



Claiming CHARITY

THE DEBTOR'S DAUGHTERS BOOK 3

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Claiming Charity

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

The Debtor's Daughters

CLAIMING CHARITY

Lacey Thorn

Dedication

To the girls Shel and Mel, may we always laugh, always smile and always dream
And to my mom who never let me lose faith in myself, I love you and miss you with every
breath I take

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Prologue

He'd watched the body of the only woman he would ever love as it was placed into the cold hard ground. He'd watched and died himself as his five daughters, the oldest holding the youngest, had looked on. He'd watched and cursed every single one of them for every moment that they had pulled her from him when she'd still breathed. He'd watched the flowers follow the coffin down, watched the first handful of dry earth tossed on top. He'd watched with dry eyes, empty inside, dead and void of all emotion.

She was gone. She who had completed him in ways that even he would never truly understand. Now she no longer existed, not in this world anyway. And as far as he was concerned he no longer existed either, didn't want to exist in a world without her. He'd never forget the first time that he had met her, the beauty that radiated around her. And when she had turned and smiled at him in the pure honest way that was uniquely her own, he'd fallen in love with her right then.

Now... Now he couldn't breathe. He could feel his lungs burning, demanding air that he just couldn't seem to inhale.

People walked by, patting or touching him in some way. Words floated on the air all around him but he made no sense of what they were. Hell, he had no desire to see anyone, to be with anyone, not even the daughters they'd made together. He wanted to sink down into the grave with her, to lie beside her in the gilded coffin, to hold her in death as he had every day of their lives together.

Finally he stood alone by her grave site, her final resting place. It killed him to think of her there in the cold ground, alone. She'd never been one for the dark and he would not leave her alone this first night. He couldn't if he wanted to. He noticed their oldest daughter, Faith out of the corner of his eye and reluctantly turned to face her. She held baby Destiny in her arms, the one so recently born to them. God how he hated the sight of her at the moment, of all of them.

"Go home Faith, and take your sisters with you," he demanded though his voice wasn't as strong and firm as he thought.

"But what about you Daddy?" Her voice was filled with concern and other emotions that he was incapable of dealing with right now.

"Just go!" His voice was loud now and harsh. He knew she would see the anger in his eyes, the pain on his face, but he cared little.

Vaguely he took note of the way she corralled her sisters and tugged them towards the path that would lead to home. The graveyard was a private, family-owned one that lay within a few miles of the house they had called home. It would never be a home again, not without her in it. Her laughter would no longer fill the emptiness. Her smile would no longer light the way home.

He fell to his knees beside her final resting place and screamed his fury to the heavens, the God he'd once loved.

"Why? Why would you take her from me? What have I done to deserve so great a punishment?" He wanted to rip his hair out as her death had ripped his heart out. "And why couldn't you have taken me instead? Why not me? I can't do this without her. I can't live without her. She was everything, everything to me and you tore her away. And now I can't breathe. I can't feel. I can't live."

He curled onto his side and cried like a young boy, one hand stretched out to her. "So you did take us both. For as surely as she is dead so am I. Only a shell is left, an empty shell with no more purpose."

He laid there for a while, his mind playing a constant stream of memories like a video recording of the life they had shared, the love they had made. Gone. Now all he had were the memories and they weren't enough, not nearly enough. He wanted more, deserved more.

"Please let me die. Please take me with her. Please, if you've any love for your greatest creation then let me go with her. Let me go with her!"

He cried again and must have fallen asleep for when he awoke he was cold. He must have turned towards her in his sleep for both hands were in the loose soil atop her grave. Gone. She was still gone. And surely God was cruel after all. For he was still alive.

It would be many months before he would be sober enough to feel anything again. And by that point he was in so deep that he wished for the oblivion the bottle of whisky brought. At that point he was a little relieved that she wasn't there to see the mess he had made of his life, their daughters lives. Heaven knew that she would not be happy with him. There would be no understanding in her eyes when she looked at him, no love. No. She would kill him.

And the good Lord knew that he deserved it. He had definitely made a mess of things. Now he just had to figure out how to save the five gifts he had been given, the beautiful reminders of the one he loved so much. One at a time he would see that they all escaped the fate he had given them.

Chapter One

Charity glanced out the cabin window at the growing darkness and prayed for a miracle. Her older sisters Faith and Hope had both received one so surely God wouldn't forget her. But then they had been granted a better chance at escape than she was. No he wasn't taking any chances this time around. She had been moved to the cabin and would soon meet her new roommate, a man that her father had actually helped to hire. This man was being paid to make sure that she stuck around until the wedding date. She hoped with all her heart that she would escape despite the odds they had gone to.

