

New York Times and USA Today Bestselling Author

Sawyer Bennett

wicked
fall

THE
*Wicked
Gorse*
SERIES

WOOLF'S STORY

Wicked Fall

(The Wicked Horse Series Book #1)

By Sawyer Bennett

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Published by Big Dog Books

ISBN: 978-1-940883-32-8

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Prologue

Woolf

I trot up the porch steps, my boots clunking loudly as heels meet wood. It looks like I'm walking into an ordinary log cabin home—one story, knotty white pine weathered to a burnished mocha color. It is, in fact, my home office. And by home office, I mean the place where I conduct my business as I sit on top of a dynasty built upon the backs of cattle and fueled larger by oil sucked from the ground.

My office looks like a home because it used to be one. More specifically, this used to be my great-grandfather Jared Jennings' modest log cabin. He built it upon the initial acres of the Double J ranch, which he founded upon just a measly ten-thousand acres at the base of the Teton Mountains in Wyoming.

And yes, ten thousand acres is measly when you consider that JennCo—the parent corporation that holds the cattle and oil businesses—now owns just over three hundred thousand acres between Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho.

It's no wonder my shoulders always seem to sag under the weight of the monstrosity I manage. My father, Jake Jennings, died almost eighteen months ago and since my mother had passed a long time ago, the burden of JennCo fell to me and my brother, Tenn.

At thirty-four, Tenn is older than me by two years and should rightly be JennCo's CEO, but he doesn't want any part of it. He's happy living his quiet existence clear across the country with his wife, Casey, their three-month-old daughter, Bree and his daughter by another marriage, Zoe. While Tenn spent the first year after my father's death helping me transition into the driver's seat, he's been gradually backing away from the business end of it.

I can't say I blame him. He just doesn't have the passion that's needed to run this empire, and he'd rather tinker with the motorcycles in his custom shop.

Not only do I not blame him, I'm actually a bit envious.

Everyone turned their eyes to me the minute Jake Jennings bit the dust after taking a fall off his horse and an errant hoof to the center of his chest.

While I watched Lucky, one of my father's longtime ranch hands, perform CPR on him, I felt the keen loss of my most influential mentor. I also immediately felt the weight of responsibility press down up on me, because Tenn had already made his break away from the family. I knew that I would be expected to take up the reins and lead JennCo forward.

And that is the last thing in the world I wanted.

People would be surprised to hear that because I never ventured forth from the ranch. Minus the four years I spent at the University of Wyoming, my life has been here at the Double J. I've been working cattle since I was old enough to ride a horse, and I love it. I mean, I absolutely love the work.

I just didn't want it to be my *whole* life.

Like Tenn... I had other desires.

Unlike Tenn... mine are a bit darker.

A bit more lecherous.

They are altogether nasty at times.

I unlock the door and step into the converted log cabin. It's been modernized and upgraded over the years, once serving as one of the homes offered to the foremen before becoming an office. This cabin became obsolete as a family home once my grandfather, Louis Jennings, took over the Double J. It was his vision that catapulted the modest ranch into JennCo and put us on the Forbes list. And of course, you can't rub money elbows with other tycoons and not have a western-styled palace to show off. Said palace would be just to the west of us... the home where I was raised and now live.

Fifteen thousand feet of treated lumber, slate stone, and glass that is built on top of a large butte. It looks like a long, sprawling cabin from the front, but the house practically dribbles down the back for three stories. It's a behemoth, but it's also what I've called home for my entire life.

I flip on the lights as I walk through what used to be the living room but has now been converted into a secretarial office. I currently do not have a secretary because I can't seem to keep one employed for longer than a few weeks at a time. I don't think I'm a hard taskmaster even though I might wield a riding crop quite well on a woman. But I am a hard worker who has always gone balls to the wall from sunup to sundown most of my life, and while I never expect the staff to keep pace with me, I do expect them to have a work ethic. It seems like every woman, and even the one man, that I put into the position of my administrative assistant was more interested in posting

selfies on Instagram than doing the fucking work I assign them. At least now, I've vowed to myself to use a temp agency and let them vet out the candidates because I just don't have time for this shit.

I walk down a hallway and back to what was the largest bedroom in the house. It was my father's office, and it's now mine as evidenced by the wooden plaque on the door that says *Woolf Jennings*. My mother was a lover of literature, a high school English teacher by trade. Even though she married into immense wealth, she loved to teach.

And she loved Lord Alfred Tennyson and Virginia Woolf the most, so goes the story of how Tenn and I were named.

Pushing the door open, I flip the light switch, taking off my Stetson and hanging it on the peg beside the door. The office is richly appointed with lustrous, reclaimed wood flooring, heavy pine furniture in a Native American design, and cowhide-covered chairs recycled from some of our own cattle. It's masculine and still bears the faint odor of my father's cigars in the air.

The unmistakable, heavy boot steps of Bridger echo down the hallway, and I can smell the coffee in his hands before I see him. He steps through my office door, which is almost a squeeze for him as the guy is massively built at six-foot-six inches of honed muscle and tattoos. On the quickest of glances, he looks like he belongs on a cattle ranch. Thick denim jeans, plaid western shirt, appropriate shiny belt buckle, and brown Stetson. His face is tanned from riding range on hot summer days and his hands are roughly calloused from roping cattle or mending torn fences. He's a true cowboy in every sense.

Except he's not.

Look closer and you see a man that, like me, entertains the thought of living another type of life.

"This is the last time I'm bringing you coffee," Bridger mutters as he hands a tall thermos to me. "Buy a fucking coffee pot for this office. It's not like you don't have the money."

I accept the container, pop the top, and take a quick sip. "True enough. But what I don't have is an assistant to go out and buy a fucking coffee pot. You think I have time to drive the thirty miles to town to do that?"

"Pansy-assed whiner," Bridger says affectionately as he takes his own hat off and hangs it on the peg beside mine.

Bridger is the only one that would ever get away with calling me that, and that's because he's closer to me than anyone. Even my brother, Tenn.

We met our freshman year in college, pledging for the same fraternity.

We survived Hell Week and made it through together. We bonded first as fraternity brothers and classmates. Later, the bond grew a bit deeper when we fortuitously found out we shared some common interests of an indelicate nature.

I set the thermos down on my desk and walk over to a set of rolled building plans on one of the built-in pine shelves.

“I got the final renderings,” I say as I unroll them out on my desk, securing each of the curling corners with a stapler, my coffee, my cell phone, and my right hand at the corner that rests near my hip. Bridger steps up next to me, sipping at his brew.

We both stare down silently at the plans, our eyes roving over the blue lines with tiny descriptions and measurements etched in. In the upper right corner, in deep blue ink—The Wicked Horse. Next to it, the brand I developed. A round circle with an inner circle and eight spokes dividing the outer ring into seven sections. It’s simple and to the casual observer, it sort of looks like a wheel.

“So take me through it,” Bridger commands.

I point down at the large structure on the top sheet. “This is the main club area. I don’t have the specs on the exterior plans yet, but just envision a weathered barn.”

“Like it could be any old building on the Double J,” Bridger says with a satisfied grin.

“Exactly.” I slide my finger along the lines. “Main bar here... stage for weekly bands... dance floor. I figure this area here can hold at least thirty tables. We’ll put another bar back here, a small built-in store to sell merchandise, and this area back here will all be storage.”

“And this?” Bridger asks as he points to a large room.

“Our office.”

Bridger moves his finger to an exit door. “And this is how you get to The Silo?”

“Yup,” I say as I pull the top sheet of the plans off. I lay it on the floor, and I don’t give it another thought. Because the truth is, it’s really not that important. What I just showed Bridger is nothing but a front.

A facade.

It’s a lie called The Wicked Horse. A western-styled nightclub sitting on the very border of the Double J ranch that is closest to the town of Jackson. It’s sure to be a big hit with the tourists that flock to this area year round for

the abundance of summer and winter activities.

I glide my fingertips over the next sheet of plans, because this is actually what's really important. This is what I envisioned when I came up with the concept of The Wicked Horse and asked Bridger if he wanted to go in on it with me.

We have no interest in running a nightclub. They're a dime a dozen. As I said... the barn-styled club is nothing but an image for people to believe that what I do is respectable.

Because there is much more to The Wicked Horse than just meets the casual observer's eye.

"It's amazing," Bridger says in a low voice as he takes in all that encompasses The Silo.

It's a separate building that sits behind the main club. It looks like a common variety silo that would store silage for the cattle. Except it's enormous in size, at least one-hundred and fifty feet in diameter and constructed of concrete staves. It has the classic white-domed top and even has an authentic-looking grain elevator that isn't really an elevator. Purely aesthetical, of course.

The Silo is really what it's all about.

It's round... it's a hub.

It's the center of everything that The Wicked Horse really is.

It's where our fantasy sex club will start.

"They're ready to start construction next week," I tell Bridger.

"It's a fucking brilliant design," he says with admiration.

And I couldn't agree more as I look at the architectural drawings. The outer perimeter of the silo will be seven rooms. Four on one side and three on the other. Concrete walls will keep the rooms separated, with an outer hall that runs behind them around the entire perimeter. There is one large, floor-to-ceiling glass wall that is open to the interior of the round building. No curtains. No blinds. No way to hide anything that happens inside one of those rooms.

That's because this building was designed in mind to meet the needs of those people—like Bridger and I—who enjoy the kinkier side of sex. This building will serve all of those people that like to be exhibitionists and voyeurs. The watcher and the watched.

The exact center of The Silo will be anchored by a round bar. The decor will not be western like the night club area, but I envision sleek chrome,

black leather, and red velvet. It has to be upscale, because frankly... only the wealthiest of people, and those they choose to bring with them, will ever see the interior of this building.

“These three rooms will be the bondage rooms,” I tell him as I point to the drawing. “That’s your area of expertise, so I’ll need you to start thinking about how you want to outfit them.”

“I’m thinking lots of leather,” Bridger says in a low voice, which weirdly causes a shiver to run up my spine. Fear? Excitement? Maybe both.

Bridger really got into the BDSM scene while we were in college. I personally don’t like it, although I’ll play around with a riding crop. I don’t like doling out that type of pain, and I like my women to look me in the eye while they’re sucking my cock. I do, however, like to watch Bridger work a submissive hard before he fucks her—or him. Bridger doesn’t discriminate.

Before we start drooling over the plans, I pull that sheet off and set it on the ground. The final elements to our fantasy sex club are the private buildings. Ten log cabins intimately appointed and designed to fulfill any number of fantasies that someone could imagine. We’ll spare no expense in decking them out, because I can afford to. Besides, the types of clientele that will seek memberships are going to expect only the best.

We study the cabin design, which is fairly simple in comparison but no less thrilling to add into the business plan.

Turning my head to look at Bridger, I say with a grin, “And that, my friend, is The Wicked Horse on paper.”

“Fucking fantastic,” he says with a return grin.

Our dream is coming to life. This time next year, we’ll be deep in the business of fulfilling sexual fantasies for all kinds of people from sweetly seductive to downright depraved.

Want to have a romantic seduction by a stranger? I’ll make it happen.

Want to get fucked by three well-hung cowboys? I’ll make that happen too.

Want to do it all while being watched? Easy as fucking pie.

Almost any fantasy imaginable—except forced sex or bestiality—and I’ll make it come to life. I know enough people just like me to staff this place well. And while I won’t be handing out the fantasies, because after all... I am the proprietor and only have so much time available... it doesn’t mean I won’t indulge.

Call it a perk.

Why in the world would I ever want to open up a sex fantasy club, you might ask? Especially when I'm sitting on a massive fortune?

Well, let's just say that I'm a lot like my brother. I have my own dreams and goals, and I was raised by parents that taught Tenn and me that we could accomplish anything we set our minds too. And while I love everything that my father created with JennCo, it isn't my passion. It's more of an obligation.

No, I don't want to nibble at life. I want to take a big fucking bite, suck down its juiciness, and swallow it hard with a moan. And in my experience, the best way to do that is through sex. There is nothing more gratifying... nothing that feels as good. It's intimate, carnal, and liberating. It's the ultimate high.

Add in some kink.

Let people explore their fantasies.

Indulge in your nastiest desire.

Yeah, that's the shit that turns the ultimate high into infinite euphoria.

And I'm going to give people the ability to achieve that.

Bridger whistles low as he looks at the beauty laying before us. "So we're really going to do this?"

"We're really going to do this," I murmur.

I get a fucking hard-on just thinking about it.

Chapter 1

Woolf

One year later...

The minute I open my office door, the sounds and smells assault me.

Luke Bryan's *Country Girl* is blaring, and dozens of boots hitting the wooden floor in a line dance reverberate.

Drunken laughs and voices rise from those trying to talk above the loud music. I smell spilled beer and sawdust on the floor with a tinge of cheap cologne in the air. Ahhhh. It's exactly as I imagined The Wicked Horse would be.

Pulling my office door shut behind me, I turn around and set the alarm panel in the wall beside it. Only Bridger and I know the password to get in. Walking up to the main bar, I lift the pass-through bridge and step past several bartenders trying to appease the clamoring crowd. I sidestep past my female bartenders, who are wearing tight black t-shirts with The Wicked Horse brand on the front and denim shorts that show the rounded curve of their ass just peeking out at the bottom. I've actually seen a lot more than just the hint of some of these girls' asses. The male bartenders also wear tight black t-shirts and yes, most of them are hired for their bodies rather than their brains. This is because I know women appreciate ogling as much as men do, so I aim to please. Everyone behind the bar wears a pair of custom-made black cowboy boots with the signature neon-blue reflective spurs on the back. When they all get up on the bar to dance—and yes, I got that from *Coyote Ugly*—it makes quite the spectacle.

I walk up to Ted, my senior bartender, and hand him the stapled sheaf of documents in my hand. "Here's the new price list from our beer distributor. Toss out the old one. You'll see there's a price drop once we order more than ten cases of any brand, so go ahead and make sure we order at least ten for every inventory restock."

"But we don't have the room here to hold that much beer," he says as he takes the documents.

“I know,” I respond as I pull my Stetson off and sift my fingers through my hair briefly before putting it back on. “Use The Silo’s storage room for the excess.”

“Sure thing, boss,” Ted says, and I give him a nod before turning to leave. Ted is one of the few employees in the main nightclub area that knows about the fantasy sex club portion of The Wicked Horse. That’s because he’s one of my “fantasy makers”. In addition to pouring a mean drink, he has an eight-inch cock that the women just love. He’s the star of the fantasy I’ve entitled, “My husband’s penis is too small and I want to know what it feels like to be with a real man”.

I always have to withhold my eye roll when I get these requests because any man worth his fucking salt in the bedroom can make a woman come long and hard, regardless of how big his dick is. While I happen to be blessed with a long, thick cock that makes most women scream upon entry, I do some of my best work with my mouth.

My eyes stray out to the dance floor, which is packed with partiers. Most of the crowd leans young, mid-to-late twenties, and that’s more a by-product of tourism. It’s early summer and probably fifty percent of the people here tonight are either tourists or part-time residents that migrate here to accommodate the tourists like fishing guides, white-water rafting instructors, and the like. The other half are locals, although local in Wyoming means living within at least an hour’s drive to this place. This part of the ranch doesn’t sit far off the main highway that heads east out of Jackson, but it’s a good forty-minute drive from my house that sits in the middle of Double J property.

“That’s right,” I hear Angel’s sexy, husky voice come over the sound system. I hired our resident DJ over a year ago because of that voice. I swear it has the ability to make men come. “Step right up and get a front-row seat, fellas. Because our nightly wet t-shirt contest is getting ready to start. But let’s meet our contestants first.”

My eyes give a brief flick at the bar on the back wall of the club. Seven women are standing on top, all wearing tight, white t-shirts that I know from personal experience are super thin because I bought them. Nothing like a wet t-shirt contest to get people in the mood.

As I step back out from behind the bar, a pair of delicate, warm hands grab onto my hips from behind. I angle my head over my shoulder and my lips curve up.

Carlie Payton grins back up at me with full, red lips, long, golden-blond hair, and a shirt cut so low I'm in danger of falling in and drowning in her cleavage. She steps around my side and comes to my front, keeping one hand on my hip and the other tugging playfully on my belt buckle. Her thumb grazes over the top of the engraved, pewter design, which is unique but not uncommonly so.

Round circle with another circle in the middle. Eight spokes. Seven compartments.

The Silo.

Where all your fantasies will come true.

All members of the sex club part of The Wicked Horse bear this design in some way. It may be a belt buckle, a piece of jewelry, or some of our more devoted members even have the brand tattooed on their bodies. It's a way that members of the club can identify themselves to each other when socializing out here in the nightclub area. It makes for easier hookups if a naughty couple wants to venture back to The Silo or one of the private cabins. Carlie has on a pair of silver earrings with The Silo brand dangling from each ear and she's a very active member, getting fucked or doing some sucking most nights. I first met her over at a sex club I used to visit over in Driggs, Idaho and well... she followed me over to the Wyoming side of the Tetons and has been here ever since. She's a favorite of mine for sure.

"Hey, sugar," she drawls, and then dips the tips of her fingers underneath the edge of my belt. "Want to play?"

Hmmmm. Let's see. My work is done for the night, I haven't been laid in four days because I've been busy as shit between my duties at JennCo and The Wicked Horse, and Carlie sucks cock like a Hoover vacuum cleaner. I start to get hard just thinking about it.

I vaguely hear Angel asking each woman to introduce themselves to the crowd, which is now pressing in on the back bar to get a gander of wet breasts and puckered nipples. My hand comes up to circle Carlie's slender throat, and I press my thumb just under her chin. Her eyes go cloudy with lust because she's into choking. That isn't my cup of tea, but I know someone who can fulfill that fantasy for her.

I nod over her head at Bridger, who is leaning casually up against the far wall. He's so tall I have no problem spotting him even with a crowded dance floor in between us. He's only got about two inches on me but fuck... he still looks like a goddamn giant.

“Want Bridger to play with us?” I ask her, giving a slight squeeze to her neck.

She moans in response, but I can’t hear it over the music. Rather, I feel it rumble through her against my palm circling her throat. I take that as assent.

Bridger just seems to know he’s being talked about because his eyes slide over to mine. His gaze flicks briefly to Carlie standing in front of me, and his smile curves wickedly. I knew he’d be all in.

As Bridger pushes off the wall and starts to wind his way through the throng of dancers, I lean down to place my lips near Carlie’s ear. “Bridger had it last time. I’m getting your ass tonight.”

She fucking shudders over the thought. Carlie loves her some DP, but then again... so do I.

I’m wicked that way.

When Bridger reaches us, he walks right up behind Carlie and presses into her. I know my friend well enough to know that he’s already getting hard thinking about us taking her at the same time. I couldn’t begin to count the number of times since college we’ve done that with a woman and I can honestly say, it never gets old.

Carlie is much shorter so Bridger and I can stare eye to eye as we iron out the details.

“Silo?” he asks.

“Nah. Let’s just go to our office,” I say simply.

Because that’s closer and besides... a few weeks ago, Bridger and I tag teamed the new waitress, Stephanie, in there. Bridger just sat his naked ass on the edge of our desk, his long, powerful legs easily supporting himself. I did nothing more than place Stephanie in a straddle on his lap and stepped in behind. It was the perfect fucking angle.

No pun intended.

Bridger nods and grabs Carlie’s hand, pulling her from me and toward the short hall that leads to our office. Carlie, in turn, takes my hand and I start to follow the train back.

“And how about you, honey?” Angel’s smoky voice reverberates over the speakers, and I can just imagine her standing up on the bar with her fiery red hair that comes down to her ass, microphone pressed under the contestant’s mouth. I’ve often thought about fucking Angel, but she’s a dominatrix and I’m sorry... but I have to be the one in control. I don’t submit to anyone, so it’s never happened. I’ve sure enjoyed watching her play over at The Silo

though.

Just as Bridger enters the hallway, the hair rises up on the back of my head when I hear the sweetest voice I've never been able to forget and that still intermittently haunts my dreams.

"Hi. My name's Callie. I just turned twenty-nine and oh, gosh... I'm nervous as hell, but I'm drunk enough to overcome it. Let's do this!"

I hear the resounding chorus of a hundred drunken men shout in agreement.

I drop Carlie's hand and whirl around, my gaze lasering onto the woman standing next to Angel on the bar.

Tall and willowy with chocolate-brown hair that appears to be braided down her back. It used to be really long, but I can't tell much about it right now. Even in the darkened atmosphere of the bar, I can still see the radiance of her light green eyes as she looks out over the crowd with her hands tucked nervously in the pockets of a tiny, denim skirt. I can't see them, but I can imagine the dusting of freckles I know graces that perfectly shaped nose and her high cheekbones.

It's been forever since I've seen her and I didn't think it would be possible, but fuck... she's even more gorgeous than I remembered.

I don't even think. Instead, I start barreling toward Callie, cutting straight across the dance floor toward the back bar. It's easy enough to make my way through the dancers, but I have to get a little rougher as I push my way past the thick wall of men all staring up expectantly.

And that exact minute, Callie nervously looks out over the crowd... her eyes passing over me and then slamming back in shock. Those full lips part in surprise, and my anger boils.

When I hit the edge of the bar, I hold my hand up, glaring at her... demanding she get down. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

I'm surprised when her hand comes out of her pocket and tentatively reaches toward me. But then she reconsiders, a hard glint in her eye. Instead, she reaches up and takes the bottom of the t-shirt in her hands, pulling it up in between her breasts, looping it into the collar, and then reaching underneath to pull it down, effectively creating a halter-like top. It plumps up her breasts and showcases a breathtakingly gorgeous view of her flat stomach and gently curved hips to where the denim of her skirt hangs dangerously low.

My fury rages at the same time the blood in my groin does, causing me to get shockingly hard. Christ... I don't think I've reacted that way to a woman

since I was in my teens. She smirks down at me at the same time I hear Angel say, “Alright, men. Let those girls have it.”

Champagne and beer starts spraying up at the girls, and given my position at the edge of the bar, I get a hefty dosing too. My fucking hat is going to be ruined, but I never take my eyes off Callie as she gets sprayed right in the chest. Instantly it seems like the thin, white fabric disappears, and all I can focus on is her perfectly rounded breasts with pebbled nipples. I tear my eyes off her chest and look up to see her looking out over the crowd and grinning. She looks to her right at the other girls, who are now dancing to Miranda Lambert’s *Somethin’ Bad*, and she fucking starts to do the same. Those amazing tits are now bouncing around, and I swear a thin, red film of rage filters over my sight.

When a man—clearly a tourist—next to me reaches up to grasp Callie’s cowgirl boot, I give him a rough shove away. He looks like he wants to come barreling back at me, but one look at the thunderous look of murder on my face and he holds his hands up in supplication.

I slide my eyes up to see Callie staring down at me. For just a moment, she looks at me the same exact way she did all those years ago when she offered up her innocence to me.

“Fuck,” I mutter, and my hands go up to clasp her behind her knees. I give a hard pull, and her body flies forward. My hand goes up, steadying her fall with a grip to her ass, and I have her resting in a fireman’s hold over my shoulder. I turn fast and I think her boots catch someone in the head, but I don’t give a shit.

I march right back through the dance floor, people scurrying to get out of my way. Callie makes feeble attempts to hammer her fists against my back, so I answer her with a resounding slap to her ass. That gets her to calm down, and by the time I reach my office door and I’m punching in the password, she’s gone still over my shoulder.

Pushing the door open, I step in and immediately see Bridger getting his cock sucked by Carlie. He shoots me a surprised look when he sees I’m carrying a woman, but I’m already backing out and pulling the door closed.

Fuck. What a mess.

I bend over and gently lower Callie to the floor. When her boots hit the wood, she tips her face up at me, her eyes blazing with anger. “Just what the hell do you think you’re doing, Woolf Jennings?”

Grabbing her hand, I don’t respond. I merely pull her behind me through

the club toward the front doors. She makes the mistake of trying to pull free of my grasp, but I just clamp down on her harder.

When we hit the gravel parking lot, I turn to the right and head toward my Range Rover that's parked in one of two reserved spots on the side of the building. The other one is reserved for Bridger and his shiny, red Corvette. My strides are long, and Callie is running to keep up with me.

"Let. Me. Go," Callie all but screams and she pulls on her hand so hard, she rips free of my hold.

I turn around to face her, and she has both hands on her hips. "Just why do you think you have the right to pull me off that bar?" she demands.

God, she's so fucking beautiful. My eyes drop lazily down to her breasts that are for all intents and purposes naked under the wet material that leaves nothing to the imagination. Licking my lower lip in appreciation, I imagine what it would be like to suck one of those nipples gently into my mouth right now. I make sure she sees this move on my part, and I hope she takes good stock of the lecherous glint in my gaze as I look back up at her.

She's definitely not mistaking my look if the way her lips are parted slightly and her eyelids a bit heavy are any indication.

"Because," I tell her slowly as I step forward, "I don't think that Governor Hayes' daughter should be showing her naked tits to the entire state of Wyoming."

Chapter 2

Callie

My hands immediately come up to cover my breasts. I can feel how hard my nipples are against my palms, and my skin feels prickly with awareness at the way Woolf is watching me.

He's like a real wolf.

Predatory and dangerous.

It's the way he's always been. Or so it's always seemed.

He's a large man, but that's always excited me rather than scared me. And even though he's wearing nothing more than a pair of jeans, a black t-shirt, and a dark plaid shirt over it that's casually unbuttoned, he would put any model on the catwalks of Paris to shame.

"You have no say over what I do," I tell him, hoping my voice sounds calm enough.

"That's my bar back there, and I have every right to throw you out," he says darkly as he throws a thumb over his shoulder at the building behind him.

My eyes flick past his shoulder, back to the front of the bar, right to the white neon sign in the shape of an oval with the words "Wicked Horse" written diagonally across in blue. I turn a narrow-eyed gaze back to him. "Your bar?"

"Mine," he growls at me, then he has my elbow and he's propelling me toward a black Range Rover. "And it's now my official policy that the governor's daughter can't come in my bar. You better hope to God this doesn't get back to him."

I dig my boot heels down into the gravel and try to jerk my arm from him again, but he's got a firm hold. That doesn't stop my resistance or my skepticism. "Why in the fuck would a Jennings be wasting his time with a lowly honky tonk in the middle of nowhere?"

Woolf stops abruptly and spins on me. "Since when do you say words like 'fuck,' Callie? You used to slap me if I even said the word 'damn' when we were growing up."

He pulls his Stetson off with his free hand and slaps it against his leg in frustration, and wow. Just wow. I had almost forgotten that Woolf Jennings has a face that can stop reality. My gaze flicks first over that strong jawline with midnight black stubble. I had first recognized him by that jaw alone when he started stalking across the dance floor toward me just a bit ago, the top of his face having been shadowed by his hat. I'd recognize his jaw anywhere, no matter how much time has passed since I've seen him.

And just seeing him stalk toward me in there... knowing he was coming toward me and was probably madder than hell... God help me, but it sort of turned me on.

And now, as he stares at me with bright blue eyes that seem even bluer in the glow of the neon sign, and black eyelashes that are impossibly thick, I feel my pulse hammer hard the way it always did whenever I was around Woolf.

"I'm not the same girl you grew up with," I tell him hotly. Well, at least I don't want to be the same girl he grew up with. That Callie Hayes has spent years of her life being quiet and well mannered, leading a peacefully dull existence up until now.

"So I see," Woolf says as his eyes flick down briefly to my hands covering my breasts. "You put on quite a show back there. What would your fiancé think?"

I tilt my chin upward. "Would have been a better show if you hadn't stopped me. And I'm not engaged anymore."

Woolf blinks at me in surprise. "Since when?"

"Since about seventy-two hours ago," I tell him. With a hard jerk of my arm, I'm free again. I spin around, intent on heading back into the bar. "And you just ruined what I'm betting was going to be a very good night."

"You're not going back in there," Woolf says as he makes another grab at me, but I twist my body out of his reach.

But then I reconsider and stop, turning quickly, and Woolf almost barrels right over me. He catches himself, his hands coming to my shoulders to steady both of us. And damn... his hands on me feel just as solid, and warm, and secure as they did so very long ago.

I swallow hard, take a deep breath, and say, "Look... I'm going to go back in there because my bra and purse are in there, so I'd like to get both and then head home."

Woolf slams his hat back on his head and gives a resigned sigh.

Shrugging out of the plaid over shirt he has on, he holds it out and says, “Fine. Put this on though.”

I gratefully accept the shirt because even though phase one of the New Callie was having fun on top of that bar, I’ve sort of lost the thrill of dozens of men staring at my breasts. I’m still just as buzzed, but the lure of enticing men to notice me has lost the appeal at this point.

Placing his hand at the back of my neck, he turns me toward the front door of The Wicked Horse and guides me back to it. “Get your stuff and meet me back at the front door. You’ve got five minutes. I’ve got to go find my partner to let him know I’m taking you home.”

“You don’t need to do that,” I tell him hastily. “I’ve got my own car here.”

“You’re drunk.” His hand tightens on the back of my neck, and for some weird reason, it makes me want to drop to my knees in front of him.

“I’m buzzed,” I argue. “Big difference.”

“Sorry, babe,” he says, and oh, geez... why does Woolf calling me *babe* make me want to curl into him and purr? “But the Callie Hayes I know needed several drinks to get on top of that bar tonight, so you’re not driving home.”

Woolf opens the door, and we’re greeted with some old-school *Dixie Chicks*. “Five minutes,” he grumbles in warning and releases me. “Don’t make me come find you.”

I turn to give him a glare, but he’s already pushing through the crowd and I lose sight of him fast. I don’t waste any time because while I know I couldn’t be in safer hands with Woolf Jennings, I don’t want to test him. So I cut across the dance floor toward the DJ booth where the red-haired woman who had me sign up for the contest said I could stash my purse. When I approach her, she gives me a smile and nods toward the floor.

I see my purse and bend over to pick it up. “Thanks for watching this.”

“No problem,” she says, her voice rising above the music. “And sorry Woolf took you out of the running for the contest. In my opinion, you had the nicest tits up there.”

My cheeks turn a little pink from her compliment and I awkwardly turn away from her, only to run into a hard, male body. “Callie Hayes... lookin’ good,” I hear drawled out.

Tilting my gaze up, I see a face from my past and instantly relax. “Hey, Colton.”

Colton Stokes is still ruggedly handsome, and I'm betting still just as cocky. We dated in high school but broke up after he left for college. He was a year older than me, and I'm guessing didn't want a girlfriend tying him down. Especially one that wasn't willing to put out for him.

Leaning down, he places a kiss on my cheek. "You look fantastic."

I know this is a lie because my hair is sticky from beer, and I'm betting even my eye makeup is running.

"You too," I tell him, and that isn't a lie. Colton is damn good looking with his caramel-colored hair highlighted naturally from the sun and dark brown eyes. He's dressed like most others here tonight with jeans, a western-styled shirt, and large belt buckle, but Colton was always one of those guys that stood out in a crowd.

Colton runs his gaze down me and with a smirk, says, "I see someone lent you a shirt."

I wince. Damn, he must have seen me up on the bar. Double damn... he's seen my breasts. I wait for shame to overcome me, but it never does and I find that a good sign because if I'm going to shed the vestiges of the old Callie Hayes, I can't afford to be mired in guilt over it.

Stepping in closer to me and leaning down again, he says, "For what it's worth... you would have totally won that contest."

"Um... thanks," I say as I nervously brush some strands of sticky hair that came loose from my braid away from my face.

"Listen... let me buy you a drink and we can reconnect," Colton says, and his smile seems genial enough. I'm guessing, however, he's thinking I might be an easy score tonight since I was just on the bar a bit ago flashing my boobs all around.

"She's going home," I hear Woolf bark above the music so he can be heard clearly, and my elbow is once again in his hand. I turn my head slightly to see Woolf glaring at Colton.

"Well, then," Colton says as his eyes slide slowly from Woolf back down to me. "In that case, seems like you're in good hands tonight. Hope to see you around, Callie."

Woolf doesn't even let me reply, just turns me around and starts pushing me hastily back through the crowd. In no time at all, he has his SUV door opened and he's helping me to climb in with liberal use of his running board.

All is silent as Woolf makes his way out to Highway 191 and turns north instead of south.

“Where are we going?” I ask in confusion, as my house is back in Jackson.

“I know damn well your father is in town and I can’t take you home like this, Callie,” Woolf says in exasperation. “Reggie would have a heart attack if he saw you looking and smelling like that.”

“I can make it to my room without him seeing me,” I grumble but secretly... I’m a bit pleased. I’m just not ready to go home yet. I’m even more excited by the fact that I know we’re headed to Woolf’s house on the Double J, which means some more alone time with him. That thought shouldn’t bring me such a rush of giddiness, but it does all the same.

I knew I’d see Woolf at some point when I returned home from Connecticut. His father and my father were very good friends. His father was a huge contributor to my father’s political campaigns, and we all ran in the same social circles our entire life. Woolf is three years older than me and up until my sophomore year in high school, we attended the same schools in Jackson from elementary school onward. But then my father won the gubernatorial race and we moved to the state capital of Cheyenne, which is less than an hour away from Laramie where Woolf was attending his freshman year at the University of Wyoming.

Even though we were family friends and were within spitting distance of each other, I saw very little of Woolf while he was in college. This was due, I expect, to the fact that my older brother Richard was attending Harvard back east. He and Woolf were close friends, and without Richard around, Woolf just didn’t come to visit that much.

That came about even less after Richard died at the start of his senior year at Harvard from pneumonia. Richard was asthmatic and stubborn as hell. By the time he broke down, went to the emergency room, and got admitted, his lungs were so full of fluid he suffocated to death. My eyes prick with tears at the thought of his death, which will hit the eleven-year anniversary mark in a few months. I wonder if Woolf still grieves for him the way I do.

“What happened to your fiancé?” Woolf asks, and I blink my eyes hard to dispel the moisture. “What was his name? Bill?”

“Will,” I correct him woodenly. He and Woolf had met once, just last year when Will came home with me for Christmas.

“So what happened?” he prompts me.

I gaze out the side window but it’s so dark outside on this lonely stretch of highway, I can’t really see anything. Ironic, since even thinking about

Will, I don't really feel anything. Even my anger has sort of fizzled.

"I caught him in bed with another woman," I say softly.

It was actually a bit more than that. I left work sick one day where I worked as an event planner, having given up on the fight against the overwhelming nausea I was experiencing. I was panicked, thinking that perhaps I was pregnant, and I wasn't ready to be. I mean... physically and mentally, yeah... I could totally be down with having a baby, but I was having so many doubts about marrying Will that the thought of having a child with him caused me to feel overwhelming dread rather than happiness.

Stopping at the drugstore on the way home, I grabbed a twelve pack of ginger ale and a pregnancy test. I made it to our house in the burbs outside of New Haven, Connecticut and wasn't all that surprised to see Will's car at the house. His law firm was only about five minutes away and he often ate at home.

I was surprised, however, when I walked back into our bedroom, pulling the pregnancy test out of the bag, and stumbled right upon the most bizarre thing I've ever seen in my life. I'm not sure it even bears repeating the full details, but suffice to say that Will was naked except for a leather headpiece over his head with a ball gag in his mouth. He was in the middle of our bed on his hands and knees while The Honorable Jennifer P. Lane, one of the local circuit judges, whipped him with a riding crop. She was dressed head to toe in black, shiny vinyl and growling at him, "I sustain your objection, Counsel."

I thought I was in a dream... nay, a nightmare. My eyes dropped to the bed where a gavel rested near one of Will's knees, and I shuddered to think where she was going to stick that thing.

But for the tiny gasp that came out of my mouth, I doubt either one of them would have known I was there. It would have been my preference to have backed out of the room quietly, sight unseen, but Jennifer's head turned my way and rather than being horrified, she actually smirked at me. Will, on the other hand, promptly started freaking and was trying to rip the headpiece off while I think he was trying to scream apologies around the ball gag.

I didn't wait around to find out. Stuffing the pregnancy test back in the bag, I ran out to my car. I got in, drove to the airport, and booked the first flight back home. While I waited for boarding to begin, I went into the bathroom, peed on the stick, and found out I wasn't pregnant. Ironically, I wasn't nauseated anymore, and I'm wondering if I was just feeling a

generalized anxiety because of my doubts over Will.

Regardless, something clicked in my mind as I sat in the airport terminal and considered my past and my future. I had to turn my phone off because Will was burning it up with calls and texts. I imagined him out riding the roads, looking for me. The cocky son of a bitch was just self-centered enough to think that I'd never leave him. That he'd be able to smooth this over and keep me pinned to his side. He would have never thought his little fiancée, Callie Hayes, was at the airport and getting ready to leave Connecticut for what I hoped was forever.

I bet he sure as shit never thought I would enter a wet t-shirt contest, nor would I be in a man's vehicle heading to his house late at night.

I turn my head and look at Woolf. The silhouette of his face shows lines of stubbornness, brilliance, and command. He's always been that way. I can also see the glow of his eyes from the dashboard lights. He knows I'm looking at him, and his face turns to give me a short glance.

"I'm sorry," is all he says over my revelation that I found my fiancé cheating on me.

"I'm not," I tell him. "And I'm staying at your place tonight so the mighty Governor Hayes doesn't see me like this."

Chapter 3

Woolf

“It looks fantastic,” I tell Bridger as I walk through the newest cabin we had just finished constructing a few weeks ago. While our original plans called for ten cabins, they were getting overbooked so we added on as needed. This makes cabin number thirteen.

This Wicked Horse building has no interior walls except for restrooms because privacy isn’t needed. The Silo has four group sex rooms for viewing, but those are filled to capacity almost every night so we built this new cabin. Thick, soft carpeting done in a pale blue sets more of an elegant atmosphere. Dark gold silk wallpaper with subtle geometric designs, and several ottomans done in a soft, vinyl material in a dark cream color complete the decor in this eleven-hundred-square-foot cabin. There are two powder rooms on the back wall, and a tiny, self-serve bar on the adjacent wall.

“I’m naming it Bacchanalia,” Bridger says with a wicked grin.

“Appropriate.” Bacchus, the Greco-Roman god of intoxication and ecstasy, and propagator of the much-revered orgy would be proud. “Participants don’t have to wear togas, do they?”

Bridger laughs good-naturedly as we walk out of the cabin. “I think clothing sort of defeats the purpose of this cabin, don’t you think?”

I don’t bother answering because that was rhetorical. Instead, we both trot down the cabin stairs and climb into my work truck. The cabins sit only a couple of hundred yards away from The Silo and nightclub, but the dirt road in between isn’t very friendly on Bridger’s Corvette. We had to take my truck so we could stock the cabin bar with a few cases of liquor and mixers.

“Did everything go okay last night?” Bridger asks as he pulls his hat off, scratches at his hair, and then plops it back on his head. He tends to wear it longer these days, but next week, he’ll probably shave it all off. Bridger changes more than the seasons.

“Yeah,” I say as we bounce down the road toward The Silo. It’s a gorgeous June day outside, perfect for outdoor work with the sun riding high and the temps hovering in the low sixties. I think I might even gear up and

ride range today just so I'm not cooped up in the office.

"Dude... I need details," Bridger says, turning slightly in his seat to face me. "Who was that woman? It's not every day I see Woolf Jennings carting a woman *out* of The Wicked Horse and *away* from The Silo. In fact, I'm not sure I've ever seen it."

I pull into my parking spot beside Bridger's car and cut the ignition. "That woman was Callie Hayes."

Bridger's eyes spring wide, and he shakes his head with an amused grin. "That was Callie Hayes? The girl that got away from the mighty Woolf Jennings?"

"She didn't get away," I snap at him. "I let her go. Big difference."

Chuckling, Bridger exits my truck and I do the same. He meets me at the front and leans an elbow on the hood. His face is a bit more serious now. "So what happened last night?"

Leaning back onto the front grill of my truck, I cross my arms over my chest. I could use Bridger's advice. He knows all about Callie as I got a little mouthy one night after a party during college, and we exchanged relationship failure stories while we continued to drink in the room we shared at the frat house. Her name has come up on another occasion or two—or three or—when I'm lamenting in my beer glass while some sappy country-western song plays in the background.

