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CLOSING THE DEAL

Missy Lyons

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A Phaze Fury HeatSheet by

Missy Lyons

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"How dare you ask me to do that? What you are suggesting I do is absolutely criminal, Mr. Withers." Dian Wright let her manicured nails rhythmically fall onto the boardroom table. They made a rolling, tapping sound in the otherwise quiet room. She didn't try to hide her irritation with the man across from her. She never did have a good poker face and she wasn't about to try now.

He had that *GQ* look that always turned her on, but now that she had gotten to know the man, he was repulsive to her. It actually made her skin crawl to listen to his voice, and she dreaded these meetings like the plague. Evading his roving hands was becoming more and more difficult.

"I need that property, Dian. I expect you to do whatever you have to, in order to get it." She didn't like the way he called her by her first name. That kind of assumed closeness annoyed her. She needed to put some space between him and her.

He had to be the rudest man she ever met.

"They have refused all the offers so far, Mr. Withers. There isn't much I can do about that," she replied curtly.

"Please, call me Bruce."

He reached across the table, laying his hand on hers, and stopped the repetitive movement of her fingers. He smiled as he said, "There's no need to be nervous, Dian. I want us to be very close friends."

"Friends? I'd rather not. I mean..." She paused a moment to compose herself. "I'm not sure I am comfortable calling you by your first name, Mr. Withers. I think I should make it clear that I would like to keep this on a professional level." She furrowed her eyebrows low over her eyes. She hoped he would catch her drift and remove his hand from hers.

He must have taken it as a challenge. He raised her hand to his lips, and gave the back of it a sloppy wet kiss. Dian snatched her hand back and wiped it in her lap, trying to keep the snarl from her lips.

"Mr. Withers, stop it!"

"What's the matter Dian?"

"You! Does your wife know you cheat on her?"

"We have an arrangement," he said simply, as if having an affair was no big deal to him.

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"Well, maybe you should try arranging some time to sleep with her. It would help control some of these sexual urges you have."

"I asked to work with you, because I thought we could have some fun, too. It thought I made that clear in the beginning."

"Then you should have asked me whether I was interested in you or not."

"It's not like you are seeing anyone else. I asked. You don't have a boyfriend. So what's wrong with me? Did you sleep your way to the top? So now you think you don't have to sleep with me?"

"You asshole! This meeting is over. Find yourself another lawyer," Dian snarled. She gathered her briefcase and her Prada purse. She stood up quickly, pushing her chair away from the table. The miniskirt of her business suit was riding high, and she pulled the hem of her skirt lower to cover her legs. The man didn't need any more sexual encouragement.

"You walk out of here now and I'll make sure you never work in this town again."

"New York is a big city, Mr. Withers. Even you can't be that powerful. And I wouldn't be going around making promises you can't keep." Dian turned around, smiling one last time.

"Do you want to try me?"

"You know I may not be rich or powerful, but I make one hell of an enemy. I won't take your threats sitting down, Mr. Withers."

She swept across the room to the exit. Her hand was on the knob when he spoke again. His voice was no less threatening than the last time he opened his mouth.

"If you leave, you can consider yourself fired, Dian."

"Only my boss can fire me. Good day, Mr. Withers." Her voice was icy with her thinly veiled anger. In all her life she had never met someone so manipulative or as deceitful as him. And to be that good looking? It should be a crime. The man should look like a beast to help warn the ladies off.

It wasn't until she was in the elevator that she let herself think about what she was going to do. She had just made enemies of the most powerful men in New York City. A man like him could ruin her career.

She couldn't just throw away everything she fought so hard for just because of a man like that. No, a man like that deserved to be taught a lesson and she had an idea about how to do it.

She rummaged through her purse before finding her cell phone. Someday she would have to get a Bluetooth, one of those cordless ear

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phones. But she had not had time to break away from her hectic schedule to shopping. Of course, being newly fired would give her a lot of free time. She flipped open her phone and pressed the speed dial to her personal assistant to make arrangements for a direct flight to Nashville.

If this plan of hers didn't work she would be fired for losing the client. If it did work, it would buy her some bargaining room on keeping her job. And if that didn't get her job back, at least it would stop Mr. Withers from getting what he wanted. That was the one thing that mattered to her right now.

Somebody had to teach that man a lesson in manners.

* * * *

"Good old Nancy has never let me down yet." Dian was pleased with Nancy's arrangements thus far. The plane trip was a direct flight. She was unloading her luggage before Mr. Withers had probably even had the chance to call Mr. Sampson. With Mr. Sampson's busy schedule, it would be difficult to get hold of him. And if her plan was to work, time was of the essence.

Dian had only brought one overnight bag, since she planned to end this trip quickly. It made things convenient. She had everything she needed in one little carryon. She was able to get to the rental car desk before the rest of the people on the plane were able to claim their luggage.

"I believe you have a reservation for me. My name is Dian Wright."

"Yes ma'am." The man at the counter greeted her, and then typed something into his computer.

Dian's cell phone started ringing.

"Would you like to purchase our insurance?"

Dian looked at the cell phone to see who it was.

It was her boss. The other man she didn't want to talk to today.

"Shit." The expletive escaped her lips before she could stop it.

"Do what?" The clerk answered.

"Yeah, yeah, just give me the insurance. If my luck holds I will need it. Just hurry up the paperwork, please. I have got to go."

She let the phone ring one more time. Well there was no use putting it off. If the shit was going to hit the fan, it might as well be now.

"Where the hell are you?"

"Well hello to you, too. I am in beautiful Nashville, Tennessee, enjoying the sunshine." Boy, he must be pissed off not to even give her a greeting.

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"Dian, this isn't a joke. What the hell do you think you are doing?"

"I'm taking a personal day." Dian had to hold the phone away from her ear, since he was yelling so loudly.

"Just what did you do to Bruce Withers? He wants you skinned alive, Dian."

"Your star client gave me an offer I had to refuse. He expected me to sleep with him."

"Well, couldn't you have let him down a little more gently?"

"The man is impossible. You've got to believe I did everything I could. The man wouldn't take no for an answer."

"He asked me to fire you."

The phone went silent as Dian absorbed that last sentence. What Bruce Withers asked for, he got.

"So that's it? You're just going to fire me? Damn it, Joe, I don't deserve that."

"No, you don't, but he didn't tell me that you refused to sleep with him."

"Why would he?"

"Cut the attitude. Maybe he's right and I should fire you."

"Look, I can't tell you what I am doing. I am not sure this is going to work."

"Does this have anything to do with the Aldridge land deal?"

