, just watching for

drunk drivers, public intoxication, and anyone who needs some reminding of how to behave.

“Stop pouting, Kevin,” Brad sighs. “There’s more to life than women.”

“I was celibate for years. I know what a life without women is,” I grunt.

Brad squeezes his sandwich so hard it rips, then clears his throat before repackaging it. I motion to the sandwich, but he just cleans his face in the mirror without looking at me.

“Brad?”

“I’m on a diet. Leave it alone,” he orders.

Maybe that’s why he’s so pissy.

In all the police movies I watched growing up, partners are supposed to be best friends. Shame I got paired up with the one guy on the force who has a perpetual frown.

We drive around, watching for any crime to put a stop to. After three speeding tickets, one instance of ejecting a Karen from a restaurant after squirting mustard on a waitress, and Brad walking up to a scantily clad woman with a smile and a few words, we’re back in our car with nothing to do.

“You know her?” I ask, motioning to the woman barely evading a public indecency charge.

“She’s a regular. Sometimes she propositions me in the car just to make sure she gets a good meal and a safe night,” he answers.

She looks nice enough. Her red curly hair, blue eyes, and very nice body. She doesn’t seem like the kind of woman who would need to struggle. Brad shakes his head. “Eve and I went to high school together. She did well for herself until her husband’s true colors showed. She’s told me different versions from there on.”

“So she…”

“Sex worker, yeah. She keeps the other girls safe,” Brad watches and shakes his head with a slight smile. “In high

school, I would have done anything for her to give me just a minute of her time.”

“And now the first minute is free,” I say. Of course, I close my eyes when I realize how that sounds. “I just mean that-”

“Yeah, yeah,” Brad snorts.

“I’m saying that she’s happy to smile at you and happy for some conversation,” I say to the steering wheel. “You know the community well.”

“You’ll get there, kid,” he says, a second later, then pats my shoulder.

The radio crackles and we both look at it expectantly.

“We have a 10-37 at-” the static takes over again.

“Fucking.” Brad grabs his radio. “10-9, please repeat. Interruption on the relay.”

“10-37 is a burglary, right?” I ask.

“In progress and we need the address to, which means-”

“Ain’t no mountain high enough!” A girl giggles.

“Ain’t no valley low enough!” Another answers out of tune and flat at the same time.

“What’s your location?” Brad demands again.

“Don’t you want to know, stud,” the first girl purrs. “You want to come find two girls eager for fun?”

“This is a secure signal!” Brad snarls. “Location. Now.”

“So demanding, you better give him your location, Lizzy. He might spank you if you don’t. You know how those truckers are,” the other voice giggles.

“I see you, Kristy. Look over!”

“Ooh, I love Gringos! Burritos it is!”

“Go, now,” Brad orders me while giving me the address we’re after.

We speed there with the lights on. It’s still a rush to watch people hurry out of the way and take on the road like it’s mine

and mine alone. It's a kind of control, a kind of obvious domination that I can't find anywhere else.

No situation matters when the siren is on. It fills me and blocks out just about everything else. Once we get these girls off the line, we can rush in, take care of the burglary and I'll feel like I'm making a difference—the right way.

Minimal death and I can see the good that comes from doing my job.

It's a pleasant change of pace, even as the girls keep singing and giggling on the radio, trying to get the 'truckers' they think they're talking to.

When I park by two cars right next to each other in the Gringo's parking lot, I adjust my uniform and get out of the car with Brad.

He motions to one car and I follow his silent order.

Even the sirens and lights haven't phased the girls. I knock on one window and am met with gorgeous amber eyes.

I lower my glasses a bit down my nose as she rolls down the window. I motion. "Out of the car, ma'am."

"You didn't say please, officer," she teases.

"Now ... please." I can't stop the word from leaving my lips.

She pushes the door, nearly hitting me, then slides out.

Holy shit. If I wasn't in uniform, the things I'd say to her ... Her face is gorgeous. Amber eyes, and light brown hair that's riding the line of honey-and gold, hangs just past her shoulders. Her lips are so full, her smile so full of life that I can't help but stare for a moment.

I keep looking as she leans back against the car. She's got a tight, sinful body. From beautiful to fucking sexy as hell. The hourglass figure is a bit heavier on the bottom, considering her wide hips and thick thighs.

I lick over my bottom lip and shake my head. "You chose the wrong channel for your walkie-talkie fun."

“Did I?” She leans her head to the side with a playful gaze. “You look like more fun than a trucker.”

“I need your license,” I put my hand out.

She pouts, but her eyes flick to the side. I follow her gaze and see Brad already grabbing a brunette woman. “All right, missy. Enough with the jokes. I’m doing a breathalyzer, we’re having a conversation, and I might just toss you in jail for the night to teach you about interfering with the police.”

“Right, license,” the woman in front of me pats herself down. “It’s in the car, one second.”

I motion for her to go ahead and she glances over at Brad again. I arch an eyebrow. “Would you like him to come ask for it?”

She jumps with a little squeak and throws open her door. She bends over, giving me a heart-stopping view as her shorts ride up the back of her thighs and the denim stretches tight over her bottom.

The promise of this view alone would have gotten me to come home intact without hesitation. I would have taken out every bogie without question, completed every mission without backtalk, and ended the entire war just to get to touch her.

She pops back up, her crop top skewed, but not hiding a single thing.

She pushes her hair back from her face and hands me the license. “We didn’t know it was a police ... wave ... channel.”

I nod once and run her license. Kristine Jacobs is only nineteen and has never been in trouble. Not surprising, but I have a feeling she could get others in plenty of trouble.

“Come on, we’re gonna talk this out, ma’am.”

Her nose wrinkles. “I’m not a ‘ma’am’.”

“Yes, ma’am,” I say.

She stands in front of her car. She sucks her bottom lip and keeps rubbing her arm. From giggly to quiet with the arrival of

some police? Does the badge clarify how serious it is?

“Are you drunk?”

“Me?” She laughs. “Drunk when I’m nineteen? That would be illegal, officer.”

I arch an eyebrow, but a light wind drags a curl into my face. Her smile falls a little and her hands slide behind her back. She rocks forward on her toes, then back.

“Playing on the walkie-talkies on our frequency is also illegal, ma’am,” I inform.

“Are you going to hold it against me, officer?” She leans forward and narrows her eyes at my badge. “Officer Miller.”

“I just might, Kristine.”

“Just Kristy. Since I did something ... questionable, does that mean cuffs?” She asks.

Arching an eyebrow at her, I look at my pad of paper and tap her I.D. against it.

“I’ve only played with fuzzy cuffs. If you have some of those, I’d be happy to climb in the back of your car and try to convince you to be nice,” she offers.

And a public intoxication charge is now back on the table. I fish out my breathalyzer, reminding myself I’m at work and giving her my number to continue this bit of fun later isn’t an option with Brad nearby.

“All right, I need you to blow,” I say.

“You’d have to buy me a totally legal *nonalcoholic* drink before I blow you, officer, no matter how nice I think you’d look without the hat,” Kristy teases.

I hope she’s drunk. Drunk is better than being this brazen, especially when she’s so young. She’s baiting an *officer*, bordering on solicitation, and my willingness to catcall is not as bad as the growing list of potential charges.

I hold the breathalyzer out for her. She glances at me and smirks. “I expected something bigger.”

“Ma’am, this can go one of two ways,” I say while trying to hide my smirk.

She sighs and blows into the breathalyzer. I watch it for a moment and debate my options when it clears her. She giggles. “So, did I pass the test?”

“One of them,” I grunt.

“Which means I can talk to my friend, right? Or does that require something more?” She leans against her car and crosses her arms just under her breasts.

Flirting is natural to her, good to know.

I’m just about to let Kristy know how much she’s fucked up today when Brad raises his voice.

“The Walkie, now!”

The brunette ducks her head and tries to hide her nervousness with a slow walk.

Kristy looks over and sighs. “You want my walkie talkie too? Even though I paid for it and got it the right way?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I answer, even though I can already think of plenty of options to make her behave. Ways we’d both enjoy.

KRISTY CHAPTER 2

Kristy

God, he's gorgeous. That's the only reason my mind is going to complete mush, right? It's been way too long since I've had the kind of fun that makes my heart beat faster. The walkie—talkies *were* my idea.

I figured teasing some truckers would be a nice way to break up school, bar hopping, and movie nights. Instead, we caught two cops. A bad one that's giving Liz hell and one that I'd be happy to let abuse his power.

Instead of drooling over me, giving me sexy smiles, taking off his hat, and doing exactly what I'm used to, he's 'ma'am'ing me as if I'm my mom!

"Miss Jacobs, I need to make you aware of how much trouble this is causing," Officer Miller says when I put my walkie-talkie in his hand.

"Kristy—please, let's not make this ..." I bounce a little. "Just Kristy, okay?"

His dark eyes meet mine and my lips press together.

"What do I have to do? Can I just promise to be a good girl, give you a kiss, and go get burritos?" I ask.

Officer Miller arches an eyebrow at me.

If only this was porn. He could pat me down, find an excuse to strip search me and use his big fingers to-

"Have you taken any drugs?" He asks.

"Like what?"

His glasses drop further down his nose. Why is someone who's meant to be a male model settling for a cop?

When he continues just staring, I groan. Fun word play requires actual words and if he will not give them, then I need to make sure I get out of here without my parents getting involved.

“No, no drugs. No alcohol. I’m sober. I give my word as a former girl scout,” I sigh, crossing my arms.

He nods and hands me my license. “Come with me.”

“Are you arresting me?!”

“Considering it,” he admits.

I glance over at Liz, who is still dealing with the much more serious cop. Does that mean my luck is holding? I got sexy cop while she got bad cop, so that means that I can get out of here in one piece, on my own, with maybe some groping as a souvenir to help my late night fantasies.

“Where did you get these walkie-talkies?” Officer Miller asks.

“At a store. I don’t even remember the name,” I say as he opens the back of his car.

I look from it to him. “Am I supposed to get in and assume you’re going to let me out again?”

“Ma’am?”

I cross my arms again, noticing his eyes dip. Ha! I almost clap. Proof I’m not my mother and proof cops like me as much as everyone else. Taking a step forward, I invade Officer Miller’s space.

“I know there are child locks on in the backseat. I’ll need some incentive to sit,” I purr as I peek up at him from under my dark lashes.

Crying won’t work on him, but I have a feeling something else will.

Officer Miller’s throat bobs, and he leans down toward me. “I’m asking out of respect, but I can cuff you.”

“You’ll bend me over your car, pat me down, slap cuffs around my wrists, then what? Just toss me into the back of the car for what? Your own pleasure?” I smile.

“Kristy,” his voice is low and husky, “let’s make this easy on both of us. The faster, the better.”

“That’s not what my usual dates say,” I argue.

Officer Miller takes off his hat and runs his fingers through his hair.

Yeah, he’s wasted as a cop. Officer Miller belongs on the red carpet ... or in some scandalous playgirl calendar. His sun-lightened brown hair waves down to nearly his shoulders. His dark eyes, and that gorgeous jaw with only the lightest scruff is enough to make me swoon, but with that big body stretching his uniform shirt tight, tan skin stretched over the muscle in his forearms ... he could be the patron god of cops and lust and I’d believe it.

I shudder and rub my arms.

“This is a very serious matter,” he says in that same husky, low voice. “You interfered with an emergency call. Someone could have been injured or killed.”

“Yeah,” I breathe before catching my tongue. “Sorry. You’re right.”

“How did you get our frequency?”

“I don’t know! I just chose a channel, and we started talking,” I huff.

Officer Miller nods once.

“Are you going to let me off easy, or do I have to beg to make this go away?” I stroke over the black buttons on his dark blue shirt.

I notice a bead of sweat rolling down his neck and under his shirt. Jeeze. I must be dehydrated to be jealous of sweat.

Something needy curls in my lower belly and electricity ripples across my body under his gaze.

“I could give you a cold bottle of water from my car,” I offer. “Or maybe something else?”

“We’re not in a movie, ma’am,” he says gently despite the blush spreading over his cheeks.

It’s cute as hell.

Just before I can whisper something even dirtier in his ear, Liz squeaks. I remember then that it was not just me in trouble. It's Liz ... because of me. A brief shiver of guilt chills me out enough to see around the haze of lust.

"I wish I had a reason to keep you," Officer Miller says.

"Can't you make one up, Officer? Tell your partner I've been naughty and-"

He clears his throat. "Jail doesn't seem like the right place for you."

"But you were so eager to bust out the handcuffs," I remind, touching them on his hip. "I touched you. Isn't that against the law?"

He chuckles.

"Or we could start with your name ... unless being called 'officer' is a kink," I tease.

He leans against the car. "I like it coming from your lips."

"Oh yeah? You like my lips?" I ask. "Does that open the door to your first name?"

"Kev. Kevin," he corrects. "Kevin Miller."

"Kev Kevin Miller Miller?" I giggle. "That's a mouthful for a first name. My eyes drop lower against my better judgment. I'm betting something else is a mouthful."

"Just Kevin," he says.

"Well, Just Kevin, I'd be happy to meet you under better circumstances," I say before offering him a date.

Just then, the radio crackles. Some numbers are said and Officer Miller puts on his glasses again. "Officer Smith, we have an update."

"Don't let me catch you again, missy," the other officer shouts.

Liz trembles and Kevin nods to me once, puts his hat on crooked, and gets in the car. "Have a nice day."

“It would be nicer if I had a number for you other than 911,” I hint.

“You have my name, you’ll find me,” he says.

With that, they’re gone, with sirens and lights going like crazy. I pout over my lost officer. Going at it in the backseat of a cop car isn’t on my to-do list ... with an audience anyway.

Neither is dating a cop, though.

A fun romp, sure, but *dating*? No way.

That means emotions and emotions for someone in a dangerous profession means accepting that they might not come home. I can’t imagine that. I don’t *want* to imagine that.

Liz bumps my hip. “I hate your luck, you know that?”

“Hmm?” I blink a few times, pulling myself from a fantasy of catching him in his car alone and riding him to get out of a speeding ticket.

“You got the good cop. I got some man eager to get off on a power trip! You know he called me ‘young lady’? I haven’t been called that since I was twelve!”

I laugh and she shoves me. “And you get a cop that belongs in a damn action flick.”

“I’d watch that. Especially if we’re talking Die Hard where he’s in a tank top ... or anything shirtless,” I sigh.

“We need food. I’m getting at least that since my walkie-talkie is gone.” She tosses her dark hair over her shoulder.

“Will burritos fix the envy?” I ask.

“If you pay, it just might,” she giggles.

We order and get our food, but I keep staring at the queso.

I want the officer. Kevin Miller in Tucson can’t be hard to find, right? Especially not considering he’s a police officer. I pull out my phone and get to checking while Liz relives her experience.

When I find Kevin, my heart flutters a little. He hasn’t posted anything in so long! It’s all just ‘happy birthday

brother' and 'where did you go' and so on. I send a friend request, anyway.

"Hello! Are you listening?"

"Uh ... yeah, the food is great!" I take a huge bite of my burrito.

"I said that Oliver is throwing a party tonight. We should go!" She bounces a little.

"We go to his parties every weekend. I want to do something new!"

"You *always* want to do something new. There are a limited number of places and things to do, even in Tucson ... scratch that, especially in Tucson," Liz corrects.

"Drinking is great. Beer is something I love. I love dancing and karaoke. And I'm more than happy to keep that plan for tonight, but then it's just college guys, bad pickup lines, groping, and going home alone," I grumble.

"Don't you enjoy the groping?"

"No!" I say loudly, making two other people turn and give me a dirty look. I lower my voice. "Look, I get I don't make a scene, but that doesn't mean I like every stranger and his brother thinking he can grab my ass just because it looks nice."

"God, you whine about being pretty the same way basketball players complain about being tall," Liz snorts.

"What basketball player complains about being tall?"

"You know what I'm saying." She waves away the idea.

After our karaoke session, we head back to the dorm. My phone buzzes and I see that I have a new friend and a message.

I knew you'd find me. Kevin sends.

Might as well hire me to be an investigator now. I accept my role as detective and will abuse every bit of power I have over you. I send back.

"That's what it is!" Liz exclaims.

I set my phone down. “What?”

“Okay, so before the officer, you were all focused on fun and planning the best weekend ever. Three parties, bars where others buy us drinks, a concert, and so on. We see the police and suddenly you’re a space case,” Liz says.

“Okay, you’re getting close to conspiracy theory territory,” I warn. “Do I need to worry about coming home to some kind of murder board like in the movies?”

“You’re freaked your parents are going to find out and jerk your rich butt out of the dorm and back home!”

My face goes cold. Fuck. My parents could still find out. They seem to know everything all the time. I thought it was magic when I was little, but now I know that they just collect rumors like my grandpa collects stamps.

“They *can’t* find out. Not now!”

“What’s *now*?”

“I’m finally free, Lizzy. I’m not going to give that up just because we had a talk with some cops ... sinfully hot, demanding, flirtatious cops ...”

“Yeah, we had very different experiences,” Liz lays back. “And we’re going to that party tomorrow.”

Well ... I could find out if my sexy cop is working tomorrow, if he’ll be working alone, and then I could just *happen* to speed in his area and fuck him on the hood of his car.

I bite my lip at the idea and get back to my conversation with Officer Kevin Miller.

I’m not settling for one chance encounter, not with someone who makes me wet with a look and has a smile that has me eager to rip off my panties.

KEVIN CHAPTER 3

When Kristy doesn't answer after thirty minutes, I'm left with my hard-on and nothing else. I lay back, close my eyes, and picture her gorgeous self again. That eagerness for handcuffs and for being fucked in the back of the car alongside her blatant flirting has her burned on the inside of my eyelids.

I slowly stroke under my boxers, wrapping my fingers around my cock and squeezing lightly. With her little hands, she'd need both to jerk me off. I stroke faster as I imagine her on her knees, licking her bottom lip and giving me that wicked little smile.

My hand focuses on the head as I picture her sliding those lush lips around the tip, taking me deeper and deeper and ... oh fuck.

"Just like that," I pant. "Show me what a good girl you can be."

My abs tighten as I get closer and closer to the edge. My legs shake and my hips flex, so I'm thrusting into my hand as my fantasy changes. She's bent over the car in handcuffs as I fuck her hard and fast.

I lose control way too fast. I fill my palm with come and let my head drop back to my pillow.

"Damn," I sigh.

That's a good way to start the morning, but I know having Kristy would be even better. If I didn't have to work, I'd ask what she's up to tonight and capitalize on all that flirting.

After cleaning up, I drop into bed and lose myself in nightmares of sand, guns, children screaming, and blood. I taste it in my mouth as I wake. I grip the unloaded gun I keep under my pillow and point it at my empty chair.

The cold gun shakes in my hand as I pant and push myself into the corner.

I know I heard footsteps. I know I heard whispers.

As the gun clicks, I hear something echo through the house. A light shines on the floor and it takes a second longer than it should for me to put the dots together. Forcing myself to take a deep breath, I set the gun on my side table and pat it once.

Grabbing my phone, I see a message from my stepbrother.

We were strangers before I deployed. Now he's just a ghost.

Fuck him.

I run my hands over my face and make a few notes in my 'sleep journal' that one counselor recommended I should keep.

After taking stock of where I am, I get dressed and head outside.

"I'm safe. I'm home. I'm safe. I'm home." I repeat until the words are meaningless.

When my boots hit the creaky spot on the porch, I expect my mom to say good morning from the porch swing, but it's silent. I sigh. "Morning."

The bench moves a little and I expect some wind, but nothing. Just the creaking of the chains as the bench rocks forward and back.

I clear my throat and rub over my face before securing the hat on my head. "I'm gonna lose my damn head if I don't keep hold of it."

A few of the ranch hands have already started their day, even though the sun hasn't made it over the horizon yet.

I wave to one of them who leads the horses from their barn to their field. I get the food ready and help the guys take care of the animals, going through the motions as if I never complained about feeding the ungrateful llamas, the goats that refuse to leave their fence alone, and the horses.

"You were thinking about the 'cows' option?" Richard, the farmhand, asks.

I shake my head at him. “That would mean making the ranch a full-time job.”

“Your dad-”

“I’m not my *stepdad*,” I correct him.

I don’t have any problems ... *didn’t* have any problems with the man. He was good to my mom, always put her first, and never made me feel like I didn’t belong or that he was trying to replace my dad, but I’m not him.

“I enjoy being an officer. I worked hard to become one. I’m not giving that up for the ranch,” I say in a gentler voice. “I’m not adding more to your plate, either, Richard.”

“Think about it. It could bring in more money in the long run,” Richard claps my back.

After a few more hours of work, I get in my uniform and head to the precinct to get updated. Since it’s a Saturday night, we’re reminded to watch out for drunk drivers, to watch out for under-aged drinking, and everything else we go over every weekend.

Brad takes over driving. He doesn’t say much, but he doesn’t have to. People see his enormous frame coming down the hall and they all fall in line. Hell, half the criminals we encounter take one look at Brad and decide to surrender.

I guess a ‘fuck around and find out’ face paired with the body of someone like an ex-pro wrestler will get you that kind of obedience.

“At least we won’t have problems with the radio tonight,” I say after a solid hour of silence.

“Yeah,” he grunts. “Can’t say the same about girls flirting with you.”

“It was harmless.”

“Because you give every girl your name.” He shoots me a look that makes me very interested in the street signs. He snorts. “That’s what I thought.”

We put a few people in the drunk tank, bust a guy dealing fake I.D.s, then get a call about a wild party.

“Ready to deal with college kids?” Brad grunts. “It’s like they get their adult badge after running from the police.”

“Yeah,” I say.

“Just grab a few of the stragglers, and that’ll send a message. Usually, the slow ones are the ones who need to dry out in an overnight cell,” he says.

I know he’s got twelve years on me, but I don’t need the reminder. This isn’t the first party we’ve broken up.

We handle it and, despite my training and Brad right beside me, my eyes scan the crowd for Kristy. I don’t want to see her here or have to take her into the cell, but twenty-four hours isn’t enough for me to forget how she made me feel.

Once we take a few back to the precinct, Brad sighs. “I’ll handle the paperwork.”

“That’s a record of O.T. for you,” I point out. “You should head home, let off some steam.”

“Nah. Finish up and take the car home, man,” Brad insists.

I head home and catch someone speeding. Ridiculously speeding. Over a hundred. Even if it’s an open stretch of road with desert on either side, I’m not letting that fly. I turn on my lights and push down on the gas.

Something eager and demanding fills me. I’m going to slap some cuffs, and prove my worth and my ability to drive alone. All it takes is one catch, right? Seven months of being babysat, but I’ll nail this one on my own.

The car in front of me slows almost immediately. They pull over and then we’re bathed in red and blue lights outside of the headlights. I put my hand on the trunk, pat once, hear nothing, and head around to the driver’s side.

I motion for the window to go down and put out my hand. “License and registration.”

“What’s the problem, officer?”

Her voice fills my veins, makes my heart leap in my throat and ruins the rest of the normal speech. Rather than putting documents in my hand, Kristy lets herself out of the car and smiles at me coyly.

The dress she has on is fucking microscopic and an immediate threat to my life.

“Was I going too fast for you, officer?”

“You’re going to break your neck,” I mumble, trying to pry my gaze from her perfect cleavage.

She steps closer to me and I’m bathed in a warm, comforting smell. Light, fruity, but there’s something else there, Sandalwood maybe. It makes my mouth water, fogs my head, and ruins any sense of professionalism.

“I had to work hard to get your attention, officer,” she pants.

“Do you have any idea how fast ... you were over one hundred.” It’s a miracle that I get any words out at all.

“Sounds like A plus to me,” Kristy teases.

“Cute.”

She giggles and bites her lip while stroking my chest. She stands on her toes to get closer to me. Her eyes dilate and ... wow, her lips are the color of wine. I wonder if they taste the same.

“I’m a lot more than *cute*, officer. I think you know that,” she croons.

God, if her body wasn’t enough, if she wasn’t distracting and better at disarming than a white flag, her voice is so breathy and ...

No! I’ve got to be professional. I can’t be the rookie forever. That means being able to handle a hot girl coming on to me.

I put some space between us. “License and Registration.”

“Officer,” she says with an attitude.

“Now, Kristy. You’re getting more than a slap on the wrist for this,” I say.

She looks me over, then walks around me. I should do something, push her against the car, put the cuffs on, pin her for something, but all I want to do is pin her against the car and act out that fantasy from last night.

That’s worse than speeding, right?

I take a slow breath, but jump when her fingers brush my lower back. “I don’t want a slap on the wrist. If I did, I wouldn’t have worn this dress. It’s just you and me out here.”

“Please, ma’am,” I say as my words stick in my throat.

“I love cowboy twang. I’d like it even more in my ear while you’re-” she starts.

“You’re killing me.” I’m giving up on professionalism.

“End the torture, officer. Take control,” she dares.

I grab the back of her neck and kiss her hard. Kristy moans and strokes up my sides. I back her against her car and kiss her harder. She lifts one leg, wrapping it around me. I grip her thigh, sliding up higher until her full ass fills my palm.

Kristy moans as our tongues stroke and tease.

God she tastes so much better than wine. She’s as dangerous as tequila, has me dizzy from a kiss. When her fingers stroke the back of my neck lightly, I’m sure I’m going to lose my mind.

Her hips rub against mine, making me harder. Lifting her, I put her right where I need her. My erection rubs right against her pussy, making us both groan.

“How are you ...” She ruins my question with another kiss.

I’ll take it. I bite at her bottom lip while squeezing her ass. Pure need fuels me. She’s warm, soft, and fits perfect against me. The way her tongue curls around mine, the way she demands kiss after kiss—I can’t get enough.

“I had to go fast,” she breathes against my lips. “I didn’t want to wait for this, officer.”

“You have a lot more to do to get out of a ticket,” I rasp.

She grins and welcomes my next kiss as I work her dress up and over her hip, grinding against her until she’s panting. Her head falls back and I kiss her throat. “You’re wild.”

“You have no idea,” she giggles before pulling my mouth back to hers.

Screw escaping my babysitter. Kristy is a much better way to end the night.

KRISTY CHAPTER 4

Kevin licks deep into my mouth, claiming me with every stroke of his tongue. I knew trying to find him would be better than tracking down another party. His fingers dig into my ass and another moan leaves my throat as I grip his hair tighter.

I change the angle and rub my hips against his. Electricity teases my nerves as he presses me against the car. I don't want to pull my lips from his even though I'm dizzy. Getting high on kisses from a hot cop is better than oxygen.

"Do you want to pull out those cuffs?" I rasp as he kisses down my neck, nibbling and licking across my oversensitive skin. "Throw me in the back of your car and have your way with me?"

"No," he rasps. "I like how hard you pull my hair."

I laugh and reach between us, desperate to feel him inside me. If I would have brought a blanket, I could drag him into the desert and we could go at it all night. Shame.

"I better get the lights." He reaches into his car and flicks off the lights, but I don't want to lose his touch for even a second. I stroke along the back of his neck and he swats my ass. "Behave for two seconds, Kristy."

"Or what, officer? Will you bend me over your car and spank me until my ass is red?"

He pulls himself out of the car and jerks my skirt over my ass, swatting my ass again. "I just might, darlin'."

I giggle and pounce into his arms. Kevin kisses me again and again, then takes my hand and walks me around his car. He lies me on the still-warm hood of his car and looks me over. A groan leaves his throat when I spread my legs.

He licks his bottom lip. "Maybe you were right about needing cuffs."

I laugh, but he jerks me forward and kisses me along the inside of my thigh. Before I can tell him I need him *now*, his

tongue flattens over my slit, brushing my clit lightly. I gasp and grind against his face.

Each sure lick of his tongue makes me desperate for more. I push my neckline down, freeing my breasts and pinch my nipples as he continues to devour me. My eyes flutter shut as a broken moan tears from my throat. One of my hands drops to his head and I jerk him right where I need him.

I pant and nod. “Yes! Just like that. Fuck, Kev, yes.”

He pulls back right before I hit my climax. I glare at him. “That was mean.”

“I never said I wasn’t going to punish you for speeding. If I let you come right away, you won’t learn your lesson,” he teases with a wicked grin.

“Kevin!”

He slides his pants a little further down, then notices my breasts are out. “And now we’re looking at indecent exposure, too.”

“Then it’s good I have a sexy cop here to punish me,” I tease.

He groans and drags me closer, thrusting into me. I gasp as I grab at his shoulder. Kevin lets out a low, feral sound and presses his forehead to mine. He kisses me slowly, then continues down my neck without moving his hips at all.

I whimper and roll my hips against him, getting the smallest amount of friction until he grips my hips so tightly I can’t move at all. Fuck, this is torture, amazing torture, but all I want is for him to fuck my brains out.

“Kevin, I ...”

His mouth wraps around my nipple, ruining the demand I had ready. His teeth graze the sensitive skin there and my head falls back. My back arches and I squirm against him, trying to get everything I need all at once.

He draws back, then thrusts again. My toes curl. “Yes!”

“You want to be fucked out in the open by a cop?” He teases, slamming into me again. “Where anyone can see you?”

“Yes!” I yell.

He chuckles. “You’re a wild child.”

“Then fuck me and enjoy it!” I order.

He follows that order, fucking me hard and fast as I pull at his shirt. I want him naked, as he pounds into me again and again. He jerks me up to kiss me and rubs my clit as he keeps filling me over and over.

I bite his bottom lip hard, and he groans, pressing his forehead to mine. We pant and moan together. Watching his face as he fucks me pushes me over the edge. My whole body vibrates as my eyes roll back and I slump against the hood of his car. My hips keep rolling as my body tenses.

“Fuck, Kristy, you feel good.” Kevin groans.

I realize he’s pulled out and open my eyes. “I don’t want to be done.”

He drags me down the hood, then bends me over it. His hands stroke over my thighs. “I’m not done punishing you for speeding, darlin’.”

I smile as he pulls my hands behind my back. He holds my wrists in one hand. I try to get free, just to prove I can, but it would be easier to escape from actual cuffs. Kevin spansks me hard and I gasp.

“But!”

“You have a gorgeous ass, Kristy. Be happy I’m not making you stay there while I show my full appreciation for your body,” he growls.

I shudder as I think of what that would mean. Would he kiss every inch of me, bite me and claim every bit of me as his, or would he just caress me with his fingers until I’m so wet and needy I beg him to fuck me?

If we had all night, I wouldn’t say no to that.

Kevin swats me again and again, varying the level of his swats until my legs are shaking. I should hate it. I mean, this might just go down as police brutality, but fuck, it makes every brush of his skin on mine more intense, more wonderful.

“Are you sorry for speeding?”

“No,” I pant. “I wanted you to catch me.”

He swats me again. “What if it hadn’t been me?”

“I can handle a ticket,” I retort. “I can’t handle you holding out on me.”

He releases me for two seconds and my legs give out. I giggle, then turn around and jerk his pants to his ankles. Even in the dark, I can see how big he is. I groan and wrap my lips around his fat cock.

Lifting my eyes as I suck him hard, I see Kevin’s head fall back. His hand bundles in my hair and he rocks his hips into my throat. “Fuck, Kristy.”

I moan and take him so deep I gag. He feels so good. I can’t get enough. I want him touching me, want him all over me, want everything we can have. Kevin only lets me get a few more sucks before he lifts me, pins me down in the position he wants me, my hands behind my back, and then he fills my pussy.

“Oh, yes,” I gasp.

“You’re a naughty girl,” he growls.

“Punish me, officer,” I giggle.

He fucks me hard, fast, and slow. It’s so wild that I can’t make any words come out. My eyes roll back as I thrust back against him.

“You’re gonna be a fucking good girl,” Kevin rasps in my ear. “Come for me again, darlin’.”

As if I need him telling me that when I’m already about to burst. He swats my ass again and I come apart, yelling his name as my pussy pulses around his cock.

He jerks out of me, and I hear his low grunt. “Do you want to swallow or...”

I turn, bend over, and suck him hard. He fills my mouth as he moans and rolls his hips into my mouth. I lick across the head, making sure I don't miss a thing. As he slips between my lips, I swallow.

Resting my ass against the car, I pull my dress up over my tits. I give Kevin an exhausted smile as he drags his pants up and buttons them. He pushes a hand through his hair and clears his throat. “Well, that was...”

“A hell of a lot of fun,” I tease. “Hands down the best experience I've ever had with the police.”

He laughs and sits next to me. He tugs at my dress until I pull it back down. I lean against him and sigh. “You're quiet.”

“It's hard to believe we just did that,” he leans back on the hood.

“You were there. I don't even get a high five for that?” I bump him.

He grins and offers me his hand. We high five and I lay back, looking up at the stars. Kevin lays back with me. “You could have messaged me and told me you wanted to go out. We could have gone on a date and done the whole dinner, candles, and wine thing.”

“This was better.” I smile and stretch my legs. “I like fun and that's what this was. If I would have texted you and told you where I was, it wouldn't have been half as exciting.”

“You weren't worried about another officer pulling you over, honestly?” he asks.

I roll a little to face him and find his eyes on me. I touch his face. He is a total work of art. “If they had, it just would have been a ticket ... unless they liked my boobs as much as you do.”

He keeps watching me without as much as a smile. “Not all cops are good, Kristy. I wouldn't want you to get hurt or...”

I swallow and turn my head back to the stars. We're not ruining tonight with reality. "I used to know all the stars. The constellations and their names. I loved imagining things in the clouds and in the sky. It's what got me started in art."

"Please don't be reckless with other officers," Kevin insists, turning my chin to face him. He kisses me, letting the tenderness burn through the rest of the single shot that might have fueled me to be more dangerous than normal. He draws back. "I don't want to find you in a jail cell, or worse."

"Tell your cop friends to do their jobs the right way and not threaten people and you wouldn't have to warn me," I argue.

I slide off the car. "I should go home. I don't want you getting in trouble."

"I'm off," he murmurs. "Do you want to get dinner and talk?"

"I'm not looking for 'the one' Kevin," I giggle while walking out into the middle of the road and grinning at him. "I'm looking for freedom."

He smiles. "That rules out food, then?"

"It rules out commitment, officer." I look at the long stretch of open highway. "Have you thought about running away, changing your name, and starting over?"

"Never," he answers.

"It sounds like fun. Bouncing from place to place, always having a new story, meeting people that would never stay in a small town."

"Tucson isn't that small," Kevin argues.

I walk over to him and grab his belt. "It's smaller than Phoenix. Plenty of other cities and definitely smaller than the world."

"Is that what you want, darlin'? The entire world?" He asks while studying my face.

“Wanting one thing means thinking small, Kev. I want *everything*. I want a lifetime of stories that would fill multiple libraries. Don’t you?” I bounce a little.

He kisses my forehead. “I just want a simple life.”

“Life is too short for simple,” I argue.

BRAD CHAPTER 5

After I finish paperwork, I check my phone out of habit. Nothing. Of course, Rose isn't asking where I am or trying to get me to come home with the promise of a full meal or selfies that make me drool.

Locking my phone, I say bye to some of the guys and head home. Walking into my empty dark house feels like walking into an ice box. It should be comforting. I should love having my own place and the A/C, but I already miss the overlapping needs at the precinct.

I crack a beer open in the kitchen and down half of it before dropping into my recliner. I flick on the T.V. and try to ignore everything else. The dishes I need to take care of, and trash that I need to take out, my growling stomach demands more than beer ... all of it can wait.

My eyes flick to the engagement photo just above the empty bookshelf.

All the books were Rose's. She took them, the dog, her clothes, and left her ring in their place as if I wouldn't miss the chihuahua that liked to sleep on my lap, miss the smell of her in our room, or our 'family' dinners.

Another swig of beer washes the sour taste from my mouth.

I'd called her every day for a month until the phone was no longer in service. One note saying 'sorry' didn't answer a single question.

My phone buzzes, and I fumble for it.

It's Detective Hicks asking if Rose and I are coming to his barbeque next week. I don't have the heart to answer. Seven months, two weeks, and three days since I've seen Rose, and no one knows.

"Stop being so fucking soft," I tell myself before downing the rest of the beer and crushing the can.

I order food, throw back another beer, watch a movie, and throw myself into bed. Chores can wait a day. Thinking can

wait a lifetime.

Perhaps I can pick up a shift tomorrow.

Having something to do will make it easier to ignore the echoing silence.

Maybe she'll come home. She just needs time. I should clean and leave the lights on so she doesn't struggle with the front door or trip, I think while half asleep.

Groaning, I get out of bed and throw myself in the shower. "She's not coming back."

I fall asleep and wake up to nobody needing me at work. I've probably maxed my overtime, just like the rookie said.

I clean around the house and head to the hardware store. I have some holes to fix, some mice to take care of ... would getting a dog make me feel more at home?

As I muse over the traps, someone runs into me. I glance over and see a brunette shrinking away alongside a blonde bombshell. She looks at me for a moment and points. "You!"

"Don't, Kristy," the brunette hisses.

"You and your buddy stopped us from having fun. Are we allowed to have the walkie-talkies back yet?" She asks.

I arch an eyebrow. Normally, that would do plenty to shut down questions like hers. I've got at least a foot and a half on her and I'd bet I could lift her easier than just about any weight in the gym. She'd be smart to back down.

Instead, *Kristy* just keeps watching. Her eyes flick to the side and she nods. "Mouse problem?"

I grunt in response.

"Well, if I remember right, this one is the best one," she taps a 'humane' trap. "Depending on the pellets you use, you might have to deal with more than you want to."

"Sure," I huff.

"Did Officer Miller steal all your energy?" She asks.

“Let’s go.” the brunette tugs on Kristy’s arm. “Sorry, officer. She’s ... talkative.”

“I noticed,” I say.

“I’m Kristy Jacobs,” she offers her hand.

“Jacobs?” I ask. “Like Vincent Jacobs?”

“Yeah. He was on the force while putting himself through law school, I think. Dad doesn’t talk much about his cop days,” she shrugs.

There’s a reason for that. My mentor told me plenty about Jacobs. He liked to throw his badge around to get his way. It didn’t matter if it meant getting a bribe here and there. He was the cop that gives us a bad name, but he kept it quiet.

As if that’s any better.

“I see. You should get on your way,” I mutter.

“Well, the thing is, I’m trying to get a bag of soil and can’t find a single employee,” she motions around to prove it.

Other than the young kid at the register, yawning and watching something on his phone, there’s not a single person with an apron on anywhere.

“I know you’re not on duty, but you can lift more than Lizzy and I put together. I just need two bags and then I’ll be out of your hair. I’m sure I can get someone to follow us to the car at the register,” Kristy continues.

She’s a dangerous thing. The glint in her eyes is trouble. She knows she’s a looker; she knows her last name carries weight, and considering how skittish her friend is, I’d bet Kristy has a habit of getting into messes that her daddy has to fix.

“Show me the bags,” I say, eager to be done with this.

She shows me to the soil and I nod. “Growing cactuses shouldn’t require more soil.”

“It’s for a school project, okay?” She says.

I narrow my eyes. I've raided plenty of homes growing marijuana. Is this how it starts? "Just cactuses?"

"I'd like to have some Orchids, but they're temperamental and I'm not about to be a slave to a plant," Kristy snorts. "We have a neighbor that likes roses. Would this work for those, too?"

"I guess." I lift the bags and drop them in the girls' cart.

The brunette hurries off, struggling with every turn, but Kristy lingers. "I was just kidding about the walkie-talkies. I don't enjoy making police officers have more work, and I am sorry if we caused a problem."

"Yeah," I grunt.

"Is that what put a rock in your shoe?" She asks.

"Have a good day," I dismiss.

I'm not about to deal with some jailbait. I did the nice thing and now I'm done that simple.

Considering who her dad is, any cop would steer clear of her. Retired or not, Vincent Jacobs has plenty of influence over the police precincts. He's a large donor, and likes to visit, not to mention that rumor of him wanting to run for mayor.

That means his daughter is off-limits.

I make a mental note to inform the rookie of that. If he's eager to get laid, and if he's stupid and lucky enough to get this bombshell, he'll be getting more than he bargained for.

I grab a few boxes of mouse poison and call it a day. Of course, I run into the girls, trying to wrestle the soil into the trunk of an expensive car.

"Why aren't you waiting? He said someone would be out shortly," the brunette says.

"That's bullshit, and we both know it. Come on, we're supposed to be strong independent women, we can do it. Just ... lift with your knees," Kristy instructs.

She squats down and tries to heave the bag into the trunk. It slips right out of her hand and settles on the cracked

pavement. When she bends over, bracing her hands on her knees, I almost whistle.

She's got plenty to look at. A little bit of muscle, plenty of curves ... she puts half the women I used to fantasize about to shame. Tossing her hair over her shoulder and forcing it up into a bun, she goes at the bag of soil again.

Independent as hell, too.

She tries to get it on her shoulder and that's when I step in. She's going to hurt herself trying to tackle a fifty pound bag of soil. Considering how tightly it's packed, it's going to ruin her back if she gets it where she wants it.

"Hey," I call.

Both girls look over. Kristy pushes some loose hair from her red face. The brunette backs away. I offer her my bag. "Hold this for a second."

She takes it with a half-strangled squeak.

"If you get one end, I'm sure I can get the other," Kristy insists.

"These are too densely packed," I explain, lifting it into the trunk. I get the other one and notice the brunette is gone.

I arch an eyebrow at Kristy. She shrugs, "after last time, cops make her nervous. She's more of a homebody anyway, except for the parties her crush goes to."

"Ah," I take my bag from her cart.

"Thanks ..." she trails off.

"Brad," I offer her my hand.

"Thanks, Brad," her eyes stroke over me and I feel the urge to suck in my small beer belly. The corner of her lips pulls into a half smile. "I don't know what we would have done if you wouldn't have shown up."

"You had the man at the register," I snort.

"He was a boy. You're a mountain of a man. There's a big difference." she licks over her lips. "A noticeable difference."

“Don’t start trying to play nice now,” I say.

She smiles as I smooth out the non-existent wrinkles in my t-shirt. She shuts the trunk and gives me another thorough once over.

“I’m just stating the obvious, Brad. College is full of guys *pretending* to be men, but you ... you’re the real deal,” she compliments.

I almost smile at her flirting, but a memory of Rose patting my belly and calling me her hero flashes over my gaze. No way am I going to let my heart latch onto the first woman who knows how to be sweet. I’m not looking for more pain.

“Have a good day, Kristy,” I say as I leave.

“You too, Brad! If we bump into each other again, I’ll try to put an actual smile on that handsome face,” she calls.

I roll my eyes. She doesn’t need to waste her time on a grump like me. She can have whoever she wants and, with half the effort, it would take to even earn a conversation from me. I toss my bag into my front seat, shut the door, and crank the A/C.

I’m not interested in Kristy Jacobs. I refuse to get tangled in that net even for one good night. She’s the kind of girl who sets a bar. Once a man has a girl like her, they don’t know how to go back. They want someone wilder, someone just as fun, someone just as self-aware and independent and strong.

“Like Rose,” I whisper.

A seven-year relationship down the drain. What do they say about how long it takes to get over someone? A week for every month? A month for every year? Until you get under someone else?

It all sounds hollow right now.

Thinking isn’t on the list today. I pull out the crinkled receipt, flip it over and see my chicken scratched list. Mouse traps and caulking—check. Groceries are next, then an oil change, trash, and cleaning.

As long as I stick to my lists, I don't have to think, worry, or remember.

I add one more thing: avoid Kristy Jacobs.

As if that will stop my brain from dragging up every memory of her teasing smile, her gorgeous legs, and that determined glint to her eyes when I lie down later.

Shaking my head, I pull out of the parking lot and get on with my day, promising to leave thoughts of every and any woman behind.

Until.

KRISTY CHAPTER 6

“**Y**ou are ridiculous!” Liz yells.

“What, he’s a man’s man. Do you have any idea how hot that is? He’s like the guy that will put me in my place without thinking twice about it and follow through in the best possible way.” I laugh.

“Trust me, his version of ‘putting you in place’ will involve a lecture that made me call my dad later just to get some kindness,” Liz huffs. “I thought you liked your cop, anyway.”

“He was fun,” I agree.

Ugh, last night had been amazing. As if I’ve forgotten how hot and wild it was. Then he started talking about dates. I’m not crazy enough to date a cop ... or not, that kind of crazy, anyway. If I catch feelings for Kevin, then I’ll be panicking anytime he gets some kind of serious call and just waiting for bad news.

That’s not what I’m after.

“God, imagine both of them at the same time!” I say as the idea comes to me.

“Imagine a full night’s sleep and a weekend with no homework,” Liz sighs. “Also, did we need all that soil?”

“It’s cheaper to buy in bulk ... and I promised my mom-”

“There it is. You didn’t tell me we were going to the country club. I look ridiculous!” Liz motions to her outfit.

The dress fits her just right, especially with the belt. It’s a good look on her. “You look great. I’m in shorts and a t-shirt.”

“Yeah, but...” Liz just shakes her head.

“We’re getting drinks later. You need to relax. I have some swimsuits at my parents. We can lounge by the pool, take a break from life, just relax, you know?”

Liz’s stare is an actual driving hazard. I look over at her as she continues to watch, unblinking. “What!”

“It’s impossible to relax around your parents. You’ve said that yourself how many times?”

“I thought you liked my mom,” I say.

“She’s a peach, but your dad. He’s so overprotective and judge-y. He doesn’t have to say anything for me to know he thinks that I’m not good enough to hang out with you.” Liz crosses her arms over her chest.

She has a point. Hell, if my dad had asked me for a favor, I would have said no. Especially since he’s been trying to get more information about my life, he’s been trying to get me to move back home and commute to school. It’s like he can’t function unless he has me under his roof and confined to his rules.

I pull into the driveway and Hector, Dad’s groundskeeper, comes over. “Miss Jacobs, so nice to see you.”

Is it just me, or did he get more attractive in the few months I’ve been gone? He’s better looking without the mustache. I grin and wave my fingers at him. “I got the extra 50% off sale soil Mom asked for, she can’t pass on a bargain. Can you make sure I have two little plastic bags, though?”

“Of course. That’s no problem at all,” he says as he looks me over.

He runs into the other groundskeeper that joins to help move the soil. Liz takes my hand and we head inside.

“You’ve got to live a little, Liz,” I insist.

She glances at Hector and blushes. “He was always the highlight about visiting you.”

“I see it now that the mustache is gone,” I agree.

She shoves me and we tease each other until we both have on bikinis and lounge by the pool. My mom comes out in her coverup and gives us both margaritas. I’m sure they’re only at a half-pour. Mom sits with us.

“It’s so good to see you both. Your father has been driving me insane, Kristine. He’s always so worried about you,” Mom says.

I give Liz a look, but she's only got eyes for Hector. I can see him glancing at her and I smile. Mom gets my attention before I can meddle. "Your father wants you to meet someone."

I moan and lift my sunglasses. "Mom, I'm nineteen. I don't need to be thinking about settling down. I don't just want to get married to someone Dad likes and-

"And choose a major that lasts longer than a semester?" She asks.

I slurp from the margarita's straw. "I'm figuring things out. That's my point. You and Dad did *everything* for me growing up and I appreciate it, but I want to figure out who I am, what I love, and explore everything! Then I can settle down and think about all the family stuff."

"You've gotten to see plenty with all our vacations. You got all the lessons you wanted. What's there to be confused about?" Mom asks.

I play with the straw. She doesn't understand. She and Dad are high school sweethearts that have somehow made it. Mom told me how I was the goal she always had. She wanted to be a mother, a wife, to run her own house, design it, all of that.

I'm happy she got her dream, but my dream is ... elusive. I'm so afraid I'm going to miss out on something and live with regret hanging over me. What if I never go to Miami? What if I never swim with dolphins or realize I love cooking at forty and end up questioning why I wasted years being a lawyer like my dad wants when I could have been happy?

"Kristine! I'm so glad you're here," Dad says.

Despite being next to a pool, he has on white slacks, a deep blue button-up, and a white blazer. He smiles and his sunglasses push up on his face. Another guy stands next to him. He looks like a mini version of my dad. Better style, considering he went with a blue pantsuit instead of white, but I think they have the same hairstyle.

I force the smile. "Hi, Dad."

Liz jumps up and retreats to the pool. We're going to have to talk about what it means for a friend to have your back on the ride home. I stand with the margarita, waiting for Dad to complain about the red string bikini I have on.

He motions to me. "I hope you don't ... burn."

"Oh no, Liz covered me in sunscreen just a half hour ago. I'm fine." I wave it away.

"Good ... good," he nods as his voice gets softer. "Anyway, this is Allen Fisher. He's been working at the firm and doing very well."

"Just A.J. is fine," the younger guy says.

"For now, it is. Once you make a name for yourself, you'll want to use your full name," Dad coaches.

"Right ... I just won my tenth criminal case," A.J. volunteers with a cocky smile. "It's nice to be recognized for the work I've been doing."

Dad claps him on the shoulder. "This is just the start from you, I'm sure. This is my daughter, Kristine. She's doing well in college."

How many times did he have to practice *that* line in the mirror to get it out without a tell? He hates that I'm not an English or business major gunning for law school. Maybe he'd accept me as a science major, but considering I'm touring the arts, he's barely keeping it together.

"Nice to meet you," I say, carefully balancing my glass between both hands so I don't have to touch dad's new protégé. "Are you staying for lunch?"

"He is. I thought it would be nice to show A.J. what he can have if he keeps up this good work," Dad says.

"I wish I would have brought a swimsuit. I feel overdressed." A.J. chuckles.

I smile, but don't push the conversation. My dad clears his throat. "You can head inside, Allen. I'll be right there to give you a tour."

“It was a pleasure to meet you,” he offers me his hand again.

“You too,” I say brightly, not moving at all.

He pulls his hand back, glances at my dad, then heads inside. My father takes off his sunglasses. I snort. “What is this, Dad? You don’t invite guys over to ‘show them what they could have’.”

“Don’t scoff at a good man, Kristine. He deserves some respect,” Dad says.

“I’m so proud of him for winning ten cases. It’s like he’s doing the job he was hired to do,” I sneer. “That doesn’t mean that I want him to be more than a stranger.”

“Then please, show me who you’ve been dating. I’d be happy to see you dating someone of a decent caliber. Someone who can bring you back to the good path your mother and I worked so hard to put you on.”

“I don’t need a man to tame me,” I warn him.

“You need something! Four majors in two years? How long are you planning to stay in college? How long are you going to screw around before you take your future seriously?” He demands.

“I’m having *fun*. I don’t want to wait until I’m sixty-five to know what that feels like,” I say, fighting the urge to stomp my foot.

“If you don’t have a future figured out in the next year, I’m going to be talking to the dean. We’ll get you in a major and you *will* graduate in four years,” Dad says.

“Or what? You’ll be embarrassed and send me to another college across the country? That sounds great,” I say.

“Kristy, dear, why don’t you cool off in the pool,” Mom encourages. “No reason to waste a nice day.”

“That sounds great, Mom. I just remembered that Lizzy and I have plans for later today, so we won’t be able to stay for lunch,” I say.

“Oh yes, you will. You’re going to behave, be sweet for the guest, and give him a proper chance,” Dad argues.

“I didn’t sign up for whatever dating service you’re offering. I don’t need to be in a relationship to be happy or successful,” I hiss.

Before he can make another statement, I do a cannonball into the pool. I sink as deep as I can before letting out a scream. My dad has spent every moment of his life controlling mine. Private schools for girls only until high school. He cross-examined my prom date to where he broke up with me right after the dance.

I’m suspicious that my dad hid all my other college acceptance letters because I never got any denials, so I had to go to a local school. He doesn’t get to decide how I spend my twenties, the job I have, or who I’m dating anymore.

I come up from the bottom of the pool when my lungs scream for air and bump Liz’s shoulder. “Any parties this week?”

“We don’t do parties during the week, Kristy. I have a packed schedule and plenty of reading and homework to do,” she answers.

I drum my fingers on the pool deck and glance back toward the house. Lizzy sighs. “Are we staying for lunch?”

“I have a feeling we’re stuck,” I grumble as my dad laughs with A.J.

“He’s not terrible looking,” Liz mumbles. “He’s not the guy from the hardware store, but not bad.”

He has brown hair with natural highlights from the sun, big brown eyes, a bit of a baby face and he is completely forgettable. I roll my eyes at Liz. “He’ll make some woman very happy someday.”

“But won’t get to fuck you on the hood of a car?” She giggles.

I shove her playfully. She laughs harder. “You’d break him in one night.”

The idea is so damn tempting. I grin and lean closer to her.
“Do you think I can ruin him in a lunch?”

“We won’t know until you try,” she whispers.

We both glance at A.J. again. This lunch could be fun.

BILL CHAPTER 7

I grit my teeth against the wind whipping my leather jacket.

It's not just the wind I'm fighting on this ride, it's the memories. I left this city and the surrounding ranches because of it. It's why I put it in my rearview mirror and swore I'd never look back, that nothing could drag me home and nothing ever would.

A missing girl sent me running from the rumors and reputation I gained. My dad and stepmom dying brought me back. It's always the bad things, the unexpected.

I pull my motorcycle to the side of the road before the long driveway to the ranch. I see a truck and a cop car waiting in front of the house.

Did my stepbrother give the police a heads up I was on my way so they could finish what they started twelve years ago when I was just seventeen? Clearing my throat, I straighten the bike out and walk it up the familiar driveway.

Once I'm close enough to the house, the security light comes on and pins me in place.

“Get down on the ground!”

“Tell us where the girl is?”

“Murderer!”

I squeeze my eyes shut against the old accusations and memories of blue and red lights coating me.

When the screen door swings shut, banging against its frame, I look up and find my stepbrother there. He has his hand on his hip, but the light washes the rest of his features out.

I take off my helmet and set it on the bike while putting my hands up. “Don't shoot for trespassing. This isn't Texas, after all.”

He sighs, and his arm relaxes. “Billy.”

“Bill,” I say.

“Twelve years of silence. You drop the ‘y’, come home, and don’t give me a heads up?” Kevin asks.

I wait until Kevin turns on the normal porch lights, bathing us both in a yellow glow. Kevin’s more than a kid now. He’s a full adult with no trace of his once chubby cheeks.

Hell, his chubby *everything* is gone. Of course, we only met ten years ago, but he was the teen that I worried about dealing with bullies on the regular, the teen that asked me about how to get pretty girls, and the boy that was nervous around every horse he met.

“You grew up,” I say.

“That happens after twelve years and life changes,” Kevin says, still holding back.

He moves away when I climb onto the porch. I clear my throat, but before I can speak, he holds his hand up. “If you came for the reading of the will, it’s already been done. Everything was quick. My mom and your dad left you plenty. I set it to the side in case you came to collect.”

“Yeah, I got your email. Most people use texting nowadays,” I answer.

He looks at me, then glances at the screen door. “You want a drink?”

“Is it that obvious?”

“A shower too, then. How long have you been driving?” Kevin asks.

It’s something I’ve always appreciated about him. He puts the person first and the problem or any lingering issue second. I follow Kevin inside, where he pours us both a generous amount of whiskey. He offers me the glass after I take off my gloves.

We throw our drinks back. I savor the burn and the way it warms my bones from the inside out. I close my eyes and hiss between my teeth. “It’s been a while since I’ve had a good drink.”

“If you think this is good, you’ve been deprived,” Kevin says. “Are you crashing here or at a motel?”

“Is here an option?” I ask.

“They left the ranch for both of us, Bill. There will always be room for you here,” Kevin assures me. “But that doesn’t mean I’m going to change the bedding, do your laundry, or cook your meals.”

“I do all of that on my own,” I mumble.

Kevin and I stand there in the kitchen. After another few beats, Kevin takes a few steps forward. “Do you have anything to say to me?”

“About what?”

“About what?” he repeats with a snort. “How you left, didn’t reach out, ignored emails, texts, calls, and then letters when you changed your number? Are we going to talk about *why* you left, what happened, how long you’re staying, anything?”

“I won’t stay long unless things change. Just a week, maybe two,” I answer.

“That’s all?” Kevin shakes his head. “You haven’t changed.”

“I have a job. I work in coding now. A nice quiet job with plenty of rules to ground me,” I say, then realize I’m defending myself to my little brother. “Am I talking to Kevin or ... Officer?”

“I’m off duty,” Kevin snorts.

“Sure you are.” I sit in the recliner and kick off my steel-toed boots. I toss my jacket and stretch. “The A/C?”

“Works perfect... usually. It’s been on the fritz,” Kevin says. His phone buzzes and he grabs for it, smiling at the screen.

“Well, that’s not a work smile. Is that a girlfriend?” I ask.

“Girlfriend in the future, maybe. We’re ... seeing how things go,” Kevin keeps smiling. “I’m having someone look at

the A/C tomorrow. Will you be here?"

"Nowhere else to go," I shrug. "As long as you trust me to be in the house alone."

"I do ... is there something you want to tell me about ... something about why you left all that time ago?" Kevin asks after putting his phone down.

"The police never laid charges on me, Kevin. That's because there was nothing they could do. I was with Trish that night. I dropped her off down the road so her parents didn't know we were seeing each other. That's the story," I say.

"It's still listed as unsolved at the precinct," Kevin drops his voice and sighs. "I don't know how many people will be happy that you're back."

"I'm not here to win a popularity contest. I'll only go into town for food or coffee. There are things I have to figure out. That's it," I promise. "I will not make it known that we're related—even by marriage."

Kevin sighs. "It's not like that, Bill, I just don't want—"

"You were right. It's been a long drive. I'm going to get through a shower and crash. Northern California is a lot farther away by bike than by map," I sigh.

Kevin nods. "Alright. You live your life and I'll live mine."

"Good plan, brother."

It's an easy first night other than the memories. Being thrown to the ground in front of so many other people. Being on the news for a crime I didn't commit. People wanting answers I couldn't give.

"Where is she? Where is she?!"

I sit up and look around the room I had as a teenager. There's still an empty spot where the knife my uncle gave me should have been. I don't know why I expected it to reappear after twelve years. I rub the back of my neck, see the sun shining through my window, and pry myself out of bed.

First full day back and I need to get groceries so I can hunker down and keep the waves from hitting Kevin. It's a miracle he's got this far after everything that happened last time.

My mom never let me forget how my actions hurt the family. From a successful dairy farm that offered horseback riding lessons to a crime scene, and Kevin struggling to make friends because everyone thought he was covering for me and my flimsy alibi.