"Nothing happened. I brought her home, let her get cleaned up, and we talked a bit."

Bridger just stares at me. He knows me too well to ever accept that as the full story. He can tell by my tight lips that there's more, because I don't keep anything from Bridger and he keeps nothing from me. That's the way of it as best friends and two men who have seen each other doing very depraved things. Hell, we've done some of those depraved things together.

I give a heavy sigh. "She broke off her engagement and moved back home permanently. Or so she says."

"What are you going to do about it?" he asks me quietly. He knows this is some damn serious business to me.

Grimacing, I give him a hard look. "I'm not going to do a fucking thing. Nothing has changed."

"You asshole," Bridger says affectionately. "Everything's changed. She's not the young innocent anymore. She's a woman."

"She may be a woman, but she's still far too innocent to get caught up

with someone like me. She'd freak the fuck out if she knew what really went on at The Wicked Horse."

I know that to be true because last night after Callie had a shower and dressed in one of my t-shirts and a pair of workout shorts that swallowed her up, we sat down in the Great Room and shared some whiskey. She told me the gory details of how she caught her fiancé in some fem-dom situation. If it weren't for the disgust in her voice, I would have laughed at the scenario I imagined, but it was too sobering of a tale when she candidly admitted she had come home to take a pregnancy test. For some reason, I wanted to stand up and dance when she told me she was relieved she wasn't pregnant, and that she's actually relieved the engagement is off.

Regardless, she reacted badly to that so I couldn't even begin to imagine how disgusted she would be at The Silo. Hell, several times a week, you can find Angel pegging some dude up the ass in one of the glass-walled rooms.

I push off from the front of my truck and step up onto the wooden boardwalk that spans the entire front of The Wicked Horse. Bridger follows me in. The entire club is empty as it's late morning, but the staff will start trickling in soon. While we don't open until four PM, there's still a tremendous amount to do to get ready for the evening rush.

"You're really not going to hook up with her?" Bridger asks as we wind our way through the tables toward the office.

I roll my eyes at him. "Man... this isn't high school."

"Fine, then. You're not going to fuck her?"

"No, I'm not going to fuck her," I grit out as I punch in the alarm code to the office.

But damn, I want to fuck her so bad.

Last night as she sipped at the whiskey with her feet tucked up underneath of her on the couch, I had to almost physically restrain myself from touching her. I listened to her talk about Will and her life over the last several years. I truly heard her bemoan that she hated living back East, hated her job as an event planner, and hated living in the suburbs where she had dinner on the table every night at six PM sharp for Will, and she wore pencil skirts, flats, cardigans, and headbands because she was trying to be the proper fiancée for a hotshot attorney in a conservatively dull community.

Yes, I heard all of that, but it didn't stop me from studying her beauty while she talked. Her hair was the color of dark mahogany and worn shorter than she used to... just a few inches past the edge of her shoulders. And the

way her green eyes seemed to shine like miniature galaxies of green and gold. Those freckles... doing nothing but serving to remind me of her innocent ways, and even though my shirt on her was baggy, I could still vividly imagine those perfect tits I knew resided under the soft cotton material.

Sitting right there on the opposite end of the couch from me.

That right there was the reason I only gravitate toward blonde women. Those ladies of the sunny-colored hair. It's because they are the exact opposite of Callie Hayes and everything I would truly desire as a man.

But then again... do I really desire her for anything more than some of the dirtiest, hottest fucking I could ever imagine? Hell, even plain old vanilla on flannel sheets with Callie would be hotter than anything I've ever done. I just know it.

The real problem, if I just want to lay it out on the line, is that Callie and I would never be compatible long term. I'm not sure I'm built for monogamy. Never tried it, really, and although Callie is the only woman I could ever imagine committing myself to, I'm not sure I'm ready to give up variety. Besides... Callie would never understand my need to have kink in my life, and I would never expose her to it.

Bridger leaves the subject alone thankfully and sits down at his side of the desk. Our office is huge, furnished with a double-sided desk that we can work at if we're both here at the same time. That's a rare occasion though as I have my office back on The Double J and since most of my paperwork still revolves around JennCo, I just don't use this space a lot. Hell, I actually use it more for fucking women if I'm too lazy to walk over to The Silo, and that is the reason why we have a huge, leather couch against one wall.

Logging onto my laptop, I check my emails. I respond to a few before logging back off. Standing up, I tell Bridger, "I'm going to go grab a late breakfast. Want to come?"

"Nah, man," he says without looking up from the computer. "I'm going over last month's reconciliations the CPA sent me."

"Alright. I'm out."

Just as I reach the door, Bridger stops me. "Hey... we're going to be christening Bacchanalia tomorrow night. I think you should be there as a show of support to the patron members."

Normally, the thought of breaking in a new cabin would excite me, especially one built for group sex and swinging. It's probably the thing that

excites me the most... fucking amidst the masses who are fucking. Skin slapping, the air filled with moans and musky scents. Wet dream come true.

But for some reason, immediate refusal to participate comes to mind, and I think to myself, *What the fuck?*

“Maybe,” I hedge as I pull the door open. “We’ll see.”

Bridger laughs hard behind my back and when I turn to look at him over my shoulder, he’s smirking at me.

“Dude... you need to go for it with Callie.”

“What in the fuck does one thing have to do with the other?” I ask him, irritated beyond belief. And there is no doubt in my mind he’s taking my reticence to participate tomorrow night as being directly related to Callie’s return.

“I’m just saying... you might be passing up something amazing, and since when do you ever back down from a challenge?”

“She’s not some stupid challenge, man. You, out of everyone, should know that,” I growl at him and then I stomp out of the office, slamming the door shut behind me so I can drown out his taunting laugh.

She’s not a fucking challenge, I repeat over and over again in my mind as I get in my truck and turn it toward Jackson.

Callie is many things, but she is not a challenge.

Callie is warm and sweet. Innocent. Endearing. She’s kind and beautiful and sheltered. She is every fucking reason in the book why someone like me could never be good enough for someone like her.

I know that.

Hell, even she knows that.

I told her as much almost eleven years ago when I came just a hair’s breadth away from taking her virginity. I had been drinking and mourning the loss of Callie’s brother, Richard. We had lowered him into the ground the day before, and the day after I found myself at a party where I ran into Callie.

Drunk. Bitter. Angry at the world. It was not a good recipe in normal circumstances, but it was a complete disaster when I found myself alone with Callie. She had just turned eighteen two weeks before. She was only a few months into her freshman year at Duke University when we came together again at Richard’s funeral. I hadn’t seen her in almost a year... the prior Christmas, in fact.

And there she was the next night at a party, tipsy from a few beers with big, glistening tears in her eyes. I hugged her and she hugged me back, and I

remembered feeling shame that I would think she felt so good in my arms just a day after her brother was buried. Not comforting good, but sensually good. She was willowy angles and soft curves, innocent freckled face seeking solace in my arms.

I wanted to fuck her.

Bad.

It wasn't the first time I'd thought that about my friend's little sister. It was only about the hundredth time. I started noticing her when she was about fifteen. I mean, Callie was always around while we were growing up, but soon she stopped being the pesky little sister of Richard and started filling out in all the right places.

And say all you want about her beauty and budding breasts, what started me thinking about fucking her was the way in which she would look at *me* sometimes. Even at the age of fifteen, she knew she was a woman with desirous feelings. She aimed them at me sometimes with quick peeks from under veiled eyes that would get my dick hard.

God, Richard would have killed me in the most vicious of ways if he knew the way I looked at Callie sometimes. Even in college, as I was fucking my way through the years, immersing myself in kink and debauchery, I often thought of Callie. Sometimes... even while fucking a woman, I'd picture Callie as I came.

It was obsessive behavior for sure, but I couldn't help myself. And the irony isn't lost on me that I'm a man who likes my sex down and dirty, rough and kinky, and yet I obsess about a woman who is built for soft touches and gentle words.

Everything changed that night when I thought just to hug her, and she looked up at me with tears slipping out of her eyes and asked me to kiss her. I was drunk, I was horny for the woman in my arms, and yet... I still knew better.

I told her "no."

She pressed in tight to me and said, "Please."

She begged me to kiss her.

And so I did. I went ahead, gave in to my fantasy, and I let myself get swallowed up by Callie Hayes. I kissed her like I had never kissed another woman before. I kissed her with something that bordered on almost holy reverence for that woman and when she pushed her pelvis against me, my cock responded mightily. It took over... held my brain and common sense

hostage, and demanded I do whatever it took to let it get inside of her sweet heat.

I grabbed Callie's hand, and we made our way upstairs. We were at a mutual friend's house... and, of course, in our circles, most of our friends lived in thousands of square feet. Just like the Wyoming range, our class of people didn't like to be cooped up. I fortuitously found an empty bedroom on the first try.

In seconds, I had her on the bed where I was kissing her again. And Christ... the way she moaned and writhed as my tongue worked against hers. On one of the darkest days of my life, Callie tasted like sunshine and rainbows and sweet cream. I could have almost been satisfied with just kissing her, except she made the mistake of taking my hand and pushing it between her legs. She was wearing jeans that seemed to be painted onto her body, but my fingers tingle right at this very minute as I remember the heat that seemed to radiate from her.

Making a command decision, I moved efficiently. I didn't pause to think. The alcohol made sure I wasn't going to second-guess my actions. My hands were down the front of her pants and my fingers were on her clit, and when I first felt the bite of her fingernails into my shoulders, I knew I had to make her come hard.

And so I did.

I got her off with fast and practiced fingers while I kissed her deeply to swallow her cries. I was going to fuck her too, but as I pulled my hands out of her underwear so I could grab a condom, I asked her, "You've done this before, right Callie?"

She gave me a shy, hesitant look and shook her head.

And just like that, my cock went on hiatus. My blood turned cold. A pain shot through the center of my chest as I came to the realization that what I just did with Callie... that was all it would ever be. Getting her off and watching her come was one of the sexiest things I've ever seen, but that was the only taste I would ever have of her.

I was not about to take her virginity. She deserved way better than me for that.

I don't know if it shames Callie to remember that night, but it actually shames me. I feel slicing guilt when I remember the way she actually begged me to "make love" to her and I told her simply, "I just can't."

I don't know that I'll ever forget the pain in her eyes that came from my

rejection.

I try to shake loose the memories of Callie Hayes and all the things she's meant to me and how she plays at the top of my fantasy list. Sadly, I call it "The Fantasy That Could Never Be". The minute I pull onto the town square, I see that Zed's is jam-packed and I have to park a few blocks over. It's one of the more popular restaurants in Jackson. They have the best buckwheat pancakes, which are what I'm craving right now.

If I'm lucky, she'll find a nice vanilla man to make her happy, and I can get back to the way my life is supposed to be.

Chapter 4

Callie

“Your order should be up in just a minute, Callie.” I glance up at Carmen as she tops off my coffee. She’s been serving at Zed’s for as long as I can remember, and yet, she still looks the same. Even when I was a little girl, she had that dark hair liberally streaked with strands of gray, laugh lines around her kind, brown eyes and in the corners of her mouth that bespoke of a woman who enjoyed good humor.

“Thanks, Carmen.” I smile at her, reaching for the creamer and sugar. As I doctor up my coffee, I turn on my phone to check my messages.

Immediately, my screen is filled with incoming texts from Will. Except I changed his name in contacts from Will Tynnick to “Judge’s Bitch”. Petty, I know, but it does sting slightly the lengths he had to go to have some “excitement” in his sex life. It’s just one more reminder to me how pathetically dull I must have been.

More stinging is the fact that we clearly didn’t have the type of relationship where he could have asked me for something spicier if that’s what he wanted. Why he considered me a doormat, I have no clue.

Well, wait... yes I do.

Because I acted like a fucking doormat.

I grimace over that sad realization as I flip through the texts.

I’m going out of my mind with worry. Will you please call me and let me know you’re safe?

I’m so sorry, honey. Please, please talk to me so I can explain.

Callie... I love you. I’m going insane here. Call me.

Nothing all too different than what he’s been sending me for the past three days. I wondered if he was going to call my parents at some point and tell them what happened. Any sane person at this point would do that if someone had been missing going on four days now, but I don’t think he’s prepared to let my mom and dad know *exactly* what happened. Hell, I’m not prepared for that either. I just told them when I showed up on the doorstep at the Governor’s Mansion in Cheyenne that we had broken off the engagement

and I didn't want to talk about it. They abided by my wishes but then ushered me home to Jackson where my dad's been working from so he can keep an eye on me. I know he's worried but I've assured him I'm okay, and I expect he'll head back to Cheyenne soon.

I read the last text. *If you don't respond to me before the end of the day, I'm going to the police. I have no clue if you're dead in a ditch somewhere. I get you're mad, but now you're just being selfish by not at least responding so I know you're okay.*

A small tremor of guilt rumbles through me. I know Will is worried. I totally get that from his texts, and I can't have him calling the police and filing a false report, because I am very much okay. I think for a moment and choose my words carefully.

I'm home in Jackson and I'm fine. I'm not ready to talk but hopefully one day. Don't bother texting or calling me. I'll call when I'm ready.

I read over it twice and satisfied, I hit send.

His response is instantaneous. *Please, please just call me right now. I need to talk to you.*

I set my phone down and ignore it.

"Here you go," I hear, and a plate with eggs, bacon, and home fries clatters in front of me. I look up and see Kelley Jacobs looking down her nose at me, which is nothing new. Kelley is one of those locals who just can't seem to get her shit together and thinks all of her woes are to blame on others. She seems to think that I, as the governor's daughter, have something to do with the fact that she dropped out of college five years ago and now works as a waitress.

The bell over the front door to the restaurant jingles, and my eyes flick up at the sound. Kelley's head turns too, and she even hums approval to herself under her breath. "Mmmmmm. Mmmmm."

Yeah... that would describe the man walking in the door.

Wolf steps inside, takes his hat off, and looks around the crowded restaurant. His eyes stop on me, and I give him a cautious wave. I'm feeling a little awkward after last night. He gives me a tight smile and continues to look around for an empty table. His eyes come back to mine, and I make a motion toward the empty chair opposite of me.

I don't miss the subtle grimace and for a moment, I think he may just walk back out the door, but then he looks resigned to sit with me and heads my way.

Woolf pulls out the chair, throws his hat on the chair next to it, and gives a beautiful smile to Kelley. “Hey, sugar. Can I have some coffee and a buckwheat stack?”

Ugh. He called her sugar... and it sounded all sexy too.

Kelley beams at him and gives him a flirty wink. “Anything for you, darlin’.”

I clear my throat. “Can I get some hot sauce?” But she’s already spinning away from me. I watch her retreating back for a moment, and then sigh as I turn to face Woolf.

“Sugar?” I ask him blandly. “Isn’t she a little young for you?”

Woolf throws his head back and laughs, and seriously... were his teeth always that white and straight? I know his lips were always that full, and that must be why I never noticed his teeth.

Shaking my head, I pick up my fork and scoop up a tiny piece of scrambled egg. I shouldn’t have indulged in that last whiskey with Woolf last night, which tipped me over the edge from buzzed to drunk. My stomach’s been swimming a bit this morning.

As I put the food tentatively in my mouth, he says, “Gotta hangover?”

I don’t fail to notice he didn’t address my last question, but seriously... not any of my business. Nope. Doesn’t bother me at all who Woolf is interested in. I learned my lesson a long time ago. It’s never going to be me, so why wish for it?

“I’m feeling a little poorly,” I admit with a smile and then try a bite of bacon.

Woolf seems to think that’s good enough opportunity for him to get all brotherly on me. He leans in and murmurs softly but with chastisement. “Seriously, Callie... what were you thinking last night? Getting up on that bar... flashing your shit for everyone to see?”

My cheeks start to burn not only from embarrassment, but also from anger. “Who are you to judge me?” I grit out.

Woolf pushes back and shoots me a surprised look. “Hey... I’m not judging. It’s just... that’s not you. It’s not the girl I know.”

“I’m a woman,” I point out as I turn my attention back to my food.

“That you are,” he mutters, but I don’t look back at him, keeping my gaze on my plate. I eat in silence and don’t even bother to look up when Kelley brings Woolf his coffee. They chat for a bit. He asks her if she’ll be coming by The Wicked Horse anytime soon, and she giggles and simpers for a bit,

assuring him she'll be by. Woolf turns on the charm and flirts right back with her, and she giggles some more.

Makes me even more nauseous.

After Kelley totters off, I just can't seem to help myself. "So... you and Kelley, huh?"

Woolf gives me a knowing grin. The type that knows I might be a little jealous and he finds it amusing. He places his forearms on the table and kicks his legs out, brushing them against mine under the table. "Come on, Callie... that was just a little bit of harmless flirting."

Hmmmm. That sounds sincere and my shoulders sag a bit, telling myself with brutal honesty that I had been a little on edge over the thought of Woolf with another woman. Which was just utter ridiculousness. He doesn't think of me like that. He was painfully clear about that after Richard died.

And then he knocks away any remaining doubt about that issue. "Besides," he says as an afterthought as he picks up his coffee cup and looks me square in the eye. "I don't go out with brunettes."

Kelley is a brunette.

But then, so am I.

My mouth drops open slightly at the blatant and backhanded slap at me. I mean... I don't know if that was directed at me intentionally, but it hit me squarely. And my shoulders sag just a bit more as I realize that maybe I am still harboring some feelings for Woolf.

Oh, who the fuck am I kidding?

I've been carrying a torch for this man for as long as I can remember. I think even when he put frogs in my bed at age nine that I loved him then. I know for sure that when he kissed me the night after Richard's funeral, and then gave me my very first orgasm, I loved him. Yes, it was definitely love, or otherwise, why would I have been so shattered when he wouldn't have sex with me? I can remember that night with painful and vivid detail. I'll never forget what I believe was actual disgust on his face when I told him I was a virgin.

That night, he not only gave me my first orgasm, he gave me my first broken heart.

In fact, it's been my only broken heart.

I nursed it for two years and finally started to let some of it go when I met Will in college at Duke. I gave my virginity to Will instead. I also gave him my love and promised to marry him. I tried to push Woolf Jennings to the

back of my dark closet and leave him in there.

I not only tried, but I succeeded, because he rarely crossed my mind as I lived out my days as the model bride-to-be beside William F. Tynnick, Esquire. He stayed buried away, popping out on occasion if we ran into each other during holidays, but for the most part... Woolf was nothing more than a family friend.

Something he's just made abundantly clear again.

A change in subject is in order.

"So what's the real story about The Wicked Horse?" I ask genially before attacking my home fries. The grease actually seems to be settling my stomach.

A brief flicker of anxiety passes over Woolf's face, and he asks cautiously, "What do you mean, the real story?"

"I mean," I say dryly as I wave my fork at him. "Why is Woolf Jennings, CEO of JennCo, spending his time running a bar? Or for that matter, how in the hell do you have time to even do that?"

Woolf seems to relax. "I have a business partner, Bridger Payne. He does most of the work there. I'm more like a silent partner."

"But why?" I press him. Not that I can't see Woolf doing that, because I can so see him hanging out in just such a place. It seems to fit him.

"It's a nice break from an otherwise dull life," he says softly.

I swallow my food, setting my fork down. "Dull life?"

"Come on, Callie," he says with joking censure. "Can you honestly say you'd ever see me sitting behind a desk my entire life?"

I blink at him in surprise. Not at what he just said, but at myself. Because yeah... I know Woolf. He wouldn't be happy behind a desk. He's too rugged and adventurous. Always has been. He's more at home in the leather of a saddle than a chair. He loves the outdoors too much. He likes thrills and excitement.

"I can't see you sitting behind a desk," I agree quietly.

He stares at me silently, almost with relief in his eyes that I... what? Still know him? Is he relieved that I still know my longtime friend? My brother's close friend? My failed lover?

I smile at him in understanding before pushing my plate away. "Okay, so I get The Wicked Horse... which is a great name by the way. How long have you had it?"

"It's only been open a few months," he says with pride. "It keeps me sane

and makes dealing in a world of suits otherwise bearable.”

“Well, I certainly had fun there last night,” I say with a grin.

“Too much fun,” he says as his eyes flick briefly down to my chest. My face turns hot just knowing that he’s thinking... in this very moment... about my naked breasts.

“Not enough fun,” I assert with challenge. “Someone stopped me.”

“I did you a favor, Callie. You’re lucky a picture didn’t end up in today’s paper.”

Shrugging my shoulders, I take another sip of coffee. “Well, that didn’t happen so let’s move on.”

Carmen is the one that ends up bringing Woolf his breakfast, thank God, as I don’t think I could take any more of Kelley’s flirting.

After he pours some syrup on his stack, he starts cutting into it. “Speaking of moving on, what are your plans?”

I told Woolf last night all the painful details of what happened with Will. He’s the only other person other than me, Will, and Judge Lane that know the sordid mess.

“I’m not sure. My dad will be gearing up for reelection next year. Maybe I’ll stick around and work on his campaign.”

“It makes sense,” he says after spearing a few chunks of pancake on his fork. “You of the two poli-sci degrees.”

I duck my head to hide my pleased smile. That he remembers what my degrees are in. After graduating from Duke with my political science bachelor’s degree, I went on and completed their master’s program while Will went to law school at Duke. My dream had been to go to DC and work in the Senate or House as an aide, or maybe even try my hand at lobbying, but Will wanted to move back home to Connecticut and go into private practice, and so... I lamely followed him.

And you know what the value of poli-sci degrees are in suburbia?

About zero dollars.

Therefore, I worked thirty-five hours a week as an event planner in a business owned by the wife of one of Will’s partners.

Woolf’s phone rings, and he shoots me an apologetic look just before he answers it, “Jennings.”

I watch as he pushes his plate away and leans forward. One forearm on the table, the other raised to press the phone to his ear. His eyes roam around the restaurant lazily, not really seeing anything because I can tell he’s

carefully listening to whoever is on the other end.

Finally, he says, “Yeah... that was supposed to have been mailed out to you week before last. I just assumed you received it.”

He listens a bit more, then looks over at me and makes a writing motion with his hand. I immediately dip into my purse, pull out a pen, and push a napkin across the table at him. He scrawls something that’s practically illegible and says, “Okay... got it. I’ll mail it myself as soon as I get back to the Double J.”

When Woolf disconnects, he looks flustered as he takes the napkin and tucks it into his shirt pocket. “Sorry about that. I just need to send myself a quick email so I don’t forget about something when I get back to my office.”

“No problem,” I say as I watch him over my coffee cup. I wait for him to send the email and when he looks back up at me, I tilt my head to the side and ask, “Don’t you have a secretary or something to handle that stuff?”

Woolf snorts as he lays his phone back down and picks his fork back up. “I have a secretary who works at the main office of JennCo in Cheyenne, but I can’t seem to find a local one to keep me straight. I think I’ve been through five different ones already this year.”

“Slave driver,” I tease.

“No, seriously... I’m a pretty easygoing boss. I just hire shitty people without a work ethic.”

“Well, I’m not doing anything. I’ll help you out if you want.”

Woolf freezes with a forkful of buckwheat cakes to his mouth and just stares at me in contemplation. But then he lowers the fork and his eyes right along, and says, “No. I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Why not?” I press him. “I don’t have anything to do, and I’m a fucking whiz at organization. I’ve kept my father’s schedule straight during his campaigns, and shit Woolf... I was a fucking event planner in Connecticut. I hated it, but I was damn good. I’ve got skills at least.”

He blinks at me hard and doesn’t say a word.

“What?” I ask defensively.

“Just that filthy mouth you’ve developed,” he says softly. “It’s very anti-Callie.”

“I’m not the same girl you once knew,” I tell him firmly. Well, I really was, but I aimed to change that. So far I’ve entered a wet t-shirt contest and mastered the word “fuck”. I’m quite proud of myself so far.

Woolf scrubs his hand thoughtfully over his stubbled chin. Seriously, did

this guy ever shave? It seems he always has just the perfect amount of whiskers to make him look even ten times sexier than normal.

“I’ll pay you twenty dollars an hour, thirty hours a week,” he says bluntly. “Oh, and buy a coffee pot for the office when you come in tomorrow.”

And just like that... I had a job.

Working for Woolf Jennings.

Life is good.

Chapter 5

Woolf

Two things assault me when I open my main office door at the Double J. They happen almost simultaneously, yet one is just a few seconds before the other.

The deliciously deep and rich scent of dark roast coffee brewing.

Next, Colton Stokes sitting on the edge of Callie's desk, one long leg planted firmly on the floor, the other resting perilously close to her arm.

He's gazing down at her in what I know is barely disguised lust, and they're both laughing at something. I shut the door hard and Callie jumps in her seat, turning her head my way. She gives me a cheeky grin and says, "Geez, Woolf... you about gave me a heart attack."

I don't smile back at her, and I'm an utter dick when I say, "Not surprised. What with your attentions focused elsewhere."

I say this with a great deal of employer censure, and her face flushes. "Sorry. Colton was just telling me a joke. He's here for your ten AM meeting."

Nodding curtly at her, I walk over to the coffee pot and pour myself a cup. I silently will myself to get under control, but fuck... that just started my morning off shitty watching them laugh together. Colton wants in her pants, no doubt about that. Not sure what Callie wants, but I seem to remember they dated in high school. I know he doesn't know her as carnally as I do, but doesn't mean that he won't in the future.

I risk a quick glance over at them. Colton has stood from her desk and stepped a few feet away.

But Callie?

Man... fucking more gorgeous today than she was yesterday. When she showed up for her first day of work just three days ago, she was wearing a pair of jeans, cowboy boots, and a white t-shirt that fit her nicely. She had on a heavy denim jacket as the mornings were still quite chilly and her hair was in a ponytail.

"Sorry about the attire," she had said without real apology. "I don't have

much in the way of clothing here. I plan to try to get some shopping done this afternoon when I get off.”

I assured her that working on a cattle ranch, regardless of whether it was in the saddle or behind a desk, meant jeans were entirely appropriate.

And yet... the very next day, she showed up in a slim, black skirt that came to just above her knees and a silver-colored blouse that dipped low but didn't reveal anything but shadow. The kicker was a pair of knee-high boots with heels that added a good four inches onto her height and because she's tall, almost put her eye to eye with me. Her hair was stylishly sleek, she had on makeup, and her lips were glossy. She looked like a movie star, and I think my tongue was hanging out of my head all day.

She's dressed to the nines again today in a form-fitting dress in a dark purple color, and those killer, sexy boots again. As she sits at her desk, I can see a flash of skin above her knees and when I glance back over at Colton, he notices that too.

Asshole.

“Let's go, Stokes,” I say brusquely and nod my head toward my office.

Colton follows me in, and I shut the door behind us. By the time he takes a seat opposite my desk, I'm already regretting my tone with him. Colton is a long-standing friend. His family ranches cattle too, and he's a decent guy. On top of that, I really have no business getting between him and Callie, so I try to lighten the mood for all our sake's.

“Saw your dad in town the other day. He's looking great,” I say genially. Clinton Stokes had quadruple bypass surgery at the young age of just fifty-two about six months ago. Colton has been pretty much running things since then.

Colton smiles and nods his head. “Yeah... he's a tough old coot. Nothing will keep him down for long.”

I laugh and drum my fingers on my desk. “Remember that time he caught us reading his dirty magazines in the bathroom when we were kids? Scared the shit out of me when he chased us around, threatening us with his belt.”

With a bark of a laugh, Colton nods his head. “I was more afraid he'd tell my mom what we were doing.”

We both chuckle over the memory, and I'm satisfied Colton isn't giving any thought to my dick attitude just a few minutes ago. I not only don't want him thinking I have anything going on with Callie—which I do not—but I also do business with the man and I don't need tensions there.

I segue into the real reason I asked Colton to come by. “We’re headed to auction in a few weeks, but I wanted to ask you about the results of your crossbreeding program.”

He blinks at me in surprise, because while the Stokes know their cattle, they aren’t on the same playing field as the Jennings. But he’s not giving himself enough credit because I’ve been hearing some good things about his new crossbreed of Red Angus and Hereford cows.

Colton gives me a smile and lapses into a long-winded soliloquy of the program. He’s only all too happy to share with me as we sell off our excess cattle to his ranch, and we also use their slaughterhouse from time to time for overflow, so he desperately wants to maintain good business relations with Double J. He tells me about the methods they use to breed and continues on to proudly talk about the beef falling well within Angus certification guidelines. He drones on, and while the information is interesting and completely useful to our operations, my mind drifts.

To Callie.

She’s been a damn godsend in just the few days she’s been working for me. She has me entirely organized and for the first time in well, forever, I don’t feel as if I’m always in a state of worry that I’ve forgotten to do something important. She’s working with Marta, my secretary at JennCo, and between the two of them, I feel like the weight has been lifted off my shoulders.

The downside to her working for me is her presence.

It’s maddening. Her scent, her beauty, her voice.

Nine times out of ten when I’m looking at her, she’d be surprised to know I’m imagining something filthy I want to do to her. Just yesterday, I imagined eating her out while she was splayed out naked on my desk, and only my phone ringing brought me out of that daydream. Which was, by far, one of my tamest.

Callie would never speak to me again if she ever found out what my dirtiest fantasy with her was. Hell, I feel compelled to slap myself on her behalf just for thinking it.

Give it up, dude. Not ever going to happen.

I force myself to listen to Colton and even write down some notes as he talks. After about half an hour, we make arrangements for me to come over and check out his stock. When we’re finished, I walk with him to my door but before we get there, he says, “You missed a crazy time at the opening of

Bacchanalia the other night.”

Colton is grinning at me slyly.

And yes, Colton is a member of The Wicked Horse’s inner club. He pays a whopping fifty-thousand dollars for a platinum membership, which pretty much gives him access to everything. Twenty-four-seven access to all the buildings, unlimited food and liquor, and registration in our fantasy database that helps to facilitate hookups by matching people according to their level of kink and desires.

Bridger and I have had to carefully construct our sex club so we don’t run afoul of prostitution laws. We employed a team of lawyers to make sure we were legally in compliance of all criminal statutes, and Bridger vets our employees very carefully to make sure they stay in compliance too.

The law is really quite simple though and easy enough to skirt around.

Prostitution in Wyoming is when a person performs, permits, offers, or agrees to sex in return for money or property.

Therefore, we had to make sure the exchange of monies to my company was not in exchange for sex. Rather, it’s more of a rental fee on the facilities to make use of however they want. For his fifty-thousand, Colton gets a membership into a private club that offers him a place to socialize with excellent food and liquor, as well as entertainment. If Colton happens to participate in sex when he shows up, that’s all his choice. He exchanges no money with his partner or partners, nor does said partner or partners get paid. All people engaging in sex are there because of paid memberships that do nothing more than guarantee them entry into the building, top-shelf liquor, and gourmet food. That includes the few employees from the main club that partake of what the club has to offer. So as not to confuse the payment of money for their bartending or waitressing services, as part of their salary, each of those employees also gets a Silver membership to the sex club. It only gives them access two days a week, but otherwise operates the same as a Platinum membership. So, technically, the employees are not paid for their work in The Silo or one of the cabins, but rather enjoy a much higher salary than most bartenders or waitresses would make as well as a Silver membership.

The one thing that has caused some troubles for Bridger and me is if a club member is extremely satisfied with the services one of my employees provides and wants to give a tip. We have to shut that shit down fast because that right there *is* prostitution. No employee of mine can accept monies once

they step foot out of the main club, and I will fire them on the spot if I catch it.

I give a knowing smile to Colton and lower my voice so I ensure Callie can't hear us through the door. I'm purposely vague when I say, "I was there when the party kicked off, but I didn't stay long. Must have missed you."

That's true enough and if Colton chooses to believe I participated, so be it. But the fact of the matter is I just showed up and gave a little speech about how excited Bridger and I were. I only stayed for about a total of ten minutes, watching Bridger play with a husband and wife who've been members since we opened. Normally, observing Bridger put both a man and a woman on their knees before him and making them take turns sucking his dick would turn me the fuck on, but not that night. For some reason, I just wasn't into it.

I felt unsettled and unsure of myself for the first time I can ever remember. I ended up going home and watched a basketball game on TV while I drank a beer. I even wondered what it would be like if Callie were there with me, maybe curled up into my side, reading a book.

Shaking my head because I have no fucking business thinking those things, I grab the doorknob and open the door. I hold my hand out, and Colton shakes it. "Thanks for coming by, man. I'll be out to see you next week as planned."

"Sure thing, Woolf."

Turning my back on him, I force myself not to look at Callie sitting at her desk, and walk back to my own. I flip up my calendar to look at my schedule for the rest of the day, pleased to see that after my lunch meeting, I don't have anything else. I think I'll knock off and head over to The Wicked Horse. Stephanie is on duty I think, and I could get a quick fuck in. I think that all I need is to just get laid. It's been going on a full week now since I've had some pussy, and I'm starting to get grumpy about it.

Yeah, that's what I'll do.

My mouth curves into a smile, and I give myself a little fist pump of exuberance. I just need to get re-oriented. Shake off all the crazy that came with the return of Callie Hayes.

"...this little restaurant they just opened up on the main square," I hear Colton saying, and my ears perk up hard.

"Sounds divine," Callie says.

"Awesome. Saturday then... I'll pick you up at seven?" Colton says with excitement in his voice.

Oh, hell fucking no.

I shoot out of my chair and walk out of the office just as Callie says, “It’s a date.”

“What’s a date?” I ask casually as I open up the file cabinet behind her desk, rooting around for what the fuck ever.

“I’m going to take Callie out to that new restaurant in town on Saturday,” Colton says with a shit-eating grin.

I turn from the cabinet with a folder in my hand, no clue what I just grabbed, and give first Colton and then Callie an apologetic look. “Sorry... she has to work this weekend.”

“Doing what?” Callie demands as Colton’s face falls.

“It’s branding weekend on the Double J,” I say smoothly, immensely grateful that it is, in fact, the weekend we’ll be vaccinating, castrating, and branding the spring calves. “It’s going to be a busy day for me, and I’ll need your help.”

Colton looks at me dubiously because as an owner of a cattle ranch, he knows I really don’t have much to do. I mean, sure, I’ll participate in some of the branding, but that’s just for fun.

In fact, most ranches treat branding day as a festival of sorts. All the ranch hands and their families will be there. After all the work is done, we’ll have events like roping contests and three-legged races for the kids. I’ve got two hundred pounds of Double J barbeque being cooked with enough potato salad, baked beans, and apple pie to feed an army. Hell, I’ve even got a band to play and fireworks set up.

Not a damn thing for me to do other than enjoy it, and while I had been struggling this week on whether or not to invite Callie, that decision just got firmly made all so I could prevent her from going out with Colton.

I’m such an asshole and yet I can’t find it within me to feel guilty about it.

I don’t want her, not in the way I’m sure she wants to be wanted, but I don’t want anyone else to have her.

It’s twisted and complex and I should back the fuck off.

But I’m not.

“Plan on being out at the Double J about mid-morning, okay Callie?” I say as I look at her. I want to gauge how she feels about me breaking up her date with Colton.

She gives me a brilliant smile, and I relax. Callie’s always loved this type

of stuff. She's going to have a blast, and that makes me feel good.

She then turns that sunny smile to Colton and says, "I'm sorry. Maybe we could go next weekend?"

And now Colton is smiling brightly at Callie. It's all shining white teeth flashing around the room, and it makes me pissy. I frantically search my brain for something I need her to do next weekend, but I come up empty.

No matter. I'll figure something out by then.

"Catch you later, Colton," I say in dismissal and then head back into my office. Colton apparently gets the hint because I hear the front door open and close seconds later.

Thoughts of fucking Stephanie gone, I shut my door and walk over to the shelf where the architectural drawings for The Wicked Horse are still laying. I pull them out from time to time, survey the surrounding land, and figure out how we can grow bigger. But now I look at them with a bit of dread in my stomach.

Week after next, Tenn will be coming to visit, and I'm going to have to show him these plans. It's time he learned his little brother also has plans that exist outside of the family business. It's important I show him this because I've been thinking a lot lately about seeing if there's a way for me to distance myself from JennCo. We had considered once taking the company public, but our overwhelming sense of familial obligation shot that idea down. Almost two years later, though, and I'm feeling the walls closing in on me.

The Wicked Horse will be a shock to Tenn. It's going to cause some waves. Big, choppy waves.

But I have to at least start the communication about it and see where he stands.

Chapter 6

Callie

For a man that insisted I be here at the Double J mid-morning to help him, Woolf sure seems to be relaxing a lot. I look over at him sitting at one of the picnic tables set up on the east lawn beside the main house, lazily drinking a beer with his business partner, Bridger Payne. Woolf introduced me to him not long ago, and he's an interesting man.

He's big. I mean, bigger than Woolf, and Woolf is like a giant. Huge, muscled arms and a massive chest. It's clear he works out seriously. He's a little intimidating because there's something in his eyes that doesn't quite set right with me. Not in a dishonest type of way, but it's more like he knows something about you that maybe even you don't know yourself. Bridger also looks like the type of man who gets whatever he wants, and if it's a challenge to get it, he's going to knock you on your ass while he plows over you for the win.

What interests me the most about Bridger is actually my reaction to seeing him with Woolf. It's clear that they are more than just business partners. You can tell they're friends. Very close friends. It's the natural way in which they talk with each other; it's in the way in which they laugh together. Hell, I can even see it when they just sit there in silence with each other as they watch all the happenings going on around them.

I thought their friendship might make me a little bitter, seeing as how my brother used to be Woolf's closest friend, but I found myself actually filled with a peaceful happiness for Woolf that he found someone in whom he could trust and bond like he had with Richard.

I busy myself at one of the many long tables covered with red checkered cloths and laden with food, starting to place some tinfoil over the bowls of side dishes as the first wave of people have gone through. While Woolf is having this party catered, I feel compelled to do actual work since he's paying me. But so far, he's not given me much to do so I'm trying to act busy.

I sneak another peek over at the picnic table, and both Woolf and Bridger

are looking at me, their heads inclined toward each other. It's clear they're talking about me and a warm flush creeps up my neck. Never taking his eyes off me, Bridger murmurs something to Woolf and the look in Woolf's eyes becomes focused with intensity. His eyes seem to be glittering across the way at me, and his jaw sets in a hard line. He even bites down roughly into his lower lip while Bridger continues to talk quietly to him, all while they are both staring at me.

I hastily avert my gaze, not able to handle the way Woolf is... eating me up? And what in the hell could Bridger have said to make him look at me like that? It's like he was encouraging him... saying something to incite Woolf. I grab some napkins and start wiping up spills around the serving bowls, my pulse skipping madly for some reason.

The band Woolf hired starts tuning their instruments, causing my gaze to slide over there. I can see down past them to the branding paddock; the ranch hands are working on a few more calves, but most everything is done for the day. Everyone has plates of food and beers in their hands. People are laughing in celebration for a good, hard day's work and a traditionally important rite of passage for the animals. I can remember coming to the Double J brandings all the time growing up. I'd watch Woolf, Tenn, and Richard help wrestle the calves to the ground, and I wanted to help too but my mother wouldn't let me. It didn't befit a young lady.

Or so she said.

The party afterward was always so much fun. Chasing fireflies when the sun set, listening to music and eating homemade ice cream until I was sick. Not much has changed, although I don't intend to overindulge on the ice cream, but I do intend to enjoy the fireworks that will start up probably within the next hour.

I sneak one more peek over at the picnic tables, curious if Woolf and Bridger are still watching me. I'm not sure what it says about me that I'm actually disappointed they're both gone. I scan my eyes around, but I don't see either of them.

Sighing, I decide to go ahead and get a plate of food and a beer. My entire day of non-working has actually been quite tiring, and I'd like to get off my feet for a bit. Some barbeque, a little bit of pie, a little fireworks, then I'm heading home for a nice hot bath and maybe a good book.



As the fireworks start, I loop my purse over my shoulder and make my way toward the makeshift parking area. I drove my father's truck, because even though he's the governor, everyone in Wyoming has a truck and it just felt good to drive it. It made me feel like I was truly back home, and fuck the little BMW convertible Will had bought me to drive around in back in Connecticut. Those days were over.

