

## **Indiana Wild: Spirit Pass Book 1**

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Indy had just finished hammering in the last of the shingles on the roof. She had cranked up the volume on the iPod for one of her favorite songs. Standing up and giving a high five to the sky she didn't hear the dogs bark out a welcome to her visitors as she was celebrating completing the damn roof. Singing as loud as she could to the song she swayed back and forth using the hammer as a microphone as she belted out the song she was listening to.

Jonathan pulled the mules up and stared in wonder at the roof of the old cabin. He knew he would never look at the old place the same again. Jacob's face reflected the same thoughts as he looked at the woman moving so sensually and singing a song he had never heard before. When she shook her ass all three men groaned. The sun was shining down on her, highlighting the blond streaks running through it as her pony tail swung back and forth. As they moved closer, they could tell she was wearing some type of top but there wasn't very much to it as it left her practically bare all the way down to her slim waist. She was wearing some type of tan colored pants that were cut extremely high and fit her low on the hips. They looked like they had been painted on her ass. Her tanned legs were bare all the way to her ankles where small white shoes appeared to cover her feet.

"I thought she was naked but she's not," Jake whispered never taking his eyes off the figure swaying up on the roof.

Jacob and Jonathan turned to stare at Jake in disbelief. The little clothing the woman wore was just enough to make them wonder what else was underneath it. Both of the men had raging hard-ons.

"Holy shit! Where do you think the kid found a woman like that? I sure as hell know it wasn't from Meeteetse," Jacob said.

"I don't know but I'm plan to find out," Jonathan said getting down out of the wagon. He turned to look at Jake. The old man's eyes were glued to the woman on the roof. "Jake. Jake...Jake, damn it, I want you to make sure none of the men come down here. If they hear her singing we could have a riot on our hands."

"Sure thing, boss man," Jake whispered not moving.

"Now, Jake," Jacob growled.

Jake swung his eyes to Jacob's before swallowing, his Adam's apple moving up and down. "Right, no men allowed down here." Jake slid out of the wagon and moved off down the road glancing backwards repeatedly until he was too far to see anything.

Jonathan watched as the woman on the roof seemed to come to the end of the song. She took a bow to an invisible audience before turning around. Her eyes grew larger when she noticed her very visible one.

“Shit,” Indy said under her breath. “Busted.” She was going to be pretty damn pissed if they fired her after she worked her ass off last night and today fixing up the cabin. She wanted at least a week to enjoy the fruits of her labor before she was told to leave.

Turning off the iPod and removing the ear buds, Indy walked over to the edge of the roof and looked down at the two men who were now standing in front of the cabin. Both of them had dark expressions on their faces.

“Hey, boss man. Nice to meet you, Mr. Turner. Welcome home. I thought you weren’t supposed to be back until day after tomorrow,” Indy said, standing looking down at them defiantly with her hands on her hips.

She’d be damn if she would apologize for being who she was to another man. She had proved she was a hard worker and a good cowpuncher. She dared them to say she couldn’t hold her own against any of the men in the bunkhouse. Not to mention, she was doing a pretty damn good job of fixing up the cabin too! They were getting a bargain with her.

Jonathan jerked in surprise, the shock on his face turning to disbelief. The kid with the attitude who had been driving him crazy since he had seen him... her, was a woman with an attitude *and* nice full breasts. He felt his cock tug at him as if telling him it had known from the beginning that Indy had been a woman.

“Indy?” Jonathan choked out.

“This is the kid you were telling me about?” Jacob asked in disbelief.