I get dressed and get on my bike, obeying every law. I stop a full five seconds for every stop sign and don't honk or flip anyone off when they cut me off. I stop at the store and consider walking around with my helmet on, but that might draw more attention than I want.

I take off my helmet and run my fingers through my hair. Shaved on the sides with plenty of curling mess on the top. I push it out of my face. Kevin is crazy for keeping his hair long out here. Especially in summer.

Most of the people here look like college kids. They won't know anything about something that happened twelve years ago.

After a deep breath, I adjust my jacket, make sure I have my wallet, and remind myself I have a two-bag limit. I head down the aisle and fill a basket as I go. Chili, cheese, a six-pack of beer, instant coffee, cigarettes, bread... I know I'm forgetting something.

A clatter echoes near me and I see a worker who's at least sixty. She stares at me behind her enormous glasses and takes a shuddering breath. "You're not supposed.... well, you shouldn't be... I mean, you ..."

"I'm just buying," I say.

"I ain't gonna serve you," she points a finger at me.

I take a step forward to help with the mess, but she skitters away like I have a gun cocked and ready for fire. I pick up the mess and put it back on the shelves.

I grab jam and peanut butter and call my shopping trip a success. Luckily, self-checkout exists, so I get my things and head out the door with the chime on my heels.

When I head to my bike, I see a blonde stretched on it while her friend takes pictures. She fluffs her hair, pushes her chest out, and I notice she has on a thin excuse for a shirt that shows her bra underneath a sunflower pattern.

Her light blue shorts don't hide her tan, shapely legs. I glance back at the store and see the old woman with her face pressed against the glass. She holds a phone in her hand like a weapon to bludgeon me with.

"Excuse me," I say.

The brunette turns and looks me over. "Hi there."

"Do you mind?" I motion to the bike.

The blonde hops off and then pulls her hair into a ponytail. She looks me over and puts her hand on the seat. "I hear motorcycles are lonely vehicles."

"Why would it be any lonelier than a car?" I ask as I edge around her.

I put my bags under the seat in the storage and notice the brunette looking me over. The second our eyes meet, hers dart away. The blonde steps forward. "That jacket doesn't look like it's meant for Arizona."

"It's better than road rash," I shrug.

"True, but I can't say for sure since I have seen nothing but the jacket and your clothes. Spin for me," she says with a teasing smile.

"Come on, Kristy. Before we're late," the brunette says.

"Kristy," she offers her hand.

I take it and shake it. She pulls herself closer. "Based on how you fit in those jeans, I think they're all you should wear when you're not on that bike ... which I hear are a lot of fun. A rush with a little vibration that can make a girl swoon."

Women come on to me all the time, but never like this, so flirtatious without alcohol. Does she have alcohol? She loops a finger in my belt loop and pulls me closer. “Should I whisper my number in your ear or write it on you somewhere that won’t rub off after a long ride on the bike?”

“I’m not here for long,” I say, glancing down to meet her eyes.

“I’m not looking for a relationship,” her bright eyes sparkle back at me.

KRISTY CHAPTER 8

The biker keeps staring at me like he's trying to figure out what I'm hiding. I shrug and take a step back. "Are you afraid you won't be able to handle me?"

"I'm not worried about that," tall, muscled, and sexy says.

I can't resist a rugged man, and I won't apologize for it. Polish, uniforms, suits, they all hide who a person really is. A leather jacket, a worn t-shirt, and jeans that look painted on this man's thighs do the exact opposite. That scruff on his face, his hazel eyes, and the glint of an earring in his ear tell a lot more than a Rolex watch.

"If you're not worried about it, then you must have some kind of plan. How do you want to handle me ... or put your hands on me?" I flirt openly.

"Kristy!" Liz yells. "Come on, we have class and ... company."

I glance over my shoulder. Kevin slides out of his car and approaches behind his sunglasses. His partner lets himself out of the car too. Oh, hey, it's the man from the hardware store. What a lucky day.

Three sexy men, all in one place. It would only be better if we were in some private place without a schedule hanging over my shoulder. Kevin walks up. "We got a call about a suspicious person loitering."

"William McKay, what a surprise," Brad says while shoving his thumbs under his belt to lift his pants.

I give him a thorough once over, then turn my attention to Kevin. "Are you talking about me, Officer Miller? I promise I've been very good."

"Somehow I doubt that, Miss Jacobs." he smirks.

"I've been good *today*," I clarify with a smile.

"We were called about him," Brad motions to the biker behind me.

I arch an eyebrow. "Is it a crime to buy groceries?"

“You girls don’t need to be a part of this,” Kevin assures us. “It’s best you leave.”

I walk over to him and lower my voice. “Is that what you want, Kevin? I don’t like being told what to do.”

“Not the time, darlin’,” Kevin keeps his voice low. “We’ll talk about it later.”

“I maintain, there’s nothing wrong with buying groceries,” I say loud enough for Brad to hear. I flash him a smile. “Nice to see you again, by the way. I think I prefer you helping me to following up on crazy, out-of-place calls.”

“I’m thorough,” Brad snorts.

I bite my lip and bat my eyelashes. “I bet you are.”

“Kristy, thank you for the warm welcome,” William McKay says. “I can fight my own battles.”

“Oh, we all know that plenty well, Billy.” Brad narrows his eyes.

“Bill,” William corrects softly.

For a biker, he doesn’t have that bad-boy energy I was hoping for. I shrug and glance at him over my shoulder. “I hope your day doesn’t end in their handcuffs, handsome.”

Kevin’s fingers brush my hip as I walk by. Liz takes a deep breath. “You’re going to give me a full-blown panic attack one day, you know that?”

“You know you love the excitement,” I tease as we get in my car. “Plus, all that testosterone is ... ugh. I need to get laid.”

“You and me both,” Liz huffs.

I arch an eyebrow at her.

“I’ve been celibate for a year! I don’t want to hear you complaining after only a few days, especially when you have a police officer wrapped around your finger. One call and you can get him on a deserted highway ready to give you more than a quick lay,” Liz grumbles as we hurry back to class.

“That’s not a bad idea, but I think I can bring the bad boy out of that leather jacket,” I hum.

“I hate how easy it is for you sometimes,” Liz says, despite her smile.

“Easy?”

“You collect men the way girls collect Barbie dolls,” Liz admits after making me endure silence for way too long. “And then once you get one, it’s like you’re ready to hop to the next. I’m not judging or anything,... I might be jealous.”

I laugh. “Liz, you just don’t notice the guys staring at you.”

“They’re looking at you, dummy,” Liz huffs.

“No, they’re not. They’re trying to figure out how to get through me to talk to you. I bet if you walk around without me today, you get at least three phone numbers.”

“Where are you going to be?”

“Well, my officer is on duty, so I think I’m going to check out some sights and see if I come across a specific motorcyclist.” I wink at her.

She rolls her eyes and shakes her head. “Drive safe!”

“I have a clean driving record,” I say despite the fun I had letting Kevin catch me.

It doesn’t take me long to track down the man in question. I’m actually surprised it’s as easy as it is. Spotting him at a bar is expected. I walk in and drop into the chair beside him.

Considering he’s one of three in the bar, it’s not hard to steal the spot.

He glances at me. “I thought you had a time limit.”

“Some things are more important than listening to a teacher summarize what I’ve already read,” I say.

He stands up and grabs some darts, putting space between us. I follow. “I didn’t want to let local P.D. determine our day.”

Bill chuckles as he hits a perfect bullseye. “You like to be in control, don’t you?”

“Well, someone has to take charge,” I tease, why shouldn’t it be me?

“The officers said Jacobs ... right? As in Vincent Jacobs?” He plays with the dart in his hand, watching his fingers work.

Damn, he knows just what he’s doing, doesn’t he? I can imagine those long, thick fingers curling perfectly inside me, making me moan and ...

“Kristy?” he asks, pinning me under his gaze.

“Yes,” I say before I can stop myself, almost surprised that the truth spilled out so obediently. “I hope you’re not thinking of my father when you’re looking at me, though. Kind of kills the mood.”

He looks me over, a slight smile playing on his lips. “I don’t think any sane man can think of anything but you when you’re around.”

I take one of the darts from him and throw it at the board. I don’t bother to look where it lands. I brush my fingers over Bill’s. “Is that a fact?”

He smiles slightly. “You’re impossible to ignore.”

“And yet you’re so focused on playing a game instead of..” I tail off and laugh once. “I can think of better things to do with an afternoon.”

“I’m sure there are plenty of better things to do than drink before five,” he answers.

“What kind of things would you rather do?”

“Alone, a few... with someone like you, a very long list.” I think he’s flirting, but he doesn’t reach out to touch me, stays focused on his game, and isn’t exactly making a move.

“Do I get any specifics?” I ask.

He gives me a thorough once over, clearly enjoying the view. Bill takes a slow breath and releases it while throwing another dart. “I don’t know if you can handle the specifics.”

“I can handle plenty.” I take another dart from him. My body brushes his as I line up a shot of my own. “I’m more worried you wouldn’t know what to do with me, given the chance.”

“Is that so?” He steals the dart back.

I lean back and feel his arm wrap around me, his fingers spreading over my back. I take a slow breath. “What do I know? Maybe the most interesting thing about you is the mystery. We’re strangers, after all.”

He laughs. “People go from strangers to more quickly.”

“Is that an offer, Bill?” I stand on my toes, trying to get closer to his height. “We could be more than strangers by tonight.”

He throws the last dart and I glance over to see another bullseye. I smile at him, then reach into my purse. “But you seem a little unsure.”

“Unsure isn’t the right word,” he muses. “Careful might be a better fit for this situation.”

“Careful is boring.” I grab a sharpie, then step back just to jerk his shirt up. He curses softly and tries to push it down, but I suck the cap of the marker between my lips, catch it between my teeth, and pull it off.

Bill watches me with an intensity I feel more than see. I write my name over his impressive abs, then start on my phone number.

I draw a heart just above his belt and recap the marker. “If you decide *not* to be boring, to have a proper welcome to town, you can call me.”

“You’re very forward. Has anyone told you that?” Bill asks.

“People tell me plenty of things.” I drag his shirt down, but grip his belt and pull him tighter against me while holding his gaze. “I don’t care what they say to me or about me. I know who and what I am.”

“Your father wouldn’t approve of this,” Bill warns.

“I don’t care about what my father does and doesn’t like. It’s the beauty of being *me* and not him,” I press a soft kiss to his neck, smiling at the mark I leave. “Enjoy the view while I leave.”

“Just the view?”

“If you decide to enjoy more than that, you better hurry. I decide quickly and if I find fun somewhere else... well, I would say I’d forget all about you, but I don’t know if I’d be able to,” I say while stealing his glass and taking a long sip of beer.

His eyes sharpen. “Good girls ask before stealing a man’s drink.”

“I never said I was a good girl.” I stroke over his sinful body as I head to the door with a wink.

Bill watches me, his hands in fists. I make it outside and to the car. Any frat boy would have claimed me right there and then. They would have wanted to taste the words coming out of my mouth, not just hear them.

Maybe Liz is right. Maybe I should be happy with what I have instead of pushing for more. Officer Miller gets off work at some point ... and then we could get each other off. Maybe he’d use the cuffs this time and take the heat between us from a nine out of ten to an eleven.

I pull the car door open, only for a hand with a single tattoo to push it shut. The question mark on his pointer finger catches my attention almost as much as the warm, hard body behind me.

His other hand ghosts over my hip as I watch Bill’s reflection in the car window. Something dark and hot lingers in his eyes. “I thought you turned me down.”

“I thought about it, but then you mentioned going out in the desert alone.” Bill’s rough voice brushes my ear.

I lean back and look up at him. “I grew up around here. I know where it’s safe.”

“And, considering you nearly finished my beer, I might have to punish you for being so bold, forward... demanding,” he says in a low voice.

“Oh, you want to punish me for being naughty?” I giggle. “Want me to call you daddy while you spank me too?”

“You move fast,” he comments.

“Says the guy who just mentioned punishing me for stealing a sip of beer.”

“I didn’t write my number across your body, did I?” he argues.

“Life is short. I don’t like to make plans that have a chance of falling through.” I rub my ass against him. “If you decide to jump on an opportunity, feel free to lift your shirt and call the number there.”

He still doesn’t let me get in the car and my lips turn up in a smile.

Maybe I haven’t lost my touch.

BILL CHAPTER 9

Kristy turns in front of me and looks me over. “Are you going to stand here or?...”

God, I should say no. Kristy is dangerous for my control, dangerous in ways I’ve sworn off for the last ten years. But this girl has made it clear she wants to be chased. Her flirting, how easily our banter flowed... I’d be stupid to pass up on this opportunity.

“Bill?” she asks. “I should know if you’re going to creep up on me when I’m laying naked by the water.”

“I wouldn’t creep on you,” I say. “I’m just not sure you know what you’re in for if we head off together. I am a stranger to you.”

She giggles. “Being in the desert might be *safer* with a big ...” her eyes drop to my package and she cocks her head to the side before smirking up at me. “*Huge*, bad biker there to watch out for me.”

I press her closer to her car and lean down until my lips are by her ear. “Do you tease every man you meet?”

“Who says I’m teasing?” She asks in a soft voice.

I clear my throat and glance at my bike. I should go back inside. I should finish my beer. I should go back to the ranch.

“Follow me to the state park up the road,” I say, knowing that there will be plenty of people there and it’s not as wild as following a college girl to some secret spot only she knows about. “Then we can see if you’re all talk or not.”

She grins and motions to my hand. “That means I need to get into the car ... unless you want me to hold on to you, wrap my thighs around yours, and enjoy a ride on your bike.”

“Riding on the bike is for good girls only,” I chuckle.

“Oh, you’d love how well I ride. I might have to give you a demonstration,” she purrs.

Even though I should, I don’t want to resist her. It’s been so long since I’ve let myself enjoy someone or something

without thinking of every repercussion. Her quick wit and wicked smiles don't let me overthink a thing.

She gets in her car and I straddle my bike. Pulling my helmet on, I lead the way to the park and slide into a spot while watching some hikers apply sunscreen.

Kristy gets out and flips her hair in my direction. I take off my helmet, drop my coat onto my bike, and take her hand, pulling her closer to me. "If you behave and stay on the trail, I just might reward you."

"Reward me? Are we talking about with candy or something else?" She asks.

"That all depends on you, beautiful," I smirk. "I didn't buy candy at the store, though."

She laughs and lets me lead the way, keeping my hand. We weave around other people until we get to the top of a hill and look out over the landscape. Kristy whistles. "This is a better view than I had planned."

"I can think of more than one way to improve it," I say.

Kristy arches an eyebrow at me. "Are you going to share?"

I close the space between us and lift her chin. "You know the effect you have on men. I bet you can read my mind."

She pants as she watches me, her cheeks flushing before she bites her lip. "I think you want to- Ow!"

She squeaks and looks down as a nasty jumping cholla catches her leg. I pull her into my arms, carrying her honeymoon style. "I don't see any spikes in your leg."

"Usually the cacti are nice to me," she pouts.

"Oh, you charm them, too? Promise them water even in droughts. Bring them soil?" I chuckle.

"That's bribery, not charm," she taps my nose. "I'll tell you all about what the cactus talk about when you tell me why that lady at the supermarket was blinded by horror instead of your sex appeal."

“You haven’t earned all my secrets yet,” I say while patting her thigh.

“I have to earn them?” She turns my chin to face her.

I set her down on a large boulder and lift her leg to examine it. My hand continues up her leg to her knee, then along her outer thigh. She whimpers. “Bill,... you never said how you’d improve the view.”

“It would be better at sunset,” I say, trying to remind myself that I *just* met this girl today even though it feels like we’ve known each other for a lifetime. “It might be perfect if you had on a bikini top, considering how hot you look.”

She smirks and leans back. “Hot, huh?”

“You know what I mean.” I shake my head. “Behave.”

“I behave how I want all the time.” She smiles.

“Oh, I noticed. It takes a special woman to walk into a bar and destroy what would have been a perfect game of darts,” I tease, continuing to rub the soft skin of her thigh. “What has you so reckless, young lady?”

“I’m *not* reckless,” she argues. “I just... I want to do everything I have the opportunity to do, Bill. I get one life and I don’t want my father, his reputation, or someone else’s idea of how to live to dictate what I do with my time.”

“Kristy-”

“Next, you’re going to say I’m too young to think like that, huh? That I should play it safe and think of my future.” she scoffs.

“I’m saying I don’t want to be the reason you learn to be careful. I want you to enjoy your twenties, not be fearful,” I say.

Kristy looks up at me from under her thick lashes. “I’m a big girl who knows all about the evils in the world. My dad was a prosecutor, Billy. Now let’s stop talking about what if.”

I swallow, then motion to the path as some people pass us. “Let’s finish our hike.”

“Instead of our conversation?”

“Yes, because I’m in charge.” I wink at her. “Get your cute butt up and let’s go.”

“I feel you’re avoiding something that could make us both happier,” she hints.

I glance at the others walking by, then close the space between us. Getting up she takes a few steps back until she hits a tall rock. Her eyes stay on me, with no trace of fear or worry.

I stroke her chin softly, then run my thumb over her lush bottom lip when she doesn’t pull away. Her lips part and I’m half tempted to slide my finger between her lips and tell her to suck just to see if she’ll do it.

“Get a picture!” someone yells, snapping me out of it.

As I pull my thumb away, Kristy’s tongue follows the path I’d stroked over her bottom lip. “You’re a bigger tease than me.”

“You don’t know the half of it,” I rasp.

Playing with Kristy is playing with fire. Her father would find something to charge me with just to keep her away. Hell, when she finds out the rumors, she’ll regret whatever we do.

I don’t want her to regret a thing. I’d rather have her begging for more, thinking of me until she’s half crazy, and only getting what she wants once she’s all sweet for me.

“Finish the hike with me - without letting the cacti bite you - and then you can claim that reward we were talking about,” I mutter.

I take a step back, but she doesn’t move for a second. She licks over her bottom lip and brushes by me. Glancing over her shoulder at me, she wiggles her ass in my direction. I shake my head, catch her hip in my hand, and keep her close.

“We’re going slow today,” I say in her ear, “since we just met, but I still have that long list of things to do with you and ways to frustrate you as much as you frustrate me.”

“I frustrate you?”

“In the best way.” I slip my hand higher, brushing her skin.

She takes a ragged breath. It’s a miracle that we make it through the rest of the hike. We keep teasing each other, but she tells me about her classes when I ask, never shies away from a full answer, and before we know it, we’re back at our cars.

“I was good,” she says, peeking up at me under her lashes.

“And you want your reward?” I almost laugh.

She blushes and nods.

“Being good on a first date is expected, isn’t it?” I tease.

She huffs and heads to her car, obviously annoyed. I wrap an arm around her waist, surprised again by how small she is when I bundle her in my arms. Kristy stares at me with her lips parted, a wild glint in her eyes.

“I’ll give you a taste of what you could have... consider it an incentive,” I smirk.

“A taste?”

“One you’ll remember.” I brush her hair from her face. “If you want it.”

She sucks her lip and I stroke over her cheek. “That look is telling me, yes, but I want to hear it.”

“Yes,” she answers.

I lean down, enjoying how her eyes flutter as she waits. I kiss her slow and then hard when she stays patient, giving her a bit of what she’s been fishing for. Her lips mold to mine and she hums low in her throat as I cup the back of her neck and slide my fingers into her hair.

She moans as her lips part for me, welcoming my tongue to tangle with hers. She teases my tongue slow, then melts against me, rubbing my hips, rolling her body against mine, taking everything she wants without hesitation.

I pull her closer and kiss her again, then again, and again because I just can't tear myself away. Her mouth is fucking addictive and I want to lose myself in every soft sigh and the way her nails scratch down my sides. I'm already painfully hard and she's not making it any easier to think straight.

When her tongue curls against mine, I groan and clutch her closer. She rubs my cock through my jeans, driving me insane just from the heat of her palm, but it doesn't matter how hard I am.

I catch her wrists and pull her arms around me so I can press my forehead to hers. "You're going to open a big can of worms like this... and we don't need the police getting called because we're being indecent."

She glances around, remembering we're in public, then her eyes drop to my erection. "That's what you call your dick, a big can of-?"

"No, that's ..." I sigh, chuckle, and shake my head. "It sounds like a pretty good name for it now."

She laughs.

"We can pick this up again next time we meet," I say.

"Next time, huh? I don't remember offering a next time," she teases.

I clutch her tighter against me and see her eyes dilate. I grin. "I *know* you want a 'next time', beautiful."

"You're driving me crazy, Billy."

"I promise you'll enjoy the journey and the destination," I growl.

She stands on her toes and kisses me again, her arms winding around my neck. Her nails tease the back of my neck, dragging a moan from my throat.

Why the hell am I not taking what she offers again? Why am I pumping the breaks when we want each other?

Kristy draws back and taps my belly. "You better hope that hasn't worn off, biker man. You'll need that number for the

next time... unless you're as hungry as I am suddenly."

"I could eat," I admit, lost in the way she looks at me.

There's no fear, there's no hesitation. She looks at me like I'm normal, not someone who's suspected of a terrible crime. Not someone who got away from the law on a technicality.

"Then I hope you can keep up," she says.

The next thing I know, she's in her car and pulling out of the lot.

A slow smile turns up my lips. If she wants to be chased, I'm the man for the job.

KRISTY CHAPTER 10

When I get to the diner, I slide into a booth to catch my breath. Since when do I let a man take control of the flirting? I know better. The only feelings I want to be involved in when it comes to men are lust, pleasure, and bliss.

My heart isn't necessary because once a heart is involved, it's messy.

This means wanting to know more about Bill and that little extra beat that threatened my heart when I saw Kevin earlier must be a lapse in judgment. Maybe it's some kind of heat stroke.

"What can I get you, Miss?" A waitress asks.

"Water, please. I'll look at the menu," I say with a smile.

"It's certainly a hot one out there today," the woman says while staring outside.

I follow her gaze and see Bill shedding his leather jacket and showing those muscular arms that feel even better than they look. He followed? He actually ... My mouth goes dry and I clear my throat.

"A water would be great," I say.

The waitress hurries off as Bill comes in. He slides into the booth across from me and his boot brushes my shoe. He rubs again, to prove it was intentional.

"I thought you were waiting for next time," I mumble.

“It didn’t seem like you wanted to get away. Going to call Officer Miller for backup? Obviously, you have some history with him,” Bill says, glancing between me and the menu.

I suck my bottom lip. “Are you jealous?”

“I’m deciding if I should be,” he answers.

“After a hike and a make-out session?” I roll my eyes. “I thought you said you weren’t staying long.”

“That doesn’t mean I want to share you while I’m here,” he rests his elbows on the table.

“What are you going to do about that?” I ask. “Punish me?”

“Nope,” he pauses when the waitress comes over.

She bats her eyelashes at Bill. “What can I get for you, handsome?”

“A beer, please, and whatever burger you recommend, a side of chili and fries for me to split with my date,” he lists.

I almost choke on my water. I cough and try to remember the last time I dated. When did I get all dressed up, worry over my hair and makeup, ask Liz if I looked good if she thought he liked me, giggled with her after the night was over and the butterflies were loose in my belly making a B-Line for my heart?

“And for you?” The waitress asks me.

“I will have the melt please,” I answer.

The waitress nods jots something down but doesn’t look away from Bill. It’s not like I don’t understand it. The longer I look at him, the more I find I like. The threads of green woven into the brown in his eyes, the hint of a tattoo under his shirt sleeve, the sharpness of his jaw, the little bump in his nose, and the scar through his bottom lip.

Every little thing just adds to the mystery of the man—the mystery I’m not supposed to care about.

“I swear I know you,” the waitress murmurs.

“I’m not a local,” he says.

She shrugs and walks away. I snort, “she wants to know you.”

“Are you jealous?” He flips the question on me.

I sit a little taller. “Nope.”

“Someone interrupted me earlier. I think I was telling you what I’d do if I was forced to share you. Is that right, Kristy?” Bill asks with a dangerous undercurrent.

My core tightens and I nod slowly, not trusting my voice.

“I’d just have to make sure you want me more if we were going to start something, that is.”

“How?” I ask.

“By seducing you,” he gives me a bad boy smile that turns my brain to goo. “Making sure I stay on your mind, that you crave me like no one else, that you still feel my kisses long after I’m gone.”

“That’s.... quite a list,” I say, trying to hide how good that sounds.

“I warned you: I’m a lot to handle, Kristy.”

“There’s a lot of you to handle, that’s different,” I tease.

He chuckles and leans closer to me on the table. “I’ve always hated booths.”

“Really?”

“They encourage so much space between people,” he says.

“You can only connect with someone when you’re touching?” I know I’m goading him, but there’s something about him taking charge that’s so hot it puts every frat boy I’ve ever wanted to shame.

“We’ll see, won’t we?” His eyes darken and he reaches across the table, his fingers sliding between mine and proving how well they fit together.

“Why did the woman at the store call the police?” I ask, trying to keep my wits about me.

“You’re asking *after* suggesting we go on a secluded hike?”

“To be fair, I didn’t think you were going to leave the bar. I figured you’d just watch me walk away and let it be,” I admit.

He rubs his jaw. “Let’s keep the mystery alive a little longer.”

“And you lied to the waitress, too. If you know my dad and other people know you based on-”

“How often do you tempt men just to see how they’ll react?” He asks.

“An answer for an answer,” I barter.

When another worker gasps, then whispers in our waitress’s ear, I arch an eyebrow at Bill. Who exactly did I just make out with?

“Go ahead, Kristy. Ladies first,” Bill says.

“No. I don’t flirt or tempt every man I meet. I go after what I want and if who I want wants me, then I’m happy to make it happen. I can handle regret more than I can handle ‘what if’,” I shrug.

“That’s an interesting philosophy. Most people are so worried about regretting something, they try to avoid things,” Bill says while leaning back.

“Now, your turn,” I encourage him.

“There are rumors about me here. Rumors and assumptions might change your opinion of me. That’s why the woman at the store called the police. That’s why Officer Miller’s partner laid into me. That’s why our waitress is going to be almost absent now, despite being eager to flirt earlier,” he explains.

“I’m surprised I haven’t already heard the rumors then. People like to talk here.” I put my elbows on the table and fold my hands under my chin. “Did you *do* something?”

“I don’t think it matters what I did or didn’t do... rumors have more power than the truth when they’re more exciting,”

he says. “My side of the story didn’t matter when it was a big deal and now everyone assumes they know the truth, even though I was cleared.”

Just like Bill predicted, the waitress nearly tosses our food down and then hurries away. Her eyes keep darting back to Bill.

I hear a few customers whisper, and then they’re all looking at him. I clear my throat. “Must have been sinister.”

“Expect plenty of people to talk you out of talking with me, let alone being alone with me,” Bill says before dipping a fry in his chili.

“Well, clearly you’re a psychopath since that’s how you’re using fries.” I motion.

He looks at how he’s dipping his fries, then shrugs. “I’m sorry that you’ve never had the experience.”

“Fries are specific for condiments.”

“You’ve never had chili-cheese fries?” Bill asks, as though that’s impossible.

I shift uncomfortably. There’s plenty I haven’t had. Until I had the money to buy my own food and go out with friends instead of my parents. I wasn’t even allowed to have a milkshake. My parents had me in child beauty pageants, dance, and violin.

My dad insisted on tennis and horseback riding. I mingled with his friends’ sons and daughters, played the one-upping game, and realized I was just another way for him to brag about his accomplishments through me.

“Kristy, that’s a simple question.”

“No, I haven’t. If anything, chili belongs on hot dogs according to what I’ve been told by friends ... and a drunk night near food trucks,” I answer.

Bill gives me a long look as I take delicate bites of my sandwich. He keeps eating as though it’s nothing, then slides the chili toward me. “Try it if you’re going to keep staring with that horrified face.”

“I’m not really a fries person,” I say.

“I don’t think you’re a national parks person either. Why not try multiple new things in a day? Or are you afraid someone here will judge you more than me for what you eat?” Bill teases.

I take a fry, dip it into the chili, then take a slow bite, giving the fry a bit of a suck, just to screw with him. Bill takes a low breath as he watches me. I slowly guide the entire fry into my mouth, more focused on baiting the man in front of me than tasting the chili or the fry.

When I finally let myself taste it, I’m surprised that it’s not a salt overload. There’s some heat, a bit of cheese from what Bill put on top of the chili, and just the right amount of everything.

“You’re wicked,” Bill murmurs.

“Apparently not as wicked as you.” I steal another fry and use his chili. “You might actually have some decent taste.”

“I think you know exactly how good I taste, Kristy.” he winks.

I feel my face heat and smile. He does taste good and his kisses ruined any bit of awareness I had in that parking lot. I was ready to drag his zipper down, push him into my car, and show him how well I can ride.

We finish eating with basic conversation between bites until I notice the waitress hesitating with the check. I smile. “You must be all kinds of scary, Bill. You’ve turned our waitress from horny to terrified.”

“And you?” His eyes focus entirely on me.

“You can find out ... after I take care of the check,” I wink at him and get up to spare the poor waitress a heart attack.

After I pay, she catches my wrist. “Do you have any idea who that is?”

“A new friend.” I toss my hair over my shoulder. “A delicious one, by the way, he kisses better than some men fuck.” I smile.

The waitress swallows whatever comment she was going to make and accepts the tip I give. I glance at Bill and slide outside.

Should I let him get closer when so many people are afraid of him or should I take the obvious “do not proceed” signs I keep picking up, even after a very fun day?

I pause at my car, look at his bike, and feel torn between the two.

Before I can decide, a hand caresses my side. I glance back and see Bill there. He smirks. “Did I scare you away with the truth?”

“No, I’m just weighing things out. Apparently, careful is contagious,” I mumble.

“So is recklessness.” Bill kisses my cheek.

“I don’t want to think.” I shake my head, turn in his arms, and lift his shirt again, just to make sure my number is still there.

“No, you just want a sample of what you could have *next time*, huh?” He lifts my chin and cocks his head to the side.

It’s not fair that he can make me feel all electrified with one long look and light touch. “A look isn’t a sample.”

“You’re right,” he brushes his lips over mine gently, all light and soft. It’s too soft to be a real kiss, especially from a man like him.

It doesn’t matter though. That he’s so gentle ruins my resistance all the same.

Bill draws back and winks. “I’ll text you later.”

“Maybe you’ll get lucky and I’ll answer.”

KEVIN CHAPTER 11

I play with my phone, wondering when I'll hear from Kristy again.

I'm not a kid with illusions of happily ever after, but I don't want our road-side fun to be a one time thing. The last time I had sparks with someone like this, it nearly jeopardized my career. I'd been so hooked on her; I hadn't wanted to go back when I was redeployed.

Of course, that had taken a month of serious dating compared to the two meetings with Kristy. I tap my phone against my palm, trying to resist the urge to message her again.

I get through a shower, then run into Bill.

He drops onto the couch with a beer in his hand and a sour expression on his face.

"You're mad about earlier today, aren't you?" I ask.

Bill pauses mid-sip as his eyes flick to me. "I'm not a criminal, Kev. You know that."

"Of course I know that."

I've stuck up for him for the last twelve years, but things are different when I'm in my uniform. I can't exactly stand up for him when the bosses still think he's the one who got away.

"But you didn't stick up for me with your partner. You let him grill me and didn't say a word," Bill says before shaking his head. "I guess things don't change."

"Don't-"

My phone buzzes and I see a message from Kristy—more specifically – I see that she sent a photo. My thumb hovers over the button.

“Don’t what, Kev? Don’t point out the obvious? You’re working for the same police who tried to throw me in jail because it was easier than actually tracking down the person who did it.”

Another buzz and I see the beginning of the message: my roommate has a date Thursday, and I was thinking ...

Fuck, one conversation at a time or I’ll stop thinking and start focusing on the things I want to say to Kristy.

“You’re not even paying attention now! I’m here for two weeks and so far, it’s been a rocky start... with you.” Bill snorts and stands up. “By the way, I made your favorite. It’s in the kitchen.”

Before I can stop him, he goes to his room and shuts himself in. The last time he did something like this, it was him yelling something similar to our dad. I’d followed him to his room, opened the door, and found him sitting with the window open smoking cigarettes.

I take two steps after him, wanting to make sure he’s okay, wanting to convince him I believe him, to say *something*. I know he was dating the girl that went missing all those years ago, but I was only twelve.

Our parents kept me from the worst of it, but that doesn’t mean kids at school did. They called Bill a murderer, said he was a screwup, and I was going to end up the same way. I got into more fights at lunch than ever, trying to defend the guy that everyone swore was a murderer.

He showed up once to pick me up from school, gave those bullies one look and they steered clear of me just like that.

Bill had seemed like a god then.

I’d only understood, years later, exactly why he could get people to shut up that quickly and how much trouble we were playing with.

“I’m sorry, Bill,” I say softly.

With that, I turn and go to the kitchen. Of course, my favorite meal from the last time he cooked for me was spaghetti and meatballs. It looks as tempting now as it did then, even forced into a Tupperware container with sauce smeared on the top, tossed into the fridge like it’s unimportant.

I make it for myself, sit down, and finally open the picture that Kristy sent. It’s her, in bed, in the most beautiful sheer lingerie I’ve ever seen. It’s pure lace, and shows off plenty of skin only covering the bare minimum, but I want to tear it off her all the same.

The rest of her message is a subtle offer for me to come over Thursday night. I rub my bottom lip and smile.

I message her back, then get a phone call. Her voice is all breathy and low. “I miss you, officer.”

“Do you?” I ask as I setting my fork down.

“Oh yes. Without your influence, I’m tempted to be naughty.”

“Don’t get me worked up right now, darlin. Not if your roommate is there,” I pant.

Just one moan from her and some dirty talk, and I’m ready to be the one sneaking out to have a better night. I close my eyes and glance at my stepbrother’s door. I dip into my bedroom and hear Kristy moan again.

“What are you going to do about it?” She gasps and I close my eyes as I lie back in bed.

“I’m going to slap some cuffs on you for”

“For what? Tempting the badge?” She lets out another moan. “Masturbating and sharing the fun?”

I groan in answer and stroke myself through my pajama pants. “You should bottle all that up. Wait for me on Thursday.”

“I’ve been waiting,” she continues. “I’m trying so hard to be quiet. Maybe I just need something to wrap my mouth

around.”

“Darlin, you’re ...” I pull my cock from my pants and continue stroking. I close my eyes and listen to her. I can hear every breath, can hear her shifting on her bed, can imagine her fingers stroking between her legs.

“Tell me how good it feels,” I finally order.

“Tell me what you’re doing, *officer*,” she counters, “and I might share more than a sentence.”

I groan as my hand focuses on the head of my cock, stroking and squeezing lightly. “I’m touching myself, wishing you were the one touching me right now.”

“Mm, that’s a nice mental image, but I think I know what will be better than wishing I were there,” Kristy teases.

“You being here and showing me how much fun we can have on a bed?” I guess.

My phone buzzes, so I pull it away from my ear and see a video request. A grin spreads over my face as I accept it. Kristy smiles at me, licks her lips, then pans down to show me exactly how wet she is.

I let out a low groan and continue stroking myself, working as fast as her fingers are. She whimpers and sighs. “Show me, Kev. Please. I’m aching for you. I need you right here, filling me up.”

“Fuck. I wish I was there, Kristy,” I groan.

“Show me how much,” she breathes.

I show her my cock, and how fast my hand is moving on it. She gasps and lets me watch her fingers work until she’s close to the edge. Then it’s all her face, flushed, wild eyes, parted lips and fuck, it does me in.

I can’t resist. I come hard, and Kristy bites her pillow to soften her own moan. Her whole body rolls, then she sighs and rolls on her side. She bites her lips as she meets my eyes.

“Thursday?” She asks.

“You’ll have more than your hand, darlin. I promise you that.”

She giggles and sighs. “I get all excited when I see a cop car now. I get the urge to speed, to be very naughty and earn some cuffs.”

“The fuzzy kind, right?” I ask.

“Your cuffs, specifically. I don’t have a death wish.” She rolls her eyes. “But I promise, I won’t do anything so naughty it will get you in trouble.”

“Can I believe a girl who’s so eager to have me that she speeds down the highway?” I tease.

“I’m reformed since I’m sticking to video calls. You’re such an excellent police officer,” she hums. “I can already picture you as a detective.”

“We’ll see. There’s only so much big crime in Tucson.” I roll my eyes.

“That’s a good thing, isn’t it?” She asks as her eyebrows furrow. “It means you won’t ... well, you’ll ...”

I try to hide my smile, but it must show because she shakes her head. “Say anything and I’ll hang up right now.”

“Are you worried about me, Kristy?” I ask.

She hides behind her hand for a second, then sighs. “It would just be really nice if you didn’t get hurt. I’m not exactly the nursing type.”

“No, you won’t stay by my side in a cute little outfit tending to my wounds and making me feel all better?”

“I’d rather make you feel very good with no injuries to worry about. I can show you exactly what I mean on Thursday. So don’t be late.”

“I think nothing could keep me from coming over right after work. Not even a zombie outbreak.”

She giggles and scrapes her teeth over her lips before meeting my eyes again. “Have a good night, officer.”

“Sweet dreams, darlin.”

She hangs up, and I float in a happy bliss for a few minutes before my stomach growls. I adjust my pants, clean up a bit, then go retrieve my dinner. Something loud echoes outside and I stand up, holding my spaghetti close.

I should be used to the bumps in the old house, but when Bill comes out of his room and looks at me, then at the door, he grabs a large knife from the table.

“I have a gun,” I say.

“Now, now, golden boy, we don’t need you getting your hands dirty,” Bill says with his eyes on the front door.

Another bang echoes through the silent house, and we both move forward. I grip my phone in my other hand, ready to dial, but Bill just opens the door and yells. “Who’s out here!”

I move behind him and notice the swing is banging into the railing of the porch despite the softness of the wind. Bill puts his arm out. “Stay here.”

“I’m the cop,” I argue.

He still takes the lead. He looks around, and I turn on my flashlight to do the same. We edge around the house, then split up and check again. Bill meets me on the porch and looks at the swing, now perfectly still. He sits on it and rubs his hand over his face. “Must have been a coyote or something.”

“They don’t normally wander this close. Not since I sold the chickens,” I mumble.

“Well, we both know you’re not a dirty cop, even if you’d rather go with the flow,” he sighs. “I don’t see any rocks thrown, no vandalism about me being here.”

“It’s not always about you, Bill,” I mumble. “Only the old guys remember you.”

“And the old guys spread a fuck ton of rumors, Kev,” he rubs his hand over his face.

“There’s no evidence linking you there. I know ‘sleeping’ isn’t supposed to be an alibi, but I know-”

“I know you know,” he shakes his head. “I just need to keep my head down more. I’ll stay here, give you money for groceries, and visit the lawyer with you on your day off. Then I’ll be out of here and you won’t have to worry about my reputation rubbing off on you.”

“I’m more worried about someone harassing you. I can handle the questions and the looks. I’m not twelve anymore,” I argue.

Bill looks at me, notices the spaghetti still in my hand, and chuckles. “I’m not entirely convinced of that.”

I laugh with him and shake my head. “Let’s have dinner the right way, man.”

“Sure, sure,” Bill agrees, despite glancing out over the impossibly dark ranch. “Just like old times.”

KRISTY CHAPTER 12

I stare at the dress I'm in. Tempting with plenty of cleavage and a lot of leg, but a sweet skirt. Mom will compliment it, Dad will hate it, but neither will say I didn't dress up for this damn last-minute dinner.

Of course, it's on the day that I wanted to block out for Kevin. I have time; I know that, but I'm not nearly as happy as Liz is while getting ready for her date with Hector. She spins, showing me the strapless dress she has on.

"Is it perfect? Wait, does it make me look like-"

I stand up and hold her shoulders in my hands. "You look perfect. Hector's damn lucky."

"You meddled." She narrows her eyes. "I know you did, but I don't even care right now."

"He was practically begging me for your number. When I went over on Tuesday to talk to Mom about changing majors, he would take every opportunity to ask about y-o-u," I tell her.

She giggles and turns again to check her makeup. "I don't feel finished, though. I don't even know what to expect! What if I'm overdressed? Or I'm not dressed up enough? What if-"

"Put on some lipstick." I hand her the color she loves most and wrap my arms around her waist. "You look beautiful. Overdressed and underdressed are just a state of mind with everyone but the country club. Focus on having fun and enjoying yourself."

"You trust him?"

“I know he’ll be good to you,” I say. “I threatened him.”

She gasps and turns around. “You didn’t!”

“It was a *nice* threat. I told him if he breaks your heart, I’ll ruin his hedges,” I shrug.

Liz shakes her head, but finishes her lipstick and takes a deep breath. “I’ll text you when I get there and when I leave.”

“Have fun,” I encourage.

She heads out, and I go to my parents shortly after.

Surprise, surprise, A.J. is there. He nearly chokes on his wine when I walk in. My dad looks in my direction, eyes my dress like it’s the worst thing he’s ever seen, then pastes on a smile.

“I’m so glad you could make it, honey,” he opens his arms to me.

I kiss his cheek politely and smile at my mom. We sit down to a boring dinner of dad bragging about my accomplishments and A.J.’s while sprinkling advice in. My mom leans over as Dad talks business with his protégé.

“I think he might be a good one for you, Kristy. He looks almost as bored and uncomfortable as you,” she winks.

I laugh softly and pat my chest before setting down the water.

“Mom!”

“I’m just saying he’s not a monster and you know how men are. You find one, put in the time to train him, and you make him into husband material.” She shrugs.

“So that’s what you did with dad?” I motion to my father, who’s catching on that Mom and I aren’t paying attention.

“He’s due for some... retraining,” she winks.

I shake my head. I don’t want to think of how my mom trains my dad. I down the rest of my water and pour some wine for me.

“Love, how about we check on the rest of dinner,” Dad hints.

Mom gives me a smile and heads to the kitchen with dad, leaving me alone with A.J. He takes a slow breath. “I didn’t know they invited you to this. I didn’t know about this until-”

“Are you upset about it?” I ask, slipping out of my heels and running my toes over his shoe, then along his ankle. “Should I be offended?”

“Um,” he looks at my foot. “I think they’re trying to set us up and I just wanted you to know that it’s not my...”

“Am I not your cup of tea?” I pout, then lean over on the table, giving A.J. a good look down the front of my dress. “I can understand that. I’m more like a shot of tequila.”

He laughs, then lowers his voice. “You knew they were trying to set us up?”

“I had a feeling.” I shrug. “Your my dad’s idea of a perfect man, and you’re much better looking than the last one he tried to set me up with.”

“He wants you to settle down?” A.J. asks, moving closer.

I get up and walk around the table to get some of the white wine that is right next to A.J. I brush my fingers over his shoulder and rest my ass against the table. He blushes and tries to look away, but can’t quite manage.

“He wants someone to tame me. I’m too wild. Encourage others to make bad choices. Don’t think too long about the future when there’s fun available ... maybe I *am* more like tequila,” I say.

He looks over my legs when I uncross them, then away. I giggle and stroke through his hair. “Don’t worry, A.J. You can look all you want when my dad isn’t around. You can even touch, as long as you can control that blush.”

A.J. clears his throat. “I could use some tequila right now.”

I lean closer to him, turning his chin to face me, then stroking down the front of his neck. “Is that a euphemism, or do you want me to raid my parent’s liquor cabinet for us?”

His throat bobs and I smile. I take the wine with me as I return to my seat and play with the neckline of my dress. “You’re so quiet.”

“I have a feeling the walls are thin,” he murmurs.

“Oh no, my dad doesn’t settle for anything less than the best. Thick walls, a perfect daughter, and a good man for his daughter.” I lean forward like I’m going to tell him a secret, and he moves forward to do the same. I hum in my throat and continue playing with my necklace, drawing his gaze right where I want it. “The thing is, I enjoy helping a good man get in touch with his bad side.”

A.J. starts to open his mouth, but we hear my parents and sit back down. He’s tongue-tied for the rest of the meal, and I know that me running my toes over his ankle isn’t helping, especially when I keep biting my lip, looking him over, and making insinuations that my parents don’t notice.

By the time I head home, he’s a blushing, stuttering mess and can’t take his eyes off me long enough to have a full conversation with my dad.

I giggle as I drive home.

Taking control feels a lot like freedom.

At my place, I take off the dress and slide into something a little more scandalous. It’s a ‘clubbing dress’ according to the website, but considering I can’t wear a bra with it and can only manage a thong, it feels a lot more like lingerie.

I ignore heels, and put on my pull-on thigh highs, then text Kevin, asking when he’s going to get off work and make his night a lot better with me.

When he doesn’t answer, I groan and work on homework for a while. As I fall asleep, I hear loud banging in the hallway. Lifting my head from my textbook, I look around and wipe the drool off my chin.

“Liz?”

No answer. I sit up and brush my fingers through my hair. It’s almost ten and still no text from Kevin. So much for

having alone time. Liz will probably be back in less than an hour.

I hear three more loud knocks somewhere in the hallway and then someone yells. “Open the fucking door!”

It shouldn’t bother me. Sure, it’s a Thursday, but people get drunk and do stupid things. So why do goosebumps rise all over my skin? Why am I suddenly cold and determined to *not* be home?

I pull my blanket around me and tiptoe to the door to make sure it’s locked and turn off the light. The banging gets closer, so close I swear the person is trying to break into my room from the bathroom.

I look out the peephole and see some guy staggering with his hand behind his back. He looks at my door and I take a step back. He pounds on it, hard and fast.

“I know you’re in there, bitch! I know you’re in there and if you don’t come out, I’m gonna make you come out!”

I quickly dial 911 on my phone. I send a text to Kevin at the same time, telling him something is very wrong.

The operator picks up and I squeak as the man rattles my door handle so hard that I’m afraid the lock is just going to give out.

“Hello, yes. This is Kristy Jacobs. I need someone here now. Someone’s trying to break into my dorm room apartment.” I say before giving my address.

The woman asks me to stay on the line just as my whole door shakes under a powerful thump.

“You think I don’t know what you’re doing? I know you’re sneaking around!” The man yells in a slurred voice. “When I get in there, you’re going to pay. You want to cut my heart out?”

Another heavy bang on my door shakes the entire wall. I whimper and curl up under my desk. My voice comes out in a hoarse whisper. “Please hurry.”

“Someone is on the way. It should only be two minutes. Just stay calm and stay as quiet as you can,” the woman says.

“How can I stay calm?” I demand.

“Make this easier on yourself!” The man yells before slamming the door again. “Either talk to me or ...”

I almost scream when he flings himself into the door again and the frame cracks. I whimper and then hear. “Police!”

“Stand down and show us your hands!” The other officer yells.

“Now!” That’s Kevin.

“They’re here. Oh, god ... they’re here,” I sigh.

“That’s good. Are you okay?”

“Yes.” I hang up on her.

“Put the gun down now!” The other officer yells.

There’s a scuffle, then two firm knocks on my door. I keep my blanket wrapped around me when I unlock it and open it. Kevin stands there, panting.

“Are you okay, ma’am?”

“Fuck off with the ma’am, officer.” I fling my arms around him and hold on as tightly as I can.

“You’re shaking, Kristy,” he breathes.

“He almost got in. He ... he ... why me?” I whimper.

“Shh, you’re okay now. I promise. We got him,” he says loud enough for others to hear, then lowers his voice again. “I’ve got you, darlin.”

I go with them to the police station and file a report. The man is drunk. He doesn’t even look at me, doesn’t know who I am, but I will not forget his thin, bony face, the glazed look in his eyes, or the blood rolling over his lips from his nose any time soon.

Or the gun, the gun he was eager to threaten me with. They’ve found a knife on him too, so he was eager to cut

someone's heart out. I give the police everything.

"Do you want to call someone?" Kevin asks.

"You were late," I whisper, still clutching my blanket.

"I'm sorry. I tried. This was our second emergency tonight," he rubs my arm. "If you want to call—"

"I already texted Liz. She's going to stay with another friend tonight, but I ... I can't go home. Please don't ask me to ..." I suck my bottom lip and glance at the guy again. "My door is ..."

"You can come to my place," he says softly. "I'll take care of you."

"Are you off work?"

"I will be in just ten minutes," he pats my hand. "I just have to file this."

"Don't leave me alone, Kevin, please. I can't ..." my eyes flick to the man again and I pull my blanket tighter. "This is not how tonight was supposed to go."

BRAD CHAPTER 13

I watch Kevin interact with the girl and know that he's not going home alone. We've officially crossed the line of professionalism. I knew it when we found his stepbrother outside the grocery store with her, but he's more than smitten, if he's willing to whisper to her and rub her hand right here in the open.

Hauling myself out of my chair, I walk over to put him in place. It's not because I'm still frustrated over my past relationship. It's because my partner is going to get himself fired or a charge brought against him if he keeps this up.

That's all.

I tap his shoulder, and he looks over. I notice how close Miss Jacob's hand is to Kevin's and sigh. Before I can order him to the side for a talk, the barbie doll of a girl stands up and hugs me.

Since she's still clutching the blanket tightly, it's more like a lean, but my arms wrap around her to keep us from losing our balance. She's far from the forward, charismatic woman I met at the store.

She trembles against me and a small sob escapes. "Thank you for coming so fast."

"This isn't ..."

"I know it's not professional, but neither is being wrapped in a blanket in a police station. Thank you, really. If I didn't think it would be considered a bribe, I'd buy you guys dinner

and treat you to the most expensive place in town just so you know how much I appreciate you both. He was so close to getting in and..” She ends the sentence with a sniffle.

I stroke her back, then draw back when Kevin arches an eyebrow at me. I pat her head. “We’d be failing our job if he got in. You saved yourself and others tonight. Your father would be proud.”

Her face scrunches, but that reminder of her father wasn’t for her. It was for me. I need to remember what softening around her would bring down on my head. The wrath of an ex-lawyer, ex-cop, future mayor who’s happy to institute stop and frisk all over again without probable cause, a guy who looks the other way when a few hundred goes missing from the evidence locker, when non-essential evidence is gone after years even if the case can be reopened later.

I don’t need someone so flexible with rules when it benefits him putting me under his watchful gaze.

Kristy takes a step back toward Kevin. “I don’t feel safe waiting outside. Can I just sit here for a bit?”

I’m tempted to ask what she has under the blanket that she’s so determined to hide, but she whirls around. “Don’t tell my dad about this.”

“Well, technically, it will be a matter of public record,” I say.

“Fuck.” She sits back down and rubs her forehead. “Okay, is it possible to just keep anyone from reaching out to him, at least tonight? Right now, I’m the victim, but I guarantee if he walks through that door right now, there will be a yelling match in an interview room.”

“Because of what’s under the blanket,” I guess.

Her cheeks turn scarlet red, and Kevin clears his throat. “I’ll take you somewhere safe, Kristy.”

“Thank you.” She sniffs again and nods at me. “Thank you, Brad, really.”

Kevin gets called over by the boss and I pull her away from the main bullpen. She looks up at me in surprise when I stop in a hallway with two broken lights. She stares up at me as I corner her against a wall.

“Should I be screaming right now?” She asks softly.

I pull her blanket back over her shoulder and shake my head. “Not everyone is willing to ignore you, Kristy. Someone in the bull pen might call your father just because you’re there. Plenty of people want his favor.”

She rubs her hand over her face and sighs. “Fantastic.”

Her blanket drops around both shoulders, showing some lacy sleeves of something and a generous amount of cleavage. I clear my throat, making myself look away even though I want to lick across her skin and make her feel better.

Kristy shakes her head. “As if tonight wasn’t terrible enough, now I have to worry about him.”

“Not eager for him to see you in this.” I motion to her.

She looks down and shrugs. “He wants me to be something I’m not and doesn’t like that I flaunt exactly who I am ... you know ... like a real girl and not a doll?”

“A doll isn’t what comes to mind when I look at you.” My voice is husky and low.

Kristy swallows and trembles. “If tonight was different, I’d tease you for that and get you to say what you mean.”

“You know how you look. You might be young, but you’re not stupid, Kristy,” I say as I take a step back.

“Thank you... I think.” Her brow furrows. “Are you okay? You’re all stoic and ... quiet. I think this is more than you’ve said to me since-”

“I’m a police officer right now, in uniform and everything. Other than running into each other at the store, we shouldn’t be crossing paths often.” I take another step back at that.

Kristy nods and adjusts the blanket. She looks around, lost and unsure. “I never thought I’d be at the inside of a police

station.”

“Few people do.”

“Yeah.” She nods. “Well, I.. I’m not going to say thank you again since that gets old fast, but I’m glad there are good officers in our city. I’ve worried plenty, you know.”

I blink in surprise. When she’s not flirting, there’s a lot to her. She pushes her hair out of her face, nearly revealing her entire outfit.

If that can be called an outfit. Holy shit, she’s gorgeous. Dressed in lace and only lace, with maybe a sliver of a thong under the slinky dress, she’s better than any piece of art I’ve ever seen.

Closing the distance between us, I reach out and consider touching her. I bet she’d be warm, soft, perfect. I bet with one night, she could ruin every memory of Rose. *Jacobs*, I remind myself.

Instead of stroking her side, I pull her blanket back in place gently. Kristy stands on her toes and presses her lips to my cheek softly. I freeze, nearly pressed against her in a darkened hall. I swallow and try to remind myself I don’t want her.

I don’t.

I can’t.

It’s a complication that will lead to more complications, but when her lips graze my ear, I shudder as a familiar heat spreads across my abdomen and hardens my cock.

“Thank you for being a gentleman, Brad. You deserve so much more than that sad look in your eyes,” she breathes. “I really would love to see you smile.”

“Kristy?” Kevin asks the hallway.

I draw back and pat her on the head. “Maybe I will.”

“Soon,” she says as she looks me over. “One way or another, I’ll pay you back, and that might be the best way to do it.”

I almost chuckle at her determination, but she heads to Kevin. He clears his throat. "I'll have to drop you off and come back."

"You're supposed to be off," I say, walking up.

It's not my business. I know that. Hell, I don't have the ground to stand on given my workaholic tendencies, but if something has changed ...

"Yeah, apparently there's paperwork I need and mandatory O.T ... for everyone except you," Kevin shoots me a frustrated look.

"Well, if you have mandatory O.T. you can't drive her home," I inform him. "Just give me the address and I'll take care of it."

Kevin looks at me with surprise. "What's the catch?"

"You're buying lunch next time," I say with a shrug. "It's in our best interest if she's not here, if or when her father shows up."

Kevin looks at Kristy for a long time and leans toward her. He whispers something in her ear and she nods shyly. "Next time, Officer Miller."

Considering how sly she looks, I can't even pretend to believe nothing is going on. I point at Kevin. "This, whatever it is, stays outside the bullpen. No gossiping, no letting on, nothing."

"You don't get to decide that." Kevin puffs his chest out.

"I do when it would get you a pink slip fast," I say.

Kristy nods. "He's right, Kev. Best to wait to talk about things."

Kristy nods at me and heads outside, but Kevin stops me. "Keep your hands off her, okay? She and I have... something."

"Yeah, sure," I shrug.

He tightens his hand on my arm, glances at Kristy, then sighs and lets me go. He walks away, obviously frustrated, and

I get Kristy in the car. She waits to get in the back, but I have her sit in the front.

“You’re not in trouble,” I remind her.

“That explains the lack of child-locks,” she teases.

I pull out of the parking lot and onto the main road. We sit in silence until the streetlights give way to open night. Kristy adjusts and faces me. “Did I offend you, Brad? At the store or tonight?”

“No,” I say.

“Then why are you so cold with me? If you say my father, I have news for you: he’s not here, and he doesn’t have drones following me,” she says. “I hate when people use my father as an excuse for how they treat me — good and bad.”

“It’s hard to separate you from your last name,” I admit.

“Yeah, like it’s hard for you to separate yourself from the badge?” She asks.

I arch an eyebrow at her. She reaches for the A/C, but when it’s not as cold as she wants—I know how weak it is from experience—she just drops the blanket. She lays back on the seat and sighs.

“Kristy,” I say with clear warning.

“I’m hot. Unless you want me sweating, uncomfortable, and all that ... just keep your eyes on the road. You’ll survive,” she says.

She’s a road hazard. I know that right now. Anytime she shifts, my eyes dart over to that short hem. When she adjusts, the low neckline of her dress, cascading down to her belly button, moves slightly, tempting me with more cleavage and a view of the inside of her breasts.

I swallow the growing lump in my throat and try to pretend that I’m not getting hard just at the sight of her. Maybe if I think of Rose and all that’s waiting for me at home, I can-

“You know, I’m almost offended you’re not willing to look at me,” she whispers as I turn onto a dirt road. “But then again,

you're all about work.”

“I am,” I say, more to convince me than her.

I stop at a house and I take an embarrassing ten seconds to realize it's Kevin's house. I sigh. “I shouldn't know about this.”

“So don't,” Kristy says as she grabs her blanket, wrapping it around her shoulders, then facing me. Her dress moves again, nearly revealing everything a man could hope to see. My heart nearly stops. Kristy leans towards me. “You don't remember dropping me off at Kevin's and I won't remember you looking at me like you want to fuck me.”

My eyes lift from her gorgeous tan skin to those wicked eyes. Her amber eyes have so much gold in them, but those darker flecks promise a lot more than a polite kiss on the cheek or a gentle, submissive woman.

I lick over my bottom lip, and Kristy smirks. “Want to seal that agreement with a kiss, Officer Smith?”

I don't have a voice. I can't move, can't breathe, or it will ruin the moment.

I'm so fucked.

KRISTY CHAPTER 14

I lean forward, stroking over Brad's square jaw and letting my nose brush his. I stroke down his chest and lean my head to the side. He doesn't say no or push me away, but I want more than that.

After another two seconds, I pull back, but he strokes through my hair. "This stays between us, too."

With that, he kisses me softly, his lips brushing mine so softly, tenderly like he's afraid he'll break me if he shows me everything he actually wants. He sucks my bottom lip, strokes gently with his tongue, and draws back before I can take what I want.

I sit back, reveling in the surprise of his mouth on mine and the frustration of getting teased with a gentleness I'm not familiar with.

He clears his throat. "You should go inside. I'm sure Kevin will check in soon."

His voice is all husky again, just like in the hallway and it makes me hot all over, makes me want to climb onto his lap to get it out. If he was Kevin, that's exactly what I'd do, but the indecision and guilt in Brad's eyes warn me away from that.