Charity was the middle of the five sisters with Faith and Hope the oldest and Prudence and Destiny the youngest. Being the middle daughter had been both a blessing and a curse. She'd been given more free time but she'd often been overlooked as well. Of course now she would give anything for some actual free time. And heaven knew that she would love it if her fiancé would overlook her, if everyone would just forget that she even existed.

Charity walked away from the window back towards the dining table and sat with an exaggerated sigh on one of the four chairs. Faith had managed to disappear the night before her wedding. They had heard from her when she was far enough away to ensure that no one would be coming after her. Faith was happy now with Jake Daniels. He had fallen for her on one of his many visits to town and then came back for her when he heard she was to be married. It was so romantic that it made Charity long for someone like that in her life. It would be fantastic to have someone just come in and sweep her off her feet. But she had no lost love, no suitor she had exchanged shy glances with while strolling through town. So there would be no rescue for her.

Hope had used the festival as a means to escape. She was happy now too though Charity had no idea where her older sister was. She knew only that she was travelling with two men who she had met onboard a boat. They were detectives of some sort and Hope was having the time of her life with them. But Charity saw no means such as those on her horizon. For one, there was no festival for months to come. For another, her newly hired roommate was employed to make sure that such a thing didn't occur.

Both of her older sisters were happy. Both had escaped the trap that had been laid for them and found a different life for themselves out in the world. Charity wanted that for herself as well. She wanted to just be able to go, to leave this small Texas town behind and not look back. But could she do it? Could she leave her two younger sisters to experience a similar fate when she couldn't do it herself? What could have possibly happened in their lives to bring them all to this place, this event, this horrible twist of fate? What had she done in her life to deserve this?

She threw her hands out and pounded on the table top. She hated her father for the situation he had placed her in. It was his doing that had her about to marry a man way too old for her, a man that repulsed her in every way possible. He was fat and bald, which wasn't even the worst of it. No, the worst was his personality, what there was of it. He reminded her of the toad mother from the tale of Thumbelina. She hadn't thought of that childhood story in a long time. Maybe she should pray for fairy wings and to be the size of a thimble. Maybe she should just finish going crazy and call it a day. She leaned her head down on her arms and wanted to cry, wanted to laugh but was far too angry to do either.

So she did the only other thing she could think of. She lifted her head high, arched her neck and opened her mouth on a piercing shriek that helped relieve some of the tension she felt. She beat her fisted hands on the table and kicked her feet on the floor.

"Wow, never really been greeted that way before."

Charity cut the scream off midstream, stopped flailing around like a mad woman and turned her head towards the door. There was a rather large man standing in the cabin doorway. She hadn't even heard the door open, hadn't heard the sound of a vehicle approaching the cabin at all. Perhaps she should have been paying more attention to her surroundings and a little less energy venting.

He was tall with broad shoulders. His black hair was short on his neck but thick and full on his head, the lush locks just begging for her to run her fingers through them. He smiled and there were twin dimples on each side of his very kissable looking mouth. But it was his eyes that drew her to him. Thick black lashes curved around the greenest eyes she'd ever seen. His eyes were so bright that she could see them from where she sat at the table and they were absolutely beautiful. As was the gorgeous specimen of mankind that stood before her. Maybe God smiled on her after all. Surely this man was sent to save her, not jail her.

Charity had long heard what a beauty she was with her long blonde hair and blue eyes. And she did have long legs, well formed breasts that were high and firm and an all over fit body. She'd always been an athlete and did her best to eat right and exercise daily. Now it was time to put that beauty to good use and see if she could get out of her current situation. She had to get a little information from Mr. Tall, Dark and Handsome first though. That would be the key to getting away from here.

"So, are you the bodyguard?" she asked him doing her best to look casual as she shifted in the chair and crossed her long legs.

He licked his lips as he eyed her and nodded. She definitely had his attention and planned to do whatever she needed to in order to keep it.

"So do you have a name?" she asked and smiled at him.

He smiled in a way that sent tingles to all her feminine places and nodded. "Deverau. Deverau James."

"Is that first and last or last then first?" Charity wasn't sure what his first name was.

Deverau laughed and this time it was Charity's turn to catch her breath. "First and last. Mom had a great sense of humour. She decided since I would have a first name for my last that I should have a last name for my first."