I want to make a quick getaway as soon as the show is over, but I can't resist watching the sparkling lights, so I pull the tailgate down on my truck and hop my ass onto it. Just as I shrug the strap of my purse off my arm, the first rocket goes off. I hear the boom first and then the rocket splits apart into a million fragmented blue and white crystals against the night sky. I can't help the exhale of pleasure that escapes over the sight.

"What are you doing hiding back here?" Woolf says as he hops onto the tailgate beside me.

Startled, I jump slightly and cast a quick glance at him, but then pin my eyes back to the sky. I don't want to miss a thing.

"I'm going to head out as soon as the fireworks are over so I figured I'd just sit out here," I tell him as three more rockets go off.

Boom, boom, boom.

Three huge flowering displays pulsing outward. Man... these are spectacular and I know Woolf must have paid a fortune for this.

We sit in silence for a bit watching the show, and I can't help but smile as I hear little kids oohing and aahing over the fireworks. I angle my body to look at Woolf, just briefly to see if he's enjoying this as much as I am, but I'm caught off guard when I find his gaze is settled on me and not the sky.

I tilt my head at him with a curious smile. "What?"

He smirks at me... reaches out and grabs the end of one of the pigtail braids I have just barely hanging over each shoulder. Giving it a tug, he says, "Wyoming suits you, Callie."

I hold his gaze for just a moment, and then turn my face upward again, causing him to let go of my hair. "I'm really glad to be home."

Woolf bumps his shoulder against mine, vying against the fireworks for my attention. "Are you here to stay?"

I shrug my shoulders. "Maybe. I need to figure out who Callie Hayes is first."

"You know who she is," he tells me in gentle admonishment.

I leave the glow of sparkles behind and turn to look at him again. “You’re actually right, Woolf. I do know who she is. What I should have said is that I don’t like who Callie Hayes is... what she’s become. I need to figure out who I want to be, and I need to make those changes.”

I start to incline my face back upward, but I’m stopped by Woolf’s hand grasping my jaw. He holds me in place so I have to look at him. “You don’t need to change a damn thing about yourself.”

His voice is soft and soothing, almost as if he’s talking to a child. It pisses me off, and I jerk my face away from him. My words are calm but tinged in ice. “You have no idea what I do or don’t need. You try living in someone’s shadow for years, completely bending and twisting your life to fit his. You try giving up all your dreams to let someone else get theirs. You try to be what everyone expects, even though it tears you up inside. You do all that, Woolf, and tell me you don’t become someone you don’t like.”

My voice cracks... falters.

Woolf narrows his eyes at me.

“I’m so pathetically dull,” I say with a quiet but sure voice, “that my fiancé can only get his rocks off by having another woman gag and whip him. Try being that person and tell me you won’t want to change.”

I expect another admonishment from Woolf. Maybe a snort of disbelief. A look of pity.

Instead, his hands shoot out and take my face, jerking me toward him. He meets me halfway, putting his lips against mine and giving me a blistering kiss. Tilting his head, he pushes my mouth open with his own and then his tongue becomes a part of me. His fingers grasp me tightly as he kisses me deeply.

My head swims in confusion and lust.

My hands come up to grasp his wrists to hold him to me, afraid he might pull away.

And he does, but only slightly.

Only enough to look at me with simmering anger.

At me?

“If I ever hear you call yourself ‘pathetically dull’ again, I’m going to tan your hide,” he says and then he kisses me again.

And holy hell... Woolf Jennings is sitting in the back of my truck with me.

Kissing me.

With such force that in this moment, I would do whatever he asked of me.
I'd give him my soul.

Most definitely my body.

Woolf kisses me with all the surety of a man who knows what he wants. He nips at my lower lip, swipes hard at my tongue, and growls into my mouth. His kiss alone moves me so greatly, that I can't help the deep moan I give as my hands snake around his neck.

His own hands drop to my waist and with an effortless move, he hauls me across the tailgate right onto his lap. No, correction... after maneuvering my legs, he makes me straddle his lap. This is made easy by fact that first, I have no hesitation in accepting this new position, and second, that I wore a flower-patterned dress and my cowboy boots to this shindig.

The boots clunk down on the truck bed and my skirt rises to mid-thigh, but I don't care. I only care that Woolf wants to not only kiss me, but kiss me while I'm straddling him.

And then, oh my fucking God... his hands go to my thighs and he pushes me down onto his lap, grinding me onto what is an erection so large I can't even fathom the possibility of it. My breath comes skittering out of my mouth, and I have no control over my body. My hips undulate, causing the most amazing friction between us.

The fireworks continue to go off with loud booms, followed by hisses and sizzles that periodically light up Woolf's face. Sadly, I realize that once the fireworks end, so to shall this kiss.

I hope it's a really long show.

Woolf's hands slide up my thighs, pushing my skirt right along with it. The night air is getting chilly, and I can feel goose bumps breaking out in the wake of his touch. I continue to rub myself on Woolf while his kiss seems to take on an urgent quality. His breathing is harsh, and I can feel tension vibrating off him in waves.

And then... I almost combust just as loud and bright as the fireworks above us as Woolf fingers the edge of my panties just a brief moment before slipping under. I break the kiss because my head falls backward, seemingly unable to support itself.

"Oh, God," I moan as his finger brushes against me, causing a shudder to rip through my entire body. "Someone might see us."

His response?

He pushes a finger inside of me, and my head snaps up so I can look at

him. His eyes burn into me while he pumps his finger in and out. I know what he's thinking... he's thinking about the last time he did this to me. I can see recrimination in his eyes that here we are... once again.

If I were a smarter woman, I'd scramble off his lap and run for the hills. While this feels amazing and oh so right, I know I'm probably on a one-way street to abandonment when he's finished with me.

But I think I might rather be selfish instead, so I give a roll of my hips against his hand and a harsh breath hisses out of Woolf.

"Fuck yeah," he murmurs as one finger becomes two inside of me. I put my hands on his shoulders and use leverage to push myself up and down, counter to his own thrusting.

I'm stunned to my core when Woolf takes the edge of my dress with his other hand and bunches it up, pulling it to the side. He looks down at what is now an unfettered view of his fingers in my panties... inside of me.

"Watch, Callie," he commands in a hoarse voice. "Look at you riding my fingers."

I don't want to look. I'm afraid it might be too much. I'd rather look at the top of Woolf's head, or maybe even sift my fingers through his hair. I rock my hips against him, moving faster and faster. My pulse is hammering madly.

But then I decide to look because I just can't help myself. I don't want to miss a single thing.

Letting my gaze slide down, I see Woolf's fingers disappearing and reappearing with shiny slickness, I see the thick ridge of his erection pushing against denim just below, and I watch in utter fascination as he skims his thumb right over my clit and presses down on me hard.

I scream as my orgasm tears through me, but it's cut off quickly as Woolf releases my dress and grabs me by the back of my head, pulling my face to his. His mouth covers mine, and he sucks down every bit of vocal gratification that comes rushing out of me. My hips buck in a frenzy against his hand, trying to draw out every single bit of pleasure that I can, even as I vaguely realize the fireworks finale is going on right now with resounding booms and the sky lights up like it never has before.

I finally still my movements, feeling utter exhaustion start to overcome me. Woolf pulls his mouth from me as he removes his hand from my panties. He smoothes my dress down but makes no move to push me off. Instead, he takes one finger and just skims it down my throat. It's wet, and my skin

tingles from the touch.

Woolf raises his eyes to mine, and he quietly reiterates to me the point of his lesson. “Don’t ever call yourself ‘pathetically dull’ again because that was single-handedly the sexiest, most exciting thing I’ve ever seen in my life.”

I swallow hard and because I know he expects me to obey his words, I give him a nod of acceptance.

“That’s my girl,” he says.

Then he kisses my forehead and lifts me off his lap. When I’m once again seated on my tailgate, Woolf hops off and disappears into the darkness.

Chapter 7

Woolf

It's Monday morning, and I'm late getting into the office. Callie's car is already parked out front of the Double J office, but I expected it would be. She's never less than punctual.

Unlike me this morning.

That's called procrastination on my part, but I can't put it off any longer. I have to get the confrontation with Callie out of the way so I can get back on track with my life. My gut churns, wondering what will be in her eyes when I walk in that door.

Will there be anger over what I did to her? Rejection I didn't stay? Or even worse, hope in her eyes there will be something more?

Fuck... what in the hell had I been thinking? Finger fucking sweet Callie Hayes out in the open where anyone could have seen. Just the thought of it makes my dick twitch, and I mentally sneer at it to stay the fuck down and away from her.

And I would have left her alone too had it not been for Bridger and his fucking taunts. I made the mistake of admitting to my best friend in the world who I now could cheerfully kill, that I invited Callie to the branding party to prevent her from going out with Colton. Asshole thought that was hilarious and needled me all day about it.

When he sat down at the picnic table with me that evening as dusk was settling, he did what Bridger is best at doing.

He incited lust.

Pure, white-hot lust within me for Callie.

Just a few simple words.

Filthy really.

"You know what?" he taunted me with a deep, silky voice as we both watched Callie fiddling around at the serving table. "I know you think that girl is too sweet for the likes of you, but I'm telling you, Woolf... look at her spine. It's all in the backbone... the way she holds herself. That girl is built for some raw and dirty fucking. She wants it, too. No wait... it's more than

that. She needs it. Yeah, that girl *needs* it, Woolf.”

Those words right there started my brain obsessing about Callie. Bridger was definitely trying to get a rise out of me, but I couldn't dismiss what he was saying. Bridger is a man who can take one look at a man or a woman and tell you what makes them tick sexually. He knows how to draw out a person's desires. He knows how to break and rebuild. I don't doubt for a second if he says Callie needs something, she really needs it.

But Christ... why did I have to be the one to give it to her?

I've asked myself that over and over again since Saturday night. I chastised myself only to turn around and pat myself on the back. I cursed my weakness and high-fived my spontaneity. I looked in the mirror and told myself I was nothing but danger to Callie, and then smiled at my reflection and told myself I deserved to have her.

I wasn't lying to her.

Callie Hayes riding my fingers, her face flushed, biting at her lower lip and then exploding all over me *was* the sexiest thing I've ever seen. I didn't get an orgasm out of the deal, and yet... it may have been the best sexual experience of my life. I know I certainly had no desire to head over to The Silo afterward. Sort of like the way I've had no desire for anyone else since Callie rolled back into town.

How is that humanly possible? I have fucked so many beautiful women, done so many filthy things, always pushing the envelope of my sexuality. I've done and seen it all. My sex life is that of a god's.

And yet... just watching that woman have an orgasm was almost otherworldly to me.

I think there's a chance I could be permanently and irrevocably fucked in the head.

Just before opening the door, I take a deep breath.

Just act cool and casual. Just another day at the office.

I open the door and brace myself, expecting the worst.

But Callie isn't at her desk. I sigh with relief and step inside, shutting the door behind me. I figure she's in the bathroom, so I hastily pour a cup of coffee and head into my office where I can shut the door and hide.

As soon as I enter, I can feel a vibration in the air that tells me something is wrong.

There Callie stands, hands planted on my desk, head bent down, looking at The Wicked Horse architectural plans. More importantly, at the one for

The Silo which I had left lying there on top when I left on Friday, never once thinking about Callie possibly seeing it.

Stupid, stupid, stupid.

She doesn't even look up at me, although she knows I'm standing there. I can't even begin to imagine what she's seeing. Those plans have morphed over the months since they were first drawn up and have changed from just technical specs to almost a road map of our journey into the business of sex. She'll see how we named The Silo rooms... BDSM, Fetish, Gang Bang, Ménage, Orgy. She'll see handwritten notes by Bridger listing out the tools that he bought... cuffs, whips, ball gags, clamps, floggers, canes. This list is endlessly damning.

I hold still as a statue as I watch her stare at the plans before her. Her eyes roam all over, once she even takes a finger and taps it against the center.

Finally, she looks up at me and I get ready for a full-body cringe over the condemnation I'll see on her face.

Except... it's not there.

In fact, her face looks passively bland. It makes me relax just marginally.

"The Silo," she says softly. Slowly. Carefully choosing her words. "Behind the nightclub. It's a... sex club?"

I swallow hard and give a tentative nod.

Afraid to trust my voice.

Her gaze lowers to the plans again, and she slides a finger to the top corner... stopping over the words "The Wicked Horse".

"This is your brand?" she asks hesitantly as she taps her finger on the image just below the words. A circle, an inner ring, seven compartments. So obvious.

"Yes," I say softly.

"It's modeled after The Silo?"

"Yes."

"Because that's sort of the cornerstone of your... your..."

"Sex club," I provide politely.

She nods with flushed cheeks, but forges ahead since I'm answering her questions. "And what? Do people pay to go in there and... have sex with other people?" Her voice is timidly curious, but I note a slight tone of censure.

Sighing, I take my hat off and toss it on the wall peg. Since she's standing behind my desk where my chair is, I take one of the guest chairs and sit

down, kicking my legs out. This is not how I imagined my run-in with Callie would unfurl.

“Bridger and I wanted to open a club where people could live out their deepest fantasies without fear of judgment or condemnation. We wanted a private club where people could... be themselves, so to speak. To explore their sexuality in a safe environment.” I stop right there, let her digest what I’ve said. It’s the simple truth of what’s she seen. It’s not the full truth, but the simple truth and really all she needs to know.

“And you practice... um... like BDSM there or something?” she asks fearfully, her eyes holding what I think may be a bit of disgust in them.

Of course there would be disgust. I mean... after the way she found her fiancé and that judge.

“I don’t practice it,” I tell her swiftly. “I mean... some elements, yes, but I’m not hardcore. I don’t hand out pain.”

If I expected her to look relieved over those words, I would have been a fool. She looks overwhelmed with what she’s learned so far.

“So... what do you do there? *You* specifically, I mean,” she asks, her voice so slight and whisper soft, I can barely hear her.

It irritates me. The delicacy by which she’s discussing this. I’m pissed I have to sugarcoat things for a sweet girl. I’m pissed she was in my office even though I’ve never forbidden her from being in here, and I’m pissed she knows this about me.

“What do you think I do, Callie?” I taunt her in a low growl. I sit forward in my chair, press my elbows to my knees, and stare at her with naked honesty. “Same as anyone else. I fuck.”

Callie’s lips are drawn downward, her eyes bleak. It hurts to see her look at me like that, and for the first time in my adult life, I’m ashamed of my proclivities. For a fleeting instant, I feel the urge to call Bridger and tell him I’m selling out.

I stand up from my chair, because this is the point I expect Callie to be running out of my office, straight out to her truck to hightail it away from the filthy, pervy Woolf Jennings.

Callie’s gaze drops back down to the plans, maybe for one last disgusted look. She takes a deep breath, looks back up, and pins me with clear eyes. “I want to join the club.”

My jaw slackens, and my mouth drops open wide. I ignore the tingle in my groin over the thought of Callie in my club, and...

Did she just fucking say she wants to join?

“Please tell me this is a goddamn joke,” I grit out.

Her eyebrows furrow inward, and she keeps her gaze on me with bold challenge. “I’m not joking. I want to be a member.”

“No fucking way,” I snarl as I stalk over to the wall and grab my hat off the peg. I need to get the fuck away from this brand of insanity.

“At least take me there,” she says firmly to my back. “So I can see.”

I ignore her... open my office door.

“Take me,” she says ominously. “Or I’ll find someone who will.”

I snort and step out of my office. Good fucking luck with that. Bridger and I are the only two she knows associated with the club, and he sure as shit wouldn’t take her.

“Colton Stokes,” Callie calls out.

I stop dead in my tracks.

My blood turns to ice in my veins, and I pivot slowly to meet her stubborn gaze. “What did you just say?”

“Colton. Stokes.” She punctuates both words with relish and even gives me a sly grin.

How the fuck did she—?

“Colton Stokes is a member, is he not?” she asks sweetly as she walks out from behind my desk toward me.

I don’t affirm her suspicion. Because that’s all it is, right? Just a suspicion she has?

I stare at her hard, hoping to cow her with my death glare. I can feel an annoyed muscle ticking in my jaw from gritting my teeth so hard.

Callie walks up to me, no more than a foot away, and gives me a knowing smile. She primly clasps her hands in front of her and even sways back and forth like a mischievous schoolgirl. “I’m sure Colton would be more than happy to take me.”

Deep breath in... calm the fuck down, Jennings.

“What makes you think Colton is a member?” I ask neutrally as I lean my shoulder against the doorjamb and tap my hat against my leg. I hope my casual nonchalance doesn’t look too fake.

Callie arches an eyebrow at me and then snorts. She walks right past me out of my office, her shoulder brushing up against me. I turn to watch her strut up to her desk where she sits in her chair and picks up her cell phone from the desk.

She looks up at me and says, “It wasn’t that hard to figure out. You and Colton wear matching belt buckles. Well, not matching exactly. Different style but the engraving’s the same. A circle with an inner circle, eight lines creating seven spaces around the ring. It’s the same brand that’s on your drawing in there of The Silo. So, what is that... a secret code to get in or something?”

I squeeze my eyes shut hard, curse internally for a good ten seconds, and then open them back up. She smiles at me in victory.

I attempt to knock it right off her face. “Exactly. And you don’t have one so you can’t get in.”

“Bet Colton can take me in,” she says in a singsong voice.

“For fuck’s sake, Callie,” I yell at her in frustration. “Why would you ever want to go in a place like that?”

She studies me a moment. Almost as if she expects me to come to the answer on my own, but I’m fucking clueless. I have no idea what could possess her to want this.

“Come on, Woolf,” she says with a tinkling laugh. “I’m pretty transparent. I want to be different. I want to do something exciting and adventurous. I don’t want to be dull Callie who does what everyone expects anymore. I want to do what I want to do. And besides... it’s good enough for you but not for me?”

Christ... she had to lay that at my doorstep. The same exact little poor-me speech that worked very well on me Saturday night, inducing me to kiss her hard and then stick my hand in her panties.

I walk up to the edge of her desk and look down at her. In a voice as close to begging as I will ever come for any person, I say, “Callie... please. You don’t belong in a place like that. Trust me on this.”

She eyes me almost sympathetically. “You see, Woolf... I think I belong exactly in a place like that.”

Then it’s on.

We engage in a staring war. Her fern green eyes sparkling with excitement and sass. Mine leveled in a bitter scowl. My will against hers. My ego against hers.

“I can call Colton,” she prods me to action, poisoning her finger over the screen of her phone.

“Fuck,” I mutter and slam my hat back on my head. “I’ll take you, but that’s it. It’s just so you can see. Quick in and out.”

“We should stay for at least one drink,” she says with a happy grin.

“One drink,” I concede, my brain already spinning fast, trying to figure out all the ways it could go wrong by me bringing the governor’s daughter to a sex club.

“Tonight?” she asks with excitement.

I shake my head and pin her with serious eyes. “I can’t tonight or tomorrow night. But I’ll take you Wednesday.”

She looks like she wants to argue for a moment, but I’m not budging on this. Nope. I need some little victory over her in this battle that she just completely decimated me in. Wednesday happens to be the slowest night at The Silo, and more importantly, I know Colton Stokes will be out of town starting Wednesday. When we made plans to meet so I could look at his stock, we had to choose the weekend since he was going to be gone to a breeder’s conference in Vegas.

It’s going to be hard enough to pull this off, and I sure as shit don’t need Colton to see Callie at The Silo. I don’t want that fucker thinking he can have her in any way, and the dude is into her. I know that’s exactly what he’ll think and while I’m pretty confident this is just curiosity on Callie’s part, I don’t want to take any chances that she would ever want to avail herself of The Silo’s decadence. I know I sure as hell won’t indulge her in that way, but I’m not so sure Colton wouldn’t oblige her... and then I’d probably have to kill the man.

Chapter 8

Callie

I push my way through the crowd at The Wicked Horse, my nerves jangling and my heart about to slam its way out of my chest. The two shots of vodka I took while I sat in the parking lot haven't helped yet, and for the millionth time, I question the sanity of what I'm about to do.

Woolf had told me to meet him in his club office tonight at eleven PM and he'd take me over. He reiterated that we'd stay for one drink and then we were leaving. I didn't argue with him about that, mainly because he's been in a terrible mood the last two days. He's stayed away from the office for the most part, but the few times I've seen him, he's snapped and barked at me with no provocation.

He's furious that I've forced him to do this, but I don't care.

The New Callie is on a mission to figure herself out. So no matter how many times I question my sanity right now, I'm going to keep trying things and testing my boundaries, so I can see just what I have inside of me. I'm not willing to let anyone mold me again, but I have to know exactly what I'm made of so I can mold myself.

It doesn't take Woolf but a moment to open his office door, and bless the great DNA of his parents, he is magnificent. He wears that black hair messily styled, curling over the edges of his ears and just a few inches too long all over. He has on his traditional jeans and boots, but he's looking beyond amazing in the black, long-sleeved t-shirt that fits his powerful chest and arms like a glove. I'm surprised when he beckons me in. I got a brief glimpse of this place the night Woolf hauled me off the bar onto his shoulder. He brought me here first and no sooner had he opened the door and taken one step in, he was backing right back out again. No clue what made him do that and all I got was a brief, upside down glimpse of an office that was shockingly bare. Now as I take in more detail, I see the same wooden floor as out in the main nightclub, a large desk built for two people to work opposite each other, a leather couch, and a small, electric refrigerator in one corner. Very Spartan, speaking of a place that is meant to do some hard work with no

distractions. If I had to guess, I'd say this was more Bridger's office than Woolf's.

"I need you to read and sign this," Woolf says in a tight voice as he hands me a document.

Glancing down at it, I see the words "Non-Disclosure Agreement" on the top. I look back up at him in question.

His lips are in a flat line, which means he's clearly still displeased to have me here. He nods down at the document. "Everyone that enters The Silo has to sign it."

"I assume it prohibits discussing the club with non-members?"

"In a nutshell," he says tightly.

I shrug my shoulders and walk over to his desk, grabbing a pen out of a mug that says, "Save A Horse, Ride A Cowboy". Placing the document down, I lean over to sign it when Woolf grabs my wrist. The contact of his palm to my skin is almost electric, and it makes me realize I'm sexually wound up. My blood immediately quickens, and I feel unsettled and needy. I realize it's not nerves I'm dealing with at all. It's a sexual itch I think needs scratched and the prospect of all the naughty things I'm about to see is turning me on. One little touch from Woolf and I want to lie down on the floor and spread my legs for him.

Shaking my head to clear it, I look at Woolf.

"You're just going to sign it without reading it?" he asks in disbelief.

"Well, yeah. I mean... who in the hell would I ever talk to this about? My dad? My non-existent best friend because Will didn't want me to have any friends? Or maybe Will?"

"There's a damages clause in there. If you talk, you agree that the damages are minimally set at one-million dollars."

"Fine by me," I say coolly as I pull my hand away from his grasp. I hastily sign my name at the bottom and date it even though I don't have a million dollars. But I'm not worried because I don't have one single person I could talk to this about. Placing the pen back in the cup, I hand the agreement to Woolf.

He stares at me a moment, still wearing his put-upon scowl before taking the document. He folds it in half, seems to consider what to do with it, and then tosses it back down on the desk again with a sigh of resignation.

For a brief moment, I consider alleviating this stress on him by telling him I won't make him take me. But that trickles away as just the thought of

what I might see starts building up excitement within me.

“Are you ready?” I ask, almost bouncing on the balls of my feet. I actually may have overdressed a little, but I didn’t know what to expect. Woolf had told me that memberships cost fifty-thousand dollars per year, so I know The Silo will probably be filled with elegantly dressed people. Or maybe naked people, I have no clue. Woolf is dressed super casual, but it doesn’t make me self-conscious of the blue dress I bought yesterday that has one shoulder and arm bare, while the other is covered in a long, tight sleeve. It’s form fitting through my bust, waist, and hips but comes down to my knee with a sexy slit up the back. The material is slightly stretchy with a silvery shimmer, so I paired it with a pair of silver high-heeled sandals I also bought.

“Look... Callie. Are you prepared for this?” Woolf asks with worry in his eyes.

I tilt my head and give him a censuring look. “Woolf... I saw my fiancé with a ball gag in his mouth, getting whipped by a woman in vinyl. I didn’t freak out then, so I think I’m good.”

He just stares at me a moment before giving a resigned nod. “Alright then... let’s go.”

Woolf takes my hand, which I enjoy very much, and leads me out the back door of The Wicked Horse. There is a path made of slate stone lined with subtle security lights that leads to The Silo, which sits just about twenty yards away. There’s a lone, white door at the base of the massive, concrete structure. We step through it into a short hall that branches left and right, which I assume leads behind the outer ring rooms, and another corridor that leads us out to the center of the building.

As we walk out into the middle of The Silo, I’m immediately assaulted with information. I’m overwhelmed, trying to process everything.

I hear music, but not so loud as I can’t hear the murmurs of people talking. Sexy, slow-beat music. I don’t recognize it, but I like it.

A large, circular bar made of polished chrome, glass, and black lacquer takes up the exact center of the room. A beautiful blonde bartender wearing a low-cut black dress that’s sexy and elegant serves drinks to the members. Several women dressed just like her walk around with trays of finger food, handing them out to hungry patrons.

The room could hold a hundred people easily, but I estimate there’s only about thirty or so. Some are dressed up like me, others wearing jeans like Woolf, which tells me there’s no formal dress code. The patrons are all varied

in age, and most people are paired off into couples. This surprises me as I sort of expected a bunch of single people coming together for a horny good time.

As if reading my mind, Woolf leans down and murmurs, “Most patrons are in monogamous relationships. Probably thirty percent are married.”

I quickly take stock of the rest of the decor. Black marbled flooring and contemporary chandeliers in brushed nickel that are dimmed to provide subtle lighting. Other than the bar and the stools surrounding it, there is no other furniture in the massive room.

And then I focus in on what I truly came to see...the outer ring rooms that provide me with a powerful punch as I take in the floor-to-ceiling glass walls providing unfettered viewing inside. I expect that’s why there’s no furniture, so as to encourage the patrons to move around, look inside the various rooms... almost as if they were at an art gallery.

And the first room I look into is almost like living art, and my breath catches in my lungs. The room is completely bare except for what looks like a king-sized mattress on a raised dais of black lacquer about a foot off the floor. The mattress is covered in black silk, which seems to melt right into a black platform, which seems to then melt right into the shiny, black marble floor. A naked couple lies on the mattress, their arms and legs intertwined as they kiss. My breath comes out in a wavering gust as I watch the man slide his hand up the woman’s leg, over her hip bone, and reach in between their bodies. Because they are so tightly melded, I can’t actually see what he’s doing to her, but her back arches up off the bed and her eyes squeeze shut as her lips part to let go of what I’m guessing is a moan.

A surge of... is that lust... courses through me. I have the urge to press my legs together, and I can feel my nipples start to pucker. Holy shit... I’ve hardly seen anything and yet, I’m immediately turned on.

Woolf places his hand against my lower back and tries to direct me toward the bar, but I can’t disconnect my gaze from the couple on the black silk mattress. It’s not what I expected and because I really can’t see much, it makes me crazy to see more. I walk almost trance-like toward the glass wall, intent on trying to get a gander at something more. I feel itchy and needy, my curiosity now completely having shut down any common sense arguments my brain may have still tried to make to remind me I shouldn’t be here.

I step up to the glass and in the reflection, I can see Woolf step up behind me. The couple seems completely oblivious as they continue to kiss and fondle each other. I get a flash of his erection and a peek at her boob, but

right now, they are still wrapped tight.

“Can they see us?” I whisper.

“They can,” Woolf says in an almost strained voice.

“It’s so... beautiful,” I say reverently, and then I let out a small gasp as the man pushes himself up, revealing himself to me. He’s beautifully lean and tan, and his erection sticks up from his pelvis, wetness shining at the tip. I stare at it in fascination... the second penis I’ve seen in my lifetime, having of course only been privy to Will’s before.

The woman spreads her legs and raises her knees. I’ve seen my vagina plenty of times, but hers is completely bald and that fascinates me to no end. I’ve thought about doing that before but then figured... why go through the pain for Will to just pound away for a few moments before rolling off and going to sleep?

The man wraps his hand around the base of his shaft and with one arm supporting his weight, he feeds it into her. I hold my breath as I watch it disappear, trying to ignore the twinges I’m feeling between my own legs. I seem to have a hard time with my breathing, actually forgetting to suck in oxygen as I watch his hips start undulating against her, and she starts moving to match his thrusts. It’s a lazy type of sex where neither looks in a rush to get off. They move together perfectly and I see they’re both wearing wedding rings, so they are harmonious in more ways than one.

It’s live porn, and I totally underestimated the effect it would have on me. I totally didn’t think it would make me want to drop my hand down my panties and get myself off.

“Let’s go get a drink,” Woolf says roughly as he takes my elbow and turns me toward the bar.

I almost capitulate.

Almost.

But then I make the mistake of looking at what’s going on in the next room, and I gasp in astonishment. Maybe... one, two, three, four, five, six... seven, eight... nine people in there. All naked and having sex.

Pulling free of Woolf, I walk up to the glass. I can feel his presence right behind me again... can feel the tension vibrating off him.

Looking inside, it’s like nothing I could have ever imagined in my wildest dream.

One couple fucking up against the wall, the man driving hard and deep into her while her legs are wrapped around his waist. His ass muscles clench

tightly on every inward thrust, and damn... that's so sexy.

Another couple with the woman bent over a large ottoman with the man thrusting in and out of her from behind.

Another couple in a chair, him on the bottom, her reverse cowgirl on the top, her breasts bouncing up and down while her head is tilted back in ecstasy.

And my breath hitches when I see a woman with two men, and I fully realize how naive and sheltered I've been. I didn't even know such a thing was possible. One man lying on his back on a flat, padded bench. The woman straddling his pelvis, leaning over him and holding perfectly still. He thrusts up into her vagina from below, while at the same exact time, another man is behind her... fucking her in her ass.

"Oh, wow," I whisper as I laser my eyes onto the threesome. I feel a rush of wetness seep out of me, soaking my panties, and I have a sudden, unyielding need to do something... anything. Something dirty. What would happen if I put my hand between my legs? Or took Woolf's hand and stuck it there?

My hands open and close into tight fists while I watch both men pound and hammer at the woman, who is now shrieking in ecstasy. My breath becomes labored, and I shift from foot to foot as I watch. I forget about Woolf behind me and the other people having drinks and making small talk. I forget about the other people having sex all around, and I watch as one woman takes two men at the same time, and I wonder... could I do that?

The man on his back sticks a hand in between the woman's legs, rubbing at her clit. She cries out, her muscles tightening everywhere, and she starts to shake as she has an orgasm. A tiny moan slips out of my lips in response.

"Christ," I hear Woolf curse, and then he's got my wrist latched into his strong hand and he's pulling me away from the window.

"Hey—" I protest, but he pulls me along roughly behind him.

Back down the short hallway and out the door that we originally came in.

"Woolf," I say in anger. "I wasn't ready to leave."

I expect him to pull me straight back toward The Wicked Horse but instead, as soon as we clear the door and it shuts behind us, his hands are on my shoulders and he pushes me back hard into the concrete wall of The Silo. The only thing that prevents my head from hitting the wall is his hand behind it as he crushes his mouth down on mine. He lets out a deep groan as our tongues meet and his other hand comes to my breast, squeezing it gently

through the flimsy material of my dress and then pinching my nipple hard.

“Woolf,” I cry out in pleasure as I pull my mouth away from his for a brief moment.

His hand falls away from my breast and I think he thinks he hurt me, but it immediately drops down to my dress and he starts to haul it up as he kisses me again.

Cool air hits my legs, which nearly buckle as his hand snakes down the front of my panties. He does nothing more than rub two fingers back and forth between my legs, and I’m almost embarrassed at how easy they glide because of how wet I am.

Woolf’s face pulls back slightly, and he looks down at me with menacing eyes that glitter with full-blown lust. “I’m going to fuck you, Callie. You’re so wet and ready right now, and I know you need it. God help me... I fucking need it too.”

Chapter 9

Woolf

I'm going to hell.

I'm going to hell.

I'm going to hell.

I don't fucking care.

I wait just a moment to see if Callie's going to fight me on this but instead, she ends up tilting her hips against my hand, silently demanding more.

Pulling away from her, I immediately start working at my belt buckle. I am frantic with the need to get inside of her, having never felt hornier in my entire life. I've seen threesomes more times than I care to count. Hell, participated in them too. And yeah, they're a turn on, no doubt.

But watching Callie watch that ménage?

It was the most sensually erotic thing I've ever seen in my life. It put everything I've ever seen in *The Silo* to shame. Her breathing became ragged, she clutched her fists tight, and her skin flushed pink. I watched her lick at her bottom lip while her eyes glazed over, and I knew... she was wondering what that would feel like. What it would feel like to have two men possess her.

Fill her.

Worship her.

But little Callie Hayes didn't just want to know. I'm betting she *needs* to know.

Unfortunately, there's just me right now but I know I can scratch her itch. I know I should be stopping myself and walking away, but that's impossible right now. Because even as much as I'd like to think this is an altruistic move for Callie, I'm doing this for myself too. It's been eleven fucking years I've fantasized about this woman.

A woman I should not have a problem walking away from. I've done it twice already after I fingered her to orgasm, but to her detriment—or benefit, who knows—she ended up crossing a line. The minute she demanded that I

take her to The Silo, she became fair game. Because in that moment, my conscience had already decided to accept the fact that Callie may have a little naughty in her and I just needed to stop thinking of her as a virginally sweet innocent.

In fact, I think I'll test my theory right now as my belt swings free of the buckle. "Get your panties off," I tell her gruffly as I lift my face for a moment.

Her eyes are pinned to my hands working at my belt with an eager and expectant look. Fuck... I didn't think it was possible to get harder, but my cock seems to swell further with a need to show off its size to her.

"Callie," I growl at her. She jumps and her eyes fly to mine. "Panties off. Right now."

She looks left, and then right. It's dark outside, and there's no exterior lighting other than the lights along the path between the two buildings. "Someone might see us," she says in a hesitant voice.

I lunge at her and she takes a step back, right into the concrete wall. Dropping to my knees, I push the bottom of her dress up until it's bunched around her waist. Luckily, the material is stretchy and form fitting, which is something I definitely noticed when the vixen showed up at my office door not ten minutes ago.

Jesus... in ten minutes, I've gone from resolve to showing her around to pulling her outside so I can fuck her up against a wall.

She's got on a pair of white lace panties that I'd love to tear off her but that only works in the movies I think and besides... I don't want to have the material bite into that smooth, delicate skin. Hooking my fingers in the waistband, I pull them swiftly down her legs. I smile when she lifts one foot and I pull the panties free, letting them drop and pool around her opposite ankle. And then I'm staring at her gorgeous pussy, and I can't help myself. I grab her hips and pull her to my mouth, running my tongue up her center just once.

Callie's hands slam onto my head and grip my hair as she lets out the sweetest cry of stunned pleasure I've ever heard. I could sit here and lick this woman for hours to hear that again and again, but we are on borrowed time. Someone's bound to come out of The Silo sooner or later.

Standing up quickly, I dislodge Callie's hands from my head where they come to rest on my shoulders. I unbutton my fly with a hard tug, and Callie tilts her head down to watch. My cock jumps like a bull getting ready to

come out of a rodeo shoot.

“Take it out,” I order her gruffly. Her eyes snap up to mine, looking confused.

I close my hands over the tops of hers, pushing them off my shoulders and downward. When her fingers brush against the top of the waistband of my boxers, I tell her a little rougher, “Take it out.”

She gives a whispering sigh, and her fingers slowly sink under the elastic edge. The first brush of her against me is intense, and I have to suppress a shout of relief and gratitude. She’s not hesitant in the slightest, wrapping one hand around my cock and pushing down at my jeans with the other. I help her out a little, pushing down at the material with my hands until I’m fully exposed and sitting hot and heavy in her grip.

I lean forward, placing both of my hands against the concrete wall on either side of her head. Brushing my lips at her temple, I whisper, “Squeeze it, Callie. And don’t be gentle.”

Her breath gushes out and she squeezes me, rubbing her thumb over the tip and smearing the pre-cum that’s leaking out. And Christ... such a simple move shouldn’t feel that good. I’m almost afraid of what it’s going to do to me when I’m sunk balls deep inside of her.

I move a hand to the back of her head, grab a big chunk of her hair, and pull on it until her head tilts back. Her eyes are clouded with lust, and she licks at her lips again while her breath comes out in short pants. I kiss her softly even though every hormone in my body is demanding I go hard. I kiss her gently so I can hopefully get my racing heart under control.

Her hand moves up and down on my dick, and it only takes two strokes and my hips are pumping against her touch, seeking and then demanding more. And while letting Callie Hayes jerk me off is indeed a nice idea, it’s not as great as fucking her. And like I told her just a few moments ago, I do intend to fuck her.

Speaking of which...

“Hold on,” is all the warning I give her when I reach down and grasp her under her ass, lifting her up. Good girl that she is she doesn’t even let her hold of me go, but she does bring her free hand to my shoulder to steady herself. I lift her up higher, pull her in closer, and then start to let her settle. She instinctively guides the end of my cock right to her hot, wet entrance and at the first touch against that beautiful place of pleasure, I hiss through my teeth.

This is going to be a brutal fucking. I can already tell that there will be no holding back.

“You’re too big,” she pants out as I push just a fraction of an inch into her.

“Damn right I am,” I huff out as I tilt my head and graze my teeth along her neck. “But it’s going to feel good... promise.”

She seems to accept me at face value because she releases her hold on me, brings that hand to my opposite shoulder, and gives a tentative circle of her hips. I slip in just a little further.

Callie is so fucking tight, and I’d like to imagine this is how her virginal body would have felt to me eleven years ago. Although my need to invade her swiftly is almost painful, I take tiny stabs into her body. Inch in, inch out. Working my way in increments, letting her body adjust to me. Callie helps me along by undulating and circling against me.

My face tilts forward until my forehead is pressed against hers. Our breaths mingle with each other’s, ragged and heavy. My fingers press into the muscles of her ass, and I bite down on my lower lip hard to center myself for a moment. Otherwise, I might slam into her.

Callie moans as I work in a little deeper. Her body grips me like a glove. Feels better than any other pussy I’ve ever fucked, and I’m not even all the way in.

“Woof?” Callie says in a hoarse voice.

“Mmmmm?”

“Please,” she gasps as I push in a bit more.

“What do you need?”

“I need—”

I pull out a few inches, feeling her get wetter and wetter.

“I need—” she gasps again as I push back in even further, almost to the hilt.

“Tell me, Callie,” I urge her with my lips against her neck as I pull back out again.

“I need—”

I slam all the way in, breaking past the last of her tightness and she gives a strangled sob, her head falling forward to rest on my shoulder. For a brief moment, I think I’ve hurt her, but then she chuckles as she lifts her head back up.

“That’s what I needed,” she says with a sly smile.

I can't fucking help it. I'm not one to be playful and flirty during my fucking, but she draws a smile out of me anyway as I rotate my hips and push her hard into the wall so I can grind against her. She gasps, eyes roll back, and I'm satisfied.

Then...

I fuck her.

Hard.

I piston in and out of her with long thrusts, aiming to hit her deep. I know I hit the mark because she cries out at the end of every stroke. She's amazing. All around me wet and tight and hot. Her nails dig into my shoulders, and our skin makes beautiful music as it slaps against each other.

I go faster, desperate to get her off, get me off. Feels so goddamn good that I don't ever want it to end, and at the same time, I'm dying to orgasm inside of her.

Mark her.

"Woof," Callie gasps, and her nails really bite down into my skin. "I'm going to come."

I bend my knees slightly, giving a better upward angle, and rock into her deeper than I've ever been in a woman before... metaphorically. I hold still for just a brief moment, relishing this closeness I have with Callie on such an intimate level. Just a second or two, and it feels almost sacred.

Callie doesn't let me feel it too long though as she swivels her hips again, silently urging me back into the game. I reward her with a steady, deep pace, and we both start racing toward release again.