I get out of the passenger side and clear my throat. "Drive safely, officer. Thank you for the ride and have a good night."

He nods, not saying a word.

The car sits there until I get to the front door. A text from Kevin—since I still have my phone by some miracle—tells me

that there's a key under the mat. I reach down and pull it out.

I slide it into the lock after pushing the screen door out of the way and head inside with a wave over my shoulder. Brad flashes the lights, then pulls out, kicking up dust and pebbles in his wake.

Shrugging at the weird experience, I walk into the house. I stretch my legs out and roll my neck before tossing my blanket on the couch. I consider going to Kevin's room to pull on a shirt and tease him when he gets home.

I turn, lock the door when I remember, then sigh.

After another few minutes of taking in the rustic living room and kitchen set up with some photos of Kevin, older people, and a teenage boy alongside horses and dream catchers on the wall, I head to the bathroom while humming to myself.

Everything on the walls is beautiful and matches the resort-like rustic furniture.

After straightening a crooked painting of horses and cacti, I open the bathroom door to freshen up.

Steam billows around me and I stare in shock as a man appears through the shower glass.

It's not possible.

Bill stands there, covered in soap and nothing else. He sighs. "Are you really this impatient when you get home?"

A squeak leaves my throat as I take another step forward.

He's gorgeous ... no, gorgeous might be an insult. He's devilishly attractive. Tattoos spread over his side. A reaper, planets, and the cosmos themselves live there, and I've never been more jealous of a tattoo in my life.

He's thick all the way around with arms that could break someone as easily as they could protect them. The water and soapy bubbles rolling down the valley of his abs, and I'm pretty sure I count eight of those before his hips and... ooh, even soft, he's a beast.

Fuck. My thighs tighten, and Bill clears his throat, drawing my attention to his face. His wild hair, damp around his face, those intense hazel eyes on me, his lips. Oh god, I remember how they felt on my mouth and right now; I want to feel all of him, all over me.

“Holy smokes,” I whisper.

“Enjoying the view? Did you break in? Should I be concerned that I now have a stalker?” Bill asks in that same, calm, deep voice.

“You might just have gained one,” I say before shaking my head. “I should-”

“Looking like that, stay right there and watch what you do to me,” Bill orders.

I know it’s an order, not a suggestion, despite his phrasing. Not that I could move if I wanted to when his hand slides down his body and wraps around his cock. He strokes slowly, and a moan bubbles up from my throat.

“Billy...”

“You’re a little too dressed to join me,” he sighs, then a soft groan echoes.

I’m so entranced by his hand moving over his thickening, hardening cock that might just be big enough to break me that no other thought occurs to me.

“Talk to me, Kristy,” he pants.

“You’re so big,” I breathe.

“Do you think you could handle all this?” He growls.

Fuck, I want to.

“I bet you do,” he chuckles.

I feel my face heat. I didn’t mean to say it. It was an inside thought. I’m the one who keeps control. I’m the one who makes men feel like this because it’s safer. Bill isn’t allowed to seduce me with his words, kisses, *and* his body. That’s too much for anyone to handle, at all.. period.

“I don’t think you want it enough though, gorgeous. You’re all the way over there. Not in the shower, all wet, with me,” Bill strokes himself faster.

My mouth goes dry and I take a step back, bumping the back of the door and a towel.

He turns off the water, walks out of the shower, and approaches me with so much hunger and lust in his eyes that I know I’m plenty wet—shower or not.

Bill reaches his hand out and I reach for the doorknob. “I didn’t know you’d be here.”

“Oh, I can tell. If you did, you wouldn’t have come, would you? You’ve been so quiet since our last meeting,” he motions to the towel. “Unless you want to help me take care of this in a much better way, I’ll need that.”

I look him over again, unable to resist. It’s hard enough not to touch him. Bill takes another step forward and I lift my gaze to his face by some miracle. Bill towers over me, looking all primal and sexy, and I don’t know how I’m holding myself together when he’s so overwhelming.

His warm, damp hand cups my chin. “The towel Kristy. It’s right behind you. If I reach for it, I don’t know if I’ll want it anymore. I’ll be right against you in that little excuse of a dress that’s begging to be ripped off.”

Fuck.

Why did I walk away from him last time? Something about a rumor. Something about not knowing him, but I’ve been plenty wild on Tinder and this man didn’t track me down. He didn’t hold me hostage; he let me go and here I am again.

The whole fucking universe wants this to happen.

“Afraid you’ll do something if you get that close?” I ask in a voice I barely recognize.

“Are you baiting me?” he takes another step forward.

“No, I ... it’s a question,” I breathe.

“Uh-huh. You’re a terrible liar when you’re turned on.” His hand slips across my jaw, then into my hair. He knots his fingers there. “Getting me the towel stops this.”

“What’s ‘this’?”

He grins and kisses me, hard and deep. It’s everything that my kiss with Brad wasn’t. Bill’s kiss is pure sin. It’s like he’s possessing me with pure need, hot, demanding, uncompromising. I stroke his sides, then grip his hips as he rocks his body against mine. A whimper leaves my throat, but he doesn’t stop.

He kisses me deeper, his tongue tangling with mine, as his fingers tighten in my hair. He changes the angle and every reason I should say no is gone, just like that. I can’t wait one more minute to feel him.

I grab his ass and grind myself against him, feeling every wet inch of his thick cock rub between my thighs as I stand on my toes. I groan at the tease and Bill’s hand strokes down my body, palming my ass, tugging on my dress. Then he draws back and pulls my dress off. He dabs at his hair with it.

He smirks. “This will have to do as a towel.”

I open the bathroom door, ready to escape. I’m here for Kevin! That’s who’s supposed to have me tonight! Kevin was the plan. We made a new plan after the first fell through and I have to-

Bill catches me and pulls me back against him. “Where are you going, almost naked Kristy?”

“You... I ...” my head is swimming. He smells so good, feels so good, and if I look, I’ll be gone. If I touch him, I won’t be able to stop again.

Bill kisses across my neck, and I moan. He chuckles. “Were you running from me?”

“I... don’t know,” I answer honestly.

“I’m good at ‘no’ Kristy. Go ahead and say it if you want to stop. One little word. Two letters and I’ll go get dressed and

make you dinner,” he rasps in my ear before gently biting the lobe.

How could anyone tell him no when he’s the kind of man that artists would kill to paint and women would riot to have a piece of? I turn in his arms and slowly stroke over the fierce snake that starts on his chest and winds around his biceps.

“If I say yes?”

“Are you sure you’re ready for yes?”

I nod. Bill turns me around and continues following every backward step I take. I bump into a door frame and he takes the win, kissing me hungrily. He pulls me up onto my toes as he kisses me again and again, killing any lingering concern or hesitation in my brain.

His enormous hands spread over my sides, then cup my breasts. I whimper as he pinches my nipples lightly and rolls them between his fingers while ruining my self-control with every additional kiss he gives me.

I’m not sure how, but he somehow gets me on a bed. Looking me over, he moans. “So fucking beautiful.”

“Bill...” I pant.

He drags me against him by my ankle and kneels on the bed. He kisses me again and again as I greedily touch wherever I can. Bill groans and rolls his hips against me, reminding me I still have one pitiful excuse for a piece of clothing on.

He shoves me back and kisses down my neck. “Do you want me, Kristy?”

“Yes!” I yell.

“Use details for me, baby. Tell me just what you need,” he croons while teasing me with soft kisses and gentle strokes of his tongue before nibbling my oversensitive skin.

“Fuck, I need you to touch me,” I moan. “Take off this stupid thong and fill me with your fingers.”

“Such a dirty girl,” he chuckles.

He pushes his hand into my thong and gently strokes my clit. I gasp and we both look down at his hand. He taps my clit a few times, then pinches it between two of his fingers as my back arches and I give up on trying to watch.

My eyes flutter shut as I rock my hips into his hand. He pants. "So wet for me already. How much wetter can I make you before I fuck you?"

"Oh, yes." I moan.

"I'm going to make you feel so fucking good. You won't remember your own name when I'm inside you." He pushes a finger into me, then another, making his point clear.

I gasp. "Bill!"

"That's right. My name is the only thing on your lips tonight, baby. You make me so fucking wild that it hurts only using my fingers," his dark whisper, the obvious need in his voice, it makes everything hotter.

"Take off your panties. My hand is busy," he orders.

I do it without question, kicking them off once I kick them down far enough so Bill doesn't have a reason to stop touching me. He groans. "I'm tired of fantasizing about you. I want the real thing."

BILL CHAPTER 15

She's so fucking wet and takes my finger so well. I add a second, entranced by the view. She rocks her hips against my hand but holds her thighs apart for me. Every perfect inch of her is on display and all I can think about is how wrong it was to let her walk away the first time.

I lean forward and lick across her clit and after one more; she comes apart, yelling my name, gripping my wet hair and her thigh as her pussy clenches my fingers hard.

I keep going, turning one orgasm into two as I lick up her wetness. She tastes amazing and feels so good. I can't be done after one.

Kristy trembles after her third orgasm and goes limp on the bed when I slide my fingers out of her. I chuckle softly. "We're not done, baby."

"Hmm?" she asks softly.

Her eyes dip to my cock, and she shifts, moving to kiss across my chest. Her teeth scrape against my skin and I groan. "Naughty girl, was that a bite?"

"It would have been if you weren't so damn muscled," she says while pressing her stacked body against mine.

I thrust between her thighs and groan with her. She tries to pull me into bed with her, but I pick her up and toss her where I want her. She watches me with dilated eyes, focused entirely on my body as I climb over my comforter to get to her.

"Billy, please. I need more than a tease," she begs.

“What do you need?”

“I need you to fuck me.” She doesn’t hesitate, doesn’t blush, doesn’t look away from my intense gaze.

I nip her breast, then wrap my lips around her nipple, sucking and licking the spot until her head falls back and she moans. “Please! I want you!”

“Which is it? Do you want me or do you need me, Kristy?” I ask before licking and kissing up her throat. I meet her eyes. “I want to know.”

Her legs wrap around my hips, and she jerks me against her, surprising me with her strength. I rub right against her pussy, so wet and warm and tempting. Kristy kisses me slowly. “I *need* you, Billy. I need your thick cock buried inside me.”

Dirty talk is the way to my fucking heart. I grip her hips and slowly ease into her. I don’t need her rushing me when I’m trying to be a gentleman. It’s already a losing battle, though. The way she moans and tries to roll her hips to take more of me as I slide an inch in threatens every bit of my desire to be sweet.

“Let me take my time,” I hiss.

“I won’t break!” she demands. “Fuck me like you need me!”

I grit my teeth and slam into her. Her eyes widen and her lips part as her back arches. She’s so fucking tight, I swear I can feel her pulse around me. Kristy grips my shoulders hard, her nails biting into my skin.

“Oh, fuck!” she yells.

“You want more of that? Want me to fuck you hard and fast like the naughty girl you are?” I growl.

“Yes! Fuck yes. Please, Bill, please!” she rolls her hips again, trying to get something since I’m holding still.

Grinning, I hold one of her hands against the bed and slam into her again. I dip my head to kiss and bite over her cleavage as her moans echo. The slapping of our bodies, the sound of her wet pussy taking me over and over, it makes me insane.

Holding out is going to be a hollow dream with her. I'll be lucky if I last longer than she does at this rate.

“God, yes. Yes!”

“Kinky nickname,” I say against her lips. “I accept.”

Her eyes flutter shut, but her nails drag down my back, marking me up for sure. She wraps her legs around me, trying to pull me even tighter, so I fuck her harder, faster, letting go of the last of my restraint.

The bed bounces against the wall with the force of each thrust and Kristy is so loud, I'm sure the ranch hands can hear her, but I don't care. I've wanted her since the moment she teased me in that fucking bar and finally, she's here with me.

“Yes! Yes!” she chants. “Don't stop! Soo ...”

I give her two fingers to suck on, watching how her cheeks hollow out as she licks and bobs up and down on my fingers. Next time, I'll pump the brakes and enjoy a blowjob before we start. Then I'll last twice as long and get to show her exactly how dirty we can be.

She bites my fingers as she comes. Her pussy tightens around me until I'm sure she's going to take me with her as she moans my name around her full mouth. She trembles when I move again, but I change our position, rolling us onto our sides and pushing her leg up so I can watch my cock disappear into her again and again.

Kristy kisses my chest, my neck, feasts on my mouth, pants my name like it's magic, then moans. “Fuck yes! Bill! Billy, oh god, yes!”

She comes again, loud and wet and perfect. I jerk out of her, grip my cock to try and calm down so we can keep going, but Kristy peels herself from the comforter and licks across the head of my dick.

“Fuck, just give me a-”

“Blowjob, until you come down my throat,” she fills in.

Her dark eyes stay on me as her lips stretch around my cock and she takes me deep. Her eyelashes flutter when I hit

the back of her throat and it tightens in response, but fuck, just her being so damn determined to make every fantasy real ruins me.

She moans around my cock as she takes me again, changing the pace, exploring with her tongue, sucking and ... fuck, it's too good.

“Does your pussy taste good on my cock, baby?” I ask.

She moans again while taking me down her throat and that does it. I hold her head in place as I come. My whole body trembles, tenses. Then there's only bliss. I collapse on my bed and sigh as my heavy eyes close.

Kristy moves next to me, fitting herself to my side and nodding her head on my shoulder until I move to make her comfortable. She rubs down my abs, making me tremble.

“I think you're going to need another shower to get clean,” she whispers.

I laugh once, “sounds like you want to get your hands on me again.”

“I didn't do the seducing with you, Bill.” She smiles at my confused face. “You did plenty, and I'm very glad you did.”

I play with her hair, then stare at my ceiling. I bite my bottom lip and take a slow breath. She's here. She found *me*. Either she doesn't know about the rumors—despite the clear encouragement to do some research—or she doesn't care. I don't know which option is more dangerous.

I'm only supposed to be here for a week and already that feels like a hollow dream if she keeps coming around. Kristy adjusts on my chest and hums in her throat. “You smell great.”

“It's the soap,” I say, not sure how else to fill in the blank. “What was that dress about?”

“Tonight didn't go as planned,” she shrugs. “I'm not complaining about this ending, though.”

After a short rest and way too much cuddling for this to be a booty call, I show her to the shower and get dressed. Instead

of joining her and taking the opportunity to lavish her with affection that will only last another week, I make dinner.

More than once, I glance at the front door, expecting Kevin. Kevin!

She said she hadn't been expecting me here. She said this wasn't how the night was supposed to go.

"That's a horrible face for someone so handsome," Kristy purrs.

Sure enough, she's in one of Kevin's P.D. shirts. She kisses my shoulder and sits on the counter. "What are you-"

"You came here for Kevin, didn't you?" I ask, hating myself more for being a shit brother than for what we just did.

Kristy pales and rubs her arms. "He was supposed to come to my place tonight but things happened, then he had to work O.T. and ... I didn't know you two were related."

"Stepbrothers," I say.

"Okay, slightly less wrong. At least I didn't fuck *actual* brothers."

I drop the spoon I was using. Kristy clears her throat. "You noticed when he was called to shoo you away, remember?"

"He gets crushed all the time and there's not a sane man alive who'd be able to resist your charms," I say while staring at the salsa in the bowl. "I'm making shrimp tacos if you want-"

"Bill, he and I fucked. Now you and I have fucked. It's okay, isn't it? Kevin and I aren't in a relationship. You and I aren't in a relationship."

I face her and see her suck on her bottom lip.

She's not saying what she's thinking. Unfortunately, I think if she wasn't so rattled right now, I wouldn't even know that. I clear my throat. "I'm processing."

"It's not like I fuck every guy in town or anything, I just ... I like to keep my options open, I guess. It sounds selfish no

matter how I lay out a sentence in my head,” she looks away. “If I could go home right now, I would.”

That makes me pause. “Why can’t you go home?”

“Some psycho drunk dude nearly broke down my door looking for a girl he wanted to kill. He had a knife and a gun. Kevin and his partner saved me, took me to the station, then Kevin was supposed to bring me here ... I guess ... but he had to work late,” she lays it all out openly.

My hand tightens around the spoon until it bends under my grip. I shake my head and work on the shrimp instead, seasoning and flipping them in the skillet. Kristy hops down, touches my back, then pulls away.

I sigh. “I’m not mad.”

“Okay.”

“Kevin might be and we’re not keeping this a secret from him, just to make that clear. No matter how convincing I’m sure you can be,” I mumble.

“That’s ... fair,” she rests her head against my back. “Nothing tonight went as planned.”

I finish with the shrimp and turn around, wrapping her in my arms and kissing the top of her head. “Have a whiskey.”

“I’m nineteen.”

“I didn’t say have multiple.” I smirk slightly. “And if you try to tell me you don’t drink, you’ll out yourself as a liar.”

“Oh, I’m plenty of things, handsome, but a liar isn’t on that list.” she gets a bottle and pours two shots.

“What is?” I ask after downing mine.

“Stick around a little longer and you can find out all the details,” she croons before downing her own shot.

Kristy watches me make the taco, asks some questions, then we sit down to eat. I brush her damp hair away from her face and she leans into my hand, closing her eyes despite the way her lips press together.

“What is it, baby?”

“Baby?” Kevin demands from the doorway, frustration and exhaustion in his eyes.

Well, that was the fastest things have gone to shit in a long time.

KRISTY CHAPTER 16

Shit. I'm so not ready for this conversation with Kevin. He drops his bag on the floor and arches an eyebrow. "Are you going to explain, Kristy, or do I need to ask my brother?"

"Kevin, take a breath, okay?" I say as I gently push away Bill's warm hand.

"You fucked him, didn't you?" Kevin asks. "Just like you fucked me on the road? Just because I had overtime and-"

"I didn't know he was here. He and I went on a date and I kind of walked in on him in the shower," I defend, staying honest. I have nothing to hide. "We never said we were serious. We had sex. We didn't start dating or sign a prenup."

Kevin deflates a bit, then crosses the kitchen to open the refrigerator so intensely that it rattles. He opens a beer on the counter and chugs the whole thing before taking a breath.

"I know the timing sucks. I know that Kev," I breathe.

"So me, alone ... that's not enough for you?" He says while staring at the floor.

"She's young. Let her live, bonehead," Bill defends me. "She's not cheating on you or anything. Did you ask her to be your girlfriend?"

"That happens... organically," Kevin says, motioning with his hands, then pointing at Bill. "You're not even going to be here in a week."

That's news! He shrugs as I look at him. "I told you, I don't like the rumors in town. I've been sending Kev for groceries to avoid trouble."

I nibble my bottom lip, then walk to Kevin. He doesn't push me away when I rub his chest. He takes a few deep breaths and I hug him. "I want you too. That's why we made plans for tonight. That's why I was okay with coming to your house. I just... I'm not ready to be in a relationship or to settle down."

"We're doing this backward," he mumbles.

"If you figure out the perfect method for starting some fun like this, let me know," I say with a laugh.

Kev's dark eyes meet mine and I suck the rest of my laughter down.

I don't know why his frustration is bothering me. We had sex, that's all that we are, right? All of our texts have been hot. He doesn't tell me about work; I don't talk to him about my family or the real stuff. It's all flirting and teasing, sexy video calls ...

"I want to fix this," I say anyway.

He closes his eyes. "How? Tell me how we can fix this, darlin'."

That one word in his cowboy voice makes me weak. I kiss Kevin's neck. "You're a police officer ... you could enforce some rules and punish me if I break them."

"Why do I have a feeling that you'd like the punishments I have in mind?" He grumbles.

I see the hint of a smile on his face, but he glances at his stepbrother and scowls again. "I don't know, Kristy."

I kiss his neck, then whisper in his ear. "I still want you, Kev. Since I'm spending the night here unless you're kicking me out of your bed... well, that's where I'm going to be."

He lifts my chin. "And if I do kick you out?"

"It's the couch for me," I say, despite crossing my fingers.

It's not like I've never slept on a couch before, but knowing that things aren't right with Kevin, that he saved me—job or not—and he makes me feel good. I look forward to our conversations and his smile and his sense of honor and...

No. I'm just emotional because of tonight. That's all.

"You're not sleeping on the couch, darlin'. Even if I was angry, you'd be in my bed and I'd be on the couch." Kevin sighs, proving again what a gentleman he is.

"If you *were* angry at me? Implying that you're not?" I hint.

He steals a taco from my plate and shrugs. "I'm not... fond of the situation at the moment, but it's been a long day, and I was hoping to find you laying in my bed eager for cuddling, talking, and other things."

"You can say sex in front of me. You're not a kid anymore," Bill says. "Hand me a beer, will you?"

Kevin does it without hesitating. He opens the bottle and passes it to his stepbrother. I arch an eyebrow at that exchange. Kevin rolls his eyes. "He didn't know about us, so I can't be mad at him for that. I'm still frustrated with you... and my boss... and the whole day."

"Well, make a plate. We'll sit on the couch, put on the T.V., and talk about it," I say.

Kevin nods once, then pauses. "I haven't kissed you at all today."

"No, but I think it's because you were being a very professional officer and then you were mad at me."

He rolls his eyes, glances at his stepbrother, and pulls me closer. His lips brush mine, then he presses harder. I rub across his chest as he changes the angle to kiss deeper into my mouth. Kevin kisses me slowly, exploring my mouth and taking his time until my knees are unreliable and shaky.

When he draws back, he grins and kisses the corner of my mouth. "Go get comfortable while I change."

Kevin heads to his room and Bill huffs. “He’s trying to one-up me.”

“You’re different and that’s a good thing,” I assure him. I rub his shoulders. “Are you jealous?”

“After what we just did, I’m pretty sure I’m biased,” he stands up and grabs my ass under the shirt. “Hopefully you’re not going to forget all that fun anytime soon.”

“You say that like I’m going to find you hiding in Kevin’s closet later tonight.” I give him a smirk.

“No. I don’t fit in closets.” Bill lowers his voice. “I’m too big. I thought you’d remember that since I was just between your legs.”

I shudder and watch him walk away. A part of me wants to chase him, climb on top of him, and ride him again. I squeeze my thighs together and shake my head. I grab my plate and go to the couch, but can’t stop myself from glancing at Bill’s room again. I almost fall over the couch as I think about how hot it would be to have him watch Kevin fuck me. Would he give orders?

Would he come and fuck my mouth at the same time?

The thought has me wet all over again. Kevin joins me on the couch a few moments later, notices I don’t have a drink, and stands up. “What can I get you to drink, darlin’?”

“You can come back over here and give me more than a kiss hello,” I pant in a low voice.

Kevin shakes his head. “You make being a gentleman hard.”

“Is that all I make hard, officer?”

Kevin’s eyes darken with lust. I lick my lips. “From what I remember during our very fun video call ... you have something else that’s hard and long and...”

He kisses me, cupping the back of my neck. I moan into his mouth and try to pull him over to the couch to join me. Kevin groans and draws back. “You’re not satisfied after fucking Bill?”

“No. I fucked Bill, and now I want *you*. Are you going to show me those cuffs you keep talking about? Maybe give me a taste of some rules to follow?”

Kevin kisses me again and again until I’m ready to climb onto the couch, wrap myself around him and lead us right to bed. He strokes down my neck as his kisses soften and I tremble as goosebumps rise across my skin.

“Let’s start with talking and a movie,” he says. “I don’t want to push you too far tonight, after everything you’ve gone through.”

I pout, but he brings me a water and sits with me. He rubs my thigh while telling me about his day. The frustration falls away as his excitement to share grows. He’s cute. He’s so proud of being a police officer, so happy to tell me about how he’s trying to cheer Brad up, even though he doesn’t know what’s wrong.

As I tell him about some of my week, his fingers move higher on my thigh. I spread my legs a little and Kevin’s eyes drop to my pussy before flicking back up to my face.

“I’ll come over and fix your doorframe on my day off. I bet I can get Billy to help,” Kevin murmurs as his pointer finger follows the line of my slit.

“Yeah?” I pant.

“It’s pretty hot, though. I can’t promise we’ll be wearing shirts the whole time. We might be a distraction.” Kevin moves closer.

“A distraction?” I wiggle against his fingers. “I think I can be a bigger one.”

“I can’t think straight with you in my shirt.” Kevin proves it by rubbing my clit.

My back arches, and I grip his thigh tightly. “Kev ...”

“Especially knowing you have nothing underneath. It’s better than lingerie,” he rasps in my ear.

“You didn’t see the lingerie.”

I grab his face between my hands and kiss him hungrily. He groans and increases the pace of his finger on my clit. I guide his hand, showing him exactly how to fuck me with his fingers. He groans as I rock my hips against his fingers and rub him through his pajama pants.

“Last time we fucked on the hood of the car, I want you in a bed,” he says against my lips.

“Yes,” I agree happily. “If we make it there.”

“Why wouldn’t we-”

Even though I’m already close to the edge, I push his hand away from my pussy, jerk his pants down, and I spread my lips around his hard cock. Kevin groans and palms my ass. He spanks me lightly and I moan, letting my eyes close as I suck him deep into my throat.

Kevin thrusts his fingers back into me, rubbing me hard and fast while his other hand holds my hair up so he can watch me blow him. I lap at his cock, and take him as deep as physically possible.

Kevin hisses. “That feels so fucking good.”

I moan around his cock and he lifts his hips, pushing further down my throat. My eyelashes flutter against my cheeks and I drop to my elbows, happy to make him come right here and come with him.

I rock my hips back against his hand until my legs tremble, squeeze, and then I come apart. Kevin groans and pulls me up from his cock. I pant as I watch him.

Kevin takes my hand, pulls his pants up, destroying a very nice view, and shows me to his room. I watch him lock the door and giggle. “You don’t want to share me?”

“Not tonight. Brad got to drive you home. Billy got to fuck you, right now ... you’re all mine,” he says.

“Want to fuck me in your police shirt, officer?” I tease as I take another step back toward his bed.

“Yes.” He jerks me closer when he catches the shirt and kisses me hungrily. “I can’t promise you’re getting any sleep

tonight.”

“You better change that promise.” I bite his bottom lip.
“Because I’m expecting a sleep-less sleepover.”

Kevin growls and lets me pull him down onto the bed with me.

He pushes his shirt up over my breasts and groans at the sight. “Fucking hell, Kristy. The things you do to me.”

I pull his pants down with my toes and smile. “Show me everything I do to you. I like demonstrations.”

Kevin groans and kicks out of his pants, tossing his shirt as he joins me on the bed. I smile into his kiss.

KEVIN CHAPTER 17

Kristy pulls me tightly against her, feeding me kiss after kiss. I draw back and flip her onto her knees. She looks at me over her shoulder, then wiggles her ass against my hard cock. “You know I’m all wet and ready for you, officer. Fuck me like the naughty girl I am.”

Her dirty talk is so sinful, I do not know how to resist her.

I give her an inch, then pull out, listening to her frustrated moan.

I keep teasing her with my cock, letting her rub against it over and over again, but not doing exactly what she needs.

Despite what I said, I’m still a little frustrated that our time together has meant so little to her. What’s the harm in making her work a bit more than she had to last time?

“Please! Please, Kevin. I need you. I need you to-”

I pull her hair and kiss her neck. “I thought I was the one in charge here? You’re lucky you’re not in cuffs.”

She whimpers. “You don’t need the cuffs. I’m not going anywhere. I want you so much. I’ve been craving you all day.”

I can’t battle that kind of honesty. I thrust into her hard, she moans, lurching forward with the force. I grip her hips and jerk her back against me, fucking her hard and fast. When I can tell she’s on the edge, I slow down, drawing out each roll of my hips until I’m just grinding inside her.

“Kevin, fuck ... fuck ... just ...”

She moves towards me, something I don't expect. She hooks her arm around the back of my neck and rides me reverse cowgirl. I'm so entranced by the way her body rolls, how her pussy squeezes around my cock, how good she feels and the sounds she makes, I don't have the power to make her wait.

I lift my hips, thrusting into her every time she comes down on me until we find a pace that drives me insane. Her nails catch in my hair and she turns her face to kiss my jaw. "Just like that. You feel so good."

She trembles, says half my name, then comes apart. I push her forward, hold her hands down with mine, and fuck her the way I need to. It's punishing, demanding, so intense I lose track of what I'm saying until I hear it.

"You're *mine*. All mine, darlin'. Just mine right now," I hiss.

"Yes! Yes!" she yells.

"This is only half the punishment you deserve. I should have edged you for hours," I bite her earlobe.

"Fuck, Kev ... I'm so ..."

"Are you close? Are you going to come again for me?" I demand.

"Yes!"

I fuck her harder, pushing on her lower back so she stays right where I want her. Kristy yells into my pillow as she comes apart. I flip her onto her side, then lay in front of her before lifting her leg over me and filling her again.

She looks down, but I take her chin and make her look at me. "I want all your focus right now. Eyes on me until you're so close to coming you can't help yourself."

Her breath whooshes out on a breathy moan and she gasps. I draw this one out, making her deal with the changing paces, the different angles, all of my cock until I can feel the slow burn of my climax in my toes.

I grip the back of her neck and kiss her hungrily. When I can't keep kissing her since we're both too close to the edge, I press my forehead to hers and groan.

"I need you to come," I pant.

"Yes!" Her nails scratch at my sides, then she explodes around me. It's too much.

Her pussy is so tight, so wet, her hoarse whimpers in my ear. All of it rips through me. I can't even pull out before I let out a wild groan and come deep inside her.

Our panting breaths fill the silence, then I swat her ass. She hums and rubs her face against my chest. "So that's your angry sex, officer?"

"Mm-hmm. You got off light. First-time infraction." I sigh before kissing her forehead.

She laughs and kisses my throat. "You make it really hard not to like you."

"I think..." It takes a few seconds to make my brain settle so I can formulate a sentence. "I think you're supposed to like me, considering what we're doing."

She pauses, then looks up at me. I stroke her cheek. "What is it?"

"Too much for us to go into now."

"Darlin... let me in, somehow or someway."

"Didn't I just do that? In fact, I'm pretty sure you're *still* inside me," she glances down. "And you're the first one to come *in* me."

I blink in surprise, then feel my cheeks heat. "It wasn't intentional," I say.

"Uh-huh. No warning or anything,"

I'm preparing a very long apology, an offer to do whatever she needs, get her whatever's necessary, but then she laughs. "I'm not going to fight you over it. It's a compliment."

Kristy slides out of bed and stretches. “Means I’m just so good you can’t handle it.”

I laugh, and she giggles in answer. “Let’s get a shower.”

“A dirty shower?”

“We agreed on no sleep, so I’m pretty sure that’s a guarantee,” I tease.

I swat her ass all the way to the bathroom. We have quiet shower sex, since I keep my hand over her mouth, end up having plenty of fun and playing some kind of sexy version of a board game I have that leads to more sex.

I fall asleep with her snuggled tightly in my arms, unable to remember why I was mad at all.

When I wake up, she’s gone. I walk out to the kitchen and see her on the phone in one of my shirts. She sighs. “Look, I know. I didn’t see a reason to tell you... well, what could you do about it?”

I take a step forward, but Bill shakes his head from beside me.

“Dad, I don’t need to come live with you. It was taken care of and everything ...” Kristy pauses in her pacing. “I’m at a friend’s house, obviously... I don’t care what your officer friends said... I know you care, Dad, but I’m an adult too and I will not become a better one if you keep fixing all my problems. Trust me to take care of myself, at least.”

After a few more half sentences, she mutters a ‘you too’, then hangs up. She sees us both and puts a hand on her hip. “No private conversations here?”

“Who’s house are you in again?” Bill asks.

She backs down a little. My big brother has always had that effect on people. She sighs and kisses me. Bill grabs cereal, gives Kristy a longing look that makes her blush, then kisses her cheek. “I don’t have a problem with you staying longer if needed.”

“Thanks, Billy.”

He swats her ass hard. “Bill.”

“I think I earned the right to call you Billy last night,” she says, despite rubbing her ass.

He heads to his room. Kristy swallows. “Are you guys uncomfortable with me here? After yesterday, I-”

“No, he’s working remotely. Considering he’s an east-coast guy, I’m sure he’s been up for hours,” I say.

“And he just spanked me and..” I can tell she’s trying to find the okay area. “Look, I know it might be selfish to want you both, but I do. I enjoy being free and getting to enjoy life for what it is.”

I cup her face between my hands and kiss her. “I get it. We all have our wild streaks. Some wilder than others.”

“I can’t believe I spent the night here,” she pulls out of my grasp and goes back to eating some roasted seed mix I bought for Bill. “I *never* spend the night.”

“Never?”

“No, because it confuses things. Short dates for food or fun are fine. But spending the night, the awkward mornings where I don’t know what to do or say, when both people just want the other one gone...” she shakes her head.

I pull the seeds from her. “Then let’s make this easy. I’m not waiting for you to leave, but if you want to, you can. I’ll drive you into town or whatever. That doesn’t mean I don’t want you here though, darlin.”

She bites the inside of her cheek and rubs her arm. I’ve never seen her look *lost* before. She’s been nervous, reserved, flirtatious, and sexy, but lost?

I wrap my arms around her and rub over her back. “Seeds aren’t breakfast, by the way.”

“Kevin,” she says. “I...”

“How about we make a proper one? Then I can show you the ranch. We’ll head into town, get some tools, see if Bill’s free, and work on fixing up your door frame?” I say.

She studies my face and nods. I wish I knew what was going on in her head. Even as we cook and she mouths words to some of the country songs I put on the radio, I can tell her head is elsewhere. She burns a pancake, sighs, and takes a step back. I just point her to the bacon instead. I don't mind burned pancakes or breakfast food—other than eggs.

“You don't have to eat that,” she says.

“I'm going to,” I say as I clean the griddle.

“Kev, it's not about impressing me or making me feel better. I'm a shit cook and I know it. I'd rather not make you suffer,” she huffs.

“Bill's not a great cook. Well, he is now. He had to do the cooking when our parents were gone, and he burned more than he saved. I ate everything with a smile on my face, even if it tasted like charcoal,” I say.

“Why?”

“At first, I was worried my parents would be mad about wasting food or that it would hurt Billy's feelings. Then I actually started liking the extra crunch. It's weird, but I like the flavor.”

“That's the weirdest thing you've said,” Kristy says before smiling slightly. “You *like* the taste of burned food?”

“Well, there's burned and there's unsalvageable. Your pancake, by comparison, is just well done. We aren't even in 'burned' territory,” I assure before slathering it with butter and taking a bite.

“Where's the syrup?”

“In the fridge.”

“You should add some,” she points out, going to get it and bending over to give me a view that makes me want a hell of a lot more than pancakes.

“I think you're all the sweetness I need.” I pull her close after she sets the syrup down and kiss her hard.

Kristy softens against me, kissing me back until I remember last night. “Do we need to get the morning-after pill, darlin?”

“Nah, I have an implant,” she waves the thought away. “I’d just said no to anyone who’d asked and made a big deal out of it so others wouldn’t.”

“I’m sorry I broke your rule,” I apologize.

She bites her lip, but doesn’t answer. We have a simple breakfast, then I find her some jeans that *almost* fit with a belt and show her around the ranch.

Seeing her light up with the horses, skitter around some of the other animals, and asking me to see the cows has me smiling so much that I think my cheeks are going to break.

She feeds a little calf Billy insisted I take since it was so cheap at the auction we went to and beams at me.

Damn, this woman would be easy to fall for.

KRISTY CHAPTER 18

I pout when we have to leave the ranch. I'd love to spend all day taking care of the animals. Maybe not mucking the stalls, but feeding, watering, patting. They all seem so happy and healthy.

Kev puts me in his car and tries to get his brother to join us, but Bill only comes as far as my window. "Sorry to disappoint, baby, but I have work."

"And something that you still haven't told me about," I say.

"My reputation can be found online." He snorts.

"Yeah, so can a lot of *wrong* information. I'd rather hear it from you, so I know what's right."

He tips my chin up. "Look it up and *then* I'll tell you my side."

I open my mouth to argue, but he kisses me hard, and draws back, keeping eye contact. "No wiggle room on this one, Kristy."

"Come on, Bill, the ranch hands just saw me with her all morning and now you're-" Kev starts.

"You get her all damn day, I don't want to hear it." Bill argues, before pointing at me. "From either of you."

I roll my eyes and he taps my lips. "I know what it takes to make you a good girl. Do you need some reminding?"

A hint of twang enters his voice, but I shrug. “Maybe I do ... then again, I think you liked the process so much that you’ll come do it again whenever you want.”

A low growl leaves his throat, but I blow him a kiss and Kevin takes me into town wearing jeans and a band-t.

I slide across the booth-style seat and fit myself to his side. I shouldn’t.

It’s stupid. I should linger at the window, reminding myself that we aren’t going down the relationship road. This isn’t a drive into a sunset with ‘the end’ printed over the top and an implied happily ever after. This is us going back to reality. Where my father clearly has someone watching me at all times and reporting in like I’m still some ten-year-old in need of a babysitter.

I pull away from Kevin’s side, but his arm slides around my shoulder naturally and he kisses the top of my head.

Everything he does is too damn sweet and honest. Eating my burned pancake, making me feel welcome the morning after. Spending half of our ‘sleepless sleepover’ making me laugh and talking to me.

I’m the come and go type, so I don’t get tied down or catch feelings before things end. They *always* end. My dad, my life, my reputation, my desire to do *everything*, or the other person ruins shit by being possessive and demanding to lie out a future without consulting me.

Flings and booty calls are easier.

“You’re lost in the scenery or lost in thought?” Kevin asks.

“Thought. Sorry,” I whisper.

“Doesn’t seem like a good place for you if you make faces like that. Everything okay?” He asks.

I don’t want to tell him. I don’t. It’s a *me* thing, but when he gives me a long gaze at a stop sign, I can’t hold out. He’s too endearing, cares too much already, and the soft curiosity on his face makes him feel so safe and ...

“I don’t know what to do with you. I expected you to be angry last night. Storm out, kick me out, yell at Bill. But then you were reasonable and understanding. This morning, you didn’t rush me out or into some kind of Uber. You’re not trying to steal me away from Bill and ... and you want to include me in things and do things for me. I just don’t get your angle,” I ramble, not sure if even half of it makes sense.

“I like you, and it’s that simple for me. I know we aren’t dating seriously and I’m okay with that.”

“Why?”

He pulls over and turns down the radio. “I was in the military, special forces for ... a decent while, overseas for most of it. Being *in* combat makes a person rethink everything. All those things we’re told we should want, should do, they don’t matter in the moment, not when a person can die for any reason, no matter what kind of life they lived.”

“I ... I didn’t know you’re a vet,” I whisper.

“Coming back wasn’t easy. Transitioning into a life where gunfire scares people and isn’t the norm, where you can sleep for more than a few hours, where you have *time* is kind of new, but I guess there are perks. I don’t judge things like I used to.” His brow furrows.

“I don’t follow.”

“You like Bill, he likes you. I like you. Some people may have plenty to say about that, but I don’t. Life is too short to care about semantics. As long as you want to be with me and we’re having fun, enjoying each other and being good for each other, I’m happy,” he says. “Just... let me know if you’re adding someone else to the roster.”

I laugh once, then lean over the seat to kiss him. I’m not convinced he’s okay with this, but I get what he means. I turn up the radio and sing with him as we head into town and don’t shy away from his arm around my waist or over my shoulder.

“So, why a police officer?” I ask.

“I thought about going into the private sector to transition easier, but a lot of older guys I talked to at the V.A. became

officers. They say it's a better way to ease back into civilian life. I believed them, so I followed through." He shrugs.

"That's all, because it's what's easiest?" I ask.

Kevin looks up from where he's been inspecting nails. "What else is there?"

"I can't figure out what I want to do. I think my parents expect me to marry rich and just be a housewife, or they want me to go to law school and follow in my dad's footsteps, but ... I just want to be happy."

"That's not bad."

"I don't want to be a person who's waiting for the weekend to enjoy myself, then counting down the years to retirement. I don't want to be trapped in a house expected to clean and cook and shop all day either, like my mom. She loves it and I'm happy she does, but ... I haven't found something that I love like that, despite dabbling in just about every major college has to offer," I say.

Kevin smiles and pulls me close. "Look at you, sharing with me."

"Well, considering you've fucked me twice now, I guess it's about time," I grumble.

He laughs and keeps my hand as we get the parts to fix my doorframe. I suck my lip and get that nervous shiver that happens when I've shared too much and it's going to bite me in the ass. It's like a damn sixth sense and I hate it every time. It's only right about seventy percent of the time.

"Kristy, come on, darlin."

I walk with him, helping him carry the things we got to his car, then see Brad. I lean over to Kevin. "I may have kissed him."

"Did he smile?" He whispers back.

"Nope. It failed," I grumble.

"Maybe he's a robot then," Kevin teases.

I giggle, and Brad stands with us. He looks between us and looks at the store with mild disinterest. I lean my head to the side. “Still dealing with the rats?”

“I have to replace a section of floor,” he grunts.

“Shame. I think Kevin could use some help to fix my doorframe. I can always glove up and-”

Brad moves around me to check the supplies we got and tsks. “Those aren’t wood nails. Considering where you live, you should have wood nails at least. I’d recommend something a little stronger, so the frame doesn’t give out on you either.”

I give Kevin a look and he nods. “Want to show us what we need and help get it all situated?”

“It’s my day off.” He shakes his head.

His eyes flick to me, to my lips, then to Kevin, “So I’m charging a six-pack for it.”

“I would have offered a twelve pack,” I tease.

He points at me. “You’re too young to be buying.”

I hold my hands up and giggle as Kevin and I wait for Brad to come back. Kevin grabs my ass and I shove at him playfully. Out of the corner of my eyes I see a semi-familiar car drive by, but shrug and give Kevin more of my attention.

This gray area might come back to bite me in the ass, but as long as Kevin does some biting of his own, I don’t think I’ll hate whatever memories survive the fallout when our relationship implodes.

Kevin leaves me with Brad to go get the alcohol and Brad clears his throat. “Last night... well, about that, I mean-”

“I already told Kevin. He’s upset it didn’t make you smile, Officer Smith.” I tap his chest. “So am I.”

“Kristy, that’s not your job. I’ll help with this, but I don’t want you thinking that I’m going to ruin what you and Kevin have. I know how to keep my hands to myself.” He holds up his hands as proof. “I just lost my head for a bit last night.”

“I didn’t mind,” I shrug. “Well, I minded it stopped there, but that can always be fixed.”

He shakes his head. “Always flirting.”

“I *would* get your alcohol right now, but I don’t have a fake I.D. You’ll have to settle for me buying you lunch as a treat, too.”

I’d rather give him an afternoon full of more than fixing, drinking, and free food, but I have a feeling pushing anything on Brad will make him run.

He looks me over. “Those aren’t your clothes.”

“Nope,” I agree, not even trying to hide it.

A hand rubs my waist and I see Kevin behind me. “She looks pretty good in just my t-shirt, but since that’s a view I want to keep private, she needed some pants.”

“This may be the first trip you’ve ever taken into town where someone isn’t staring at your ass,” Brad says.

My jaw drops, and I look at my butt. He’s right. The jeans are so loose. I laugh.

I fan myself. “Don’t worry, since you guys will be working, I’ll be free to shower, change into my yoga gear, and enjoy myself at the apartment.”

Both men stare at me with hungry eyes. Kevin’s I’m used to after last night, but Brad’s have so much more in them. I don’t think even Bill can compare to the dark, lusty determination in that gaze.

I feel naked despite being in more clothes than I’ve worn since last winter.

“Don’t play games. You’re not going to win, Miss Jacobs,” Brad says, after exhaling. “I’ll follow you, Kevin.”

Kevin arches an eyebrow at me when our eyes meet. “That wasn’t a smile.”

“No, that was pure temptation on his face and him trying to fight it.” I stand on my toes to press my lips to Kevin’s cheek. “I like that you aren’t fighting it.”

Kevin rubs my back and motions me to the car.

We have a full afternoon planned, but considering how Kevin and I seem to be on the same page about plenty, I'm wondering what today will bring with Brad and Kevin in my apartment.

BRAD CHAPTER 19

Kristy shows us to her apartment and glances at me with a smile. “I was serious about the yoga, Brad.”

Clearing my throat, I force down the lust that’s been teasing me since yesterday in the car. With a grunt, I focus on our supplies from the store and the door in question.

Kevin nudges me as Kristy dips into her room, leaving the door open. “Are you okay, partner?”

Rather than answering, I guide Kevin through fixing the weak doorframe. Of course, I think we should replace all the wood with a higher quality, but since that’s not the way Kristy wants to go with it, we settle for getting some deep screws in.

After about thirty minutes, I’m convinced it’s not going anywhere. I shut the door, look at it, then ram my shoulder into it. It doesn’t shake at all.

“Perfect,” I announce.

Kevin’s not even looking at me. It’s like trying to teach a literal child how to do something. His focus is behind me. I rub my forehead. “Kevin, you ask me for a favor and now you don’t even-”

I turn to see what caught his attention and without another word, I catch sight of Kristy. Her hair is up in a bun and her back is completely bare. Other than a little thong, she has nothing on. There’s a little shine to her skin that I’m guessing is water.

She's gorgeous, truly gorgeous. Am I hallucinating? She's as sweet and welcome as an oasis in the desert.

I force myself to look away and take a breath. "The beer?"

Kevin chuckles and leads me to the kitchen. We both crack beers and a moment later, Kristy joins us. She has on some kind of sports bra that shows cleavage through some mesh and little shorts that cling to her skin and show off her damning curves.

She holds out her phone to me.

"Yes?" I ask, trying to keep my eyes on her face.

"I'm not going to guess your favorite pizza, Officer Smith. Put whatever you want on it," she orders.

I take her phone, and Kevin sits on the couch. Kristy joins him and kisses his jaw, whispering in his ear about something as I set up a pretty basic pizza. I give the phone to Kevin and he orders his own. Kristy smiles at me and takes a long drink of water.

"Thank you, Brad. You really are a man's man. Fixing doors, throwing around soil, saving damsels in distress," she lists while motioning me to the recliner.

"I became a police officer to help people. That doesn't stop when I take off the uniform. And I doubt anyone would call you a damsel in distress," I say, before taking a long drink of beer.

"If you're doing so much work all the time, helping people even after your shift is over, when do you have time to take care of yourself, have fun, or do something you actually enjoy?" She asks.

Kevin smirks as he strokes over the outside of Kristy's thighs. "There has to be something you enjoy doing, Brad."

"Exactly! I'm worried about you," Kristy whispers. "What does it take to make you happy enough to smile?"

"It's a me problem," I say.

“I’m pretty decent when it comes to fixing problems,” she says.

After taking a slow drink of beer,

I nod. “I don’t doubt that for a second.”

“Would talking help? I’m a decent listener and I know Kevin cares about you,” she looks to him for confirmation and he nods.

“I’ve been concerned for a while, man. No one gets addicted to paperwork and late nights at the office without a reason,” Kevin says.

I know, somewhere in the back of my head, that they want to help, but revealing personal issues only gives others an easy target if they want to hurt you.

Kevin says something in Kristy’s ear and gives her a gentle ‘yes’ when she bites her lip. She moves off him and stretches to touch my hand. “No one should be so frustrated and upset all the time.”

“That’s adulthood.” I snort.

“I guess not smiling is better than faking it, but I’m still curious and I’d like to fix whatever’s going on, especially after all you’ve done for me,” she says.

“This isn’t something that you can fix,” I say while thinking of Rose and the empty house. “That’s how life is sometimes. It’s not your job to fix me, Kristy.”

“I don’t want to *fix* you, I want to understand,” she clarifies. “You do so much for others. I’m just worried you do nothing for yourself.”

I look away. I planned to help with a door because of a coincidence and some beer, not some attempt at counseling.

“Hanging out is supposed to be fun, Brad, but if that’s not your cup of tea, what is?” Kevin asks.

Despite my best attempt, my gaze flicks to Kristy. I have a feeling she’d be a lot of fun. She’s attractive and has a wild streak that my younger self would love to add to, but she’s

with Kevin and that's enough reason for me to leave... after this beer... and the pizza that's coming.

That's the only reason I'm staying.

"I think he's interested in you, darlin," Kevin says with a teasing undertone.

Kristy looks at Kevin with surprise. He motions her forward, and she joins him, straddling his hips. "If you're so eager to put a smile on someone's face, you can put one on mine. Maybe you could show Brad exactly how sweet and good you can be."

Kristy arches an eyebrow but glances at me, then at Kevin. He kisses her, drawing it out, despite his eyes opening and pinning me. Kristy's fingers tighten in his shirt and a little moan leaves her throat.

I should have kissed her like that last night.

"In front of Brad?" She asks when he draws back.

"In front of or ... with. I know you want more than conversation, don't you?" Kevin teases.

It's naughty, especially with Kevin in the room. Kristy glances between us, checking in with him, and he nods.

She smiles and blushes a little. "Really you're okay with it?"

"If you want us, show me how much," he orders her.

Warmth pools low in my belly again. I've been horny since last night and even watching is a treat I can't pass up.

Kristy moans and takes off Kevin's shirt, kissing him again and again as I hear his zipper drop. Kristy moves just to make sure he can get undressed, then helps when he tries to take his time. I almost laugh at how focused she is.

"I want you both. Now," she demands before kissing him again.

She draws back as Kevin frees her of her bra. I groan at the view despite myself. Her breasts are perfect, so round and perky. She's an absolute temptation.

Kevin kisses her neck as she rubs herself against his hard-on shamelessly. “If you want to ride me, you need to take more off, darlin.”

“Oh,” she pants. “Strip me.”

He shakes his head and leans back. “You should be a good girl for me and for Brad. Prove how much you want us. Show us how sweet you really are and maybe you’ll get a reward.”

She licks over her bottom lip, then eyes Kevin’s cock before slowly stripping. When she bends over and spreads her legs to give me a view of her bare pussy, shiny and wet, I can’t think of anything but her.

After giving me a wink, she climbs on top of Kevin and slides down his length, bit by bit, moaning as he fills her.

I dig my fingers into the armrest after setting my beer down. It’s taking every bit of restraint to control myself. Not wanting her isn’t an option, not after the fantasies I used to get off last night, but that doesn’t mean I *have* to act on what I want.

Kristy rides Kevin eagerly, kissing his neck and stroking his body as she takes his cock deep, grinding on his balls in little circles before she comes back up his length and then slowly back down again, her pussy swallowing what it can until she hits Kevin’s balls. I watch, enjoying the wet sounds her pussy makes taking more and grinding harder against him. Kevin grabs her hips, calming her intense pace, and gives her what she needs, telling her she’s a good girl for us under his breath, both of them moaning louder.

His eyes go to me, and he smiles. “You want Brad too, don’t you darlin?”

“Yes,” she pants. “Fuck, yes. Both of you...”

I stand up and walk over. Maybe I need to try getting over my ex by losing myself in a woman like Kristy, independent, fierce, and so damn gorgeous she fries my brain and makes me stupid.

Kevin lies her back while continuing to thrust his cock into her slowly. “Be a good girl for us, take Brad in your mouth.

Suck his cock while you ride me until both of us come for you.” He growls.

I undo my pants and drop them to the ground. Kristy licks her lips as she watches, and her eyes go to me. “Yes?”

“You were given an order,” I growl.

She moans softly and her tongue strokes over the head of my cock. She moans as Kevin gives her a harder thrust. Her lips wrap around the head of my cock and I groan.

Kevin chuckles. “I bet if you keep that up, he’ll be smiling in no time, darlin.”

Her eyes roll back as she takes me deeper into her tight mouth. So wet and warm, and when she sucks, I can’t resist cupping the back of her head. She pulls me closer, digging her nails into my ass until she can take me the way she needs.

Kristy moans as Kevin ups the pace, holding her hips in place as she bounces on his lap. He grunts softly. “Fuck, you feel so damn good every time.”

I palm her breast, then squeeze her nipple between my fingers. The low sound that leaves her throat vibrates through my whole body. Her eyes open, all dark and needy as she watches my face.

Her lips spread wider, stretching around my cock as she adjusts to take it better, considering the way it curves. Her eyes shut as Kevin rubs her clit and I see the muscles in her thighs tighten as she fights the pleasure she’s obviously feeling. I take off my shirt, then free her hair so I have more of her to grip.

“Such a good girl,” Kevin groans. “Isn’t she, Brad?”

“So good,” I croon before hissing as she takes me impossibly deeper, so her throat tightens around my cock.

Kristy’s cheeks go red as she sucks hard. I draw back and thrust into her throat. Her eyes widen and a little gasp leaves her throat as I draw back, just to give another thrust when she moves forward.

“Take every inch, darlin, I know you can,” Kevin orders while increasing the pace. “Make him come.”

She makes another low sound but doesn't dare pull her mouth off me. She takes me faster. I grip her hair, trying to keep myself in check so I can enjoy every moment. I keep playing with her breast and look further down her body, where Kevin is thrusting his cock into her wet pussy.

Considering how sinful her mouth is, I bet her pussy is even better. I want to try it all and enjoy everything she offers, especially since she loves being shared.

Kevin groans and rubs her clit again, fast and hard. “You're so fuckin hot, Kristy.”

She reaches a hand down to him, rubbing his arm since her mouth and throat are so full of me. My legs shake as her tongue teases a spot that nearly makes me come.

“Fuck,” I hiss. “Do that again.”

I'm not sure if it's possible for a woman to smile *around* a cock, but her eyes dance with the challenge. Her tongue strokes the length of my cock again and I finally smile at her teasing. Kristy has no clue what she's started.

KRISTY CHAPTER 20

Brad thrusts into my throat, and my eyes widen. He holds me in place and nods. I keep trying to lick and suck as he fucks my throat. He's clearly enjoying it based on the sharp breaths and the way his face flushes. He grits his teeth as he fills my mouth.

As much as I want to dissolve into the pleasure, I don't want to look away from Brad. He's all kinds of tanned and muscular and big. His shoulders are broad and his biceps keep flexing, driving me insane. His stomach tightens, proving that there's muscle under the little beer belly.

My eyes roll back and I groan softly. I adjust ever so slightly so he can get even deeper, and the base of his cock hits my lips. He grinds into my throat as I lap at his shaft.

I moan and try to take him even deeper. I can't get enough of his pretty cock. Brad lets out a sharp breath and Kevin moans.

"You take it so good, darlin,'" Kevin rasps.

I wiggle my ass at him, eager for more praise. Kevin swats my ass. "Don't stop sucking. You got a half smile. You want more, don't you?"

My eyes flick to Brad's and he groans as he thrusts harder into my mouth. I strain against his grasp on my hair to take more of him. I want every inch. I can't get enough. Another little gasp leaves my lips as he draws almost all the way out of my mouth and I suck the head harder. Brad grunts, then slams into my throat again.

Kevin adjusts behind me and I spread my legs for him, wanting him just as deep as Brad is.

“What do you think, Brad? Is she being a good girl for us? Earning her orgasm?” Kevin growls.

Brad’s low, feral voice answers. “She’s fucking perfect.”

Earning that one sentence is such a huge win, I know my pussy is dripping. Kevin jerks me harder down on him. I look over at him, noticing every line of his abs. Kevin’s toned body rolling against mine is a sight I want to memorize.

Brad tightens his grip on my hair, forcing me to meet his intense gaze. Kevin increases his pace, making me whimper around Brad’s cock. He’s quiet, but his body says plenty. He’s flushed, his hips keep flexing into my mouth and as he guides me further back, I can see his thick thighs, pure muscle, and holy shit.

“Make me come with your mouth if you want me to fuck you, Kristy,” Brad orders in a rougher voice.

I rock back and forth between them, taking both men as pleasure spreads through my whole body. I’ve never felt so full, so complete, so ... free. I work my mouth over him faster, trying to match Kevin’s pace.

“That’s a good girl. You nearly have me jealous of Brad,” Kevin purrs before leaning over and sucking my nipple between his lips.

Brad pinches the other, trying to steal my attention back.

The combination makes my legs shake as my whole body clenches and tries to fight the orgasm. I want to make both men come first. I whimper, and Kevin kisses between my breasts. “Don’t stop, Kristy. Keep going, even if you come.”

I shudder as my pussy squeezes around him. Kevin groans and increases his pace. “Fuck, you need to come. Now!”

I don’t know how to control myself. I dig my nails into Brad’s thighs, trying to hold out, and still end up coming. Brad groans and pushes my head further down as his come fills my throat. “Fucking hell, Kristy....”

I keep licking him until he slowly eases out of my mouth. “Focus on Kevin now.”

I swallow and shudder, only for Kevin to thrust into me again. I gasp and keep trying to pull Brad back to me. “Please!”

“Make him come first,” Brad orders, holding my chin in his hand so I have to keep watching him, even as he rests with an easy smile on his face. “Be a good girl for him and make sure he feels as good as I do.”

Whimpering, I take everything Kevin gives me and he finally jerks out after making me come again. Warmth pools on my belly as I sigh. I cough a little and moan as Kevin adjusts me on his lap.

Kevin cleans me up and pats my ass. “Look at that, darlin, you earned a smile.”

I giggle. “I’ve wanted to be shared for so long. It was so good.”

Brad chuckles and shakes his head slightly. “You’re a wild one, Kristy.”

Kevin releases me. “Go to him.”

I kiss him softly, then go to Brad’s lap. He kisses me hungrily, taking control and reigniting the aftershocks of my orgasm until I’m sure he can make me come just from kissing me. His cock twitches against me.

I roll my hips and nibble at his bottom lip. “Do you want more, Brad?”

“Maybe I do,” he says against my mouth.

“Do you want me to ride your cock while I blow, Kevin?” I ask.

“It’s my turn to enjoy your pussy,” he rasps in my ear.

My skin breaks out in goosebumps as Brad feeds me another long kiss. The emotions in every kiss, how his calloused hands soften over my breasts, the way his fingers trace my slit, teasing me to open for him, his hot breath in my

ear, how he devours my neck. All the little things add up to more than he's ever put in words.

His big hands turn me so I'm facing Kevin. Before I can ask Kevin if it's okay, Brad spreads my legs over his and Kevin watches hungrily as Brad strokes up my thighs and over my pussy. He pats twice, lightly, but it's so unexpected that I jump. I look up at him, ready for so much more.

"Are you still wet for us?" Kevin demands.

"Maybe," I tease, grinning at Kev.