"Yes, but before you get all pissed off, I think this may be my best shot of fixing this. This deal is going to tank unless I can get them to accept an offer. My letters have all been returned to sender. The man is too much of a redneck to own a phone. What have I got to lose? I know Mr. Withers will make you fire me if I don't close this deal. I know he is the biggest client we have and I know he is after my ass. That is why I dropped everything to take care of this."

"You should have talked to me before jumping on a plane to Nashville, Dian. I don't appreciate being broadsided by this. Now it is too late to fix this."

"So what are you saying? Are you going to fire me anyways?"

"I am sorry Dian. Just go home."

"Is going home going to get me my job back? Go to hell, Sampson." Dian clicked the talk button, ending the conversation. She turned the cell phone off for good measure and looked up to deal with the now staring clerk.

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The keys and paperwork were in his outstretched hand. His guilty eyes looked down to avoid meeting hers and he was turning red.

"Don't worry about it." Dian said, hoping he would forget the overheard conversation.

"Yes ma'am. Welcome to Nashville Mrs. Wright. We hope you enjoy your stay."

* * * *

Dian put miles between herself and the airport. She was feeling better already. Compared to the concrete jungle of New York, Nashville was a breath of fresh air.

The city was small and it was not long before she hit the city limits. The sights and sound of the city faded. Driving down the road was an experience. A forest lined the highway and trees towered over everything, hiding the houses. When she came to an open space it was either a pasture lined with cows or horses. Everything was so green it was astonishing. Dian had never been surrounded by such natural beauty.

Dian pulled over to the side of the road and pulled out her manila file on the Aldridge land deal. She had printed out the directions and an address in case she had to make a trip here. Only she thought the trip would not be under duress and made at her leisure.

Dian continued to follow her directions to end up on a country road where the houses spread out further and further. Finally a mailbox marked the address she was searching for. Dian looked up to see the most beautiful Southern plantation she had ever seen. Of course, that wasn't saying much. She had never been to the South, so she had never seen houses like these. For all she knew there could be a house like this on every other corner, but from here it looked like the man had some money to spend. The house was beautiful, white with huge columns and a porch that lined the outside. It was just like what she would expect to see from out of the movie *Gone with the Wind*.

Dian found herself on the doorstep, slightly nervous. These did not appear to be people in need of money. So what could she possibly offer them that they couldn't get from Bruce Withers? They had already refused his offers. What if this whole thing blew up in her face?

Good God, what had she done? She had made an enemy with a man as rich as Donald Trump and as powerful as a Kennedy.

Dian heard scuffling footsteps behind the door and she adjusted her skirt and blouse to fit her curves better. She tried to smooth out the

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moderately wrinkled blouse and pushed her platinum blonde hair back into place.

When the door opened, her heart was racing and her nerves were on edge. Dian bit her lip when one of the sexiest men she had ever seen stepped out to greet her. He wasn't even close to her usual type, but he was sexier than anyone she was used to meeting. He wore jeans that clung to every lean muscle of his body and a blue plaid work shirt that was rolled up at the sleeves. She could tell he was built. He had beautiful blonde hair and blue eyes with a touch of grey that looked like a storm brewing and two dimples when he smiled.

Dian could feel her body tingle with energy in response to his body. A pressure in her belly that moved down between her legs. She was probably already wet for him. She couldn't even remember the last time she was given a booty call. She needed to get laid.

They know how to grow them here in the South. Don't they?

"Hi. My name is Dian Wright. I am here to see Geoffrey Aldridge."

Dian pushed her hand out to shake the man's hand. A habit that had become instinct over her years as a lawyer. She liked the way his hand felt. It was a firm shake but not too powerful; his hand was warm and she liked the way it felt in hers.

"That was my uncle and he died two weeks ago."

Dian was startled enough to let his hand go.

Well that explained the unopened returned letters. Better change plans quickly.

"Oh, I am sorry to hear that. Is it possible to speak with his family? I came a long way and I really have some important business to discuss."

"Sure, come on in. Go ahead and have a seat in the living room. I'll get my brother. We just moved in to start getting his affairs in order."

"So you are both the heirs? Was there a will?"

"We haven't got that far yet. It's barely been a week since we buried the man."

"I am so sorry. But if there is anything I can do to help..." Dian meant it.

"No, that's okay. Just have a seat and I'll get my brother. Be right back."

Dian watched him turn around and saunter up the winding stairs. His jeans hugged each cheek nicely. She could see the faded outline of a wallet on his right pocket.

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That man was definitely sexy. Downright edible, and if his brother was even half as cute...

She really shouldn't be thinking these things. Mixing pleasure with business made for bad business.

This was too important to fuck up. Dian pulled the manila folder and her makeup case out of her bag. She touched up the color on her lips and smacked them together, before inspecting them in the mirror. Her reflection showed the plane ride and car trip had not done too much damage. Her lips were pink and glossy, ready to be kissed, and her cheeks and eyes were nicely highlighted. She had just enough make-up on to give her a natural look.

"Mrs. Ummmh...."

"Wright. Dian Wright."

"Forgive me, Dian. I seemed to have forgotten my manners. My name is Jake and this is my brother Justin." Dian stood up to thrust out her hand again, which his brother accepted. She gasped before doing a double take on Jake again. Justin looked so much like Jake that it was startling. Justin may have looked exactly like Jake, but he was dressed differently from his brother. He had a T-shirt on that said 'Save a horse, ride a cowboy.' He had on the same mind blowing jeans. He had the same gorgeous face and figure.

Good God, there were two of them. They must be twins. One man in the room made her hot enough, but two of them? The kinky side of her smiled, as her mind raced with images of possibilities and positions.

"There are two of you? How am I supposed to tell you apart?" She chuckled.

"Well, my momma said she could tell it easiest when we were naked. I have dimples and Jake doesn't."

Dian blushed. "Now how am I supposed to get you boys naked?"

"All you have to do is ask." Jake smiled flirtatiously.

With the direction the conversation had headed, Dian was going to be blushing all night. It wasn't that she was an inexperienced virgin, but she felt a little hot around the collar at the idea of looking at either of two sexy men in all their naked glory. It was a sweet temptation to ask.

Just call me Scarlet O'Hara.

"As much as I would like to consider that offer, I really do have some important business to discuss with you. Before this afternoon I used to work for a firm that has been trying to reach Geoffrey Aldridge. They have been trying to buy the parcel of land from him for the last

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month. It's ranch land. It's located by the freeway. Do you boys know anything about it or who the owner will be now that your uncle has passed away?"

"He left it to us. But we haven't seen a lawyer about the will yet. You are the third person that has been interested in that land."

"You haven't signed anything yet, have you?"