I'm vaguely aware of the door to The Silo opening and the fall of heavy footsteps on the slate paver. Callie's out of it, her moans cutting through the cool Wyoming air, oblivious to our audience.

I personally don't care because I've fucked in all kinds of public places before, and besides... anyone coming out of The Silo has either watched me fuck or has been fucked by me, so I keep right on hammering inside of sweet Callie Hayes. I do, however, want to protect her identity to some extent, as I know she probably would freak out if she realized we were putting on a show right now. So I kiss her, because I haven't done that since my cock slammed its way inside, and she melts further around me. Our tongues move slowly against each other, even as my hips continue to drive brutally against her. My breathing is out of control, my skin is prickling, and my balls start to tighten.

Without warning, Callie's hands go to my hair and her entire body

stiffens. She jerks hard, causing my scalp to tingle, and bites down on my lower lip. It's when her body starts shaking that I realize she's coming.

Violently.

Her pussy grips my cock hard, squeezing it from every single angle, and when she rasps out, "Oh, God... Woolf... so good," I fucking lose it.

I have the quickest firing of an orgasm I've ever had in my life. Normally, there's always a slow buildup and I work my way methodically toward it, but this release catches me so unaware that my legs begin shaking as I start to unload inside of Callie. I come so hard my balls actually ache from the force, and I can do nothing but hold myself inside of her with my head on her shoulder and let it overtake me.

My body quakes as my orgasm thunders through my body, and if I were to die in this moment, that would be just fine with me, because how can life ever be good again after feeling this?

I seem to come forever but finally my cock stops twitching and Callie's body relaxes against me.

"That was fucking hot," I hear from behind me, and I recognize Cain's voice. He's my head of security at The Wicked Horse as well as a very active member of The Silo. Callie jerks in my arms and starts to raise her head, but I cup a hand behind her neck and press her face into my shoulder to save her the shame of seeing Cain there.

"What do you need?" I ask as I suck in a deep breath, keeping Callie pinned to the building.

"Catherine's organizing a quick gang bang inside. She wants you to come play," he says casually as I turn to see him leaning up against the door.

His request isn't unusual. Even though he just saw me just fucking Callie, he knows I would ordinarily be up for another round before too long. And Catherine doesn't come to visit often. She's from Las Vegas. A young socialite who married a man fifty-two years her senior. He can't get it up anymore but he wants his wife to be pleased, so he gladly pays her membership here. He sometimes comes to watch, sitting in a wheelchair and sucking down oxygen. Catherine is one of the few "single" members here that can really take a hard gang bang. She loves it getting rough, and she's never put a limit on the number of men. It's always a fucking treat to participate in that. So yeah... Cain wouldn't think twice about coming out here to see if I'm interested.

Except I'm not.

Not even the slightest... and that doesn't have a damn thing to do with the annihilating orgasm I just had, but everything to do with the woman in my arms right now who has just gone tense all over from Cain's invitation.

"Offer my regrets. I'm leaving for the night," I tell Cain, and he knows he's dismissed. He walks back inside without another word.

"Who was that?" Callie asks as she pulls her face back. Her words aren't given in anger or condemnation. Just mere curiosity.

"That's Cain Bonham. He's my head of security here."

"You can go back in if you want," she says confidently. Almost too confidently, but I can see a different story in her eyes. It would actually destroy her if I did that, and I don't like how that makes me feel. Callie has no hold over me. What we just did... that was just fucking. I plan to be right back here tomorrow night, and I won't give her a second thought.

Fucking liar, my subconscious pipes up.

"Nah," I say casually. "I'll walk you to your car and then I'm going to call it a night. I have to be up early tomorrow."

Callie wiggles a little, pushing against my shoulder, and I give into her silent demand to be let down. My half-hard cock slips out of her, and I lower her to the ground where she bends over to pull her panties back up.

"Oh, jeez," Callie says as she gazes down at herself.

"What?" I ask as I tuck myself in and button up.

"Do you have something to help me clean up?" she says as she looks back up at me with a sheepish grin. "There's like a gallon of um... well, you know... leaking out of me."

Giving a bark of a laugh, I crouch down in front of her. I lift her foot up, freeing her panties that are hanging there, and use them to clean up the thick stream of my semen running down the insides of her thighs. As I stand up, I tell her, "Sorry. I haven't had sex in a while. Must have been quite the buildup."

I chuckle over the thought, which explains why my nuts actually hurt as I was coming. But the tone of Callie's voice has me sobering fast.

"Woof," Callie says hesitantly as she pushes her dress down over her hips and smooths it out. "We didn't use protection."

Fuck. How in the fuck did I—?

"Are you on the Pill?" I ask her quickly as I stuff her soaked panties in my back pocket.

"Yes, but—" she says.

“Then you don’t have anything to worry about,” I tell her with relief. “I swear I’m clean. I never, and I mean never, Callie, have gone without a condom. That was the first time ever.”

She winces and chews on her lip for a second before saying, “I appreciate that, but um... I don’t know if I’m clean. Will was the only man I was ever with, but he was cheating on me.”

“Christ,” I mutter as I swipe my hand through my hair. I just gave into overwhelming lust, stuck my dick in unknown territory, and who knows what that fucker could have passed on to his unsuspecting fiancée. It never crossed my mind to distrust Callie, and there’s no harm in that. This is Callie. Sweet Callie I’ve known all my life. But it also never crossed my mind to distrust the person she was with, and that’s totally out of character for me. I don’t give trust easily, and I’m usually very protective of myself. It’s just further proof that Callie drives me out of my mind, and that is not a good thing.

I reach down and take her hand, give it a short squeeze. “I’m sure it’s fine. And I’m sure he wore protection, but I want you to go to the doctor tomorrow and get tested.”

She nods at me as tears prick her eyes. “I’m sorry. I should have done that already, but I never thought this would happen, and I should have stopped you but I swear, Woolf... I wasn’t thinking straight.”

I pull her roughly to me and kiss her quiet. When I draw back, I murmur, “Stop. I’m sure it’s fine and give yourself a break. I’ve heard that I’m impossible to resist.”

She gives me a shy smile and blinks the tears quickly away from those beautiful eyes.

Jesus... what in the fuck am I getting myself into here? Tonight I’ve broken so many rules, I don’t even know who I am anymore.

I know one thing for sure though.

Even though my common sense is telling me to cut this shit off right now and break ties, I could no more stop with Callie Hayes than I could give up oxygen.

Chapter 10

Callie

I glance at the clock and when I realize it's half past noon, my stomach gives a loud grumble, reminding me that it hasn't been fed yet today. I make a command decision to go ahead and take the rest of the day off. This decision comes easy because I don't have a damn thing to do, and I don't like twiddling my thumbs. Woolf hasn't seen fit to direct any work my way, and there's no sense in me staying here any longer. There's no telling when, or if, he'll show up to the office.

I log off my computer and reach into my bottom desk drawer for my purse. Just as I start to stand from my chair, the office door opens. A jolt of adrenaline spikes through me as I think that it might be Woolf, but it immediately recedes, leaving my skin tingly when I see Bridger walking in. He's dressed in the standard western wear, but he's not wearing a hat. It gives me the opportunity to take in his dark brown hair that he wears a little long like Woolf and golden brown eyes that appear outgoing and friendly. He's a very good-looking man, if you just take in a quick glance. Pretty face, hard, muscled body, and confident swagger. But when you look closer, he just radiates this weird vibe that's equally compelling and dangerous. Just when I think I could be comfortable in his presence, I realize I'm not sure I ever will be.

He's got a toothpick sticking out of his mouth that he lazily rolls with his tongue. He gives me a short smile, and I tell him, "Woolf's not here."

"Know where he is?"

"Nope," I say succinctly as I stand straight from my chair. No fucking clue where he is. Haven't seen him since night before last when he fucked me up against The Silo while apparently one of his employees watched, and then walked me to my car where he mumbled good-bye to me. When I got into work the next morning, feeling pleasurable sore from his huge dick, I was greeted with a handwritten note that said "Meetings in Cheyenne. Be back Friday."

And that was it.

Haven't heard a damn thing since.

No email directing me to do something here at the office.

No text to see how I'm doing.

No call to say, "Hey, Callie. I fucking loved what we did other night. Want to do it again?"

Just... nothing.

And I. Am. Pissed.

I am totally being blown off, and I'm actually really, really pissed.

He knows.

That fucker knows that I've crushed on him almost my entire life. I offered him my virginity. I let him finger me twice and then leave me. I let him fuck me in public while someone watched. He has got to know that I've got some feelings brewing up inside of me that might just need discussed.

He knows alright, and that's why he's cut out of here. So he doesn't have to deal with little Callie Hayes' tender sensibilities.

Asshole!

"You look like you want to castrate someone right now," Bridger comments casually as he takes the toothpick from his mouth.

I school my features, try to hide my feelings, and shrug my shoulders. The last person I would talk to about my feelings regarding Woolf is his best friend. I'm not in the mood to listen to him defend his buddy.

"Well, it was nice seeing you," I tell him as I step around my desk and head toward the front door. "If you want to hang around, be my guest. No telling if he'll show up."

"Actually, he'll be here in about an hour. Texted me a bit ago," Bridger says with a smirk.

I glare at him. "Then what was with the dumb act when you walked in?"

He shrugs, but his eyes are filled with mischief. "Just wanted to see if you knew where he was."

I narrow my eyes at him and reach out toward the door. "You knew when you walked in here I didn't know where he was, and I don't appreciate you trying to rub my nose in it."

"Whoa, wait a minute," he says with raised eyebrows and holding his hands up defensively, the toothpick still gripped between a thumb and forefinger. "I was just trying to get a read on things so I could offer up my expert advice to you."

My hand drops from the doorknob. He's put the bait out there, and I'm

thinking about taking it. “What are you? A relationship expert or something.”

Bridger snorts and looks at me like I’m the dumbest person on the face of the earth. “Fuck no. I don’t do relationships.”

And he actually shudders in what I think might be revulsion when he says the word “relationships”.

“Then why would I want your advice?” I ask caustically.

“Because I am a Woolf Jennings expert,” he says with a wink. “I know him better than anyone on this planet, and it’s your lucky day that I feel like sharing.”

Turning to face Bridger, I cross my arms over my chest. I look at him skeptically, but he has me hooked.

He knows it too, so there’s no sense in dancing around. I take the bait. “Okay, oh wise one. Lay it on me.”

Bridger walks over to the secretarial chair I just vacated, considers sitting in it but then reconsiders because there’s no way his frame would fit into that thing, so instead, he chooses to lean back against the wall.

“Let me make sure I have the entire story.” He pauses and gives me a confident wink before he says, “You crushed on Woolf your entire life. You wanted him to take your virginity. He refused but did give you your first orgasm. He also broke your heart, but you still retained a part of it for him. Now you’re back and Woolf doesn’t know what to do with you. You’re not the same girl he knew. You’re different. You want more in your life, and the type of “more” you want is exactly the type of “more” that Woolf can give you. The only problem is that now that he’s fucked you... felt that sweet pussy... he’s hooked dangerously on a woman he wants but doesn’t really think he deserves. You, on the flip side, felt that amazing cock inside of you and realized it was the best feeling in the world, but you’re also a woman with feelings and emotions. You want more from Woolf. You want his cock and his heart. And today... well, you’re just pissed he hasn’t called you and reassured you that when he fucked you the other night at The Silo with Cain watching, that was something a bit more intimate than just casual sex.”

He finally shuts up.

My head is spinning.

I blink hard at him.

“How in the fuck do you know all that?” I ask in amazement, not even mortified he knows intimate details like that and is throwing around ‘cock’ and ‘pussy’ like it’s nothing. “I mean... okay, clearly, Woolf tells you

everything, which is a testament to your friendship. But how do you know me? I mean... how could you possibly know that was my first orgasm? It's like you read my mind."

Bridger gives a soft snort of amusement but his eyes are serious. "It's just something I do. Read people, that is. As to that being your first orgasm, Woolf suspected it and now you just confirmed it for me. Now, do you want my advice?"

"Let me guess," I say lightly. "You're going to tell me to leave your buddy alone. He doesn't need the crazy that comes with trying to form a relationship. Or wait... actually, you'll tell me that Woolf doesn't do relationships. He's too closed off. It's not his thing. He likes fucking around. He thinks monogamy is for fools."

Bridger pushes off from the wall, straightening up his massive frame. In two long strides, he's in front of me... staring down with an impassive face. I feel like I've angered him, and there's a definite menacing vibe around him, yet his face is a blank slate.

I resist the urge to back away. My voice is raspy though when I say, "Isn't that what you're going to tell me? To stay away from Woolf?"

He stares at me for what seems like forever, but then he says, "No. That's not what I was going to say."

Bridger then puts the toothpick back in his mouth, turns toward the door and opens it up, steps out onto the wooden porch, and then shuts the door softly behind him. I'm frozen in place for just a moment, and then I'm scrambling out the door right behind him. I hastily lock up and then run down the steps, catching him before he opens the door to his Corvette.

"Wait," I practically shriek at him. He turns to face me with a knowing smile on his face, and I have the grace to blush over my assumptions. "I'm sorry I jumped to conclusions. Will you give me your advice?"

He considers my request, making me wait for it. He's doing that to torture me, but he finally shuts the car door, takes the toothpick back out of his mouth and throws it to the ground, and then places his other hand on the hood of the car to rest. "My advice is simple. Stick with Woolf. He needs what you have more than you can ever imagine."

"I don't understand," I say, even though what he told me was indeed simple. "What makes you say that about him?"

"Let's just say that Woolf sort of got sucked into this lifestyle because of me. He followed me in and has had a ball fucking his way through a bevy of

beautiful women. He's never had a serious relationship in his life, and he'll tell you that's the way he likes it. But he's wrong. He's the type of man built for monogamy, but he's gotten too sidetracked by me. He sees me and feels a bond toward me, and so he thinks this is the life for him. But it's not. He may want those things that The Silo offers, but he doesn't need it. Not like me. The sooner he realizes it and let's it go, the happier he'll be. And you, Miss Hayes, are just the woman to do that."

Wow. Just wow.

Bridger keeps his gaze on me, giving me an opportunity to digest what he's said. He wants to make sure I understand, and I do. I give him a nod of my head and a smile, and he gives me a tentative smile back as he opens the Corvette door. Just as he's lowering himself in, I think of something else.

"Wait," I call out, and he pauses. "Why do you need it?"

Bridger's lips flatten out, and there is no trace of the smile left on his face. "That, Callie Hayes, is none of your business."

He then drops down into the bucket seat of his car and shuts the door. I watch as he fires the engine and pulls away, leaving me with all kinds of confusion even though I clearly understood what he said.



The credits to Iron Man 2 start rolling, and I get up from the couch. Time to start Iron Man 3.

I decided when I got home this afternoon that I was going to consider Bridger's advice. It's an admitted fact on my part that I've carried a torch for Woolf Jennings for years and I have feelings invested. It's also a fact that he desires me, and well duh... I'm hot for him too. That experience the other night at The Silo, from the moment I walked in until the moment Woolf was stuffing my semen-soaked panties in his back pocket, was the most exhilarating experience of my life. Woolf... inside of me... the most sensuous, erotic, naughty, and sinful thing ever. That one experience almost wiped the slate clean for me. It's like no other sexual encounter has ever counted. It's like I was a virgin and he made me new.

What I don't know, though, is whether my heart can take the beating that Woolf would be sure to hand it if he's really only wanting a sexual relationship. Or even worse yet, that the other night is all there will ever be. I would hope not. The mere fact that Bridger sought me out to tell me that told

me something else.

It told me that Woolf must have some type of feelings for me or else Bridger wouldn't be pushing this. That gives me the confidence to sit back and wait.

I slide the DVD out and put the next one in. Nothing makes me feel better than some super hero action and it will keep my mind occupied. I hit *Play* and then walk toward the kitchen to make some popcorn while the opening credits roll. My mom and dad are back in residence in Cheyenne so I have the entire house to myself. It's not as grand as Woolf's home, but at six-thousand square feet, it's more than big enough to hold our family. My mom tried to talk me into coming with them, but I hastily declined. Part of it was because of Woolf, but the other part? Well, Jackson is my home. There's no finer place in the world to be, and I never felt settled at the Governor's Mansion. My goal, however, is to find a place of my own, but only after I find a more stable career than working as an assistant for a man that doesn't bother to show up for work.

The doorbell rings just as I hit the kitchen and for a few seconds, I consider ignoring it. But then I think to myself... maybe, just maybe, it's Woolf. He's come to apologize. With flowers and to tell me that he misses me.

To tell me he wants me.

To tell me he needs me.

To beg me to make love to him.

I snicker to myself as my thoughts turn romantic and sweet, which is ludicrous. Woolf Jennings doesn't have a romantic bone in his body and he's about as sweet as a rattlesnake. Still, the prospect that maybe it is him has me walking toward the door, Iron Man and popcorn forgotten.

When I open my door, the heavy feeling of disappointment fills me so quickly, I almost buckle under the weight. The black-haired, blue-eyed devil I was angry at but was still hoping to see isn't standing on the porch.

"Hello, Callie," Will says softly with pleading eyes.

Soft, brown eyes I once thought were the answer to my broken heart, now begging me for something.

To forgive him?

To come back?

"What are you doing here?" I ask in surprise. Never in a million years would I think Will would have come here. He's an incredibly busy and

important man at his law firm. We had to plan vacations and trips at least a year in advance, and outside of the ten days he allotted himself every year for a vacation—on which I will point out he still worked—it practically needed a papal decree to get leave approved.

Will Tynnick simply didn't drop everything and hop a plane to fly across the country.

"Can I come in?" he asks politely.

I automatically step back to give him entrance. While I didn't think I was ready to have this conversation, the fact that he's here and confronting me has sort of changed the game plan. Giving myself a silent pep talk, I shut the door behind him. I walk into the family room, and he follows me. After I pick up the remote control from the table and turn off the TV, I take a seat in one of the single armchairs done in thick blue leather.

Will looks around and murmurs, "I still can't get over the amount of animals hanging in here."

My eyes do a brief sweep of the room, taking in the various mounted heads. Typical western flare, the big, bad hunters showing off their skills. Elk and moose heads dot the walls with a large bearskin rug in front of the fireplace, all mementos of animals killed through the years by my mom and dad. There's not one stuffed mount up there killed by me, because even though I'm a Wyoming girl to the core and a meat eater to boot, I just can't harm an animal. I can't even kill the trout I catch and have to turn my head from my father as he breaks their necks after he takes them off the hook. My father thinks it's adorable, my mother just shakes her head, I think slightly disappointed I've apparently not inherited that caveman strand of DNA that makes our people bring home sustenance.

Will takes a seat on the matching blue, leather couch which is overstuffed and cushy. It's my favorite place to lay and watch TV, which is something I should be doing right this very minute.

He's nervous. His gaze fluttering all around, until he finally gets the nerve up to look at me. Will swallows hard and says, "I'm so sorry, Callie. And I'm embarrassed and humiliated. I don't even know quite what to say to explain what you saw."

"I think I understood what I saw," I tell him, not unkindly, but to speed this up. I don't need a play by play.

"I don't think you did," he says urgently. "That was only the second time I'd done that and I was just—"

“Did you wear protection?”

“Yes,” he says quickly. “Of course I did. I would never put you at risk like that.”

I’m not surprised by this answer. I had assumed as much and I did, in fact, go see my former OB/GYN yesterday to get tested. The office called me just this morning that the results were all negative, and I almost broke down and cried. I don’t know what I would have done if I had put Woolf at risk. Probably murdered Will, but that’s moot now.

Woolf and I were both so stupid the other night. Thinking with those anatomical parts below our waist and not with our heads.

Stupid, stupid, stupid.

But oh, so damn good.

“Callie, I swear that will never happen again. I was doing it out of curiosity, and Judge Lane... she came on to me. You have to believe me, I didn’t initiate that. She came after me.”

“Will,” I say carefully... making sure he hears the sincerity in my voice. “I don’t think—”

“Please,” he wails and surges off the couch to drop to his knees before me. He takes my hands in his and squeezes them desperately. “I’ll do anything to get you back. I love you so fucking much and I made the biggest mistake of my life, but I swear I’ll make it up to you.”

“Will, I can’t—”

“Callie,” he almost barks at me hysterically. “I’ll do anything. I’ll even move here to Wyoming if you want. I know you hated Connecticut—”

“What?” I ask in astonishment.

“Yeah... I’ll move here. We can make it work.”

“Wait. You knew I hated it in Connecticut but weren’t willing to make me happy before, but you are now.”

“Well,” he says hesitantly, realizing just how moronic that sounds. “I mean... I’m sure I would have offered to do that before—”

I stand up from the couch, pulling my hands from his. “Will, I’m sorry. But I just can’t go back. I can’t unsee that and the trust is broken. I just don’t think I could ever let that go.”

Will rises up from the floor and steps up to me. His brown eyes are swimming in misery, and I feel a tiny spear of hurt punch into me. The first time, really, that I’ve felt the loss of what we had. While I may have had all kinds of doubts, clearly, there was some part of me that loved him. And I

think I'm feeling the weight of that now.

“Can we please just talk about this?” he asks softly.

With a sigh, I nod my head. I've got years invested with this man. I love him even as I detest what he did. I owe it to him to at least listen to what he has to say. The Old Callie... the one who could easily slip back into a molded lifestyle, is making the decision to hear him out.

Or maybe that's the New Callie who is going to hear him out only because she knows she has the strength to turn him down when it's all said and done.

Chapter 11

Woolf

I drain the last of the bourbon from my glass and set it down on the top of the bar, sliding it toward Stephanie. “Hit me again.”

Stephanie arches a lovely eyebrow upward but pours my second shot. “Something must be going on to cause the cool, calm, and collected Woolf Jennings to be sitting at The Wicked Horse and drinking a late lunch.”

She pushes the glass toward me and I reach out to take it, but on a whim, I circle my hand around her wrist instead. She gives a soft intake of breath and her eyes sparkle with anticipation. Stephanie likes having her wrists pinned.

“You’re due for a break,” I tell her, which I’m sure she’s not since we haven’t even opened yet, but I’m the boss, so whatever. I stroke my thumb over her pulse, feeling it beat hard against my skin. This is what I need. A few shots of liquid encouragement and a quick fuck in the office. That will get me back on track. Purge out the insanely obsessive thoughts of Callie that are holding me hostage.

The front door to the club opens, and I recognize Bridger’s frame entering against the haze of bright sunlight. The door closes, and he comes into focus. His eyes cut to the bar—maybe to the glass of bourbon or the way I’m holding Stephanie, who knows—but he scowls when he tips his gaze back to me.

“Hey man,” I say in welcome as he approaches us. “Stephanie and I were just about to hit the office for a little fuckfest. Come join us.”

Bridger doesn’t even stop his stride but looks over at Stephanie and says, “Sorry, darlin’. Not interested right now.”

He doesn’t look back at me as he walks past, but he does say, “I need to talk to you.”

Sighing, I let go of Stephanie’s wrist and take the glass of bourbon, shooting it straight down the back of my throat. Hissing out, I slap the glass on the bar. I give her a wink and a devilish grin. “Give me a few minutes and then come on back. It won’t take me that long to get him to change his

mind.”

She laughs and picks up the glass. “Can’t wait.”

I turn from the bar and saunter back to our office.

Feeling good.

Going to tap some sweet pussy and then I’m going to be back in the saddle so to speak.

As soon as I enter the office, I can feel the anger vibrating off Bridger. He looks at me with dark eyes and says, “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?”

Huh?

“Well, I was getting ready to fuck Stephanie for a little afternoon quickie. Something I’ve done often and with you in attendance. What the hell is wrong with that?”

And even as I say it, my stomach cramps at the thought of fucking her, because that’s not who I really want. Not who I want at all.

“I want to know why you’re interested in that when you’ve got Callie Hayes.” His voice is hard with a measure of disdain.

“Callie Hayes?” I ask, playing dumb. Playing dumb because I’m not about to even give credence to his idea.

“Yeah,” he says with a frustrated grunt. “The beautiful girl who you fucked the other night and told me the next morning it was the best sex you’ve ever had in your life. Remember that?”

“Well, yeah... sure I said that,” I admit shamefully. “But that was just post-sex haze talking.”

“It was a full twelve hours after you blew a nut, asshole.”

I wince, because I know Bridger well and I know without a doubt I’m not going to win this argument. This man knows everything about me. Hell, he knows more about me than I do because the man is the most sentient person I’ve ever met. It also doesn’t help that I tell him practically everything. He knows everything that I do because I never hesitate to divulge. He’s one of those people that I know holds my confidence tightly and has uncanny wisdom which I respect. I tell him everything because I want him to impart that precious wisdom on me.

Hell... the minute I saw Bridger walk in the bar, I knew I wanted him to save me from the offer I had just made to Stephanie. I knew that *he* knew she wasn’t the right course for me to take, and that he would bail me out.

Now I need him to give me a push.

“I have nothing to offer her,” I tell Bridger with frustration as I sit down heavily on the couch.

He leans his ass on our desk, propping his hands by his hips. “You have everything to offer her.”

“Great sex?” I say with a colorless laugh.

“That’s a damn good start,” Bridger says seriously. “From there, it will develop.”

“What will develop?” I demand sarcastically of the all-knowing, all-seeing Bridger Payne. “A relationship? Love? Marriage and kids?”

“Possibly,” he says with a careless shrug of his shoulders. “Maybe nothing but great sex, but as I said, it’s a fucking awesome place to start.”

Shaking my head in denial, I argue, “That’s not me. I don’t want the responsibility of commitment. I want to do as I please when I want.”

Bridger says nothing. Just stares at me patiently, waits for me to make an attempt to work this out on my own. It pisses me off, but gives me the steam to keep talking it through.

“She and I are too different,” I point out. “She’s all sunshine and sweet lemonade. I’m like a thunderstorm and will roll right over her, ruining everything she is.”

“You’re a fucking poet,” Bridger says drily. “And yeah... that’s a damn good description of the two of you.”

“So why would I even attempt to snuff out that sunshine?” I ask in exasperation. “Why would I ever want to do that to her?”

Bridger gives a laugh as he pushes off from the desk. He walks over to the door and places his hand on the knob. “Dude... my money is on Callie. I think her sunshine is going to banish your thunderstorm in like a nanosecond.”

“What?” I ask in astonishment.

“You heard me. It doesn’t need repeating.”

Leaning forward on the couch, I scrub my hands over my face and then gaze in contemplation at the tips of my boots. Do I want to be influenced by Callie? I wouldn’t be lying when I say I’m drawn to her light. Everything about her makes me feel good.

Always has.

“Woolf,” Bridger says softly and I look up at him. “We’re tight, you and me.”

I nod.

“But I choose this lifestyle because it’s innately who I am. You followed me here, and I love every fucking minute of our journey together. But man, hear me when I say... you cannot stand beside me in my loneliness forever. It balances me, but partner... it will destroy you one day.”

Even as he says those words, I know they’re true. Otherwise, the sharp bite of pain in the middle of my chest wouldn’t feel so exquisitely honest. Maybe I’ve always known there was something more for me, but I was too afraid to ever give it credence. Or maybe I didn’t want to leave Bridger behind because I think he needs me.

Now Bridger is making me reconsider.

There’s a soft knock on the door, and Bridger turns the knob to open it. He doesn’t even look at Stephanie standing there. He knew it was her. Expected her. Knew that I told her to come back, because he knows me.

“Come on in, sugar,” he says while staring at me. “Woolf has something important he needs to do, but I decided I want to play a little.”



Callie’s got me on a nice chase this afternoon.

After I left The Wicked Horse, where I’m sure Stephanie and Bridger had a very nice time together, I drove out to The Double J. I assumed Callie would be there working, but her truck wasn’t there and it was locked up tight. I went in regardless to see if she had left a note, but nothing.

This concerned me because it wasn’t like Callie. She was too responsible, and it fired dread up within me. Perhaps I’d already run her off for good.

I quickly called Bridger, who told me that he’d seen Callie there earlier but that she looked like she was getting ready to leave. Asshole couldn’t have told me that when he was shooing me out the door an hour ago?

Now I’m making the forty-five minute drive back to Jackson, hoping she’s at her parents’ house.

I use the long drive to sift through my thoughts and try to organize them. I reflect on what Bridger told me today, and I focus on his confidence that Callie is good for me. That I wouldn’t destroy her. His money was on the girl.

This time.

I’m still not sure what I hope to accomplish by going to her house. She’s a woman, so I’m sure it will involve talking. I guess we have stuff to talk

about, but personally, I hope it involves fucking.

Lots and lots and lots of fucking. While I'm recharging, we can talk.

And that is the dilemma. While I'm confident I can master and captivate her body, I'm not quite sure what to do with her heart. She has a big one. As big as the state of Wyoming, and it's vulnerable. I've hurt it before, I know, and it's something that's always weighed on me from time to time.

But mostly I'm worried that I'm not truly cut out for a relationship. I don't know why I think that, but I do. It's possible because I've never had one, I'm afraid of the unknown. What terrifies me even more is that I love my lifestyle so much—an incredible nonstop orgy since college—that I won't want anything different.

That Callie would not be enough to satisfy my appetites for the long term.

It shames me to feel this way, and yet I can't help it. It's the only thing I know. It's my comfort.

It's true that I followed Bridger into the lifestyle. Early on in our college years, he found solace in the depravity of meaningless sex and the thrill of pushing the kinkiest of boundaries. I just liked the meaningless sex, but Bridger truly needed it. It's true... he's happiest in his loneliness, and I've stood there right with him the entire way. Maybe that's what makes me happy too?

But maybe something else will make me happier.

A sudden image bursts into my head, filled with bright, dazzling color. Callie and me... with children... walking along the Snake River with fishing poles in our hand.

I shake my head to dispel it, but a lingering warmth remains in my blood.

Fucking weird.

When I pull into Callie's driveway, I see her truck sitting outside of the garage and a dark green sedan beside it. It could be any number of people stopping by to visit, so I don't give it a second thought. As soon as I turn off the ignition, the front door opens and Callie steps out onto the front porch with a man.

Instantly, blistering rage rises within me at the thought of her being with someone else.

Callie... another man... walking out of her house.

But then I recognize the dude. Perfectly styled brown hair, sleek dress pants, and a crisp white dress shirt. Her dull fiancé, Will, who apparently has a kinky side under all that starch.

My rage is instantly replaced by fear and jealousy. He's clearly back here to make amends and get Callie back. This only two days after I fucked her and left her once again, without a fucking peep out of me since. She's a prime target right now, feeling all used and discarded.

I push the door of my truck open and hop out, walking up toward the porch. Neither of them see me as they stand close together talking.

As soon as my boot hits the bottom porch step, both of them turn to look at me. I spare a brief glance at Callie, whose eyes flare wide with surprise to see me there. Will doesn't recognize me, and why should he? We met briefly at a Christmas party last year, and he was three sheets to the wind at the time. He gives me an uncertain smile, and I stalk right up to him.

When I'm two feet away, he must take stock of the murderous look on my face and he starts backing up. I keep pounding toward him, backing him all the way up into door. I don't touch him, my hands hanging loosely by my sides, but then again, I don't need to. The fact I tower over him by a good five inches and have a solid forty pounds on him, coupled with the menace I'm projecting, has him thoroughly cowed.

"Woof," Callie barks at me, but I ignore her.

I lean forward and get in his face. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

Will cuts a nervous glance at Callie, his eyes silently begging her to save him.

Fucking pussy. How in the world she ever could have been attracted to this pecker is beyond me?

"Woof," Callie says in exasperation as she grabs ahold of my arm and attempts to pull me away. "What the fuck are *you* doing here?"

Will actually gasps when Callie drops the "F" bomb, and my opinion of him sinks even lower.

"Callie," Will says in disapproval as he attempts to straighten his body.

Only because I'd get no satisfaction out of pounding this twit into the ground, and also because I'm finding it wholly unsatisfying that he's so scared of me, I back up a step.

"Oh, for crying out loud," Callie says as she lets me go and reaches around me to take Will by the arm. She pulls him away from me, and he looks immensely grateful. "Will... just go get a hotel room and we'll meet up for breakfast tomorrow like we planned."

He makes an attempt to be a man. Looks at me, and then back at Callie. "Um... do you need me to stay?"

She rolls her eyes at Will, shoots me a disgusted glare, and then looks back to him. “No, I’m fine. This is Woolf Jennings. You met him last year at Dad’s Christmas party. Normally, he’s not this much of a jackass.”

“That’s right,” I say pleasantly enough. “I’m normally a pretty nice dude except when someone fucks around on one of my friends.”

“Jesus, Callie,” Will snarls at her with a pained look. “Did you have to tell other people?”

I take another menacing step toward Will and Callie steps in between us, placing a soft hand on my chest to halt my progress. With her other hand, she pinches the bridge of her nose and rubs at what I’m thinking is a monster headache.

Created by Will, no doubt.

In a tired voice, Callie says, “Will... just go. I’ll talk to you tomorrow.”

Will gives a curt nod of his head and walks down the porch steps. When he clears the last one, her hand falls away from my chest and she watches him get in his car. When he pulls out of the driveway, she gives me a short glare before turning and walking into her house without a word to me.

She even attempts to shut the door on me, but I stick a quick leg out and manage to get my boot in between the door and the jamb before it closes. She looks over her shoulder at me in surprise and then turns away, walking into the kitchen.

“Go away, Woolf. I’ll see you at work on Monday,” she says in a tired voice.

I don’t respond but follow her right into the kitchen. “Are your parents here?”

“No,” she says in surprise as she turns to look at me. “Why would that —?”

That’s as far as she gets before I’m on her, taking her face in between my roughened palms and kissing the ever-loving fuck out of her. I had planned to talk when I got here, but apparently, I’ve got a new game plan that I’m making up as I go along. The terrible warring sensations of rage, jealousy, guilt, and desire overwhelming me, and because I suck at talking and excel at fucking, I decide to try that angle first.

Callie gasps the minute our lips touch, and then a silky moan floats up her throat and settles against my tongue. It tastes better than anything I’ve ever had in my mouth. One hand behind her head, another pressed into her lower back, and I pull her in so I can feel every single beautiful inch of her body

flush against me.

I take a few steps, walking her backward into the stainless steel refrigerator, and when she's good and truly trapped, I pull away from her slightly, drawing my one hand from the back of her head to grip her jaw. Her eyes are filled with lust and wariness, which is a hauntingly beautiful look. It makes my cock even harder.

"I'm sorry I didn't call you," I tell her. "I'm sorry I stayed away from you. Okay?"

She nods against the hold I have on her.

"We'll talk about Will and us later, okay?"

She nods again.

"I'm going to make you come now with my face between your legs, okay?"

"Oh, God," she moans, and I drop to my knees before her.

Chapter 12

Callie

I feel like I'm in the Twilight Zone.

Woolf Jennings kneeling at my feet.

Beautifully unattainable Woolf Jennings, who has walked away from me on three prior occasions, now kneeling at my feet. I wonder how fast he's going to walk away from me this time.

Woolf sits back on his haunches and skims his hands slowly up the outside of my denim-clad legs. When they reach my hips, he squeezes and in a low, husky, oh-so-very-sexy voice, he says, "Do you like having your pussy eaten?"

My face flushes hot, and I cut my gaze away from him because the naked lust in his eyes is too overwhelming.

He squeezes my hips again to get my attention. "Callie?"

I slowly look back down at him and whisper, "Um... I don't know. Will didn't really like to—"

"Fucking, pansy-ass motherfucker," Woolf mutters as he squeezes a little too hard on my hips. "He never deserved you."

"At least he wanted me," I say with my chin rising, feeling the need to defend Will, or really, defend my choice of a man.

"I always wanted you, Callie," he says, and I hear truth in his words. "I just didn't think I should have you. Big difference."

"And now?"

"And now I'm not going to fight it. Bridger says I should go for this, so I intend to."

I give a mirthful chuckle. "That Bridger... Mr. Know-It-All."

Woolf's hands come to the button of my jeans, and he skillfully pops it open. He pinches the zipper and slowly slides it down before peeling the fly open. Leaning in, he places a whisper of a kiss on the skin just above the waistband of my panties.

"When I get done with you, you're going to love having your pussy eaten," he tells me with quiet confidence.

My hands rise up, my fingers sift into his hair, and I gently rub his scalp. He actually tilts his head, pushing into one of my palms with eyes closed and lets out a purr of satisfaction.

“Woolf,” I murmur and his eyes open up, gorgeously blue like the Wyoming sky. “I went to the doctor and got tested. I’m all good, and Will assured me he always wore protection.”

He gives me a slight nod with a smile, and then leans back from me slightly. His hand taps at one ankle. “Lift your foot.”

I do and he removes one of my boots, tossing it over his shoulder, before doing the same to the other leg. Woolf looks up at me and says, “Do me a favor, Cal. Take off your shirt and bra.”

Modesty overwhelms me, and I hesitate. Woolf has made me come three times, and he’s never seen me naked. What if my breasts aren’t large enough? Or I have cellulite on my thighs that grosses him out? Fuck... did I shave today? Yes, I think I did.

“Callie,” Woolf says gently, and my eyes lock with his. “Let me see those beautiful tits.”

I swallow hard and with shaking hands, lift the hem of the lightweight turtleneck I am wearing up and over my head, pulling it off. Giving a shake of my hair, I drop the shirt to the floor.

Woolf’s eyes gaze hungrily at my chest, and he licks his bottom lip. “Bra, too.”

I reach to the center front clasp and flick it open, slowly peeling it aside. My breasts are on the small side, or so I think, barely filling my B cup. But at least they’re perky, and I don’t have to look down to know my nipples are contracted into tight buds.

“Christ,” Woolf says almost as if in prayer. “So fucking beautiful.”

His hands get to work, pushing my jeans and underwear down together, deftly lifting each of my legs to pull the material free right along with my socks. And then I am completely and starkly naked in front of him as he once against leans back on his haunches and devours me with his eyes.

Another wave of modesty hits, and my hands come up to cover my breasts. He actually growls at me before they even get halfway there and says in a warning tone, “Your hands can touch your breasts but it only better be to pinch your nipples while I’m tongue fucking you, okay?”

“Oh, jeez,” I mutter.

Well... that was more of a moan.

Woolf grins at me as his hands come back to my hips. “Little Callie Hayes likes her some dirty talk, huh?”

My face goes red, but there is one thing I don’t like, and that’s Woolf referencing the Old Callie. He needs to know... I’m a big girl and while I’m fighting through some unease at this completely new experience, I’m also perfectly capable of handling the Big Bad Woolf.

Woolf chuckles as he takes in my blush, but I wipe that smile right off his face when I bring my hands all the way up and do exactly as he instructed. I pinch and twist my nipples with my fingers, giving a low moan of appreciation over how damn good that feels.

And that smile does indeed disappear and his eyes go dark with something that I can’t describe. It’s carnal and deeply possessive, and in this moment, I know Woolf is going to devour me.

With a large hand coming up to my stomach, Woolf gives me a slight push until I lean back against the refrigerator. The cold steel against my back feels amazing against my heated skin. He then gently picks up one leg and places it over his shoulder.

My hands freeze their motions and I stare in avid fascination down at him as he stares in frank appreciation at me. Or is that... reverence? A sharp pang of pleasure hits me square between the legs before he even touches me, and I almost become afraid of his touch. As if I won’t be able to handle it.

Woolf’s large hands are gentle as they go back to my hips, but only briefly before they are sliding inward. His fingers brush softly against my skin and then they are peeling me wide apart. I have only a brief moment of embarrassment that he has me so exposed and vulnerable standing in my kitchen completely naked, before he brings his mouth to me in what I can only describe as a hot, wet, openmouthed kiss against me.

A guttural sound tears loose and my knee buckles, causing strain on my other leg resting on his shoulder. Woolf merely moves one hand in between my legs so he can press his hand to my bare ass to help hold me steady, never once letting his mouth move from me.

If I thought Woolf’s fingers and dick were magical, I’d say his tongue is almost divine in nature. It seems to know exactly how to lick and flutter against me, putting the right amount of pressure and stimulation against my clit. He’s in between my legs no more than a minute before I feel myself starting to tighten up.