He smirks and shakes his head before Brad chuckles. "We'll have to make sure."

He rubs my clit in fast circles that make me squirm and pant. I gasp and roll my hips against his hand, trying so hard to get what I need.

"Brad?" I ask.

"I want you soaking wet, aching for me before I fuck you hard. I want to hear you moan for my cock before Kevin takes your mouth," Brad says in a deep velvety voice that makes me so wet, I can hear his fingers working on my pussy.

His fingers thrust into me, sure and commanding, as my eyes roll back. I lose myself in the pleasure of Brad taking control while Kevin watches. Lifting me with ease, Brad thrusts every inch of his slightly curved cock into me.

The curve in his cock means he rubs a different, new spot inside me. It makes me insane. Because of how he's holding my legs open, can't move, can't fuck him back, can only take every delicious, punishing thrust he gives me.

My lips part and I give up a moan. Brad palms my breasts, and teases my nipples, making me squirm and pant until I have to brace myself against the floor to stay in this position. I roll my hips and change the angle ever so slightly, so he fills me even more.

"Oh fuck, Brad. Fuck!" I howl as pleasure courses through me.

Can a heart stop from sex overload? If so, I'm getting dangerously close.

"Kevin, we don't want the neighbors to be worried about sweet Kristy, do we?" Brad grunts.

Kevin stands beside me, offering me his dick. I turn my head to the side and lick across his cock. I lick the head, then suck it between my lips. Kevin helps me, thrusting into my mouth to help me take him deeper. I moan and take them both happily. Brad rubs my clit while Kevin pinches and teases my nipples with light touches.

"That's right, Kristy, take it all darlin. Such a good girl," Kevin pants.

My eyes roll back as I nearly gag around his length before Brad fucks me even harder. He grips my thighs and I moan as loudly as I can around Kevin's cock.

My body bows as I come. I grab at Kevin to stay in place and Brad grunts loudly, shuddering before pausing entirely and holding me in place. He pants low and heavy as Kevin fills my mouth while groaning and digging his fingers into my hair.

"You're so good with your mouth, darlin," Kevin pants. "Make Brad come too."

Brad readjusts me, jerking me up so I'm riding him, and bounces me on his cock. I smother my moans against his shoulder. He's so damn thick, so comfortable, so... yes!

"Fuck, you're *too* good. I can't wait with you," Brad snarls. "I'm gonna come!"

Brad lifts me up just before I come and finishes on my belly. My hips roll, still trying to find satisfaction, but Kevin takes care of that, lifting my ass and thrusting his fingers inside me until I come as Brad swallows my moans and licks deep into my mouth.

I slump against Brad's body and laugh softly. He lifts my chin and shows me a brilliant smile. I laugh softly and kiss him slowly. "I earned that smile."

"Yes, you did," he sighs.

I laugh and sigh against his neck. “You’re a good pillow.”

Kevin strokes through my hair, unwilling to be overlooked. I reach back to him and take his hand. “You should both take a break with me.”

“Are you happy, darlin?” Kevin asks, stroking my back.

“So happy,” I agree, swallowing and letting my eyes close. “The pizza?”

“I think we have about five minutes left,” Kevin answers before pulling me back from Brad to kiss me slowly. I hum in my throat and welcome every sweep of his tongue.

Kevin lifts me up from Brad, taking a step toward the bathroom. “I promise to give her back, Kev.”

Kevin hesitates, and I grin. “We need a shower big enough for three.”

Kevin sighs. “If only I could snap my fingers and make that happen.”

“Shame,” I sigh.

Brad takes me to the shower and hesitates before getting in. I take his hand. “Come on, macho man. You fuck a girl senseless, then you can shower with said girl.”

He rolls his eyes, but steps into the shower with me. I rub over his chest and kiss his neck, the highest point I can reach.

“Promise me—no questions,” Brad says seriously.

“About your career as a cop, about you as a person, about where you learned that very fun position?” I list as I soap him.

“About my mood. I enjoy having a personality separate from my work. I tell you, you tell Kevin, Kevin gets all pitiful and brings it up, then I have to be frustrated with everyone all over again,” he grumbles.

“Who said I’d tell? I’m curious, but if it’s your stuff, it’s not mine to tell.” I shrug. My hands pause. “Do you need something to give something?”

“I gave you plenty a few minutes ago,” he grunts.

I sigh and finish soaping him before starting on myself. Brad catches my hand, saying nothing until I meet his eyes. His eyes study mine. “I don’t want pity and I don’t want anything serious here. Sex is great, but that’s all I’m offering.”

“Just sex, some cuddling, because you would definitely be a good pillow, and an occasional smile will make me plenty happy,” I say.

He nods, then takes care of washing my hair. Not something I was planning on worrying about, but it’s thoughtful all the same. I clear my throat. “Can you tell me *something* about you?”

“I hate being called ‘Bradley’. I live alone. I’m a dog person ... I prefer Hulu to Netflix and don’t like True Crime T.V. shows,” he lists.

I turn and kiss him softly. Brad seems to soften. He finishes rinsing me off and glances at the curtain. “What about you, Kristy?”

“Well, I’m all about Netflix, so maybe we should just end the conversation now,” I tease.

He laughs and shakes his head before getting dried off and heading out to get dressed. I take my time, reminding myself that it’s just sex and some minor friendship with all the guys. Bill is leaving soon, Brad isn’t looking for more, and Kevin ... Kevin isn’t someone I’m allowed to care about for more than one reason.

Just sex and—

“Pizza!” Kevin yells.

KEVIN CHAPTER 21

After eating with Kristy and Brad, we spend a bit more time with her, then leave after making sure she feels safe.

The next day at work, after getting our orders and cruising looking for danger, Brad clears his throat. “Yesterday stays between us.”

“Yeah, obviously,” I agree. “Plenty stays between us.”

“How was it sharing the girl you actually like?” he asks.

“That obvious, huh?” I chuckle. “I enjoy seeing her that happy.”

“Really?”

“Look, it’s not serious and as long as we’re both happy, why does it matter?” I say honestly.

I don’t *love* the idea of her wanting everyone else, but we limited things. Kristy and I talked about not adding anyone else and it’s not like she and I have known each other for months and have some long-standing relationship. We’re figuring things out and we can’t do that if I put a ton of pressure on her.

Even if I’d rather have her to myself and get to make her happy on my own or with the help of some toys.

“You ignored someone speeding,” Brad points out.

“Sorry,”

“First you let people speed by you, next you’ll be missing important evidence. It’s a steep slide. Be able to compartmentalize,” Brad says.

“You brought her up!” Kevin yells. “You literally brought up Kristy and started asking questions. That one’s on you.”

He sighs. “Don’t worry. It won’t happen again. I have better control over my dick and mouth than you do.”

“Sure, you proved that yesterday,” I snort.

We get through a few basic stops, then get called for a ‘suspicious person’ who turns out to be ... surprise, surprise, Bill.

Even Brad’s annoyed. “Would they just leave it be?”

I blink at him in surprise. “I assumed you thought he was-”

“Doesn’t matter what I think. They ruled him innocent, not even enough to take him to court. The law made its ruling and I’m tired of bullshit calls,” Brad says while hefting himself from the car.

We walk over, but Bill offers his hand and Kristy takes it, biting her lip as she looks up at him. “You should stop scaring people.”

“You should start letting them talk when they’re going to tell you something,” he chuckles.

“Kristy,” Brad greets. “Are you the suspicious person we were called about?”

All right, one point Brad for that attempt at kindness.

She looks between us and back at Brad. “I’m tempted to ask one of you to pinch me. This is pretty damn close to a dream.”

“You dream of being arrested?” Bill asks.

“You’re right, everyone’s a little overdressed for my dreams,” she says.

I can’t help but smirk. “Pinch her, Billy, and you walk away clean.”

“You can’t order-” Kristy starts, then squeaks. “Hey!”

“I’m pretty sure only you can disagree with the lawmen and get a punishment you enjoy,” Bill says.

She bites her lip and plays with the tips of her hair while she leans back against Bill. “We’re leaving. No worries about that.”

“Should we be concerned about truancy?” Brad asks.

“It’s Saturday, no classes,” she sighs. “I have to meet my parents later, so we’re going to have to-”

Bill throws her over his shoulder and carries her toward his bike. “Let’s go beautiful.”

“We were having a conversation!” Kristy yells.

She pushes herself up against Bill’s back. “Bye, boys! Have a good day!”

I swallow hard. Brad nudges me. “Stop being jealous and let’s go.”

“I’m not jealous.” A mild lie, but I continue, “I’m worried about her reputation being seen with Bill.”

“You should be more worried about her father finding out about that,” Brad says.

“Shit, I didn’t even... In the car,” I suggest.

Of course, as soon as we get in, we’re called to a hostage situation/robbery at a jewelry store. When we pull up, there are already two other cop cars. Officer Wittley is trying to push some negotiation, but Brad’s more than ready to go.

I take a step forward. “What’s going on?”

“Three masked men are currently in sight. One is in the back. We’ve been told they’ll release all hostages if we retreat, but they’ve already wounded two,” another officer reports.

“And why aren’t we attempting to head around the back where there are no windows or attempting to get EMTS in?” I ask.

Brad rolls his eyes. “Rookie.”

“Rookie or not, it’s a decent-”

“If you want to dress up as an EMT, provide care, and convince the bad guys to stand down like you’ve seen in some T.V. show, you’ll be the next one shot,” the officer says.

Brad nods. “I’m getting close to benching you.”

I snort, but then gunshots echo. I don’t know what side they’re coming from, but when Wittley goes down and everyone else takes refuge. I dodge behind vehicles even as Brad tries to grab at me and hold me in place. I manage to creep over and grab Wittley’s hand.

He looks up at me and I drag him behind a vehicle before a spray of bullets hit the spot where he just was. I peek over the car, take a shot through some already shattered glass, and nail one of the masked men in the chest. After ducking, checking my rounds, and popping back up, I take out another with a headshot my former commanding officer would be proud of.

The last one holds up his gun, only to be shot from behind by a man who also takes the opportunity to run. I take three shots, but only clip his leg. I sit back down and take a slow breath as orders are yelled.

“Miller!” someone yells.

I pull my gun, panting and ready for the next bogie, but it’s just Wittley. He looks from me to the gun, then pulls it from me. “Good job. You and Brad head back for debriefing. Make sure your report is clear.”

Nodding, I let Brad lead me to the car and to the precinct. I take the entire ride to destress enough to be in the present. After a few deep breaths, I clear my throat. “Should have chosen a smaller town.”

“Or settled into ranch life like you have the option to do,” Brad mumbles.

He glances around, takes a breath, then sits in front of me. He grabs one of my hands, puts it on the desk, and puts my other on my pants. “Rub both.”

I do it without asking for answers. Brad nods. “Simple, easy way to ground and stay in the moment. Stupid to spell out, though.”

He clears his throat as he sits back. “Gets easier to deal with the reminders. You survived, you did well, and you saved an officer’s life and plenty of hostages. You’re a hero today. Just don’t be dead tomorrow.”

“That’s not the plan,” I agree.

“Wrap up your paperwork,” Brad orders while standing. “News will travel fast and I have a feeling a certain someone will be very worried about you and might be impulsive if you don’t text her.”

The paperwork swims in front of my eyes, but I take care of it, check in with the chief, then head out, checking my phone. Just as I text Kristy back, someone slams into me.

“Keep your phone on you!” Kristy orders.

I wrap my arms around her and see Bill looking less alarmed. But considering how pale he is, he clearly thought the worst and didn’t do a thing to calm Kristy. She looks up at me and stands on her toes, jerking me down to kiss her right there.

After sniffing, she shoves me. “I’m so mad at you!”

“Why, darlin?” I ask softly.

“The news said they shot a Tucson officer. They didn’t give any other details,” Bill says.

Kristy sniffs and takes a step back, but I hold her close. “You were worried about me, Darlin’?”

“Yes,” she whimpers.

“Were you worried too, Billy?” I ask.

“You survived war. It would take more than robbers to slow you down,” he shrugs. “I told you, baby.”

She retreats to him, and he wraps his arm around her. She shakes her head. “You are so damn frustrating, Kev. I don’t even know where to start.”

Kristy blinks a few times and shakes her head.

“Why don’t we order in, sit down, and relax, huh?” Billy asks, jostling Kristy.

“I ... I’m supposed to go to my parents’ for the weekend,” she wipes at her eyes. “I’m glad you’re safe, Kev.”

“Kristy,” I say hoarsely.

She faces me and looks me over. “There’s blood on you.”

“The other officer wasn’t dead. I got him to safety,” I say. “Are you okay?” I ask.

“I don’t know. I have to go. I’ll ... message you later,” she says.

The desperation in her eyes ignites my panic. Kristy hurries away and I trust my gut when it says to follow her. She doesn’t need space, she needs to talk about this or she’s going to end things. I just know it.

I knock twice, and Kristy’s roommate answers the door before squeaking. “Kristy?”

Kristy comes out in a nice top and panties, holding up a skirt and jeans. “I don’t feel up for this. Do you think my dad will care if I cancel?”

Her hands shake a little, and I clear my throat.

Kristy drops her clothes and stares at me. She takes a step back. “I said I’d message you later. Why are you here?”

“I want to talk about what’s going on, darlin,”

She sits on the couch and rubs her forehead. My eyes slowly move to the recliner, where we had plenty of fun last time.

“I can’t keep seeing you like I am, either of you, honestly. Because if I go see Billy, you’ll be upset and if I’m around Billy, I’ll end up being around you, then I’ll end up fucking you and since fucking you isn’t working out-”

I pause her rambling. “Since when is fucking me not working out?”

“The fucking is fine, it’s the other thing,” she says. “Don’t argue with me, just ... be happy we had fun and we’ll be-”

“What is the problem, Kristy? We’ve been having fun. We were about to enjoy ourselves a lot more before you caught sight of the news,” Bill says.

“You’re leaving, so I don’t want to hear it,” she points at him.

“Then explain it to me.”

She harrumphs and goes limp on the couch. “I just can’t do this, okay?”

“He’s a stickler for reasons,” Bill says.

Kristy gets up and gets all puffed up. “I said we’re done! Just take it! Aren’t I just the fun, rich girl anyway? What else could I-”

“I already told you I like you!” I raise my voice, less than proud of myself.

“And I can’t care about you!”

“Why?”

We argue back and forth, getting louder, even when Bill tries to step between us, but after my last ‘why’, she shouts, “Because then I’ll get hurt!”

I lower my voice. “I’m not going to hurt you, darlin.”

“You might not mean to, but you will. Your brother is leaving. You just got into a firefight where I thought ... Why does only Brad get this? It’s fun, it’s not ...” she trails off and hugs herself. “Relationships and I don’t work.”

“You’re not in a relationship with relationships, you’re in a relationship of sorts with *me* and with Billy, Brad too, even if he’s on the ... lighter side of things,” I say.

“Billy is leaving in a few days. You could get ... or my father and ... every fling has to end, and that means it’s better to control the ending,” she shrugs while stepping on her own feet.

I pull her into my arms and study her watery eyes. “Unless you tell me you don’t want me, I’m going to be here, Kristy. I *want* to make this work. No matter your dad, job, or history with relationships.”

KRISTY CHAPTER 22

So much for an easy ending. This was just supposed to be a fling. I wasn't supposed to care about more than getting laid and having some decent conversations. If I hadn't been sure, Kevin was shot. If Bill wouldn't have taken me into town to demand answers.

Kevin pulls me into a hug and rubs my back.

I shake my head. "There's no 'this'."

"Bullshit," he dismisses.

I close my eyes. I should fight this. It's easier to fight it now. I can survive the fallout. I shake my head and pull back. "I have to go, anyway. And Bill, I'm sorry that I can't see you off tomorrow, but--"

"I'm not leaving," he says.

I meet his hazel eyes. "But you ... two weeks."

"That was before I had a reason to stay." His gaze never leaves me.

"I can't do this right now. I have to go. My parents want me for dinner and if I make them wait, they'll send someone to get me," I say, while trying to blink away the tears threatening to fall.

"Baby," Bill tries.

"No, I'm putting my foot down. You both need to go and I need to think," I say seriously.

Bill takes a step forward. I know it'll take a kiss or a few words from him to make me swoon, but Kevin doesn't let him get close enough. He stops his stepbrother and nods to me. "We'll give you time, darlin, but I meant everything I said."

I wrap my arms around myself and watch them leave, not convinced they're actually going to give me space until the door shuts. I take a shuddering breath and drag on a skirt.

Liz comes out as I work on my makeup with a shaky hand. She braids my hair down my back and sighs. "They like you, Kristy."

"They like the sex and don't want to give it up," I say softly before pursing my lips and putting on lipstick.

"Uh-huh. And that's clearly all it is to you, too. It's not like you light up when you talked about Kevin taking you on the ranch or you and Bill going out and making people uncomfortable just by being seen together." Her voice is so thick with sarcasm it's impossible to ignore.

"It doesn't matter what I feel, and we both know that. Even if I want to be in a relationship, it's not like I could be with Kevin and Bill ... let alone Brad. Even if that was possible, my dad wouldn't have it. He knows how he wants my entire future to play out," I snort.

"He thinks he knows what's best. I bet if you took the reins and proved you have an idea of what you want, he'd let you take over." Liz hugs me from behind.

I rub her hands, then turn and hug her. "I wish it was that easy."

"You and me both."

"What if we just find some crazy plastic surgeon and have him switch our faces? You can enjoy life with my dad and be extra close to Hector. I'll have the freedom you have," I say.

"Sure, we can throw that insane offer on Craigslist." She laughs once.

"Craigslist doctors are totally respectable," I grumble.

“Just get through dinner and we can have a movie night. I’ll get everything ready,” Liz says. “But there’s a catch.”

I sigh and arch an eyebrow. “What?”

“We are gonna talk about what you want when you get home. I don’t want to hear you mention your parents at all,” she smiles. “You have to be one hundred percent greedy.”

I hug her again. “Thank you, Liz.”

“And I want all the sex details! You didn’t tell me about a ‘Brad’!” She calls as I head out.

I dart back in to grab my purse and keys, then hurry to my car before I can be too late for my parents’ dinner.

The entire drive, I think about Kevin and Billy.

I hit the steering wheel a few times, frustrated that I got so swept up in the argument that I let out more than I meant to. It’s one thing to actually want to share, it’s another for it to just pour out.

Now Billy’s staying for me or more time with me, or something like that.

As if that doesn’t add pressure.

And so much more sex, the thought pops into my head.

How can I be turned on and upset at the same time?

Before I can figure that out, decide if I’m going to reach out to either of the brothers or let myself think about this at all once dinner starts, I’m idling in front of my parents’ house.

Hector taps the window, scaring me enough that I let out a yelp.

He apologizes as I turn off the car. I put on my normal smile and grin at him. “How was your date?”

“I was completely respectful!”

“I’m asking honestly, Hector. Liz has been mooning over you for weeks,” I tease.

He blushes deeply. “We had a good time. She’s wonderful.”

“I’m glad to hear it. Just don’t break her heart.” I gently pat his shoulder. “If she comes home crying, I’ll be very upset.”

“Of course, Miss Jacobs,” he says. “Your car?”

“I’m only staying for dinner,” I say while twirling my keys around my finger.

“Mr. Jacobs said you were spending the night,” Hector’s face scrunches in confusion.

“That’s news to me. How about I find out, then let you know?” I say.

He nods and walks me inside. Hector doesn’t come past the kitchen since apparently the dining room and patio are off limits tonight.

Of course, A.J. is there, having drinks with my parents. I walk to my mother first and kiss her cheek. “Sorry I’m late.”

“You’re right on time, honey. I heard you had quite a scare recently,” Mom says as she looks me over slowly. “It’s a good thing the police work fast in this town.”

“They saved my life. They go above and beyond the job description,” I say. “I’m just glad Liz wasn’t home. It would have upset her much more.”

My mom gives me a long look, but I offer no more information. I take a glass of wine taking a sip. I glance at A.J. and he blushes when our eyes catch. I’m not sure I have it in me to tease him at the moment.

Then again, it would be a pleasurable distraction from all the seriousness going on outside of this place.

I lick across my bottom lip, and he quickly looks away, focusing on my father. Unfortunately, my father is staring at my keys, still in my hand.

“Hector should have parked your car,” dad murmurs.

“Why?”

“You’re staying here this weekend. I’d like to have you on the tennis courts again. Perhaps you and A.J. can ride some

horses and relax by the pool. After all the stress you've been through at your dorm room apartment, you could use some relaxing," my dad says.

"If I would have known that, I would have brought Lizzy," I say, while taking another drink. "I don't think she'll want to stay at the apartment alone, Dad."

"Of course, she can come. I can send Hector to go get her. I was going to give them all the night off, but--"

"You know what? Let me just text her." I hold my phone up.

I text Liz that I'm sending Hector to her as an apology for not being able to come back tonight. I smile and wave it away. "I can stay. Once Hector moves my car, he can head out and we can enjoy dinner and have a nice night."

My father smiles and kisses the top of my head. As my mom and A.J. talk, my dad pulls me to the side. "I've heard that you and an unsavory person have been seen together, Kristine."

"I don't know who that would be, but we have talked about you giving me freedom, Dad. That means not having people watch me all the time."

"I've heard it from people without having to ask anyone," he says. He looks me over and sighs. "Kristy, I know you have a good heart and you always want to see the best in everyone, but there is no 'best' in William McKay."

"What does Tucson have against him? People call the police on him just for grocery shopping or eating at a diner. No one will explain anything," I say, leaving out the fact that I haven't bothered to do the research myself.

My dad's called by Mom but says he'll be there in a minute. He lowers his voice. "Twelve years and some months ago, his girlfriend went missing. He was the last one to be seen with her. We found some blood at the spot he said they used to go all the time, his favorite knife was missing, and his alibi was that he was asleep."

"And?" I ask.

“You watch enough true crime, Kristine. Sleep isn’t an alibi. All the circumstantial evidence pointed to him. They were seen fighting. She was trying to leave him. Her best friend said she was trying to break up with him that night. He said that he left her a block from her house because her parents didn’t like him and yet no one saw her after she got in his car,” my dad says.

“Was he ever charged?” I whisper.

“No. It was determined there wasn’t enough evidence. He’d already said he was at the scene. His knife was never found. They did not find the girl. Right now it’s considered a cold case, but no homicide, just a missing person.” My dad shakes his head. “The desert is too big to search without a lead.”

“Dad-”

“I don’t want you seeing him anymore. I don’t want to keep hearing about how you’re in danger,” he says while cupping my cheek. “When I heard someone tried to hurt you, I was sure it was him.”

“It wasn’t.” I put my foot down. “Bill wouldn’t hurt me.”

Dad’s face goes from open to controlled. “And we’re not going to find out because you’re not going to see him again, young lady. You’re going to stay away from that whole family.”

“His stepbrother is a police officer,” I argue.

“All the better to cover up any crimes William now commits. I don’t want you near either of them. If you feel ready to date, there’s a good man on the patio, talking to your mother. He’s already interested in you, considering he can’t tear his eyes away.”

Dad gently kisses my forehead. “I’d do anything to protect you, Kristy. I’m asking you to make the decision to protect yourself.”

Dad walks away and gets swept up in the conversation with A.J. and my mom. I try to imagine Billy hurting someone. He’s had me all to himself multiple times over. He

could have hurt me if he wanted to, but he didn't. He also wouldn't tell me why people hated him, wanted me to make my own opinion before talking to him.

That doesn't sound like someone who's trying to hide something.

"Kristine, please, come join us," my dad calls.

I walk over and smile, play nice, flirt a little with A.J. in my own way, making him all kinds of on edge.

At the end of dinner, I go to my room, toss and turn, thinking of Kevin all willing to wait until I'm ready to talk and Bill, ready to stay for me despite people assuming he's a killer. Why am I fighting the feelings I have for them again?

After debating it for an hour, I close my eyes and send a single text.

Then I cross my fingers and kick myself for being such a pushover.

BILL CHAPTER 23

My phone vibrates, and I stare at Kristy's name in surprise. Didn't she tell Kevin and me she was done with us today?

I read over the message four times before I act. She wants me to come over, sent an address that's not far at all, especially if I cut through the ranch.

I know the rumor. Come talk?

Two sentences and I'm ready to do whatever it takes to fill in the blanks. Kevin put himself in bed early, wallowing over Kristy's rejection.

After I pull on some clothes, I walk to Kevin's door, almost knock, but pause. If she wanted him, she'd text him too, right?

Which means he'd be up and ready to go without question. She only texted me. I step away from his door, hear the screen door open, and turn, expecting to hear a knock on the door or someone on the porch.

Nothing.

The seconds tick by, then the front door opens too, despite Kevin being anal about locking doors. No one is there, there's no wind. It's just me, staring out at the ranch. I take a few steps forward as I slide my keys into my pocket. I shut and lock the front door, gently shut the screen door, surprised when it doesn't squeak.

Did one of the ranch hands give it a good amount of WD40?

Shaking my head, I get on my bike and drive it out to the edge of the property line, unbothered by all the bouncing the dirt kicked up behind me, or the heat sinking down through my skin to warm my bones.

I dismount the bike and head in the direction of the house I spy from this distance. There's one light on, but it's definitely not the room I'm heading for.

I text Kristy back, asking how to get in and instead she tells me her window's unlocked. My lips curl up.

I haven't snuck into a girls' room since I was a teenager. I send a question mark and see a blue light fill one of the windows. I head there before she can tell me that's the room. I peek in and knock lightly on the window.

Kristy sits up and opens it. I chuckle as I struggle to climb in. "This was easier when I was seventeen."

She hushes her own laughter as she helps me in, and we both tumble onto her bed. She covers my mouth with her hand, glancing at the door, then relaxes when nothing bumps or moves outside.

I shut the window and stare down at her. She's in some little t-shirt and underwear again, as if her legs aren't fucking tempting as hell. I'd love to kiss all the way up and—no, I have to focus.

"You wanted to talk?" I ask in a whisper.

She moves over, making room for me next to her. I take off my boots, trying to respect her bed, then lay back, staring at the ceiling. "About what happened?"

"Yes, my dad told me everything. I took it with a grain of salt since he's the guilty until proven innocent type, but ..." she sucks her bottom lip and tugs on her braid. "This is separate from what I said earlier, by the way. I just want the full story."

"I get it," I say.

“That’s why I didn’t text Kevin too.”

“Since he was still sulking or sleeping, I figured as much,” I say.

Her eyes meet mine, and she sits up, wrapping her arms around her legs. “So? What happened?”

“Trish and I went out. I wanted to fix our relationship. Her parents and friends didn’t like me. I never blamed them. I loved being the bad boy,” I murmur. “It got to her, though. I took her to our spot to be alone. After a long talk, she ended things.”

“Okay, and then?”

“I was frustrated, told her she was letting her friends get between us for stupid reasons, but that just upset her more. She demanded I take her home. She said after I dropped her off, she didn’t want to see me again, that I might as well pretend she didn’t exist,” I say.

“Did you?” Kristy asks.

“I tried to convince her the entire drive back to think about it. When I parked a block from her house, she told me there was no point arguing. We were going to college soon, and she didn’t want to leave home like I did. She knew exactly what she wanted and there wasn’t room for me in the picture. She got out.”

“And then she disappeared, Bill,” Kristy hisses.

“Trish walked home. When I saw her in the driveway, I left. That’s the last time I saw her. I wasn’t happy about the breakup. I wasn’t happy that it was so damn easy for her, but I went home. Kev was asleep in front of the T.V., so I turned it off and went to bed.”

“The missing knife?” She asks.

“I told my dad it was missing three days earlier, after I’d had a party and the house had been trashed. I was technically grounded, which is why he didn’t know I’d gone out with Trish,” I say.

I look at my mismatched socks and take a slow breath. “I kick myself about it all the time. If I would have just waited one more minute, just made sure she got inside ... If I had told Kev where I was going, woken him up when I got back. Any little thing and no one would pin it on me.”

“Did anyone else know about the spot you took Trish?” Kristy moves a little closer.

“Plenty of people did. My friend group hung out there all the time to drink and smoke away from the adults. A few of her friends joined occasionally.” I face Kristy, drinking in her warm amber eyes. How soft and approachable she seems here. “I didn’t do it, Kristy. I don’t know what happened to her. I was just some stupid teen trying to save a relationship that wasn’t going to be saved.”

“So nothing’s changed about you then,” she says before resting her chin on her knees.

“Plenty has changed,” I argue.

“You’re still trying to save something that doesn’t need to be saved,” she snorts. “I give Kev about three days before he gets frustrated and comes to talk to me again. You said you’re staying and-”

“You asked me to come here, baby.”

“You guys make me stupid,” she grumbles.

“Oh yeah, because you make me smart,” I snort. “I’m pretty sure you scramble my brain just by being close to me.”

“If you knew I was at your place for Kevin that night ... would it have changed anything?” she asks.

“Hard to say. I was already rubbing one out while fantasizing about you,” I shrug.

“Blunt.”

“Honest,” I say, then gently turn her chin so she looks at me. “Something I’d like you to be right now.”

“You didn’t ask a question.”

“Are you actually done with us?” I ask. “If you are, I can ... try to get Kevin to accept that, but if you’re not sure or if you’re doing this because someone else is telling you to-”

“My father just told me not to be alone with you again, and here you are. I don’t do anything because I’m told to,” she hisses.

I keep watching her, and she sighs before lying back dramatically. “People get hurt in relationships. Flings are better. Feelings don’t get involved, no one gets hurt, everyone has a good time, and when it’s time to cut and run, it’s fine.”

“Kevin’s already got feelings,” I say.

“You do too or you’d be packing up to leave,” she murmurs.

When I don’t answer, she looks at me. “Am I wrong?”

“I’ve enjoyed our hang-out time and the one time we’ve had sex. I left this place after everyone assumed I was a murderer and made a half-life somewhere else. I’ve moved around plenty, always worried someone would find out, make assumptions, then fuck things up,” I answer. “At least here, I don’t have to worry about things changing for the worse when they’re already as bad as they can get.”

“Pessimist,” Kristy says while moving closer.

“You may have factored into my choice, too.” I fold my arms behind my head. “I’m really good at ‘no’ though, even if you don’t mean it.”

“I do mean it,” she huffs at me, narrowing her eyes and daring me to argue.

I smirk. “Sure you do.”

“I said it, I mean it. I don’t do relationships and that’s clearly what is going to end up happening if I don’t end this. I don’t want to settle down. I don’t want to have to choose you or Kevin and I don’t want to break my own heart by trying,” she says sharply.

I keep watching her as she pants. She grabs my chin. “Argue with that, Billy. Try to tell me I’m not serious.”

“You have a lot of excuses, but your heart’s not in it, baby,” I answer. “If it was, you wouldn’t have asked me to sneak in.”

She sputters, but I make myself comfortable. “I don’t remember Kevin or me asking you to choose, either. In fact, I think Kevin mentioned you staying with him, me, and Brad.”

Kristy uncurls as she looks at me. “That feels like letting you all down, since you could have someone else, someone to yourself.”

“Yeah, I don’t give a shit. I came here, and that says plenty, doesn’t it?” I ask.

She nibbles her bottom lip and lies down, staring at the ceiling with me. “What are we doing?”

“Talking ... awkward, right?” I ask.

“Sex was less awkward. Another point in the fling column,” she murmurs.

I roll onto my side and lightly stroke up and down her forearm. Kristy avoids my eyes despite the blush steadily filling her cheeks. “Are you gonna kick me out, baby?”

She takes an unsteady breath. “I’m considering it.”

“You got your answers. I’m not asking for anything in return,” I say before running my fingers between hers.

Her fingers close around mine, and I squeeze her hand. She pulls my hand to her chest and meets my eyes. “You want something, though.”

“I want plenty,” I murmur. “I prefer when you beg me for things.”

She moves closer and shakes her head. I let her go, taking that as an order to leave, but she gets on her knees, grabs my face between her hands and kisses me. I hold still, letting her control the kiss until she draws back and strokes over my chest.

“Like I said, you make me stupid, Billy,” she murmurs.

I swallow the growing lump in my throat. “You haven’t begged.”

“Stay ... please stay. Kiss me, cover my mouth while you fuck me, just lie here and make my brain turn off, something, anything just-”

I kiss her passionately, ruining her braid with my fingers as I grip her tightly and kiss her hard and deep. Kristy moans against my mouth, sucking my tongue and pulling at my shirt. I groan and pull her closer, my free hand sliding down to grip her ass tightly.

“We’re not done,” I say against her mouth.

“Talking was not on the list I gave you,” she rasps before licking across my bottom lip.

I toss her down in her bed and chuckle as I drag my shirt off my body. “I was pretty talkative last time, wasn’t I?”

She whimpers as her eyes stroke over my body.

“I don’t remember hearing any complaints then,” I growl as I hook my arms under her knees and drag her closer to me. “In fact, I remember you begging for more.”

“Please,” she whispers.

I smirk. “Good girl.”

KRISTY CHAPTER 24

I should have let him go. I shouldn't have texted him, turned the light on, opened the damn window, or dragged him through. I can count the shouldn't haves on my fingers and toes, but there's something about having Billy's hands on me after he laid out so much, so freely that makes me feel powerful, alive, and vibrant.

He drags my shirt off me and covers me with his big, warm body. I stroke the planes of his back, feeling the muscles shift under my touch as he kisses across my throat and bites the inside of my shoulder.

"You tempt me every fucking time I see you, Kristy," He purrs in my ear as his hands slide up the underside of my thighs.

I shudder as he nips at my breast before sucking and licking my nipple hard. His fingers jerk my underwear halfway down my thighs before he fills me with his thick fingers. My back arches and I pull at his belt until he grabs my wrist and holds it against my side.

"Let me ... fuck ... oh god," I moan as my eyes roll back.

The way he fingers me is so intense, I can't focus on anything but the pleasure burning through my body.

"There's that nickname again," he growls, before biting my bottom lip. "Say it again and I'll let you come, baby."

"God, just ... fuck me," I demand while trying to keep my voice down.

He grins and kisses me hungrily while upping the pace of his fingers. His hand tightens around my wrist as he keeps rubbing my g-spot, thrusting his fingers in and out of me until we can both hear how wet I am for him.

I try to close my thighs around his hand, but it just feels too damn good.

“All wet for me, aren’t you?” he croons in my ear. “So ready to have my dick nice and deep in your pussy?”

“Yes,” I whine. “Please, Billy.”

“You better be quiet or else your daddy might get curious and ruin all our fun. You don’t want that, do you?” he asks.

I shake my head.

“Does it turn you on knowing that we could get caught? Do you love fucking men your dad hates?” he growls.

I shudder and cover my mouth with my free hand, trying to be quiet. Billy stills his fingers, holding them against my g-spot. The pressure alone is enough to get me off.

“Answer me, baby, or I might just make you work for my cock,” he warns.

“Yes. It turns me on.” I pant.

“I’m tempted to stuff your panties in your mouth to keep you quiet,” He says as he fingers me again, twice as fast. My eyes roll back as he nips and kisses my neck. “Maybe I should have brought Kevin. Then he could fill your mouth and keep you quiet.”

It pushes me over the edge. I bite down on my hand to stay quiet as I come apart, my hips bucking against Bill’s hand as he lets out a soft groan.

He keeps fingering me as he licks over my clit. He makes a pleased sound and licks again before sucking my clit and flicking his tongue across it. I shudder and grab a handful of his hair. I roll my hips against his mouth and he lets a muffled groan escape before jerking me tighter against his face.

My back arches and I bite the pillow next to me as the next orgasm rips through me with no build-up or warning. I've never had an orgasm this intense. I shudder as Bill flattens his tongue and licks from my entrance and over my clit.

He draws back, pulling his fingers free, and shows me exactly how wet I am for him. He circles my nipple with his wet fingers, making my whole body tremble. Bill leans forward and follows with his tongue.

I moan, "Fuck.. so.."

He releases my breast with a pop. "I know baby, you want me to fuck you, don't you?"

"Yes, please. Please, Billy," I beg.

"I'm not sure you can be quiet enough and I don't want to get in trouble with your father," he teases with a wicked smile.

"I don't care. I need you inside me, now." I sit up and grab the button on his pants, popping it before I get the zipper halfway down. Bill holds me down and rolls his hips against me. I whimper as the denim rubs my inner thighs. "Fuck, please. Please!"

"Convince me," he chuckles.

"I'm all wet for you," I pant. "And and ..."

"And what, baby?"

"You can either fuck me or watch me fuck myself," I say.

He arches an eyebrow, then takes off his pants, tossing them to the side and showing me his cock. I adjust on the bed, trying to reach him. "Fucking hell, Billy."

He needs to do a nude calendar for me and only me.

"You'd rather have a toy filling you than me?"

"God ... no." I lick over the head, then spread my lips to take him deeper.

A low rumble leaves his throat, and he catches my chin, holding me away from his cock. "If you want me inside you, say it."

I lick over my bottom lip and look over his gorgeous body. When I catch his eyes, I swear I can see the devil in them. He smirks. “You’ve been a naughty girl, teasing me, threatening to trade me for a toy, threatening to end things.”

My pussy quivers and I pant. “I need your cock.”

“Where?”

“Buried deep in my pussy,” I pant. “I want you to fuck me so hard and deep that only you exist.”

He nods and motions for me to continue. I whimper. “Fuck me until I’m so loud, not even the pillow or a hand over my mouth can keep me quiet, Billy.”

He lifts my chin higher and kisses me deeply, stealing my breath just like that.

Billy joins me in bed, adjusts me on my knees, and strokes up my spine, pushing me down until I’m on my elbows.

“You better be quiet. Once I start, I will not stop no matter who opens that door,” he growls while rubbing his cock against my pussy without giving me even an inch.

“Yes!” I whisper.

He fills me all at once. I bury my face in the pillow, trying to hide my moan. Billy jerks my hips back as he grinds deep inside me, then he sets the maddening, too-fast pace that threatens to ruin me. I don’t know how he can get that deep when he’s going so fast, but it’s so damn good.

“Fuck, even with you quiet, you’re loud,” he hisses before biting the back of my shoulder.

I moan with the pillow cover between my teeth. I can hear his naked body slapping mine, can hear the low whines leaving my throat as I try to stay quiet. Even the bed creaking has me worried about getting caught.

Which just makes it hotter. My eyes flutter and I look over my shoulder at Bill, watching his abs tighten as he fucks me. He watches his cock disappear inside me again and again with his lips parted.

“Baby, you’re so good for me,” he groans.

“Yes,” I pant.

He looks up and grins. In one move, he has me on his lap, riding reverse cowgirl. He kisses me, swallowing every moan as he continues to thrust into me hard and fast. Billy cups my breasts, massaging them, then pinching my nipples until the mix of pleasure and pain is so intense, I can’t help but come.

He covers my mouth with his big palm and pants in my ear. “Your moans are just for me tonight.”

I grip his sides, trying to keep moving with him even as my insides go to goo.

Billy sets me back down on the bed and mounts me, so I feel his chest against my back, hear his soft grunts and moans in my ear and his hands hold mine in place. My eyes roll back as I whimper and take his cock deep.

“I know you want to be loud, baby. You’ll have to wait until next time, won’t you?”

“Yes, I whimper. Fuck, Billy, I....”

“Come again. You can come over and over. You can rip the sheets off your bed, soak my cock, fuck me all night, but you have to be quiet,” he says before biting my neck.

Another orgasm tears through me. I lose my voice screaming into my pillow. He holds me in place and fucks me like he needs, going all out, rough and determined and so fast that I couldn’t keep up if I tried.

“Please, come. I want you to come. Oh ... god, just come!” I beg.

He squeezes my ass hard as his teeth click together. He groans and jerks out of me, coming across my ass and over my thigh. I shudder and collapse on my bed, exhausted, overwhelmed, but feeling so much better than I have all day.

Billy wipes me down, takes an extra second for himself, then lays down next to me. I move into his arms and nod against his shoulder. “I’m glad we did this.”

“After that many orgasms, I’d expect you to be happy,” he teases while rubbing my back.

“I’m still not convinced that dragging things out is going to be any better for us, though, Billy,” I murmur. “Maybe you should go home tomorrow.”

“This is my home, Kristy. I left because I had to, not because I wanted to. I’ve missed so much of Kev’s life, so much of my parents. I’m staying for more than you, remember?”

I lift my head and study his face. There’s not a single trace of a lie there. I huff and cross my arms over my chest while watching him. “You’re impossible.”

“Only sometimes.” He leans forward and kisses my forehead. “But I’m right and you know it. You like Kev. You like me. Don’t let fear of the future ruin that.”

“No serious talk,” I groan.

“After all that, you can listen for a few more seconds,” Bill grumbles.

Lucky for him, I know my legs are shaking too much for me to make it to the door, let alone to the bathroom. I sigh. “Fine.”

“The future’s gonna come. We all know that. I also know that if you run from something, you’re going to miss out on a hell of a lot more. Don’t run from Kev unless you have a reason better than not doing well in relationships,” Bill advises.

“My dad could make his life hell,” I say.

“Kev and I are both big boys. We can handle it. Especially if we can handle you.” He squeezes my ass for emphasis. “Stop trying to predict the future and enjoy what you’ve got.”

I kiss his chest and make myself comfortable against him. “It’s not fair that you make me stupid, but I can’t return the favor.”

“It’s just the post-come clarity, baby. I promise, I’m not always this smart,” Bill teases. “If I was, I’d remember to

correct you every time you call me ‘Billy’.”

“I earned it,” I grumble.

He catches me and kisses me, softly, packing far too much into each curl of his tongue. When he draws back, he sighs. “Shame that I can’t spend the night. You’re a good blanket.”

I smile and move closer, nuzzling his neck. “Just a little longer.”

“I’ll stay until you fall asleep,” he promises. “Then you’ll come to get Kev and me, and you won’t have to worry about getting caught.”

KEVIN CHAPTER 25

I keep playing with my phone in the morning, taking my time getting out of bed. I don't want to move because of how things went with Kristy. Everything I said was what I meant. Unless she tells me she doesn't want me, I'm going to try to make things work.

Even if she's not ready for the 'girlfriend' title or that kind of relationship, I don't want to give up on what we have and what I feel for her.

I'm willing to share her, happy to make her happy, and want more time to prove that we have something real, something more than sex.

After another half hour of wallowing, I make coffee and head out to the ranch. I help take care of the general work, then sit on the porch swing while drinking from my second mug of coffee. A car pulls in, kicking up dust, sand, and pebbles.

Kristy comes out, walks all the way to the porch, then takes a deep breath while staring at the door. "I'm going to do this."

"Gonna do what, darlin?" I ask.

She jumps as she looks at me. I tip my hat. "Didn't realize I was invisible."

"I was ... focused," she breathes.

"Sounds pretty important," I murmur, then notice she doesn't have a trace of makeup on and has some bags under

her eyes. “You sleep last night?”

“I had Billy come to my parents. My dad brought up what he’s ... suspected of and I wanted to talk,” she says, not moving closer to me or heading back to her car.

Of course, I’m sure Billy was with her. I can picture them all tangled together. Hell, I can picture her dad catching them and throwing him out, promising to find something to hold him on. I take a sip of the scalding coffee just to keep myself from saying something I’ll regret.

“He talked sense into me after we ...” She takes a slow breath and walks closer to me, staying just out of range of my arms. “I like you, Kevin, more than I’m ... comfortable liking you. I like Billy and seeing Brad smile, knowing it was because of me ... it felt good.”

I nod.

“I’m terrified something is going to happen to you, though. I mean, you’re a cop, my dad has an in with cops, cops get hurt all the time in action, and I feel like I’m just signing up to have my heart broken one way or another since you guys won’t let me just be physically involved,” she grumbles.

“If you just want sex-”

“I don’t,” she pinches the bridge of her nose. “I like our time together. I enjoy talking with you and spending time with you. I even liked waking up with you, which is something I thought I’d never say, it’s just ...”

“It’s a lot,” I murmur.

I scoot over, making room for her on the swing. She sits and holds her hands between her knees. The silence stretches on uncomfortably and I clear my throat. “Do you want some coffee or-”

“Honestly, if the coffee doesn’t have some Irish cream in it, I don’t think it’s going to help.” She sighs. “Probably a bad thing to say to a cop.”

“I know you’re younger and you want to explore all the options, Kristy. I’ve never asked you to settle down with me

alone. I'm not asking you to stop having fun, I just ... I don't want you pushing me away because you feel something," I explain.

"It sounds stupid when you say it like that," she grumbles.

"This is your out. If you want to walk away and disappear, you can. I won't stop you." Even if I'll keep my eye out for her, and try to protect her, however I can. Try to find excuses to break up every college party hoping to see her, even if it makes me sound like a cop abusing my power.

"You'd follow."

"I won't."

"In my head, you'd still be there, and I'd be a spoiled bitch or something.." she runs her fingers through her messy hair. Her voice drops. "I want to be with you and Billy for sure. I just ... don't know how to make it work in my brain without panicking."

"Do you have to have all the answers now?" I ask.

"I guess not... but don't you want answers?"

"I didn't ask for them, darlin," I say as my accent gets stronger. I set my coffee on the swing closer to her, a peace offering.

She takes it without looking, takes a long sip, and leans back. "It's peaceful out here."

"Very," I agree.

"I see why Billy doesn't want to leave," she sighs and inches closer to me.

"He doesn't?"

"He says he doesn't want to leave, that this is home, and he missed you. I'm barely a factor ... which is a good thing. I mean, I don't know him all that well and it might be weird if he'd stay just because of me." She moves another inch closer to me.

I move and slide my arm along the back of the swing. Kristy looks up at me from under her lashes. She's soft and

beautiful in the early afternoon light, even when she's not all that put together.

Sighing, she slides into my side and presses her face to my neck. "You smell like hay and dirt and Chanel cologne."

"Sorry," I move.

She clings to me. "No, I like it. It's you."

I rub her shoulder and curl her against me. I kiss the top of her head. "I want you right here, Kristy. I don't know what's in the future, but I want you in mine. Somehow."

She nuzzles my neck and presses a soft kiss there. "Bill mentioned you last night and said you should have been there to fill my mouth so we wouldn't get caught."

"Did you get caught?"

"Nope," she draws back and gently cups my face. "But I wanted you there too. I just got ... rattled after the shooting, thinking about how easily it could have been you and seeing all the heartache pan out."

"I'm not that easy to kill. The military trained me well."

She climbs on my lap and tucks her hair behind her ear. The swing moves aggressively, but I hold on to Kristy, losing myself in those amber eyes. She strokes over my bottom lip until I catch her hand since it tickles too damn much.

I cock my head to the side and put her hand on my shoulder and caress her side. "Do you want me?"

"Yes." No hesitation.

"As much as you want, Bill or Brad?"

"Yes." She doesn't look away from my eyes.

That's good enough for me. I kiss her slowly. She pushes my hat up to kiss me hungrily. I kiss her back, cuddling her close to my chest until my smile gets the best of me. She laughs and pulls away.

"We're supposed to be making up!" She yells.

I put my hat on her head and grin. “Isn’t that worth smiling about, darlin?”

Kristy moans and kisses me again, sucking my bottom lip, nibbling, then kissing me deeply. I pick her up, stumble a bit, and end up against the doorframe instead of at the screen door. Kristy wraps her legs around me and keeps devouring my mouth as little patters of rain echo on the roof. Kristy moans as our kiss deepens and rubs herself against me.

“I have to work tonight,” I say against her neck.

She locks her ankles around my back. “I’ll give you the incentive to be safe.”

I rip open the screen door, the main door, then carry her inside. I adjust her in my arms, trying to get to the bedroom, but it’s a losing battle when I run into a kitchen chair and drop her on the table.

We both laugh and she takes off her shirt, throwing it to the side before greedily pulling me closer to tear at my clothes. She kisses across my chest, pulls at my belt and tosses it to the side before working on my pants.

I cup her jaw, pulling her face up to kiss me again and again. I hum in my throat. “So the rich girl wants the cowboy?”

“You’re a cowboy and a police officer. How is a girl supposed to resist?” She asks while shoving my pants down.

“One night, I’ll have to chase you to the barn then and we can really knock boots,” I tease.

She moans and kisses me again. “Leave the boots on.”

I drag her closer and struggle with her shorts.

“Well, this is a hell of a lot better than breakfast,” Bill says.

Kristy looks over at him, then at me. I finally get her shorts off. She catches my hand when I go for her bra. “In your room or here?”

She’s making it my choice.

“What do you want?” I ask instead.

“My pussy is all yours today,” she says while rolling her hips against mine, dragging a moan from my throat. “Do you want my mouth too?”

I cup the back of her neck and kiss her hungrily. Bill waits for my decision. I curl my tongue with Kristy’s as I think about it. She draws back and guides her bra straps down, squeezing her arms together to show off more tempting cleavage.

“Do you want both of us inside you, darlin?”

She shudders and nods. “Yes.”

“I’m going to edge you until you make him come, then you’re all mine,” I warn her. “I’ll take you to my room and make sure this ‘makeup’ is done right.”

She blushes deep pink and nods. “Please, officer. Punish me outside the scope of the law.”

I grin and undo her bra, tossing it to the side before laying her across the table. I nod to Bill and he grins, kissing her slowly as I pull her underwear tight over her clit. She moans as Bill palms her breasts and I kiss the inside of her knee.

I’m going to give Kristy everything, even if she’s not entirely ready for it.

I finger her slowly, taking my time and refusing to take her underwear entirely off. Bill takes her mouth, muffling her moans with his cock. A bit of jealousy seeps in, but I remember the plan. She gets to teeter on the edge while making him come, then she’s all mine.

The thought has me dragging her panties down her legs, spreading her thighs, and burying my face between her legs. I lick and tease her with my tongue, bringing her to the edge again and again before stopping.

She makes a frustrated sound, but I’m sure Bill is close, considering how determined Kristy is. I give her an inch of my cock while rubbing her clit, teasing her with just a bit of what she’s going to have soon.

Bill groans. “Fuck, it’s too hard to stay quiet with you, baby.”

She makes a soft sound and I rub her clit faster. “Make him come, Kristy. Don’t you want to enjoy yourself, too?”

She wiggles against me, and I chuckle. Bill cups the back of her head. “You know just how to use your tongue. It’s so fucking good. Take me as deep as you can.”

Kristy’s cheeks hollow and Billy pants. “Fuck, I’m going to come.”

She nods with his cock in her mouth and it breaks him. He lets out a loud moan and grips the table to stay standing as she keeps blowing him, not stopping until he jerks away and pants. “Wicked woman.”

I grin and scoop her up, thrusting all the way into her as I carry her to the room. I shut the door and hold her against it as she swallows and pants.

Grinning, I roll my hips. “Now you’re all mine.”

KRISTY CHAPTER 26

Kristy

I take everything Kevin gives me. My head swims after the third orgasm, but he's still not done with me. It's like he has to make up for every day we haven't been together since we met.

When he wraps himself around me while fucking me into the mattress, our eyes meet. I whimper as another climax threatens my sanity. "Come with me, Kev. Please. Please, I need you to come too!"

He groans and kisses me hard.

My whole body clenches as pleasure bursts through me. Kevin rasps "Fuck, Kristy!"

And he comes with me, his sexy, toned body rolling against mine before he collapses on top of me. I run my fingers through his shaggy hair, stroke over his shoulder, and spread my hands over his back.

Kevin sighs. "I was afraid that was the last time I was going to see you."

I am the queen of ghosting, I can't say anything there. Even with that title, I can't imagine ghosting Kevin. He's too sweet. "What do you think now?"

"I think you're keeping me around a bit longer," he sighs.

I lift his chin and kiss his forehead before he fits his mouth to mine. I sigh. "I don't want you afraid I'm just going to run

off.”

“Maybe you’ll visit me,” He says.

“I already promised that we’d talk before I added anyone else into my life,” I say. “And I promise you right here and now that I will not end things without a conversation.”

Kevin rolls, holding me against his side. “A conversation means more than you just saying you need to think or something like that.”

Shit. “Okay...”

“It means us both actually talking. More than a sentence ... or two,” he continues while not looking at me.

I suck my lip. Maybe I should be a lawyer, considering I’m wondering if three sentences would do it. Plus, we never said it had to be in person, but I kick out all the semantics. “I promise, a full conversation—in person if that comes up.”

“If is better than when,” he sighs. “I think I promised to fuck you more than once.”

I kiss his chest softly. “Let’s try something else.”

“Like?”

“Cuddling, talking, being together,” I suggest.

He chuckles at my face. “Why does it look like that’s difficult for you?”

I stroke over his gorgeous chest and follow the line of his abs down to just below his belly button before he catches my hand. I giggle. “I’m thoroughly distracted, Kevin. Cowboy, cop, whatever you want to be today, you’re sexy as hell.”

“At least I have that going for me,” he grumbles.

“And you’re sweet.” I kiss the center of his chest and adjust to kiss his opposite shoulder. “You’re generous... protective, loving, strong, annoyingly responsible.” I punctuate every word with a kiss.

Kevin lifts my chin and his lips mold to mine as he sighs. “Keep talking, darlin.”

“You-”

“About you. I feel like I barely know you,” he says while playing with my hair.

I knew this was going to happen. When people aren't having sex and are still in the same room, they have conversations. “I meddled in Liz's love life. She and my dad's landscaper have been playing the eye-fuck game, and I set them up by slipping him her number. That's why she wasn't home the night you came in for a rescue.”

He chuckles. “Of course you did.”

“I love Liz. She's wonderful, but she's not great at taking the lead. She gets so nervous and I don't want her missing out on what she wants because she's worried about rejection. I don't think she sees herself clearly.”

“You're a good friend,” Kevin decides.

“Not always. I push her buttons a lot, I think. At least she's never bored when with me. Even if Billy scared the hell out of her yesterday.”

He rolls his eyes. “Bill can scare plenty of people.”

“Or maybe it was you, in your police uniform. Authority makes her squirrely,” I tease.

Kevin catches my hand before I can tap his nose. “And now you're talking about me again.”

I bite my lip and draw a circle on his chest again and again. “I usually spend every other weekend with my parents. They keep talking to me about moving back in, but I enjoy having freedom.”

“Freedom looks good on you,” he compliments.

“I also like having my hair played with, love massages, want to see a white winter at least once in my life, and my favorite childhood memory was when we went to Cancun one year and I just got to stare at the ocean.” I smile.

“The ocean was better than anything else?” Kevin asks.

“There were plenty of things to do, but seeing the ocean stretch out like that, seeing so much water and nothing else ... I don’t know, I just couldn’t look away. I was too afraid to go past the breaking waves for a while because it was just too big,” I admit.

Kevin bundles me up and carries me to the shower. I half expect Billy to be in there, but it’s just us. He washes me down, rubbing my shoulders, then massaging shampoo into my hair just to prove he can implement things I tell him.

After, he pulls one of his t-shirts on me and returns my underwear. I roll my eyes and toss them at the washer before sliding into my shorts. Kevin chuckles. “What do you want for lunch, darlin?”

“What’s your favorite thing to make?” I ask.

“I really like making pizza. Tossing the dough, making shapes or pictures with the toppings, it’s fun.”

“Well then, let’s put our cooking skills to work,” I say while pulling up the oven temperature for pizza and instructions. Kevin steals my phone and sets it back in my purse on the table.

He turns up the country music and we get to work, feeding each other toppings even as we work on the dough. I love getting to beat it into submission and laugh as I paint Kevin with the flour.

Billy ends up joining us, and he and Kevin have a dough-tossing contest. Both feed me kisses whenever they can and once the food is in the oven with a sausage and mushroom bird in the middle surrounded by green pepper cactuses, we rest on the couch together.

Kevin rubs my feet as Billy kisses across my temple.

“You guys should get a dog. Then the fantasy would be complete. I feel like a dog would just pull it all together,” I hum. “He’d sleep right in front of the fire, bark at whatever bumps in the night, keep the farm animals in line.”

Kevin shakes his head. “Then we wouldn’t be able to give you unlimited attention, would we?”

“Someone’s coming up the road,” Billy says as his hand stills on my side.

“Is company abnormal for you guys?”

“Other than the ranch hands ... yeah,” Billy gets up from under me, but Kevin holds his hand up. “Kev, I’m on our property, no one-”

“Just let me, just in case.”

Kevin walks to the door, leaving me with Billy. He rolls his eyes. “The big brother is supposed to do the protecting.”

When I try to get up, Billy puts Kevin’s hat back on me. “You make it look a hell of a lot better.”

I tip it in his direction. “Are you two going to teach me square dancing, too?”

“Don’t tempt Kev, he’ll drag you out to every bar he knows. He’s been craving a dance partner.”

“You don’t dance?” I ask.

Billy shrugs. “I don’t go out much.”

“That’s going to change.” I tap his chin, then stroke over his scruff, pulling him in for a kiss.

“Kristy, did you tell your dad where you were goin today?” Kevin’s accent gets stronger when he’s angry.

Billy stands with me, and I go to Kevin’s side. There’s my dad, waiting for his driver to get the umbrella out now that the rain has picked up.

I glance between my men and shake my head slowly. “I didn’t tell. He knew they had seen me with Billy. I guess someone told him, but ...”

Kevin pushes on the screen door, but I rush outside. “Daddy, what are you doing here?”

His eyes drop to my shirt and I remember I’m wearing one of Kevin’s. It has a rodeo logo or something on it, definitely not something I’d ever wear. My dad’s jaw sets and he narrows his eyes at the house.

“Explain yourself or I’ll be making some calls,” he warns.

“Daddy, I’m allowed to see who I want to see. I know you like A.J., and I’m sure he’s great, but I’ve already been seeing someone,” I say.

“A cop isn’t a terrible choice. Police officers are normally good, but anyone associated with-”

“Don’t start all this about Bill again,” I groan.

“I don’t need my daughter fraternizing with someone who escaped the law,” Dad says.

I push his buttons, sure. I try his patience, but I’ve always trusted my dad to an extent. He usually has my best interest in mind, even if I only see it in hindsight. Right now, though, he’s wrong.

“Bill wasn’t charged for a reason. If you, an outstanding police officer and excellent lawyer, couldn’t prove it was him, don’t you think there’s a chance that it wasn’t?” I ask.

He looks at me, then at the screen door. “Kristy, if you-”

“If you have to ask, then you don’t want to know, do you? Give me an ounce of freedom, Dad. Trust me to make some decent choices and to make my own life after all you’ve taught me,” I beg.