"No. We don't plan on selling."

"Good. How about we discuss this over dinner? Now that I don't work for my company any more, I will be happy to tell you why everyone wants your land and I would very much love to represent you in any future negotiations. I can even help with processing the will. Is it handwritten or is witnessed?"

"I can't go tonight. I have to go to that vet appointment for Patches. Maybe you can fill me in, Jay," Justin said, raking his fingers through his hair.

"Is that your dog?" she asked.

"No, it's my favorite jumping horse. Look, don't worry about me, you two go and have fun."

"Horse? Wow, I don't get around horses very often. I live in New York, where you don't see this much raw land anywhere. I think I would like to meet Patches before I leave."

"Maybe I can teach you to ride if you stay long. That is one of my favorite hobbies, teaching pretty ladies to ride. It's not hard once you find your seat." Justin had a lopsided smile, like he had his own private joke. His smile was impish, and his eyes sparkled wickedly. All she could picture in her mind was her seated on him. She would like to seat herself right there.

"Okay." Dian's voice cracked. He was talking about riding his horses, but damned if she couldn't get the image of riding him out of her mind.

"Well, it looks like it will just be you and me, Jake. Are you up for dinner?"

"Certainly." Jake smiled, disarming Dian completely. "So how do you like barbeque?"

"I love barbeque."

"I know this place that serves great ribs. They smoke their meat for at least six hours and it just falls off the bone."

"I'm starved. I had such a hard day, I haven't eaten since yesterday."

"Shall we go now?" Jake said with one of his disarming smiles.

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"Great."

* * * *

"I feel a little overdressed."

"Don't worry about it. You look great."

"Really? Thanks. You look pretty hot yourself. I wonder how you would look like all spiffed up." Dian loved looking at his smile. He had the cutest smile. Like a little boy always thinking of trouble.

Jake ordered some potato skins and two plates of the house special, barbeque ribs. He started talking about his childhood and how he had grown up on the farm and that they had always been in the horse business. Their family had been into racing for years and many of the thoroughbred racers today had some traces of bloodlines that could be traced back to their Black Beauty. The plantation had grown some crops, too, but the weather was too wet to have produced cotton efficiently and tobacco stripped the soil of all the nutrients. So horses were how the family fortune was built.

The waitress set down their meals. "Here you go, sugar. You let me know if you need anything else. Ya'hear?"

Sugar? Dian bit back a retort. She was sure the waitress didn't mean to be condescending or disrespectful. Still, she hadn't been called *sugar* by anyone else after the age of nine and didn't like how it felt now.

A sweet aroma drifted up to her, making her mouth water before she took a bite of the meal.

"Mmm. This is good. Are these greens?" Dian poked at the soggy greens on her plate with her fork, not quite knowing if she wanted to eat them or not.

He laughed. "Greens are radish tops. You ain't never tried greens before?" He watched her take a bite.

"No. But everything is so different here. Like the architecture. I am used to blocky brick buildings that go straight up. I loved the colonial and ranch style homes I saw on the drive over here. By the way, that is a beautiful house you have there. Your family has good taste."

"It's been in the family since before the Civil War. Eight generations now."

"Wow."

"Actually they had two thousand acres we farmed back in the 1800's."

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"So that's why he owned so much real estate in downtown Nashville and the property in Green Hills. Your family owned it before this town was even on the map."

"People have been trying to buy our land for years now."

"Yeah, and I don't know why no one in your family sold before, but pretty soon they won't have a choice. How many offers have you had for the Nashville land in the last month?"

"Three."

"And you still don't plan on selling?"

"No."

"The government has plans in the works to beef up the infrastructure. They want to put in a new onramp and exit off of 15th Street. Bruce Withers plans on putting up a mall and a sixty-story skyscraper there next to the stadium downtown."

"I don't want a mall there. That would make the traffic even worse."

"Well, I guess any choice you make will have an impact on that. But he wouldn't have told you what he had planned before trying to purchase the land. Now you know."

"I had no idea what they wanted the land for."

"There's more. The Green Hills land is another place the government will force you to sell. The land backs up to the university there and they have plans to expand it."

"Well, at least the university will help people in some way."

"So did that change your mind on selling the land?"

"No."

"I am not going to ask you to sell, but when the government gets involved they will give you no choice. They will use eminent domain and just take it."

"So why are you here?"

"I thought you would never ask. What I am offering you is legal protection that will give you a choice. Bruce Withers is the biggest jerk on the planet and he is going to double his fortune by closing this deal. I am not going to ask you to sell, but to promise you won't sell to anyone but me."

"I don't understand."

"I am willing to pay you one hundred thousand dollars not to sell the property to anyone but me. It would be an option to buy at market price if or when you are inclined to do so, but means the deal will involve me whether anyone likes it or not."

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"Let me get this straight. You are going to give me one hundred thousand dollars to not sell the property?"

"Yes. I just want in on it when something happens. I also would be willing to help you and your family. That means taking care of any of your legal needs, including putting the property through probate."

"Sounds too good to be true."

"Well, I have nothing to lose by filling you in on what is going on, and nothing to gain by lying. So do we have a deal, Jake?"

"I'll have to get Justin to agree, but it sounds good to me. Do you want to dance, Dian? This is one of my favorite songs."

Dian grinned, flicking her hair back away from her face. He was already standing by her side, one hand outstretched, smiling irresistibly. How could she say no? He was so damn sexy.

She put her hand in his and let him lead her onto the dance floor, starting to dance to the Dixie Chicks song, "Cowboy Take Me Away."

"I'm not sure that I am doing this right, but this sure is fun. I don't usually do country." Dian chuckled, trying to match his steps.

"You may not do country, but it sure looks good on you." His voice was low and raspy, and Dian felt her face heat when his eyes raked her over with hunger.

Dian threw back her head and laughed. She hadn't felt this good in years. She hadn't let herself have this much fun for a long time either.

She couldn't keep her eyes off the man. Ever since he began moving to the music she felt an irresistible pull to him. She wanted to press her body to his. She tried to keep her eyes on his face and not his gyrating hips. It reminded her too much of what kind of sexual energy she would feel in his bed.

So Dian focused on the dancing, doing it the only way she knew how. Sexy. She swayed her hips in time to the music and rocked her chest, letting her body feel at one with the rhythm. She felt each beat undulate in her body and tried to repress the feelings of that increased pressure she felt between her legs.

On the second song, it was clear she wasn't the only one feeling the heat. He began grinding against her, making her breathless with restrained sexual tension. She could feel how hard he had become beneath his jeans. When she spoke it was a whisper. "I think I like this too much."