Woolf briefly pulls away and looks up at me. “Hands on your tits, baby.”

“Huh?” I ask in a daze as I realize my fingers are sunk deep into his hair, and I’ve got it in a death grip.

“Put those fingers to better use than scalping me and play with your tits,” he says with a smirk, his lips shiny wet from his ministrations.

I release his hair and cup my breasts, massaging them as requested. Woolf watches me a moment and when he’s satisfied, he returns his mouth to me. He alternates lazy circular licks with fast flutters and my hips start rotating against him—tilting forward, seeking more of his touch. He groans over my response and pushes against me harder, moving his tongue against me faster. Licking at me roughly, sucking my clit.

I look down at his dark head moving back and forth as he eats me alive, and I think to myself... Woolf Jennings has his tongue inside me.

Woolf Jennings is eating my pussy.

With a sharp slap of his tongue against my clit, I start to come, feeling it carefully break free with an exquisitely sharp burst of power that makes me cry out, just before it travels through my entire body like an unquenchable wave. Woolf presses harder and laps at me fervently, drawing out my orgasm until tears spring up in my eyes because the sensation is just too overwhelming. My hands fall to his head, and I actually shove him away from me.

With reluctance, Woolf gives in and lets me push his face back. He swipes his hand across his mouth and grins up at me. Gently lowering my leg to the floor, he says, “You taste so fucking good, Callie. I expect I’m going to be doing that quite a bit to you.”

I laugh nervously and suck in a deep breath, trying to calm the racing of my heart even though I feel prickles of pleasure still zinging through me. Woolf sits up straight on his knees, and he deftly opens his belt and jeans. He pushes them down his hips just far enough to pull his cock out, and I get my first really good look at it. While I felt its massive girth and length both with my hand and deep inside of me the other night, it’s quite a different story to see the beauty of it.

And it is incredibly beautiful.

I never gave much thought to that part of the male anatomy that made sex possible. Will’s wasn’t particularly big, but it wasn’t small. It filled me okay, but it was just... a penis.

This, though. This large, solid shaft is utterly magnificent with strong veins running down its length and a wide, flared head that has a bit of clear

pre-cum dribbling from the slit. Woolf strokes it lazily with just his forefinger and thumb as he watches me checking out what is most definitely not just a penis.

It's a cock.

Woolf holds his other hand out to me and with a wicked grin says, "Come on, darlin'. Climb aboard."

He gives me a tug, and I step forward on shaky legs as he lowers back down until his ass rests on his heels. He pulls on me until I'm standing over his lap and urges me down. My hands balance myself on his shoulders, and I squat down toward that monstrous dick looming upward in anticipation. Woolf uses a hand on my hip and the other at the base of his shaft to guide our union.

When the head touches the outer lips of my pussy, Woolf drags it back and forth a few times and even thumps it once on my clit. I gasp and my eyes flare wide in surprise, causing Woolf to chuckle.

So many things I'm learning.

"Come on, Callie," he says gruffly. "Sink that gorgeous pussy down on my cock. I want you to ride me, baby."

And oh, God... he's so sinfully bad. Filthy-talking boy who makes me want to do every dirty thing he commands of me.

I slowly push down onto him, feeling my flesh expand. Feeling the nip of pain as he invades me, knowing how good it's going to feel when he's all the way in.

Woolf groans as I drop down, and he has an almost pained look on his face as he watches his cock disappear into me. He looks up at me, huffs out a pent-up breath, and says, "God, Callie. You just don't know how good you feel on me."

My entire body goes almost liquid hearing him say that. It's not just a generalized statement that pops out of your mouth during the heat of some really good sex. Woolf was saying that *I* feel good to him. He's saying it in a way that means *I* feel better than anything he's ever felt before, and as I lower myself all the way down on his erection, and he fills me up fuller than I've ever been before, I feel my heart start to fall prey to this dangerous wolf.

His hands come to my hips and he holds me there just a moment so he can kiss me. A deep, toe-curling kiss that causes me to hunger for something more. His hands slide down to my ass and he urges me to lift up. I keep my feet firmly planted on the slate tile of my mother's designer kitchen, and I

raise myself off his cock. When I get to the end... when I feel the head of his cock stretching me a bit before breaking free, I push back down on him roughly.

“Fuck yes,” Woolf hisses as he closes his eyes in rapture, and a thrill of power runs through me that I did that to him.

I rise up and fall back down on him, feeling myself getting wetter with every gliding stroke. Woolf holds me steady by my hips, uses his powerful arms to help my movements. I ride him faster and faster until my breasts are bouncing almost painfully. As I start to tire, I merely loop my arms over his shoulders and clasp my hands behind his head. I use his strong upper body to pull myself up and down on him. Woolf starts to take over, needing me to go faster and harder than I am. His hands under my ass grip me hard, and he practically bounces me up and down on his cock. He’s hitting me so deeply, so deliciously, I start to feel another orgasm building.

“Christ,” Woolf pants through gritted teeth. His cheek is pressed against mine as I hold onto him tight. “I’m so close but I don’t want to come yet. This feels too good.”

I can only grunt in response as he hits my g-spot over and over again, pounding another orgasm into me. It breaks free just as he slams me down and my arms and legs tighten around him so hard, he can’t lift me back up. So instead, he just holds me down on him tightly as I start to shudder and grinds his pelvis up and against mine. I let out a soft curse, a keening moan, and I bite his shoulder hard through the material of his shirt.

That’s when I realize I can feel him pulsing inside of me as he groans out his own release. He squeezes me so tight, I can’t breathe, yet I want him to hold me tighter. We both shake, our orgasms mingling with each other to where I can’t tell if the vibrations of pleasure are from him or me.

Probably both.

Our eruptions were epic and take time to fade. It takes several moments for our breathing to even. Woolf grazes his lips across mine before laying his forehead on my shoulder. He embraces me intimately while we are still melded together.

“I think you broke me,” Woolf murmurs lazily.

I giggle and my muscles involuntarily contract around him, which causes him to groan.

“I think my ovaries exploded,” I tell him as my face presses into his neck and his hand strokes my back.

“Let me see if I can walk, and if so, I’m taking you back to your bedroom for round two. Only then will I be able to hear what you have to say about your ex-douche.”

I cluck at him in disapproval, pulling my face back to look at him in censure.

He gives me a wide-eyed, innocent look. “What?”

“Be nice. He’s come crawling into town with his tail between his legs,” I say with admonishment.

Woolf snorts. “That’s just the end of the flogger that dom-bitch stuck in his ass.”

I gasp over his crude words. “Just stop it. Just don’t.”

“Are you defending him?” Woolf asks me with incredulity. “With my cock still deep inside of you and my cum leaking out, are you defending that asshole?”

“No,” I say in exasperation. “But I just don’t want you making this harder. And every time you remind me what a freak he is, it makes me feel foolish all over again.”

Immediate apology fills Woolf’s eyes, and his hands come to my face. He kisses me quickly and then pulls back. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean—”

“I know,” I say as I place my fingers over his lips to silence him. “Now, I believe you mentioned something about a second round?”

The irises around Woolf’s eyes turn the color of cobalt and his pupils constrict slightly. It’s the way I imagine a real wolf’s eyes would change when the thrill of a hunt loomed near. I hate to disappoint him though. If he thinks I’m going to run and give him an exhilarating chase, he’d be wrong about that.

I’ve already rolled over and bared my throat to him in submission.

I’m his.

Chapter 13

Woolf

My cock is all kinds of sore from the amount of fucking we did yesterday afternoon, well into the late night hours, and then again twice this morning before she had to leave for breakfast. I wanted to make it three times—at the very least get her off with my mouth before she left to meet Will in town—but she pushed me away and said, “No more. I’m done.”

I can’t help but smirk when I think about that look on her face. It was the look of a woman well used and loving every bit of the sting I left between those perfect legs. It filled me with no small amount of pride to put that sting there, and I hope she feels it when she’s sending that douche on his way. I hope it make her squirm in her seat with a bit of discomfort while she listens to Will beg her to take him back.

I stand at the back of my truck, resting my forearms on top of tailgate. Casually chewing on the end of a piece of straw, I watch the door to Zed’s from my vantage point across the street and down one block. Callie’s been in there with Will for going on just over an hour now, laying the hammer down on him. If I’m lucky, he’ll be on an afternoon flight out of here, headed back to suburbia without my woman.

And yes... that is exactly what Callie Hayes is. At least for now.

True to my word, after I fucked her for the second time yesterday, we lay on her bed and we talked. She told me everything that Will had said when he showed up at her house. I wasn’t interested in his apologies or decrees that he would never let it happen again, but I listened to her relay it all to me. In fact, I had to listen because if there was a snowball’s chance in hell she was thinking about going back to that asshole, I had to be ready with the right words to dissuade her.

It turns out, I did have some wisdom to impart. Not going to lie... it put me on edge a bit when Callie said, “I guess I just don’t understand why he would do something so... so...”

“Perverted?” I threw out.

She shook her head. “No. So outrageous... over the top. I mean, at least

for him.”

I was instantly relieved she didn't think what she witnessed was perverted to her senses. Although I know it hurt like a bitch to see him in that position, it seems she understands it's a valid sexual lifestyle, and that understanding is important to me since that goes on quite a bit within my club. I took a moment to explain to Callie that the illustrious Judge Lane was a fem-dom and that Will was clearly her submissive. She asked me a few questions and I answered as best I could, because I wanted her to understand that if Will wanted that, there was no way in hell Callie was ever going to be equipped to give it to him. She doesn't have a dominant bone in her body when it comes to sex. She may be stubborn, strong willed, and independent, but she's not a dominant in the bedroom. More than anything, I wanted her to understand that sometimes people weren't compatible in their sexual needs and that it was simply a matter of not fitting together right.

Ultimately, I told her, “If you want more details, talk to Bridger. He can tell you much more about the lifestyle than I can.”

The door to Zed's opens up and my shoulders tense, then immediately relax when I see ol' Joe Crane coming out, loosening his belt just a bit. The man has no understanding of the word “moderation” when it comes to food. But then right behind Joe, Callie walks out, followed by Will, and I stand up straight from my perch and throw the piece of straw to the ground.

I laser my eyes onto both of them, trying to glean where they stand in this moment of their relationship. While Callie confided in me last night that it was absolutely over in her mind, I knew damn well that Will would use every trick in his lawyer arsenal to get her to change her mind. I'm here, stalking her at this moment, because if it so much as looks like she's giving him a second chance, I'm prepared to knock the motherfucker out, grab Callie, and kidnap her until I can talk sense into that beautiful head.

When they hit the sidewalk, Callie turns to face Will, who tucks his hands in the pockets of his dress pants while his head hangs low. Seriously? Who fucking wears dress pants in Wyoming on a Saturday?

Callie says something to him, he gives a short nod, then says something to her, to which she shakes her head no and says something back to him. I imagine the conversation to have been like this.

Callie: You understand that you're a real turd and a jackass?

Will: Yes, I'm a total idiot. But wasn't I at least good in the sack?

Callie: No. I've been fucked by Woolf Jennings and nothing could ever

compare to that.

I snicker to myself but then instantly scowl as she leans in to him, one hand on his chest and her lips heading toward... okay, just a kiss on the cheek. I can handle that.

Will hangs his head and then turns to walk away. I watch for a few moments as he heads toward The Wort Hotel, my eyes cutting back to Callie, who stands there and watches him. When he's out of sight, her shoulders sag and I feel an intense and immediate need to soothe her. I look both ways before trotting across the street. Stepping up onto the sidewalk, I start walking toward her. It takes her only a moment to see me and the sadness in her eyes stabs at me, not only because I don't like her to be in pain, but mostly because I don't want her to be sad over another man. That does nothing to stroke my ego.

"What are you doing here?" she asks when I'm just a few feet from her.

I don't answer, but instead, I walk right into her where I wrap her up in a hug. One arm around the top of her back, the other around the bottom, pressing her into me. She's only startled a moment but then her arms come around my waist where she squeezes me back.

"Just came to make sure you're okay," I tell her before placing a kiss on the top of her head.

It's funny, how easy that sweet intimacy comes to me. I'm not a hugger or a cuddler. I'm a fucker, and I mean that in a complimentary way about myself. I fuck, I give orgasms, I get one, and then I'm gone.

But for some reason, I knew Callie needed a hug. I got a rush of some weird type of pleasure when she accepted it, and then it magnified when she returned the gesture. Weird in the way that it felt like my chest was filled with fluffy, warm puppies or something.

Fucking really weird, but in a good way.

Callie pulls back but before she can get too far away, I lean down and kiss her. I thought it would be sweet, just a quick brush of lips against each other, but then I can't fucking help myself. Her warm body still in close to me, I go ahead and deepen the kiss. She gives a tiny moan while gripping my shirt with her hands, but she only engages me for a moment before pulling away and taking a step back.

"What are you doing?" she asks, looking around with wild eyes.

So cute. She's feeling shy about me kissing her in public.

"I don't understand what the problem is, babe. You didn't mind me

fucking you in front of someone the other night,” I say wickedly, just so I can see that pretty blush.

I’m rewarded as I knew I would be, and she hisses at me low, “That’s crude.”

“And you love it,” I say with surety. “In fact, I’m betting you’ve thought about that a time or two since that night, right?”

She gives a tiny, girlish snarl and spins on her heel, walking away from me. I chuckle and in two strides, I’m caught up to her. I take her hand and lace my fingers with hers, which is a move I’ve never done before, yet it just seemed so right in this moment. She tries to pull away, but I hold tight.

“Where are you going?” I ask amiably.

“Home,” she mutters.

“Perfect. Get some gear together. You and I are going camping for the rest of the weekend.”

She comes to an abrupt halt and turns to me. “What?”

“Camping,” I say slowly. “You know... tent, fire, sleeping bags. It’s supposed to get pretty chilly tonight, but I figure we can find ways to stay warm.”

That was the truth. Even though we’re approaching the end of June, it’s been known to snow at this time of year, but personally, I like camping in cold weather. Like I said, I expect we’ll be buried in the sleeping bags.

“You want to go camping? Right now?” she asks in disbelief.

“Why is that so hard to understand?”

She chews on her bottom lip a moment before saying, “I don’t know. I guess... I just thought that you and I were only... I mean, you want to go camping?”

My hands come to her shoulders. Callie may not understand what’s going through her head, but I do. We didn’t talk about it last night, but I suppose this is a good segue. “I want to spend time with you, Callie. If you’re thinking that you’re just a fuck, you can get that right out of your head.”

She still seems confused for just a moment, but then her chin tilts up. “Well, what am I supposed to think, Woolf? You haven’t exactly been receptive to my charms in the past, so it’s a little disconcerting that I have your attention now. And let’s face it... you own a sex club. You have a gazillion women at your disposal. Why in the world would you want to go camping with me this weekend?”

I would think that ordinarily, most guys like me would be inclined to

clamp down on their feelings. People like me, who have no experience in relationships and what makes them work, would think the safest route is to be non-committal. To keep things close to the vest.

But I've never been that type of person. I speak what's on my mind, and I've also learned, at least in business, honesty is always the best policy. And let's face it... relationships are like business.

So I try to be as truthful as I can with Callie. I try to at least let her know what's in my head right now. My fingers massage into her shoulders, and I say, "Callie... I've known you most of my life... little sister to my closest childhood friend. I've put frogs in your bed. When you were seven, you kicked me in the nuts when Richard and I got into a fight and I pushed him down. You offered me your virginity, and you trusted me with it. The reason I didn't take it wasn't because I wasn't interested. It was because I cared about you and knew that I wasn't the type of man to be given that gift. I've always cared about you, and I'm going to go ahead and lay it on the line... I've fucking lusted after you for a very long time. I'm finally giving myself permission to act on it because I can't fucking help myself. I want you too much, and yes... you and I have done an awful lot of fucking the last few days, but that's not all there is, okay?"

She nods at me, her eyes looking at me in wonder and with a bit of wariness.

"So to answer your question," I continue on. "I want to go camping with you because I like being around you, I love fucking you, and I could use some time away from the grind. Let's go saddle up our horses, head out to Willow Bend, and let's just enjoy each other."

I think that was a pretty good speech. I think it was honest and hopefully put her at ease. But I'm a bit stunned when she asks, "But this is just sex. I mean... that's the ultimate goal, right?"

"Um," I hedge, because damn... now I'm on the spot. "I don't know if it's the ultimate goal, but it's definitely the immediate goal."

"Okay," she says with confidence, but I see a little bit of hurt in her eyes. She was definitely hoping for something more. "But as long as you're fucking me, you are not fucking anyone else. I don't share."

"Agreed," I say emphatically. I wince a little internally because I hadn't really thought about that. I mean, sure... I was going to follow Bridger's advice and give this a try. He said start with the awesome sex, so that's what I was doing, and yeah... if it developed into something else, I'd roll with it.

But honestly, I really don't expect it will because I truly can't see me giving up that lifestyle for good. And Callie said she doesn't share, so I think at some point down the road, I'll have to make a choice if my appetites aren't being satisfied by just one very beautiful but very vanilla woman.



I look over at Callie, and this is the girl I remember from our childhood. Her dark hair in one thick braid and a straw cowboy hat on top of her head to shield her from the sun. Faded jeans that mold to her spectacularly, a cream-colored Henley, and a gray fleece North Face jacket tied around her waist. A beat-up pair of boots hug her feet as she sits casually in the saddle atop Crazy Izzy, a feisty quarter horse that requires a sure hand, and I think she may be the most beautiful creature in existence. Like me, Callie's been riding horses since she was a wee thing. She even raced barrels competitively for a while but gave it up when she was in her early teens when her horse broke its leg coming around the last barrel and had to be put down. It broke her heart so badly, she said she was never going to do that to another horse again.

We plod lazily along an overgrown trail about two miles from the main house at The Double J. Willow Bend is a section of a small offshoot of the Snake River that cuts an almost horseshoe-type curve into the land and forms a deep hole where you can swim. We're not in a rush and why would we ever be in a hurry when we have scenery like this to look at?

No matter where you go on the ranch, you can't ever escape the shadow of the Teton Mountains. The Double J sits on the eastern side of the range—which runs north to south—where there is a distinct lack of foothills to obscure your view. Instead, the slopes of the mountains rise up sharply from the valley in which the Double J sits and with elevations of eleven, twelve, and thirteen thousand feet, there's still snow sitting atop the peaks throughout the summer months. In my humble opinion, there is no place more spectacular in the world. It's why even though I'm CEO of a major corporation and really have no business doing it, I still try to ride range at least once a week just so I can soak in the splendor. It's almost like my Zen place.

We make it through a long pasture where there's a border fence that's locked. I have to dismount to unlock it and Callie does the same, just to stretch her legs a bit. She looks out over the Tetons with a dreamy smile on

her face.

“God, I missed this,” she says softly. “I mean, sometimes... I would actually ache with longing for these mountains.”

“I know exactly what you mean,” I tell her as I pull the chain loose and swing the gate open. We both walk our horses through and as I secure it, she hops back in the saddle. I try hard not to stare at her ass as she does so.

“Does Tenn miss it?” she asks as I walk back over to my horse, Vlad. He’s a biter and he’s not happy unless he draws blood, but for some reason, he’s never tried to take a nip out of me. I think he knows I’d bite him back.

“Yeah,” I tell her as I swing up into the saddle. “I mean, he loves living in North Carolina. He and Casey have a great place right on the ocean, but you can see it when he gets back here to visit. First thing he does is hit the stable and saddles up so he can soak it all in.”

We’re not too far from Willow Bend and I almost suggest a race to the other side of the field, but she stops me when she says, “What does Tenn think about The Wicked Horse?”

A sharp stab of guilt hits me low in my belly as I admit to her, “He doesn’t know.”

She turns to me and levels a scowl. “What?”

“It’s my business. Completely separate from JennCo,” I tell her in defense, and her frown doesn’t lessen. “But he’s coming in next weekend and I’ve decided to go ahead and tell him then.”

“Why now?” she asks curiously as we walk our horses side by side. Luckily Vlad doesn’t try to bite other horses, just people. “You’ve had this in the works for over a year now and been open several months, right?”

I nod, clear my throat, and then say the words that have only been told to one other person so far, and that was Bridger. “I think I want to back away from JennCo a bit. It’s consuming too much of my life, and I want to run the club full time with Bridger.”

“You’re kidding,” she says with surprise. “That’s your family’s company. Can you just walk away?”

“Tenn did,” I point out, not without a small trace of bitterness in those words. He got out first and left me holding it all. Well, not all. He helps out a bit on the ranch operations, but for the most part, he’s free and clear.

Callie doesn’t say anything and we plod along in silence, no sound but the creaking of the saddles and the hoof steps on hard ground. I consider making more of an argument on my behalf. All the reasons why I want out.

All the reasons I want more of the club, but then she says, “JennCo isn’t your passion, is it?”

“No, it’s not,” I admit softly, and it feels good to say that to someone. “I’ve only had two things in my life I was really passionate about. That’s the Double J—that is the ranch itself—and The Wicked Horse.”

“Then you should get out,” she says in affirmation. “Many people aren’t lucky enough to be passionate about their work. If you have the opportunity to be happy like that, you have to take it.”

Relief floods my body, knowing that next to Bridger, I have one other person who is going to be supportive of me if I do this. I think in this moment, my heart might be starting a journey toward being lost to Callie Hayes.

Chapter 14

Callie

This is absolute torture.

I thought after an entire weekend with Woolf where we did nothing but have sex, sex, and more sex, I wouldn't be thinking about it so much today. But here I am back at work on Monday, and I'm at my desk, and he's in his office, and I can't stop thinking about him sitting in there.

I am no clearer today than I was last week or eleven years ago as to where I stand with Woolf. But this is what I do know, even if it confuses me.

Woolf is attracted to me.

Woolf likes having sex with me.

And... that's pretty much it.

He's said that Bridger encouraged him to give "us" a shot, but in the next breath alludes that it's just about sex. So I'm thinking it's no-strings sex, but we have agreed that we won't have sex with others. That seems somewhat clear to me.

I guess.

What makes it more confusing is that although there was lots of sex, it wasn't just a non-stop orgasm for both of us. We had a great time camping. It's been years since I've been, as camping to Will was having to suffer the second floor of a Holiday Inn. We pitched a small tent, fished Willow Bend, and ate cutthroat trout cooked in a cast iron pan over an open fire. Woolf, of course, had to kill my trout because I couldn't. He gave me a quick kiss, laughed, and called me a princess, but I didn't care. He more than made up for it by surprising me with a secret stash of ingredients to make s'mores that he had packed. We talked while we licked gooey marshmallow and chocolate from our fingers, catching up on each other's lives over the past several years.

Woolf and I had fallen out of touch. Not only did we have the incredibly awkward experience of him refusing to take my virginity but being more than happy to finger me to an orgasm, but after Richard died, Woolf just didn't come around that much. I'd see him maybe at a major holiday, or we'd run

into each other in town if I was home visiting, but it was always just a brief hug and we moved on.

While I was dying to learn more about The Wicked Horse, Woolf didn't seem to want to talk about it. Instead, he kept up a steady stream of questions to me, trying to stuff eleven years of history into a weekend. By the time the fire was dying down low, Woolf knew a frightening amount of stuff about me, including things I'm not even sure how they came up in conversation such as when I got my period for the first time. I thought I was dying because my mom "forgot" to have that discussion with me. He howled with laughter over that one.

In fact... we laughed a lot this past weekend.

Like when he was fucking me that night, trying to contort our bodies into some type of pretzel, and he got a Charlie Horse in his right ass cheek and had to stop. Or rather, I had to massage the muscle to loosen it up and then he played it safe by just fucking me good old missionary style. I couldn't stop giggling after.

And sleeping with him all night, snuggled and buried deep in a double sleeping bag. He kept his arms around me all night and even though I had a crick in my neck when I woke up, it was all very much worth it.

Plus, he more than made up for it the next morning by taking the time to leisurely explore my body before he fucked me. I swear, for over an hour, the man stroked and plucked at my body with his hands, tongue, and lips. He made me come twice before he flipped me over on my stomach, raised my hips up, and took me from behind in a primal storm of lust and frenzied need. When he came, he pulled out and shot all over my back, all while cursing, "Fuck, that's good. So fucking good."

Just thinking about it... I think he was marking me in some way and that causes a shiver to run up my spine. Leaning back in my office chair, which squeaks horribly, I try to get a peek inside his office. I can only see about half of his desk from this angle and it looks like he has his legs kicked up on it, his booted feet crossed one over the other.

So you see, the Old Callie Hayes had her dutiful sex with Will maybe two or three times a week. I actually thought that was quite an active sex life, but now that I've been with Woolf, it seems his standard is two to three times a day, and that makes me realize I have really been naive about it all.

The old Callie Hayes waited for Will to make the move. Maybe because I was shy and unsure of myself, or maybe because the book I was reading was

more interesting than the five minutes it would take Will to get off, but I just never initiated sex.

I haven't done that with Woolf either, only because he's so insatiable, he's always one step ahead of me. His hands are always on me before I even think to reach out to touch him. His mouth is on mine first, and I'm the one responding to him. I've never been a very forward person in normal circumstances, and I was always content to let my one and only other partner, Will, direct me on what to do. Woolf is very much the same... he dominates and takes control. Sweeps me up and then I'm utterly powerless. I just ride the wave, so very lucky he is always focused first and foremost on my pleasure.

Yes, the Old Callie Hayes would sit here demurely at my desk and diligently work the day away, waiting and wondering if this evening Woolf will want me. Maybe we'd go out to dinner, and then back to my house where we'd make love—strike that—fuck, all night long.

Yup... just going to sit here and wait.

I lean back in my chair again, and his boots are still crossed on the desk. It's utterly quiet in there, but that's not unusual. He will often work solidly on his computer for hours, reviewing corporate reports, answering emails, directing others through digital means.

Hmmmm... wonder what the New Callie Hayes would do though? She's the girl I want to become. She's the one that could imagine herself stripping naked right here, walking into Woolf's office, laying across his desk with come-hither eyes, and asking him to fuck me.

Yeah.... no... I can't do that. Every single thing that could go wrong flashes before me.

He's not interested.

He doesn't have sex during the work day.

He'd think it was inappropriate.

He's turned off by forward women.

Another dozen reasons pelt at me, knocking my confidence down even further. I'm not that type of girl. Even if I'd love nothing more than for Woolf Jennings to throw me down and pound the ever-loving breath out of me, I can't ask for it. I'll just have to wait.

Except...

I'm never going to stop being the Old Callie Hayes until I actually start trying to be the New Callie Hayes.

Leaning back in my chair, I look once more, completely confounded that I am obsessing about sex so much. I never thought about it constantly the way I am now.

Boots still crossed on his desk, complete silence meaning he's immersed deep into something.

Oh, screw it. I need to take the New Callie out for a spin and see what she can really do.

I look down at the fitted but no-nonsense white button-up shirt I'm wearing paired with a simple black pencil skirt and black heels. The only thing sexy about it is the clothing molds to my frame well, but it's totally unrevealing. So I solve that problem by unbuttoning two more buttons at the top and the material spreads beautifully so you can see my cleavage. My skirt has a small slit on the right side that only travels a few inches above my knee so it doesn't reveal much when I'm walking. I take my scissors from the cup holder on my desk and use the slender, sharp end to pick at the stitching in the slit. I pop out several and pull the material apart, until it rises another three inches to mid-thigh. Because the material is so snug, if Woolf even bothers to look at me while I walk, he'll see a good bit of leg now too.

Taking a deep breath, I stand up from my desk, run my fingers through my hair to fluff it, and then let all the air out, feeling empowered.

When I step into Woolf's office and get a full view of him, he's exactly as I imagined from the little bit I could see. He's got his big leather chair leaned way back with his booted feet still crossed and resting on the edge of his desk. He has his laptop on his lap and his eyes are narrowed at the screen in concentration while he chews on his bottom lip.

He doesn't look up at me so I take a moment to walk over to his credenza on the opposite wall and pick up the stack of folders he had been working on earlier. When he's finished with stuff that needs to be filed away, he sits it there for me to pick up and handle.

And oops... as soon as I pick up the folders, they all seem to clumsily tumble from my hands to the floor. I squat down, keeping my knees primly together and making sure my right leg is facing Woolf. I can feel the air against my skin at just above mid-thigh where my skirt has split apart.

After I gather all the folders up, I take a peek over at him and find that he's watching me. A tiny thrill rushes through my body as his eyes drop down to my leg. I slowly stand up, the folders grasped in one hand, and start walking toward his desk. Woolf's eyes rise up and spend a few moments

checking out the low dip in my blouse as I saunter his way. His lips curve upward in an appreciative smile.

When I reach the edge of his desk, I rest a hip against it and hug the folders to my stomach.

“What are you working on?” I ask, because while I had all kinds of courage strutting in here, I’m really not sure what to do right now. Normally, I would think the slit in the skirt and the peek of cleavage would have Woolf up and out of his chair, but he just gives me a lazy look.

“Just a bunch of boring shit about some oil wells we’re purchasing in Nebraska,” he says as he leans forward slightly and puts the laptop on his desk. He then leans back in his chair again, clasps his hands together, and rests them on his stomach. His boots on the desk haven’t budged an inch.

He just stares at me, amusement shining in his eyes. I stare back... unsure of what to do.

“Did you need something?” he asks me slyly, his eyes flicking down to my breasts and then back up to me again.

I can’t tell whether he’s encouraging me or not. I have no confidence to discern the difference, so I let Old Callie lead the way. “Um... no. I was just going to get your coffee cup and wash it out.”

I lean across his desk and grab the cup. Just as my fingers loop into the handle, his hand comes out so he can graze a finger along the back of my hand. My eyes slide over to him, and the amusement is gone. Now he’s looking at me with dead seriousness in his eyes. “You know, Callie... if you ever want anything from me, you never have to be afraid to ask.”

I swallow hard. It’s painfully clear now that he’s read me like a damn horny book. He knows why I came in here. He sees right through me, and he also knows I’m a chicken shit when it comes to follow through.

Woolf waits me out, giving me no other encouragement. Nibbling on my lower lip, I try to decide what to do. I truly didn’t have anything planned, figuring my cleavage and bare thigh would induce Woolf up and out of his chair. But it seems that Woolf wants to see how the battle of Old versus New Callie plays out.

He’s a patient man. I know he’ll sit here all day.

I release my hold on the cup and lay the folders on his desk. As I straighten up, I tap the back of my hand against his boots, encouraging him to put his feet down. He does without hesitation, placing them solidly on the wooden floor and then spreading them slightly. He leans back in his chair and

watches me.

I gather up every bit of courage I have, tell myself I am one sexy woman and that no matter how awkward I might be, Woolf is going to enjoy anything I hand out to him.

Still, I can't help the bit of nervousness in my voice when I step in between his legs and tell him as I look down at his face, "If it's okay with you, I want to give you a blow—"

My words falter... stop dead in their tracks.

Stiffen that spine up, Callie. Go for what you want.

"I mean," I say again with a stronger voice as I drop to my knees in front of him. "I'm going to suck your cock, Woolf Jennings, and I'm going to love every fucking drop you give me."

"Oh, Jesus Christ," he groans as he sits up straighter in his seat. His hand goes to his crotch, and he gives a slight rub to the bulge that is growing exponentially behind his fly. "That may be the hottest thing I've ever heard in my life."

I can't help but snort. "I think any man would think that was the hottest thing ever."

A hand shoots out, and Woolf palms the side of my head, his thumb rubbing against my cheek. "No, that was the hottest thing because it came out of sweet Callie Hayes' lips and because I've been fantasizing about you doing that to me since I was about twenty years old."

"Really?" I ask in amazement, and I can't help the actual goofy, love-struck tone to my voice. He's been thinking about me like that for all this time?

"Really," he says and then his other hand comes up behind my head. He reaches under my hair and then grips it in a ponytail to hold it out of the way. "Now what are you waiting for?"

All of a sudden, I don't have a single doubt in my head. Giving head has never been that great of an experience for me, and I know it all boils down to the fact that I just don't think I really cared if I pleased Will. Things were so off... so unsure, that I just didn't have this insane and overwhelming attraction to him. And because he was never focused on pleasuring me, I really didn't care if I did it to him. The times I did were because we both might have been a bit tipsy and he begged me to do it, but otherwise... I just didn't like it with him.

But with Woolf... I *want* to do this. I mean really, really want to do this

to him. I think of all the ways he's had his mouth on me, selflessly giving and giving and giving to me. My mouth waters as my hands come out and work at his belt buckle. He lifts his hips enough to let me open the fly and tug the thick denim down a bit, all the while he palms the side of my head with one hand and holds my hair in a ponytail at the back of my head with the other.

His cock is thick and hard, standing straight up before me after I release it. Dark and dusky, one perfectly thick vein running straight up the middle but then it veers off at an angle, making me want to cock my head to the side and see where it goes.

Instead, I look up at Woolf and he's watching me with expectant eyes. His jaw is locked tight and his chest is rising and falling rapidly. I open my mouth, bare my teeth slightly, and then scrape them lightly over the tip. A long, deep groan rumbles out of Woolf as his head falls back against the chair and his eyes squeeze shut.

Exhilaration and something that feels like victory swells within me that just that one, tiny touch reduced him to utter helplessness.

"You're going to kill me, Callie," he whispers as his fist tightens in my hair. He raises his head and looks down at me solemnly. "I'm not going to last long, sweet girl. I want this too fucking much and when you put that mouth on me, you're getting ready to make all my dirty dreams come true."

I blink at Woolf, processing his words. Here I am... on my knees with a big, thick cock right in front of my face, and he's telling me I'm a dream for him. I'm getting ready to do something naughty and indecent in the middle of a work day, and yet... it causes something in my heart to shift. I'm truly understanding that perhaps Woolf hasn't been as indifferent to me all these years as I've thought.

Maybe all of that was just bad timing before.

I smile at him as I grasp him firmly around the base of his erection, leaning up and over him. His fist tightens harder in my hair, stinging at the base of my scalp, and I open my mouth to bring him in.

When I descend upon him, he whispers my name with such worship that I'm not sure that there isn't anything I wouldn't do for this man.

Chapter 15

Woolf

You'd think a man that had gotten a five-star blow job from the woman of his dreams less than twenty-four hours ago would be walking around with a glorious smile on his face, but the truth of the matter is, I'm one grumpy son of a bitch right now.

And when I say five-star blow job, that really doesn't do it justice. What Callie Hayes didn't have in experience, she more than made up for it with exuberant effort. She wanted to devour me.

She *did* devour me.

She took every inch of me, enslaved me, made me beg her, and when she let me come, I swear for a moment I heard a choir of angels singing while I watched her throat move up and down as she swallowed every drop. Her eyes were shining with triumph and care, and I knew in that moment if I could get it up again right then and there, she'd do it to me all over again. That's just how focused she was on pleasuring me.

Pleasuring me with no expectation of anything in return. I tried to put her on my desk so I could lick an orgasm out of her, but she pushed me away. She patted at her hair, buttoned her shirt back up, and sashayed out of my office, saying, "That was just for you, Woolf."

The rest of the day, I couldn't think straight. I just kept playing that perfect cock suck over and over again in my mind, and I walked around with a woody all damn day. When work was over, I merely grabbed her purse in one hand, her elbow in the other, and forced her into my truck. I took her to my house where as soon as we made it to the foyer, I fucked her right there because I seriously couldn't wait a moment longer. Her laugh was husky and grateful, and she gripped my hair in her hands while I thrust viciously into her.

It was a perfect day. Started to be a perfect night.

After I pulled her up off the foyer floor, we both took a quick shower together and then we ate a quick meal of some sandwiches and chips in the massive, gourmet kitchen. I sipped on a beer, she on a white wine, and this is

where the grumpiness started.

Callie took a sip of wine, dabbed at her lips with her napkin, and said, “Woolf... I want to go back to The Silo.”

My beer bottle was raised halfway to my mouth. I was standing on one side of the kitchen island and she was sitting on a stool on the other side. I just stared at her in disbelief, not quite believing that’s what she said. But she just held my gaze and I knew she was being serious.

“What?” I asked with my voice raised just an octave.

“The Silo,” she reaffirmed. “Ever since you took me there... and I saw that woman with two men, and then all the other people watching—”

“No,” I cut her off quickly. I provided no explanation for my refusal because I’m not really sure why I was denying her this.

She never blinked once, just insisted, “Yes.”

We then argued for an hour and a half straight. Her reasons were simple. She was intrigued by the wickedness of public sex. She’d been obsessing about the ménage. She wanted me to fuck her and have an audience. And this is the part that killed me. She said, “I want to be a part of your world.”

It killed me because she isn’t a part of that world. She can’t ever be. She’s Callie Hayes. Sweet Callie Hayes. I don’t want that to mar her, and I don’t want her tarnished by it. She may have all kinds of curiosities, but I know deep down in my heart that this shit is not for her. I know way down in my gut that she will be left with a bitter taste in her mouth after it’s all said and done.

My reasons for denying her were stronger. Simply put, I told her I could not have the governor’s daughter participating in an orgy where the citizens of Wyoming or some other state were watching her. I told her through clenched teeth, “Do you have any idea what would happen to your father and his campaign if that got out?”

It didn’t dissuade her. She had an answer for everything. “Put a mask on me. Put a bag over my head. Hell, put a wig on me and garish makeup. There are a hundred ways you could disguise me.”

And the pisser of it was, she’s right. I could disguise her. No one would think twice if I put a hood over her, because everyone would just think it was part of a kinky fantasy. On top of that, chances of her being outed were nil. In addition to the non-disclosure agreement that everyone signed, no cameras or phones are allowed in The Silo or cabins and very few locals are members, so there could never be any proof that she was there.

But I didn't tell her any of that. I merely continued to try to talk her out of this insane idea. I even carried her off to my bed where I started playing her body like a fiddle. I kept her distracted. Kept her coming over and over again. I fucked her ruthlessly, hoping to bang the idea out of her head. I may have pushed her off course temporarily, but as we lay side by side in my bed, gasping for air after I blew hot and hard into her, she said, "Woof... please. Don't shut me away from this part of you. It makes me feel... not good enough for you."

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

That right there got me, and I capitulated on the spot.

Sort of.

I told her she couldn't go to The Silo but that perhaps I could arrange something in a private cabin. She tried to argue but I held firm, and we finally had an agreement of sorts.

Except, I don't like the fucking agreement. I don't want Callie anywhere near the depravity of my club. While I can't figure out why it's good enough for me but not her, I have to put those worries aside and figure out what kind of fantasy I can give her that won't destroy her sweet light.

That is what is making me grumpy.

That is why I'm seeking Bridger's counsel.

I punch in the code to our joint office at The Wicked Horse and walk in. Bridger is seated behind the desk, peering at his laptop.

"What's up?" he says without looking at me.

I sigh and sit down in my chair opposite of him. "Callie wants to get fucked in front of people."

Bridger's head snaps up, and he blinks his eyes in surprise. "She what?"

"Yeah, she's got it in her head that she wants to 'be a part of my world'," I say using air quotes and heavy sarcasm. "Seems she was quite taken with a ménage she watched and then threw out the 'I'm not good enough for you so that's why you won't take me' card."

Bridger chuckles and looks back to the computer. "So give it to her. Our world is kind of fun."

"It's not that easy," I tell him in frustration. "I get she's curious about it, but come on, Bridger... she's not built for that stuff. You know it as much as I do."

His gaze slides back over to me, and he tilts his head to the side. "What exactly do you think she's built for?"

I shrug my shoulders and drum my fingers on the desk. “She’s too innocent for that shit. Callie is made for sweet and slow afternoon fucks in the privacy of a bedroom. I know she thinks it would be a rush, but trust me... she wouldn’t be able to share such intimacy with strangers, and you know there’s a lot of sharing in those situations.”

“Doesn’t have to be,” Bridger says as he leans back in his chair. “You set the rules.”