He looks at me for a long time, then back at the screen door. “They aren’t gentlemen if they let you come out to defend yourself.”

“I know how to handle a prosecutor,” I shrug.

He takes a slow breath. “Don’t make waves in town. You don’t need people gossiping about you.”

With that, he turns and starts to walk away. Once he steps into a puddle, he huffs. “I’ll be patient, Kristy, but I have limits. If I get worried, I’ll do what I have to, as a parent.”

The threat hangs in the air, but I can’t make myself care completely. I take one step back toward the door, then another, then fling myself in, just to be swept up by Bill. He kisses me hungrily, bunching my hair around my face.

“Thank you, baby,” he croons.

Kevin rubs my back. “He’ll end things if he thinks you’re with Billy, won’t he?”

“Yeah. I have a feeling that cold case is about to be reopened spontaneously, you know,” I grumble.

Kevin shrugs. “Let them. We have nothing to hide.”

I reach over to him and take his hand. “What if your job is at risk because you’re dating me? What if we break up and my dad blames you and then something happens to your-”

Kevin kisses me softly. “I have a ranch to manage too, but that’s a worst-case scenario. We’re going to be fine.”

I swallow hard. He can say that, but what about Brad? Billy and Kevin are on the same page, but I haven’t talked to Brad since we had our pizza.

Taking a few deep breaths, I let the worries roll off me. My dad doesn’t get to ruin what I have with these men by getting me stuck in my head. We’re having fun. I’m exploring my options, and no one is going to stop me.

“The pizza will be done soon. Let’s enjoy it. Next time we see each other, we’re going dancing, eating my choice of food, and no one is going to ruin our fun,” I say.

BRAD CHAPTER 27

I get to the station and see Kristy dropping Kevin off. It takes effort to stay in place, but our sergeant shakes his head. I arch an eyebrow. “What is it, Dillion?”

“Kevin’s too damn trusting. If he thinks that being with Jacobs’ daughter is a good idea, he’ll think anything is a good idea,” Dillion rubs the back of his bald head, then points at me. “It’s Sergeant when we’re on the clock, Brad.”

“What’s the problem with the girl? She’s young, she’ll date around, get bored, move on, and Kev will be fine,” I assure him.

“If he was keeping it private, it would be fine,” Dillion faces me seriously. “Look, the fact that his last name isn’t the same as his stepbrothers has kept him out of hot water with the guys. Now that McKay is back, he’s going to have a battle on his hands. If he’s dating Kristine Jacobs, it’ll be more than other officers giving him odd looks.”

“He’ll get over it. I’m sure it’s nothing serious,” I insist, thinking of when we were all together.

If it’s not a lie, it’s too close to one to be the truth. I saw how Kevin looked at her. She might as well be his girlfriend based on that damn sparkle in his eyes. I clear my throat. “Let me deal with this.”

“Someone better,” Sergeant grunts.

I walk out as Kristy kisses Kevin. A bit of jealousy rolls in my stomach. Granted, I was clear about only wanting sex. The

fact that she has made no effort to get in contact has ruffled me. Am I so forgettable?

Kristy draws back, looks at me and bites her lip. “Hi, Officer Smith.”

“Kristy,” I say. “Kevin, you’re being watched.”

“Oh, right. Sorry.” He scratches the back of his head, then gives Kristy a lopsided smile. “See you later?”

“Of course,” she assures him.

Kevin hurries inside, but I stop Kristy before she gets in her car. “You shouldn’t be seen with him.”

“What? Is my dad paying you off or something?” She sighs. “I thought we were closer than that, Brad.”

“Kevin is about to have a shit storm, considering his stepbrother is here. If he has higher ranks watching him because he’s with you ... things can go bad quickly, Kristy. And that’s assuming no one knows that you’re seeing people other than Kevin.”

“Do people know I’m with Bill, too?” She asks in a hushed whisper.

“You haven’t been very secretive. Plenty of people have seen you out and about with him,” I answer.

“What about you?”

I blink at her. “That was a ... a one time thing. That’s it.”

She nods once. “Right. I know you said just ... the physical stuff, I just might have hoped-”

“You said it was perfect that I didn’t want more,” I remind her.

“Well, yeah, because it keeps things simple, but that doesn’t mean that I’m not curious about ... more,” she says demurely. “If it was just once, that’s fine. I’m glad I got to have you at all.”

My stomach coils as lust spears through me. I remember her moaning for me, practically begging to ride me. Her

flushed face, wild eyes, how sweet she was in the shower, begging to know something about me.

I sigh. “I assumed you didn’t want to see me again at all.”

“Why?”

“You didn’t ...” Fuck, no. I have to stick to my guns. Hot as she is, I’m digging Kevin out of the hole, not swan-diving into it. “It doesn’t matter.”

“It does or you wouldn’t have brought it up,” she argues.

“I need to go inside, shift’s about to start,” I say.

“If you would have given me your phone number, I would have texted you,” she says anyway.

I close my eyes for a moment. “Then it’s a good thing I didn’t. It was a slip in judgment.”

“If you change your mind,” I feel something slip into my back pocket as I turn to go back in.

Halfway through the shift, dealing with Kevin happy and whistling, I’m ready to offer to sit in a speed trap just for some space.

Kevin glances at me as we get our ‘lunch’. “What’s up your ass today?”

I snort. “Nothing.”

“You say ‘nothing’ a lot—the word, not actually saying nothing,” he says around a huge bite of his sandwich.

“Do you eat like that around Kristy?”

“She thinks it’s endearing.” He snorts before wiping his mouth. “I thought we weren’t going to talk about that again.”

I glance around. “She gave me her number while looking all pouty ... at least that’s what I assume she slipped into my pocket.”

“We’ve been talking and you’ve come up,” Kevin admits. “According to you, that would be bad to pursue, though, wouldn’t it? Since you just want to get by and don’t want to get more than your dick involved.”

I hold out my finger, ready to tell him not to talk about my dick, but considering he's seen it and we shared Kristy, it's pointless. I repackage half my lunch. "She's a sinkhole, Kev."

"That's degrading," his eyes flash with violence sure to follow.

"I mean her as a person, not her body. You think you're on solid ground, you have a plan, you start setting up a future, then she happens and the ground under you is gone, you're just falling and you grab onto whatever shreds of your plan are left," I say.

Kevin slowly swallows while watching me and shakes his head. "I don't think you're talking about Kristy."

"There are plenty of girls like her. She's no different from-" I click my teeth together to avoid saying Rose's name.

"Right, well, she and I have an agreement and we are keeping the open communication. That's how I make sure she and I are both on solid ground in your ... example."

"It was a metaphor," I grumble.

"Whatever it was, it's not what's going on with Kristy. She's in as much as I am. I've shared her with you and with Billy. Billy and I get our own time, too. She's not going to hop on anyone else without a conversation, she's already talking about dates, hell she had her chance to walk away and she didn't take it," Kevin defends.

"Who she is matters," I insist, trying to get him to realize.

Kevin gets in the car and I bump him over to the passenger side so he doesn't have a choice but to listen as we drive. "I agree. She's smart, loving, fun, spontaneous, and brings people back to life."

"Her name matters, dumbass," I revise. "Her father matters, and you better believe that Mr. Jacobs will only allow Kristy to date a cop until she graduates from college. I give it two years max."

"She's not a doll. She gets to choose her own life," he argues.

“You don’t know the rich type, Kev. They’re pretty, attractive, wild, but they always end up tamed by their family, married to someone wealthy and full of promise, and then we’re only good for affairs, rebounds, and hot fantasies,” I grumble.

“What are you talking about?”

“I was engaged to someone like Kristy. Then her family realized I’m just a cop. She left after introducing me to the family. No warning, no letter. The life we built together was gone,” I say. I should stop, should try to suck it all back in, but now I can’t stop. “The future, gone. She left her ring and nothing else. We were always open, shared everything, knew all of each other’s baggage, and she left while I was at work and never looked back.”

Kevin sits in silence for a while, thinking it over. I just drive, trying to get myself in check. I don’t explode like that. I don’t just ... empty my personal shit in a cruiser and use it as a fucking lesson.

I come to a stop and rub my forehead.

“Hey, Brad,” Kevin says.

“What?” I grunt.

“I’m sorry your ex did that to you. You’re a good man and you don’t deserve that kind of shit,” Kevin says gently.

“I don’t want you going through this shit, rookie. Make your own mistakes—not like putting yourself on the line in a firefight, but... don’t let your heart get tangled up in a woman you can’t predict. As much fun as they are, it’s like trying to leash a tiger,” I warn him.

Rose hadn’t even been a tiger. She’d been gentle and sweet, easy to laugh, but followed her heart and always brought me along for the ride until she didn’t. I scrub over my face and take a few deep breaths.

“I don’t want this brought up at the station. None of the guys know she left me,” I say.

“How long?”

“Two weeks before you and I became partners,” I admit.

“You’ve hidden it for that-”

“The conversation is done. No more talking about her. I’m trying to tell you to have fun with Kristy, but not get more involved than that. Think with your head, not your dick,” I say.

He clears his throat, and I finally look at him. He’s wearing a too-proud smile. When I narrow my eyes, it goes from proud to a kid’s shit-eating grin in a second. I roll my eyes. “What, Officer Miller?”

“You talk a big game, Officer Smith. I get what you said, I do. It sucks that your girl left you like that and didn’t even give you a reason, but no one can just cut out emotion,” Kevin says.

“You learn how.”

“So you’ve mastered it? You don’t feel a thing for Kristy at all? Just lust and the urge to scratch the itch?” Kevin asks.

“What are you getting at?”

He points and I realize we’ve somehow ended up at his ranch. I follow his finger and see Kristy making out with Billy on the porch. She’s completely oblivious to the rest of the world, just sitting on the railing as he cups her cheek and takes everything she offers with a gentleness that doesn’t match William McKay’s reputation.

Kevin pats my leg. “I think you’re fightin’ real hard because you’re not ready to move on. I’m not gonna judge, but don’t take that out on Kristy.”

Billy draws back from the girl and looks at us. He pulls her back toward him as she notices. Before I can drag Kevin, he climbs out of the car and crosses the distance to his porch. Kristy hugs him tightly and kisses him right in front of his brother.

It doesn’t make a lick of sense to me, but I get out of the car, pocketing the keys, and walk over.

Kristy meets my eyes and arches an eyebrow. “I thought you were done with me.”

“Am I going to have to get a badge to stay involved?” Bill chuckles.

“Billy,” she snorts. “I like you just as you are.”

Kevin nudges me. “So?”

“Are you done with me?” Kristy asks again. “Are you done with us?”

I glance at the guys, then at her. The answer should be easy. Yes. I’m done. I’m going to walk away and teach the rookie how to do that since he can’t. One fun day with the girl doesn’t mean I care about her.

Driving here was just out of habit, from when Kevin used to ask for advice before I dropped him off. So why did I get out of the car? Why did I speak to Kristy earlier?

I open my mouth and Kristy takes my hand. “What’s your choice, Brad? Do you want to give this a try?”

It doesn’t have to mean anything. It can still just be physical. I take a breath and the word falls out of me. “Yes.”

BILLY CHAPTER 28

“Hurry up!” My girl calls from the other room.

I mistype and have to fix the code I’m working on while fighting with my own eagerness. It’s been three days since Brad agreed to join our ‘group dating’ setup, but of course, he and my stepbrother Kevin have had to pull extra shifts at the precinct since then. I’m not complaining, since it means more time with Kristy.

Kristy shouldn’t even be here, with someone the city assumes murdered his girlfriend, considering her father is a retired prosecutor, but no one tells her what to do.

“Billy,” she sings in that teasing voice that sets my heart on fire.

I retype my line of coding, hit enter, and watch it actually do the job. I copy it all, send it in, and look at the next one. “Just one more thing to figure out, baby.”

“What a coincidence,” she purrs. Definitely in my room now.

My fingers hesitate on the keyboard. “Why is that a coincidence?”

“If you could just pull your eyes from the screen, you’ll see I only have one thing on,” she says before I hear my bed springs creak.

I peek around my monitor and see her in a thong and nothing else, laying across my bed, half on her side while still showing off her ass. Her fingers stroke over her thigh, along

her perfect ass, over her side, and between her fucking gorgeous breasts.

She bites her finger, and I catch the teasing smile she gives me as her blonde hair slips over her shoulder. “Can’t handle more than coding right now?”

I groan as I watch her. “Give me five minutes, then you’ll have all my attention.”

“And if I want more than attention?” She asks.

“Then you better behave or I’m going to make you watch me enjoy myself without letting you touch me at all,” I growl in response.

Kristy giggles and snaps her thong against her hips before dragging it down her thigh. I focus on the coding despite my cock hardening for her. I just have to finish one more line so they can finish their file. The university will deposit the money and I can start on a new project.

Which will take at least a few days to come through so I can spend all my time spoiling Kristy. Just as I get things moving in the right direction, something brushes my leg. I itch at it, then feel my pants loosen.

Looking down, there’s Kristy, somehow fitting under my desk while dragging my zipper down. I watch her and lift my hips obediently, unable to resist. “What are you doing?”

“Encouraging you,” she says before pressing a kiss to my thigh as she gets on her knees. “Maybe you just need a little extra to finish work.”

“You’re plenty of incentive,” I promise.

“I don’t know. It seems like you might need just a *little bit* more,” she kisses my hip as her hand wraps around my hard cock.

“A little bit? I don’t think ‘little bit’ describes you at all. You’re the whole fucking package,” I say from between my teeth.

“Better keep working, or I might not let you come,” she teases.

I keep trying to type, but when her tongue strokes along my length, I nearly jump. I take a sharp breath and test my line of code. It fails.

“Fuck,”

Kristy answers with a soft hum before wrapping her lips around the head of my dick. She sucks softly, swirls her tongue around me, and closes her eyes as she continues, not taking more of me, but driving me insane all the same.

I love having her all to myself. I like sharing her with my stepbrother and the idea of sharing her with his partner is exciting, but nothing compares to one on one with her.

“I can’t ... think if you keep doing that,” I pant.

“Do you have a deadline?” She says, her breath catching on the wetness coating the tip of my cock and making me impossibly harder.

I shift and nod. “I do. If I didn’t, I’d already be inside you, baby, taking care of you the way you need before we go get dinner.”

Kristy smiles and licks me again. “Better hurry. You have to get your work done before you come.”

I try three other options, finally get one to work, send it, and lean back to watch Kristy take me all the way down her throat. She makes a pleased sound as I cup the back of her head and pull her hair from her face so I can watch her face as she sucks me hard and fast.

I groan and lift my hips. Her amber eyes meet mine and she opens her mouth wider, taking me impossibly further. I groan and let my head fall back.

Kristy finishes taking off my jeans and grabs my shirt as she pulls off my cock. “I want all of you, handsome.”

“I think you were taking *all of me* pretty well, baby,” I croon.

She shakes her head and climbs onto my lap, rubbing herself against me. I hate her thong more than I’ve hated

anything in the last few days. I try to rip it off her, but she bats at my hand. “I need something to wear back to the apartment.”

“You make me an animal, then tease me,” I grumble.

She jerks my shirt over my head and strokes over the hard planes of my body. I’ve never been happier to show off all the work I’ve put into myself over the years. Kristy’s thighs tighten around me and she moans before kissing across my shoulder and rolling her hips against me.

The friction of her hot pussy against my cock is amazing, but nowhere near as good as being inside her.

“Am I better than work?” She asks in my ear.

“Let me show you exactly how much better you are,” I say before jerking her up and into my arms.

Kristy giggles as I drop her onto the bed. I grab her thong and drag it all the way off her. Eventually, I’m going to kiss every bit of her body, make her whine and beg for more than soft kisses and touches, but today isn’t that day.

Keeping her at the edge of the bed, I pull her legs against my chest so her ankles rest on my shoulders.

I rub myself against her, making her pant. Grinning, I rub the outside of her thighs. “You’re all wet already. Were you touching yourself while you were blowing me?”

“Maybe I was,” she pants.

I spread her legs a bit more. “Show me.”

Her cheeks go bright red. “You want me to touch myself in front of you? But you do so much better and-”

“Show me if you want me to fuck you, Kristy. I want to see exactly what you do when you’re in your apartment thinking about Kevin, Brad, and me.”

She moans and slowly slides her hand between her thighs. She uses two fingers to rub her clit in fast little circles. Her other hand works her breast, pinching and teasing her nipple, just like I do.

Her back arches and she spreads her legs wider, giving me an even better view. She moans and wiggles on the bed, spreading her pussy for me, then sinking two fingers in. When she draws back and I see exactly how shiny her fingers are, I can't hold back anymore.

I catch her wrist, pull her hand to my mouth, and suck her fingers as I slowly fill her with my cock. Kristy moans and pulls me closer with her legs.

I suck her fingers hungrily, loving how her pussy tastes. I rock my hips forward and feel her pussy quiver around my cock.

“So much better than my fingers,” she pants.

“How much better, baby?” I ask after releasing her fingers.

“I want you every day, Billy. When I wake up, right before I go to sleep. Over and over,” she gasps.

“Keep going,” I order as I up the pace, thrusting into her hard and fast. “Tell me more.”

Kristy lets out a wild groan and reaches for me. I climb over the top of her, pulling her thigh around my hip and keeping my mouth just out of her reach. “Tell me.”

“Fuck, your cock feels so good!” She yells. “I love how hard you fuck me, how rough you are, all your dirty talk.”

I groan and kiss her hungrily, tangling our tongues as she drags her fingers through my hair and down my neck, over my back. I lift her hips slightly to get even deeper inside her. Her head falls back and her toes curl against my thighs as she grabs my ass and jerks me harder against her.

“Fuck me,” she begs. “Fuck me like you need, Billy.”

Biting her bottom lip, I up the pace, jerking her against me and taking over completely. Kristy writhes under me, trying so hard to give as much as she gets. She comes apart, but once is never enough, not with her.

I flip her over and fuck her from behind, loving how she rolls her ass against me to take me at the angle she needs. I lose myself in her, in the pleasure, in every beautiful whimper

and moan that leaves her throat until she comes and ruins my control. I barely jerk out in time to come on her thigh.

Pressing my forehead to her back, I catch my breath until she trembles and collapses. I let out a soft sound, clean her up with the edge of a blanket and flop over to lie with her. Kristy wiggles closer and kisses my neck.

“Are you ready to go make people uncomfortable in public?” She asks.

“Not quite yet.” I pull her chin up and kiss her slowly, our tongues tangling together as she pulls herself closer to me. When she lets out a breathy little sound, I draw back and smile. “There’s a dive bar I know that you might like.”

“And I was thinking Chinese,” she sighs.

“The dive bar has dancing, baby. Didn’t you say you wanted a proper date?” I ask. “Not just us hiding here?”

“You could always come to my apartment, you know that, right?” She murmurs.

“Yeah, because you don’t have a single nosy neighbor that would start making calls about evil William McKay sneaking into some innocent girl’s dorm,” I snort.

Kristy adjusts. “*I* know you’re innocent, Billy. I trust you.”

I pat her hand but continue to lie there.

Kristy deserves a lot more than I can give her. Suggesting dive bars when she deserves five-star restaurants. Can I actually give her enough to keep her happy? Is she just with me because of the rush of doing something she isn’t supposed to?

She pats my lower abdomen, low enough to make me jump. I catch her hand. “Be careful. You might hit something you like if you keep that up.”

“I didn’t like the face you were making, Billy. All frustrated and.. sad,” she kisses my cheek. “If we’re going out, I need more to wear.”

I pat her hip gently and stand up. “Let’s clean up, get dressed, and head out.”

“I’m expecting some fun dancing, some good food and you smiling,” Kristy says.

“I think that’s manageable.” I grin to prove it.

Kristy and I head to the bar. An old friend that never questioned my innocence, Mark, greets us and makes sure we have the best food—no ordering required—doesn’t bother to check Kristy’s I.D. before sliding us beers and welcomes us happily.

“Looks like you’re still a catch,” he says as Kristy plays with the old jukebox. “Getting a girl like that, even with a *killer* reputation.”

“No jokes,” I snort.

“Has she figured out that you’re actually boring as hell, just blessed with a pretty face yet?” Mark chuckles.

I smirk. “She brings out the fun side.”

KRISTY CHAPTER 29

My head is still spinning from the dancing, drinking, and laughing with Billy. Seeing someone else treat him the way he should be treated was such a blast. It's taken effort to keep from starting fights on his behalf lately.

I hate the judgment, hate the fear, hate all of it. Even if it means most women don't *want* a chance with him, I want him to feel like he can do anything and go anywhere without having to look over his shoulder or always be on his best behavior to avoid suspicion.

When I get home, I find Liz studying. She glances up at me and turns the page. "I've missed you the last few nights."

"I know. I've had my head in the clouds," I sigh as I drop onto the couch with her and laugh. "I don't think I've ever been so happy."

"School is still a thing, you know. When's the last time you-"

I steal her book and hold it behind my back. Liz tucks her dark hair behind her ear. "Come on. I have a big test on Friday and I don't feel ready at all!"

"I promise to quiz you and everything," I say.

"In exchange for what?"

"How are things with Hector? The kiss-and-tell rule doesn't work, considering I set you two up," I insist.

She blushes all the way to her toes and makes a move for her book twice before giving up and groaning. “I like him. He’s a gentleman and treats me so well. We spend most of the time talking. He gives me gentle kisses whenever he drops me off and we text all the time.”

“Oh yeah? Sticking to first base?”

“Shut it! I move slow when I like someone,” she grumbles. “We’re going out again on Friday as long as he can get off of work early.”

“Is that all? I feel like you’re leaving something out.” I hold the book above my head.

“When we’re making out, he sometimes switches to Spanish instead of English and it might just be the sexiest thing I’ve ever heard, even if I only understand half of it,” Liz says while reaching for the book again.

We end up toppling the couch and laughing together. I hug her and she hugs me back. She sighs. “Thank you for meddling, Kristy, but don’t think I’m ever going to thank you for that again.”

I giggle and keep to my word, helping her study. She forces me to get some homework done which isn’t entirely easy considering I’d rather daydream about Officer Miller and Officer Smith coming to claim me on some tip and thoroughly abusing their authority by allowing me to please them in return for looking the other way about whatever little charge it is.

I get an essay done and ready for tomorrow’s classes before my phone dings. Kevin says he’s got through another day, but smelling my perfume at the house has him half crazy with need.

We text for a while, send some dirty pictures back and forth, then I pass out.

Since I know I am going to have to choose some battles with my dad soon, I head to class. I take notes, pretend to be the best student possible until I enjoy the lesson on ancient artwork and its meaning to those societies.

After all three classes for the day, I head home and get some work done.

I'd rather be at Kevin's house, seeing how many of my three men I can get in one place. I've been with Kevin and his partner, Brad, at the same time. I've been with Kevin alone. I've been with Kevin and Billy and Billy alone. All three of them haven't gotten together in one place yet.

The idea of pleasing three men at once sounds like almost more than I can handle, but it's such a hot fantasy, I can't shake it. Plus, there's still so much to learn about Brad. He's been a closed book, unwilling to share who he is, and that bit of mystery makes it all the hotter when I think of fucking him.

Of course, I have to be careful about what's seen and by who, even if I think it's ridiculous that my dad is so interested in my dating life. He thinks I'm with respectable Officer Kevin Miller, but doesn't have a clue about Brad or Billy.

If he knew, I have a feeling he'll drag me right back to his house and keep me under lock and key. And if he knows I'm thinking of switching majors again, he might just send me out of the state just to 'get my head straight' and make me 'focus on my future'.

As if I *want* to miss out on all the fun I can have in the present.

The rest of the week goes easily, even if I would rather end the night the way I told Billy—with him, Kevin, or Brad, inside me, then wrapped around me.

Friday, I pack a bag with lingerie, three changes of clothes, and a dress, just in case we go out, then get in my car and head to Kevin and Bill's ranch. With the sun still high in the sky, the whole landscape shimmers as it bakes in the sun.

I park in front of the porch, but I spot a few cows and can't help but walk over.

Big animals like this have always fascinated me. Cows especially, are so gentle and cute they have a big place in my heart. Two move away from me, not sure what to make of me,

but a brown cow just stands there, trying to reach some grass on the other side of the fence.

I pull up a handful and offer it to the cow. Its big dark eyes fall on me, then the long tongue sweeps out as it steals the grass away.

A giggle leaves my throat and I wipe my now sticky hand on my shorts.

“Darlin, I’m mildly offended the cows caught your attention before I did,” Kevin’s low drawl raises goosebumps despite the near hundred-degree heat.

I glance over my shoulder and grin when I see him in his hat and jeans. The police uniform is sexy as hell on him, but so is the cowboy look. I grin. “If you help me pet the cow, I bet I’d come inside faster.”

“Who says anything about you going inside? There was a time where I said I’d drag you to the barn and have you there like a proper cowboy,” he chuckles while hugging me from behind.

The cows moo and the two that walked away from me come forward. I huff. “They like you more than me.”

“I feed them, of course, they like me,” he chuckles.

I rub one of their noses and then squeal as they try to eat my hand. I jerk it back and wipe it on Kevin’s shirt. He gasps and swats the outside of my thigh lightly. “What was that for?”

“You don’t need a shirt, but I don’t want sticky hands,” I grumble.

He shakes his head and tosses me over his shoulder. I squeal, “Kevin!”

“Sounds like we need to wash your hands,” he chuckles.

“I’m going to wipe the rest on your pants! You’re going to have to go naked!” I yell.

He grabs my ass playfully as he carries me inside, despite his teasing with the barn. He drops me on the couch and I get a kiss on the cheek from Billy.

Kevin comes over with a damp cloth and rubs my hands. Billy arches his eyebrow. “What did you get into?”

“The cows like the way my lotion tastes instead of me as a person,” I huff.

Billy pouts playfully, but Kevin takes care of my hands, then turns my chin and kisses me. I moan into his mouth, trying to pull him closer. I missed them both. As stupid as it sounds, only getting to see Kevin every now and again with our schedules and having to spend a whole two days without Billy has me craving both of them so intensely. I’ve actually been irritable.

Now, it’s like every little ache and pain, all the tension I’ve felt has just rolled off my shoulder thanks to them.

Kevin draws back, puts his hat on the couch, takes off his shirt, then steals his hat back. I kiss Billy too, just to keep things fair, and he tugs me closer, nearly pulling me onto his lap as he reminds me of how tangled up we got just a few days ago.

I melt against him and moan just before he pulls away.

Billy hands me back to Kevin, so I’m nestled between these two sexy men. I drink in Kevin’s gorgeous body, all toned abs and lean muscle, just begging to be licked, and I barely restrain myself.

“It’s been too long since I’ve had you both in the same room,” I rasp.

Both of them chuckle.

“I think you might be addicted to us, baby,” Billy croons.

“I’m not complaining one bit,” Kevin says before feeding me another kiss. “But I was told you’ve been craving Chinese, so we’re getting that for you tonight.”

“Any update on Brad? He said yes last weekend, but hasn’t called or texted or shown up,” I pout.

“Oh, are we not good enough for you, darlin?” Kevin cocks his head to the side, barely containing his smile.

“I never said that,” I point at both of them. “I will never say that. I like you both. Your company alone and together is wonderful.”

Kevin cups my face and kisses me again. “You’re so sweet.”

I stroke down his chest and over his abs. Kevin gasps. “Are you using me for my body?”

“I’m *appreciating* your body. I’m more than happy to use you, but I might just like you for more than your dick.”

Saying it makes my hand shake a little. I don’t like admitting how much I like these guys. Without a reason for them to make me feel so giddy when I’m just sitting here, fully clothed, it almost feels silly, but I *do* like them for more than sex.

“Don’t push our girl too far, Kev,” Billy says gently. “She’s still getting used to wanting more than sex, aren’t you, baby?”

“It’s fine,” I say. “So, other than Chinese, what are we doing tonight?”

“We went back and forth on ideas, but how does horseback riding sound?” Kevin offers.

“Really? Horseback riding?” I ask, looking between them.

I’ve done it a few times, but not since I was twelve. I remember the horses being huge. I remember my parents telling me we weren’t going to do that anymore because I could get hurt, and that was the end of it.

“I haven’t ridden a horse in a long time,” I say.

“Don’t worry, you’ll be riding with me, darlin,” Kevin assures while tipping his hat playfully.

“It’s only fair since I got you earlier this week,” Billy winks at me.

“Then what are we waiting for?” I ask.

The guys take me to the stables and introduce me to the horses. Twelve or seventeen hand horses are huge. The lovely

tan horse paws at the ground and nods as if it's more than ready to go, considering the saddle is already on.

Before I can ask any questions, Kevin lifts me onto the black horse and hops on behind me. Bill climbs on the tan horse and grins.

“Race you around the property?” He asks.

Kevin hands me the reins. “Let's see what you've got, darlin.”

KEVIN CHAPTER 30

Kristy bounces with me on the horse. I keep her hips in place so she doesn't ruin me entirely. When I urge the horse faster, she gasps. "Kevin!"

"I got you," I assure her, rubbing her hip and kissing her neck. "You just keep Elvira going straight for us."

"That's her name?" Kristy laughs. "Of course it is."

"She's pretty, clearly into black, and a sweetheart. It fits," I say.

"You better catch up, Kristy! This is a race you want to win," Bill calls back to us.

"Considering how often I finish first, you might like it for a change," Kristy yells.

I chuckle and pull her tighter against me. "I never mind coming second with you."

"Oh, I know. You've made it clear how much you like coming over and over and over again before either of us finishes," I purr in her ear.

She groans and rubs her ass against me. I steal the reins from her and we catch up to Bill as Kristy's hair waves over my shoulder, whipping at the back of my neck. She sticks her tongue out as we pass Bill and head back toward the barn.

Bill arches an eyebrow, and I give him a single nod. We're going to enjoy her right there. I already dismissed the ranch

hands for the day. Bill speeds up, but it's a neck-in-neck tie as we get into the barn.

Kristy pants. "Holy shit, these horses move!"

"They were used for traveling for a reason, baby," Bill says as he dismounts. He walks his horse to one of the stalls, then returns for Kristy, reaching up to her.

She slides into his waiting arms before I dismount and set Elvira in her pen, filled with hay and water.

When I rejoin, I find Bill kissing Kristy like he can breathe life back into her. I rub over her hips and kiss her neck. She gasps and draws back from Bill, moaning as I rub myself against her ass.

"Do I get both of you today?" She asks.

"Can you handle both of us?" Bill teases.

"You know exactly how much I can handle," Kristy answers while stroking his chest. "I haven't used a safe word yet, have I?"

Bill grins and pulls her close, kissing her again and again until Kristy wiggles between us, clearly wanting more than a make-out session.

When Bill draws back, I pull her shirt off. She moans and turns to kiss me again, pulling herself tightly against me. Her soft skin against mine has me uncomfortable in my jeans. I cup her breasts through her bra until Bill pulls that off.

Between the two of us, we take our time getting her naked.

Kristy moans when Bill steps away before she can strip him. "Where are you going?"

"We're going to do it the right way, in the hayloft, baby," He offers her his hand, and she follows immediately, reaching out for me.

I follow, kicking off my boots and setting my hat down as I follow up the ladder. I pinch her ass until she swats at me.

Bill drags her further up, then gets her on her knees. He kisses down her back and she moans. "Bill, please."

“You never let me have foreplay, do you?” he asks before swatting her ass. “We’ll both enjoy it, baby.”

I toss my jeans and stroke over my hard cock. Kristy’s eyes go to me and she moans. “You’re too far away, cowboy. I can’t reach you over there.”

“You want me?” I ask.

“Yes, please? Please!” She demands.

I move closer to her and let her take my cock into her mouth. Fuck, her tongue always feels amazing. Her mouth moves over my cock, sucking and licking as her eyes flutter shut. I stroke through her hair with one hand. My other cups her breast, teasing her nipple with my thumb.

Kristy moans, then takes me deeper. I glance down and see Bill licking her pussy, clearly enjoying it as much, if not more, than she is based on the low sound that leaves his throat.

I nod to Kristy. “Take me how you want, darlin. I want you to enjoy every second. Keep blowing me until you come, then you’ll get to have Bill deep down your throat.”

Her eyes open to meet mine, all wicked and seductive.

After a few minutes, she shudders, her throat and mouth tightening around me until I nearly come. She releases my cock and lets out a sharp moan. “Oh fuck!”

Bill leans back and palms her ass. “Damn, baby, you taste so good. I don’t want to stop.”

She hums in her throat, then smiles up at me. “I don’t think Kev will mind if you keep going. I might make him come with me next time.”

I lift her chin until she sits back on her heels. “I don’t think so. I want to be inside you. Now.”

“So demanding now. Maybe I just want to have you in my mouth.”

Bill picks her up and spreads her legs for me. Kristy whimpers and Bill whispers something in her ear. She bites her lip at me. “I like your idea, Billy.”

“Show him,” Bill orders.

I arch an eyebrow as I finish kicking off my pants and move forward, ready to fuck her until she forgets everything but us. Hell, she doesn't even need to worry about Brad.

Kristy rubs her pussy slowly, teasing me with every light touch. I groan as I watch her fingers work over her soaking wet pussy. It's too tempting. “Keep doing that while I fuck you.”

“But-”

“I promise, darlin, you'll get to have us both inside your pussy today if you keep being this sweet,” I groan.

She whimpers as I lift her ass, then thrust into her hard. Bill cups her breasts, and plays with her nipples. Kristy's lips part and she watches me, just me, as she keeps rubbing herself. I rub over her thighs.

“Is this how you touch yourself when you think of us, darlin? The same way you touched yourself on camera for me way back when?” I ask.

“Yes,” she whispers, then louder. “Yes! Fuck, yes!”

“I think you want more. I think you can take me even deeper,” I say as I lift her higher.

Kristy gets louder, rubs herself faster, and then she's kissing Bill again, muffling every sound that's leaving her throat. Fuck, watching his hands on her, watching the way she touches herself, how well she takes my cock. It's too fucking much.

“Fuck her mouth too, give her what she needs, Bill,” I order.

He draws back and rubs his thumb over Kristy's lip. “Is that what you want, baby? You want to take us both at the same time?”

“Yes! Please, yes. I need you both,” she begs.

Bill moves back slowly and then he's in her mouth, her lips stretched around his cock while she bounces with each

pounding thrust I give her. I lick and kiss over one of her breasts while Bill rubs her other nipple.

The whole time, Kristy keeps rubbing her clit until her body arches and she comes apart. I grit my teeth and groan, trying to hold out.

“Fuck, baby. You keep coming like that and neither one of us is going to be able to hold out,” Bill croons.

“Do you have any idea how good you feel? The way you drive me crazy, darlin?” I ask.

She moans and her pussy quivers around my cock again. Fuck, she’s too good. It’s next to impossible to resist coming for her.

I grip her hips harder, pulling her exactly how I need her. Kristy’s moans get louder, even as Bill fucks her mouth. She drags her nails down my back, struggles to try to get her legs around me, and tries to pull me closer.

“I think she wants to come again, Kev. She’s begging for more. Give it to her,” Bill orders.

I let another bit of control slip, fucking her like a madman. She feels perfect, wet, warm, so fucking tight. The way she urges me on drives me insane.

When her back arches and she comes again, I can’t pull out fast enough. Ecstasy fills my whole body, dragging me down as I tremble. I gasp as her pussy tightens around me again and again.

“Fuck, Kristy,” I pant against her chest.

“Yes, baby. Just like that. Take me a little... Holy ” Bill comes next.

He lets out another few grunts before sighing and resting on his heels. Kristy strokes through my hair and kisses Bill’s abs.

“I fucking love rolling around in the hay with you two,” she croons.

I chuckle and move over so she can lie between us. Kristy kisses my chest and reaches back to rub Bill's side. We lie around for a while, then I hear a phone ring somewhere. Bill perks up.

Kristy shakes her head. "Ignore it."

"Darlin, if you need to get it..." I say.

"It's my dad. He doesn't get to interrupt our date night," she says.

After another few minutes, we gather our clothes, climb down, and get dressed. Kristy looks at her phone, makes a face, and shrugs. "So, are we getting Chinese delivered all the way out here? Now that you guys worked up my appetite."

We ride back to the house. This time Kristy rides with Bill, clinging to his back with a smile on her face as we race the sunset to the stables. We get the horses taken care of, and I notice Kristy lovingly brushing Bill's horse.

Bill winks at me and heads inside. I know he'll take care of ordering the food. I come up behind Kristy and rub her hips, kissing her neck. "Movies, Chinese food, anything else?"

"Plenty of loving from you two," Kristy hums.

I put my hat on her and lead her inside, but then her phone buzzes again. She picks it up and looks at me. "Brad?"

"Um, yeah, we're all at Kevin's. Is something..." She makes a face. "Look, you don't *have* to be involved. You're the one who said you wanted to be and then does nothing about it."

"Kristy," I soothe, pulling her closer.

"Yeah, come over," she mumbles.

She hangs up as we walk to the house.

"Anything important?" I ask.

"I don't know. He said something about needing to talk to all of us and guessing I'd be with you guys." she rolls her eyes.

After some showers and settling in, there's a knock on the door. Kristy stays in Bill's arms as I answer, expecting the Chinese food. It's not. It's Brad, in civilian clothes. He comes in and looks at the three of us.

"Someone doesn't want Bill around," Brad says as Kristy stands.

She pauses. I figure she was ready to go hug him or offer a kiss. Instead, she takes a step back. "What are you talking about?"

"I didn't do this, Kev.. Kristy. It wasn't me," he says seriously. "Someone reopened the cold case, and that means they're going to want to interview you, Bill."

Bill takes a slow breath and nods. Kristy, on the other hand, goes red. "Fuck them. He said everything the last time around and no one believed that he said he was home asleep when the girl went missing. He's not just some way to increase the police's statistics!"

Brad takes her hand gently and pulls her close. "Everyone in this room knows Bill didn't do it, Kristy. I'd rather you guys hear it from me," Brad says.

The door is knocked on again and I collect the food, give a decent tip, and send the delivery driver away. Brad sits in the recliner, watching Kristy as she sits with Billy. From fun night to a mess in record time.

KRISTY CHAPTER 31

I worm my way closer to Billy. He looks older right now, tired. Gone is the easygoing, daring man that I just had a lot of fun with in a barn. I pull his arm around my shoulders and curl against him.

Rubbing his abs, I say, “you’re not alone, Billy.”

He kisses my temple. “Thank you, baby.”

“They can’t just open a case because one of the old suspects came back to town, right?” Kevin asks. “Right, Brad?”

“Technically, they need a reason. Of course, there are times when the ‘reason’ is brought up later,” Brad says carefully.

“You mean they open a case and then make something up,” I growl.

“No way. Police are good people mostly. A few rotten apples ruin everything. That’s all. All the guys I’ve met-” Kevin tries.

“You’ve met their good sides, Kevin. Plenty of good cops, plenty of questionable detectives, more than one dubious chief,” Brad rubs his hand over his jaw. “I only got the news that the investigation was being reopened when I was told to pull the evidence. Some older guys are working the case.”

“Nothing else?” I ask.

“I don’t know. Someone was whispering about remains being found, but it’s the desert and with the number of missing

people ...” Brad shakes his head. “I don’t know more than that.”

“Thank you,” Billy says, surprising me.

He looks at Kev, then me. “It’s better to know now than have it be a surprise. I’m sure they’ll interview me again to see if the story’s changed.”

“You didn’t do it,” Brad says simply.

I watch him suspiciously.

He rolls his eyes. “Kristy, I’m the first one to say that people can be terrible and being a police officer or not doesn’t determine that, but I’ve learned how a guilty person acts. You’re not guilty.”

Billy inclines his head and rubs over my arm, then gives me a weak smile. “Good to know I’m not sharing Kristy with someone who thinks I’m capable of something like that.”

“You’re a softie, even when you’re hard,” I tease.

He gently massages the back of my neck and kisses my temple. “I’m glad you came up here to tell us. Do you want to stay for dinner?”

“I could eat, but I don’t know if everyone’s okay with that,” Brad focuses on me, not Kevin, just me. “But if everyone is, I’d be happy to join.”

“That’s fine with me,” Kevin says.

I bite my finger. I’ve wanted him since the last time I had him. He’s got a quiet dominant side that makes me crazy, not to mention that curve to his cock, but this isn’t exactly the setup for that kind of fun.

“Sure, I’m sure there’s enough,” I say.

Kevin takes care of getting the food together and Brad goes to help him, which leaves me with Billy. I kiss his neck and he sighs while rubbing my back. “It’s okay, Kristy.”

“I want you to live in peace. You deserve that. You did nothing wrong except date the wrong person,” I whisper.

He kisses me softly, then presses his forehead to mine gently. "I appreciate that."

"Do you think there's any chance of this second investigation into the case clearing you in the public eye? Will it free you?" I ask.

"You're really eager for those public dates, aren't you?" he chuckles.

"I'm serious, Billy. I hate seeing you avoid doing normal things to make other people comfortable, to avoid having the police called on you, to just--"

He kisses me again, slowly, but with building hunger. I welcome every flick of his tongue and the way his lips caress mine until sparks of need take flight in my lower belly, threatening to explode into lust.

Billy pulls me onto his lap and whispers in my ear. "You sound like you care, baby."

"You know I do, even when I tried not to," I grumble.

He soothes that frustration with another kiss as his big hands spread over my back. "I didn't have to be so careful where I used to live. I bet you would have loved going out with me there. Hitting clubs, theme restaurants, even grocery shopping without a care in the world."

I laugh softly and brush his shaggy hair from his attractive face. His hazel eyes are so deep, warm, soft even. It offsets the sharpness of his jaw, but doesn't take away from his intense masculinity.

He strokes through my hair. "I can handle this, I promise. When I'm exonerated again, things might change. You'll be the first one I go shopping with, go out to eat with... hell, we can perform an entire musical number downtown."

I grin and kiss him again.

"Alright, you two, slow down and have some food before going at it in the living room," Kevin suggests.

Brad sits back in the recliner and shakes his head once.

I sit between Kevin and Billy as we eat, but I catch Brad looking over every now and again. I can feel the unasked questions in the air, but I have a feeling he's not going to say a word until one of us asks. Maybe not even then.

We finish and Kevin stretches. "I need to get a shower. Play nice, you three."

Bill chuckles. "We always do."

Once the water turns on, I'm hyper aware of being with the guys. Brad and I have only had a few moments where we've been alone together. Bill glances between us, clears his throat, then stands. "I'm gonna go clean up dinner and the grab a shower in the other room."

Brad looks over and snorts once. "Could either of them make it more obvious?"

"You could clear things up. We have fun at my place, then you warn me away from Kevin. I give you my number and hear nothing. You drive all the way here with Kevin, say you want to be with me too, but give me silence until today," I list out. "Does that cover it, Officer Smith?"

"This isn't a normal situation, Kristy. I'm not sure how to approach it and I don't know many people who would know how to do this right from the start," Brad says. "I don't even know where to start."

"You can start by talking to me about something, about anything honestly. Stop being so distant if you want this," I say softly. "I'm not going to force you."

He nods, then moves, so he's next to me. "I'm dealing with some things I'd rather not talk about, but it means that for now, this needs to be strictly physical for me."

"Okay, well, that doesn't mean we can't know each other on a basic level. I thought we were getting there last time ... at my apartment, I mean. In the shower, we were at least talking," I grumble.

"There are a lot of factors at play here, even if I do want you, fantasize about you, think about you regularly and even

drove here that night ... without thinking about it.” he moves a little closer.

“What are the factors?”

“Your father still having a grip on the P.D.’s balls, sharing you when I’ve done nothing close to that, the age difference, schedules ... it adds up to a very unorthodox friendship,” Brad says.

The fact that he doesn’t mention Bill makes me smile. I move a little closer. “So, why come back?”

“You make me a special kind of stupid, I suppose.” He shrugs. “When we were together, nothing else existed.”

“Do you want that feeling again?”

“Yes.” Brad takes my hand and looks at how it fits in his. “I’m unsure about plenty, but wanting you, that’s something I don’t think I could stop myself from doing.”

I nibble my bottom lip and lean towards him, willing to go a whole seventy percent of the way. “Then stop hesitating and overthinking, Brad. Have what you want.”

“Is that an invitation?” He asks.

“It’s getting damn close to a command, partner. If you don’t kiss her, I’m going to have to come over there and show you exactly how to touch her, kiss her, and make her moan,” Kevin says in a low, demanding voice that makes me hot all over.

Brad strokes over my cheek, cupping my face in his calloused hand. I watch his dark eyes as he leans closer. My breath catches in my throat as he lets the moment linger in the air. My whole body sizzles, just like it did before my first kiss.

But Brad isn’t some nervous teenage boy trying to decide to follow through. He’s capable, strong, experienced, knows exactly how he’s teasing me. I suck in a shaky breath as his fingers slide back and wind into my hair.

My lips part, and finally he kisses me. He sucks my bottom lip, adjusts and licks along the inside of my lip, then explores my mouth, taking more with every passing second. His groan

fills my ear and I feel the tiny hairs on my arms stand at attention.

He moves closer, hovering over me on his knees before lying me back as the kiss continues. His free hand rubs my hip, grips my ass, and pulls my body against his so he can grind against me.

I whimper and grip his broad shoulders, press myself tighter against his massive body. Brad changes the angle and kisses me hungrier, faster, overwhelming my senses.

He draws back and presses his face to my throat, kissing my pulse point. When he kisses the same spot again, his lips part on my skin and his breath makes me shiver as my nipples tighten.

“Brad,” I pant.

“Me being quiet doesn’t mean I don’t want you,” he rasps against my lips as I try to pull him back for more. “Do you feel what you do to me after just one kiss?”

“Yes,” I rub myself against the growing hardness behind his uniform pants. “I’m trying to think of any possible reason you can have to cuff me right now.”

He kisses me again, tightening his grasp on my hair as I pull at the buttons on his uniform. As sexy as cop roleplay is, it’s so much better having him naked. I spread my fingers over his chest, feeling the little sprinkling of hair across his hard muscle.

Brad bites my bottom lip until a little whine tears from my throat, then moves across my jaw. “Tempting a police officer sounds good enough for cuffs.”

“Yes,” I agree. “Tempting an officer, offering to fuck him as long as he wants ... that has to be worth some kind of ...”

He kisses the rest of the sentence away. I hear something click as Brad draws back. He smirks. “Cuff her, Officer Miller.”

“With pleasure,” Kevin says.

The hand cuffs wrap around my wrists. The cold of the metal and Kevin's hot palms make me shiver in anticipation. Brad plays with the hem of my shirt. "Do you think we can do something about this, Officer Smith?"

"That shirt could be evidence," Kevin says while pressing a soft kiss to my palm. "But I don't think we need it in one piece."

"Then, please, allow me," Bill's voice is a low, needy growl.

I look back at Kevin in time for him to feed me a hungry kiss that scorches through every nerve in my body, head to toe. When he draws back, he turns his head so I can see Bill, water dripping from his hair, dressed in only a towel.

Brad sits back on his knees as he looks me over. "Do you think you can handle three men, Kristy?"

Any three men, no. These three men? Hell yes.

BRAD CHAPTER 32

Kristy squirms under me as her eyes bounce between us. Her need is contagious. She licks her lips and nods. “Yes. Please, yes.”

“Then I think we need a helping hand to get this shirt off her, don’t you, Kevin?” I ask.

“How lucky that we have an extra set of hands,” Kevin chuckles. “We might not manage it in one piece, and her bra ...”

“I guess we’ll need her full cooperation, won’t we?” Bill asks as he steps up.

Kristy pants. “I promise, I’ll be *very* good.”

I kiss her again and again as I push her shirt up and over her head. Her bra comes next. I undo the back and shove it up her arms. One handcuff opens with a familiar *tnk tnk* sound, and Kristy gasps.

I draw back to see Kevin working her clothes off. I pull her so he can close the cuffs the right way, trapping her hands behind her back.

I groan. “Are you wet for all of us, Kristy?”

“Why don’t you find out, officers?” She teases while rolling her hips against me.

I slide my hand between her legs, rubbing my finger against the seam of her shorts until she whimpers and squirms on my fingers. With Kevin behind her, she can’t go anywhere.

Kevin chuckles. “You better answer if you want any kind of reward for cooperation, darlin.”

She teases me with a wicked smile. “You don’t want to finish undressing me and enjoy the investigation?”

I increase the pressure on my fingers, rubbing her harder. She whimpers and Kevin sighs. “Well, if you aren’t going to answer our questions, you might need to do something else with your mouth.”

“Maybe she just needs some incentive,” I say.

Kevin pulls back on her arms. “Is that what you need?”

She leans back further to meet his eyes, giving me a view of her perfect breasts that might just stop and restart my heart all at once. Round, more than a handful, with her pink nipples hard and begging for attention.

“Maybe,” she rasps.

Kevin cups one of her breasts after pushing the coffee table out of the way. He circles his thumb around her nipple without touching it as her face flushes. Kristy grinds against my hand as a whimper leaves her throat.

“If you comply, you’ll get a reward. You like rewards, don’t you?” Kevin growls. “Having your throat and pussy fucked at the same time? Knowing that you’ll have one man stroking himself waiting for his turn to make you come too?”

She moans and I can’t resist anymore. I lick over her other nipple, tease her with just my tongue until she’s shaking and panting. I suck her nipple softly, massage with my teeth, then draw back.

“Yes. I’m soaking wet. Please, I promise to ... to answer every question,” she says eagerly.

“I think you like being in cuffs,” I laugh. “I haven’t seen you so willing to behave.”

“I don’t want to wait anymore. I want you ... all. Please,” she whimpers, looking between us.

Kevin kisses her again and again as I lift her and support her back.

Kevin undoes the button on her shorts and slides his hands over her hips under the shorts. Kristy squirms, trying to get just what she needs, even as we hold out on her. I kiss across her chest, taking advantage of everything she's offering until Kevin finally peels her shorts from her body, dragging them down to her knees.

Kevin kisses her forehead. "Now, how should we position you, hmm?"

"Well, we've started a strip search. I don't think we can stop quite yet, can we, Kristy?" I ask.

She shakes her head slowly. "You have to finish the job, officers."

I set her on my lap, holding the cuffs at her lower back as Kevin finishes undressing her. "How about we let our rookie take care of the search? It's his first day on the job."

"What do you think, Kevin? Think you can handle it?" I ask.

"I know just what to do, as long as our suspect is willing," he says while arching an eyebrow at Kristy.

"Spread your legs if the answer is yes," I say in her ear.

She spreads her legs, moves one at a time while rubbing her ass on me. Her eyes flick back and meet mine.

"You don't get a kiss unless the officer over there thinks you've been good enough for one," I growl.

She gasps and I glance down to where Bill is rubbing her pussy. She rolls between us, driving me insane with each move of her hips until I can't stand the game anymore.

I kiss across her neck as she whimpers. Kevin cups her breast, and Bill leans forward, pulling her hips forward to eat her pussy. He groans and draws back while working two fingers deep inside her. "I could taste you all day every day and I'd never get tired of you, baby."

Kevin kisses the inside of her shoulder. “Do you want us to fuck you now, darlin?”

“Yes!”

“You better be a good girl and come for Bill. Be nice and loud, so he knows exactly how much you like it,” I growl in her ear.

Kevin nods in encouragement. “That’s exactly right.”

Kristy moans, arches her back, and gets twice as loud. She whimpers. “Fuck, Billy. A little ... yes. Oh!”

“The ranch hands will hear if she keeps that up, Bill,” Kevin says.

I turn her head and kiss her hungrily, tangling my tongue with hers. She gasps, writhes, then her head falls back. “Oh god ... Billy, I..”

She doesn’t get her sentence out before a yell tears from her throat. Bill draws back and licks his bottom lip. He and Kevin exchange a look that says plenty. Bill sits on the armrest of the sofa as Kevin takes off his shirt.

“I don’t think we can take care of her with our clothes on, partner,” he says to me.

I feel Kristy’s fingers move against my pants and she kisses my neck. “Please, Brad. I need a very *thorough* lesson on what happens when I tease police officers.”

“I can tell. Even in cuffs, you’re teasing,” I say.

Kevin holds her steady as I strip. I stow the strangeness of being naked in front of other guys for later, then kick my stack of clothes to the side.

Kristy looks me over hungrily.

“I can tell how much you want him, darlin’.” Kevin lifts her chin.

“I want all of you, Kev. I can’t ... not want each of you, especially when you all look so fucking hot ...” She bites her lip. “Please.”

Kevin grins and kisses her again. "I can't wait to watch."

He takes one step back, then another, sitting on the coffee table with a smile. Bill releases his towel, and another whine leaves her throat as I adjust her.

"I'm going to keep a tight hold on your wrists," I tell her. "I won't let you fall."

She doesn't seem to care at all about that. She's more focused on Bill's hard on. The second I lower her, she lurches forward, wrapping her lips around him. He slides one of his arms under hers, holding her and pants as she sucks.

"Such a good girl. You know just how to please me, baby, don't you?" Bill groans.

I hold her cuffs and grip my cock in one hand before slowly sliding into her. She's so tight, so wet, so perfect. Her moan is quieted by Bill's cock. She bounces between us, greedily taking everything.

As much as I want to believe I'm in control, I feel the way she changes the angle when she comes back to me, taking me as deep as she can.

"Fuck, baby. Use your tongue just like that and you're going to make me come," Bill groans.

I grit my teeth, trying to hold out and last until she comes. Kevin leans back as he works his pants down over his legs to stroke his cock. Kristy trembles and I up the pace. Little sucking sounds echo in the room, just under the moaning and panting, the sound of my skin slapping hers.

I palm her ass, swat lightly, and feel her pussy tighten around my cock. She trembles and wiggles against me until I groan. "Take me like you need, Kristy. Set the pace."

She moves faster between us, whimpering as her thighs spread. I fix that with a simple move of my hand and she groans.

"You want me deep, I know," I say, thrusting as she comes back against me. "Don't neglect Bill."

“Stop holding out on them, darlin’. I know you can come and keep a cock in your mouth at the same time,” Kevin says in a demanding voice.

Kristy whimpers and after less than a minute, she comes. Her pussy gets so tight, I nearly lose it. She’s soaking wet, gasping around Bill’s cock, and he grunts. “Fuck, your mouth is too ... I’m gonna come, baby.”

She takes every bit of his cock and Bill’s head falls back as he groans and grunts. I keep Kristy moving between us even as he finishes. He draws back as she swallows, just in time for another orgasm to take her. She moans loudly while he holds her chin. When she finishes, he kisses her softly.

“You still want your mouth full, don’t you, baby?” He asks. “You want Kevin to mouth fuck you now?”

“Yes,” she rasps.

I pull her back on me and swat her ass. “Tell him how much.”

“Please, Kev, please let me blow you until you come? I want you so ... so much, please!” She gasps. “Fuck, before I ...”

“Maybe I want to hear you come again,” Kevin says.

Bill chuckles and kisses her again before speaking against her lips. “Moan for Brad, and don’t hide a thing from him.”

She comes apart, yelling my name. “Fuck, you feel so good, Brad. Don’t stop, don’t ... yes.”

Bill kisses her one more time and lets his brother take over. Kevin doesn’t waste a second. He adjusts her and takes his time as he fucks her mouth. Kristy shudders and grips at my wrist, wanting to touch me, us, something or anything as she rides the edge of another orgasm.

I’m barely holding on, barely able to function. Kevin groans. “Such a good girl for us, darlin. You take us so good. You have Brad on the edge right now. Can you push him over? Can you make him come?”

Her pussy tightens again and again, every time I'm deep inside her, proving she knows exactly what she can do. Pleasure rips through me, destroying every brain cell except the one that says I need to pull out. I let out a low groan as I hold on to her and come on her ass.

Kevin slowly eases Kristy off. "Do you want me in your pussy or do you want to keep blowing me, darlin?"

"I want you inside me. I don't care how," she rasps.

Kevin nods to me, lifts Kristy as I let her go, and has her ride him as they kiss. I free her wrists and she wraps her arms around his neck. She takes control, bouncing on his cock as she moans and pants.

"Always full of energy." Bill chuckles.

I enjoy watching her take him, especially when Kristy leans back, braces herself on his knees and gives us a hell of a view.

It was a miracle I stayed away as long as I did, but now ... any kind of distance is a hollow dream.

Kristy comes apart, loud, wild, unashamed, then flashes a smile at me once Kevin does the same.

There's no way that I can resist coming back for more of her.

KRISTY CHAPTER 33

Brad takes me into the shower and supports me as I stumble. I giggle at my own jellied legs. “You guys ... hard to keep up with.”

“I was going to say the same about you,” he says as the hot water rolls over us.

“Are you going to leave this time? Right after our shower? We get dressed, you chat for a bit, then disappear for weeks until something else comes up, or I run into you and this happens again?” I ask.

He fumbles for some soap, but I take it from him, scrubbing my body. I know he’s only interested in the physical side of things.

Brad gently rubs over my back, pulls me closer, and kisses my temple. “I thought it was for the best. Kevin’s crazy about you, and ... the reasons I listed earlier were a lot more convincing when I came down from the high of the fun.”

“Even if it’s just physical, the rejection stung, Brad,” I grumble.

“It wasn’t a rejection, it was a thinking period. You didn’t have that with any of us?” he asks.

“I freaked out when I thought Kevin was hurt in the shoot out and didn’t want to get my feelings involved, but that lasted less than twenty-four hours when I texted Billy to come talk to me,” I say.

Brad takes my hands and pulls me back to him, rubbing down my back. “I won’t be a stranger this time. I might not be as head-over-heels as Kevin is in public.”

“That’s not your style. I will ask ...” I take a breath and kick myself for a moment. No emotions means that him leaving shouldn’t matter. Even after having sex with him twice, it shouldn’t matter. “If you decide to be done, *tell* me. I don’t enjoy making a fool of myself and if I flirt with you and find out you’re not interested or seeing someone else, I’ll feel like a fool.”

“I’m not seeing anyone,” Brad says in my ear, kissing my cheek as his hands slip down to my ass. “I didn’t *want* to be seeing anyone, but here I am, very ready to keep seeing you.”

I dare to meet his eyes and see nothing but honesty there. I nod once. “Three guys, one me.”

“Based on tonight, I think you can handle it.” He turns me around and spreads soap over my breasts, rubbing and teasing until I grab onto his hips and feel exactly how hard he is. “I want you all to myself right now, Kristy.”