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"What's wrong with that?" He had his erection pressed up against her hip, but she didn't want to pull away. It felt too good to make him stop, and it had been so long.

"Nothing...Everything. Hey look, maybe we should get back to the house. I still have to check into a hotel." Dian's voice dropped back to sound almost normal on the last sentence.

"You can stay with me if you like."

"I can't stay with you."

"Sure you can. That old house has so many empty bedrooms that it would be a waste not to use them. And that way we will still have plenty of time to relax and watch a movie tonight."

Dian was almost disappointed. So that wasn't an offer to spend the night in his bed? He meant for her to sleep in an empty bedroom? Of course, she could get to know him better. She pictured her head lying on his shoulder, leaning into his hot body, munching on popcorn. She wanted more than a movie. It had been far too long since she last had sex and she was hungry for it. She had sex on the brain next to him.

"You know what? That would be great. Let's go."

He held her hand for the trip home, running his thumb in a light caress over her wrist. It drove her crazy for more of his touch. They were both silently enjoying the other's company. For once the silence didn't bother her and she didn't try to fill it with mindless chatter.

She made up her mind what she was going to do when they were back on his doorstep. The big house was empty and the lights were off. Justin had already left for the vet and had not yet returned. Jake had his back to her and was unlocking the white double doors. She felt a little nervous and at the same time excited.

She worried her bottom lip between her teeth. Why was she so nervous? It was not like she had never slept with anyone before. Her plan was solid. He obviously liked her. She had not imagined that hard on in the middle of the dance floor.

Dian ran the plan through her mind one more time. They would be on the couch, neither one paying much attention to the movie. She would be leaning into him, letting her fingers drift in lazy circles caressing his chest before stealing a kiss. One kiss would lead to another and if her plan went well she would not be spending the night sleeping alone in her bed.

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It had been so long since she made love to a man, and damn but he was sexy. He made every nerve of her body hum with sexual energy. She needed this.

No, she needed him.

The house was dark and she bumped against his body, caught up in her daydream. He had turned back to face her but stopped there in the doorway for some reason. She almost missed his hungry look. The look where his eyes were half lidded. He gave her a lopsided smile before leaning into her and kissing her there in the doorway.

Jake heard her groan before opening her mouth to him. It was all he could do to stop himself from taking her right there on the porch. Her hands moved around his waist, playing just this side of the jeans before snaking her fingers into his jeans and firmly cupping his ass. It made his cock jerk painfully and he pulled her against him once more.

She moved her hands up to wrap around his neck. Her fingers raked through his hair, caressing his scalp. He had to do something to get her inside or he would be taking her up against the door.

Jake broke the kiss to scoop her legs out from under her and kicked the door shut behind them. He didn't bother turning on the light, he just carried her up the stairs. She didn't resist but grabbed onto his neck tighter to keep her balance, squealing. She pressed her head against his shoulder

"I don't usually do this kind of thing you know." Dian spoke quietly near his ear.

"What? Kiss strange men on their porches?" Jake replied casually.

"Yes, there is that, but I have to confess, I don't think I have ever been this turned on by any other strangers."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"Good. Then let's skip the movie and go straight for dessert." Jake didn't stop until he had her in his room. He enjoyed the way her body felt up against his. He didn't even have to strain to lift her. She was incredibly light and her soft body melted into his.

He kicked the door shut behind him and locked it before crossing to the king-sized bed that dominated the room. He let her body fall on his bed. She bounced softly, pillowed by the comforter.

Dian's hair spilled all around her in golden waves. He felt another surge of heat as he watched her smile and stretch. Her body arched in contentment and each breast pushed neatly against her silk blouse. He

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could see the outline of her lacy white bra and barely detect the smaller peak of her nipple. She kicked off her black pumps with a flick of her ankle. They fell to the oak floor with a thump.

Jake's movements were focused on her, slowly and languorously stalking her. He climbed onto the bed until he was crouched over her body, every muscle tight and ready to pounce. His lips met hers with an eagerness and hunger that sent her answered with eagerness. He dropped kisses following the line of her neck, sucking lightly on the hollow at the base of her neck.

He had her blouse unbuttoned, and then his mouth was on her breast suckling the nipple through her lacy bra. Dian let out a moan, raking her fingers through his hair. Her body reacted of its own accord, arching into him. She felt a delicious heat sweep through her. Waves of pleasure fed her desire. She kissed him on the shoulder letting her teeth graze against his neck. She wanted him naked now. Her hands moved to the fly on his pants setting his erection free.

"I need you naked now." She grinned up at him.

He reacted immediately, backing off of her to remove his clothing. She discarded her own clothing just as efficiently, not taking her eyes off him. Watching him undress was giving her too much pleasure to stop. His abs were solid muscle. His arms and chest flexed as he lifted his shirt over his head. His skin was golden, bronzed by the sun. He had talked about how much physical work it required to raise horses, and she would bet that most of those muscles he earned naturally not by sitting in front of a weight machine.

She licked her lips, seeing his cock was bigger than she expected, and she didn't try to hide her desire for him. In one smooth motion his pants were on the floor. He stepped out of them, and his shaft eagerly surged forward.

Dian's eyes widened at the sight of him. He was so long and thick. She gasped, looking at the arrogant maleness before her. He wasn't ashamed of his naked state, and why should he be? He was gorgeous and for tonight he was hers.

"Do you like what you see?" When he spoke it made her eyes jump up to his smiling face again.

"Oh, yeah." Dian spread her legs open in invitation letting her hand drift between her thighs, rubbing her clit slightly.

Before coming back to bed, he went to the night stand and pulled out a condom.

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Good thing someone was being responsible, because Dian's mind was completely numb to everything but sex.

"Thank you for remembering. I am not on the Pill right now. But I know I don't have any diseases or anything. I have only been with two other men before." She blushed; she felt like they should have talked about this long before they had jumped into bed. Her desire had blinded her to everything normal and sane.

"Well, sweetie, I have been with a few more women than that. But I don't take any chances on diseases. I always use a condom until I am in a long term relationship. But that's nothing to worry about now."

Nothing to worry about? Dian thought. She had never had a one night stand before. Is that all this meant to him? She was a little disappointed but she would take what she could get tonight.

The bed moved slightly under his weight and Dian rolled toward him. Knowing he was hard for her brought a familiar wet heat between her legs. She clenched her legs together tightly, applying a gentle pressure to her clit. It relieved the pressure building there somewhat.

Her arms wrapped around him the moment he came near her. He kissed her ravenously like he was about to eat her and Dian loved it, trying to capture his tongue with hers. Her nails raked over his back, delighting in the feel of him.