I’m quiet for a moment, because I know that’s true as well. My brain whirs, trying to really pinpoint what it is about this situation that has me so wiggled out. I could take Callie to one of the group sex rooms at The Silo, slap a bag over her face, and fuck her in front of everyone. I could make it just about me and her and the anonymity would protect her. Hopefully minimize the amount of shame that I know she’ll inevitably feel afterward, because even though she acts like she’s supportive of these choices that people make with their sex lives, I do know Callie Hayes better than she knows herself, and it’s not a lifestyle she could ever truly be a part of. Her soul couldn’t handle the moral strain it would inflict.

“You know there’s no legitimate reason you have for denying her.” Bridger points out something I already fucking know well. “So I would have to surmise your hesitation stems from something else.”

Bridger levels me with one of his wise looks, his eyes swirling with knowledge and sage advice. “Say you get her in the room, and you’re fucking her. And it’s amazing, and Callie’s really into it. And halfway through, the couple next to you who are fucking asks for a switch. What would you do?”

My stomach flips over, tightens, and then curls in upon itself. I realize in a nanosecond that I truly don’t want anyone else. I’m not sure if I will always feel this way, but I can honestly say right now that Callie satisfies me on all accounts. The thought of fucking another woman is almost...

Abhorrent?

And why is that, for fuck’s sake? I love women. All kinds. They all seem to offer up something different. I suppose, if I had to take a guess, perhaps I think Callie doesn’t have the confidence in herself to share me. To know that even if I were to take advantage of just such an offer, she wouldn’t have enough trust within me to separate out an act that is purely physical from an act, such as we do together, that involves feelings.

But what about what she wants? What if Callie wants to experiment like that? I can’t say the notion is all that unpleasant to me, because I’ve seen

firsthand how couples—and I’m talking about serious, monogamous, in-love couples—will fuck other people within the safe boundaries of The Silo. It doesn’t seem to diminish their feelings for each other, and if anything, I suppose it’s a testament to the strong bonds they have.

And the thought of Callie getting pleased by other men. Okay, back up a second... that’s actually a little unpleasant now that I can envision it. Nameless, faceless men making her gasp and writhe in pleasure. Fucking her. Making her come. What if she likes it better than with me? What if she wants more from someone else? What if she falls in love with someone else?

What if I’ve turned into a motherfucking pussy thinking all these thoughts? Christ, I think I have a vagina bigger than my cock.

All ludicrous thoughts and they shouldn’t make a damn bit of an impression on me, yet I end up saying to Bridger, “Can’t do it.”

Bridger nods at me in understanding. He’s seeing for the first time that Woolf Jennings has just gotten all proprietary with a woman, and he doesn’t seem surprised in the slightest, even while I’m mortified I just said that.

“Your heart’s tied up big time, man,” he says sagely.

“It would appear so,” I mutter.

“So what are you going to tell her?”

I shrug. “I don’t know. Any ideas?”

Bridger taps his finger on his chin for a moment. “Give her something. A safe fantasy. Do it in one of the private cabins. Give her something that makes her feel wicked and sinful, and yet doesn’t cross any boundaries that you have.”

“Like what?” I ask, because while I can do a variety of naughty things to her, I sort of got the feeling that Callie was interested in The Silo because of the exhibitionism. The wickedness of sharing her sexuality with anonymous strangers, while having the safety and comfort of me there. I know she was sure as shit turned on by the thought of two men pleasuring one woman. I bet she would have perished watching Catherine with a group of five.

“Do a ménage,” Bridger throws out. “With me.”

It’s funny how just a minute ago the thought of Callie with another man was about as distasteful as eating a bucketful of cow shit, but for some reason, I don’t have that visceral reaction when I think of Bridger playing with us. That is solely due to the fact that I trust Bridger with my life, and I’d trust Callie’s to him as well. I also know for a sound fact that Bridger would never even think to try to move in on Callie. It’s a trust due to the bond we

have, but more than that... Bridger is not a man who will ever get involved with a woman. While he loves fucking them and making them feel good, he will never, ever give more than his body to one.

And I mean never.

“We’ll do it in a bondage cabin,” Bridger says as if he’s planning the details to a party. “That way we can give her a taste of that if you think she can take it. You can blindfold her if you want, or if she gets off on having people watch her like you say, then invite some of our trusted circle. Hood her if you want to protect her identity. There are all kinds of things you can do to give her the dirty fantasy she wants and still protect her at the same time. But keep it small... the more people that see her, the more danger of it getting out that the governor’s daughter has some kink in her giddy-up.”

I chuckle at Bridger’s description of Callie. She has less kink in her than a straight arrow. She just thinks she wants it, but she truly doesn’t. I know Callie. She wants to try it, get a taste, and then it will be done. It will satisfy her need to show me she can walk in my world, and it will prevent me from killing a man for looking at her in that way.

Bridger exempted, of course, and honestly... the thought of Bridger with her... the things I know he’s oh so good at doing to a woman to make her scream sweetly... makes me hard right now just thinking about it.

“Alright,” I tell him as I push up off the couch, adjusting my hard-on to the left just a bit to avoid the bite of my zipper. “Let’s do it day after next. Invite a few people you trust.”

“You got it, Hoss,” Bridger says with a nod and then turns to his laptop to pull up the membership roster. He knows these people better than I do, and I know he’ll choose wisely. Still, I’m definitely hooding Callie so no one knows who she is. I can’t even begin to imagine the shit storm that would occur if word got out she was in a place like this.

Chapter 16

Callie

The soft, leather hood that Woolf put over my head not five minutes ago is constricting, but not in a claustrophobic way. It's almost as if it was custom made for my face, fitting snugly and with carefully constructed holes for my eyes and mouth. Even the portion over my nose seems to fit the straight angle well, and the holes for the nostrils allow for easy breathing. The last hole was a surprise and that was in the back near the top of my head. Woolf carefully gathered up my long hair in a ponytail and pulled it through the hole, where he then softly combed his fingers through it in a move meant to calm my frantically beating heart.

Woolf didn't tell me much about what to expect tonight, and I think that was calculated on his part to stimulate my nerves. The only thing he would reveal was that it wasn't going to take place at The Silo but at one of the private cabins. For a moment, I felt keen disappointment that I wouldn't be getting the full experience I had been fantasizing about since my first trip into Woolf's kinky world, but then he smirked at me, chucked me under the chin, and said, "Don't worry, Callie. This will be like nothing you've ever experienced before."

I'll never tell Woolf but before he picked me up at my father's house, I had taken two shots of bourbon to help steady my nerves. While on the one hand, I was very excited about what I was getting ready to experience with Woolf, I was also nervous—strike that, terrified—about having people watch us. I wanted it, but it made my stomach tighten with anxiety. I felt on edge, and I was afraid that at the first touch from Woolf that I would burst into a million fragments so miniscule that I would never be put back together again.

When we got to the cabin, no one was there. Woolf said he wanted to arrive earlier than the others to get me ready. Getting me ready included stripping me naked, giving me a quick but mind-blowing orgasm with his fingers that made my legs feel like jelly, and a white silk robe to put on before the hood.

We're in a large bathroom... the woman's bathroom to be exact, and as I

look in the mirror, I think to my hooded self, *Hello New Callie Hayes. If only Will could see you now.*

I snicker over the thought and Woolf comes up to stand behind me, resting his hands on my shoulders. He towers over me so he's easily able to hold my gaze in the mirror.

"Are you okay?" he asks me softly. It's a sweet gesture, but I can see it deep in his eyes. He wants me to say "no" so he can whisk me out of here. While the last two days Woolf and I have been ravenous for each other and not holding back, he's managed to end each encounter with a plea for me to change my mind about going through with this.

"I'm fine," I tell him. "A little nervous about what to expect."

I didn't think he'd give me details, but I more than expected and was happy to receive a squeeze to my shoulders and an encouraging smile. "If you want to stop at any time, that's all you have to say and I'll get you right out of there, okay?"

"I'll be fine," I assure him, bringing my hands up to lay over the top of his. When our eyes meet and lock in the mirror, I say, "Thank you for doing this for me."

He just nods and says, "Stay here a moment while I make sure everything is ready."

An attack of rabid butterflies start zinging around in my stomach, but I give him my most confident smile. In just a few minutes, I'm getting ready to change my narrow little world forever.



Woolf leads me down the short hall to the main room. I had taken a good moment to study it when we first arrived, and it was empty. Dark burgundy walls, polished mahogany wood floors with fluffy cream-colored rugs, and a variety of furniture scattered about. There is a large, four-poster bed covered in cream-colored silk sheets but no pillows and several gothic, high-backed chairs done with padded, camel-color leather that edge the perimeter of the room. Finally, I see a large, wooden chest and most interestingly, a massive cross mounted to the floor in the shape of an "X". I don't know what it is but the padded leather cuffs hanging from an iron ring from each corner tells me all I need to know.

I wonder if I'll be mounted to that "X" before the night is over? The

thought has me on the verge of crying... maybe from fear, or maybe excitement, I'm not sure.

As Woolf steps out into the main room, I suck in a deep breath as I see several people standing around.

I realize at once that I thought an actual audience might be a possibility, what with the hood and all, but seeing them actually there is still a shock to my senses nonetheless.

Adrenaline spikes through me as I look at the men and women, about seven as I count them. They're all dressed casually, sipping on cocktails as they stand around and talk. The minute we enter, they all turn to look at me with carnal interest. One man even reaches down and rubs the bulge in his pants. Woolf nods to them one by one, and I'm so caught up in trying to figure out who these people are and how Woolf chose them to be there, I'm startled when two hands come to my waist and grip me strongly.

A glance over my shoulder and I see Bridger standing there. My eyes go wide with surprise. He just stares at me with those whiskey-brown eyes, neither friendly nor aloof but definitely calculating. Perhaps trying to figure out the best way to do *things* to me. It causes a shiver to run up my spine as I realize that Woolf has invited another man to this party... Bridger, to be exact.

Woolf lets go of my hand as Bridger turns me to face him. I can't help it when my eyes go on a journey without my approval, taking in the large man before me. He has a few inches in height over Woolf and while I always knew he was a large man, the fact that he stands there now with his shirt off has me momentarily stunned. I'm not sure what regimen he follows but however the man works out, it has left him with sleek but brawny muscles seemingly carved out of bronzed marble. My eyes travel quickly down to his right hip, where a pair of black track pants hangs low. I see a flock of tattooed blackbirds taking flight up and over his rib cage, getting progressively larger in size as they reach his pectoral muscle and then turning their flight path inward toward the center of his chest. Then right there, over where his heart would be nestled deep underneath his sternum, one of the black birds seems to have exploded in a puff of black feathers that burst outward, and then start floating in a trickle down the front of his stomach.

It's a stunning piece of artwork, and I know inherently that there is a deep message within that tattoo. I even open my mouth to ask him about it, but I'm stunned when Bridger's hands go to the knot of silk holding the belt together

at my waist. I tense up, but then Woolf is stepping up behind me. He doesn't touch me but leans in and murmurs near my ear, "Just relax. You're getting that threesome you wanted."

My entire body stiffens, my legs lock hard, and a bolt of fear goes through me. I pull away from Bridger and turn to Woolf with panicked eyes. His hands come to my waist, and he tilts his head in question.

My voice is hoarse and whisper soft. "I'm not ready for... um..."

I can't say the words. I'm too mortified.

"Relax, baby," Woolf coos as his hands squeeze me.

Bridger now is the one behind me, and he presses in close. He does, in fact, touch me with the front of his body, and it feels both sinful and wrong that another man is being so intimate with me. He gives the ponytail hanging from the back of my hood a playful tug before placing his lips near my ear. Bridger bares his teeth and bites my lobe briefly before saying, "You most certainly are not ready to take both of us that way, but there are other ways we can all three play together."

I hadn't realized I was holding frozen breath in my lungs until Bridger said that, and while his voice always sounds so rough and dangerous, I actually trust this man because I know Woolf trusts him.

In fact, I raise my eyes up to Woolf's and give him a smile that's filled with a small measure of confidence. "Okay. Let's do this."

What happens next is a maelstrom of sensations, fears, thrills, and pleasures overwhelming my entire being. Woolf pushes me back into Bridger's arms, and then lazily walks away from me and up to the bar to pour himself a drink. With his back to us, as if he has not a care in the world that I'm in a pair of arms that are not his, he sips at two fingers of bourbon just as Bridger's hands once again work at the knot to my belted robe.

His body is pouring off a sensuous sort of heat behind me. I can feel the hard muscles of his abdomen and the huge ridge of his erection against my lower back. My gaze darts around the room at the anonymous people watching as Bridger works the robe open and pulls it from my shoulders. I shiver from the cool air and the slide of silk as it falls away. I tremble over the way both men and women are watching me hungrily. But most of all, I start to shudder because Woolf turns around and watches with the eyes of a hawk as Bridger's large hands come up to palm my breasts, causing me to moan in pleasure. Everything is happening so fast, I don't even have time to be embarrassed by the fact that I'm putting on a show for these people.

I feel guilty as hell that it feels so good and I'm terrified to show any reaction, because this is all-new territory for me. While I was gung-ho just fifteen minutes ago to dip my feet into the ménage pool, now I'm feeling all kinds of awful that I'm letting another man—that is someone other than Woolf Jennings—touch me.

I'm not sure if he senses it or he just wants in on the action, but Woolf sucks down the rest of his drink and then stalks toward Bridger and me. His eyes do a cursory glance down my body but remain pinned on Bridger's hands as they massage my breasts.

He steps in close to me.

Tilts his face down.

Looks me in the eye.

“You okay?” he asks so softly, I doubt even Bridger heard it. But what he doesn't say, and what I see in his eyes, is that it's okay if another man's hands feel good on me. Woolf is telling me that in his world... sharing is allowed. I'm not sure how that makes me feel, but because New Callie is determined to go through with this, I put it out of my head.

I give him a tentative nod.

“Good,” he whispers. Then he shocks the shit out of me when his hand comes up and covers Bridger's hand that is cupping my left breast. He dips his fingers in between Bridger's palm and my skin and then pushes Bridger's hand downward, so that Woolf's knuckles scrape over my nipple. He pushes Bridger's hand down slowly.

Down.

Down.

Down.

Right in between my legs.

With just a twist of his wrist, Woolf takes Bridger's hand and has him cupping me, and I most definitely cannot stop the whimper of surprised pleasure that bubbles up out of me. Almost as if it was planned, both Bridger and Woolf press in closer to me, sandwich me in between their big bodies, and the rest of the room is momentarily shut out.

Together, both men start moving their fingers against me. I suck in a deep breath, close my eyes, and just savor the sensations. A finger... no two... press into me, and I slowly open my eyes as I look down.

My knees go loose as I see Bridger's finger and Woolf's finger both sliding into me in tandem. It's the most sinful thing I've ever seen in my life,

and my knees buckle. I'm held up only by Bridger's strong arm around my chest where he still palms my other breast. This is far more wickedly decadent than when I watched that woman take two men at The Silo. It's so simple... beautiful... richly depraved, that I know I'm on the path to having the quickest orgasm of my life.

My eyes start to flutter closed but not before I catch a glimpse of the crowd starting to press in on me. The knowledge that they are eager to get a closer look sends a bolt of sizzling pleasure through me while Bridger and Woolf lazily fuck me with just their index fingers. Every bit of potential shame and inherent modesty sort of fade away as I concentrate solely on what these two men are doing to me.

Lips on mine.

Woolf.

I sigh in pleasure from this sweet intimacy helping to balance out the filthiness of giving my body to two different men. It stabilizes me. Grounds me.

I think I'm up for anything.

Suddenly, Woolf's lips are gone, then his body. My eyes fly open, and I see him step back so he can take off his clothes. I only get a brief glimpse of him peeling his shirt over his head before Bridger has me turned around toward him and is pushing me gently down to my knees. My heart skips a beat... maybe two when he pushes his thumbs into the waistband of his track pants and glides them down his hips. They go all the way down to the floor and he's stepping his bare feet out of them, but I'm only vaguely aware of this as I stare in fascination at his thick erection sticking up proudly before my face.

One of Bridger's hands lift, and unlike Woolf who I know would probably gently palm my face, he wraps my ponytail tightly in his grip. His other hand takes his shaft in hand, and he pulls my head forward. I'm able to take a quick peek upward at him, and his eyes are dark and filled with lust as he looks down at me.

I involuntarily lick my lips and his own pull back into a feral smile of appreciation.

Then his cock is in my mouth and the only way I know it feels good to him is a harsh huff of breath he lets out as I tighten around him. An anonymous person to my right whispers, "Suck that cock," and I do exactly that. For a brief moment, I forget about everything but the man—almost a

perfect stranger really—who is in my mouth, tasting deliciously salty and all male, and I give him everything I've got.

Bridger's hand pulls and pushes at my head roughly as he grips my hair, and I can tell just by these simple movements that he would never be a gentle lover. That thought excites me and I start to throb as I have visions of him reddening my skin, and I wonder what Woolf would think of Bridger doing just that.

A wave of guilt hits me, and I immediately start to try to pull completely away from Bridger as I have the overwhelming and sudden need to belong only to Woolf. And yet... I don't want to give up the man in my mouth.

My eyes prick with tears as my body, mind, and heart all start to compete for various pleasures. How can a sweet kiss from Woolf feel just as good as two men's fingers inside of me?

There's a distinct possibility I'm going insane.

Bridger holds my hair tight as I start to pull away but then Woolf is behind me, down on his knees, and his arms are wrapping around my waist. His naked chest presses into my back, and I feel his erection against me. His lips press a kiss behind my ear and he whispers, "You're doing great, baby. Watching you suck Bridger's cock is so fucking hot."

I let out a hard breath through my nose and he must feel the tension start to melt, because he gives me the piece of advice I need to continue on in my quest to become a different woman.

"Don't think, Callie," he says as one hand drops down between my legs. "Just know that what's happening right here... right now... it's nothing but an experience. It doesn't change the way I feel about you."

He slowly rubs a light circle around my clit, causing my body to jerk and take Bridger a bit deeper into my mouth. I look up at him, and he gives me a smile that almost borders on tenderness. Something I'd expect from Woolf but not Bridger.

Woolf's words.

Bridger's smile.

I feel safe.

Reaching my hands up, I grasp onto Bridger's hips and pull him deeper into me.

"Fuck yeah," he praises with a hoarse voice.

Woolf sinks two fingers into me, wrapping his other arm around me even tighter, and he causes my heart to almost seize up in euphoria when he says,

“That’s my sweet girl. Even with my fingers in you and another man’s cock on your tongue, you’re still the sweetest girl I’ll ever know.”

So my first ménage has started, and I’m not sure if it will be my last, so I give it my all.

I move up and down on Bridger’s shaft while Woolf’s fingers play between my legs. My blood races, my head spins... all obvious precursors to a monumental—

The explosion of pleasure hits me so hard, I almost choke on Bridger’s dick as I suck in air to keep from passing out. I cry out all around his slick shaft stroking along my tongue on a backward stroke and then he’s gone. I sag back into Woolf’s arms as he continues to rub the orgasm to completion between my legs. I’m almost embarrassed at how hard I’m shuddering, hoping I don’t look like I’m having an awkward and completely unsexy seizure because the pleasure is so intense.

The sound of ripping foil startles my senses, and I realize Woolf is pulling me backwards as he sits down onto the floor. He kicks his legs outward, causing my own legs to spread, and then Bridger is crawling in between them. His cock is sheathed in a condom and his hands go behind my knees. He raises my legs, spreads me even wider as I lay on top of Woolf’s reclining body, and then Bridger is slamming his way inside of me.

Chapter 17

Woolf

I grit my teeth as I watch the pleasure overtake Bridger's face when his cock sinks deep into Callie. So fucking hot and yet bittersweet at the same time.

Sweet because Callie is getting exactly what she wants, and bitter because I'm feeling jealous.

For the first time in my life, I want to deny Bridger, but fuck if that ship hasn't already sailed.

Callie moans and her head falls back onto my shoulder. Bridger spreads her even wider, and then starts fucking her hard. I stare at his face. A face I've seen countless times fucking a woman, and it looks no different than any other time.

He doesn't look like this feels any better, and that gives me a small measure of comfort. I glance down at their union, watching his rubber-coated cock tunnel in and out of her wet pussy, and my own cock aches to be inside of her. If she were a different woman, I would have lubed up and set that gorgeous ass on my dick, but Callie is way too sweet for something like that.

At least for now.

"Woolf?" Callie whispers.

It's a question.

A need for validation.

That makes me feel even better about what's going down.

"It's okay, baby," I tell her softly, and my hand comes up to circle around her throat with the tips of my fingers and thumb gripping onto her jaw. I turn her head to the side, lean around, and kiss her deeply, holding her tightly as Bridger is rocking her body hard against me. She moans into my mouth, and I know in this moment she's moaning over my kiss and not Bridger's dick between her legs.

I kiss her hard and possessively, my own moans mingling with hers. I can feel her body grinding against me from Bridger's strokes, and rather than him picking up the pace so he can get them both off, I sense him slowing down.

I pull my lips reluctantly away from Callie, and my eyes immediately lock with Bridger's as he slowly just undulates against the woman in my arms. I know this man so well that I can read the question in his eyes. Even while he's balls deep inside what I know is the best pussy in the entire world, his focus is on me and my needs right at this moment.

I cannot help the pleading look I give him back, and he immediately knows that while I want Callie to experience this beautiful experience, I'm struggling with my possessiveness over her.

Bridger immediately pulls out of Callie. She doesn't even notice because my mouth is back on hers again, and I let my fingers replace his cock for a few moments. I thrust two, and then three in and out of her, feeling her wetness coating me. My eyes are closed, because I succumb to the rapture of this woman, and yet I'm not surprised when I feel Bridger's hand covering my own, urging the movement of my hand. His cock may not be in her anymore, but he knows he's still very much welcome to play with us.

This man knows me better than I know myself sometimes.

Knows exactly the limits I have with Callie.

Fuck, he knew them even before I ever really had a clue.

I ache to be inside this woman because even though I may have all kinds of proprietary jealousy rolling through me, I still found it utterly erotic to watch Callie fall prey to this type of debauchery. My cock is hard as a rock and begging for release.

Pulling my lips away from her, I look at Bridger and say just one word. "Bed."

He pulls her up and off me, sweeping her up in his arms, and I come up off the floor and follow them over to the four-poster. He lays Callie in the middle of the mattress, and I'm satisfied that her eyes stay pinned on me.

I crawl up onto the mattress from the end of the bed, right up between her legs. From my periphery, I see Bridger pull the condom off his cock as he watches us, his hand starting a fluid, lazy stroke on himself. The other people in the room... discreet people who embrace the subtleties of this lifestyle... come in closer to watch the action. I don't take my eyes off Callie, but I've done enough of these to know that every man has a hard-on, every woman is soaking wet, and before long, there's going to be a whole lot of fucking going on in this room.

But only after Callie and I are done.

Nudging her legs apart, I come to rest, kneeling between them. I look

down at her, her hooded face only showcasing me those gorgeous, fern-colored eyes sizzling with heat and her lips still puffy from sucking on Bridger's cock. She is beyond beautiful with a lovely red flush to her neck and her nipples budded hard.

Without disengaging my eyes from Callie's, I ask Bridger, "Think she's ready for me?"

Giving a deep chuckle, he steps up to the edge of the bed. He doesn't need my permission because my question was actually a command to him. Leaning over Callie, he places one hand softly on her stomach and slips a finger into her with his other hand. He slowly moves it in and out, drawing a tiny mewling sound from her. Her eyes are droopy with lust, but she keeps them open and watches as Bridger finger fucks her.

"She's ready," Bridger says in a dark, filthy voice.

He removes his finger from her pussy and puts it into his mouth to suck clean. Callie gasps as she watches him, and that tiny sound makes his eyes cut over to her. He gives her an almost evil grin and says, "Gotta make sure your man's ready too."

I know what's coming, because you see... I know this man as well as he knows me. He wants to show Callie that he's still very much involved at this moment, and he also wants to shock her. He wants to show her that she hasn't even begun to imagine the way three people can play together.

His hand shoots out and wraps around the base of my dick, causing a tiny hiss of pleasure to slip past my lips. He gives me a few hard pulls, and I watch Callie's mouth form into a tiny "O" of surprise. She watches in fascination as Bridger leans in toward me and licks the moisture from the tip of my cock.

For the dramatic effect, Bridger closes his eyes... savors my taste. When he opens them back up again, he turns to Callie and says, "Yeah... he's definitely ready for you."

I know I'm sure as fuck ready for her so I raise her legs up and split them wider. Bridger gives a few more strokes on my cock with his rough palm and then tugs me forward. My hips lean in, letting him guide me, and as if choreographed, he helps to push me right inside of that hot, sweet pussy.

Callie gives a guttural moan when I sink in deep and while I'm not one to normally talk while fucking, I can't help it. "Christ, that feels good."

Bridger releases his hold on me, and I start thrusting slowly in and out of her. Callie stares at me and while the hood hides the subtle nuances of her

facial muscles, I can tell deep within her eyes that she's almost completely lost in this experience. Bridger sees it too because he cuts me a quick smirk as if to say, "She needs just a small push to tip her all the way over so she knows she's been well and truly fucked by two men."

I nod at him, because it's my cock that's deep inside of her, claiming her as mine.

Bridger leans in again, bracing his hands on either side of Callie's hips, and presses his lips to her pussy as I tunnel in and out. My pelvis knocks against the side of his head every time, but it doesn't stop him from putting his tongue against her clit while I fuck her.

Callie lets out a sharp cry of pleasure that seems to go on and on before her eyes cloud thickly over with drug-inducing lust. I'm not sure she'll even understand what's happening to her, but I'm now getting lost as well. Driving my cock in and out of Callie while Bridger sucks at her clit and people watch us is getting ready to go down as one of the most erotic things I've ever done in my life. It's not the first time I've been in this position, but fuck... with Callie underneath us, it turns this into an experience that will never be rivaled again.

"Babe," I say thickly. Her eyes focus a bit on me, and she licks at her lower lip. I push in deep, hold still for a moment, and just let Bridger's tongue work a bit. "You okay, baby?"

She grunts, and I take that as approval.

"I want you to come for me and Bridger, okay?"

She grunts again, and Bridger sucks on her hard.

I pull out and slam back in.

Callie's back arches high up off the mattress as she screams out, and her pussy contracts hard around my cock as she starts coming. Bridger immediately pulls away from us, and I fall on top of her. My hips start a brutal thrusting in and out. Callie groans and cries as her body shakes. I grind my pelvis down against her hard with each push, drawing her orgasm out. My eyes cut over to Bridger, and he's stroking his cock hard as he watches me fuck her.

It's too much.

It's all too much, and I explode viciously inside of her. I cry her name out so loudly, it reverberates inside the room, and I'm immediately struck with the fact I have no control where she's concerned. The woman whose identity I was desperately trying to protect tonight just got outed because I couldn't

handle how fucking good that orgasm felt.

I collapse on top of her. Her arms and legs wrap around me, holding me close as I shudder violently. My face turns to rest on her shoulder, and I see Bridger has a woman on her knees in front of him, sucking his cock.

The other people in the room are disrobing. Kissing, fondling, groping. In moments, there will be fucking. I'm absolutely depleted with a beautiful woman lying beneath me, and I think I may have just tarnished every bit of sweetness that was inside of her.

Turning back to Callie, I burrow in against her neck, pressing my lips to her moist skin and whisper her name this time. I say her name in wonder and partly in shame, because I think I may have just led her down a path I'm not sure I want either one of us on.



As people start to fuck, I pull Callie from the bed. I gather my clothes and her robe, and we sidestep the orgy in progress to head back to the bathroom.

As soon as the door is shut behind us, I turn to her and sift my fingers through her hair as it falls from the hole in the back. "Have to leave the hood on until we get out of the cabin."

She nods as she lowers her face, either from embarrassment over some amazing, dirty sex or shame—I'm not sure which—but either thought earns a tilt of her head back up with my fingers under her chin and a soft kiss from me.

When I pull back, I ask her, "Was it what you expected?"

"I could never have expected that," she says softly.

"Tell me the first word that comes to mind right now," I urge her quickly.

Callie's eyes hold me steady as she says, "Guilt."

I nod in understanding. "Because Bridger fucked you?"

"Yes," she whispers, and then drops her gaze again. "And because it felt good."

My arms wrap around her, and I pull her in close. I'm content to just hold her a minute, her cheek pressed against my chest, while I gather my thoughts. I knew this would happen.

It was inevitable really, that she would be conflicted.

What is surprising is how conflicted I am as well.

Finally, I release her and put my hands to her shoulders, pushing her back

just a bit so she can see my face. “Callie... what we did in there... that’s either reserved for one of two kinds of people. Either those that are like Bridger who have no emotional ties to anyone, and look upon that as just a way to feel really good. Or there are some people in monogamous relationships that have strong bonds and can handle that type of sharing without guilt or shame.”

“And which group do I belong to?” she asks quietly.

But she already knows the answer. She’s not surprised when I say, “Neither.”

“And where do you belong?”

I stare at her a moment, considering if this might be the exact moment I should cut her out of my life. Save her pain and misery down the road which will be inevitable as I struggle against these same insecurities myself. But when I look at her as she is still unashamedly naked and beautiful in front of me, eyes open and clearly looking to make some sense of this all, I know I can’t lie to her just as I know I can’t give her up right yet.

“I’m not quite sure where I belong. You sort of complicate things for me.”

Luckily, she doesn’t take offense to that. She knows what I mean. “Did something change in there between us?”

“No,” I assure her. “Even as complicated as you make things for me, I think the only thing that happened in there was that things got a little clearer.”

“Because there are feelings,” she guesses.

“There are now feelings,” I affirm.

Deep, strong feelings and that means I am no longer like Bridger. I can’t go in and have unemotional sex where Callie is concerned. Even as turned on as I was watching Bridger fuck Callie, I was equally pissed off and even considered punching him. The only thing that held me back was that I knew the only connection Bridger was feeling to Callie was his cock in her pussy, because that’s the only part of his body that is activated during sex.

But what I feel for Callie is unclear. I’m not sure I can continue on with this lifestyle and her at the same time. Jealousy can never come into play during a ménage, and I most certainly felt that when Bridger was inside of her. Oddly, I didn’t feel it when he was touching her in other ways, and I’m thinking that might take a slew of psychologists to figure that one out.

Regardless, I know one thing for sure.

Callie is not cut out for this.

I've done my duty and I gave her the experience, but that's as far as that will ever go. From here on out, she's mine alone until I can decide which life is truly for me.

I pull Callie's clothes from the hook on the back of the bathroom door and hand them to her. We silently get dressed and without a word, she slips her hand into mine as I open the door. Immediately, the sounds of groans, curses, and slapping skin fill the air. I almost hate for Callie to see this, but it can't be helped. We have to make our way through the orgy to get to the exit door.

Winding us through the coupling bodies, I efficiently guide us to the front of the cabin. A quick glance over my shoulder and I see Callie's not even watching the action. I take that as a subtle sign that maybe she realizes this isn't really for her either. That, or she's just still a bit dazed over the entire experience.

The late June air is mildly cool but not chilly as we step out onto the porch. As soon as the door shuts behind us, I unlace the back of the hood and pull it free from her head. She takes her fingertips, scratching at her scalp and fluffing her hair out a bit as we walk over to my Range Rover. Just as I open the door and help her step up into the vehicle, motion from the opposite side of the porch gets my attention. I see Colton jogging up the front steps which are lit by the single, yellow bulbed sconce beside the door. He glances over at me and waves a hand in greeting. I immediately push Callie roughly into the seat and shut the door, praying to God he can't see her from the darkness of where I'm parked.

No clue why that fucker is here, but I raise a hand back to him and he gives me a friendly nod before grabbing ahold of the door to the cabin. I hold my breath with unrivaled anxiety as he steps inside and shuts it behind him.

Fuck, that was a close call.

And that pretty much settles any remaining indecision I may have had warring inside my head.

Callie Hayes is never coming back to The Wicked Horse for as long as she lives.

Chapter 18

Callie

I glance at the clock on the dashboard of my truck and mentally grimace. I knew I shouldn't have taken the time to stop at Camarina's, but I just couldn't help myself. I wanted to wear something sexy for Woolf for the next time we're together, and the high-end lingerie store was calling out to me. A teddy, three pairs of panties, and two new bras, and I was on my way to pick up some groceries as my parents were coming in for the weekend. This worked out well as Tenn is also flying in this afternoon, although he'll be staying for a week. I say it works out well, but in fact, it sucks, because I'm not sure when I will get to see Woolf again what with my parents and Tenn visiting.

And by "see" Woolf, I absolutely mean "have sex" with Woolf.

Whipping into the grocery store parking lot, I find a spot and hop out. As has been par for the course all day, I'm thinking about Woolf. I get goose bumps every time I think about him.

I absolutely shudder if I think about what happened last night between Woolf, Bridger, and me.

I was in a room with two men having sex with me while others watched.

When I think about the mechanics of what happened... the implications... I don't know whether to be turned on or off. I think turned on, because damn... Woolf... Bridger.

Woolf.

Really, just Woolf.

He made me feel absolutely safe and sheltered during that entire experience. It was the dirtiest, most erotic thing I could ever have imagined happening to me. I felt immense pleasure and tremendous guilt at the same time for what I was doing, and yet when it was all over, Woolf reassured my sensibilities.

He drove me home last night, and without my invitation, came inside with me. Because we had pretty much been fucking like rabbits every day, several times a day, for the last week, I expected more of the same when we

got inside. Instead, we took a shower together where he did nothing more than gently help me to wash myself before pulling me out and drying me off. He sat on the edge of the bathtub with nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist as I blow-dried my hair, flipping through his iPhone to bide his time.

When I was done, that is when the oddest thing happened.

Woolf stripped our towels off and swept me up in his arms. He deposited me on the bed, crawling in behind me. With his arms securely around me, legs intertwined, he kissed me on my forehead and said, "Talk to me."

It startled me.

That simple command.

But all of a sudden, I realized... I needed to talk more about what had just happened between us. I needed someone to explain to me and help me make sense of the myriad of emotions coursing through me. I needed to know if what I did was right or if it was wrong.

"Bridger," was all I needed to say to get the conversation rolling, and Woolf told me all I needed to know about the mysterious man.

"He's the only one I would trust to be with you and that's why I asked him to join us," he told me in a steady, calm voice. "And even though he's my best friend in the world... even though I would have never denied him a woman I was with in the past... it bothered the fuck out of me to see you with him."

I hated that Woolf was feeling conflicted, but I can't deny... it felt damn good to hear he was jealous.

"Is that why he... um... stopped?" I asked uncertainly.

"Yeah. He knew it was bothering me."

"He just knew?" I asked with some level of wonder, because when Woolf talks about Bridger, it's always with a tone that surpasses respect.

Maybe deification?

"I would trust Bridger with my life," Woolf said with such conviction, I knew that something had happened to cement that relationship. I knew without him ever telling me another thing, that what my brother had in the way of friendship with Woolf was nothing compared to what existed between Bridger and Woolf.

And I wanted to know why, only because I'm fascinated by the connection these two men have. And oddly... maybe even a little jealous of it.

“Why do you have such a tight bond with him?” I asked.

Woolf chuckled low in his throat and squeezed me. “I’ll tell you, only because you’re one of the few people who have truly seen just how comfortable we are with each other.”

My face flamed red because I knew he was talking about the fact that Bridger fisted Woolf’s cock and then licked the tip of it. That right there was so fucking hot, I almost orgasmed just from the sight of it.

“Bridger and I became close friends right away in college. Joined the same fraternity, became roommates in the frat house. That sort of stuff. We drank, we got drunk... we talked.”

“About me,” I couldn’t help interjecting, because I knew this from Bridger.

Woolf snorted. “You were the tamest of some of the subjects we had going on, but yes... we talked. About everything.”

“About sex.”

“About the kinkiest types of sex,” he clarified. “We had a lot in common, let’s just say, when it came to all the ways in which we liked to get our rocks off.”

“Were you two... you know, ever together?” I asked timidly, not really understanding how I was feeling about that particular subject. I mean, it was so hot to watch Bridger actually guide Woolf’s cock into me, but I’m not sure I liked the idea of them having a more intimate type of relationship outside of the best buds status. It definitely made me feel jealous.

Woolf chuckled again, completely amused with me. “If you mean have we ever fucked, then the answer is ‘no’. Not really turned on by that, but when we’ve been in threesomes, or group sex parties... Bridger doesn’t discriminate in who he touches. He’s into everything.”

“When he touched you... licked you,” I asked with my face burning and thankful he really couldn’t see it as it rested on his chest, “did that turn you on?”

“It felt good,” Woolf said matter-of-factly. “But that’s not what turned me on. What turned me on was watching you get turned on by it.”

“Really?” I had asked, completely amazed.

“Baby,” Woolf said with a deep laugh. “If you had told us that it would have turned you on to have Bridger fuck me, I would have probably let him do it just for you.”

“No way,” I exclaimed and pushed up from his chest to look down at

him.

He grinned back at me. “Yeah, no way. He’s got a huge cock and I bet it would hurt like a motherfucker.”

I couldn’t help the giggle that popped out, but then I turned serious when he lifted a hand and touched my cheek. “But seriously... there isn’t much I wouldn’t do for Bridger, and he for me.”

“Tell me why,” I said, taking my own hand and laying it over his. “There’s a story there and it’s important, so tell me.”

Woolf had pulled me back down to his chest and I wiggled a bit to get settled in.

“Bridger and I did some crazy shit in college. Always trying to push the envelope. Bridger got involved with the BDSM lifestyle and while that really wasn’t my thing, I loved the parties he’d take me to. Next thing I knew... Bridger and I were throwing sex parties. We’d rent a venue, charge a cover, and let people in to do all sorts of crazy fucking.”

I know this should stun me, but it truly doesn’t. Not after what I’ve seen in *The Silo*. Not after what I had just done. Woolf’s voice drops a little and his fingers stroke at my shoulder. “The funny thing is... we didn’t do it for the money. I mean... Bridger needed the money and I gave it all to him because I was rich as shit, but that’s not why we did it. We did it for the thrill... always trying to make that next orgasm bigger and better. We did it for the shock value and before you knew it... we were sort of addicted to that shit.”

“Like a drug?” I asked with skepticism.

“Maybe,” he said softly. “I just know... when it came to my sexual lifestyle, I liked it kinky and varied, and I was always looking for the next big rush with the sex. I never went back for seconds though.”

I couldn’t help the slight sting of jealousy and sadness that hit me. Woolf has been with so many women. Beautiful, gorgeous, sinful women that would do far dirtier things than I ever did with him. But I pushed past it because as I lay in his arms and listened to him tell me all about the importance of Bridger, I realized... he’d come back for far more than seconds with me.

Woolf went on to explain that in their senior year at the University of Wyoming, they had thrown a sex party and were stunned to see the dean’s daughter had shown up with her boyfriend. Apparently, they ended up in a threesome with Woolf, which had been recorded by someone that had snuck in a smart phone.

Within days, the video had gone viral, but only three things were discernable from the grainy quality.

The dean's daughter's boyfriend, who was on his back on a mattress and looking unbeknownst right at the camera.

The dean's daughter, who was straddling his cock and had her head tilted to the side, looking unbeknownst right at the camera.

And the back of a dark-haired man with a tattoo of a bucking bronco on his right shoulder blade, who was not looking at the camera but was clearly fucking the dean's daughter up the ass.

My head popped back up off Woolf's chest and I looked down at him in shock, because my lips had traced across that very same tattoo many times this past week.

"Oh, my God," I said in a whisper, and then actually covered my mouth with my hand. "What happened?"

"I was on a one-way ticket to getting kicked out of school because I had been identified by that tattoo. Not just for going all anal on the dean's daughter, but for setting up the sex party to begin with. It sort of outed me to the campus police what we had been doing."

"But you didn't get kicked out?" I surmised, because I know he graduated with a degree in animal sciences.

Bitter sadness filled Woolf's eyes and he shook his head. "Behind my back, Bridger turned himself into the campus police, who were conducting the investigation before I could even be called in for questioning. Appears the asshole had gone out and gotten a matching tattoo on his back."

"He took the fall for you," I said in amazement.

"And I'll never be able to repay him for it," he concluded with finality. "He got kicked out of school and lost the ability to complete his degree."