“Considering how long you last, I don’t know if there’s enough hot water,” I answer.

“I’ll keep you warm. Promise,” he breathes in my ear, raising goosebumps across my shoulders and arms. “All I need is a yes.”

The more he rubs against me, all slippery, warm, big and ... “Yes.”

He spins me and kisses me hard. I groan and wrap myself around him, welcoming his starving kiss across my neck, my chest, anywhere and everywhere he can reach. Brad picks me up like I weigh nothing, then guides me down on his cock, filling me entirely. I gape, wiggle on him, but he holds me firm.

“If you’re loud, we’ll have guests and you’ll be all kinds of busy tonight,” he says in my ear.

“So stay quiet?” I guess, still trying desperately to get some friction.

“That’s completely up to you,” he chuckles.

Of course, once he starts moving, I’m loud all over again. I can’t muffle myself, I can’t handle the way his cock rubs me, hitting spots inside me that only he can.

“If you want them too, you better call for them, Kristy. I will not last much longer,” he hisses.

“Oh ... Kev!” My voice breaks before I can finish his name. I gasp and whimper. “Bill-Billy!”

Both of them come in and watch with rapt attention. Brad sits down with me and adjusts me, so I’m sitting across his lap with him deep inside me, my legs facing the guys. It’s a position I’ve never tried, a position I’ve never even thought about, but with Bill and Kevin looking at me with blatant hunger, I don’t care.

“I only have one mouth, but ...” I glance at Brad. “I bet I can make him come fast.”

Kevin grins. “And you want me inside you, no matter where, right?”

I grin and take him in my mouth. I stroke Bill with my fingers, then use my entire palm, gliding along, tightening around the head just to tease him. Brad lifts me with a deep groan, cursing and panting before coming into the tub. Just like that, I’m pulled from the water. Kevin lays a towel down and Billy spreads my legs, thrusting into me hard and fast.

“You always feel so perfect, baby. You’re so good for us,” he moans.

Kevin gets on his knees next to me, delivering his cock to my mouth. Another hand cups my breast and when I open my eyes, I see Brad’s hand, with one scar across his finger. I hum and focus on pleasing my other two men, taking care of them and making them feel as good as they make me.

After they both come, I just lie on the floor, entirely exhausted, pleased beyond understanding. All I can do is smile, return every kiss I get, and let myself drift right off to sleep. I wake up with Kevin.

“Good morning, officer,” I hum against his neck. “I hope I’m the only person who gets to use that get out of jail free card.”

Kevin hums and his eyes open. He looks me over and grins. “You didn’t get out free, darlin. I think you bribed us multiple times.”

“Did the last bit upset you? With Brad?” I ask while rubbing his chest.

He kisses my temple, tips my chin, and hesitates before kissing me fully. I melt against him. Kevin makes me weak like no one else. He draws back and I keep watching him, waiting for the answer.

“No, I’m not upset. Bill and I had bets on if he was going to fuck you in the shower or not,” he sighs. “Let’s go back to sleep. You can’t be completely rested.”

I snuggle closer to him, rubbing over his abs. “I want to wake up like this more.”

He closes his eyes. “I’m not convinced this isn’t a dream with you being so sweet.”

I let Kevin cuddle me longer and hear Bill stirring. I know he doesn’t come into Kevin’s room, just like Kevin doesn’t come into his unless he’s invited. It’s some kind of agreement they have.

But I can’t just go back to sleep like Kevin does. I stroke through his hair, lightly touch his face, savor the fact that he’s here now. He’s alive, he’s in one piece, he’s mine. I hate how much I feel for him and Billy after so little time together, but I can’t just shake it off and I can’t fight it without feeling every bit of hurt I’m trying to avoid.

His puppy dog eyes already did me in once.

Kevin’s nose twitches when I touch his cheek, then he rolls over, dragging the blanket with him. I get up, but his hand gropes the bed until he finds me. He pulls me around him before snoring again.

I smile and kiss his back.

I've been with my share of men, but none of them have been this effortlessly sweet, respectful, or understanding. These guys are special.

After another thirty minutes of cuddling and his fingers softening on mine, I slip out of bed and towards the smell of coffee. I make a detour to the bathroom to clean up a little before I see Billy.

He looks me over and grins. "You make bedhead and pajamas look better than a runway model could, baby."

"Morning," I reply while trying to hide my blush.

He looks perfect. Jeans, a t-shirt, brushed hair, fully awake and alive. I'd never peg him for being a morning person, but here he is.

"I'm sure I look terrible compared to you," I grumble, bumping his hip.

Before I can make my mug of coffee, he offers me one. It has cream, sugar, and it warms my heart that he knows exactly how I take it. I swallow a mouthful and accept the kiss Bill gives me. He keeps me close to him.

"What do you want to do today? Back to the bar for dart throwing, since we didn't get to do that last time? Or I heard about this place where you can pay to break dishes and other things. They do all the cleanup."

"Is that something you want to do?" I ask. "Are you angry about the case?"

He takes another drink of coffee. I think he actually drains his whole mug in that go. "I'm worried about it, worried about how some people might react to things."

"Some people like the entire city or?" I ask.

"Your roommate. A lot of you younger people don't remember or don't know. This is going to drag it all back up. The press couldn't get enough of the story, so I'm sure everything will be re-aired and ... there's your father," he refills his coffee, adds some sugar, then takes a drink.

“How about we all go out for a very unhealthy brunch once Kev wakes up?” I ask while kissing his chest.

“Your father, Kristy. I know you’re happy to rebel, but this may start an actual fight with him and I don’t want you to lose your family for me,” he says.

I set my coffee down and rub his abs. “You were in my room and kept me quiet. I thought you liked to live on the edge.”

“I’m happy to take plenty of risks with you, baby, but family-”

“I can and will handle my family, stud, I promise you. I don’t care about what they think they know. They’ll be proven wrong, have to eat their words, and beg for your forgiveness.”

He snorts once. “Your father doesn’t strike me as the begging type.”

“Not like me?” I ask as I stand on my toes and kiss his neck. “Last night?” Another kiss further up his neck until I step on his feet so I can bite his ear lobe. “And any other time you touch me?”

“Kristy, this is supposed to be a genuine conversation, and you started it, so-”

“I start plenty,” I purr in his ear. “Like when I found you at the bar and dared you to chase me. When I texted you to come into my room despite my parents just a few walls away.”

He groans. “Baby, please.”

“Now who’s begging?” I drop back down onto my heels and take a long drink from my coffee before I catch that feral look in Billy’s eyes. I smirk. “*You* don’t beg, but you say please ... my dad will ask you to forgive him when all this is done.”

“Or try to toss me in jail for what I’m doing with you.” He takes a step forward.

“Oh no, I seduced you, remember?”

“That’s not how I remember our shower fun.” He grins.
“Do you need a reminder?”

He takes off his shirt and my tongue ties itself in a knot. When he undoes the top button of his jeans, I actually moan in anticipation of his touch. Bill takes the lead and runs with it, reminding me exactly why I plan on telling my parents I’m busy every weekend from here on out.

Screw the cold case. Screw what my dad wants. Screw spas, pool days, and dinners teasing A.J. I’ll take my men over all of it, no questions asked.

BILL CHAPTER 34

Morning sex with Kristy must be the best way to start the day. Of course, it makes me completely willing to do whatever she asks. Which is how I end up with her and Kevin at a diner.

A few people whisper, and I struggle to keep my head up. I told myself; I told her, hell, I told our whole posse that I'd be fine with this, but all I can see is someone starting shit, deciding to go vigilante, or ripping Kristy away from me.

Kristy snuggles closer to me and kisses my neck. "You're going to make me anxious if you keep looking around like that."

"I hear people talking and-"

"Stop thinking everything's about you." Kevin chuckles. "Everyone has their own lives and news isn't on every T.V. in every household like it used to be."

"I proudly say that I ignore the news whenever I have the opportunity," Kristy says.

I chuckle and shake my head at her. Kevin sighs. "Darlin, I thought you were a smart girl."

"Smart people know that the news reporters rarely get things right and the internet is full of reliable information ... if you know where to look," she says as she shifts slightly.

"Killer," someone grunts as they walk by.

The man trips and looks at Kristy with accusation. He glances at me, then Kevin, and decides not to fight *that* battle considering how innocent Kristy appears. Who would believe she did it on purpose?

Kevin sighs. "Am I going to have to watch you, Kristy?"

"Oh, very closely, officer. I might even need daily strip searches. You'll have to check with your eyes, your fingers ... maybe some other things," she teases while sucking on her straw.

"Glad you're in a good mood, baby," I say quietly.

"Well, we know how to keep our girl happy, don't we?" Kevin asks.

Kristy giggles. We eat without too much problem, although Kristy's phone just keeps going off. She finally puts her phone on silent and gives us a bright smile. "So, what's the plan for the day? You have me all day."

Kev rubs the back of his neck. "I have work tonight."

She pouts, a devastating pout complete with puppy dog eyes. Kevin takes her outside to talk about that. A girl drops into his seat before I can leave. I study her carefully, pushing my lips into a firm line to avoid saying anything that could bite me in the ass.

"You don't remember me, do you?" She asks.

I'd remember a girl with pink hair, pale skin, and piercings in this town. I'd remember her. I would. "I'm sure you have me mixed up with someone-"

"Billy McKay, I'd recognize you, no matter how much muscle you've gained or how many years have passed. The tattoos are new. They fit you," the girl says.

"Then you have me at a disadvantage. Do I know you from-"

"Right here. And I didn't forget. You were the last one with her. Trish trusted you. Trish would go anywhere for you and you are the only one who could get her to-"

“Amanda.” I snap my fingers. “The hair and piercings confused me.”

She glowers at me and grips her coffee mug so hard that I’m afraid she’s going to break it.

“I dropped her off after she broke up with me because of you guys,” I say clearly. “I dropped her at the same spot as always and-”

“She told you she was seeing someone else, didn’t she? And then you went all pissy alpha-male on him, flashed your knife and ruined her for cheating on you. You just couldn’t handle that on your rep,” she accuses while moving almost on top of the table.

“If you know the story and all that’s true, I’d be in jail,” I answer.

“You just listen here-”

“My boyfriend doesn’t need a free lap dance. I have that covered.” Kristy cuts Amanda off that easily.

I look over and see my *girlfriend*, apparently, with her arms crossed just under her breasts, in a pose that promises a fight. Amanda snorts. “No girl would date this killer.”

“Well, if you’re so sure, show the police the home footage. Otherwise, stop playing detective and spend your time on your own life,” Kristy snarls.

I slide out of the booth, avoiding Amanda’s claws—good to know she still gets her nails done regularly—as I go to Kristy’s side.

Amanda sits back down and shakes her head. “Oh yeah, how ‘feminist’ of you. Do you make it a habit of dating bad boys for the thrill, or because you can ‘change him’?”

Kristy snorts, then rubs over my shirt. When she moves her hand further up, my shirt moves with it, showing my abs. Kristy smiles. “The things I like about him are definitely bigger and better than any small scratch on his past, probably created by people who have such *boring* lives they have to create drama for excitement.”

That's at least one insult on top of showing me off.

Kristy stands on her toes to kiss my neck slowly. She rubs her finger along the top of my jeans. "Should we go dancing or should we go back to my place so I can remind *you* of exactly how innocent you are?"

"It might take a lot of reminding," I say with a smirk.

"I can handle it," Kristy promises. "But I'm not interested in sharing you, stud."

I follow her out without another thought about Amanda. Kristy wraps my arms around her and kisses me. Her tongue teases mine until Kevin bumps my hip. I draw back, stroke through her hair and kiss her forehead.

"Amanda," I say simply.

"Surprise, surprise," Kevin snorts.

"Let's take our girl home since she decided to claim me and we don't need Amanda sniffing around and ..." I don't know why I'm worried about jeopardizing Kevin with a connection to me considering we're stepbrothers, but I want to spare him as much drama as I can.

"You don't wanna share me?" Kristy asks.

"You claimed him how?" Kevin asks at the same time.

"Car," I suggest.

We all get into the car, with Kevin in the back seat. I put the car in drive and pull onto the main road. Kevin turns to Kristy. "Claimed how?"

"I called him my boyfriend," she says in a low voice as if she's being yelled at, or worse is ashamed.

"To pry me away from Amanda," I clarify. "And you know I don't mind sharing you, baby."

"And I'm not using the boyfriend word with Billy or you or Brad. It just slipped out!" Kristy says seriously.

"Not enough dates for you?" I ask while cocking an eyebrow up.

Kristy bites her finger, then glances at Kevin. “Not enough making out or weekends together.”

“I can’t control my schedules, darlin. I’m the rookie. That means weekends and nights,” Kevin explains.

She pouts, but he motions her towards him with a finger. She unbuckles and accepts every kiss he feeds her. I put my hand on her thigh to keep her in place as I head toward the house. When we finally get there, Kristy has somehow gotten all the way to the back seat without kicking me in the face.

She giggles against Kevin and shoves at his hands. “You could be doing more with your hands than tickling me!”

“Like what?”

“Do you want a demonstration?” She asks.

Whatever she does makes Kevin groan. I get out of the car, open the backseat, and pull her from him. He lets out a breathless pant and watches Kristy with pure hunger. He licks over his lips.

“Darlin, if you keep starting things ...”

“You’ll finish them? Just like Billy did this morning?” She asks.

He groans, steals her away and drags her inside. She laughs and teases him the whole way. I lean against the car and laugh once before staring out my window.

It’s open, problem one. But that worry doesn’t stop the flashback.

I snuck out, so eager to see Trish. I had an entire plan. I’d stop getting into fights. I’d go to every one of the clubs she wanted to drag me to. I’d stop wearing leather jackets, stop smoking weed and cigarettes. I’d be the kind of boyfriend that the perfect student could bring home to her parents.

It hadn’t been enough for her. And apparently, she hadn’t been so perfect. I did not know she’d been cheating on me.

Sharing Kristy is one thing. I know what’s going on. I know that she and I aren’t the only ones in the relationship,

just like I know she'd tell us if there was suddenly another person involved.

I walk into the house, ignore the play fighting going on in the living room, and open my bedroom door.

The whole place has been tossed.

Someone was looking for something and didn't find it.

I look over everything and consider interrupting Kevin and Kristy's fun, but I know that he has to work tonight and she's avoiding something. Whatever she's avoiding is going to catch up and it might be better for all of us if it does that after she's had some fun.

Still, I just stare at the mess. Should I report this or just start expecting it now that my name is back in the news?

"Billy!" Kristy calls. "Come join us for some ... what's that?"

"My room," I grunt, feeling her next to me.

"Your laptop?"

I groan. "Fuck. I need that for work."

"Well, looks like my shift is starting early," Kevin says. "I'll call it in."

"What are they going to do, Kev?" I ask.

He studies my face, then realizes what I'm talking about. Depending on the officer, we're going to get the wrong kind of questions, get me brought in, or they're going to say I should expect it.

"They're going to do their fucking job or deal with me. I can make people do things," Kristy says.

Her voice is low and hostile. Not exactly what a person would expect looking at her. She's a bombshell, not a girl who barks orders outside the bedroom. Then again, she's a Jacobs. I'd be stupid to think she didn't pick up plenty, considering who her father is.

“Call them, Kev. We have nothing to hide and, Billy, you deserve justice.” She turns my hips to face her. “Do you hear me? I don’t care how big and muscly and delicious and ...” she stares at me and catches her breath. “What was I saying?”

“You were telling me to accept help,” I remind her, trying to hide my smile as I watch her.

“Yeah, yes! I don’t care who you are. I don’t care about your past or how much of a menace you were as a kid. You deserve to feel safe in your own home,” she says.

“Are you going to keep debating with me about that?” I ask, then look down, noticing her lack of pants. “While in your underwear?”

“You know what? Maybe I will. I bet I can get my way a lot easier like this. Kevin is going to call, you are going to file a report, and that’s that.” She puts her hands on her hips. “Or no sex tonight.”

“Ultimatums, huh?”

“No, just giving you the consequences of not taking my suggestion,” she grumbles.

“You’re lucky you’re cute.”

“Why?” she asks.

“Because I’m tempted to throw you across the room in a good way instead of a fighting way.” I wink at her.

She shoves me. “A bad boy through and through.”

“That doesn’t scare you? Hmm? Dating a bad boy?”

“It might ... if I was really his girlfriend,” she teases while tugging my shirt. “Let’s have less fun with the police than we did last night.”

KRISTY CHAPTER 35

I pace as we wait for the police. It's not enough that my dad is demanding to know where I am and if Kevin is abusing the age difference or his badge. No. Someone had to destroy Billy's room and steal from him.

After some chick threatens him. I grit my teeth as I turn and walk the other way and right into muscles. I look up and there's Kevin. He wraps a firm arm around me. "Share with the class."

"I don't know what you mean."

My phone vibrates on the floor where my shorts are, and he arches his eyebrow. We're in dangerous territory, considering he knows me well enough to know when I'm hiding things. I bet he'd be able to see through an outright lie.

"I'm feeling a lot of things that I don't want to feel here. Good things happen at your house. Fun happens at your house. Not theft. Not arguing. Not big, terrible reveals, and not-"

A car door closes and I glance at the door. "Too early for cops."

"Baby, something we should know?" Billy asks.

"My dad's been calling me all day." It slips out without permission, but oh well. I walk to the door and open it.

It's not my dad. Oh no, that would be easy. It's my mother.

My dad doesn't notice most things. He's too busy thinking, connecting dots, preparing arguments and wins in his head.

That's why he thinks I'm only dating Kevin. My mother is another story.

The woman eats gossip instead of brunch at the country club. She doesn't miss the smallest thing. Whether it's a hair in her food or some look that lasts exactly half a second too long. Worse, she does it all with a smile that makes her seem all innocent and sweet.

Pageant moms aren't sweet. Pageant moms are patient and know how to use what they learn to destroy people more than any slap to the face could. Even if she loves drama and has never once complained about me having fun.

"Kristy, honey. Your father has been trying to get you on the phone all day. Liz told me I could probably find you at the ranch," Mom says.

"It's nice to see you, but we're waiting for the police." I accept her hug anyway and whisper in her ear. "How did you know about this ranch?"

"Your father commented on you dating a police officer and I'd heard from a few people that you've been seen with Officer Miller and his stepbrother. You'd be shocked by the rumors swirling. Can you imagine if half of them are true?" She giggles. "You must be having quite a bit of fun to forget about dinner tonight."

"What makes you think I forgot?"

"Your lack of pants, honey."

I gasp and run inside. Kevin dangles my shorts from his finger, then goes white as my mother walks in. He holds my shorts behind his back like they're naughty, making it twice as hard to steal them back and get them on.

I struggle twice with the button as my mother looks around. "You have two men here, Kristy. I can't imagine you having trouble getting dressed. Staying dressed, is probably another matter."

"Ma'am, I'm afraid I haven't had the chance to-"

"Mrs. Jacobs," she introduces.

Kevin gulps. “If I would’ve known you were coming, I would have cleaned up, had some food ready ... prepared properly to have you ... ma’am.”

He’s cute when he’s flustered. Like when I first jumped him after speeding down the main road to catch his attention. He’d tried to resist despite clearly wanting me as much as I wanted him.

“I’d be happy if you would have gotten my daughter dressed before letting her outside. That’s the basic mark of a gentleman.” My mom comes to a stop just behind the couch.

I feel my face heat as I think of what happened on that couch last night. Billy smirks at me, staying in the shadows like he’s being a good boy despite the ‘naughty’ written all over his smug face.

“Now, Kevin, if you’re dating my daughter, you can’t quite say no to dinner with the family, can you?” My mother asks. “It’s been over a week now and rumors are slow to reach my ears about my own daughter, so I’m betting this has been going on for at least three weeks, which means we’re overdue for a conversation.”

“I’m sorry. I work nights and weekends. I know Kristy is dedicated to school and last weekend... well, we aren’t anything official either, ma’am. I don’t go where I ain’t invited.” He cringes and clears his throat. “Where I’m not invited, ma’am.”

Oh, my poor cowboy. I hug him and rub his back. “Take a deep breath. She’s just a mom.”

“*Your* mom,” he grumbles. “You have a hickey on your neck and I can *feel* your claw marks on my back.”

“What’s your stepbrother’s excuse, then?” Mom asks while staring at the kitchen. “You’ll need a new fridge soon. That one must be as old as me.”

“I need to update the kitchen,” Kevin says. “Eventually it’ll be a project.”

“And Bill,” my mother faces him as I go cold. “I haven’t had you over to dinner either. Welcome back, son.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Jacobs. A pleasure to see you again,” Bill answers.

I gape. “Again?”

My mom reaches up to pinch his cheek. “You grew up so much. Tell me you’ve been good like you promised.”

“I’m better than I was as a teen,” he promises her.

“I posted Billy’s bail. It’s not fair for someone to be held behind bars when he didn’t do a darn thing,” my mother explains before patting Billy’s cheek a little harder than necessary. “You should also be at dinner, shouldn’t you?”

“Well, like Kevin said, nothing’s official.”

“Then you two aren’t the men I thought you were.” Mom sighs.

When she sits on the couch, I almost yell at her to get up. She’s tainting the entire house! How am I supposed to be wild, sexy, and uninhibited here if all I can do is picture my mom right here?

She crosses her legs. “Kristy, would you like to explain, or would you rather I fill in the blanks?”

“I’m *seeing* them both.”

“And another officer based on what Luanne saw. If they’re both here, but a truck left late last night when she was driving the new baby around to calm it down... don’t tell me it’s Officer Miller’s partner.”

I nearly collapse into the recliner. She’s not supposed to know anything. I swallow. “Does Dad know?”

“We both know he would be less than supportive, for many reasons, Kristy. I like our dinners when there’s no yelling.” Mom smiles innocently. “So?”

“Yes. I’m seeing all three of them,” I murmur. “But this isn’t the time. The police are on their way!”

“Why?”

“They broke into my room, Mrs. Jacobs. I think the update about Trish’s case...”

“Ah, yes. My husband is very eager to follow that. I think it might pull him out of retirement.” Mom remains so composed. I’m sure there’s something worse.

“What is it?” I ask.

“Your father wants you to come over for dinner ... with A.J.”

“Who is A.J.?” Kevin asks immediately.

He’s the first to jealousy, every time. I pinch the bridge of my nose. “I’m not available this weekend. I already said that. Dad’s sure I’m dating Kev, so why is he still-”

“Your father and I made peace with your style of dating a while ago. He likes A.J. He thought he saw you flirting with him. He wants to press his case.” Mom shrugs with a slight smile.

She knows she’s stirring the pot and loving it. She’s doing it in that sweet way that southern bells like her have perfected. Deliver insults and provocative remarks with a smile and a giggle. People will think you’re innocent but tone-deaf.

“I like my current setup a lot more than trying to get A.J. in trouble with dad,” I snort.

“Pick your battles,” Mom sings before standing. “You have a lot to lose. It might be best for your current... relationship if you let your father believe certain things.”

“Sure, like he believes I want to stay within thirty minutes of him my whole life?” I ask with a smile. “The world’s too big, Mama. I just can’t stray from home.”

She laughs lightly as she heads to the door. “Depending on how you keep your roster of men, you might do just that, Kristy. See you next weekend.”

“Who is A.J.?” Kevin repeats after seeing my mom out with a smile that might just make her swoon.

“He’s some guy my dad has been trying to set me up with since the day I met you, handsome,” I answer. “Fun to tease until he gets all tongue-tied, but not exactly my type.”

“Do you have a type? The three of us seem pretty different.” Kev’s definitely frustrated.

I roll my eyes. “Let’s just say if I was in danger, I know you and Brad would shoot or jump in front of a bullet, while Billy would do whatever it took. A.J., on the other hand, might talk about it, or just watch unless my dad says ‘attack’.”

“Aw, baby, is he not bad enough for you?” Bill teases.

“He’s not you three. No instant attraction, no fun, and how am I supposed to fuck someone who’s a younger version of my dad?” I ask, looking back at him.

We hear the sirens then. The police come in and while one of them just scoffs at Bill and asks what he should expect, the woman actually does her job, promising to do fingerprinting and to keep an eye out for Bill’s laptop.

The officer looks at me once, then does a double take when Kevin rubs my shoulder. “Kristy Jacobs?”

“Yes?”

“Um...” He motions to Kevin.

I fit myself tighter to Kevin and kiss his neck. “Kevin? Yeah, you should know him. I’m keeping him just a bit longer, so don’t worry. He’s *well* taken care of.”

The guy scuttles away, clearly flustered. I raise my voice. “I’m so glad you thought to check outside the window for evidence. Great idea, officer.”

“So mean.” Kevin chuckles.

“Flaunting you and making him do his job is mean?”

Kevin kisses my temple, my cheek, then lowers his lips to my ear. “It’s hot how determined you are to take care of Billy.”

“It was cute to see you all flustered around my mom,” I tease.

“Well, you see-”

“You should pull out that southern drawl in bed. It’s a turn-on,” I tease.

We help Bill and give our statements until Kevin has to get ready. The police leave and Kevin comes out in his uniform. I groan. “I feel the urge to break the law right now.”

“What am I going to be arresting you for tonight?” Kevin asks while flashing his badge. “Something good, darlin?”

“I think I might just end up publicly intoxicated, running around in just my bra and underwear. You might have to grab me to take me in,” I mumble.

“You should watch what you say to a man of the law.” Bill chuckles.

“Do you think he’ll hold what I say against me?” I look Kevin over. “Or hold *something* against me?”

Kevin chuckles and kisses me softly. “You’re a loose cannon, darlin. Save the streaking for this house. I wouldn’t want anyone else seeing you all bare.”

“Tease,” I grumble.

He kisses me again and again, then sucks my bottom lip before sighing. “If you two manage to not get caught by the police while I’m gone, I might just keep my uniform on when I get home and fuck you on my car tonight.”

I groan as my toes curl with need. “You know me too well, Officer.”

“Better every day, darlin.”

Which is terrifying, considering I promised I *wasn’t* going to fall for him.

BRAD CHAPTER 36

When Kevin clocks in, he sees me clocking out. His eyes narrow. “What’s going on? Are we not partners tonight?”

“I got moved to another case. You’re sitting in a speed trap tonight and on patrol. The training wheels are off. Aren’t you happy?” I ask.

He looks me over slowly, then shuts his locker. “You’re on-”

“Another case,” I say clearly. “And right now, I might just pay a certain mutual friend a visit.”

I don’t want to wait another week to see Kristy. Last night was so badly needed. When I got home I passed out without nightmares, without feeling like my house was some kind of empty crypt, and there’s no way that I can pass that up.

“They’re at that run-down country bar,” Kevin answers with a grunt.

“Be proud. You’re on your own, rookie,” I suggest.

“Yeah, Brad. Sure thing.”

I shrug and head home to change before heading to the bar. When I get in, I see Billy at the bar, but no sign of Kristy. I walk to the back and find her at the dartboard, gripping the darts so hard her fist is white.

She’s got a short shirt on that reveals her shoulders and looks cute. Her high-waist shorts and shirt combo leave plenty

of her tan skin on display. A man leans closer.

“Aw, come on. No girl dresses like *that* just to say ‘no’,” the man says while twirling the end of her ponytail around his finger.

“I said no. It’s a simple word.”

“Come on Kristy. You were all about ‘yes’ a few months ago. Hell, I thought you were going to take more than my number at that frat party.” He chuckles. “You were a whole lot nicer then, even had a smile for me.”

“Back off,” she orders him.

She pushes against him and he grabs her wrist and holds it against the wall as I work on closing the space between us without causing a scene.

“Your name does nothing when someone’s right in front of you, does it, sweetheart,” he hisses. “Where’s your daddy when you need him?”

“It’s not her dad that’s going to help you,” I say while pressing my unloaded gun against his back.

He freezes. Kristy looks at me, and I see the fear under her anger.

“Let go of her,” I say.

“It’s nothing, man. My girlfriend’s just had a little too much, and she’s not one for alcohol. She forgot she’s leaving with me,” he says casually.

“Really?”

“Oh yeah, this is normal. She likes to start fights, tease me by flirting with older guys she has no business with. It really ups the kink factor,” he says with a chuckle. “She’s a fighter, you know?”

Kristy’s bottom lip trembles and she tries to pull free again.

“I said let her go. I don’t remember changing my mind,” I growl while pressing the gun harder against his back.

He releases her.

“Take a step back,” I continue.

He does that too, keeping his hands at his side.

“You and I are going to have a talk,” I say. “Outside.”

He hesitates, but I tap him twice with the gun. “Now.”

He leads the way out. I jerk my head in Kristy’s direction when Bill’s eyes catch mine and he hurries that way. I lead the man outside and to the alley. He tries to turn, but I move the gun, putting it against his spine.

“I’ve seen men lose all function below the belt from getting shot here. Is that what you want?” I snarl.

“I’m here, man. You’re in charge.” His voice wavers.

“Damn right I’m in charge. You ever so much as *look* at a woman without that woman’s permission and I’ll be back, you hear me? Let alone *that* woman in there. If you breathe in her direction, I’ll be there.” I cock the gun so he hears it.

He actually shakes.

“If you touch her, you’re not going to feel the gun, got it?” I warn.

“Yea! Yes! I get it! I do. You’ll never see me again. I won’t touch her again. I won’t!”

“Do you want to get shot tonight or leave?”

“Leave.”

“You don’t need a physical reminder of our conversation?” I nudge him with the barrel.

“No!”

I pull the gun from his back and put the hammer back in place. “See what that word means? Remember, it the next time a woman says it.”

He nods.

“Wait ten seconds, then get in your car. If you started a tab, you can take care of it tomorrow,” I hiss.

I walk back inside, furious. It's the one crime I can't handle. I've seen the worst carnage, bullet wounds, hit and runs, all-out murder, and mayhem, but crimes like what he was heading for ... I can't deal with it. It's so heinous and unjustifiable that I can barely control myself.

There's a reason I carry my magazine in my other pocket when I go in public. I return to the bar, get a shot, and join Kristy and Bill at their table. Kristy gets up and hugs me tightly.

"Brad ... thank you," she pants. "I said no. I told him to leave."

"I know you did, Kristy."

"Then I just froze. I couldn't respond the way I wanted to... I don't get it." she whimpers.

I kiss her temple and take a deep breath of her. She smells like Kevin's soap, but there's something sweet and feminine there too. She squeezes me tighter and shakes in my arms.

"He won't be touching anyone like that again. You'll never see him again," I say.

"What did you do?" She draws back. "Please tell me you didn't-"

"He almost wet himself, but he'll remember tonight for a long time."

Bill welcomes Kristy close and wraps his arms around her. I see her sip from his beer, but don't bother pointing out that's illegal. Kristy tugs on a hair tie around her wrist and I notice her hair is down.

"You're okay," I promise her. "We won't let anyone mess with you. Right Bill?"

"Right. I shouldn't have left you alone. I'm sorry, baby," Bill says.

"I couldn't go to the bar with you." she shrugs. "Not legal."

“You can be at the bar, just can’t be served. Next time say you’re the D.D.” I roll out my neck.

“Why aren’t you working with Kevin?” Bill asks.

I hear him, but my eyes are on Kristy. I never fault someone for being shaken after an interaction like she just had, but her eyes are all glassy, her lips pale, and her hands still shaking. “Kristy, stay here with us, please,” I mumble.

She blinks a few times, touches her face, and nods. “I’m here. I am. I think I just need some sugar or something. I’m going to get a soda.”

She gets up, glances around, and stays within our view. Bill leans forward. “Is she okay?”

“She will be. Keep her close in places like this,” I recommend.

“She’s willing to fight police officers to make them do their jobs. I thought she’d be fine for two minutes. You’ve met her. She...” he glances over at her.

“Was that a reaction to something else?”

“Maybe. I don’t guess about shit. I’m about evidence. If she doesn’t give it, I’m going to assume that she’s just shaken,” I say, despite my intuition.

My gut says Kristy’s a lot more than the party girl she wants us to think she is.

So does my experience with Kristy, but she’s never let on about anything or anyone hurting her. She comes back with a coke and meets my eyes. “Are you joining us tonight?”

“Am I allowed to?”

“Well the good stuff isn’t happening until later unless you want to dance,” she says with a forced smile.

“Oh no, he’s going to watch our drinks, so I don’t start chugging to get you on the dance floor,” Bill teases.

She grins, and he pulls her out to dance. She loses the steps easily, but he’s patient with her, guiding her through until he

changes it and picks her up, using every possible reason to keep her tight against his body.

I watch them laugh and notice her eyes keep returning to me. She wants me to dance with them. I can tell. She smiles at me, twirls under Bill's arm, and then convinces me to dance with her. "You had a gun on the guy, didn't you?"

"He acted like he knew you."

"I made the mistake of smiling and teasing at a frat party," she shrugs. "No names, but he clearly expected more."

I snort.

"Would you have actually shot him?" she asks as her arms wrap around my neck for a slow song.

I rub her hips. "It wasn't loaded, Kristy."

"Ah, I have to get more than physical with you for your threats to have lethal force?" She asks.

The fact that I just threatened a man and could easily be arrested for assault with a deadly weapon proves it isn't just physical. I tell myself I'd do it for anyone, but I can't see myself pulling a gun—loaded or not—in public for anyone but her.

"I'm dancing with you," I point out instead.

"Still physical," she grumbles.

She starts to leave, but I catch her hand and twirl her back toward me. "You stop my nightmares and make my house feel something other than empty for the first time in a long time."

She rests her head on my shoulder. "You just made me feel very safe."

"I'm glad."

"I want to see you more, Brad. Kev and Bill's house was just broken into. Billy's dealing with people placing blame. Kevin's going to be distracted protecting him..."

"What do you want to ask me?"

“I don’t know when Kev is getting home, but I know I’d feel safer with *two* men in the house instead of just Billy and me,” she admits. “Everyone says he’s dangerous, but he’s just a big sweet softie with a gym membership.”

I look at Bill, the sharp tone of his arms. He doesn’t carry a gun, I’ve noticed that, but the Bill I knew as a rookie was a skilled hunter and a varsity wrestler. Sure, he may have forgotten some moves, but his arms can put a lot of force behind a punch.

“Bill would protect you, Kristy.”

“And get himself in trouble with the law or killed. You clearly have... finesse.” Kristy draws back. “Do you need an excuse to want to spend time with me?”

Her beautiful eyes all dilated and hopeful ruin the self-control I swore I had ten minutes ago. It’s gone. I cup her face, run my fingers through her hair and shake my head. “I don’t need an excuse. I just need you to ask for it to remember what we’ve been doing together is real.”

She laughs softly. “You inside me twice last night was very real. Considering how sturdy the door at my apartment is, that day was real, too.”

“Does that make this the third date?” I ask lightly, trying to erase the experience from earlier.

“Oh, I think it does. That means you have to take me home, you know. A good night kiss. But I’m clearly a good, respectable girl.”

“Oh, of course.”

“Which means you have to settle for having me all by yourself before I make you a nightcap,” she says in my ear.

I groan and press on her lower back, letting her feel what she does to me with minimal effort. “I never said I was a good, respectable man.”

She arches an eyebrow. “Meaning?”

“Meaning, I might not be able to wait until we get to the ranch to get started with you,” I say in a low voice.

She smiles. “Is that a warning?”

“Let’s call it a guarantee.” I chuckle.

KRISTY CHAPTER 37

After plenty of dancing, eyeing Billy and Brad's drinks, and enough conversation and fun that I feel like my normal happy self again, I suggest heading home. Billy wraps his arm around me, nodding to the bartender as we leave.

I rub his abs. "I'm going to ride back to your place with Brad, if that's okay."

"Sure, baby. I'm okay with that," Billy answers.

"And I may have invited him over just for some extra protection," I admit, before sucking my bottom lip.

"Uh-huh. Protection, not your fantasies," he teases.

"It can be both." I huff. "I want to sleep with you and I don't want to be freaking out about someone coming in to steal *you*."

Bill's entire face softens. "Who's going to steal me?"

I say nothing.

"Are you worried about someone hurting me or are you worried about some woman stealing me from you? I can promise you that no woman's going to have my attention the way you do."

"You're only saying that because you've seen me naked," I say. It's supposed to be a joke, but apparently my voice doesn't get the message across.

“I’m saying that because you’re special to me. I don’t care if we’re just watching movies, dancing together, or tangled up in bed. I like you for *you*, Kristy,” Bill says clearly. “In fact, we could just do a movie or some T.V. shows.”

“As long as they’re not cop dramas. I get enough of that at work.” Brad joins us with a face I can’t quite read.

“Go on. I’ll meet you guys at the ranch. I’ll give you a whole thirty minutes to get there,” Bill says with a wink.

Brad leads me to his truck and gives me a look when I don’t buckle up. “Kristy Jacobs, you put that seatbelt on.”

“Why would I do that when I’m planning on taking it off the second you get on the road and out from under all these annoying lights?” I ask.

“Is that a fact?”

“You said you could not wait until we got to the ranch. What’s it going to be? Giving me a ticket for not wearing a seatbelt...” I lean across the center console and kiss Brad.

He takes control, nipping at my bottom lip, then thrusting his tongue between my lips to take the lead in the kiss. The way he feels, the way he smells, all clean with a light cologne that matches his delicious mouth, how he pulls me closer and grips my hair. It all has me wet and eager to do more than make out like teenagers in the car.

I draw back. “Or do you want to see how naughty we can get without getting noticed?”

“Naughty always sounds nice when you say it.” He chuckles.

I stay sitting in my seat until we get on the main road. As the streetlights fade, I get on my knees and bend over towards Brad. He groans and moves his arm so I can get his button undone and his zipper before dragging his pants further down his thighs.

He groans as I wrap my hand around his cock. He’s still hard, perfectly curved—for my pleasure—and mouthwatering.

“Do you think you can keep your eyes on the road, Brad?”
I tease.

“I think that’s going to depend on you, gorgeous.”

I lick over his length, up and down, again and again, just teasing him until I wrap my mouth around the head of his dick. A low groan answers as I swirl my tongue around him and give a hard suck.

I take my time, enjoying the game as I hear him speed up and feel him adjust as he tries to stay focused on the road despite clearly liking the way my mouth works on him.

My lips slide as far down as I possibly can, feeling him press into my throat enough to make me gag. I draw back slowly, sucking every now and again just to keep him on his toes. He groans and grips my head in one big hand.

“Finish what you start, Kristy. You know how to make me come with just your mouth,” he says.

Oh, I know exactly what he likes, exactly what does him in, but I want to tease him, the same way he teases me. So I slow down and speed up anytime I think he’s getting into the rhythm. He groans.

“Suck and lick, but don’t move. We’re going by Kevin and we don’t need him more upset about working tonight than he already is,” Brad says.

I groan and obey, sucking and licking his cock like he’s the best lollypop I’ve ever had. He grunts and shivers while his hand tightens in my hair.

His hips lift twice, and I take it happily. When his hand lightens, I take him like we both need, hard and fast. I suck harder around the head, use my tongue to swirl around the tip, to tease the underside of his cock, enjoy him so completely and fully that I almost don’t want him to come since he feels so damn good and I love the way he moans, the little grunts, his harsh breathing.

When he parks. He puts the break in gear and rasps. “Keep going, gorgeous. Don’t you stop. I’m so close.”

I hum in my throat and move closer, my ass up in the air.

Brad palms my ass, spans me lightly, then tugs my shorts tight so the seam rubs against my clit again and again. Everything feels so fucking good that I shudder and try to take him deeper.

My throat tightens, and he groans. “Fuck, that’s so good. I’m so close to coming.”

I moan softly, my only way to tell him exactly how much I want him to do just that.

It takes about two more seconds for him to finish across my tongue. I savor the taste of him as I move up his cock, sucking gently and licking him to make sure I get every drop. I lick over the head one more time, then swallow.

Brad’s head falls back against his headrest as he groans and finally releases the steering wheel. “No one’s ever done that for me.”

“Road head?” I guess.

He nods. “I’ve always been a stickler for rules.”

“I’m honored you broke some rules for me,” I tease.

He chuckles and helps me out of the truck after putting himself back together. Brad pulls me around the front of his truck just before the headlights turn off automatically and draws me close before kissing me slowly.

It’s romantic. He takes his time, lets me explore a bit of control, then grabs my ass and jerks me against him playfully. I nibble my bottom lip and stroke over his chest. “I’m glad you came tonight.”

“Are you?”

“To the bar and to the house ... and the other way,” I tease.

He grins, a full, amazing smile that turns my insides into goo. I touch his chin and kiss him, just to taste that happiness. The man I met was grumpy, annoyed at the world, not willing to let a soul in, not even for a conversation.

Somehow that same man is now grinning at me like he just won the lotto.

He kisses me back, then swats my ass. “Let’s go. Bill’s waiting.”

“Oh yeah, can’t make him jealous,” I say.

I take Brad’s hand and lead him inside.

When we get there, I see Bill asleep on the couch. He snores and adjusts. Brad shakes his head. “He’s out already? I figured he’d be able to go all night.”

“We had a wild night last night, and he got me this morning. It’s been a long day since then,” I murmur.

I don’t really know what to do with myself, so I offer Brad coffee. I set up the pot and sit at the kitchen table. Brad sits with me and the silence descends, like it always does between us. I rethink over today and my brain stops on the asshole cornering me in the bar.

“I know you want it, little girl. Everyone wants me, and I need a taste before everyone notices you.”

I don’t know where that voice comes from. I know the guy at the bar didn’t say it. My skin breaks out in a cold sweat and my feet root to the floor as my vision narrows.

A hand takes mine and I immediately try to jerk away. My eyes jump to Brad’s face and I take a breath. He nods once, then rubs his thumb over my fist.

“Stay right here.”

“I didn’t go anywhere,” I say before forcing the smile.

“You went somewhere in your memories, some terrible memories based on your face. Something you want to talk about?” Brad asks.

I move to his lap and shake my head. “We’re just physical, remember?”

“Well, that memory had a physical reaction, so... it’s close,” he says.

“It’s like you want to know me or something, Brad.” I kiss his neck.

I don’t know what it is, honestly. I just know that whatever fraction of that memory I got, my body remembered more than my brain. If this is the reaction I have, I don’t *want* to remember.

That’s the safer way. I don’t need to remember something horrible. It’s not like it’s going to make things better. It’ll just confuse me more and make me feel twice as messed up and confused as I already am.

“I believe you said we could know something about each other without crossing the line we want to keep between us,” he whispers in my ear.

“I tell you something, you tell me something?”

His lips press together, and I arch an eyebrow. Yeah. If I’m sharing, so is he considering how unwilling he is. He sighs. “Fine.”

“My mom knows about all four of us. I don’t know how she figured you out, but she paid a visit here earlier today. Apparently, she bailed Bill out or something when he was being investigated. She sat right on the couch we defiled and had a very tension-fueled conversation with Kevin, Billy, and me,” I inform him.

“Kevin knows about that, so I’ll tell you something else he knows,” Brad says.

I wait for a moment and see pain cloud his eyes. “My fiancée walked out on me about eight months ago. I’ve kept it quiet, waited for her to come back ... didn’t want to meet anyone new ... but there’s this blonde who just wouldn’t let me be angry or lonely.”

“Oh, do I know her?” I ask.

“Life is a process, Kristy. Highs and lows, good and bad ... all our experiences make us who we are.” he kisses my cheek.

“We’re not talking about whatever happened at this table before our conversation. Whatever it is, it’ll pass,” I say clearly.

Before the coffee machine can make a sound, I pull it out and pour Brad a cup. Of course, I hear Billy moan. “Coffee?”

“The zombie has awoken,” I say with a smile.

Brad watches me with his head cocked slightly to the side like if he stares long enough, he can figure me out.

Good luck.

I haven’t figured myself out. It’s easier to just live and see what happens, to enjoy the moment while it exists, and savor the memories of the good. The bad can be forgotten. The bad doesn’t affect me.

If I try to unlock things that are perfectly fine behind the closed doors in my head, that’s when shit will hit the fan.

Life is complicated enough with three men, my parents, and a cold case investigation. No need to add more to the mix.

KEVIN CHAPTER 38

When I get home in the early morning, I see Brad sleeping on the couch in some borrowed pajama pants and a tank top. I nudge Billy's door open and there's Kristy, and him covered only by just the sheet, I'm sure.

I hate missing out on time with her. Billy has the advantage here, getting her whenever he wants. If she could spend the night on Monday and Tuesday, I could do a lot more with her. Hell, having last night off was a fluke.

I ignore the normal privacy rule Billy and I have since I just *need* to touch Kristy. I have to make sure she's real. Her eyes open and she lets out a little whimper before I squat so she can see me.

She reaches out to me and I pick her up, stealing her to my own bed even though she's completely naked.

"Don't let go?" She asks when I set her on her bed. "I don't want the nightmares."

"Let me get undressed. Do you want a shirt?"

She seems to realize she's naked then. I can tell she's uncomfortable. The opposite of how she normally is naked. She tries to cover herself, which makes pulling a shirt on her difficult. Finally, we get it on her and I leave my boxers on since something is clearly up.

I slide into bed with Kristy and hold her against me. "What are you dreaming of, darlin?"

“Someone ... chasing me. I was naked and crying. He was laughing. So scared. So many lockers. I couldn’t get to the door,” she sniffs.

I rub her back. Being naked in school is uncomfortable enough, but being chased is worse. She buries her face in my chest. “I’m so pitiful. It’s just a nightmare.”

“Sometimes they feel real. That’s okay. I’m happy to protect you,” I promise her.

“Brad threatened someone at the bar. He wasn’t taking no for an answer. Was going to take me or ...” the sentence hangs in the air between us.

I meet Kristy’s tired eyes.

“I’m glad he was there,” I say honestly. “I want you to feel safe when you’re with us. Hell, I want you to feel safe always. Is that why he’s here? You didn’t feel safe?”

“I thought someone might break in again to get to Billy and ... I’m as pathetic as a little kid afraid of shadows or the closet.”

She tries to roll away, but I catch her, then hold her face between my hands. “I’ll turn on a light. It’s okay.”

“Adults don’t need nightlights.”

“I kept a light on in my closet when I got back here. The sounds of the house would wake me up, making me think I was back in combat.” I keep rubbing her cheek with my thumb. “Adults don’t have a ton of rules. We do what we want.”

“Yeah, but nightlights don’t stop the actual monsters any more than teddy bears do.”

“I could be a better stuffed animal than a teddy bear.” I snort.

She hugs me and lets me stroke her hair over her back. She seems to settle after a bit and then falls asleep. I want to stay up, to protect her like I just promised and I know teddy bears don’t take nights off, but I must nod off.

The next thing I know, I'm in an earthquake. I open my eyes, ready to act, but it's Kristy, shaking and gasping in her sleep. She kicks, bruising my ankle.

"Kristy, Kristy, wake up, darlin. Wake up," I say as I take her hand. "Come on, up up."

I physically pull her into a sitting position and she pants and whimpers as she wakes. She tries to get to the headboard, but I hold her against me, bundling her tight against my chest. "What is it?"

"Light!"

I turn on the closet light, and she stares at me for a long time. Her gaze flicks around the room, clearly trying to make sense of everything, but when she calms down, she runs her fingers through her hair, then curls into a ball.

"I'm right here, darlin," I say. "I can get some coffee and we can talk about what's on your mind."

"I'll just ... read or something. You need sleep, you just got home from work and you need to rest so you can protect the people of Tucson," she argues.

I drag Kristy into my arms and kiss her forehead. "You're not getting rid of me that easily. Haven't you learned I'm in this completely, Kristy? I know we're not doing titles. We're not doing serious, but you matter a hell of a lot to me."

"You signed up for sex and fun, not nightmares and... issues," she mumbles against my chest.

"I signed up for *you*. Just let me in and I will fight every nightmare," I promise.

Kristy trembles. "Why? Why do you care so much? We've had a lot of sex, and what else?"

"And I've seen you glow while with the farm animals. I've heard you sing along to the radio—terribly, by the way. I've seen how fierce you are to protect Billy, seen your passionate side, your sexy side, your soft side, even your panicky side and I still want to be right here, Kristy. You don't do a damn thing halfway and it makes me want to be that strong."

Her bottom lip trembles and she pulls me closer to her. She goes limp on me and snuffles. “Stop being so damn sweet and cute and sexy.”

“If it keeps you texting me about your day and your struggle to keep cacti alive, it’s not going to happen,” I say while rubbing her back. “I want you right here.”

She falls asleep again and I keep her in my arms even as I nod off. I spoon her against me and don’t wake up until morning. Kristy pulls out of my arms, but I tighten my hold. “No.”

“I need to brush my teeth. That could be the breaking point for you,” she murmurs.

I lean into my pillow, but Kristy returns and kisses me gently.

“I said bye to Brad. He says he’ll tell us what’s going on with the investigation into Billy... as much as he can anyway,” Kristy says.

“That’s good for us,” I agree while yawning.

“Billy’s taking care of the ranch so we can cuddle,” Kristy says snuggling closer to me. “And maybe get some decent sleep.”

“Less exciting than a date.” Not that I can pry my eyes open.

She yawns before replying. “Sleep date is an excellent date.”

When I do finally get up, I feel rested, warm, and wonderful. I stretch my legs and Kristy moans next to me, her hand stroking over my abs. I pull her hand to my mouth and kiss her knuckles. “Morning darlin’.”

“Afternoon, I think,” she sighs. “We didn’t get to have fun last night.”

“We had other things going on,” I say.

“You were so sweet.” She snuggles closer and kisses my chest, down my abs, and lower. I groan. Kristy pants as she

tugs on my boxers. “Let me show you how sweet.”

“This is a hell of a good morning,” I groan.

She pushes my boxers down, then wraps her mouth around me. I gasp as her hot mouth coats my cock. My head falls back into my pillows and I lift my hips, begging her to take more of me.

Kristy complies. She doesn't go fast, which makes it even better. I get to feel every stroke of her wet tongue, every hard suck, and the soft little gasps that she takes just before taking me deep again.

After a shorter amount of time than I want, my toes curl in the sheets and I grip her hair tightly, trying not to come. I want more. I want everything she offers. As if Kristy knows, she pops off me, then straddles me.

I take a breath. “If you want to wait, we can-”

“You never ask or make me do something I don't want, Kevin. I want *you*, always.” She slowly drops on my cock, taking every inch of me. I grip her hips tightly. Kristy moans. “Can't you tell how much I want you?”

“You're so wet. So, so wet darlin'. So perfect for me,” I pant.

“I like being yours, Kev,” she groans. “You make me greedy for more time. I don't even want to go home.”

“Fuck.” I grip her hips and meet every move. I can't get enough of her. Even though it's slow, intense, and every soft brush of her fingers over my arms and chest makes me crave more.

I can't take it anymore. I flip her over and fuck her hard and fast. “You know I love you loud, darlin'. I enjoy knowing how much you like this, how much you want it. You sound so good.”

“Fuck yes! Kevin, you feel so fucking good,” Kristy moans.

“You belong in my bed every morning,” I growl before kissing her hungrily.

We pull at each other, caress each other, kiss, and lose track of the day as she lets me show her how much I feel for her in the best way. Kristy comes, yelling my name, then pressing her forehead against my chest.

With her pussy tightening and quivering around my cock, I barely last long enough to pull out and come on her thigh. I slump to the side. “Fuck, that was close.”

“I take that as a compliment,” she hums.

I grin and pat her hip.

We clean up and I offer to take her to the farm, but she shakes her head and takes me and Bill to a market downtown.

With Bill, we look at bits of homemade art, honey, and just about anything else that someone could make. Billy points out some cool resin projects while Kristy tries to insist on us getting a cow painting.

We laugh and tease each other until Kristy cocks her head to the side as she looks at something. Her expression is cool and calculating.

Billy pulls her close. “Don’t do it.”

I follow her gaze and see some reporters. They have to be reporters. No one walks around in a deep blue blazer with a matching skirt and a white button-up. With another guy who keeps his hand behind his back.

“They’re not allowed to corner you,” she says decisively.

“It’s sexy as hell when you get all protective,” I say with a smile. “Where did my little party girl go?”

“Oh, I’m definitely still here. If you have a party in mind, I’m more than happy to do that.” Kristy flashes a smile.

“Well, you’re the college girl.” Bill chuckles.

“There’s a very secretive foam party this week. Thursday since we have no classes, Friday. Do either of you want to see me all soaped up in a bikini?”

I groan with Billy and block the shot of the would-be reporters. “Thursday night?”

“Yes. Are you day shift again, then?”

“I might just be.” I smirk. “You wouldn’t be happy with just Billy, would you?”

“I like you all on your own and love when I get you all together,” she says with a giggle.

A reminder of our conversation last night pricks my brain.

We should have at least two of us there, considering Kristy’s gorgeous self. We don’t need a repeat of yesterday. Her getting upset and having nightmares because of unwelcome advances.

Bill seems to read that on my face and nods. “We’ll both be there. I don’t think Brad will fit in.”

“Well, we’ll just have to wait and find out,” Kristy teases. “Now, follow my cute ass and pretend to enjoy the art like you enjoy me.”

KRISTY CHAPTER 39

I make it through the week somehow. The nightmares keep getting worse, but I can't pinpoint anything that's really bothering me. There's just a guy who towers over me by miles, like a giant, fifteen feet tall. Giant and unable to escape as he tears at my body, breaking me until he can have what he wants.

Lockers. A puffy dress that does nothing to protect me or I'm just naked. Then I'm afraid of what comes next and I wake up.

Liz comments on it Thursday, after class. She realizes how jittery I am and takes my hands. She smiles gently. A best friend knows when their loved one is faking. Liz hugs me. "Hey, what's going on?"

"Nightmares. They feel so real. I wake up and I get confused. I feel like I should be back in high school. Like I'm late, going to get in trouble. Guilty," I admit.

"Did something happen?" Liz asks.

I stare at her, and she rolls her eyes. "What?"

"I guess I just thought you'd be angry with me or something for not being around much. I mean, I bailed on my parents this last weekend, but I've been kind of wrapped up in..." I trail off.

She laughs. "Your multiple men?"

"Is it impossible to keep secrets here? Does all of Arizona know that I'm seeing multiple guys?" I demand.

“Well, there’s news of you and Billy online. I’ve seen you with Kevin plenty. And your mom might have called.” Liz giggles. “It’s fine. I get it. I’ve been getting close to Hector.”

“Did you invite him to come out tonight? It’s not a foam party, a real one, without guys.” I wiggle my eyebrows.

Liz takes the bait. She tells me all about Hector, how respectful he is, how sexy, how sweet. She groans. “I saw him in a wet t-shirt after watering the plants or something and I seriously need to create a male wet t-shirt contest.”

“Oh, yeah?”

“And based on your addiction to your men, I think you’d sign them all up,” Liz teases.

“I would. No questions asked, but I’d need more than that to throw money at them. I need some Magic Mike moves.”

“I bet at least one of them can handle that,” Liz looks through her dresses. “I can’t do just a bikini. It’s too revealing.”

“Most people wear bikinis,” I say.

At least she’s not asking about the nightmares or what started them. I don’t know why something as small as a guy hitting on me and just not getting the ‘no’ messed me up. It’s not that I should be used to that or anyone should be, but it’s a reality.

It’s happened since high school and I’ve never been reduced to nightmares before. A part of me wants to figure out why it’s started up, but I’m convinced that if I ignore it and just drug myself with happiness and satisfy every sexual desire that has been building up without Bill, Brad, and Kevin to take care of me.

After shaking off as much of the discomfort as possible, I decide to pair my bikini with shorts and a mesh shirt. Liz goes with a thin little white dress that will get soaked and reveal plenty but still makes her feel covered.

I take a picture of us and send it to the guys. Liz giggles and kisses my cheek. “No one is going to be able to pry them

off you.”

“At least this is at a club and not a frat, otherwise, people might question my guys.”

“Your old men,” Liz says.

“Hector is older, too! He’s twenty-two,” I argue.

We keep bickering as we head downstairs. I notice a car waiting and smirk. I catch Liz’s arm and she looks at my arm, then the car. “Is everything okay?”

“We might just get frisked,” I warn.

Kevin steps out of the driver’s seat with sunglasses and drags them down his nose as he whistles. “You ladies look all ready for fun.”

“We’re plenty ready, but can a man like you keep up?” I call.

Liz gasps. “You can’t talk to an officer like that.”

“Oh, that’s one of the most innocent things I’ve said to him in the last week,” I snort.

“I don’t know if two of me could handle you, darlin. Good thing I brought backup.” Kevin’s smile pushes his glasses back into place.

Billy steps out of the car wearing a white tank top and jeans. I squeeze Liz’s hand. “I fully support your wet t-shirt idea right now.”

“Yeah... it’s not rude if I stare at your men, right?” She asks while gaping at Billy.

“Oh no, I think they’ll appreciate it. Especially since you know they share me, but I won’t share them.” I giggle.

She hurries, says a few hellos, and leaves me to kiss my men. I jump into Billy’s arms and kiss him hungrily. He squeezes my ass and draws back, setting me on my feet. “You better say hello to the driver, too.”

I hurry to the other side, making sure I’m not in the road before I wrap my arms around Kevin and kiss him happily.

I'm sure people walking by can see exactly how he uses his tongue as we make out, but I don't care.

It feels so good to be in his arms. He draws back and strokes through my curled hair. "You're beautiful."

"I missed you," I whisper. "And your closet light."

He gives me a warm smile and kisses me again. "You can always walk right in, darlin. One text and the door is open."

"I even have two phones to choose from."

We get to the club and wait in line. Hector slips in without anyone yelling. Billy takes my hand tightly. "You sure you want to be drinking around a cop? He might narc on us."

"Oh no, I think the officer is going to like me a lot when I'm tipsy," I whisper secretively.

"You don't think he'll slap the cuffs on you for drinking and me for serving you?" Kevin asks.

"I think it would be better if we get cuffed together. Then you both can ravage me, just like I need you to," I chuckle.

We get inside quickly and then lose ourselves in the dancing, drinking, and fun. Billy pushes the limit on drinking, and watches me across the room as I dance with Kevin, clearly enjoying the view as the foam soaks me.

Liz and I tease our men with dancing. I kiss her cheek and we do shots from each other's cleavage until our men pull us apart. Kevin shakes his head at me. "I don't think you need anymore to drink, darlin."