His cock was nestled between her legs, and she didn't want to let go of him when his kisses moved down her body. His tongue licked and bit at her, sending trails of fire over her breasts, across her abdomen, lower still between her legs.

"Oh, God! What are you doing?" She panicked. No one had ever done *that* before.

His hands were on her hips, holding her against the mattress. "Just relax sugar. Nothing will hurt you. Just trust me. I want you to enjoy this as much as I do."

Suddenly his mouth was on her clit, and the fire spread through her, licking at her self control. Her breath came fast and hard, her hands running through his hair. His tongue was amazing, dipping into her, sucking on her clit, making her buck and arch into him, until she cried out. Her body exploded with sensuous pleasure. She felt lightheaded, dizzy from the high he gave her. Her body was still trembling from the crash of that cataclysmic orgasm.

He sat up smiling at her. "Did you like it?"

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"Yes, I never did anything quite like that before," she said, still a little breathless.

He was tearing into the package of the condom before she could offer to return the favor. She licked her lips, wondering what he tasted like. Oh well, they had all night to explore each others bodies. She was sure she would get a chance sometime.

She scooted herself up onto the pillows, opening her thighs to him. He leaned into her, pressing his erection into her to the hilt.

"God, that feels good. You feel good."

Dian giggled. "I am sure you say that to all the girls."

"That's not true. You are so fucking hot. I wanted you since I first saw you." He threw his head back, laughing.

"Really? If I knew you were this good, I may have just skipped dinner and gone straight for the main course, Jake." She said seductively, smiling up at him.

His lips crashed down on hers, silencing her as he rode her into oblivion.

* * * *

The morning sun peeked in through the window, waking Dian from her slumber. She smiled, looking at his body stretched out next to hers. It felt good to wake up next to him. Dian felt relaxed and she was hungry. She did not have the heart to wake Jake. He was sleeping so peacefully next to her. They could figure out what this meant to them later. It had been so long since she had a relationship, but one night of sex didn't mean they were in anything yet. She didn't want to think it would be just one night. The sex had been too damned good to make it a one night stand.

She borrowed a pair of boxer shorts and a white T-shirt to leave the room.

After exploring the house she stumbled on the kitchen and started opening cupboards and drawers for a snack. It was full of typical male food. The cupboards were well stocked with chips and beer. Dian considered herself lucky to find a yogurt and a clean spoon. She sat down at the table and finished off the yogurt in no time, reflecting on last night. She heard a sound from the door, breaking her quiet reverie.

She paused for a moment; seeing him again brought back the memories of last night once more. His body was framed in the doorway. Sexy as ever, his hair looked tousled like he had just woken up. She was

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kind of disappointed he had covered up so much of his body. He was already dressed in jeans and a Hard Rock Café T-shirt.

But his arms were open, spread wide, welcoming her in. In moments she had her lips on his and plastered her body up against his. Her arms snaked up around his neck, pulling him closer still.

She couldn't get enough of him. He was so sexy and hot.

It felt just as good as last night if not better. She was already wet and ready for him. His tongue slid into her mouth, reminding her of what it would feel like to have him inside of her. She opened her mouth, leaning into him, searching out the hot strokes of his tongue with her own.

His hands reached down to cup her ass. Her buttocks tightened under his hands as he stroked her. He was moving dangerously close to between her legs. She groaned into his mouth, letting him know what pleasure she felt.

Dian could feel the hardness of him now. It was a delicious, hard warmth pressed against her. So close, but not quite where she wanted him to be. She wanted him to be rubbing up against her clit.

He moved one muscled thigh between her legs, spreading her, and she responded instinctively, grinding herself on his thigh. She felt a hungry desire to have him between her legs and felt that moist heat spread in his boxers she borrowed.

She was dizzy with the mind numbing pleasure. She felt so horny and turned on with him. Her body had to be ten degrees hotter when he started to kiss her.

His hands moved up to touch a breast, cradling, and squeezing, before tweaking a nipple. All she could think about was how good it would feel to have him inside of her. She couldn't stop rubbing up against him, feeling his cock's hardness, his hard thigh against her clit. His hands were everywhere. He had her boxers down around her ankles and his fingers explored, moving down to her clit. She couldn't even speak, just moaned into his mouth, arching her body into his. She pressed her breasts against his chest, her nipples jutting out in hard peaks through the borrowed T-shirt.

She felt her underwear flood with her arousal. She had not been this wet ever for a man. God, Jake was good. Last night wasn't nearly enough. All she could think about was getting his thick cock into her throbbing wet pussy. She pulled back from his kiss, grazing his lower lip

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with her teeth and growled against his neck. "I need you to fuck me. Now."

He answered her by spinning her around and pressing her body onto the table. He pulled her pants down just a little below her ass, baring her sweet spot and spreading her legs just slightly. She felt the head of his erection probing her moist heat and then entering her. She heard herself moan in anticipation and drew in a sharp breath as he sank into her. His hands moved up her ass to hold her on either side of her waist, pressing himself deeper into her. His hands were holding her to him. He pulled her close to his hips to enter her fully. His hands drifted up to her breasts, caressing a shoulder.

He began slowly rocking into her, and Dian felt a pressure building. Her clit was swollen with arousal and feeling the brush of his sex on hers. A heat radiated through her, building the tension in her stomach. She instinctively arched into him, seeking a deeper pleasure and release.

Last night had been good, but it wasn't like this. This was about a rough and urgent hunger that needed to be satisfied now. Dian had never experienced sex like this. It was so wild and frenzied. He felt so primal, dominating her with a male command. He accepted nothing less than her complete submission. It was almost as if they had not spent the night making love three times already and this was the first time. The stud couldn't get enough of her.

"Please." Dian gasped out the word, seeking release. She was so close. He had begun to pump her in earnest. Each stroke grew more intense. His cock was so wet and hot. She felt the hardness of him reach deep in her and cried out when he hit her G-spot.

"You like it rough don't you, baby?" His voice purred.

"Yes!" She gasped, her body shuddered under his.

Dian exulted at his body's heat flush against her backside. Every delicious stroke brought her closer to release. She moaned in pleasure, reveling in the way his dick felt inside of her wet pussy. He pounded into her, growing faster and harder with each delicious stroke.

"God, yes!" she screamed, not caring who might hear. The waves of her orgasm exploded through her body and she felt him tense against her for his own sweet release. His body shuddered against her pussy. Every nerve felt so alive. She hummed with the energy of what had just happened.

She could still feel the wetness around her, his seed dripped down her inner thigh. That made her a little nervous. Last night he had used a

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condom. But they had both gotten carried away. At least they had talked about things. He didn't have any diseases and she didn't either.