I didn't know what to say. I was mortified at the things Woolf had admitted to doing, and incredibly touched by the lengths that Bridger went to protect his friend. I don't know about Bridger's background, but Woolf's family would have been terribly battered by such a scandal. The Jennings were too public to not have that adversely affect them.

I wanted to ask more questions, but in reality, I sensed that Woolf telling me that story was something I should treasure. He never admitted as much, but I think I may be only the third person that truly knows what happened there. As such, I was incredibly humbled he shared it with me and also incredibly turned on by his trust in me.

I leaned down and kissed him, letting my hand slide down his stomach to his cock, which started swelling the minute my fingers wrapped around it. I then proceeded to show him with my mouth just how much it meant that he shared that story with me.

“Callie... hey, wait up,” I hear from behind me, and instantly, my memories of Woolf and blow jobs fade away.

Turning, I see Colton jogging across the parking lot toward me. My muscles lock with anxiety because Woolf had told me Colton had shown up at the cabin last night as he was helping me into the Range Rover. I hadn't seen him as I had my head bowed down, rooting through my purse for some gum, but I was terrified he had seen me. Woolf wasn't sure or not, but he said Colton didn't seem to recognize me, hopefully because it was so dark outside where the truck was parked.

“Hey,” I say with as bright a smile as I can muster. “What are you up to?”

Colton's eyes travel down me briefly, and is that my imagination, or did they linger on my breasts? I can't tell because it was a quick maneuver of his gaze, and then he's staring at me intently. “Just grabbing a few things for dinner tonight. Interested in joining me?”

“Um... thank you, but no. I've actually got some work to do tonight.”

Colton manages to take another step in toward me, and I'm practically pinned up against the door to my truck. His hand comes out and he grazes a finger down the side of my arm. “Come on, Callie. You need to have a little fun. All work and no play makes Callie a dull girl.”

Huh. I bet he wouldn't think me so dull if he saw me with Bridger and Woolf last night.

I shake my head and pull my arm back. “Actually, I can't. I think I'm going to try to work on patching things up with my fiancé. He was just here in town and we've been talking again.”

It's a bald lie. The part about patching things up, that is, but I couldn't think of any other way to put Colton off. I hold his gaze solidly, hoping the squared set to my shoulders lends more truth to my quavering voice.

Colton just stares at me a moment, his eyes flicking back and forth between my own. Finally, he places his forearm on the edge of my truck bed, leaning his face in closer to me.

In a soft voice, he says, “That's a shame to hear.”

I release the air I had been holding in my lungs slowly, so he doesn't understand how relieved that makes me to hear him say that. He nods his

head and tips his hat as he takes a step backward. “Have a nice evenin’, Callie.”

“You too,” I murmur, but he’s already turned away and walking back across the parking lot.

He said all the right words.

Acted as if he bought my explanation.

And yet, something heavy settles in the pit of my stomach. I think it was because of the slight smile he gave me just before he turned away.

I’m pretty sure it said, “Nice try, Callie Hayes, but I got your number.”

Chapter 19

Woolf

I miss Callie and that fucking bothers me.

I am utterly obsessed with her, and I can't seem to concentrate for shit. This bothers me because not only have I never given another woman this much of my attention before, but I've never given another person in the entire world this much of my devotion, and that includes Bridger. It scares the piss out of me that all I can seem to think about is her.

Tenn arrived by plane at a little after three PM, and of course, I didn't even see him walk out of the airport because I was thinking of Callie. Or, more specifically, the way I ate her pussy this morning, then fucked her hard doggie style, and almost made myself pass out from the force of the orgasm I had. I think she did pass out for a few seconds.

Or the way after dinner tonight, Tenn suggested we get started going over some business matters he came in to discuss, and of course, I was thinking about Callie. Except it wasn't about sex and Callie, which does indeed take up a lot of my day, but rather about how fucking good it feels to sleep with her all night with my arms wrapped tightly around her and the smell of her gardenia shampoo in my nose.

Fucking woman is what I'm turning in to.

We just finished making some coffee and started back in on the financials, and even now, as Tenn flips through this quarter's P&Ls for the various subsidiary companies under JennCo, I tap my pencil on my thigh, which makes me think of spanking Callie. I wonder if she'd get off on it?

I bet she would.

In fact, I will definitely spank that gorgeous ass next time we're together while the fingers on my other hand are shoved deep inside her—

"Everything looks in order," Tenn says as he closes the large binder and throws it down on the coffee table, sadly making all thoughts of my palm heating Callie's ass up splinter and dissolve. We had spread everything out in the Great Room and sipped on coffee while I brought him up to date on everything. After my father died, Tenn promised to stay involved with the

company until I felt secure enough for him to walk away for good. Tenn wanted to live his simple life in North Carolina with Casey, Zoe, and Bree.

And I'm thinking that time is about now, because while Tenn had planned on staying a week to visit, I've managed to update him on everything in just under one evening thanks to some well-organized reports from Marta.

He picks up his coffee cup from the table and tilts it until it's drained. When he sets it down, he leans back on the couch and studies me for a moment. Finally, he says, "Bro... I'm not sure why you need me involved anymore. You're doing a fucking fantastic job."

I know I should be all aflutter from his praise, but I'm not. I haven't done anything that amazing, because truthfully, JennCo has an unparalleled Board of Directors, vice presidents, and attorneys that pretty much keep things going for us. Like Tenn, I review a few reports to keep my eye on things, make a few suggestions, but mostly, I let my advisors lead the way. Now granted, I still have a very active hand in managing the Double J, because there's no denying that the actual practice of ranching is part of my DNA. I do love that aspect of running the business and have never once thought of backing away from that.

In truth, I guess I've never invested one-hundred percent in to the thought of backing away from JennCo either. While I've always slightly resented that I've had to bear the burden of it, particularly when I started The Wicked Horse, the truth of the matter is that I'm not sure I could abandon it. While for a period of time I thought the club might be my true calling in life, when it boils down to it, I've managed to run JennCo, the ranch, and The Wicked Horse—with Bridger's help of course—just fine. And if I can continue to manage all three enterprises as well as let Tenn free to live his life, then there really is no reason for me to even tell him about The Wicked Horse.

Right?

Because that was my goal on this trip of his back home. To let him in on what really motivates me. To share with him the person I truly am.

He loves tinkering with his motorcycles... I love tinkering with kinky sex.

Not that much different to my way of thinking.

Except, there's a damn good argument to be made that he should just stay in the dark where The Wicked Horse is concerned. It's not hurting him or the business. It's operated on the down low, and I've been able to smoothly handle both lives with no problems.

“What about Stokes’ Red Angus crossbreeds?” Tenn asked conversationally. “Any good?”

I had managed to make it over to Colton’s ranch to check out his stock last week and wasn’t overly impressed. He talked a good game but in my opinion, the musculature on the cattle had the potential to fall short of Angus certification standards. “I took a pass on purchasing from him. They were nice but didn’t overwhelm me, and I don’t want to risk weakening our stock. I’ll take my chances at auction.”

Tenn nods. “I heard through the grapevine that after his daddy had that bypass, he’s been having troubles maintaining the ranch.”

I blink in surprise. “Really? Colton always made it sound like things were going great.”

With a shrug, Tenn pushes up from the couch and grabs his cup. “Who knows? Want another cup of coffee?”

“Sure,” I say as I hand him my mug just as the doorbell rings.

Tenn nods his head toward the door. “You see who’s here and I’ll get us filled back up.”

I push up and off the couch and walk over to the east staircase that leads up to the first level. The front door to the house leads to nothing more than a large foyer that overlooks the interior of the two-story Great Room below, since the house is built into the back of a butte and falls downward from the top floor. The massive Great Room’s southern wall is nothing but floor-to-ceiling panes of glass framed in cedar providing a stunning view of the Teton mountain range.

I jog up the stairs, taking them two at a time, and swing the front door open just as the doorbell rings again.

Rather insistently, this time.

I put on an annoyed face to level at whoever is standing on the other side, but as soon as I see Governor Hayes standing there with a furious look on his face, my annoyance is forgotten.

Now I’m filled with gut-wrenching dread.

“We need to talk,” he grits out between teeth clenched so tightly, I’m not sure his jaw will ever come unhinged.

There’s only one reason he’s standing on my front porch looking like that, so I have to ask him, “Is Callie alright?”

“As if you even care,” he hisses as he takes a step toward me.

I back up, not out of fear but out of respect. Opening the door wider, I

motion him inside, and he storms past me. With a sigh and a brisk rub of my forefinger over the bridge of my nose, I close the door and follow him down the stairs.

Governor Reginald Hayes knows his way around my house well. He and my father were tight friends, having known each other most of their lives, and of course, my father contributed a lot of money to his political campaigns and to the campaigns of his cronies over the years. I've not been much of one to follow the political scene, but I've instructed my CFO to make appropriate donations to Reggie when he's needed them, out of familial respect. His son, Richard, was one of my closest friends after all, and I could even say Reggie was somewhat of a father figure to me.

But now as he hits the bottom step and rounds on me, looking madder than a rattlesnake, I know that he's holding not one ounce of affection for me.

Callie got her looks from her father, as her mother, Ellen, has fair skin and hair. Now Reggie's green eyes that he passed on to Callie are almost red with fury as he says, "Just what in the fuck have you gotten my daughter involved in, Woolf?"

I hold my hands up in supplication. "Reggie... you need to just calm—"

"Don't you tell me to calm down," he bellows as he advances on me. I back up but he keeps charging, until I'm stopped by the stone wall that borders the fireplace. His hands come to my t-shirt and grip me tightly. Even though he's shorter than me by several inches, he has the rage of a protective father coursing through him and he pulls me forward before slamming me back into the wall.

And I let him, because fuck... if I had a daughter and some man did to her what I did to Callie... I'd fucking kill him. No doubt.

The next thing I know, Reggie is pulled back by Tenn's strong arms around his stomach and pushed not too gently away. While he too respects Governor Hayes, he's reacting out of protective instinct of his brother at the moment.

"What the hell is going on?" Tenn says in what is a moderately calm voice as he looks between Reggie and me. I pull the edge of my t-shirt down, straightening out the wrinkles left from Reggie's fists, and try to stall for a good answer.

Too late.

Reggie points a shaking finger at me while he looks at Tenn. "Your brother is a fucking pervert, and he ruined my daughter."

“Now wait a goddamned second—” I start to say, because that’s not really accurate, but Tenn steps toward Reggie menacingly.

In true big brother fashion, he takes my back without even knowing if I’m guilty. “I suggest you tone it down a notch, Reggie, or I’ll be forced to see you out, governor or no governor title to your name.”

Reggie isn’t dissuaded but merely comes at me a different way. He turns to face me and almost spits out with disgust, “Tell him. Tell your brother all about your sex club and the orgies you have there. Tell him about bringing Callie there for an orgy.”

“What the fuck?” Tenn says incredulously at Reggie, still disbelieving a word he’s saying about his little brother.

I squeeze my eyes shut for a moment and take a deep breath, because I can’t let Tenn keep defending me when Reggie is skirting too close to the truth.

“It wasn’t an orgy,” I say tiredly, feeling the weight of my brother’s surprised stare. “It was a private group of people that got together for—”

Reggie’s fist comes out of nowhere and catches me solidly on my left jaw. My head rocks hard and I stagger back a step, but I right myself quickly and manage to catch his follow-up punch with one hand.

Tenn jumps in and pulls Reggie away again, who is now so red in the face and panting hard, that I’m afraid he’s going to have a heart attack.

“Sit down,” Tenn orders Reggie and pushes him into the nearest chair. He then points to me. “Park your ass on the couch and you better do some fucking fast talk to clear this up.”

I refuse to take the couch as my brother orders, because I’m not a child, but I go ahead and lay it all out for him. “A little over a year ago, I started construction on a nightclub called The Wicked Horse. It’s been open a few months now.”

“It’s a sex club,” Reggie growls.

I hold my hand up to him and give a glare. “It’s a nightclub, but there are buildings behind it that I sell private memberships to. The patrons have access to a secure and private place where they can meet up with people of like minds—”

“Perverts,” Reggie huffs.

“—who can live out their sexual fantasies safely.”

Tenn’s mouth flops open, and he stares at me as if he didn’t understand a word of what I just said. But then it seems to hit him all at once.

“You built this on Double J property?” he asks slowly.

“Yes.”

“With family money?”

“No. With my money,” I tell him without breaking eye contact.

“And what the hell does this have to do with Callie?” Tenn asks me and then looks over at Reggie. “I thought she was living back East.”

“I wish,” Reggie snarls. “I didn’t like Will much but at least he kept her safe from this... this... debauchery.”

I shake my head.

Oh, Reggie. If only you knew what kind of shit your daughter’s fiancé was into.

Standing from the couch, Reggie turns to Tenn. “Colton Stokes told me that Woolf owns that club and that he took Callie there.”

Motherfucking twat. I’m going to kill that fucker.

Pointing a shaking finger at me, Reggie’s voice gets high with hysteria. “He said there was an orgy going on and he saw Callie coming out of one of the buildings with Woolf. He brought my little girl to an orgy and took advantage of her.”

“Not denying he saw Callie and me together,” I growl, because I’m about sick of this shit. “But that’s all he saw.”

“Do you deny that there was an orgy going on in that building you came out of with my sweet Callie?” Reggie practically screams.

“I think you need to take a chill pill, old man,” I sneer at him defensively.

“Christ,” Tenn mutters as he scrubs his hand through his hair.

“Where is Callie?” I ask Reggie, figuring she took her father’s fury first.

“She’s at home and you had better stay the fuck away from her,” Reggie says shakily.

“Is she okay?” I ask, needing him to at least tell me that.

Reggie laughs as he takes a step toward me. Tenn is poised to pounce if necessary, but Reggie’s voice stops him in his tracks. It’s soft and deadly sincere. “You’re a selfish man, Woolf. Did it ever occur to you the people you could be hurting with all of this? Callie’s reputation. My reputation. Do you know what would happen if word got out that the governor’s daughter was at a sex club? What type of turmoil you’d throw this precious state—that you claim to love—in? Did you even think once what this would do to Callie if it became public?”

Guilt and shame crush me, because most of that shit never once crossed

my mind. Not seriously, anyway. I was too focused on pleasing myself and giving into Callie's desires, that I never once considered the repercussions.

"I'll talk to Colton," I say lamely.

"Colton Stokes won't say a word," Reggie says with an impatient wave of his hand. "He only wanted me to know so I could put a stop to it for Callie's sake. He's an honorable man."

Naive son of a bitch. That same honorable man is a member of my club, you moron.

But I don't say a word. I just let my shoulders go ahead and sag under the weight of recrimination.

Tenn falls down into the seat that Reggie just vacated and stares out the window. Reggie turns away from both of us and heads to the staircase that leads up to the foyer. When he reaches the bottom step, he says, "Don't come around Callie. I'll shoot you on sight if you do. And as of this moment, the Hayes and the Jennings have no ties to each other. We're done."

I wince as I watch Reggie walk heavily up the stairs and slide out the front door. I figure my dad and Richard are rolling over in their graves right now, probably sick with disappointment in me, but I can't think about that right now. Whipping my phone out, I call Callie, but her voice mail picks up.

"Callie... I need to see you. Call me and we'll figure a place we can meet."

I disconnect the phone and shove it back in my pocket. My brain is spinning, and I need to talk to Bridger about this. But first... I need to kill Colton Stokes. No wait... I need to go see Callie. That's what I need to do first.

I can kill Colton later, because that's about all I can do to him. It's true enough he signed the same non-disclosure agreement that Callie signed, but there's no way I can collect on it. That would take a lawsuit. Lawsuits are public record, and Reggie has made it painfully clear how much public knowledge of my club could hurt Callie and their family.

"How in the ever-loving fuck could you have done something so stupid?" Tenn asks me quietly and I jolt, having forgotten he was there.

I turn to look at him, my face flushed with anger. "It's a legitimate business. I was going to—"

Tenn waves his hand at me. "I don't give a fuck about your... your... whatever the fuck it is. As long as you aren't breaking any laws or hurting anyone, I don't give a shit what you do, but how in the hell could you have

gotten Callie involved in that? For Christ's sake, Woolf... she's like our little sister."

With a sigh, I cross over to the couch and flop down on it. I stare at Tenn morosely. "I don't know. It just got out of control with her. She wanted to go, and I couldn't say no to her."

"Well, you should have tried harder," Tenn snaps at me.

"I know," I say apologetically, and then again resolutely. "I know."

"Stay away from her," Tenn warns. "Her family cannot be connected to that shit. You owe that to them out of respect for Dad and Richard."

"I fucking got it," I snap back and then push up off the couch, grabbing my hat off the table.

"Where are you going?" Tenn asks with brotherly concern. Or overbearing concern. Not sure which.

"Out," is all I tell him as I trot up the stairs.

I need to talk to Bridger.

Chapter 20

Callie

I lift the glass of champagne and drain the remainder. It's my second glass and I'm already slightly tipsy from it, but that's what the bubbly does to me. A tuxedoed waiter walks by and I replace the empty with another, taking a tentative sip at it. I want to get stinkin' drunk, but I'm in "good daughter" mode tonight so that's not possible.

I've been trying to stay in "good daughter" mode since last Saturday morning when my father called me down to his study and proceeded to light into me about *The Wicked Horse*. Apparently, Colton had a little talk with my father, and so he was having a little—okay, really fucking big—talk with me.

He then left and went straight to Woolf's house to confront him, and I had hoped Woolf had half a brain and did as I did.

Deny, deny, deny.

I told my father I had no clue what he was talking about and told him that what I did in my personal time was my business and not his. I refused to admit a thing, and so he basically ranted at me for almost forty-five minutes. When he saw he wasn't getting any satisfaction from me, he informed me he was going to confront Woolf.

Before he left, however, he actually brought me down a peg or two.

"Callie," he said quietly... almost as if he was exhausted over having me as a daughter. "I never thought you could disappoint me like that. I never knew that you had the capacity to hurt me like that. I'm just so ashamed of you."

I had to blink hard and fast to stop the moisture from pooling when he said that, and then I was torn between being defiant and wanting to beg my father's forgiveness. Ultimately, when he returned back home that afternoon, I decided to beg forgiveness and told him I was so sorry for causing him shame. I never did admit to anything, but I was truly sorry and he felt it from me.

He felt it from me because he then asked me for a promise. He said,

“Callie... I don’t want you to see Woolf Jennings anymore. I cannot afford to have his name tied to yours if knowledge of that club gets out. It would ruin me politically, so as your father, I’m begging you... please give him up.”

I didn’t answer right away. In fact, every cell in my body reared up in defiance of such a notion. But I couldn’t ignore the supreme fact that my father’s political career would be decimated if I was ever found to be affiliated with something like that. Doesn’t matter if it was legal—it was still considered immoral and I didn’t want my father’s legacy to be tarnished with that.

Even though I felt my heart constrict painfully, I said, “I’ll give him up.”

And I’ve been fucking miserable since.

Woolf won’t quit calling or texting me. For the last four days straight, he’s bombarded me with requests to meet. I haven’t responded to a single one, even though I felt a huge stab of pain every time he reached out to me. Eventually, he’d get tired of waiting for me and move on. Back to The Silo where he’d have women lined up to have a crack at him.

That thought makes me absolutely sick to my stomach, and the bubbly threatens to come up. Swallowing hard, I spy Colton Stokes down below me from my perch on the second-floor landing of my dad’s house. I can’t believe he has the nerve to show up here, especially after ratting me out. He made the mistake of looking up at me with a genuine smile, and the death glare I gave him back wiped it right off his face. Since then, he’s not tried to make eye contact with me once.

My father throws a massive 4th of July party every year. Sometimes it’s at the Governor’s Mansion, but this year it’s at our family home in Jackson. Right now, most of the folks are making their way outside to the backyard, where my parents spared no expense in the fireworks display that should be starting before too long.

It makes me think of the last fireworks show I saw with Woolf in the back of my pickup.

Ugh... so not fair.

Not fair, not fair, not fair.

“Darling... let’s head down to watch the show,” I hear my mother say as her hand comes gently to my shoulder. She’s stayed out of this between my father and me, but the looks she gives me are kind and understanding. She knows me well, and knows that I have feelings for Woolf. Whether she believes I went to a sex club or not, she knows I’d never do that with a man I

didn't trust and care for.

"I'll be down in a minute," I tell her with a smile. "I'm going to grab a sweater out of my room."

I didn't need the sweater because it was fairly mild outside, but I didn't want to be around all those people pretending to have a good time. I wanted to mope, and I figured no one would care if I just slipped away unnoticed.

My mom nods and leans in to kiss my cheek. "Chin up, sweetheart. Just give this some time."

She pulls back, and I look at my mom intently. Pale blonde hair, dark brown eyes. She's classically beautiful... some would say regal... but she's always just been my mother.

"Thanks," I tell her and watch as she turns to head down the arched stairway to the first floor.

With a sigh, I chug the rest of my champagne, almost sneezing from the bubbles that seemed to have drifted into my nose, and turn to set the glass on a small buffet table resting against the wall.

I walk to my room, loving the lightheaded feeling and hoping it will help me get a good night's sleep. I haven't slept for shit since my father went berserk this past weekend, and that's due mainly to the fact that I miss Woolf. I miss working in his office at the Double J, and the way he would joke with me. That smile... his easygoing ways. Oh, and sex. I really, really miss sex with him.

As I close my bedroom door behind me, I reach behind my neck to undo the delicate, silver-chained necklace that I paired with the yellow strapless summer dress I had worn for the party. I kick off my sandals, which are white and covered with little white and yellow leather daisies along the straps. Throwing my necklace on my vanity stand, I open my wardrobe, intent on hanging my dress back up.

When the door swings open, revealing the full-length mirror attached to the inside, I give a tiny scream of fright when I see someone lying behind me on my bed. I spin around, clutching my hands to my chest, and even though my brain recognizes Woolf casually lounging, his back propped up against the headboard and his booted feet crossed over each other, my heart is still galloping away from me like an insane racehorse that's gone off track.

"Jesus," I rasp out. "You scared the shit out of me."

Woolf surges off the bed, his face grim as he strides up to me. "Maybe if you'd return a fucking phone call, I wouldn't have had to sneak in here to see

you.”

“I don’t think it’s—”

That’s as far as I get before his hands are in my hair and he’s pulling my face to his. His mouth crushes down against mine, and he instantly reminds me how possessive he can be. He grips me hard, I think maybe intent on hurting me just a little, but his tongue against mine feels too damn good for me to complain. Just as my arms start to involuntarily snake up his chest, he tears free of me and pushes me away.

“Christ... you drive me fucking mad,” he grumbles as he rakes a hand through his hair in frustration. Then he immediately turns soft on me, reaching a hand back out to clasp me around the back of my neck so he can pull me into a tight hug. “Are you okay?”

My arms go around his waist because I can’t freaking help myself. He looks too good, smells even better, and my body responds without listening to that small part of my brain that says, *You promised your dad you’d stay away from him.*

Woolf’s arms squeeze me, and then he’s pushing me back to look at my face. “Are you? Okay?”

“Yeah... I’m fine.”

“Fuck, I’ve been so worried. When you wouldn’t return my calls, I wasn’t sure if your father sent you off to a convent or something.”

I can’t help the snort that comes out, followed by a snicker that’s completely fueled by champagne bubbles. “I think I’m a little old for that.”

“Then why the hell didn’t you return my calls or texts?” Woolf demands angrily.

My gaze immediately falls away from his. “Because I promised my father I wouldn’t.”

“Fuck that,” Woolf snarls, and then he’s kissing me again.

With a slight bend, he’s got his hands under my ass and he’s lifting me up. A quick spin and he has me on the bed. A short fall of his body on top of mine and he has me pinned.

When his lips go to my throat, I manage to whisper, “Woolf—we shouldn’t.”

He merely says, “Shut the fuck up, Callie,” and then he’s moving down my body and pushing my dress up. Shouldering his way in between my legs, he nudges them apart and with quick, deft hands does nothing more than jerk my underwear to the side so his mouth can latch onto me.

I cry out over the sensation, my hips flying off the bed as my hands slam to his head to press him down harder against me. He fucking laughs against my wet flesh, and the vibration of it along with his tongue already has me soaring high.

I guess Woolf is thinking our time may be limited, because he's working quickly on me. I mean, who knows if my father might come looking for me with his shotgun. And oh, God... I didn't even lock my door. My only hope is that the fireworks will start soon and drown out any more cries that pop out of me. Regardless, Woolf attacks me hard with his mouth and tongue, working my clit without mercy. He adds fingers, possibly a thumb, I'm not sure because I can't even bear to look down at his head between my legs. It's too sinfully sexy, so I stare at my ceiling and rotate my hips counter to his movements.

"Come on, baby," he urges me before fluttering his tongue against me hard.

I come in a glorious explosion just as the first rocket explodes outside, lighting up my window in a red glow. Woolf continues to lick at me, growling his approval over the way I continue to buck against him in pleasure.

Finally, he rears up and starts tearing at his belt and fly. When his cock is free from his jeans just barely pushed down past his hips, he hastily grabs at my underwear and pulls them down my legs. He's moving like a man on a mission, and he's not going to be deterred.

Not that I would deter him.

"Hurry," I even whisper at him and his eyes fire hot at me. He falls forward, braces one hand on the mattress, and I hike my legs up, spreading them wide with my sundress bunched all around my waist. With his free hand guiding, Woolf pushes his cock deep into me and with every inch that he covers, a long groan tears free from deep in his chest, until he's fully seated inside me. His eyes close and he bites down on his bottom lip as he drops the other hand to the mattress.

He stays just absolutely still inside of me, seeming to fight for some type of restraint.

I hold my breath as I watch him, fascinated and amazed at this man who always seems to be so in control, looking like he's on the verge of losing it. He feels so good inside of me. I'm utterly full and truly possessed by him.

When his eyes open, they pin me in place with a caring tenderness I had

not expected after the frenzy of lust that caused him to make me come and drive deep within me in probably less than three minutes.

“God, I missed this,” Woolf murmurs as he gives a hesitant rotation of his hips against me.

I moan as he rocks against me, squeezing my legs in tight against his hips. “Me too.”

He lowers himself onto me, elbows now supporting his weight on the mattress. He pumps his hips leisurely, and the sensation is exquisite. Woolf drops his face and presses his lips against my neck. “Mmmmmm,” he moans against my skin.

After a few more thrusts, he goes still again and raises his head to look down at me. “Christ, Callie... I want to draw this out but I’m having a hard time here, baby.”

I give a squeeze of my inner muscles, feeling them press in all around on his huge cock inside me. He groans and huffs out a breath of frustration.

“Just fuck me, Woolf,” I say as my hands come to circle around his head. I draw him down because I need his mouth on mine. Just before our lips touch, I tell him, “Fuck me good and hard, okay?”

Our eyes touch first and he smiles at me. “Okay.”

And then he fucks me hard.

The rockets explode and boom outside my window, my headboard bangs against the wall, and I can’t help the cries that come out of my mouth, which are thankfully muffled by Woolf kissing me the entire time he pounds me down into the mattress. He unleashes four days of pent-up passion and lust onto me, and I love every single fucking minute of it.

Within moments, I’m orgasming again with such force, tears leak out of my eyes, graze my temples, and tickle at my ears. And still Woolf thrusts into me hard and fast, our bodies coming together so perfectly, I wonder how in the world I could ever give this up.

Woolf lifts his mouth from my lips, slams into me deep one last time, and drops his forehead down until it’s resting against mine. He grinds his pelvis against me as he starts to come. “Oh, fuck. Callie... just fuck, fuck... that feels good.”

He pulls out, slams back in again, and his body shudders. “Still coming... goddamn, baby.”

His curses are like porn for the ears, knowing that my body has drawn out this normally quiet man in his fucking.

My hands come to his shoulders and I pet at him through the plaid shirt he's still wearing. I feel his body trembling, releasing all the frustration over what's been going on with us.

With one last grind of his hips against me, he finally lifts his face up and looks down at me. His forehead is covered in a light sheen of sweat and his breathing is erratic. My own heart is still racing, and I love the feel of him still quite full and heavy inside of me.

"You okay?" he pants.

I nod with a smile. "You?"

He grins at me. "More than okay."

Woolf rolls off me, taking me with him. He comes to rest on his side with me pressed up against him. I can feel him start to soften but he makes no move to pull out, instead preferring to just let nature take its course.

After a few moments of silence, Woolf brushes his lips over my forehead and says, "Let's get some of your stuff packed up. You can come stay with me at my house until things cool down and we figure it all out."

I jerk out of Woolf's hold which causes his dick to slide free of my body and lean up on my elbow to look down at him. "What? No, I can't do that."

"You can and you fucking will," he growls at me, coming up on his elbow too so we are nose to nose.

"Woolf... I promised my father I wouldn't see you."

"And you've broken that promise," he points out as he looks downward at my pussy with his semen leaking out of me. To punctuate his point, he presses a hand to my mound and then slips a finger inside of me. "I'm not giving this up."

First I groan, but then I push his hand away. I hastily pull my dress down, feeling self-conscious now, and give him a level look. "Woolf... I can't be with you. While I hate it, and it's not fair, there's one thing my father is right about. This will kill his chances of reelection if it ever got out that I was seeing someone who owned a sex club."

"Then we'll see each other secretly," he says quickly... hopefully. "I don't know the why of it, but I fucking need you, Callie. I've gone crazy these past few days without you."

Oh, geez. Those words... I think I've been waiting most of my life to hear that from Woolf Jennings. So many times I wanted this man. So many times he's walked away from me. And now, here he is saying he needs me. My little girlie heart just flops over and yells, "Take me. I'm yours."

But luckily, Callie's big girl head is also in play. "So... what would we do? Just sneak around? Meet for a noon quickie at your office?"

"If that's all I can get, then yes," he says quickly. "You just tell me when and where. How long you have. I'll make it work. You know I work fast," he says with a grin.

My gaze lowers, and I pluck at the material of my dress while the fireworks continue to boom outside. "So, we'd just be meeting to hookup for sex?"

Woolf blinks at me, and I see the moment when he realizes that no girl wants to be considered just a quickie here and there. "No, that's not all it would be."

"What more could it be?" I ask him, trying not to sound too bitter. "Not like we could go out in public. Not like I can do a sleepover with you."

Woolf mutters a curse and pushes up and off the bed. He tucks his cock back into his pants and buttons up the fly, relatching the belt. I roll off the opposite side and pull my dress down. I can feel wetness trickling down my leg, and it's bothersome to me. Every bit of the sexiness has been sucked out of the room by our grim talk.

"Listen... you better go. The fireworks will be ending soon," I tell him softly.

He walks up to me and cups my cheek. Leaning in, he gives me a quick kiss and looks at me with earnest eyes. "Will you try to meet me tomorrow? We can talk about this some more."

"I'm not sure," I say, and then nibble on my lower lip. This screams "bad idea".

"Just think about it," he urges me as his hand pulls me upward on my tiptoes so he can kiss me again. Just a whisper soft touch of his lips against mine. "Please."

"Okay, I'll think about it."

Chapter 21

Woolf

I balance the three cases of empty beer bottles precariously in my hands, trying to hold as much weight on my forearms as possible.

“Boss... let me help you with that,” Brian says tentatively. He’s our newest bartender, not a member of the sex club portion of the business, but he has potential. I heard Stephanie fucked him last week and she said he had the biggest dick she’d ever seen.

“I’ve got it,” I reply tersely, turning my body so I can back through the swinging door to the storage area.

Why I’m here at The Wicked Horse, helping to move empty cases of beer, is beyond me? Okay, that’s not exactly true. I’m here because I don’t know what the fuck to do with myself. Callie doesn’t work for me anymore, so the office plain sucks. Callie won’t speak to me anymore, so my sex life sucks as well.

Maybe I’m here because subconsciously, I want to fuck someone brutally hard and bang Callie Hayes out of my mind. Stephanie would actually be a prime candidate except her shift starts in five minutes and she’s nowhere to be seen.

Figures.

So here I am—President and CEO of JennCo, a Fortune 100 company—moving empty boxes to make room for more boxes because I just don’t know what to fucking do with myself. I’ve been reduced to this pathetic shell of my former self.

“Are you sure I can’t help you with that?” Brian asks again, and because I’ve just been a real pissant lately, I let him have it.

“For fuck’s sake,” I snarl at him. “I fucking got it, okay?”

And just as I say the word “okay,” the top box tips precariously forward and I do a weird swaying motion with my hips and forearms to try to stabilize. In slow motion, I shoot a quick glance at Brian, who’s already starting to wince over the impending disaster, and I go ahead and let out a muttered curse as the top box falls.

It hits the floor with a resounding crash and thousands of tiny shards of brown, broken glass litter the floor behind the bar. As I look down at the smashed pieces, knowing exactly how those poor bottles feel, something inside of me just snaps.

“Fuck this,” I yell out to no one, even though Brian gets the brunt of it. I throw the other two boxes down, reveling in the smash of more broken glass, and turn to stalk out from behind the bar. I catch Brian scrambling for a broom and while I already feel guilty for taking it out on him, I certainly don’t spare him another glance as I stalk down to the office I share with Bridger.

Callie Goddamn Hayes has got me twisted up in knots, and I can’t fucking stand it anymore.

When I slunk out of her house after having unrivaled sex with her, I was optimistic we could work things out. Sure, it wasn’t ideal, the amount of sneaking around we’d have to do, but hey... wouldn’t that just make it more exciting? Maybe I could sneak into her room at night and fuck her while Governor Hayes snored just down the hall. That was kinky... right? We could sustain ourselves on stolen moments until we figured out something better. I was sure of it.

Callie said she’d think about it, but I’m not stupid, so I wasn’t all that surprised when she called me two days later and told me she just couldn’t do it. When I demanded to know why not, I could almost recite the reason before she gave it to me.

She had softly said, “I’m sorry, Woolf. But what you can offer me isn’t enough. I want more.”

I stewed over that for about three days, then I threw caution to the wind and decided to brave her father’s shotgun. I showed up at her house, surprised to find Governor Hayes not in residence, but a very stern housekeeper who wouldn’t let me in the front door. When I threatened not to leave until Callie came down to talk to me, she admitted that Callie had flown back to Connecticut, and I almost went apeshit on the woman. She looked all kinds of frightened and quickly assured me it was to collect her belongings and bring them back to Wyoming.

I had to bide my time until she returned and I got another crack at trying to get her to change her mind. My extended grapevine of gossip advised me Callie had flown back a mere two days after that, but it took me almost another five days to stalk her in an appropriate manner so as to have a few

precious moments alone with her.

I caught her going in her doctor's office.

I merely followed her in and took her elbow, told Janie Mitchell behind the receptionist desk that Callie would be a few minutes late for her appointment, and marched her right back out again.

She pulled away from me and growled.

Yes, little Callie Hayes dared to growl at the wolf.

"What the hell are you doing?" she demanded, and Christ Almighty... I wanted to throw her up against the side of the building and fuck the hell out of her.

"Trying to talk some sense into you," I threw back at her, admiring the way her cheeks were flushed with anger, her hair was all tangled from when she pulled away and spun on me, and her nipples were budded against her t-shirt. My cock hurt so bad, I almost wept from the frustration.

We ended up having a full-blown, yelling argument right there on the sidewalk until Ernie, one of the town deputies, pulled his car over and told us to both move it along... that we were disturbing the peace.

I kicked his tire in anger before stalking off, pissed as hell at how stubborn Callie was being.

Didn't she see that what we had was good?

No, fucking fantastic.

Didn't she even respect the fact that I gave her monogamy?

I mean... that's a big fucking deal.

Why couldn't she just bend a little and give this a chance? I was sure we could make it work, but still... deep down, there was a part of me screaming at myself that I was being a dick about this. I wanted her to give and I was offering nothing back.

I punch in the alarm code to the office and walk in on Bridger and Stephanie fucking.

Rolling my eyes, I ignore them, walking right over to my desk where I plop down. I tune out the sound of skin slapping, breathy moans, and deep grunts, and flip on my computer.

"Want in on this, bro?" Bridger asks, and my eyes cut over to him. "This ass is tight."

I narrow my gaze on them for a brief moment, and yeah... that's hot. He's fucking her hard in her ass and Stephanie is loving every inch of it. My dick twitches but then it lays back down, totally uninterested. It's pouting as

hard as I am that we don't have Callie.

Pulling up my email, I scan through the messages, finding it unbelievably easy to ignore Bridger and Stephanie. There are several from Marta, another from the candidate that will be running against Reggie in the next election (word sure travels fast that I'm no longer one of his supporters), and one from Tenn.

A loud crack makes me jump and I see Bridger's left a deep red handprint on Stephanie's ass, causing her to screech in pain. That fuels Bridger on and he slams into her a few more times, then pulls out, whips his condom off, and unloads all over her back.

Sadly, Bridger doesn't know anything of the unmitigated greatness of releasing yourself deep inside some wet pussy, a tight ass or a sweet mouth because he doesn't come inside of a woman.

Ever.

He's not afraid of pregnancy, but rather the intimacy of the act. I believe it's the only thing that Bridger is afraid of in this world, and just like the tattoos that he wears on his torso, there's a much deeper story that explains his aversion to that type of closeness with a woman. I know a great deal about Bridger's horrific past, because he shares with me most everything, just as I share with him. But while I know many things that make up Bridger Payne, I think there's much I don't know only because he wants to spare me the pain of listening to what my best friend went through when he was growing up.

"Mmmmmmm, that was good," Bridger praises Stephanie as he swirls a finger through the semen on her back before giving a light slap to her ass. "Better get to work."

I shake my head and look back at Tenn's email while the two fuckbirds get dressed.

What's up, man?

Things cooled down? I hope so. And I'm sorry it went down that way. I know you have feelings for Callie, but trust me on this... sometimes things just don't align the way we want them too. You spent a lot of time before I left telling me all about what drove you to open up The Wicked Horse. You and I are a lot alike... we have things that impassion us, and my best piece of advice to you is don't let up on those goals. Do I like that you're operating a sex club? Not particularly, but little bro... if it makes you happy and fulfilled,

you have my support. I'm just really sorry that means you don't get the girl, but hey... she really didn't fit into that lifestyle anyway, right? It's probably all for the best.

I read the rest of the email quickly, getting updates on Casey, Zoe, and Bree, then I focus back on the beginning. Tenn is pretty much telling me that I have his approval to pursue The Wicked Horse. This is something that should make me feel fantastic, but all I can concentrate on are the lines that keep jumping out at me.

I'm just really sorry that means you don't get the girl, but hey... she really didn't fit into that lifestyle anyway, right? It's probably all for the best.

Tenn is hitting the nail on the head. My dream is The Wicked Horse. Callie doesn't belong there. It's simple fucking math. We just don't add up.

"Later, guys," Stephanie says as she walks out.

Bridger lounges back on the couch and squeezes his package while leering at me lewdly. "Dude... that was some amazing fucking right there. Would have been a shit ton better if you'd gotten in on it with us."

I glance back to the email. "Maybe some other time."

He snorts and pushes up off the couch. "Woolf... buddy. You need to man up."

I look up to him in surprise. "What? Just because I don't join you in a threesome, you're suddenly questioning the size of my balls?"

"No," he says with an amused shake of his head. "I'm saying you need to man up and go get your girl. I'm tired of your pissy attitude and so is everyone else to be honest."

My walls start to rise up and slam into place. I don't want to hear what he has to say. I'm far more interested in Tenn's advice.

It's probably all for the best.

I stare at Tenn's email, maybe seeking some deeper meaning. Surely that's not what he really meant. Because fuck it... I don't want to accept that I can't have Callie. It's not for the best, at least not in my mind.

Bridger's large hand comes down on my laptop, and he slams it closed on me.

"What the fuck?" I snarl at him.

He calmly rests an ass cheek on the corner of the desk, arms crossed over

his chest, and says, “Admit it.”

“Have you lost your goddamn mind?” I ask, for the second time in my life wanting to punch Bridger. The first being when he was fucking Callie.

“Admit it,” he says again. So very simply, and now with a smirk.

“Admit what?” I grit out.