"Oh, let her have some fun, Kev. We're here with her so she's safe," Bill says.

"Don't be a bad influence," Kevin says.

I lean back against Bill. "I don't know. I think we should all get tattoos after this. I'm sure Billy could find us a good place. I could get a heart on my ass."

"Oh no, you don't want that," Bill says.

Kevin cocks his head to the side. His hair is a mess, his cheeks flushed, his jaw still sharp, just like his dark eyes. God, he's sexy. Billy chuckles. "Get him, baby."

I fling myself at Kevin and he catches me as I kiss him hungrily. I rub myself on him, needing as much touch as possible. Kevin groans. "What are you doing to me?"

"Showing you how much I like you. You're so sexy and you sticking to your responsibilities when you could drink is so... sexy."

He kisses me back and smiles. "You said that."

I dance between them, have a little more to drink, and enjoy every smile, every laugh, every joke they crack with me. Even when they bicker about me drinking and Billy tries to get me to dance on the bar with him and some others, it's fun.

All the same, it's hot and the foam falling regularly, the smell of perfume and soap, the loud music, and the alcohol is overwhelming.

I yell in Billy's ear. "I need to go outside."

He catches my hand and walks out with me after yelling something I can't hear, even though I'm only two feet away.

When we get outside, I gulp in the air like a fish gulps water. I sigh and lean back against the wall, letting my feet have a slight rest.

"Are you having fun?" Billy asks.

"So much fun. More than I expected. I figured you both would be force-feeding me water, and be done after a short time, just sitting at a table watching me dance with Liz," I admit.

"Why?"

"It's not country music, it's not like anything we've done. I can't believe you're both letting me kiss you and dance on you and hug you," I flash a big smile. "And hopefully, you're going to let me go home with you."

"I'm sure we can find room for you," he winks at me.

We laugh and I wrap myself around him. Billy hugs me and strokes my back. “Have I mentioned how much fun you are? Or how much I like your date night plans?”

“Oh, this is a date?”

“Yup. I’m using the word. This is a date. Officially, totally, and completely. You even introduced me to your best friend.” He points out.

“Well damn, I guess we’re getting serious,” I say as soberly as I can before laughing and tripping in my heels. I burst into more giggles as Billy chuckles. I tap his nose. “You even met my mom.”

“I met your mom and dad a long time ago. I don’t think it counts now,” he keeps smiling as he watches me.

“It’s just a pamphlet. It won’t bite,” a woman says.

I look over, wait for my vision to catch up, then see a beautiful blonde woman. Her green eyes, warm dimpled smile, and conservative clothes make me curious. I stumble closer to the railing of the ‘outdoor area/ smoking section’ and then someone’s in front of me.

He’s the basic perfect man. The kind of man who’s the quarterback of the football team, prom king ... all American perfect heartthrob. My heart doesn’t throb, though. It races. Goosebumps rise despite the temperature, and something gross and cold rolls in my stomach.

His blue eyes, his square jaw, his short brown hair, his tan, and his stubble ... it all makes me want to puke. The vest he has on doesn’t match him. He should be in a jersey or in some band t-shirt with a cocky ‘you know you want it’ smile.

“You know you’re asking for it. I’m just giving it to you. Don’t be a tease.”

“Are you okay?” He asks.

That stupid remembered voice and his match perfectly. My eyes go hazy as I see him grabbing my shirt and pushing me against a locker. The locks bounce loudly but don’t drown out his panting breaths in my ear.

It doesn't stop me from hearing myself say 'no, don't'.

The alcohol doesn't stop me from wanting to kick, curl into a ball, grab my shorts, and hold them in place against his fingers.

My knees feel bruised, my throat hurts, and...

"Miss, did someone drug you?" He asks.

I almost scream as he touches me, but then I'm wrapped up in enormous arms with a familiar smell bringing me back to the present. Bill's voice answers for me. "No one drugged her."

"Well, places like this are ripe for date rape drugs. I don't want to imagine what happens here, or when an innocent girl is taken from a place like this," the man says.

No, not a man. An angry college kid who hangs around the college as an assistant football coach.

Harley Case.

"Baby, what's wrong?" Billy asks.

"Get him away from me," I say with a ragged breath.

"I thought that was you, Kristy. How long has it been?" He asks while looking me over.

Four years. Four years and not long enough for my subconscious to forget how he violated me and disappeared.

"Billy, please. Take me away," I beg.

BILLY CHAPTER 40

I want to take her away, but I don't want to let him off the hook. I don't know what he said. I don't know what he did, but based on his guilt-less face, he's overdue for a lesson. I pull Kristy behind me.

"Who are you?" I demand.

He looks me over, having to look up at me. He takes a step back. "I'm a man who cares about the women in this city. Too many are taken advantage of for what they wear and if they drink too much."

"He'd know," Kristy whispers while clutching tightly at my shirt.

Those two words beg me to knock some memory back into him. "Is that right?"

"It is. My wife and I know the statistics all too well. It's why we created a safe place for conversation, treatment, and therapy for survivors of sexual assault," he offers me a pamphlet. I take it and he nods. "Make sure to watch your girlfriend's drink. Kristy...well ..."

"Come on, honey," a woman with the same pamphlets says as she smiles at me nervously. "We have more *women* to talk to."

"Of course."

She whispers something in his ear, and he does a double-take at me. There's no fear in his eyes. There's something else

that's frustrating. He peeks around me. "Have a good night, Kristy."

"I want to go home," she says against me.

I turn and rub down her back. I kiss the top of her head and wrap myself around her tighter. "What's wrong, baby?"

"I just... don't wanna drink or party anymore." She takes a long breath, then shakes her head and presses her face to my chest.

"Okay, we'll go in and let Kevin and Liz know," I suggest.

When I try to move, Kristy's nails scrape at my skin through the shirt. Her feet don't move. I text him instead and ask him to bring Liz and her date out. I make it clear that Kristy is *more than* ready to go.

I shove my phone back into my pocket and cup Kristy's face. "Talk to me. What's going on?"

"I just ... just need to go," she shakes her head.

The way she's shaking keeps glancing in the guy's direction like she has to keep him in her sight. I take a controlled breath. I don't know how else to keep myself next to her instead of beating the shit out of that guy and getting myself a reservation in lock up for the night.

"Did he hurt you?"

"I don't... I don't remember." She shakes her head.

I hold her tighter against me and increase the pressure of my hands on her. I will not let her go, that's for damn sure.

Kev, Liz, and Liz's date come out and Kristy pulls away from me to hug Liz tightly. Liz looks at her, then at me. "What happened?"

"Some dude showed up and he talked to Kristy," I say with a shrug.

Liz gently guides Kristy away to talk to her. Kevin watches the guy with me. "Feelings?"

"She doesn't get spooked easily. Ever seen him before?"

“He runs a place downtown with his wife. Case or something,” Kevin shrugs. “He’s been a victim advocate, well known at the precinct. The older guys talk highly about him and his family.”

“Case ... The name sounds familiar.” I can’t place it, but I know I’m going to find out. “She wants to go home.”

“Then we should say our goodbyes,” Kevin sighs. “Shame, it’s been such a good night.”

Liz’s date clears his throat. “So, we’re done?”

“Who are you?” I ask.

“Hector, Liz’s boyfriend,” he offers us his hands. “I know plenty about you two. What’s going on with the girls?”

Before we can head over, the girls come back. Kristy tries to fix her glittery makeup without us catching on, but that’s difficult. She forces a wavering smile. Liz clears her throat. “I can trust you two with her, right?”

“Of course.” I look over at Kristy as she hugs Kevin. “We’d do anything for her.”

“That includes not prying,” Liz says softly. “She’s not ready for whatever’s just happened, so...”

“Not ready.” I nod. “Got it. Don’t bring it up and ...”

“Treat her the same, read the room, just...” Liz motions for herself to calm down. “Be good to her.”

There’s no trouble there. We go our own ways and when we get home, Kristy slams the door, then stares at the car. She’s shaken, no matter what she’s trying to convince us of. I know that she’s not herself, not really.

Kevin and I share a look. He wraps himself around her and she jumps. She looks back at him and strokes his face gently. He guides her to the house, letting her free herself whenever she wants.

She doesn’t. She joins us inside. Kevin stays with her, all the way to the couch. I sit in the recliner and her eyes go to me. “Are you okay, Billy?”

Of course she's asking me.

"Are you?" Kevin asks.

"Oh me? I'm fine. It was just some guy," she waves off even though her hand shakes. "What could I be bothered about? I just wanted you two alone."

"Right," I say with a smile, clearly confusing Kevin. "Well then, come get me."

She hesitates. That's enough to prove something's wrong. After a moment, she looks at her clothes. "Let me get changed first. I'm all wet. Oh, Kev, your couch."

"Don't worry about that, darlin. How about we get some food into you and watch some movies?"

"I'll just get changed..." she says it again like she didn't hear him, then just walks away.

"What was that?" Kevin hisses after walking away.

"You heard what Liz said. We need to be normal. I'm not going to force her to do anything, but I don't want her to feel more broken than she already does." I keep my voice down.

"I want to know what's going on so we can help her. Fix the problem or ..."

"Based on her reaction to him, I have a feeling if I know I won't be able to fix the problem without going to jail," I grunt.

A woman panicking at seeing a man like that. Going from happy to a shaking, almost crying mess. Begging to be pulled away from him, for him to be gone, then hiding behind me ... that's not Kristy. That's not the same woman that will fight another woman for getting in my face or that growls at people to back off.

I pull out my phone and search for the last name "Case" and Tucson. I see some kind of city official that looks familiar. I look at his information. It's not the same guy, but this one I know. He was in high school with me. He was a quiet kid. I ran into him a few times and scared him more than once, only half on accident.

Quiet, always watching, knew everything but said next to nothing. He rubbed me wrong. With those magnified eyes that didn't miss a thing, his passive face he knew how to school when necessary. Fidgety and always uncomfortable with some kind of frustration.

I change the search with the information that Kevin has given me and find Harley Case's advocacy for sexual assault and abuse. Not a shelter, but a women's clinic. I read it over. No one has a bad thing to say about it, except maybe it's a little too focused on religion for some.

His wife is a trained psychologist and counselor with a focus on trauma.

A squeaky clean role model for the community.

"He was in my high school," Kristy says from behind me.

Her eyes are on my phone. "His wife is Regina Talbot. Case... she was a cheerleader. He ... he had a reputation before he graduated and..." Her brow furrows. "I guess he wanted to keep it. He became assistant coach of the football team."

"Kristy," I start, trying to tell her she doesn't have to do this right now.

"Lots of time with the cheerleaders, I bet," she whispers.

"Do you know him, darlin?" Kevin asks softly.

She keeps staring at his photo. "As a senior, people said he liked freshmen girls and he could make you popular after just one date... no one said what would happen when you said no."

"You didn't want to date him?" I ask.

"I didn't like his eyes. I focused on my studies and making friends when I was a freshman. High school was fun," her lips pull up in a half smile.

"Darlin, come here please," Kevin whispers.

Kristy swallows hard. "I said no at homecoming. He shouldn't have been there. Daddy said I shouldn't have worn

my dress, it was too low cut, and would give teenage boys the wrong idea.”

“Kristy,” Kevin stands, but she’s not here with us. She will not hear a thing.

“I said no. It didn’t matter. No one came. I said it. No, I yelled it and he...” she sniffs.

I drop my phone and wrap myself around her. A sob escapes and Kevin’s around her, too. I share a long look with him. I kiss the top of her head and grab my keys. He’s not getting away with this shit.

He’s going to pay for hurting her. I don’t care how long ago it was. I don’t care if he’s changed. I don’t give two fucks if he’s helping others. He hurt Kristy and since I don’t have the brains for a time machine, I’m going to have to do what I can.

I’m suspected of Trish’s murder—body or not—so what’s the harm in giving them the crime they want from me? If it’s for Kristy, then it’s worth the jail time and—

“Billy?” she asks in a trembling whimper.

I clutch my keys in my hand so tightly I think they cut me.

“Please don’t leave?”

I close my eyes.

“What’s important here, Billy? Revenge or our girlfriend?” Kevin asks.

“Kristy.” It’s not even a question.

“Then stay, please. Don’t get in trouble. Don’t....” her voice trails off.

Another sob echoes just before my keys clatter to the floor. I must black out for a second because the next thing I know, I have her pressed against me again. She squeezes me tightly, and Kevin nods.

“We’ll take care of this, but we have to do it the right way. That means patience,” he says to me.

“I’m not patient,” I growl.

“And destroying him will mean twenty-five to life. It will mean me losing my job. It will mean Kristy being alone and dealing with this and losing you. Find patience, even if it means handcuffing yourself to the fucking bed,” Kevin says.

“That’s supposed to be where I am right now,” Kristy murmurs.

“Darlin, we’re going to cuddle you, love on you, and show you we offer a lot more than sex tonight,” Kevin says before kissing her neck.

“With Billy?” She looks up at me, her nose red, eyes watery, and lip trembling.

There might be a day when I’m strong enough to do what I have to, even with Kristy like this, but today isn’t that day. I kiss her forehead. “We’ll do it Kevin’s way... for now.”

She nods and kisses my chest. “Stay.”

“We’re right here, Kristy. We’re not going anywhere unless you want us to,” Kevin assures her before kissing the back of her shoulder.

“I ruined tonight,” she whispers. “We were having fun. We were finally... out and-”

I lift her chin. “You and I will both be able to go out however we want soon. Nothing but fun.”

KRISTY CHAPTER 41

Guilt rolls in my belly even as we watch the T.V. Only these two men know what happened to me. I didn't ask for it. I didn't. No 'yes' crossed my lips, but Dad warned me and I did nothing. I was afraid of my dad killing Harley.

Billy's ready to do just that. I can tell that not one bit of him is relaxed considering how he keeps fidgeting as if just sitting here instead of making Harley confess isn't enough. My dad wouldn't have been stopped. He would have put Harley in a grave that would never be found.

He would have gone to jail and lost his life, too.

All because I went to Homecoming alone in a dress that showed some cleavage.

I squeeze Kevin's hand tightly.

He rubs my back.

Just stop thinking about it.

It didn't exist for four years. It was gone. I gave up my virginity a few months later. A *choice* just to prove it was mine. My body, my rules, my choices.

If Harley tried to touch me now ...

"Kristy, how does chili fries sound?" Billy asks casually. "A good dinner to help balance out the alcohol?"

"Yeah," I smile, trying for his level of calm. "That sounds great."

He gets up, and I hear him in the kitchen. I look at Kevin instead of the movie. He's a better view. I'm dating a cop... two maybe. Not to mention a man who's clearly not afraid to add murder to his list of charges.

No one is going to hurt me. I'm safe.

Brad proved that earlier when he was happy to threaten someone with a gun just for making me uncomfortable.

Kevin—his warm eyes, sun-kissed skin, his blatant adoration, his determination to make me feel better through being normal, though not treating me any differently. I'm not some broken doll that needs fixing.

I sigh and move closer to him, pressing my face to his neck.

He hugs me close. "You're going to stay in Billy's bed tonight."

"To keep him here?" I guess.

"Yes."

"We need a king-sized futon for the living room. I could buy one. Or one of those extra large couches that are basically a bed, you know? Then we could have proper sleepovers," I suggest. "It would fit and considering I'm here so often, doesn't it make sense that I would ... pitch in?"

"Sounds like you have it all figured out," he gives me a warm smile. "Or are you just trying to get Billy and me to go shopping to bring some class to the place?"

"I love your place," I say honestly. "It feels like home."

He brushes my hair behind my ears. "I'll make you a deal."

"What deal?" I draw back.

"We can go couch shopping, futon shopping, if you teach me how to braid."

It's so out of left field, I don't know what to say. "Braid?"

“I know you like braids. You only have three hairstyles. Down, in a pony, or braided. I’d like to braid your hair instead of just knot it with my fingers,” he explains.

I swoon for him, just like that.

Billy’s got that raw sex appeal and that hunger for my time and attention that makes me feel desired like I never have and Brad’s got that intense, primal protectiveness paired with a quiet assertiveness that doesn’t need words, but Kevin ... He’s commanding and soft at the same time. He can laugh at himself, and find fun in anything, all while making me feel important and warm.

I kiss Kevin slowly, rubbing his chest. One kiss becomes two, then a slow, dizzying make out session. He strokes down my back while continuing to hold my cheek in his rough hand. His lips soften against mine before he draws back.

“Is that a yes?”

“Yes,” I whisper. “You called me your girlfriend.”

“It’s been weeks, darlin. You’re exclusively with Billy, Brad, and me. Sounds like girlfriend is the right word for you,” he says.

I give him a genuine smile and he kisses the corner of my mouth. “So, are we starting braiding lessons now while Billy is cooking?”

“Hey, it’s still Bill to you,” Billy calls from the kitchen. “Only Kristy gets to call me that.”

My heart leaps again.

I teach Kevin to braid, show him some diagrams, and let him do a horrible job in my hair. We eat chili fries and Billy makes me laugh despite the hollowness I see in his eyes. When we get tired, I give Kevin a good night kiss that promises tomorrow will be better and go to bed with Billy.

Billy cuddles me close after changing into pajama pants and nothing else. I stroke over his chest, along each of his muscles as they ripple. He catches my hand and kisses across my palm and the inside of my wrist.

“No fishing for that tonight,” he says against my skin.

“You don’t want me?”

Does this new memory change how they see me? Are they going to touch me? Ever fuck me again like we have been? Is this the end of us fucking whenever we get the chance?

Billy studies my face and smiles gently before pulling me flush against his hard body. “I don’t want you any less, baby. You are a fucking goddess and saying no is the second hardest thing I’ve done tonight.”

“Second hardest?”

“I want to kill him. Slowly. I can put all those true crime shows I watched to work. I have a hundred fantasies about it,” he breathes. “I stayed for you. Only for you.”

“Don’t say that.” I trace his bottom lip until his tongue flicks over my fingertip. “Don’t go to jail over me.”

“I would,” he disagrees. “A hundred times over if I thought it would fix things.”

“It won’t,” I whisper. “If he pays for it, *he* pays for it. Don’t let some asshole ... don’t let him ruin your future. If you get life for trying to protect my honor, then he’s won twice.”

Billy softens and leans in. His nose brushes mine and I feel his breath on my lips. My eyes lift to meet his eyes as he studies my face. I stroke his sharp jaw and he shudders before his lips brush mine.

It’s too gentle and soft for Billy, but I take what he gives me. I press my lips to his softly and he kisses me again. His mouth moves on mine slowly. Every kiss grows deeper until I feel a kind of raw I’ve never known.

Everything is easy with Billy. He’s loving my soul, not my mouth, holding my sanity in his arms instead of my body. I’m convinced his heart is setting the lead for mine to follow.

I unfold myself to hold him in every way possible. My legs wrap around him, and I hug him closer as his tongue strokes mine. I moan softly and continue touching him, his back, the

slightly raised lines of some of his tattoos, constantly reminding myself that it's him.

My Billy.

He draws back and presses his forehead to mine as we both pant. He smiles gently. "No more than that tonight."

"I have a job tonight," I agree.

"Keeping me right here," he agrees while touching my knee. "You're doing very well so far, baby."

"Can you ...?" My mind keeps jumping around. I know I need to ask something, but I don't remember the words. I just keep wanting to lose myself in him because his body is familiar, good, can fix so much.

"Put that look away," he says gently. "Finish your sentence."

"Can you not tell anyone? I guess Brad should know ... might have to know since secrets would be bad between the three of us, but ... Liz doesn't know," I whisper.

"Baby... No one else knows?" He asks.

I shake my head. "How could I tell anyone? Who would believe me? In all my short skirts and... My dad would have been like you, but he didn't have Kevin to stop him. Liz would have told a teacher. My dad couldn't know. He *can't* know."

"Oh." His eyes get that sad look that's too close to pity for my liking. Billy hugs me tightly. "It's your experience and yours to share or not, baby. I'm so sorry you've held onto this secret for so long."

He holds me as I cry, letting it all out.

As I sob, Billy pulls me with him as he moves. I feel warmth behind me and I sniff as I look back. Kevin's there. I wipe my nose. "This is Billy's room."

"If you're crying, I'm here," Kevin says.

Billy nods. "We are *both* here for you. I think it's pretty clear Brad would be eager to get revenge for you with me, but

he'd be here too, rubbing your ankle and telling you all the ways he could arrest that piece of shit."

I snuggle between my guys and cry myself out.

I mourn my younger self and everything she had to go through silently. She's not alone anymore.

I'm not alone anymore.

When I wake up, one of my men is missing. Billy isn't with me. I gasp and sit up, groping the spot where he should be. It's cold. "No. No. Kevin!"

Kevin sits up. "Hmm? Darlin, whats-?"

"Billy's gone!"

Kevin groans and drags himself out of bed. Too slow for me. I jump up, struggle into pants I find, then stumble as I make my way to the front door. Someone catches me and I barely suppress my scream.

Billy's hazel eyes greet me. He hugs me close as I struggle in his arms and hug him as I pant. "I thought you-"

"I promised to try Kevin's way. I'm giving the law a chance," he says. "Did you think I changed my mind after you begged me not to go after him last night?"

"I was scared." I hug him tighter.

Billy rubs my back and kisses my forehead. "We're going to take care of him, but you're right. If I go to jail, he wins twice over."

I close my eyes and give him another squeeze. Kevin groans as he sees us and scratches his head. "I'm gonna shower, I guess."

"Thank you for getting up Kev," I say.

He takes one step towards the shower, then walks to me, kissing my cheek. He continues on his way and I brush my teeth and put myself together enough to function before returning to Billy.

He smiles at me.

“No murder?” I ask.

“None,” he promises. “I’m staying free for you.”

So much for a casual fling. Now the promises are flying. He flashes another smile.

“Billy-”

Someone knocks on the door, and I groan. Can’t we get one weekend without an interruption? Billy kisses me softly. “I’ll get it, baby. Get some breakfast.”

Instead, I follow. Two police officers—neither of them Brad—come in. Billy sighs. “What can I do for you? Kevin will be out soon.”

“We’re *asking* that you come in for questioning about Patricia Vaughn’s murder,” One of them says. “Again.”

“Officer Morgan, I remember you.” Billy points at his badge. When no one responds, he sighs. “I thought it was a disappearance.”

“Body’s been found, McKay. We can do this nicely, or pull out the cuffs.”

I grab Billy’s arm, glaring at the officers. “Are you threatening to arrest him based on nothing but rumors that linger after he was cleared?”

Both of them look at me for a long moment. Officer Morgan’s face pales. “Miss Jacobs?”

“Should I call my father about baseless threats being thrown around?” I demand.

Billy eyes me gently. “It’s okay, baby. I have nothing to hide. I’m more than happy to help in the investigation, just like last time.”

I squeeze his hand. “Remember your promise.”

“I’m good at the truth. Promises are easy,” he assures me with another kiss before the officers lead him away.

BRAD CHAPTER 42

Cold cases suck. I don't mind the work, never have. Everyone deserves justice, no matter how much time has passed. There are always families that have holes where answers should be. There are horrible people who get away and if something can deliver them to the punishment they've earned, it's our job to make sure it happens.

That doesn't mean cold cases are easy. The first forty-eight hours normally dictate a case, but in the murder of Patricia Vaughn, all fingers went to William McKay, and they spent three and a half days questioning him, trying to pull information out of him, and never looked in another direction.

We have ten witnesses to his relationship with Trish, no alibi for Bill. Bare bones evidence. Bill's knife found with blood, wiped down so no prints. Old evidence that we can retest. A new body, found in the desert thanks to dumb luck, but plenty of issues with the time that's passed.

I rub my forehead as I feel the headache spreading from my temple.

"About damn time," someone says.

I notice the noise in the bullpen comes to a stop. I look up and see Bill. He has on a tank top and pajama pants, boots that don't match the rest of him. Compared to half the people here, he's a giant. Muscles and tattoos on display.

No cuffs, so he came willingly. It's Friday, so hopefully Kristy doesn't know about this. She won't be okay with this.

“Go into the interrogation room with Morgan,” Sergeant says. “You were just a rookie at the time, but you might remember things differently. Keep the file with you to compare his statement.”

“You got it,” I say easily.

“And prepare for an interruption.” He keeps his voice low while glancing around.

“Why?”

“Apparently, Kristy Jacobs was clinging to him when he was picked up and threatened to involve her father,” Sergeant pats my shoulder. “It could go either way. If he decides to leave, we’re going to have to let him.”

“Yup,” I agree.

I head to the interrogation room. Detective Morgan offers Bill coffee and water. He shakes his head to both. “Let’s do this again so I can get home.”

“Do you have plans for that girl, too?” Morgan growls. “She’ll be reported missing right away, unlike Trish.”

“Trish and I met up for a talk. Our relationship was having problems. Her friends said I was a problem, affecting her grades, acting as a bad influence. I snuck out after my curfew, so used my window. I got in my car, took it to Trish’s and waited a block away until she got in. We went to our normal spot, a place plenty of people go,” he says instead of answering Morgan’s goading.

“And then? You found out she was leaving you and lost your temper? Decided that if you couldn’t have her, no one could? I bet you didn’t want to take no for an answer. What did she do? Embarrass you? Threaten your reputation?” Detective Morgan just keeps pushing.

“She told me we were done. That we didn’t want the same things, that she didn’t want to keep fighting for a relationship going nowhere. She was sure that with college coming up, there was no point in pushing the relationship forward,” Bill says.

It's exactly what he told us before. This time he doesn't have all the same details, but considering it's been twelve years, it would be more suspicious if he remembered everything.

"You're telling me that didn't piss you off?" Detective Morgan leans forward. "Come on, we're all guys here. We get it. You were seventeen, your temper got the best of you. Maybe you just shoved her, and she screamed. You wanted her to stay quiet, and you remembered you had the knife. I mean, it was the heat of the moment. Maybe you just saw red."

"I was hurt. I was willing to give up smoking for her. I wanted to be the guy she could introduce to her parents. I offered all that, but she still said no. She said she wanted to go home. Before I even answered, she was in the car. There wasn't anything else to do. I dropped her off a block from home so her parents wouldn't see us together since they didn't like me, then I went home," Bill continues.

"No one heard you come home?" Detective Morgan crosses his arms.

"I went back in through my window. I left it open. You know how it was here back then. You could leave a window open and no one would care. Especially out on the ranch," Bill shrugs.

"So you're going to say this isn't the spot you last saw Trish?" Morgan throws photos down.

He includes one I don't remember. I look at the notes. Initially, they didn't give it to Bill. They wanted him to say what spot it was. They wanted him to admit to being there without showing it to him.

Bill leans forward, looking at the spot where the blood pool was found. He shakes his head. "No. That wasn't our spot. We went to the national park. We'd park before the gate and all of us kids would hang out by the big saguaro. There were some other cacti but no cholla. It was too easy to stumble into those when drunk. I never took her there."

"Really?"

“Really. If that was our spot, there would be beer cans and cigarette butts everywhere. I was a heavy smoker then and friends would come by to drink.” Bill actually looks confused. “Is that a creek?”

Detective Morgan hits the table. “Don’t lie to me!”

“I’m not! Hook me up to a fucking lie detector. I didn’t do anything to Trish except try to keep her as my girlfriend. Killing her would have ruined that hope! I thought after a few days, she’d come back to me until...”

“Until what?” I ask.

Detective Morgan looks at me, his face all red. He was on a roll and I interrupted it.

He rubs his jaw. “Kristy and I went to the diner last week, and I ran into Trish’s best friend.”

“Just *happened* to run into her?” Morgan scoffs. “Sure.”

“She interrupted our date. You can ask Kristy, since Kristy got between us when Amanda tried to fight me. She said that Trish was going to leave me for someone else. She didn’t say who. Did you know that?” Bill looks between us. “I just found out, really.”

“Don’t you think she would have mentioned that when we spoke to her originally?” Detective Morgan demands.

“Look, officer-”

“It’s Detective now. I don’t believe a single word coming out of your mouth,” he sneers.

“I’ll take a polygraph. I didn’t hurt Trish. I never hurt her. I tried to get her to smoke weed to take the edge off, sure. I bought her Adderall when she was falling behind in classes. I drank underage, I smoked cigarettes, I drove without a license. I skipped school, sure. I did all that, but I’ve never hurt a woman and I *wouldn’t* ever hurt a woman.” Bill shoves the photos back.

“So you didn’t put her body in your truck, drive out to the desert, dig a whole two feet, throw her down, cover her with sand and stones, trusting the cacti and brush to hide her for all

these years?” Detective Morgan throws a photo of Trish’s body as they discovered it on the table.

Billy just stares at it. He goes white as a sheet and reaches towards it. He takes an unsteady breath. “She deserved so much better. Tossed like that ... for no one to find or take care of, so no one could help.”

He shakes his head and leans back. “Why?..”

“You know why! To cover up evidence of *you* all over her!”

“That’s enough,” a firm voice says from the door.

Bill looks over and there’s Kristy. Her father stands behind her, frustrated as can be. Kristy has a tremble to her. That’s new. Some kind of something is missing.

“Billy, please?” She asks.

He clears his throat, looks at Trish for a long time. His eyes swim, but he stands. “I’m happy to help as much as I can, but I don’t know ... I don’t *want* to know how someone could do that.”

“We’ll see,” Mr. Jacobs says threateningly. “Kristy, don’t go far, we’re going to have a talk.”

She ignores him and reaches for Billy. He hugs her, not caring that her father is there. He doesn’t have the stomach for murder, not like this. Mr. Jacobs comes in and shuts the door. He takes the seat where Billy was.

“Morgan, leave.”

“Sir, I need to-”

“Get out of this room,” Mr. Jacobs says without looking away from me.

Morgan hurries away. The air in the room spins, and I think the walls are tightening around me. He must know. He has to if he just wants to talk to me. Mr. Jacobs folds his hands together.

“I was, mistakenly, under the impression my daughter was dating Kevin Miller. Now I find out she’s canoodling with

multiple men. She's not hiding it. Kevin is a good, respectable man, or I thought he was. Any man who will *share* a woman doesn't value her."

I don't say a word.

"Now I find out she's with Billy..." his eyes flick up to me. "And you."

"Mr. Jacobs, that's not what this time is for. We're trying to find a murderer," I say without flinching.

"Oh, this takes precedence. You're going to stop seeing my daughter now. We all know Billy did this and we'll find a way to hang this on him and tidy this up. Kristy is--"

"An adult who makes her own choices. I will follow this case through and work with our CSIs to make sense of the evidence. We have a new lead that I *will* follow so this girl can get the justice she deserves." I stand.

"You should be more careful, Brad. Playing politics matters," Mr. Jacobs says. "I think you should sit back down and consider what I'm saying."

"This area is for business, not private conversations. Unless you have information about the case at hand, I need to have a few words with Kristy," I say clearly. "Bill said she may have overheard a conversation and she can confirm a few things for us."

"If you drag her name through the mud or let anyone else do that, you'll have your retirement much earlier than you thought you would," he says while standing.

We stare at one another eye to eye. I'm not some rookie officer or some old crooked cop he has in his pocket. My career is clean. I've dedicated my life to this precinct, the officers, and the public for twelve years. He has no dirt to throw.

"I will do my job. When it comes to personal matters, I ensure discretion on my part, but I don't pretend to be anything but what I am," I say in a low voice.

He snorts and opens the door. "Kristine!"

She returns and slips into the room when her father says to. She doesn't sass, doesn't say anything. She sits in the chair and squirms. I notice she hugs herself and it takes effort to keep from hugging her.

“This will be quick, Kristy,” I say.

“What do you need?”

I go over her involvement the other night with Bill and she nods. “Yes. I was outside with Kevin, then noticed Billy was taking too long. Some chick with pink hair and piercings was like... climbing the table to get to him. I thought she was coming on to him, but she was talking about Trish.”

“And?”

“I pulled him away from her. He looked really confused. That's all. I don't know anything else.” She stares at her feet.

There's a lot wrong here and I have a feeling that 'wrong' has nothing to do with this case.

KRISTY CHAPTER 43

I take a step to leave, but Brad stands up. I stay exactly where I am, watching him approach. He crosses his arm, glances at the glass, then takes a step forward. “Do you want to talk about anything?”

“Here? Absolutely not,” I toss my hair over my shoulder.

Brad’s eyes flip to my hair and I touch it, feeling the remains of the braid Kevin did. It’s definitely knotting. I rub over my shoulder and down my arm.

“Tonight then?” he asks.

“Are you suggesting...” I trail off.

He nods, not saying the words, but giving me an obvious answer. “Make sure Bill goes right home. With this news, him coming into the precinct, and the flurry of news surrounding the case, being out and about will be bad for him.”

“No one’s going to hurt him,” I growl.

It doesn’t matter what I’m dealing with. I don’t care that my dad is frustrated about me being with Billy, and I don’t care about my past. No one is going to hurt any of my men. I move a step closer. “Are you okay? My dad...”

“He’s not shy about sharing his opinion. I’m a big boy. I can handle it.” Brad pulls at his belt.

I feel a familiar heat fill me with that move. Brad watches me intensely as hunger fills his eyes, too. I don’t *need* to tell him about the new revelation in my memory. Maybe I want to

be selfish and enjoy him again before his focus is on revenge like Billy's.

Brad takes a slow breath. "Try not to make a habit of coming here."

"Guess it's too busy for you to take me somewhere better than an interrogation room," I murmur.

"Yup, that's the only line you're getting in," he says, walking to the door and opening it.

I walk by him and feel his hand stroke down my back. He grabs my ass hard, drawing my complete attention. Brad smirks. "I'd rather take you someplace we can be loud. I enjoy the way you moan."

He says it in that low, wicked voice that makes me wet immediately. I groan. "When do you get off?"

"When you do a good job and get me there," he chuckles.

I fan my face as I walk out. I try to hide my smile since it feels wrong to be grinning after an interrogation, but Brad has that mind-melting effect on me every time. I nearly make it to Billy, but my dad steps in the way. He glances at Brad, then at me.

"I have a good guy chosen for you, Kristine. Kevin is a good guy as well. Why do you have to stir the pot?" He demands.

I try to pull away from his hand on my wrist, but he doesn't let me go. He makes me take a step back and I hear the heavy locks on the lockers bang in my head. I hear myself yelling no. Hear Harley pulling at my dress, cursing at how many layers it has, then telling me to shut up before shoving me to my knees.

"Kristine!" my dad yells.

I jerk away from him and rub my wrist while blinking away the tears. His face falls as worry fills his eyes. "Did Bill hurt you?"

"You hurt me," I say as I continue rubbing my wrist while walking to Billy. He wraps an arm around my shoulder. Before

he can ask, I shake my head. “We’re not talking about it. Remember what I said last night?”

“Of course, baby.” He kisses my temple and strokes over my back, stopping before my pants. “You look extra cute in baggy jeans.”

I give a half-hearted laugh and lean closer to him. “Are we done with the police today?”

“Don’t let Kev hear you say that. He’ll be offended,” Bill says gently.

We get back to the ranch, but I don’t want to go back inside. Not because I don’t trust my men, but because I know they’re going to keep up this ‘not touching Kristy’ thing that I can’t stand.

Sure, I’m going to have flashbacks and shit. I think that’s normal, but I didn’t freak out when Brad grabbed my ass or gave me a hint of dirty talk. I can handle them. I just have to keep my eyes open and on my men.

I feed the cows some grass, picking at it and delivering it to their mouths before scratching their heads. One nods against my hand, moving closer. Those big dark eyes on me, calm and kind.

I sigh and slip between the fence. Some of the cows scatter, but one pushes its giant head against my chest as I hold it close.

“Want to trade lives? I think you’ve got a thing or two right over here. Just for a day. You can enjoy being human and partying it up and I’ll laze around. No one will know the difference,” I whisper in its ear.

“You’re making me jealous of the cows, darlin,” Kev says in that thick drawl.

I turn to face him. He’s a dream of a cowboy. The plaid button-up *isn’t* buttoned up, revealing his sexy body. His jeans mold to his body. The belt buckle begs me to rip the belt off and demand his cock.

Not to mention that cowboy hat resting on his head. He smiles at me playfully. “Well, look at that. I can still steal your attention.”

I take a step closer to him. “I think these jeans are too hot.”

“Mine or yours?”

“Both. They’re going to come off,” I murmur.

Kevin helps me over the fence and keeps me close as I stroke his chest. He strokes my face, then chuckles at the braid. “You kept this terrible thing?”

“You gave it to me. Of course, I did,” I say, meeting his eyes and pulling his hips closer to mine.

He groans and kisses me hungrily, sucking my bottom lip, licking deep, driving me insane with each second that it drags on. He kisses me again and again, rubbing down my hips as his fingers skim my ass. It doesn’t matter that Billy’s jeans are too big on me or thicker than I’m used to, I still feel little sparklers go off across my body.

Kev presses me against the fence and pulls my thigh over his hip, rubbing against me. I rub over the back of his neck, stroking into his hair and opening to give him more access to my mouth. I draw back and Kevin continues his trail of kisses down my neck.

His fingers dip into the top of my jeans, and he rubs just above my panties. He groans against my neck. “You feel so good.”

“Are the ranch hands here today?” I ask.

“Always, darlin.”

“Want to give them a show?” I tease in his ear. “Or do you want to throw me down on the couch?”

“I was thinking about the bed, but you’re gonna have to beg,” Kevin says before licking across my cleavage.

“Please, Kevin. I don’t get you tonight. I need you now. I need you to touch me,” I pant, letting my head fall back. “To

touch me and hold me and make me forget everything but you.”

He groans and picks me up, trusting me to wrap my other leg around him. I giggle as he bounces me against his chest, kissing my neck while carrying me to the house. He squeezes my ass. “You sure you want me?”

“Yes!” I yell. “Of course I want you.”

“I don’t want to push or rush you,” he says in my ear.

“Then I’ll have to shove you down on your bed and take you the way I want you,” I growl in his ear. “I’ll rip your pants off and ride you until you believe I’m a rodeo star.” I laugh.

“You drive me insane, you know that. I just don’t want you to..” I kiss him to shut him up.

He stumbles up the steps, my back hitting part of the porch railing, but I just cling to him tighter. I rub my hips against his growing hard-on as he turns to pull the door open. Something warm brushes my back and I pull away from Kevin.

Billy’s right there. He kisses my neck softly. “I’m sensing a reward for not committing murder?”

“Billy,” Kevin growls.

I stroke down Kevin’s chest while rubbing down Billy’s abdomen. “I want both of you. Need both of you. That’s all I can focus on,” I gasp, staring at Billy.

“It won’t bring up ...” Kevin trails off.

“You heard the lady. A gentleman doesn’t deny what a lady requests,” Billy says. “And we both know you’re the only gentleman here.”

“What does that make you?” I ask.

“Very happy and eager to fuck you the way you want us to, baby,” he says in that low, growly voice that makes me crazy.

I groan and tug him along with us as Kevin leads us to his bedroom. He tosses me down on the bed, but I bounce right back up, going for his jeans even as Billy feeds me hungry, demanding kisses I think might make the clothes just explode

off me like in one of those anime shows Liz tried to get me to watch.

The pants loosen around my waist and something clatters to the floor as I step out of my jeans. I pull Kev's belt free and toss it to the side as I wrap my other arm around Billy's neck to kiss him hungrily.

Kevin goes for my shirt but pauses. When his lips touch my hip, I gasp. I look down and see him on his knees. I groan as he licks and teases my lower belly with his lips.

"Kev ..."

"This is all about you, making you feel good," Kevin says before biting my panties and tugging. "And we're very good at that."

"Yes," I rasp. "So good at making me feel good."

I moan and spread my legs, giving him better access. Billy works my shirt over my head and cups my breasts. Oh, I'm never wearing a bra around them. Never. He rubs my nipples with his fingers while kissing across my jaw.

"You're so beautiful," Billy rasps against my ear. "I promise never to be the reason you cry."

I gasp as he squeezes my nipples between his fingers. He kisses me when I look up at him, shoving his tongue down my throat and devouring every sound that tries to leave as Kevin drags my panties down my legs and kisses over my mound.

"I thought ..." I pant. "I thought I was in charge."

"You'll ride me just like you need to, fucking me hard and fast, taking me as deep as you can handle, Darlin," Kevin promises, his breath catching on the wetness between my legs. "We'll make sure you enjoy every second with us."

"Oh, yes. Yes," I chant as Billy keeps licking and biting down my neck.

Kevin licks over my slit, his tongue deepening until he brushes my clit. I shudder and spread my legs farther. Kevin grips my ass, palming it hard as he guides me over his tongue.

Billy keeps feeding my kisses as I reach back to undo his jeans and reach in to stroke his cock.

He groans and bites my shoulder. "I think you're eager for us."

"Yes, I am," I pant.

"Tell Kev how good he feels. You know he wants to hear it," Billy growls.

"Kevin," I pant. I drag my fingers through his hair, pulling him where I want him. "Right there ... oh yes ... just like that. Oh, ...you ..."

I can't think enough to put a sentence together. My whole body trembles as pleasure sweeps through me, threatening to drag me down. I nearly yell his name as he sucks and licks my clit, fingering me at the same time.

As I come down, I smile. My men can fix every single problem I have.

KEVIN CHAPTER 44

I lick my lips as I draw back from Kristy and sit on the floor, watching her as she shakes and squirms. Billy strokes down her belly and between her legs. She gasps and lifts herself up on her toes.

“Billy!”

“You’re not ready to have us yet. You’re not wet enough,” he says.

I grin as I watch, but I can’t resist the urge to touch her, kiss her, to have her the way I need her. I move onto the bed and drag her hips forward, so she and Billy move. He does something that makes a mewling whimper leave her throat.

It’s sexy as hell.

I kiss her breasts and wrap my lips around one of them. Kristy whimpers and grabs the back of my head with one hand. Her other must be on Billy. He fingers her fast and hard, so hard that I can *hear* how wet she is.

Kristy’s legs tremble, and she grips my shoulder, pressing to stay in place. I use my teeth lightly on her nipple, continuing to stroke over her sides and tease her with my tongue.

She moans, but it’s soft, muffled. I look up to see her trading passionate kisses with Billy and smile.

Kristy deserves to be this happy, this wrapped in pleasure, this overwhelmingly pleased all the time.

“Come again, baby. Be as loud as you want for me,” Billy orders.

“Fuck! I’m so, so close!” She whimpers.

“Just wait until we’re inside you,” He grunts.

She lets out another sharp moan. “Please, I want you!”

“You don’t want my fingers? You want to ride Kevin’s cock, don’t you, baby?”

“Yes!”

“Do you want me in your mouth?” Billy asks. “Until you make one of us come or...”

“Oh, fuck. Yes. God yes,” she moans.

“It’s not God making you come, darlin,” I say in a low voice. “Say his name.”

“Billy!” she howls as she comes apart, slumping against me.

I hold her as I ease out of my shirt and kick off my boots. “You want me to leave the hat on?”

“Yes,” she croons. “Yes, please to everything.”

“Everything is a lot,” Billy says as he finishes stripping. “I don’t know if you can handle everything,” He says stroking his cock in her direction.

“I want all of you, all of both of you,” Kristy demands.

I lie back on the bed and motion to every inch of my hardness. Kristy moans and moves until she slides down my length. She moans as she rolls her hips. I grip her hips hard, trying hard to give her total control. I know she needs it, wants it, and craves it.

“Ride me like you want, rodeo queen. Take me until you come,” I order.

Her eyes are already glazed over with pleasure, but she bites her lip and rolls her hips on me. Billy swats her ass. “You want more than that, don’t you? You want him fast and hard, don’t you, baby?”

“Yes! Yes, I do,” she moans.

She braces herself on my chest and rides me faster and harder, taking me over and over. I groan and lift my hips to meet her every time, enjoying the moans it earns me. Kristy uses a figure-eight pattern while watching me. Her body moving is absolute magic. She’s beautiful, she’s everything I need and more.

I drag my nails down her back. “Fuck, darlin. That’s so damn good.”

Kristy nods and keeps bouncing, her tits moving each time as her nipples tighten. Billy joins us on the bed and strokes through Kristy’s hair. “Let him know how good you feel.”

“So fucking good!” She yells. “Oh, Kevin, harder ... harder, please.”

I hold her hips down and pound into her, unable to resist. Her lips part, then she leans down and kisses me hungrily, her tongue teasing mine as she rubs herself on me and trembles. She draws back and Billy offers her his cock.

She wraps her lips around it. God, her lips are beautiful. They’re plush and stretched tight around Billy’s cock as she takes him deeper. Her cheeks hollow and her eyes flutter shut.

Kristy rolls her hips again and moves between us eagerly, taking everything she needs and some. She moans and I place my feet on the edge of the bed. I thrust into her over and over, groaning as her pussy quivers around me.

“Oh fuck, just like that,” I groan. “You take us so fucking good.”

“I love how you move your tongue on me. Baby, I ... fuck, do that again.” Bill moans as he strokes down the back of her neck. “Yes! Damn, baby, that’s good. I love your mouth on me.”

She keeps bouncing on me, taking everything she needs and then some. I moan and dig my nails into her hips before grabbing her ass hard. I slam into her and let my head fall back. I need to take control. I need to have her.

Kristy pants and then a hungry, muffled moan leaves her throat. Her red cheeks are all hollowed and her eyes rolling back is such a beautiful sight. Her pussy tightens around my cock and she curls her fingers against my chest, scratching at my skin until I nearly come.

Billy lets out a low groan. “Fuck, I’m gonna come, baby.”

She ups the pace on his cock and then he lets out a deep grunt and holds her in place. He rolls his hips into her throat and draws back slowly. Kristy licks over the tip, then I roll on top of her. She’s almost on her side, but still watching me. Her tits bounce with each thrust as I grab her ass and her breast.

“Oh, Kevin! Yes! Yes! You’re so good, babe ...”

“Your pussy is heaven, darlin. I can’t get enough of you. I’m fucking addicted,” I snarl.

She reaches up and grabs my shoulder. I increase the pace, fucking her as fast and intensely as she wants. Billy strokes through her hair and kisses her hungrily. We groan and gasp, wrecking my bed, obliterating any possible thought until we’re totally consumed by each other.

Kristy lets out another moan and gasps. “Kevin! Just like that ... oh, oh, yes!”

She comes apart, soaking me as her pussy tightens around me and pushes me over the edge. I come apart and can’t even pull out. I ride out my pleasure and Kristy pulls me toward her, cuddling me and rolling her hips against mine.

“So good Kev,” she pants. “Oh, my god that was amazing.”

I kiss her neck and melt against her. “Those are all my lines.”

She giggles and plants a lengthy kiss on Billy. His fingers glide through her hair as she beams at us happily. “You both are so good to me. I’m lucky to have such devoted boyfriends.”

A knock on the door echoes, and I groan. Billy holds his hands up and pulls on his jeans. “I’m sure it’s for me.”

“You’re the popular one,” I agree.

I pull a sheet over Kristy, and she wraps herself around me, kissing my chest. Not just my chest, my heart. I stroke through her hair. “There’s nothing I wouldn’t do for you, darlin.”

“Nothing?” she asks shyly.

“Maybe not murder, but I can definitely throw a man around. Abuse my badge a little for you,” I tease with a smile.

She smiles and strokes over my chest. “Now that you know ... does it change anything? Are you going to stop tossing me around and fucking me like this? Are you going to treat me with kid gloves?”

“No. I want to make you feel good. I want to make you so happy that you never have to worry about the past. That you don’t think about tomorrow, that nothing bothers you again,” I whisper against her lips before kissing her softly.

She moans and clutches me close, her body rolling against me.

“You’re too good for a college party, girl,” she whispers.

“That’s impossible and you know it,” I stroke her face. “You’re so much more than a party girl. Wild, yes, but in the best way.”

“I don’t feel very wild lately. I walked out of a party and haven’t been my normal bubbly self,” she says.

“Says the girl who went out to hug cows, who’s had wild barn sex with two men, had wild sex on the couch out there, has two cops wrapped around her delicate fingers, and isn’t afraid to threaten the police for my stepbrother.” I chuckle. “You are wild in all the best ways.”

Kristy’s eyes dilate, and she leans forward to kiss me again, devouring me eagerly. She draws back and pulls me closer. “Keep saying things like that and you can fill my hair with terrible braids.”

“I’ll get better. I’ll learn to paint your nails, we can do a facial day. You can show me all the magic of being a woman,” I chuckle.

She groans and pulls me tighter. “Keep going.”

“Billy will rub your feet until you’re moaning. I’ll slather you with lotion, making sure I don’t miss a single spot.”

“Doesn’t leave much room for me,” Brad says.

Kristy looks up at him, letting the sheet fall down to her hips. Her hair is all fluffy after our sex, her cheeks burning red, her lips raw and puffy. She looks sexy as hell and Brad drinks in the view, helpless to her power.

“Brad ... I thought you said tonight,” she whispers.

“I got off early thanks to a certain visitor,” he says while taking off his belt. “I came right from the precinct.”

“You couldn’t wait,” I chuckle.

Brad grins. “I’m not the only one, apparently.”

Billy comes back into the room and looks at Kristy with an eyebrow cocked.

She nods to him and pushes the sheet off her body, a clear and loud yes. I groan as I look her over. My cock is already starting to harden again.

Billy groans as Brad closes the distance and pulls Kristy up. There’s no conversation. He just kisses her hungrily and palms her ass. She flattens against him but starts working on his clothes. He helps her, jerking his pants off, and then he drops her down on the bed next to me.

He keeps kissing down her body, exploring her breasts as he rubs her ass.

She jumps up. “I ... I have to shower really quickly.”

I motion for them both to go. Billy chuckles. “Think we’ll be included again?”

“I’m sure,” I chuckle. “Do you think she’s going to tell him?”

“That’s after sex talk,” I point at him seriously.

We both hear her squeal, then a moan that goes right down to my cock. I take a ragged breath.

It's five minutes before we're called in. Brad has Kristy riding him as they sit on the floor with the shower off. Billy motions me to go ahead.

"Lean back and take Kevin, just like you need him, baby. Be a good girl for us," Brad orders her.

Kristy pants. "Make me."

Brad gently collars her throat and pushes her back as his hand slides down until he's on his knees, fucking her hard as Bill and I take turns filling her mouth. She moans and rubs over my hip clumsily. Brad grabs her ass as she takes him deep. Her eyes flick to Billy and her eyelashes flutter as she reaches up to Brad to hold on to him as he pounds her harder.

It's hot as fuck and something I won't get tired of seeing.

I know that. Our whispered words, sharing her and watching the ecstasy on her face, enjoying her storming into every situation ready to defend us, fight, or make the most of a moment. It's addictive. I meant that.

I can't get enough of her.

When she comes, her eyes roll back, but she doesn't free me from her mouth. She slurps me harder.

Fuck, it might be the excellent sex weighing in, or I might just love her.

KRISTY CHAPTER 45

These men are too much. I lose my mind, coming apart as Kevin finishes deep in my throat. I lick him up, swirling my tongue around to make sure there isn't one drop that escapes. Drawing back, Kevin strokes through my hair with a huge grin on his face.

I almost get a word out, but Brad ups the pace. I sit back up to cling to his shoulder as he fucks me hard and deep. I press my forehead against his shoulder. "Fuck, Brad! Yes! That feels so fucking..."

"Tell him, baby," Billy orders.

"Don't stop, please don't stop Brad," I pant.

He continues, going like a fucking energizer bunny, only so much better. My eyes roll back as my toes curl and heat fills me until I explode again. I shudder and drag my nails down his back.

Brad lifts me effortlessly

He turns me around and smiles. "On your knees."

"But you ..." I whimper.

"I want to finish in your mouth this time, beautiful," Brad says. "Bring those lips over here so I can show you how much I like your dirty talk."

My whole body trembles at that.

I wrap my lips around his cock and wiggle my ass. Brad lets out a soft sound. "Billy, you deserve something too, don't

you?”

Just like that, Billy is slamming into me. He fucks me at a relentless pace that doesn't let a single thought in. There's just pleasure. Brad fucks my throat as Billy fills me again and again and I dissolve into a pleased puddle.

I come at least twice, then both of my men come for me. Brad finishes on my tongue and Billy comes on my ass.

Before I can slump to the floor, I'm caught.

My eyes struggle to stay open, but once I'm warm and finish riding out the mind-numbing after-effects of fucking all three of my men, I realize I'm on the couch, snuggled between Kevin and Brad.

Brad rubs my feet, and I let out a soft moan as Kevin tugs my hair slightly. “Damn thing won't come out.”

“You're going to have to wait. Trust me, now is not a time to be late,” Brad grumbles.

Kevin huffs and kisses me slowly, and softly. He deepens the kiss until he's surpassed every fantasy of every kiss I've ever had. He smiles down at me. “I have to go to work, Darlin.”

“Stupid work,” I grumble.

“Agreed,” he sighs. “I'd rather be right here with you.”

“He can't, wild child. His stepbrother being investigated is enough to have him on desk duty. Any problems with attendance will be noted,” Brad explains.

It doesn't matter. I still cling to Kevin. He feeds me more kisses, then whispers against my lips. “You should tell Brad.”

But I don't. I enjoy a wonderful night with him and Billy. We dance in the kitchen, tease each other, share plenty of kisses, another round of insane sex. Then they cuddle me, feed me, tease me with so much.

“You should get a hot tub here,” Brad comments.

“A hot tub?” Billy asks while tugging on my robe sash. “You know, I think that's a good idea.”

“Hey!” I yell. “First, the couch. I want a big one in here so all of us can fit. I want to be cuddled by all my boyfriends at the same time.”

“Boyfriends, huh?” Brad asks, adjusting slightly.

“Is that fair?” I ask him.

He considers it as he plays with my fingers. He’s the one most on the fence, the newest one. He clears his throat as he watches our fingers move. “Maybe.”

“That’s not an answer,” Billy says for me with a wicked smile. “It’s close.”

“Maybe is an answer,” Brad says softly. “Especially with your dad already threatening my job.”

“I’ll threaten him...” I actually have no idea what to threaten.

“No threats from you, Kristy. I can take care of it.”

I roll onto his chest and stroke over his muscle and the little bit of extra there. I touch the hair on his chest and grin up at him. “Because you’re a big boy?”

He rolls his eyes.

“You are, by the way. Plenty big and ... delicious and ... hot.”

“Alright, baby,” Billy says.

Brad stands. “I have to go. I’ll see you soon, but not at the station.”

“Sunday?”

“Or tomorrow night. It seems like you’re happiest with two men at your disposal,” Brad winks.

Billy rolls his eyes, but Brad heads out after pulling on his shirt and giving me another deep kiss. I shudder and pull at him. “Are you sure you don’t want more than a kiss?”

“Maybe I could have you to my place soon. Cook for you in a fully decked-out kitchen,” Brad says softly.

I grin at the idea.

Brad walks out, leaving me wanting, but Billy spins me under his arm and binds me against his chest. “What are your big plans for tomorrow?”

“You don’t need to know. You’re not allowed to come.” I tap his chest.

I know that what I have in mind is a terrible idea, but I’m going to do it, anyway. Billy and Kevin are worried about me. I know that with my immediate, knee-jerk response to being touched, I will not be okay until I confront my past.

Which means I’m going to deck Harley. I’m going to out him for who he is. I’m going to make sure he doesn’t get to forget me and that other women know exactly how terrible he is. It doesn’t matter if he’s helping women now.

Oh god, what if he’s hurting the other women instead of helping them? What if he’s taking care of them the same way he ‘took care’ of me?

“I don’t like that look,” Billy says while gently touching my chin.

I jerk away, then immediately grab his hand and put it back on my cheek. Billy arches an eyebrow as I nibble my bottom lip. “It’s something you don’t need to be involved in, Billy. Trust me.”

He narrows his eyes, but cuddles me all night until Kevin gets home, wakes me, and pulls me to bed with him. He touches me gently, strokes me, and tells me all about his night and how boring it is.

It should make me feel better, but it doesn’t change what I do in the morning.

I slip out of bed easily, get in my car while in my pajamas, and go home. I pull on a top that shows some cleavage and a skirt that’s modest. I look at myself in the mirror as I braid my hair, thinking of Kevin.

He’s not at work. He won’t get involved. Now’s the time to do it. I pull the pamphlet out and drive to the women’s clinic. I talk myself up the whole way, telling myself exactly how

angry I am. I narrow my eyes as I park and see his fucking face on the poster.

He's smiling, happy, wrapped around his wife. I hiss between my teeth, take a few breaths and remember how conniving he was. How he approached me when I was a freshman. Then his stupid cocky smile when he saw me and complimented my dress acted surprised that my dad let me out of the house.

How he couldn't believe I didn't have a date and said there was no point in going, but he knew better places for a *woman* like me, a fifteen-year-old, to hang out. I get out of the car and try to stab the earth with my heels.

I'm so pissed. I need a goddess or two on my side. Hera would kick his ass happily.

I throw open the door and see him and his wife behind the counter. His wife looks up and smiles. "Do you have an appointment?"

"No," I growl, my eyes going to Harley. "You ..."

"Kristy Jacobs, how nice to see you. Is there something we can help you with?" Harley asks while perusing my body with his eyes.

"You can tell the fucking truth. That would help me," I snarl.

"What are you-" His wife starts.

"Why don't you make sure the rooms are ready, love?" Harley suggests.

She looks between us, puts a frustrated face on, then leaves the room quickly. Harley takes a few steps forward, and I stumble into a woman coming in. He grabs my arm anyway and drags me outside.

"Did that man hurt you? The one you were with? I noticed you got upset. Bill has that-"

"You have a reputation, too. Do you remember what it was in high school? I do. You were the guy every girl wanted, the one no one said no to," I remind him.

His face goes blank, but there's a hard look in his eyes.

“Did you forget? I did. Shockingly, the brain does that to protect itself, I guess,” I grumble.

“It sounds like you'd benefit from speaking to my wife about this,” he says in a low voice as more people come around.

“You want her to know? Huh?” I see more than a few women coming in and raise my voice. “You want your wife to know what you did to me!”

He grabs me and jerks me to the side while panting. “If you keep up this insanity, I'm going to call the police. You can't sling accusations around and make a scene-”

“For something that happened four years ago, right? Maybe I should still file a police report. I believe that sexual assault has a seven-year time limit,” I snarl. “I was little then, didn't think anyone would care since my 'no' clearly didn't matter.”