She had never had such mind numbingly hot sex. Her mind was still clearing the last of the fog of her desire when she heard the kitchen door open and suddenly slam shut. She felt her chest swell and a tight pressure close around her heart. Who was that?

God, what had she just done? She just had sex with someone, and she thought it was Jake. But then again they were twins, they did look exactly alike. Was that Jake who just slammed the door? If it was Justin, he would have snuck out and closed it softly, wouldn't he? The thought disturbed her more than she cared to admit.

"Please tell me your name is Jake."

"You thought I was Jake?" he said in disbelief.

Dian just moaned in agony. Oh God, the best sex of her life and she was about to lose it because she couldn't just choose one brother.

* * * *

When Dian caught up to Jake, he had his back to her and was still walking away. So she had to call out to get his attention.

"Jake, wait. I didn't mean to hurt you. I had no idea."

"Hurt me? No it's cool." His eyes were iced over with emotion, but the muscles in his face were controlled and so was his voice. "Justin and I don't fight over women."

"You don't?"

"No. We are tighter than that. We don't let women come between us anymore."

"Wow...I didn't want to come between you two and I am not trying to cause a fight. Just so you know I really liked you, Jake. I thought he was you in the kitchen back there."

"So you weren't bribing him to agree to your deal?"

"I haven't told him about my proposal, we didn't do much talking. Unless you have had a chance to bring it up he doesn't even know what I suggested."

"Bring what up?" Justin cut in. He had entered the room nonchalantly as if nothing had happened. He leaned against the wall, biting into an apple. His nonchalance raised all kinds of confused emotions in Dian. He was still as undeniably attractive as his brother. She still felt that pull even after her orgasm and she didn't know the man. Then there was his brother she felt something more for. Jake liked her

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too and she knew him a little better than Justin. Which meant Jake would be the one she should continue to pursue, if she could fix this mess.

"Oh, Justin, I was just telling your brother that I didn't mean for this to happen and that it won't happen again."

"Why not? I thought you were hot. I wouldn't mind it happening again." Justin's wicked smile belied his sinful thoughts.

"I don't know you. Look, I am not saying I don't find you attractive because I do. You are too damn sexy for your own good, but I don't want any jealousy between you two and I already picked your brother if he's still interested."

"You think I am sexy? There isn't any jealousy between us. What deal is he talking about?" Justin questioned.

"I want to be your lawyer and I want to pay you to promise you won't sell a couple of pieces of land to anyone but me."

"What are you offering for it?" Justin asked.

"I'll give you market price if you decide to sell, but I will pay you one hundred thousand dollars for the right to buy it first."

"In case you haven't noticed we don't need money. What are you willing to offer me that I might want?" Justin took another bite of the apple, waiting for Dian's reply.

She could feel the heat radiate in her face when she finally spoke. "What are you suggesting you want, Mr. Aldridge?"

"You." Justin approached her and she could feel the heat from his hand radiate into her. He caressed her lower back, moving dangerously close to her ass. It had only been a minute before that their sexual romp had ended, but God help her, she felt her boxers flood with her own arousal. Her breath came harder as she felt so much pleasure by having him near touching her again, wanting her still. She didn't pull away, but didn't want to resist the sensuous pleasure she found in his arms. She could feel her heart race with nervousness. She didn't want to face Justin, but she knew she had to refuse him. Her voice cracked slightly when she spoke, "I can't do that. It would hurt Jake if I did this again."

"We do it all the time, Dian. As I said, we don't let women come between us. Blood is thicker than water and we never let anyone make us fight." It was Jake who spoke this time. His voice was calm and reassuring. That icy hard look was gone, replaced by another softer expression.

She was almost shaking with nervousness when she spoke at last. Jake was so close to her body, mere inches away from the front of her

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and Justin had her sandwiched on her backside. "So what do you do when things like this happen? Or has this never happened before?"

"It hasn't happened exactly like this, but in the past we shared."

Dian let out a small moan in anticipation. She was ready already. She felt a fire burning in her crotch. She felt so hot and wet she thought she would explode if someone didn't fuck her.

Her knees felt weak and she was still breathing hard when Jake closed the distance between her. His tongue entered her mouth, and it was all she could do to hold herself upright. Justin's mouth was just as deadly on her shoulder and her neck. Both men sported erections that pressed into her. She wanted them both, but how was she supposed to do this?

Her legs buckled completely. Jake and Justin let her body crumple to the floor slowly. Jake pulled the boxers down over her knees to reveal her wet pussy. She shivered with the anticipation, knowing something of what was to come and finding satisfaction with both men. If she knew yesterday that they would have asked her to do this, she wouldn't have done it. But it fulfilled a dark fantasy in her that she wanted to live out. She found both men incredibly sexy since the moment she'd laid eyes on them. She was hungry for hot, raw sex. It was always something she denied herself, even when she was in college and everyone else was going to parties and bringing home men. But there was nothing else she wanted more than this right now. She wanted the kind of sex that made you wonder if it was real. She wanted to taste them and feel them both in her. She wanted this. She needed this.

Jake caressed her legs, his warm large hands moved steadily up her thighs, sending chills straight to her core. His mouth followed his fingers, dripping kisses along her inner thighs. His day-old beard chafed her skin, but at the same time it felt good.

Justin pulled the shirt over her head, leaving her completely naked. He cupped one with his hand, squeezing the pink flesh. "Did anyone tell you how beautiful your breasts are?"

"No," she gasped out. No one had ever told her that. Not like this, with that hungry look in their eyes. Justin looked hungry enough to devour her flesh right now.

Jake parted her pink nether lips with his tongue, tasting her sweet nectar. He licked her and sucked her, until she was moaning out in ecstasy.

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Justin was there at her side. He kissed her on the lips, slowly he moved his lips to her jaw, and down her neck, kissing and nipping at her flesh until he reached her breasts. He took her nipple in his mouth and sucked. Dian's eyes closed she let out another moan.

"Pleaaaaaase!!!"

"Please what?" Justin's cocky voice answered her.

"Fuck me! Please fuck me!"

Jake looked at her with a smug smile. He was on her first, entering her with no problem. She was slick with juices, heavily aroused from their love play. He began to pump into her ferociously; every stroke brought her closer to orgasm. Her nerves were super sensitive and her skin tingled with fire.

She looked up to see what had happened to Justin, to find that he was taking off his shirt, revealing his tanned chest. His lean chest was spotted with masculine hair, and another trail began just below his navel. Dian didn't have to wonder long what it led to. He discarded his pants and was by her side again in seconds.

