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By six the next morning, Reno and Darren were out of the house and in the field repairing a fence that'd taken on a huge tree limb during the ice storm last week and lost. There'd been no cattle in the pasture, so they'd been in no hurry to fix it. However, Reno had pushed Darren into getting on it today, mostly so Reno didn't have to face Magda just yet.

They'd left a note on the front door for Magda and the door unlocked. No one in their right mind would come all the way to their house to rob it. It was too far out and there was absolutely nothing of value in there.

About ten o'clock, as he was pulling the wire tight on the fence, a Harley-Davidson Fat Boy motorcycle roared past them and up their drive.

"Think that's her?" Darren asked.

"Yep. That's her bike."

"Sweet. I'd love to take her for a ride."

Reno glared at him.

"I mean the bike, not the lady," Darren clarified. "Man, you're touchy."

While Reno privately agreed with his brother, no way was he saying that aloud. "Ah, well, I hear she's pretty particular about who she lets ride her Fat Boy."

"So many jokes I could make, but seeing as you've got a stick up your butt about our new housekeeper, I'll keep my mouth shut."

"Probably for the best."

At about noon, Reno's cell phone trilled and he pulled it out of his pocket. "Hello?"

"Reno? This is Magda. Magda Hobbs."

The sound of her voice made his heart leap, pushing all the air from his lungs. As though there could be more than one Magda. As if he didn't hear her voice every night in his dreams.

He drew in some air to calm his racing heart. It didn't work. "Hi. I guess you got in the house without a problem." Man, he hated how breathless and excited he sounded. He was a much better poker player than this.

"I did. I wondered if you guys were coming back to the house for lunch today."

Reno looked at Darren. "You want to head back for lunch?"

Darren nodded.

"Yeah, that'd be great." He wondered how he would ever swallow around the boulder that had lodged in his throat the minute he'd heard her say his name.

"Okay," she said with a slight hesitation in her voice. "I'll see what I can find, but your cabinets are a little bare."

Reno forced a chuckle, a little embarrassed that she'd found their cabinets basically empty. "Noticed that, did you? Honestly, we just haven't had time to get to the store. You may have noticed on your way over that we kind of live in the middle of nowhere."

"I noticed. I'll have lunch ready in about thirty minutes."

Reno slipped his phone back in his pocket. "Thirty minutes." Great. That gave him a whole half an hour to get himself together.

Thirty minutes later, Reno parked the work truck at the back door and Darren hopped out. From the truck, Reno watched as Darren opened the door, took one step inside and stopped. He backed out, toed off his boots and reentered.

Not wanting to make the same mistake, Reno left his boots on the back porch and walked in. He was greeted by the aroma of grilled ham and...he sniffed again...toast?

"Hello, Reno," Magda said. "I have grilled cheese and ham sandwiches and tomato soup. Best I could do with what you guys had in the cabinets."

"Sounds wonderful. Thanks."

"Water? Coke? Tea?" Magda asked.

“I’ll get it,” he replied, heading for the refrigerator to grab a cold water.

Darren was already at the table, his sandwich half-gone. He took another bite and moaned. “So good.”

Reno sat and Magda set a bowl of soup and a sandwich in front of him. “Thanks.”

She joined the guys at the table. “I want us to get off to the right start,” she said, leaning forward and placing her arms on the table. “I wouldn’t have sought out this job. We are all really too close in age for me to feel one-hundred percent comfortable in the situation. However, I needed a job and your parents made me a very generous offer that I’d have been a fool to turn down. But...” She paused and waited until she could meet both their gazes before she continued. “But I want this to work out, which means there will be no kissing or touching or trapping me in the corner. No inappropriate comments. No sexual suggestions. I cook, clean and do laundry for you, but that’s it. I’m not here to share a bed or catch a husband. Have I made myself clear?”

Reno swallowed the bite of sandwich he’d been chewing. “Clear. And I completely agree. Darren?” He looked over at his brother.

“Got it. Damn, Magda, you’re one straight-shooting talker.”

She leaned back in the chair. “Yep, I am. Another thing is that I expect you two not to make my job even more difficult by being total slob. That means leave your mud, manure and blood-coated boots outside. If I find them in the house, you’ll find them outside in a tree where they’ll land when I toss them out the door. Understood?”

Both men nodded, and Reno suppressed a smile. Darren had no idea that Magda was serious, nor how their lives were going to change.

That evening, Magda had dinner ready when they got home. She also had a list of supplies and food stock that she needed to get for the house. As at lunch, Magda joined them at the kitchen table to talk about her list and how they wanted to cover expenses. Reno noticed that while she would sit with them at the table, she’d yet to eat with them.

“Aren’t you going to eat?” Reno asked around a bite of roast.

“I’ve eaten,” Magda said. “Thank you. Now about this list...”

Reno pulled his wallet from his back pocket, pulled out a credit card and pushed it across the table toward her. “Charge them.”

She eyed the card as though he were handing her a lit stick of dynamite. “Um, don’t you think the merchants might figure out that I’m not Reno Montgomery?”

Darren chuckled. “Damn straight. He’s ugly as a rock. You, on the other hand, are as beautiful as—”

He didn’t get to finish his statement. Magda slapped the back of his head.

“Ouch. What’d you do that for?” Darren rubbed his head.

“I told you today. No inappropriate comments.”

Reno jerked his glass of iced tea to his mouth to keep from laughing.

“That wasn’t inappropriate. I was just going to say—” He ducked his head to the side as Magda lifted her hand. “Never mind. I wasn’t going to say anything.”

She smiled and placed her hand in her lap.