“Stop!” He yells.

“No, you're right. I'll tell your wife what a conniving ass you are. I'll tell the city that a predator is running a clinic for women and-”

He covers my mouth with his hand. I'm thrown back into the moment, the fear, the pain in the back of my throat I didn't want to explain. My mom asking me why I'm home so early. My dad asking if I had a good time.

Me hiding away so I wouldn't have to explain the bruise on my shoulder, the reason some hair was missing, the reason my voice was only a rasp.

“Get your hands off her,” a low voice warns.

I hear Harley grunt. He pulls his hand off my mouth and holds his hands up. “I was trying to control an unruly person. I think she might be drunk. She should be taken somewhere to dry out.”

I'm not drunk, but I'm not dry either. Tears roll down my face. I take a sharp breath as I put a hand to my chest. “I didn't

tell anyone back then because I didn't think they'd believe me. I thought I had done something wrong. I just didn't know any better. But what about now, Harley?"

He snarls at me but doesn't move.

When I finally pry my eyes from him, I see Kevin. Not Billy. Not Brad. Kevin. He looks so far beyond pissed that I'm convinced I should worry more about him going to jail over this than Billy.

"Go back inside and be thankful that I don't let my girlfriend walk around armed. That would have been self-defense," he growls.

Harley keeps his hands up. "I'm filing a complaint with the police. On her and you."

"Go ahead. I think we have plenty of witnesses," Kevin says.

I see Brad across the street then.

Not to mention the women continuing to stare. Kevin looks at them. "Did you see what happened?"

"Yes. They were talking, and he grabbed her," a woman answers softly. She immediately walks away from the clinic toward Brad.

Harley points at me. "If this hurts my business, I'm going to sue you for slander."

"If I remember right, the school had security cameras. Do you think they keep the tapes?" I ask.

He walks back inside quickly.

Kevin hugs me but shakes his head. "I'm going to tie you to the headboard."

"He doesn't get to hurt another woman. Working with women who are already vulnerable ... I couldn't just ..."

"Yeah, it's a good thing Billy sniffed it out. Let us help," he whispers.

He's not telling me, no, not telling me to calm down and be reasonable. He's supporting me. I cling to him and nod. "Okay."

BRAD CHAPTER 46

Kristy clings to Kevin as he walks her away from the building. She looks back twice, her hair slipping from the braid. Kevin rubs her shoulder, but she keeps the space between them and clears her throat.

Kristy looks up at me. I watch her, and she watches me while sucking on her bottom lip. I want to cross my arms over my chest, let the silence drag out so that way she fills in what I don't know since I'm obviously missing something even though I earned the title of boyfriend.

Kevin rubs her back. "I'm going to go calm Billy down ... and release him from the cuffs. You guys go enjoy breakfast."

Kristy grabs his hand. "You handcuffed Billy?"

"You didn't see the hate in his eyes when we figured out where you were going. He figured it out first, and it was nearly a fight to get it out of him. If I wouldn't have cuffed him, Harley wouldn't have gotten a warning, and Billy would be in jail for assault at a minimum," Kevin says.

My eyebrow raises, and Kevin motions to me before jogging to his car. Kristy takes a step closer to me and clears her throat before wiping her eyes. "Breakfast?"

"That's what we've been told to do. I'm not a breakfast person," he says.

"Um ... so what do we do instead?"

"I like bowling," I say.

Kristy nods and climbs into the passenger seat. We get to the bowling alley and we go through the routine. I get a ball, put our names into the machine, then focus all my anger from the suspects who've gotten away, from Kristy's father picking at me like I'm a teenage boy, from this entire issue with Kristy, on the pins.

I get a solid seven down, but nearly drive one pin into the lane next to us.

I finish with a spare, then stop Kristy before she bowls. She looks up at me, those damn gorgeous eyes diving straight into my soul. She hugs me, pressing her face to my chest. My arms wind around her reflexively, even if I want to be mad.

She sniffs and shakes her head. "I had to do something, Brad."

"About who? The guy grabbing you?"

"Harley is such a ..." she clears her throat, then squeezes me.

I grunt as she cracks my back, then cup her head, angling her up to me. "Tell me, Kristy. You can trust me."

"This would mean we're not just physical anymore," she says.

"If you're in trouble, I don't give a shit. Tell me what's going on," I say gently. "Fuck the physical only rule. That was ruined when I invited you over."

"I saw him when I went to the club with the guys and my best friend. It all came rushing back. Repressed memories shit," she says softly. "Harley ... when I was in high school ..."

I wait, trying not to jump to any conclusions as my temperature boils.

She clears her throat. "Doesn't get easier even after saying it once or twice, does it?"

"Take your time," I answer, continuing to hold her as kids run around yelling and pins fall.

Kristy takes a breath while playing with the wrinkles in my shirt. “Harley didn’t stop when I said no. My shorts were too big, but I learned there’s more than one way for a guy to ...” She touches her mouth and then drops her hand. “If someone hadn’t come down the hall to yell at us for being somewhere, we shouldn’t have been...”

I kiss the top of her head and stroke her back. I take a slow breath, trying to clear out the waves of disappointment and frustration echoing through me. Kristy has enough anger for the both of us, but she’s having to relive it, remember it all over again when it had been gone. It’s not fair to her.

I’m disappointed that she had to deal with it. I’m disappointed she hasn’t gotten her justice, and I’m frustrated the man dared to put his hands on her again. I kiss Kristy’s forehead.

“Nothing to say? No vengeance to swear? No, I’m sorry?” She asks.

“Words do nothing with this,” I say before gently stroking through her hair and meeting her eyes. “What do you need?”

“I don’t know. I thought making him pay would be good. Now I just don’t want it to happen to anyone else. It shouldn’t be ... It shouldn’t be fair that so many women get hurt and don’t feel safe to say anything. Or they’re afraid they won’t be believed. I want to believe a clinic can help, but...” She shrugs sadly.

“I will support you as long as you don’t take the law into your own hands, sweetheart. I don’t want you being caged,” I say gently while stroking her cheek.

Kristy shakes her head slowly. “You were never meant for a physical-only relationship, Brad.”

She stands on her toes and kisses me softly. I cup the back of her head and pull her closer, kissing her deeply. I don’t know how to help her with this or what she’s feeling, but I’m going to be here for her.

Kristy draws back and sighs, pressing her forehead to my chest. “You better not let me win because of this.”

“Definitely not,” I promise.

“Make me work for the win,” Kristy insists.

We bowl together. She celebrates when she gets a strike, dancing and wiggling her hips to some beat other than the music playing over the speakers. I grin and laugh with her. In the end, we’re nearly tied. I win by a slim margin, but the score doesn’t matter.

Her smile is the only victory I need.

Kristy bounces into my arms before sliding her arms around my neck. She giggles and kisses me while still bouncing. One kiss breaks and another begins that easily. I spin her around, making her laugh.

We return our shoes, and I sigh. “We should probably go check on Billy.”

“That’s right. He was in cuffs, wasn’t he?” Kristy asks.

“He was. If you’re lucky, he still might be,” I tease.

She giggles. “Don’t get my hopes up.”

We head back to the ranch. As we drive, I notice Kristy going quiet. I touch her knee and she jumps while cringing against the door. When our eyes meet, she relaxes and clears her throat. I shake my head and offer her my hand. She takes it and leans closer. “So, Brad ...”

“You want me to share, don’t you?”

“Always,” she agrees, moving back toward me.

“I have a lot of baggage,” I warn her.

“Unpack it,” she encourages me.

“My fiancée left me with no warning. I thought I’d go into the private sector after leaving the military, but I’m a cop. Haven’t even made detective after twelve years since I don’t kiss ass. I miss seeing the world. I enjoy doing construction and carpentry, anything with my hands,” I say.

“You’re good with your hands,” she answers.

I laugh. “That’s your takeaway?”

“How much are you willing to discuss right now?” She asks seriously. “We could go have fun instead of going back to the ranch. I bet you know all the big-boy fun things in Tucson.”

I can't stop smiling around her. I rub my thumb over her hand and she squeezes my fingers. “I don't go out very much.”

“What? But there are so many bars, concert halls, events, parks, so much to do here!” She says sarcastically.

“I'm a homebody,” I reply seriously.

Before she can dig in further, I pull into the ranch. “This might be the most exciting place I've been.”

“You're only saying that because of what we've done here,” she argues.

“Of course,” I chuckle.

We get out of the truck, and Kristy loops her arm around mine. She kisses my neck and I take her hand in mine. “Boyfriend ...”

“Does that deserve more than a maybe?”

“It just might,” I tease.

“Might is just a maybe, but prettier,” Kristy grumbles.

I knock on the door and she rolls her eyes at me before opening it and walking in. I stay behind her, just in case, but Kevin is lounging on the couch alone. Kristy puts her free hand on her hip. “Kevin?”

“He's asleep. I wasn't going to wake him up. I don't need to deal with his anger,” Kevin says as he turns up the T.V. “Everything good with you two?”

“Yes, we're okay,” I say.

Kristy stands on her toes to kiss my cheek. “Be right back.” I swat her ass lightly and she giggles before prancing toward Bill's room. “Billy!”

“So, she told you?” Kevin asks softly.

I sit next to him. “She did.”

“And?”

“And I don’t want her talking to him alone again. A man with so much to lose is dangerous,” I murmur. “Kristy needs to see a therapist to unpack, honestly. I think that’s going to be the best way for her to help herself right now.”

“We suggest that and we have a chance of her blowing up on us,” Kevin puts a piece of bacon in his mouth.

“I know. Her chasing him down and trying to ruin him is only going to cause her more problems. If you hadn’t called me, if we weren’t there today, she could have been arrested for disturbing the peace,” I say. “Her father would get her out, but does that really matter?”

“No,” Kevin sighs. “We don’t need her father more involved than he already is.”

“He knows about all three of us with her, by the way. Tried to get me to leave her and pin Trish’s case on Bill no matter what. He’s very clear about his expectations,” I snort.

“What did you say?”

“I said Kristy’s an adult and the evidence will speak for itself. I have the lab testing every bit of evidence we have, including blood on the knife. Sure, it’ll probably be all Trish, but a lot of time, inexperienced people will cut themselves too,” I say. “I don’t know what other evidence we have, but Bill made it clear that Trish wasn’t found at their spot.”

“He didn’t do this, Brad. I know that.” Kevin’s so firm. I don’t think evidence would make him change his mind.

“I know. I saw his face when they showed him Trish’s body. He was surprised, confused, and upset. Not a recipe for guilt,” I say.

A moan echoes from Bill’s room, and Kevin rolls his eyes. “I thought she’d need time. I thought she’d need to process, and I wanted to go slow.”

“I think she has other ideas,” I keep my voice down. “Control is going to be her new best friend and so is keeping things the same. I’d recommend asking what she needs.”

“Sex, apparently, and a lot of it,” Kevin says, looking back at the room with clear envy.

“Are you jealous?”

“I used to be, honestly. I figured she just wanted as much as she could get because I didn’t please her like she needed. Now, I just want to be there so I can watch her come again and again,” he says in a low voice.

“Then we seem to be wasting our time out here, don’t we?” I hint.

“You can just jump into bed even now that you know?” Kev asks.

“It happened to Kristy, but it doesn’t define her. She does that all by herself. If she wants me, is opening the door to more than conversation, I’m going to be there and enjoy it as much as I can,” I say.

“Well, if you’re going to be all reasonable....” Kevin grins. “I’ll race you there.”

He takes off and I chuckle before quickening my pace to catch up.

Kristy’s going to be so distracted, so comfortable, that she isn’t going to feel a trace of fear or discomfort while we’re around. We’ll make sure of it.

KRISTY CHAPTER 47

I ride Billy, enjoying the fact that he's all tied up. He pants. "Let me go, baby. Let me touch you."

"I don't have the key," I tease, bending down to kiss him as I keep bouncing on him, taking him deep just like we both need me to.

He groans and pants. "You're so damn naughty. When I get out of these cuffs, I'm going to toss you down and show you exactly what you're missing out on."

"I think I've got plenty to work with," I say before letting out a panting breath. "And I'm definitely enjoying it."

"Fuck, I like it when you're in charge," his head falls back.

I grip his shoulders and rub myself on him, taking him again and again as my clit rubs against him.

"I told you we were missing out," Kevin says.

I look back and see Kevin and Brad watching. I grin. "We have limited positions, but I think I can fit you both into my schedule."

"Just your schedule, darlin?" Kevin asks.

Both of their shirts are already off and I devour the view as I keep riding Billy. Kevin climbs on the bed and cups my breasts, sending pleasure across my nerves as Billy fills me over and over again. I can't hold back any longer when Billy tells me how hot I am as I ride his thickness. I scream his name, "Billy! Yes!"

I let Billy hear exactly how good he makes me feel until Kevin whispers in my ear. “Are you going to leave Brad just to watch?”

I groan when Kevin squeezes my nipples between his fingers again. I turn to see Brad stroking himself and Billy groans. “Fuck, I want to touch you, baby. I want to touch you *now*.”

I kiss him quickly, nibbling his bottom lip, then lean over and take Brad’s cock as he offers it to me. I sink down, taking it until I nearly gag. I suck hard as I move over him. He groans and runs his fingers through my hair. Kevin and Billy keep driving me insane.

There’s no way I’m going to last long. Billy lifts his hips and I groan, trying to look at him without taking Brad out of my mouth.

Brad groans. “Such a good girl for us.”

“She is. Our girlfriend knows just what she’s doing, just how to take what she needs while still pleasing us,” Kevin agrees. “How does that feel, darlin? Having all three of us devoted to your pleasure?”

I moan and my eyes roll back. I bounce on Billy faster, thrilled he’s meeting me every time and increasing the intensity of the ecstasy sweeping through me. My pussy tightens around him as I come, muffling my moan with Brad’s cock. Billy groans and pants.

“Lift her now! Fuck, I can’t...” Billy grunts.

I’m lifted and slide down Kevin’s cock. So long. He gets so deep inside of me, I’m afraid I’m going to come immediately. Brad grunts and thrusts into my mouth. The head of his cock hits the back of my throat and my eyes roll back.

“Fuck, you like blowing him that much?” Kevin asks.

I nod softly, and Brad chuckles. “Good. Take me just like you need, sweetheart.”

Just his low, sexy voice teasing me has me close to the edge of my sanity.

With Kevin controlling every move of my hips, pounding into me hard and fast while rubbing my clit in fast circles and Brad filling my mouth again and again, taking control because he knows what I can take, I'm in total bliss.

I reach forward, fumbling for Billy's cock. When I finally wrap my hand around him, I stroke. He's all kinds of slick, but I want him hard again, now.

Kevin groans. "Fuck, you're insatiable, darlin."

Brad comes next, groaning low and gravelly as he fills my throat. He rocks into my mouth again and I suck him softly as he trembles.

He jerks back.

I whimper as I lick my lips. "I wanted to go until you were hard again."

Kevin lifts me and tosses me down so I'm next to Billy. He fucks me hard and grins. "You make us hard over and over, darlin. Without even trying."

"Oh!" I pant.

Kevin lifts my thighs, wrapping them around him as my head falls back. He feels so good inside of me. Billy's warm body next to me, knowing Brad's watching and he's next. All of it is so naughty, so intense, and wild ... I can't help it.

I come when Kevin sucks my nipple between his lips. "Kev! Oh, fuck, fuck!"

He jerks out and comes on my belly while panting my name over and over like a prayer. I squirm under him, lifting my hips like I'm ready for even more. Once I relax, I look over to see Brad smiling. Kevin rubs my thigh and reaches out his hand. Brad gives him a towel or something so they can wipe my belly.

Billy jerks his arms, flexing his muscles until I'm a hopeless, swooning mess.

"You're so sexy," I hum.

“Yeah, yeah. Everyone likes the bad boy in cuffs. Brad and Kev both get to touch you, kiss you as much as they want, get to feel you, and you get to see my muscles.” He rolls his eyes.

“Kev, can you get the key?” I ask in a sticky voice.

Kev kisses my jaw and gets up. Brad sighs, then grabs me so I can clean up. Billy watches with blatant jealousy. I wink at him and he jerks against his headboard. I hear something crack and then Billy is up. His wrists are still in the cuffs, but his headboard is broken.

Brad turns and sets me on my feet. He chuckles. “I’ll go rush Kevin.”

Billy kisses me hungrily, devouring my mouth as he loops his arms around me and rubs my back. He groans and rubs himself against me. I hear metal on metal, then something drops behind me.

Billy puts one hand in my hair and the other on my ass, gripping tightly. He draws back and studies my face. “I’m the one who does stupid shit, not you.”

“Are you mad?”

“Furious. I’m going to encourage Brad to spank you and I might just join in,” he threatens.

I giggle, then enjoy a shower with him. Once I’m in just a towel and with my guys, I see a shared frustration across their faces. I pull the towel tighter around me.

“I know it was stupid to go after Harley alone,” I say.

“I think you mean ‘at all’,” Kevin corrects me.

“You made me do things the legal way,” Billy says while crossing his arms over his chest. Of course, him being in just a towel ignites heat low in my belly again and I can barely focus on his anger. “Stop staring at the towel. Look at me.”

“I’m not looking at the towel,” I say honestly, enjoying his abs thoroughly.

“Kristy, you can’t go after him in public like that,” Kevin insists. “I only have one set of cuffs. Unless you and Billy

want to share them, I need one of you to behave.”

“I get it. I just ... I couldn’t ignore ... I don’t trust him with those women. They deserve a good person and he’s not a good person!” I yell.

Brad gets a call and takes it. His eyes flick to Billy and suddenly, there’s nothing more important in the world than what they’re saying. Brad nods a few times, then hangs up. “I just got called in for O.T.”

I pout. “What about eating dinner at your place?”

“You’ll have plenty of chances,” Brad assures me before kissing my cheek. “I need to get my hands on those results first before someone more loyal to your dad makes them disappear.”

“What?” My shriek is sharp even to my own ears.

All three flinch. Brad takes a slow breath. “Your father wants this case over and is convinced that Billy did it.”

“That’s fucking wrong! Billy didn’t do it!” I yell.

Billy sits next to me and pulls me into his arms. “I didn’t do it and you’re not going to kill Harley, even if he might deserve it.”

“Does,” I correct him quickly.

“Both of us need to stay out of prison to be together, so stay out of prison and let us help, okay?” Billy asks in my ear.

When he kisses the pulse point in my neck, I can’t exactly say no. Kevin nods and takes my hand, putting it on his chest over his heart. “We need you right here.”

Yeah, not falling for them, is definitely not an option. Brad adjusts and kisses me softly. “I’ll see you again soon.”

“Promise?”

“Promise.”

He walks out but stops to look back. At me. Just me. It makes my heart leap in my chest. How am I supposed to do

anything but pull him back when it's clear he wants me to? I try to move, but he shuts the screen and heads away.

“He’s helping you, right?” I ask.

“Yes, baby,” Billy promises me.

“I’ll talk to my dad, too. He’s not pinning something on you to make things easier. Then a *real* killer is still walking and...” I look back at him. “And I care about you too much for there to be bars between us.”

“Back at ya,” he says, before kissing me softly.

“You sound pretty determined to keep us all together,” Kevin teases.

I huff. “I like you three ... a lot more than I ever expected to.”

I’d be crazy to admit more than that. Since I’m not entirely insane yet, I can calm myself. Kevin takes my hand and kisses my palm. “Keep that in mind, since I plan to practice braiding your hair tonight.”

My phone rings loudly and all three of us look over. Billy hands it to me and I see that it’s Liz. I put it on speaker. “Hi, bestie. How are you?”

“Someone got a video of you yelling at Harley Case and him grabbing you. I wanted to make sure you’re okay,” Liz says loudly.

“Yeah. I’m going through some stuff,” I answer.

“Based on what you said about him ... well ... are you really okay?”

Of course, she caught those comments and understood them with or without the backstory. “I’m working through it.”

“I know a counselor that’s really helpful with PTSD. Someone from the campus. She’s wonderful,” Liz says.

“She’ll do a meeting,” Kevin says for me.

I gape at him, but he gives me such a hopeful, loving look that I can’t yell at him.

“Okay! Is that Kevin?” Liz asks.

“And Billy,” Billy says. “How are you?”

“Good! If you guys are up for it, we’re going to go bar hopping... I mean me and Hector and-”

My phone shows another call coming through ... my mom. I sigh softly. “I have a feeling I’m about to be busy.”

“It takes you all night to please just two men?” Liz asks.

I laugh. “Multiple times over, yes, but my mom is calling.”

“Oh.. well, good luck. I love you. See you Sunday night!” Liz says. “Also, remember that the pool isn’t worth your dad’s temper.”

“He’s probably worried,” I admit. “I’ll give you all the details later, babe. Have a good night with Hector.”

“I love you twice as much for introducing me to him,” she replies before hanging up.

I take the call from my mom and put it to my ear. “Hi, Mom.”

“Bring your boyfriends over tonight. I’d like us all to have dinner,” she says.

I hear my dad try to correct her in the background and look at my guys. “Just dinner? Brad got called into work, but ...”

“Just dinner. I need to make sure these two boys are good for you.”

“If you bring out the baby pictures,” I warn.

“Oh, that’s a great idea, honey! See you tonight,” she says, hanging up before I have the option to say no.

What a weekend.

KEVIN CHAPTER 48

I adjust my shirt again, my best button-up. I still feel exposed and wrong. Kristy grabs my ass and I jump, looking back at her. She licks her lips. “I love the way jeans fit you, cowboy.”

“Is it enough?”

“I want you to be comfortable,” Kristy says while undoing two buttons on my shirt.

She kisses the spot gently, then grabs one of the dresses she’s left here before. It looks perfect on her, impossibly perfect. I groan and kiss her forehead until she lifts her face to accept another one.

My tongue brushes hers, then I feel something on my head. Kristy pulls back and smiles. “You’re not complete without your hat.

She’s twirled into Billy’s arms. He has on a pair of black slacks and a gray button-up over a white tank top. Kristy rubs over his neck as he rolls the sleeves up over his elbows. It reveals one of his tattoos, but the rest of his tattoos are hidden away.

He still has on boots instead of dress shoes—biker boots instead of cowboy boots like me. Kristy looks between us, but I don’t want to tear my eyes from her. She looks so damn good in that dress. It’s only held together by a little tie and all it would take is one pull.

“Don’t make me double knot this,” she says while pointing to her bow as if she can read my mind.

“Are you saying you don’t want me to pull that and lick every inch of you?” Billy growls.

“I’ll handcuff you,” she teases.

“Oh yeah, because we found out that keeps me in one place,” he snorts.

“It worked until Kristy got involved,” I argue.

He grins a dopy, shameless smile. One that I know is just for Kristy.

We tease her and get her all kinds of blushing and riled before Bill gets in the backseat so Kristy can ride shotgun.

The drive is short, but I can tell Kristy is nervous. She leans back, starts nibbling her nails, and glances out the window. I reach over and stroke down her arm. She takes my hand. “Is this too much? It’s too much, isn’t it? I mean, it’s just one thing after another lately. We should stay in and watch movies and-”

“We’ve been doing that already,” Billy says from the back, unbuckling and hugging her around the seat. “I can handle this, baby. There’s nothing your parents can say that I haven’t already heard.”

“That doesn’t mean *I’ll* keep my temper,” she says. “And what about you, Kev? Can *you* keep your temper?”

“I can definitely do that,” I promise. “One of us has to be smart.”

“Or two!” Kristy huffs. “I’m going to down an entire glass of wine before I’m smart.”

Billy chuckles and I yell at him twice to buckle up, but then we’re parked. All the lights in the big house are on and I bite my tongue. I mean, they have more than enough, but it feels like a different world despite being within walking distance.

Kristy takes a deep breath and I give up my insecurities to take her hand. “We got this, darlin.”

“Absolutely,” Billy assures while rubbing the back of her neck. “But just to be safe, maybe you should kiss me now.”

Kristy doesn't hesitate, not even a hint. She kisses him slowly, drinking him in as she cups his cheek, then strokes down his chest and nearly further, but he laces her fingers with his. “None of that. You've had plenty today.”

She huffs, but we make it inside without getting handsy.

It's a miracle. Kristy takes off her shoes and we do the same. We pad around in our socks, both sticking close to Kristy like her entire house is a no-touch store. Bill actually shoves his hands into his pockets.

Kristy squeezes my hand and kisses my shoulder. “Are all of us okay? Ugh, Brad should be here.”

We chuckle, but then we're in front of her parents. Her mother is in a nice dress with cuffed sleeves, bubble gum pink with a smile just as sweet. Her father has on brown trousers with a white button-up. He glares at us both, but his face softens when Kristy steps forward.

She holds my hand tightly. “Dad.”

“Honey,” he turns a smile to his wife. “I trust you to pick out the best wines for this meal.”

Her mother gives us a knowing look, then edges around us to go somewhere else in the massive house. Kristy's father looks up at us, then at Kristy. “What happened yesterday? Why did you pull away from me like that?”

“Because you grabbed me too hard,” she whispers while brushing her hair behind her ear.

“Was that all, or do I need to worry?”

Bill takes a step forward, but I gently grab the back of his shirt. She doesn't want him to know. Which means we can't say a word to him or hint at anything. Of course, her father isn't an idiot, so he's watching us over Kristy's head.

He arches an eyebrow.

“No, Dad. I should be the one worrying since you’re trying to pin a murder on the same person you liked for it twelve years ago just because he’s available.” There’s the sass I love. “Or is it because he’s not available, thanks to me, that you have your eyes on him?”

He sighs. “I *am* worried about you. You flinch away from me. You attack a good citizen-”

“He’s not a good citizen. And when I tell someone to fuck off, I’d hope you’d back me instead of question me like I’m a potential client,” she says.

“I would if you’d talk to me!” He takes a breath, and even motions it with his hand. “I want to protect you, Kristine, but you make it very hard. You should talk to me. I want to know what’s going on in your life.”

Kristy deflates a little. “I’m crazy about Kevin, Billy, and Brad. I like them a lot, Dad. I’d really like it if you gave them a chance. I don’t *want* to sneak around seeing them. I want you to see how good they are, for me, to me, and in general.”

He glances back at us and rubs his jaw. “Being shared by three men and them allowing it-”

“Means they understand the value of compromise and that I’m worth enough to them. They’re willing to ...” She takes a slow breath and adjusts.

“We’re willing to enjoy her when she’s fun and support her when she’s upset,” I say.

She waves back against me, and I sharpen my voice. “And pull her out of trouble when she jumps the gun on something.”

Kristy shies back and slides into Billy’s arms, shooting me a look. I sigh. “I’m not saying that I’m holding it against you, darlin. I just want you to be safe.”

“We both do and out of trouble. The last thing we need is to get yourself involved in some kind of law trouble,” Billy agrees.

Her dad looks between us, then focuses on Billy. “You’d know all about that, wouldn’t you?”

“I don’t know who did that to Trish. I know I didn’t,” his tone drops, and he shakes his head. “No one should be left like that. Her parents ... I can’t imagine. I hoped she’d just run off with someone else.”

“Who could have left you?” Kristy asks.

“It was easier when I was barely passing and killing brain cells with weed and cigarettes.” He shrugs.

“Oh good, everyone’s alive!” Kristy’s mom returns.

We sit down for dinner. Kristy updates everyone about school and how she’s decided she’s not going to go into law, she’s decided she’s going to try sociology and psychology to help people, and do something good.

Her father perks at that.

“What made you decide on that? How do I know you will not drag it out another eight years in college?” He asks.

Kristy sits back and meets his eyes seriously. “I want people to be safe, Dad. I want them to have resources and be able to do what they need to do so they can avoid ending up in jail. I want to do as much as I can to help with that.”

“I’m assuming that your relationship,” he nearly chokes on the word, “with these men has impacted that?”

She looks between us and smiles gently. “It has. But it’s more than that, Dad. Sometimes things can’t be fixed. I know some people are too far gone. Sometimes they don’t *try* to fix it until it’s too late to do anything about it, but that doesn’t mean they don’t deserve to be taken care of and maybe if they knew about resources, they could do better.”

He rubs his chin and nods. “I support this one.”

“It’s a good choice,” I agree, reaching toward her and taking her hand.

The rest of dinner goes well, then we’re set on the patio on furniture nice enough that it goes inside. Kristy slips some

questions about where to go couch shopping, then her mother comes out with photo albums. Actual albums.

Kristy groans and falls dramatically against Billy. “Momma, please.”

That hint of southern drawl on her tongue is so sexy it takes effort not to taste it. Kristy’s father offers Bill and me a whiskey, but his eyes stay on Bill closely, especially as he rubs Kristy’s knee.

She huffs. “Neither of you better laugh.”

“Brad should be incredibly upset. He’s missing out on this,” Billy teases. “We’ve only seen Kristy all grown up, ready to take on the world.”

“Oh, this is my favorite section,” her mother gushes. “My little princess, all dressed up. I’ve never had anyone to show, either.”

Her father watches but doesn’t say anything as we get to look at picture after picture of her in pageants. In each picture, her smile gets tighter. Seeing a little girl in makeup and enormous dresses doesn’t seem right, but then Kristy is dancing with a fire baton and I smirk.

“Already playing with fire?” I tease.

“I won that year because of my talent.” She sits higher. “I bet I could still twirl a baton.”

“Or beat someone with it,” her father says. “Are we going to talk about why you went after Case? If Kevin hadn’t been there.”

“He grabbed her,” I say immediately. “He’s lucky I wasn’t on duty. I could have taken him in for assault.”

“I would have pressed charges too,” Kristy says softly.

I run my hand over her shoulder, and she looks up at me. “It would be something, wouldn’t it?”

“We’ll take care of you, darlin,” I promise.

“Without question. I think we have legal and civilian areas covered,” Billy says.

Her father leans forward. “Why did *you* approach him? He had no right to touch you or grab you in public, but I wanted to know why you even went to his place of business.”

“I ...” her own tongue knots.

Billy leans back. I know he will not say anything, not now.

“Dearest, I’m all out of wine and don’t trust myself to walk. Can you help?” Her mother asks with an innocent smile.

Even though Kristy’s father has the reputation of a rabid tiger on a mission, he melts for her. He kisses her cheek and flashes a smile as dopy as I feel around Kristy. “Of course.”

He walks off and Kristy’s mom stands. She stands in front of Kristy and steals the book. She sets it carefully to the side and looks at Kristy. “I assume they know. Case hurt you.”

Kristy sniffs. “If Daddy knows-”

“That’s why we’re going to distract him from this. I’m welcoming ideas,” Kristy’s mom says, looking at us.

“Use your feminine wilds, Mom,” Kristy suggests.

She flashes a wicked smile and kisses her daughter’s cheek. “Congratulations boys. You both get to leave without interrogation and on my husband’s good side. He’ll like you even more in the morning.”

Damn, so this is where Kristy gets her wickedness.

KRISTY CHAPTER 49

I don't want to know how my mom did it, but she gets my father to wrap up dinner early. It might be a first bust based on the giggling I hear as I get my shoes on. I don't need to stay and find out.

Billy picks me up with ease once I have my shoes on, then Kevin opens the door with an ear-to-ear smile. He lifts my face and kisses me. "You're as wicked as your mother, darlin."

"I didn't have to bait you two to get out of there," I argue.

"Nope, you got your mom to bait your father instead," Billy chuckles.

"I didn't *ask* her to. I just made a suggestion," I say.

"Mm-hmm, but we all know what your suggestions are like darlin. No one can resist," Kevin answers.

They get me in the back of the car. I expect to be alone, but Kevin joins me. It makes sense. Billy's too big to lie on top of me in the car, but Kevin pulls my legs around him and kisses me hungrily as we take the short drive to their house.

His hands spread up my thighs as he continues to feed me kiss after kiss. I moan softly and drag my fingers through his hair. I free my mouth slowly. "Can you two still like me ... after seeing those pictures?"

"I think I like you more," Kevin says against my neck.

"Seeing how much you hated those costumes was absolutely amazing. I still need to see you with a burning

baton,” Billy chuckles.

We get to the house and Kevin pulls me out, keeping me wrapped around him as we continue kissing. Rain patters the ground around us, picking up steadily. We don't make it to the porch before we're all drenched. I take a step toward the screen door while the guys shake off slightly, but seeing them all wet, their shirts plastered to their bodies, having just survived my parents, makes me a special kind of lusty.

They shove each other, chuckling about something. All while I bundle the skirt of my dress and pull the sopping fabric over my head, letting it drop to the porch with a thwat sound. It pulls their eyes right to me.

I stand there in my thong and nothing else, leaning back against the screen door. I suck one of my fingers and grin at my men.

Kevin licks over his bottom lip. “Darlin, you're pushing the line.”

“Are you saying that as a cowboy or a cop?” I ask, lifting my arms above my head and putting my wrists together.

Billy groans. “That's a woman begging for our attention, Kevin. *Our* attention specifically.”

“That's a woman committing indecent exposure, right there,” Kevin takes a step forward.

“Or a wanton woman begging for our undivided attention while the ranch hands are hiding from the rain,” I say in my most sultry voice. “A very wanton woman who's eager to see how her teasing pays off.”

“There's a perfectly good bed inside,” Kevin says.

“You say that like you didn't enjoy fucking me on the hood of your cop car on our first night together,” I pout.

Billy gets to me first. He pulls me against him and kisses me passionately. His big hands spread over my back, his fingers covering so much of me I can't feel a trace of the desert chill.

Billy grabs my ass and grinds me against him. “You’re all wet, baby. Are those goosebumps?”

“You just make me feel that good,” I pant, my head falling back as I rub myself on him.

Billy kisses down my neck, and my eyes go to Kevin. He takes off his button-up and walks toward me, hat still on. Water drips off the brim, but it doesn’t do a thing to cool the blatant hunger in his eyes.

They may want to slow down with me, be gentle, and unpack my newfound trauma, but I’m not about that. The trauma’s not going anywhere and I will not waste my time mourning the past when I have such amazing, sexy, perfect men in my life.

Kevin takes a step forward as he drops his shirt and rivulets of water gently roll down his chest and over his abs. I lick over my bottom lip and reach out to him, jerking him closer by the belt.

“Are you going to punish me?” I ask him softly.

“It’s being considered. I don’t want to share your body with anyone but Billy and Brad,” Kevin says darkly.

“I don’t see anyone watching.” I look around. “No one who would see you both ravish me right here on the porch with the rain teasing us.”

Billy groans as I tug at his shirt. I lick up his neck. “We can’t have wet clothes inside, can we?”

“No,” he agrees with a wicked smile.

He takes off his shirt, popping buttons. His tank top goes next, but I’m almost upset. He should live in that tank top. The way it makes his arms look, the way it plasters to his body, makes it my new favorite piece of his clothing.

His jeans and boots go next, leaving him in boxers and nothing else. I touch them softly. “I don’t know, Billy. These still feel kind of wet.”

He gives me a naughty smile and motions for me to turn around. I do as I’m told and there’s Kevin. His jeans undone,

barefoot, shirtless, and holy shit. His eyes burn with passion. He wraps his arm around me and jerks me tightly against him. I stroke over his chest as I pant.

“You in jeans. It gets my heart racing every time,” I pant.

“Your heart?” Kevin chuckles, gripping me tighter.

I dig my nails into his sides, savoring his moan. “You know you’re sexy beyond belief, officer. But when you have that hat on, low-slung jeans open, and your chest all ... bare.” I barely soften my groan. “You’re a fantasy and no one looks at me the way you do.”

I put his hand on my chest so he can feel my heart fluttering in my chest.

Billy comes up behind me and pulls my hair off my neck to kiss along that sensitive skin and up to my ear. He whispers. “No one looks at you the way he does, huh?”

“Oh no,” I meet his eyes. “You look at me like you couldn’t get enough of me even if you tried. The only way you’re satisfied is if you have your hands on me. And then, when you do..” I kiss his jaw.

“Once I have my hands on you?” One of his hands slides into the front of my thong, gently rubbing my clit in slow circles.

My back arches and I gasp. Kevin grins and cups my breasts. “He has his hands on you now, darlin. How does Bill look?”

I meet his eyes. They’re pure sin. I lick his bottom lip. “You look at me like you want to do more than ravage me, Billy. You look at me like you want to make love to me under the stars like you alone can make the night last forever.”

He groans and kisses me, his tongue sliding along mine, his fingers digging into my hair while his other hand continues to tease my pussy until all I can do is moan, gasp, and whimper between them. Kevin tugs on my nipples gently, drawing my attention back to him.

That needy gaze barely covers the obvious affection there. I know Kevin would do anything for me. He'd protect me, die for me, move me in, and even change his décor if I asked. I've never seen 'love' shown so clearly in a man's eyes and actions.

I kiss him hungrily, wrapping my hand around the back of his neck, then stroke down his chest, to his abs, and his jeans, dragging his boxers down so I can rub his cock. Kevin pants and draws back.

"I like you for a hell of a lot more than sex," he growls.

"That's good because I can't imagine leaving our relationship at sex anymore ... well ... after we have some fun on the porch," I tease.

Billy bends me over roughly and rubs himself against me. "You're not happy with jerking Kev off, are you, baby?"

Of course, the curling of his fingers deep inside me is plenty convincing. I moan and squeeze my legs together around his hand. "No! I need more."

"That's right," Billy smacks my ass. I moan in response, and he chuckles and smacks me again, just the way I like it.

Kevin bundles my hair up. "Right here, darlin'?"

"Right now, officer," I say before wrapping my lips around him.

I take my time tasting him and savoring the feel of him moving over my tongue. Billy groans and pulls me further down as he fucks me with his fingers as fast and needy as I'm not taking Kev.

Then Billy's fingers are gone.

I whimper and take Kevin deeper.

Kev adjusts, and I lift my eyes to his face. He takes a slow breath. "You have no idea how you make me feel."

I wrap my hand around his cock, covering everything I can't fit my lips around, and move in sync so all of him is covered. He groans and his head falls back as his abs tighten. I

let out a soft sound, and he grips my hair tighter. “Fuck, darlin. That feels so ...”

“Good?” Billy chuckles, then jerks me down on his cock, filling me so completely that I can’t help but moan.

“Fucking excellent,” Kevin pants.

Before I can make them come, I’m turned around. Billy grins at me as Kevin pulls my thong tight against my clit, making me squirm.

“Do you want to taste yourself on me, baby? Want to see one of the many reasons we can’t get enough of you?” Billy asks, motioning to his shiny, very hard cock.

I moan and try to get on my knees, but Kevin holds my hips in place. I look back at him as he rubs his cock against me.

“Let’s see the flexibility you have,” he chuckles.

I groan and fold over. It helps that Billy gets on his knees. I wrap my lips around his cock and taste myself as Kevin thrusts into me. I moan and take advantage of everything my men offer me. The only way it could be better is if Brad was here with us, watching, touching me.

After another minute, I can’t even think about that. I’m twirled around, spread between them after each orgasm until we’re all on the floor with them, filling me again and again. When they finally come, we just rest on the porch together. Kevin gives me his button-up, wrapping it around me and doing up three whole buttons to keep it on me.

I lie on Billy’s lap now that he has his boxers on and Kevin rubs my back, my legs covering his important bits. He sighs. “We’ve never used the porch like this before.”

“Oh, a first,” I giggle.

“Just like having sex on the cop car together,” Kevin chuckles.

“Well, damn, I’m supposed to be the rebel. I’m going to have to one-up that,” Billy grumbles.

“You had me in my childhood bedroom after sneaking in the window,” I say.

He strokes through my hair and gently wipes my bottom lip. “I’d sneak in plenty of windows for you.”

“And I’d be happy to abuse every stop and frisk for you specifically, darlin,” Kevin says while rubbing my thigh. “I like you so much. I made a call.”

“A call?” I sit up, but Billy holds me in place.

“You’ll like this call,” he says.

Headlights catch in every falling raindrop. When we’re bathed in darkness again, it takes hold, scaring me until Brad appears on the porch, in full uniform. I groan as I look at him.

“Brad, is this the naughty girl you’ve been after?” Kevin asks.

Oh god, could I love these men more?

BRAD CHAPTER 50

After a round of incredibly passionate sex alone with Kristy, where I get to fuck her the way we want, full of tearing at each other's clothing and fucking like animals. That's the go-to with her. There's no change in restraint. Nothing that I can do to slow down or be gentle when it comes to her specifically.

The attraction just gets more intense every time we're together.

Billy and Kevin join in, touching her as much as they can, pleasing her as much as they please themselves until the four of us are stretched across the living room floor. The couch is crooked, the coffee table is out of place, and the rug is pulled up.

Kristy pants and squirms on the floor. "There's nothing like having all three of you. Each of you separately is amazing, but together ..." She shakes her head and giggles before rolling onto her belly.

She peeks at us from under her thick lashes and licks her bottom lip.

"I'm glad I've been included," I say happily.

Kevin glances between us and makes an excuse to leave Billy, Kristy, and me alone. Kristy stares after him and Billy nods. "Go get him, baby. You know he loves your special alone time."

Kristy points at me. “If there’s anything big, we’re all included.”

“Baby,” Billy pulls her back.

Kristy kisses him slowly, softly. She moans, makes a frustrated sound, then looks at me. “You are spending the night tonight.”

I chuckle, but then she’s gone. I drag my pants on and Billy stretches over the couch, not bothering to get dressed. “I’m assuming there’s some news.”

“We found blood on the knife that doesn’t belong to Trish ... or to you. Based on the location, it’s from whoever did it. A male. They brought Amanda in for questioning and she just kept saying it was you,” I say.

“Great,” he leans back. “I come back home to take care of the will, run into the girl of my dreams, and now I’m going to jail for something I didn’t do. If I am going to jail, it’ll be for double murder right now.”

“We’re not talking about Case,” I say in a low voice.

“We might depend on what you’re going to say next,” he says while staring at the ceiling. “If I’m going away, it’s going to be for something I do.”

I scratch the back of my head. “I’m not supposed to say anything about an ongoing case, you know that.”

“Yeah,” he sighs. “Yeah, I know.”

“So I can’t tell you, Amanda gave a name other than yours. Turns out that she has a sharp memory and a murder board in her home. Not all signs were pointing to you, but I think the information she has on the other man might be questionable,” I say.

“Why?”

“Murder board,” I remind. “She’s watched true crime but doesn’t have the chops to back up her motives. She recycles them. I’m sure a certain drug that’s been keeping her going won’t help either.”

“Coke?”

“That obvious?” I snort.

“And?” Billy asks.

“The primary focus here is there is another direction for us to check out. Leave Case alone,” I growl, before lowering my voice. “You know, I don’t like what we’ve learned about him and Kristy. I’d like to throw him in jail and let at least a few guys know what he’s been willing to do, but ...”

“But what?”

“But right now, he’s an upstanding member of society. I did my research, and he hasn’t had any trouble with the law at all. Not even as a teen. I have nothing on him. So let’s focus our efforts on making Kristy feel safe, secure, and warm. All the things we’re very good at,” I suggest.

Billy huffs. “Sounds like I need to put on clothes.”

“We can take her out dancing since we’re not lying low. There are a few bars still open. If she has clothes,” I say.

“Kev!” she squeals, running from him in just a t-shirt. He catches her, and she giggles while wrapping her arms around his neck. She kisses him slowly. “You didn’t even let me run.”

“The last thing I want is you running from me, darlin. I want you running *to* me,” Kevin answers.

“Offering myself up for cuffs?” She teases.

Kevin glances at me as Kristy kisses his neck. I chuckle. “You’re starting to like cuffs a little too much.”

“I’m starting to like the police a lot too,” she giggles.

Kevin gets another kiss, then Kristy notices Billy’s all stretched out and still naked. She groans and lies on top of him, rubbing his thick arm. “Are you being naughty in here?”

“No, Brad won’t let me,” he grumbles.

“Thank you, Brad,” Kristy says, climbing off Billy, even as he tries to pull her back. She straddles me and hugs me tightly.

Her lips brush my ear. “I love his wild streak, but please keep him safe.”

“That’s in the job description, beautiful,” I answer, rubbing her hips. “And I might like him.”

“More than me?” She pouts.

I rub her thighs. I do like the guys. Kev’s a good man, a stand up guy who may be a bit too eager to believe the best in people, but is a wonderful man to know all the same. Billy, despite his reputation, is willing to protect Kristy, willing to do whatever it takes for her, and is honestly a softy if Kristy is involved.

“No, Kristy. I like you a lot more,” I promise, then drag her closer. “As nice as Bill’s package is since he flaunts it ... you’re the real deal.”

“The real deal of what?”

I’m not sure what words I want to give her. That being with her is easier than being anywhere else? That I’m more ready than ever to ditch overtime as long as it means I get to spend it with her.

I draw a smiley face on her skin. She gently touches my face, running her fingers over my overgrown jaw. I need to shave more often. Kristy rubs herself against me. “You’d look great with a beard. All rugged and hot, especially when you’re cooking me dinner at *your* place.”

I chuckle. “Eager to know everything about me, aren’t you?”

“Quiet men hide the best secrets and I want to know all of yours, Brad.” She sucks her lip and sighs.

“Baby, are you playing favorites?”

“All three of you are my favorites,” Kristy responds. “But you and Kevin get me all the time. Brad’s a workaholic who needs a reason to leave the office.”

“You’re a damn good reason,” I agree.

Billy chuckles. “I think we need something better than the small portions we got at your parents.”

“Agreed. Burritos,” Kevin orders.

They bicker as they head out, leaving me alone with Kristy. I narrow my eyes. “Do you have some psychic connection with them?”

“If I do, do you want in on it?” Kristy teases.

“Maybe. It also makes me nervous to think of what you three think about that’s so in sync,” I admit.

Kristy doesn’t go for the sexual approach. Instead, she hugs me. “You know, I got really worried when Kevin was in that gunfight.”

“Did you?” I ask.

“I didn’t want to fall for some cops,” she rubs my chest. “Cops that will always put their lives in danger for other people.”

“But?”

“You three are ... more than I expected. I can’t just walk away. Billy and Kevin have both made it clear that they’re in as deep as I am. You’re the holdout, stud. I practically live in their house. My family has met them. They met my best friend. They’re happy for the title of boyfriend ... but you,” she trails off.

I get it. She needs some kind of affirmation. She needs to know I’m in this with her. I clear my throat and adjust uncomfortably. I’ve never been comfortable talking as an answer. I much prefer action. Hence the military. It’s easier to deal with people than to talk to them.

I try to kiss Kristy, but she draws back, unwilling to let me. Her eyes stay focused on mine and I feel my resolve crumbling.

“Kristy, I ...”

Is this why my fiancée walked away? Because I didn’t tell her how I felt often enough? That I tried to let my actions

speak for me instead of just ... I slump back in the recliner. Kristy looks down and I see her shift uncomfortably.

“So, still in the physical, got it.”

“I’m not ...” I catch her and hold her in place. “Kristy.”

“If you don’t want to be more, I get it. It’s easier and-”

Somehow, instead of just holding her in place, I end up on the floor on top of her. She pants as she watches me. “That wasn’t a come on.”

“I’m not good at words, Kristy. I’m not ... action is easier. Showing up here, and taking you bowling, which is one of my favorite things. Giving up overtime, butting myself into an investigation, and sharing information that could get me fired ... do you think I’d do any of that if I didn’t care about you? I care about justice, sure, but I wouldn’t do it for anyone,” I say while trying to hold her gaze.

She swallows. “I need words too.”

“Words are great and when I can string a few together to tell you how much I want to be yours, I’ll do it. Until then ... I can only show you. By spending time with you. By taking a chance on you breaking my heart like my ex-fiancée did. By telling your father I’m not pinning everything on Bill because it’s easier and that I’m not going to leave you,” I say.

Kristy’s eyes raise from my chest to meet my face. She touches my cheek and trembles. “You’re a show rather than tell type.”

“The dirty talk I’ve given you took practice and trying to listen to Kevin and Bill instead of enjoying each of your moans,” I admit. “I know you like it, so I’m trying.”

“Oh,” she breathes.

“I’d try a hell of a lot to keep you, Kristy. I want to *earn* the label, not have it offered. I like knowing you think of me that way, but I have done nothing to earn that yet.”

“Liar,” she kisses me softly, then wraps her arms around me. “You’ve earned it and if this conversation ... if your words haven’t proved it, your actions have.”

She kisses me again, and again. I lose myself in her mouth and let myself enjoy it, enjoy her. She feels perfect in my arms. Her fingers brush over my head and down my neck.

She moans and rolls her hips against mine. I feel good like I didn't even know I was in pain until now when it's gone. I pull my lips from hers and press my forehead to hers. "I want you to be my girlfriend. I want you so much, Kristy. I'm willing to share you with the kid and his stepbrother."

Kristy rubs my shoulders. "I guess that means you're next up to meet my mom, huh?"

I laugh. "Is she half the woman you are?"

"She's the reason that Kevin and Billy got me back here without my dad finding out about Harley. She might be as good at distraction as I am."

"Are you?"

"You're not thinking about breaking all those social rules about one man to one woman right now, are you?" She purrs against my lips.

"Absolutely not."

Because I'm thinking about getting her in my house to see if she can lift the lingering chill there and to see if I can convince her my home is just as good as Kevin's.

KRISTY CHAPTER 51

I watch my men eat. They tease one another and argue about which movie we should watch tonight. Brad insists on replacing the couch where it goes and replacing the coffee table. I watch them as I eat my burrito with as minimal a mess as possible.

Brad groans. “Let the lady choose the movie.”

“Yeah, and where is our ‘lady’ going to sit?” Billy asks, wrapping his arm around my shoulders.

“Wherever she’d like to sit,” Brad answers, despite watching me with a half-smile.

One conversation and I’ve completed my trio. I’ve got all the men I want in one place. I nibble my bottom lip, then sit between Billy and Kevin. After giving Brad some alone time, I have a feeling my other two men want me.

I’m not sure how to divide up my time evenly between the three men, but I’m going to figure it out. I will. I’m sure of it. Because they’re worth it to me. I’ve never questioned that. I tried to leave Kevin and Billy once, and they came for me. Of course, I called them back to me after less than twelve hours to think because I know, I know that they’re good men. Brad is too.

They’re better than any party scene. They’re better than anything I’ve ever experienced or wanted, and I can’t give them up. I know that just like I know I never want to give up Liz.

“Baby?” Billy asks, jostling me slightly.

“Sorry, I was thinking. What movie are we watching?”

“Give me a genre at least,” Kevin insists.

“Action,” I decide. “Fun action.”

The guys argue over the best cop movies until I insist on a whole movie marathon. I’m not going to say no to more time with them. After the first movie, I perch on Brad’s lap, giving him soft kisses and little bites to his neck until he groans and gives up on watching the movie.

My men give me the best date night possible. Licking ice cream and chocolate off my body until I get a dessert of my own and a workout to take care of it and jumpstart my appetite all over again.

I wake up the next morning overheating. When I find myself tangled between three different bodies, I see why. Brad has my head on his chest as he continues to sleep. Billy’s head is on my hip with his arm between my thighs. Kevin’s curled up against me like a little spoon with his head on Brad’s knee.

Grinning, I lay back, happy as can be.

If this is what I get to wake up to with them, I’m tempted to make a habit of spending the night here. An alarm goes off and Kevin groans. He rolls and gets up, grabbing his phone and huffing.

“Are you working day times again?” I ask.

He kisses my shoulder. “I work this afternoon, but since you have a habit of disappearing when I sleep in ...”

I join him for a shower and we brush our teeth together. He teases me about all my foam and we play around until two arms wrap around me and I squeal. Billy appears and kisses my neck. “Good morning, baby.”

Brad gets up a bit later and I insist on making breakfast. I hum to myself, loving being in their kitchen and enjoying our time together. Being with my guys, even Brad, who’s decided beer is the best breakfast.

I fill their plates and sit with Brad. He steals my fork and holds up some eggs. I spread my lips and hold his gaze as he feeds me. Brad licks over his bottom lip. “You make me ... crazy with need, beautiful.”

“Oh yeah?” I say after swallowing. “Are you going to do something about that need?”

“I just might.” He feeds me again. “You need some energy first.”

I giggle and take every bite I’m fed. Kevin goes to work, and Billy kisses me before retreating to his room to work, leaving me alone with Brad. It’s still new. He washes all the plates and puts them away while I watch. I kick the chair over when I’m done, and he faces me with an eyebrow raised.

“Are you making a mess?”

“Maybe, or maybe I’m clearing your way so you can have a better breakfast than beer,” I spread my legs in offering.

Brad’s gaze drops and he strokes over my thigh. “Has anyone told you that you’re very forward?”

“Forward is what you need, Brad. Hints don’t work with *men*, especially big, delicious, capable men.”

He drops to his knees and eats me out, using his tongue slowly. Billy devours me like he’s starving and Kevin worships me with his tongue, but Brad, Brad savors me. I feel the orgasm slowly burning through me. I want to rush him, want him to get me there faster, but I can’t make the words happen.

I lay back on the table, rubbing myself against his tongue until my thighs wrap around his head and I come, hard. I whimper and grip Brad’s head. He jerks my legs apart and keeps eating me out, going faster and faster until I come again.

He stands, licks his lips, and drops his pants. He thrusts into me hard and fast. I grip the table to keep from tipping it over, but Brad grabs my wrists, then pulls me, fucking me as I wrap my legs around him.

I gasp and claw at his back. “Brad! Oh fuck, yes. So good.”

“You like it when I take control?” He asks in my ear.

“Yes! Oh ...”

He has complete control and I’ve never loved being helpless more. Brad feels so good, already has me on the edge and ... fuck. I kiss his neck. Why does he need dirty talk with this kind of follow-through?

My body trembles and I give in to another orgasm. Brad’s hands slip on my thighs and I take the exit, getting down, then dropping to my knees. He pants. “What are you doing down there?”

“You got your breakfast, give me mine,” I say while licking my lips.

He nods. “Have me, beautiful. I’m yours.”

I take him, just like I need. Blowing him happily. I keep my eyes on his face, enjoying how his face flushes, loving the way he grunts and groans. I love it. I love how he thrusts into my throat, unable to control himself.

When he finally comes, I swallow every drop and smile up at him. He shakes his head at me and pulls me up. “You are wonderful. Truly wonderful.”

“You just say that because it’s true,” I tease.

He laughs and spends the whole day with me. We end up going line dancing which is a delight in itself. Billy and Kevin join us and I enjoy drinking and dancing with them. Even when we get looks—Billy specifically—we have a good time.

Until the sun goes down.

I pout as I realize I have to go home. I don’t want to.

“I promised you dinner, didn’t I?” Brad asks while rubbing my bottom lip.

“Yes,” I mumble.

“So, let’s *all* go to my house and enjoy my ability to cook,” Brad insists.

Kevin nods, assuring we’ll follow. Brad heads out, giving me a long kiss, then Billy and Kevin wrap around me. I look between them. “What’s going on?”

“We just want to make sure you’re okay. You’ve been extra sweet today,” Kevin says while taking my hand and kissing across my palm.

“I could say the same about the two of you. Dancing with me, drinking with me without giving me shit about being underage, making sure to give me a ton of quality time,” I look at Billy. “You’re not leaving are you?”

“No, baby. I’m a suspect, I’m not going anywhere. Even once I’m clear, I want to be with you, which means I’m stationary,” he assures.

“There’s been a lot going on, I just want to make sure everything’s okay,” Kevin insists.

I look between them and smile. It’s taking effort to keep from crying at how sweet they’ve been with me. I feel precious, good, and warm. Billy cups my face. “With everything you’ve remembered and everything with me ... not to mention last night with your mom and dad. This has been a whirlwind and Kevin and I agree that if you need some time to enjoy normalcy ... well, you’re owed that.”

“You two ...” I snort. “Normal is boring. If I wanted normal, I certainly wouldn’t have ended up with either of you, let alone Brad. I love excitement, I love fun, I love being with you three and knowing you won’t let me be stupid, but you’re not going to put me in some kind of time out.”

Billy sighs and kisses me softly. Kevin kisses me next. They pack me into their car, then drive me over to Brad’s. I’m assuming he gave one of them the address. When we get there, I already smell food that’s so delicious, my mouth is watering.

I try to help in the kitchen, but Brad spins me under his arm and kisses my temple. “As much as I like you in the kitchen after earlier today, I like to cook alone, beautiful.”

“But-” I complain.

“Nope. We’re going to spoil you and you have to get used to that,” Brad says.

I look at Kevin and Billy as they explore Brad’s house openly. Kevin picks up a photograph. Brad lifts his wooden spoon. “You put that down.”

“Oh, come on, it’s a good picture of you. You’re smiling,” Kevin argues.

“And it has a place where it belongs. Put it there. This isn’t show and tell,” he says seriously.

I bite my lip at that domineering tone. Kevin huffs and puts it back while grumbling to himself. Billy chuckles from the couch. “You shouldn’t snoop. It’s not nice, Kev.”

“Listen to the voice of reason,” Brad says.

“If it was Kristy you wouldn’t complain,” Kevin huffs. “Not like I was your partner or anything.”

I pout and go to Kevin, sitting on his lap and rubbing his chest. “Brad likes you plenty, officer.”

Kevin keeps pouting until I kiss him into submission. Billy crosses his arms. “So he gets rewarded for snooping and I get ignored for being a good guest?”

I giggle and try to escape Kevin’s grasp to go to Billy, but Kevin holds onto me. I grab his shoulder. “Are you afraid you won’t get me back?”

“Well..”

“There’s enough of me to go around,” I promise, then motion to Billy to come closer. I kiss him. “Be sweet for Brad. He’s letting us be here and cooking for all of us instead of just me.”

“Just because we all want more time with you,” Billy says. “Only having you on weekends is terrible.”

“You could always drop by the apartment. You’ll have to behave if Liz is around,” I say as I rub his thigh.

“Oh, no,” Brad says from the kitchen. “You’re getting your degree. I’m not letting your... desire get the best of you.”

I smirk. “Look at that, one of you has control.”

Brad winks at me.

Oh yes, I can get used to this. Basking in my three men every weekend, having their support and affection, enjoying every bit of their bodies, of their personalities, of everything they are.

I watch Brad work around the kitchen, and enjoy soothing Kevin’s pout and calming Billy’s frustration. They’re going to be a full-time job, especially with everything else we have on our plates, but considering what they’re willing to do for me and how determined I am to prove I’m completely in this relationship... we’ll find a way to take on the world together.

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