Justin's thick cock was inches from her mouth and before she thought about what she was doing she had it in her hands, pumping it, licking it. The salty taste of him was so delicious that she couldn't stop herself from taking him in deeper until she felt the length of him in the back of her throat.

The physical sensations were overwhelming, and her moans were deafening in her own ears. Her body felt so alive and with one final thrust she went over the peak, her orgasm exploding in her and Jake slumped into her, expending the last of his juice.

"It's my turn, baby." Justin whispered in her ear. Suddenly she felt cold, as Jake's body lifted from hers. It was only moments before she felt Justin take his place spreading her again, bringing her into the throes of orgasm yet again. Her body shuddered in release, finally exhausted from the most incredible sex she ever had.

Afterward Jake and Justin carried her up to Jake's bedroom and they just lay there on the king-sized bed, Dian sandwiched between the two men. She wondered at all that had happened to her in the last two days.

"I can't believe how good that felt." Dian said. "Does this mean you might consider keeping me?"

"Baby, I am not letting you get away," Justin laughed.

"You're a keeper all right," Jake chuckled.

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"So, is that what you want in payment to accept my offer?" Dian said to Justin. Jake had already agreed last night, so she wondered what would happen now.

"I think I will need a few more nights like this to help me make up my mind, baby." She could feel his lips brush against her neck.

"Really? Thank you," Dian chuckled, snuggling deeper between her twins, smiling at the beauty of what they had just shared.

"So what made you decide to come out here if you don't work for the law firm in New York that wanted to buy the land, Dian?"

"I got fired for no good reason and decided to get a little revenge on the guy who made it happen. Of course I never expected revenge to be so good."

"Haven't you heard the saying, 'Revenge can be sweet'?" Justin purred.

"Any sweeter and I would be turning to sugar." Dian replied. Her whole body felt satisfied and content. Both twins were interested in her proposal and Bruce Withers would have to go through her if he wanted the land. She would be able to negotiate a fair price for it when the time came, or her legal knowledge could hold up any development for years. She couldn't have planned a sweeter revenge.

* * * *

She had been having second thoughts all morning. She felt torn between wanting to enjoy being wanted by the two men of her dreams at the same time and feeling like she cheating on both of them with the other one.

Justin talked her into going for a ride alone with him to get to know her better, and it was true. She barely knew the man. She knew every inch of his body but what did she know about the man inside?

The barn was almost as big as the house, and it was filled with horses. Surprisingly it was kept very clean and in good repair for all the horses that had to be looked after. It looked like a lot of work.

One of the three hired men passed them, giving the horses fresh water and food. The barn smelled of old wood, sweet hay and horses. It was a good clean country smell.

Dian felt Justin's hand dip possessively to rest on her butt. She felt excited and at the same time a little nervous. Not that she had anything to be nervous about. She had already spent the night with both brothers and enjoyed every minute of it. She never thought of herself as the type of girl that would do something like that. She always walked the straight

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and narrow, had the usual kind of missionary sex, but these two men tested her boundaries and pushed her to a new high.

She barely spoke to Justin, barely knew the man, but she had opened her legs like a dog in heat, and the way her body was reacting right now, she would do it all over again. She wanted to do it again and at the same time felt a little guilty for feeling that way.

"Did I tell you that I have never ridden a horse before?" She said honestly flustered and unable to remember just what she had told Justin.

"Yes and I remember saying I would help you to find your seat." He gave her ass a light squeeze, eliciting a sharp squeal from Dian. She flushed feeling she may never feel quite steady around Justin.

She had at least spent the day getting to know Jake before she slept with him but Justin was another story. Jake was funny and the man appealed to her on so many levels. Justin was a little rougher around the edges and he exuded a virility and danger that women couldn't help but be attracted to. She also couldn't help but feel a little guilty at being attracted to Justin and Jake at the same time. They looked alike but they were so very different inside.

"So where is this horse you are going to teach me to ride, Justin?"

"You are no fun. I was hoping to teach you to find your seat first."

"You are such a hopeless flirt! Wasn't that supposed to be on a horse?"

"Only if you think you don't need practice."

Dian looked up at him, stunned to see the desire in his eyes, and hear the deeper meaning in his voice. She felt a little breathless with anticipation. This man was dangerous to her senses. A man like him would settle for no less than total domination.

"Riding a horse can't be that difficult. Did you need practice when you learned to ride, Justin?"

"I have been on the back of a horse since before I could walk, sugar." He kicked up a smile with a not so innocent purr to his voice.

"I am a little nervous to get on the back of something so big by myself."

"We'll go together your first time. That's why I had Scott saddle up Midnight."

"Which one is Midnight?" she asked, looking into the stalls, really not thinking much about the horses. She was thinking about him and her.

She had gone about this all backwards, they couldn't possibly have anything close to a normal relationship. They had sex and now they were

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spending time to get to know each other? Was she being as loose and immoral as the man she sought revenge on? She would never have thought about doing two men at the same time before coming here and laying her eyes on these two brothers. It didn't seem like it could work out long term, but she wanted it to.

"Over here." He pointed to the end of the barn, where a giant black workhorse stood, tied to the pen. Dian blinked back her surprise. "Don't worry, he's as gentle as a lamb and he'll hold both of our weight."

"Really?"

He nodded in answer.

"You seem to know an awful lot about horses, Justin."

"Just like you seem to know an awful lot about law."

"Glad to see those five years at Oxford paid off."

"It certainly has. I like my women smart."

Dian blushed again. He made her feel like a woman, soft and feminine. She could appreciate both his quick wit and his body. If she wasn't careful she would fall in love.

"Are you ready for your ride, Dian?" he said, leading her into the pen with the big black horse. He said it innocently enough but with the heat she felt between them it could be taken a number of different ways.

She swallowed nervously, not really knowing why she was nervous. The man had already seen all of her, and she had seen all of him. Even his dimples. "Am I riding you or the horse?"

"Whichever you want, baby, and I promise not to be disappointed if you pick the horse over me."

"Well, then in that case, I think I will have to choose the horse. I know how good you are, but I have never ridden a horse before."

"You wound my pride to compare me with a horse."

"Oh, sorry, you said you wouldn't be hurt."

"I'm not too hurt, just my pride. I know I will get my turn later." Justin checked the saddle before lifting her up in the horse, but not before letting her body slide up against his lean hard body. She let out a gasp as she felt her body immediately react to his. Her nipples tightened into firm peaks, a shiver of anticipation washed over her body. She was already creaming her panties.

Dian let out a sigh of frustration when he finally finished lifting her to the saddle, without so much as a kiss.