He just stares at me, calmly waiting me out. He knows me. He knows how much of myself I know, and he knows good and fucking well the answer to my problems wasn’t in Tenn’s email.

“Admit it,” he says again, softly.

With a sigh, I lean back in my chair and rub the bridge of my nose. When I look up at him, I grimace and say, “Fine. I love her.”

Because yeah... I fucking love Callie Hayes. It’s why she’s driving me mad, why my dick won’t look at another piece of pussy, and why I’m an asshole to everyone around me.

Bridger stares at me a moment before pushing up off the desk. “Man up. Get your girl.”

“What exactly do you expect me to do?” I ask him, slightly disgruntled that everything just seems so simple in Bridger’s mind. “Should I kidnap her? I’m sure I could shoot her dad before he gets me. And hey... if I do kidnap her, I could just tie her up and bring her to The Silo. Strap her to the St. Andrew’s cross so she can’t get away, and then I can fuck her whenever I want. That sounds like a brilliant fucking plan.”

When I finish my rant, Bridger just shakes his head and asks, “Are you done?”

“No,” I say in a completely pouty voice, but then I ask seriously, “What the fuck should I do?”

“Dude... it’s not that hard of a problem to solve.”

I cock an eyebrow at him skeptically, because I’m a pretty smart guy. I should have this shit figured out by now, but since I haven’t, I guess I need someone to walk me through it.

“You love her,” he says.

“Yes.”

“Her dad is the governor,” he presses on.

I roll my eyes, but he just waits patiently for me to play his game. “Yes.”

“And Callie can’t be affiliated with you because if knowledge of the club came out, it would kill her father’s reelection campaign?”

“Yes,” I say with a dramatic sigh. “So what?”

“So the only thing blocking you from her is the club.”

“Yes.”

“Then Woolf,” he says in exasperation while he thumps me on the back of my head. “Back out of the fucking club and get your girl.”

“No fucking way,” I say automatically, almost like a robot in fact. “This club is my life.”

Bridger gives out a harsh bark of laughter. “This club is your rodent wheel.”

I blink at him, confused. “Rodent wheel?”

“Yeah... one of those fucking wheels hamsters and shit run on to get exercise. They run and run and run, and go fucking nowhere.”

“That’s not what this is,” I say as I wave my hand around this office. “This was my dream.”

“This was your way out of a boring job managing a company you don’t have any interest in. It was a way to get lots of pussy and explore your sexuality. It was your way to stay tied to me, because you think you owe me for what I did for you.”

“No, that’s not—”

He holds a hand up. “It’s your rodent wheel, man, and I’m here to tell you... if you stay on that wheel, you are going to pass up something that I personally believe is the greatest thing to ever happen to you. A woman that cares for you, will love you, give you beautiful babies, and fuck you like a rock star. Who the fuck wouldn’t want that?”

“You,” I point out.

“I’m an anomaly,” he counter argues. “Unlike me, you have a heart, and it’s going to take a motherfucking beating if you let her get away.”

Closing my eyes, I lean my head back against the chair. I try to picture what it would mean to give this club up. No more wild nights of random, kinky fucking. No more threesomes with Bridger... except, well... maybe Callie would still want to do that. But no more pushing the envelope... not with sweet Callie.

I have to consider... what would I be giving up if I let her go?

That glorious pussy, her heart of gold, her love.

Wait? Does she love me?

I’ve done nothing to elicit that. I’ve left her in the dust so many times I can’t remember them. I’ve been trying to convince her the last few weeks to just let me fuck her on the sly without any offer of more stability.

I'm a motherfucking prick is what I am, and there's no way in hell she could ever love me.

Giving up this club and going after her would be the biggest risk I've ever taken in my life. And I'd be giving up a lot without any guarantee that I'd get the girl in return.

Chapter 22

Callie

I pull open the door to The Wicked Horse and push my way inside. Some type of rock-a-billy music I don't recognize is playing, and it's quite packed for a Wednesday night. I push my way through the crowd, craning my neck left and right trying to find Woolf.

I still can't believe I'm here.

I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for his crazy threat this afternoon. After I've been ignoring his steady stream of calls since our fight outside of my doctor's office, he sent me a text this afternoon that said if I didn't come and see him and give him at least fifteen minutes of my time so we could talk, he was going to camp out on my front doorstep until I talked to him. He also pointed out that meant he'd probably get shot by my dad, but it was a risk he was willing to take.

Unfortunately, I know how serious my father is and I wasn't willing to take the risk, so I told him I'd come by The Wicked Horse at nine PM, figuring this was safe and neutral territory. No way he could seduce me with his sexy words and skilled fingers. He'd keep that rock star penis away from me in a public setting, and I'd give him his fifteen minutes.

It would kill me.

Absolutely slay me to have to be in his presence for fifteen minutes, which was going to do nothing more than tear down all the walls I had been building up against him. I'm so damn sad and miserable that we can't be together, and I'm pissed. I'm pissed that his solution is to keep me in some dark closet like a dirty little secret so he can still fuck me.

I know I'm worth more than that, and it feels like my heart has been shredded as I realize that Woolf clearly doesn't think I'm worth more than that.

I also know the consequences if Woolf wanted to give it a real shot with me. That would mean he'd walk away from the club and I didn't want him to do that either. As angry as I am over the thought that I wouldn't be the obvious choice for him, I also feel strongly in not taking away something that

has brought him a lot of happiness in an otherwise pressure filled and stressful career.

So it's going to hurt something fierce to listen to him try to talk me into an illicit relationship tonight. It's going to hurt and I'm going to be weak and consider it, because I'm so miserable without him. Sadly, the Old Callie Hayes sometimes thinks even just a small part of Woolf Jennings would be good enough to sustain me.

Ugh... I need my head examined for even thinking like that.

As I stomp my way through the crowd, looking for a man it hurts to look at sometimes, I get angrier as I consider something.

I've just never really been good enough for Woolf Jennings. He turned his nose up at me when I offered him my virginity. He walked away from me the night of the branding party. He wants to keep me tucked away right now, only for his use and satisfaction.

Fucking asshole, now that I think about it.

Just as I break free from the crowd toward the end of the bar, I've worked up a good head of steam. And holy shit... the sight that greets me causes my annoyance to turn into blistering rage.

Woolf is leaning casually up against the wall, talking to a few people. Nothing unusual about that, except a tall, blonde woman is standing next to him with her arm casually wrapped around his waist, and his arm is slung over her shoulders. They're all laughing at something one of the men in the group says.

I just stand there, looking at the man who doesn't seem to want to give me up, and I have to wonder why. He's clearly got a good and happy life going on right here. Friends to laugh with and a gorgeous woman on his arm to fuck. And man, is she stunning. Long, wavy blonde hair, perfect facial features, and a body that would put any Victoria Secret's model to shame. She's wearing a blood red silk camisole with black jeans tucked into black, high-heeled boots. Her nipples are pebbled and poking hard through the silky material of her shirt, and I'm sure Woolf has gotten a good gander at that.

God, I'm so stupid.

I think about snagging a beer from a nearby patron and chucking it at his head, but then tears start pooling in my eyes and I realize my aim would be way off. I start to turn on my heel just as Woolf raises his eyes and looks at me. I expect him to flush with guilt that I caught him with another woman but instead, he steps away from the blonde and smiles at me brightly in welcome.

Yeah, well, fuck you, Woolf. Not interested in that threesome.

Spinning around, I push my way back through the crowd. I elbow a few people in the ribs to get them out of my way, but the first tear spills before I even make it to the door. Just as I reach out to push my way to freedom, a hand clamps down on my arm and I'm being spun around to face a very angry Woolf.

The minute he sees the silvery streak down my cheek though, his face immediately turns to worry and he asks, "What's wrong?"

What's wrong?

What's wrong?

Is he fucking serious?

"Get your goddamn hands off me and just go back to the two-bit floozy who was hanging on your arm," I shriek at him as I try to jerk away.

He blinks at me in confusion but holds me tight. "You mean Jenna?"

"Not really interested in her name," I hiss at him and tug harder.

"Well, I want you to meet her," Woolf says as he starts to pull me back through the crowd.

Since I have no chance of breaking free from his hold, I do the only thing I can think of. I kick out with my foot, catching him square in the back of his knee. His leg buckles and he has to release me to catch himself in the fall. I use the opportunity to jet back toward the door and almost make it before I'm being hauled up in the air, and once again, slung over Woolf's shoulder.

Right where it all began.

He even swings me around hard and my boots hit someone, but he doesn't care. He's marching me straight back toward his office and from my upside-down perch, I push the hair out of my eyes and see Bridger following us in.

The minute the office door shuts behind us, Woolf lowers me to the floor and I go supreme Tasmanian devil on him, all of my anger and misery pouring out all at once. I slap his chest hard in a one-two-three combo. "You big bully motherfucker," I yell at him. "How dare you drag me back here like a fucking caveman? I am not your property."

I slap at his chest again for good measure, knowing I didn't hurt him in the slightest, and spin for the door. His arms shoot out and wrap around my waist, and I start flailing my arms and kicking my legs in an attempt to get loose. Yes, I know I'm acting like a brat, but I'm absolutely beyond reason right now. I'm so angry at him for just... just... everything, that I think I'm

seriously on the verge of flipping my shit and earning me a one-way ticket to the insane asylum.

“Jesus Christ,” Woolf mutters and then grunts as my boot catches him in the shin. “Will you calm the fuck down?”

That makes me kick and punch out harder. I manage to catch him on his jaw, which is hard as a rock and hurts my knuckles bad, but he finally relents and thrusts me into Bridger’s arms.

“Hold her down,” Woolf says in a steely voice and even though I’m still fighting like a wild cat, something about those words reaches through to me.

Right down deep... between my legs.

Images of Bridger holding me down while Woolf—

Wait! No fucking way.

“Let me go,” I hiss at Bridger. “Or I’ll stomp your nuts into the ground.”

He chuckles and wraps his arms around me tighter. “Zip your lips, precious, or I’ll stick something in your mouth that will keep it occupied.”

And... did my mouth just water at the thought?

I shake my head in denial as Bridger carries me over to the couch and dumps me unceremoniously there. He glares down at me, but the little amused tilt to his lip tells me that he’s finding this funny as fuck and only trying to act bad ass. I glare back at him.

He points at me. “Keep your ass down, and I won’t have to pull out the ropes. If I have to pull out the ropes, I’ll pull out my flogger too and give your ass a workout. Now, you promised my boy here fifteen minutes and you’re going to give it to him, or I’m going to blister your skin until you’re begging for mercy. Are we clear?”

God help me, but that scares the shit out of me and turns me on at the same time. I’m afraid my voice won’t work so I just give him a nod of my head, and then turn to glare at Woolf.

He’s standing there with arms crossed over his chest, looking at me in contemplation. He even raises one hand and rubs thoughtfully at his chin. He doesn’t approach me though, and I think that’s a good idea. His nuts will thank me later.

“Are you through with your temper tantrum?” he asks me quietly.

I grunt at him in response and cross my own arms over my chest in an act of defiance, and a metaphorical pose of defensiveness. Bridger casually leans up against the wall, tucking his thumbs into the pockets of his jeans and watches this all play out with that same amused look on his face. But I see

something else in his eyes... I think he wants me to flip out again so he can get his ropes.

I suppress the shudder that wants to break free.

Woolf drops his arms and walks up to me. He squats down, about an arm's length away from me, but it brings his gaze more in line with mine. He comes down to my level, and I think he's treating me like a wounded animal.

I bare my teeth at him.

Bridger chuckles.

Asshole.

"Callie," Woolf says softly, and my eyes cut to him. I brace myself, because his voice sounds just too damn good. "Why did you just run away?"

"It doesn't matter," I say with a calm voice and a tilt upward of my chin. "We're over and I'm here to listen to you. Just forget all about how you got me in this office, and just lay it on me so I can get going."

Woolf's hand shoots out so fast, I can't even react. He grabs my jaw and stands up, effectively pulling me up from the couch. He's not hurting me, but he's holding me the way a mama tiger would grip her cub in her jaws to get respect.

He steps in close and leans down until his lips are just a breath away from mine. My heart rate soars and my mistake is in taking a deep breath and smelling all the yummy goodness that is Woolf Jennings. I start to melt into him and my eyes flutter closed.

"Why did you run away from me?" he asks again with a hard edge to his voice.

"Because you were standing with your arm around another woman," I grit out. "Didn't look like our talk was really needed."

His blue eyes seem to dig in deep to mine. I feel like he's able to see inside and garner all my secrets from the intensity of his stare. He seems to be... searching for something.

"Why would that bother you?" he asks softly. "You've been telling me repeatedly that we're through."

I shrug. "I don't know."

And I really don't. I have no explanation for the pain that lanced through me when I saw Woolf with his arm around that blonde. I thought I had my feelings somewhat contained where he was concerned, but apparently not.

Woolf releases me abruptly, and I swivel my jaw tentatively. Feels fine.

He turns and walks over to the desk, picking up a folder. He holds it out

to me and I take it, completely confused. As he sits back against his desk, arms crossed over his chest again, he gives a nod at it. “That woman I had my arm around is a very good friend of mine. We went to college together.”

My eyes narrow at him, and he doesn’t even look abashed when he says, “Yes, I fucked her back then, but only in college.”

He nods again toward the folder in my hand. “Jenna is also my attorney. She prepared that for me and delivered it just a little bit ago.”

Attorney?

“I don’t understand,” I mumble as I look from the folder back to Woolf.

He doesn’t enlighten me, but rather nods again toward the folder, encouraging me to open it up. His body is tense and his eyes are pinned on me, searching every line and angle of my face for a reaction. He’s watching me very carefully to see how I’ll react to what’s in my hand. I’m dreading what I’ll find in there, but my curiosity is too overwhelming.

My hand is slightly shaking with anxiety as I open the folder and stare down at a document that can’t be more than ten pages long. At the top, in all caps and centered: *Business Purchase Agreement*.

I look back up to Woolf, who seems poised to either pounce on me or walk out the door, I’m not sure which, but I think it hinges on my reaction to what I’m holding.

I read on, certain words jumping out at me from the haze of legalese.

Seller — Woolf Jennings...

Buyer — Bridger Payne...

The Wicked Horse and all its entities...

For the sum of \$1.00...

My head snaps up and Woolf leans forward a bit, looking at me hungrily.

“You’re selling The Wicked Horse to Bridger?” I ask stupefied.

“Sold,” he clarifies. “All the documents have been signed already. Bridger already owned fifty percent of it. I just sold my entire portion to him.”

“For one dollar?” I ask, still thinking there’s some sort of joke here.

Woolf just shrugs noncommittally, apparently not wanting to hash business details with me.

“I don’t understand,” I mumble again... for the second time, and I’m pretty sure I’m supposed to be smarter than this but it makes no sense to me. “This is your dream. What makes you happy. Why would you ever let it go?”

Woolf doesn’t answer me but instead turns to Bridger. “Mind giving us

some privacy?”

Bridger pushes away from the wall and gives a fist bump to Woolf. He gives me a pointed look before walking out the door, and I think it was a warning of some type... maybe not to hurt his buddy?

“This was my dream,” Woolf says matter-of-factly as he pushes away from the desk and walks up to me. “It’s what made me happy. But you want to know why I’m letting it go?”

I nod... words stuck deep in my throat.

His hand reaches out and tucks a lock of hair behind me ear. His eyes roam over my face and he has a wistful smile on his face. “I’m letting it go because you’re my dream now and you’re what makes me happy. And I can’t have The Wicked Horse and you, so I have to let one go, and here’s what I know for fucking sure... I can’t do without you. It was sort of a no brainer for me.”

“Whoa,” is all I can say as I sink back down onto the couch, my legs feeling like jelly. I look down at the agreement one more time before closing the folder and setting it down beside me. When I look back up to Woolf, I say, “I know this is the point in the conversation where I’m supposed to be all altruistic and insist you not give up your dream for me, but fuck if I’m going to do that.”

Woolf just blinks at me for a moment, then he throws his head back and laughs. When he looks back down at me, his eyes are shining with relief and happiness. That lasts just a moment before the smile morphs into something that borders on hunger.

He leans over me and my heart starts thumping again. In one fluid movement, he places a knee on the couch and pushes me back with a hand on the center of my chest so I lay backward. I flip my legs up onto the leather and he settles on top of me, holding his weight on his elbows.

We just stare at each other a moment, taking in all the ramifications of what this means to us.

I don’t think either of us are at a loss for words, but perhaps Woolf may be a bit reserved in his emotions at this point, so I decide to lead the way. I touch his lips with my fingertips, and then slide them along his stubbled jaw. “I’ve loved you for a very long time. Ever since I was old enough to see you as a man. It was a different type of love back then... young and foolish, but I loved you then. Always... to some extent since. And I love you now in a deeper way, and I don’t even have words to tell you what this means to me.”

Woolf lets out a whooshing breath of relief and his facial features relax. I had not realized how tense he was, and that he obviously needed to hear those words. He drops his forehead to mine and whispers to me. "I love you, Callie. I never thought I would love anyone, and fuck... I fell hard and fast for you. It scares the shit out of me, but it also feels so very fucking right. I would give up every single possession in my world if it meant I could have you."

I can't help the lovesick sigh that comes out, but Woolf silences it with a kiss.

A soft kiss, and then deeper.

And deeper.

And I fall all the way into him it's so deep.

When he lifts his lips from mine, he says, "I'm aching so bad to be inside you right now, but I think we need to go clear some things up with your father."

"It's getting kind of late," I point out.

"This is kind of important," he says simply.

And yeah... this is kind of important.

Chapter 23

Woolf

Thank fuck Callie's father was in residence this weekend, otherwise, I would have put her in my Range Rover and we would have driven through the night to the Governor's Mansion in Cheyenne. I want to hurry up and get this done... get Reggie back on board with me now that I've given up The Wicked Horse. I need him to see that I'm good for his daughter, and then once that's done, I'm taking her back to my house and I'm going to spend all weekend making up for a whole lot of fucking we've been missing out on.

Goddamn, my heart almost hurts it's so full right now as I watch Callie unlock her front door and look over her shoulder at me with a wink. I can't help myself... I grab her face and pull her in for a swift kiss.

"I love you," I murmur against her mouth. "So don't let your dad shoot me, okay?"

She giggles and kisses me. "I love you, too. And I've got your back."

Callie takes my hand and leads me toward her father's den. She assured me he'd probably be up watching basketball and as we get closer, I can see the blue flicker of light through the doorway.

She squeezes my hand in unification as we walk through the door.

Reggie's lying on the big leather couch against one wall and sees Callie first. A bright smile lights his face up, and then he sees me. His eyes cut down to us holding hands, and he flies up off the couch and bolts toward his shotgun case mounted on the opposite wall. Callie reacts faster than I do, releasing my hand and darting to intercept her father. She makes it there way before he does and stands in front of the case, her hands on her hips in a defiant stance.

"You are not shooting him," Callie says.

"I am," he growls at her.

"You'll go to jail. Leave this poor state to your gubernatorial opponent," she says with a taunt.

"Okay," he says with a glare of malice shot my way before he turns to stalk to his desk. "I won't shoot him, but he has ten seconds to get out of this

house or I'm calling the police."

"Then I'm going with him," Callie says, and I didn't think my heart could melt any further for this woman. "And I won't come back."

Reggie's hand freezes above the phone, and he looks at Callie with his mouth hanging open. "What?"

"I love him," she says simply, and I feel the need to interject.

"I love her too," I say before shooting Callie a wink. She smiles at me with mega wattage and turns back to her dad.

"Daddy... just sit down and listen, okay?"

Reggie's eyes cut back and forth between his daughter and me, before he scrubs his hands over his face and sinks down into the chair behind his desk. He looks at Callie in defeat and raises his eyebrows in expectation at her.

"He sold The Wicked Horse," Callie says without preamble. "It was his dream, and he gave it up so he could be with me. He gave it up so my reputation and yours could stay pristine."

Reggie cuts his eyes to me, but he quickly looks back at Callie. "But he took you to that club—"

Callie holds her hand up. "I'm a grown woman and it's none of your business what I do in my private life, but just so you get the idea out of your head that Woolf somehow tarnished me, I asked to go to that club and he refused at first. I kept after him so if you want someone to blame, you lay that on my doorstep."

"Oh, Christ," Reggie grumbles and rubs at his face again. "I'm getting too old for this shit."

"Reggie," I say as I walk across the room to Callie. I take her hand and pull her into my side. "Put the club aside for a moment. You know me... have known me my entire life. I would never do anything to hurt Callie or put you at risk. I love her and I gave up a lot to have her, so I'm not letting her go. You need to find a way to deal with me being in her life."

He doesn't acknowledge me for a moment, staring down at his hands, which are clasped tightly in his lap. Finally, he lets out a sigh and pushes up out of the chair. His gaze comes to Callie and his face is unreadable, but then he opens his arms and she pulls away from me to step into them. Father and daughter hug in silence, and she accepts his reluctant approval so he doesn't lose her.

When Reggie lets her go, he turns to me and sticks out his hand. "You're right... I do know you, Woolf, and it takes a big man to have given up

something important for love. You better take care of my girl.”

I shake his hand. “I will. I promise.”

We break apart and he turns back toward his couch, but then he pauses and turns to look at Callie and me. “And do me a favor... no more talk of sex. Your old man can’t handle it.”

Callie laughs and takes my hand. “Promise. Now... I’m going to Woolf’s house to um... well, we’re going to...”

“Watch a movie,” I say lamely.

“Yeah, watch a movie,” Callie says as she pulls me out the door, and then yells over her shoulder, “Night, Daddy.”



“F-u-u-u-u-c-k,” I groan as I drive deep and then roll my hips against Callie. “That feels good.”

She whimpers and gasps, but that’s about all she’s been able to do since I contorted her into this position. Not even sure how I got her there, but she’s half on her back, half on her side, with one leg laying straight along the mattress. I’m straddling that leg, and have her other leg pulled up and angled across my chest, so I can drive into her almost like two pairs of scissors mating.

And Christ... I want to mate with this woman.

Over and over and over again. I want to fill her up with my cock and my semen and never let her out of this bed. Hell, maybe I’ll keep her barefoot and pregnant. The thought of Callie pregnant is a fucking turn on for some reason, and I’m amazed at how fast my brain seems to be leaping forward in what is a very new relationship. Hell, we just exchanged words of love for the first time not five hours ago, and I’m already trying to knock her up.

I’m such a caveman, just like she said.

“Woolf,” Callie moans as I hit into her deep again.

“Yeah, baby,” I murmur as I rock my hips against her.

“Will this be enough for you?”

I stop... right in mid-thrust, and look down at her in surprise. Her cheeks are flushed, her neck is red because I already made her come twice during this go round, but I see a whole lot of uncertainty in her eyes.

I drop her leg down, let her roll fully to her back, and push my cock in deep so I can come to rest in between her legs. Putting my elbows on the

mattress, I bring my face close in to hers. “Why would you ask that?”

“Because I’m afraid this won’t be exciting enough for you.” Her gaze cuts away from me in embarrassment.

“Hey,” I say softly, and she looks back at me. “Let me ask you something... did you like what we did with Bridger that night?”

Her face gets even redder, but she nods hesitantly.

“Would you do it again if I asked you to... minus the crowd watching, because that definitely cannot happen again?”

“Would you want me to?” she asks shyly.

I think about it a moment. There is no doubt there were some moments of that experience that were so erotic, I thought I’d die from the intensity of it. But I also had issues with it. I was jealous when Bridger was inside her, but do I still feel that way? Back then, I’m not sure love was involved. Care and tender feelings, definitely, but not this all-consuming love I feel for her now.

Which you would think would make me more jealous, but I actually think it makes me more secure. Knowing how she feels about me.

“I don’t know how I feel about it,” I tell her honestly. “I could never let another man touch you. Bridger would be the only one I’d ever trust, and that’s only because sex is just an act to him. There’s no intimacy.”

“He’s safe,” she guesses.

“Yeah... I don’t feel threatened by him.”

“Just so we’re clear though,” she says saucily. “I’m never sharing you with another woman. I will go batshit crazy if one ever touched you.”

I laugh and then pull my cock out, slamming it back in. “I can live with that.”

Her eyes flutter shut, and she grips me tight.

Fuck... that feels so good. It’s never felt this good.

“To answer your question,” I say as I pull out. I push back in slowly, relishing her tiny moan. “I can do without it though. You’re enough excitement for me. Always.”

Relief shines in her eyes, but she licks at her lips before saying. “But... um... I’d be up for us to try some kinky stuff.”

I give a husky laugh and start thrusting in and out of her again. “Of course you would.”

Epilogue

Cain

I follow Woolf out of his office.

No... correction... that would now just be Bridger's office.

I cannot fucking believe Woolf sold out completely to Bridger. I mean... he seemed so invested in this club, and not just monetarily. As head of security and a longtime friend of Woolf and Bridger's, they wanted me to be the first to know. They apparently signed the purchase documents last week but had to get some other things in order before they wanted to announce it to everyone else. I got the news first, but they're going to have a staff meeting tomorrow to let everyone else know, and I suppose some type of email would go out to the sex club patrons.

Just... damn.

Woolf Jennings went all legit and vanilla on us.

I watch as he walks over to the bar where he slips his arm around the waist of Callie Hayes. There's no shame in admitting it... they make a gorgeous fucking couple. I've known Woolf a long time. I've seen him at what I've thought has been his pinnacle of happiness when we opened the doors to The Wicked Horse, but fuck... looking at him right now. The way he looks at Callie with such unfettered love and reverence actually makes my chest constrict a bit with overt happiness for my friend. It's at this moment that I realize he's doing the absolute right thing.

I smile to myself because ever since I caught Woolf fucking her outside The Silo that night and watched how he tried to protect her so I couldn't see... well, I just knew then he was a goner. And you know what? Good for him. Everyone deserves a chance at love, I suppose.

I mean... if that's your thing.

Woolf catches my gaze and lifts his chin up to me in acknowledgment. I give him another congratulatory smile and watch as he takes Callie by the hand and leads her out of the club. I expect the only time I'll be seeing him now is on the days that I work out at the Double J. I've been working there on and off since high school as it's a good way to make some extra cash and

while Woolf—I mean Bridger, now—pays me well, I’m on a mission to become debt free as quickly as possible. That means I work my ass off and live frugally, because I can’t stand being constricted by financial obligations.

Making my way out into the main nightclub, my eyes do a quick sweep around. I have between four to six security men on duty each night to keep everything under control and running smoothly. There’s no mistaking them in their black BDUs and form-fitting black t-shirts with The Wicked Horse logo on the front and the word SECURITY on the back. I want them to be obvious to the crowd so they know I don’t fuck around when it comes to the safety of the patrons here and that I don’t tolerate any shit on my watch.

I’ve got my black BDUs on tonight too along with my combat boots—product leftover from my days in the Marine Corps. Instead of my Wicked Horse security shirt though, I’m wearing a long-sleeve, black athletic shirt that fits my skin like a second glove because my job tonight is a little different than the normal security oversight I provide.

As I walk through the club to the front door, I continually scan my eyes back and forth. Old habits—those where I’m waiting for an ambush by Taliban insurgents while sweeping the Zabul Province of Afghanistan—die hard, and I suppose that will never go away.

Except, my eyes slam in an abrupt halt on *her*.

This is the third night in a row she’s come in, and I don’t necessarily like how she rattles my focus at work.

I wish I could tell you what it was about her that caught my attention, and I’m ashamed that I can’t. It’s a blow to my ego that my intuition and street smarts are failing.

She’s pretty, for sure.

Not gorgeous, but really pretty. Wavy, blonde hair that comes down halfway in between her chin and shoulders and bright blue, baby doll eyes. On the petite side, but with plenty of curves. This, I’ve noticed, when she dances with her three girlfriends who she comes in with.

She only dances with those girls. She’s turned down every man who’s come up to ask her to dance. I’m also ashamed I noticed this because I have better uses of my time than watching a pretty girl get hit on in a bar.

I suppose the reason she caught my eye is because it seems she’s been trying to catch it. While she sits at a table, talking and laughing with her friends, her gaze will roam around The Wicked Horse. She’ll watch the dancers or the band if we have one going. She’ll sometimes focus in on other

tables of people, but she never rests her gaze in one place very long.

Except when it lands on me. Then she'll hold my stare if I just happen to be watching her, which is often, and sometimes she doesn't look away for an almost unbearably long time. She's always the one who breaks eye contact though, and it's always with a wistful smile.

She's never approached me though, even though women do that all the time despite the scary-as-fuck scar that slashes across my face and the menacing glare I seem to give off most of the time. It's true... I've been hit on more times than I could ever hope to remember, and I'd be lying if I didn't say this job wasn't without perks. While I'd never leave my post while on duty, I've taken plenty of those women home and fucked them after work hours.

Hell, sometimes, I've just taken them up against the side of the building after I've got everything locked up.

My security team always shakes their heads with amusement at the amount of female attention I get, and I assure them it's not because of my charm or good looks, but rather the rumor floating around—which just happens to be true—that I've got a massive cock and I'm a god in the bedroom with it.

They all tell me to fuck off when I point that out to them. Jealous pricks.

I've never approached the blonde woman; although I get the sense she wants me to. Again, when I'm working, I'm working. I don't have time for flirting or fucking. But maybe I should come in on my next night off and possibly talk to her. Try to figure out what's going on underneath those pretty pale curls because she fascinates me. While I get hit on all the time, women have a hard time holding my gaze the way this one does. They're content to stare at my feet while they try to flirt because my eyes are sometimes too cold and my scar is too angry looking.

But not this woman. She looks me dead in the eye, and it is a fucking turn on as much as it is a mind fuck to me.

I think she senses my gaze, because hers slides away from one of the girls at her table who seems to be telling quite an animated story, and she locks irises with me. We engage in the same staring war for only a moment, but I'm the one who has to look away this time as I reach the front door of The Wicked Horse. Things to do... people to see.

I nod at Peter, one of the security detail who opens the door for me, and step out into a warm July Wyoming night.



I look inside the glass panes of the back door and the living room is empty. People are so stupid sometimes when it comes to their safety.

First, they have their porch light off and with my black clothing, I blend well into the night. Second, they have flimsy glass panes that would be easy for me to break and unlock the door with a quick flick of my wrist.

Morons. Haven't you ever heard of double dead bolts?

But what I find to be more insanely stupid is the fact that these idiots left the back door unlocked.

Turning the knob, I sneak stealthily inside.

I can hear noise from the bedroom down the short hall... late evening news. The harsh quality of blue, flickering light into the hallway tells me the occupants are in bed with the lights off.

Possibly asleep.

So fucking easy.

I hold the gun in my hand down at my side as I sidestep quietly down the hall. These new construction homes are solidly built and not a floorboard creaks. Just before I reach the door, I pull the black knit mask down over my face, assured that the holes cut out for my eyes and mouth will not reveal my identity.

I take a deep breath.

And then step into the bedroom.

Husband and wife, laying side by side on the bed, watching TV. Mid-forties I suppose. The guy has a bit of a belly on him, but the woman isn't too bad on the eyes. Dark brown hair cut into a bob and long legs pouring out from a silky, pink nightgown that barely covers what I'm betting are matching panties.

I'm a sucker for lingerie and I start to get hard.

Raising my gun, I hold it sideways in a gangster sort of pose, which is not the way you should ever handle a gun. I just find the sideways tilt is more menacing and lets them know I mean business.

The woman sees me first and a tiny scream pops out of her mouth. The man comes flying up out of the bed, only wearing a pair of white boxers, and stops the minute I swing the gun toward him. His hands come up in an immediate pose of surrender.

“Turn the light on,” I rasp out to the man. He reaches a shaky hand back and flips on the bedside lamp, coating the room in a soft glow.

“TV off,” I command. I don’t want anything interfering with my concentration.

He turns the TV off with the remote control laying on the table.

The woman has sat up in bed and is breathing erratically. It draws my attention down to her breasts, which are large and obviously fake. I see her nipples are pebbled against the pink silk, and it makes my cock swell further.

I turn the gun on her and make a motion with it toward me. “You... get over here.”

She looks to her husband with wide eyes, and he tries to give her reassurance. “It’s okay, honey. Just do what he says and I’m sure everything will be fine.”

He turns his look back to me. His voice quavers. “Please... we have money... jewels. Whatever you want?”

“What I want,” I say darkly as I cock the gun, “is for your wife to get the fuck over here.”

“Okay,” the man all but shrieks and actually makes a shooing motion toward his wife. “Amy... darling... just do as he asks.”

He turns those somber eyes my way and begs. “Please don’t hurt her.”

I chuckle and don’t give him another thought as Amy stands from the bed and tentatively walks toward me. Her large breasts barely sway with the motion and the rounded edges definitely tell me they’re fake, but fuck... they’re nice.

Very nice.

When she’s standing in front of me, lower lip trembling, I lower my gun and with my free hand, stroke her cheek. She flinches but otherwise lets me have my way with her.

I slide my fingers through her hair, to the back of her head, and I grip her tight. “Now, Amy... I want you to get on your knees and suck my cock for a bit.”

She lets out a whimper as I start to push her down.

“And if you bite me, I’m going to blow your husband’s head off,” I add on as I raise the gun back at him. “Are we understood?”

She nods her head vigorously and tears pool in her eyes.

“Good girl,” I say with a grim smile. “Now... get my cock out and get to work.”

She fumbles with the button and zipper of my pants, but makes quick headway because I'm not wearing any underwear. My dick comes out locked and loaded, swollen hard and ready for action. My eyes cut quickly over to the husband, but he's not moved a muscle, I'm sure worried that I'll shoot him. I'm not sure what he thinks watching this, but he can't seem to tear his gaze away from his wife on her knees before me.

The minute those lips wrap around the head of my cock, my eyes flutter closed just for a moment and I groan. "Fuck yeah, baby. Just like that."

Apparently, Amy's got skills.

Mad, mad skills.

She bobs up and down on my cock, perfect amount of friction, and has this wiggle move with her tongue underneath the head that almost causes my knees to buckle. When I feel my balls start to tingle, I push her off, noting the faint spill of drool from her swollen lips.

"Panties off and get on the bed," I tell her curtly. "Spread your legs so I can see that pretty pussy."

Amy looks to her husband pleadingly, but he just nods his head.

She does as I ask, shimmying out of the tiny scrap of pink silk. She lays in the middle of the bed, and as instructed, spreads her legs wide for me. My cock actually bobs up and down in anticipation, but I got to suit up first.

Stepping forward, I lay my gun on the bed, right between her legs. I give her a devious smile and taunt her as I reach into my back pocket for a condom. "I dare you to go for the gun. Think you're faster than me?"

She squeezes her eyes shut and doesn't answer me. But I know she's also too chicken shit to make a grab for it. While I rip the foil packet open, I add some further shame to her situation. "Touch yourself, sweet Amy. Let me see if you're wet for me?"

Her eyes snap open and she actually glares at me. "You go to hell."

I laugh at her as I roll the rubber on my cock and pick my gun back up. Rubbing the tip of it through her pussy lips, I bring it up to inspect. It's glistening with her juices, just as I knew it would be.

Fear doesn't stop the thrill of excitement.

I don't spare Amy's good husband a look as I lay the gun back down on the mattress, this time out of her reach. I'm getting ready to put some concentration into my work, and I can't risk her making a grab for it. As soon as my hands are free, I snatch her by the ankles and pull Amy roughly to the edge of the bed. I actually pull up hard on her legs, lifting her hips off the

edge, and I slam my way inside of her.

She lets out a yip of pain, because even though she's wet as all get out, I've got a big fucking cock—which is truth, not rumor—and I know that hurt. I stay lodged in her deep, let her get accustomed to my size. I wait for her to open her eyes and when she does, I start fucking her.

I go deep and steady, but no need to go too hard. I'm going to make sweet Amy come hard around me and I hope it fucking shames her.

Damn... she's so fucking wet, I slide so easily in and out. Feels amazing.

My eyes cut over to her husband and widen with surprise when I see he's got an erection tenting his boxers. That's interesting. Apparently, Mr. Amy is a little turned on by me fucking his wife.

"Get over here," I rasp out at him, and he jerks his gaze toward me. It had previously been pinned on my dick ramming in and out of his wife.

He moves forward, his eyes sliding back down to watch what I'm doing and his cock peeps right out of the hole in his boxers.

"Fuck, dude," I pant as I keep moving in and out of her. "You're turned on by me fucking your wife."

He flushes red over my statement, and Amy doesn't even bother to look at her husband. Her eyes are squeezed shut and her fingers are grasping onto the bed covers.

"Jack off," I tell him.

"What?" he gasps in astonishment.

"Get on the bed, kneel by your wife's head, and jack off while I fuck her."

He makes a choking sort of sound, but he doesn't argue. That's because he doesn't forget there's a gun on the bed only inches from my hand.

Amy's husband kneels beside his wife and without any further direction from me, pushes his boxers down and starts jerking at his dick, his eyes pinned on my cock claiming his wife.

Yeah... this is actually kind of hot. Wasn't what I imagined, but I'm digging it.

I start tunneling into Amy a bit faster, and now she's making mewling sounds. I reach a hand down, pluck at her clit lightly, then press down on it so she can feel me moving in and out of her just on the other side of that sweet bud.

She gasps.

Cries.

Then screams as she starts to come.

“Oh, fuck,” her husband groans and he starts to come as well, shooting all over Amy’s big, round breasts and soaking the lovely pink silk.

As I pound harder inside of her, my balls tighten. I grit my teeth, my neck muscles straining, and I start to come. I slam into her hard... brutally actually, and she gives a startled yip as I grind against her pelvis, unloading buckets inside the condom.

“Fuck, that’s good,” I croak, and then praise my captive fuck. “Amy, of the sweet pussy.”

When I’ve expelled every fucking drop I have, I pull out and pluck the condom off. Amy’s husband sags down on the bed beside her, and she scrambles over so they can hold on to each other.

Awww... that’s sweet.

I throw the condom on the floor, tuck my dick away, and snatch the gun from the bed. Giving them both a nod and a toothy smile, I say, “Not one word of this to anyone. I so much as hear you’ve told someone, and I’ll come back and I won’t be so nice. Are we clear?”

“Yes,” they both say simultaneously. “We won’t.”

I stare at them, my eyes promising all kinds of retribution. When I’m satisfied we’re good, I turn and walk out of their bedroom.

Down the hall, and right out the back door. As soon as my feet hit the ground, I pull the black knit mask off and take a deep breath of the fresh Wyoming air. I swivel my head, the cervical bones in my neck popping.

I feel loose and relaxed.

I actually sit down on the bottom step and look up at the stars hanging low and heavy in the sky. Beautiful.

The porch light flicks on, bathing me in a yellow glow. The door opens, and I turn my head to see Amy standing there.

She’s holding a bottle of Hoback Hefeweizen out to me and gives me a smile. “That was excellent, Cain.”

“I thought it was some of my better work,” I say with a grin and hop up to accept the beer, which is my favorite from the Snake River Brewery.

Amy’s husband appears over her shoulder and pulls the door open. “Want to come in while you drink that?”

“Sure,” I say and trot back up the steps, walking back into one of the fantasy cabins that belong to The Wicked Horse. This wasn’t the first fantasy I’ve played in involving Amy and Charles Mason, but this was a special one.

It's their wedding anniversary and as members of The Wicked Horse's sex club, Bridger wanted to do something special for them.

As the door closes behind me, I wonder if the blonde girl is still back at the club. I'm technically off duty and I consider for a moment finishing my beer and going back to check it out.

But then Amy's hand is on my crotch and she's rubbing my cock, which is eagerly responding, and I know the party here isn't quite over yet.

Blonde woman is forgotten.

For now.

THE END



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About the Author



New York Times and USA Today bestselling Author, Sawyer Bennett is a snarky southern woman and reformed trial lawyer who decided to finally start putting on paper all of the stories that were floating in her head. Her husband works for a Fortune 100 company which lets him fly all over the world while she stays at home with their daughter and three big, furry dogs who hog the bed. Sawyer would like to report she doesn't have many weaknesses but can be bribed with a nominal amount of milk chocolate.