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He reached for the lead of the horse and released Midnight from the confines of his pen. Then he led the horse and Dian astride it out of the barn. Once outside, he used the stirrup to climb up behind her.

"I am disappointed you don't want to practice finding your seat with me." He said before clicking his tongue to urge the horse onward.

"Why don't you show me what you mean?"

He placed the reins in her hands and lifted her hands away from the horse's neck. "First thing you should do is to show the horse who is in control. You don't want to confuse the horse, by letting the reins touch his neck and you hold them just so."

"Mmm-hmm, and what did you mean by finding my seat?"

"Having a good seat means you have balance. Whether you are pleasure riding, jumping, or bronco riding, it's important. If you don't have a good seat, you are going to fall off your horse. Finding your seat is the most important part of riding."

"So what do I do?"

"Well first," his hands went to her shoulders, pulling them back to straighten them, then his hands drifted sensuously lower to her waist, "you want to sit up straight. Then when you turn, you always want to turn your head and look where you are headed so you don't get off balance."

"Okay, that sounds easy enough."

"It is easy enough." His voice hardened as he turned serious. "Dian, thank you for coming out riding with me today. I really do want to spend some time with you and have a chance to get to know you better."

"What kind of girl would I be if I didn't want to spend time alone with someone as sexy and hot as you? I wanted to spend time with you too, and it's not like I slept with you just to close the deal. I wanted you since I first saw you and your brother, which both thrilled me and scared me. I am still not sure how this is going to work out, but I don't regret anything."

"It will work out just fine if you give it a chance."

"I believe I might just do that. This has been the best weekend of my life."

"Good, because as our lawyer you need to be very accessible."

"Of course, you will always be able to reach me by phone."

"We'll need you much closer than that. How do you feel about moving in?"

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"I am not sure isn't that a little soon to be taking that kind of step?" That was an awful big step in the relationship game. It would be convenient with her new job, but it would make it far too easy to fall in love with both of her new employers.

"I don't want to pressure you." He swept her blonde hair away from her throat and pressed a light kiss there, just below her ear.

"Good, because if you pressure me like that, I don't think I could fight you for long." Moving in would be convenient, and sinfully more pleasurable than staying in New York. She could always move out again if it didn't work out and go back to work in New York. Really there was nothing to lose.

"Now that I know what works I will have to try harder." He sucked her neck lightly. Then he began tracing light kisses down her collar bone.

"What the hell, I'll move in with you two, but first I have some loose ends in my life I need to wrap up."

"Good. I'll help." He fingered her nipples through her shirt, sending erotic chills down her spine. She arched her neck granting him better access with his ravaging mouth.

"Justin!" she laughed. "If you don't stop kissing me like that I am going to have to change my mind about where I learn to find my seat."

"I was hoping you would give me a turn." Justin cupped her breasts awakening the fire within. A moan escaped her lips. "That's why we are headed to the hunting cabin, to practice finding your seat."

"Oh, goody, I always liked being on top."

* * * *

"You can't do this," Bruce Withers hissed. Two members of his lawyer team were sitting by his side at the large oak table. Dian was happily settled in a seat in between her twin clients across the table from him.

"Not only can I, but I already did." Dian noted Bruce Withers' mottled complexion with satisfaction. "This made everything worth it, to see the moment realization hit. He was defeated by the very woman he set out to destroy."

"You are still a little wheel. You have a lot to learn before you run with the big boys, Dian."

Her ex-boss Sampson interrupted, "Senator Farrell has already approved that land for eminent domain, because the land will provide the community a sizeable economic growth. Do you think you are going to be able to stop the wheels of progress?"

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"Don't I? How much do you have invested in this little deal, Bruce?" She calmly raised three fingers and started ticking them off. "You spent half a million getting Senator Farrell into office and paying for his campaign for all the good it did you."

"Senator Farrell—"

"Works for me now." Dian cut him off. "I figure you spent close to a million to pay him off and grant the eminent domain to you, and another million to the university. Which was very pleased by the size of your generous gift by the way."

Bruce exploded, his fists slamming into the table. "It wasn't a gift!"

"Then what was it, Bruce?"

He silently refused to answer, his eyes glared back at her, the vein on his temple was throbbing. Dian really liked having him in such a vulnerable position. She had him by the balls and he knew it.

She crossed her arms over her chest and smirked back at him. "You don't want to say it because it wasn't a gift. It was a bribe to get your construction crew on the job wasn't it, Bruce?"

Dian watched his face mottle again. He was so angry he looked like he might explode. She was savoring the heady feeling of power she felt. "Don't worry, Bruce, I cleared up that miscommunication for you and the staff of the university understands what the ramifications will be if the bids are not open to the public."

"Bitch."

"This meeting was for your benefit Bruce and a warning for the future. I figure you are out three and a half million or so, but it will be a lot more if you refuse to leave it alone."

"You are a bitch."

"Only for you, Bruce."

Bruce kicked his chair over and he hurdled the table in seconds, making a lunge for Dian. He wanted to throttle her and he looked angry enough to kill her. Bruce's fists came out swinging. Time seemed to slow down, Dian stepped back, and the twins who had been calmly sitting to either side of her intervened. Justin knocked him to the floor and Jake wrenched Bruce's arms behind his back making him cry out in pain. Justin helped to hold him down using his body weight.

"I'll have you arrested for assault!" Bruce cried out in frustration. His two lawyers stood up as if unsure of whether to intervene, but neither was a match physically for the twins.

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Dian didn't try to curb the anger from her voice. "Just try and charge anyone and I will see you arrested for a lot more than that. Let's see we have attempted assault, sexual harassment and intimidation, libel, corruption and bribery of a politician and the list goes on and on. This meeting is adjourned Bruce."

"You'll never get away with this bitch!"

"I already did. Didn't I warn you not to make an enemy of me?" She warned. "Let's go, boys." Jake and Justin released the stunned and defeated Bruce Withers and linked arms with Dian on either sides of her.

Revenge was certainly sweet.

Missy Lyons

About the Author

Missy Lyons was one of four girls born in Santa Maria, California. She grew up along the beach and back in the country, catching lizards and climbing trees. No one knew she would grow up to have such a romantic heart from the tomboy she was as a child. She is currently trying to be a city girl living with her family in Nashville Tennessee, working in both the Health care industry and in Real Estate.

She has a weakness for chocolate, caffeine, cheesecake, cute fuzzy kittens, and kids.

Missy loves to write romance and about strong women finding the love of their life. She is a multi-genre author ranging from contemporary romance to fantasy. Her favorite genre to write is paranormal romances. From dragons to real life, her work is inspired by fairy tales and daydreams.

You can see more of her work at www.missylyons.com.

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