Charity laughed as well. "Sounds like an intriguing woman, your mother."

Deverau's smile disappeared. "She was." There was a sadness in his eyes that she could understand all too well.

"I'm sorry Deverau," Charity said and meant it more than he could know. After all she knew what it was like to lose a mother. She had only the very vaguest of memories when it came to the woman who had given birth to her. But they were the happiest memories she had. Times filled with laughter and joy, with her father's laughter and joy.

"Thank you," he said with a nod as he moved into the room, "and you can call me Dev."

"Nice to meet you Dev." Charity stood from the chair and made for the cabin door which still stood wide open. "You left the door open. We try not to do that in this part of the country. Wild animals and such." She grinned at him as she reached to shut it.

"Yeah," Dev nodded as he tossed a bag on the floor by the sofa. "Unfortunately the only wild animal out there at the moment is my brother. Douglass is getting some other supplies from the truck."

"Douglass?" she questioned and turned to glance out the door. What she saw was a carbon copy of the man in the cabin right down to the green eyes. Heaven help her there were two of them. She must have died and gone to heaven or someplace very similar. Then she remembered that he was her body guard, maybe both of them were. So maybe she was in hell to be surrounded by the two finest specimens of the male population and have them be saving her from escaping the worst example of the male population. Fate was still toying with her.

"Hey darling," the man named Douglass said. "Hope this cabin is big enough for three." He stepped past her, his arms filled with duffel bags, sleeping bags and a couple of pillows. "Damn, it might get a little cosy over the next few days. Hope you aren't the shy retiring type."

Charity laughed and shook her head at him. "No, I've never been accused of being a shy girl. If anything I'm just the opposite."

"Was that you I heard screaming like a banshee when I was unloading the Jeep?" His eyes sparked with humour when he looked at her.

"Sorry," she had the grace to blush with embarrassment. "I felt the need to release some tension. I'm not usually so...vocal," she added at a loss for what to say. It was not the way she would have chosen to meet them for the first time.

"No problem, darling," Douglass grinned at her. "All kinds of ways to relieve tension. You just chose the one that worked best for you."

"And what would you do to relieve tension?" she queried though she had an idea of what activity they would choose. And man would she love to see them hot and sweaty and...

Douglass grinned at her. Dev laughed and Charity wondered which brother she might be able to seduce into helping her escape. Her glance flickered back and forth between the two men and Charity smiled a smile that had both of the brothers' full attention. Why not just seduce them both? With a turn she shut the door and flicked the lock. She had three days to convince them to help her. The way they were looking at her she was betting it would barely take one, if even that. One thing was for sure. She was going to have the best time of her life trying.

Doug couldn't help but to shake his head when he entered and saw the woman that they were to guard. She was gorgeous. Absolutely gorgeous. Hands down the most beautiful

woman he'd ever seen. Long blonde hair flowed down her back and her big baby blues were as pure as the morning sky on a sunny day. She had long legs and curves in all the right places. No wonder the old man was worried she wouldn't make it to the wedding day. There must be a million men out there that would be willing to do anything to stop her from marrying someone else, men who would want her for their own. He couldn't help but wonder who the hell she was to marry. And why it seemed they thought she might run away before the vows could be exchanged.

One look at Dev and he knew that his brother only had one thing on his mind. Getting to know the bride-to-be really well. Preferably in the biblical sense. Dev was a walking hormone at times. Of course if Doug were honest he'd admit that he wanted the same thing from this woman. Hell, he'd love to get her naked and have his wicked, and he did mean wicked, way with her. He'd help her work off all the tension that she needed to. He'd love nothing more than to lay her across the top of that sturdy looking dining table and spread her shapely legs wide. Maybe he'd put them over his shoulders while he tasted the honey she would most definitely have between her thighs. God knew he wanted to ram his dick so deep inside her tight little cunt that she choked on it. And the thought of her choking on it, of his cock buried between those lush lips was enough to have him shaking his head and thinking of a cold shower.

She was the job and he never mixed business with pleasure. Dev on the other hand had no such compulsions. So he'd have to watch his brother closely. And the way that the girl was eyeing them... Well, it had his blood pumping again just fine. At this rate he'd be just like his brother, a walking hard-on.

"So you're Charity?" Dev asked as he took a seat at the dining table.

"Yes," Charity smiled and it was a smile designed to easily bring a man to his knees with untold promises dripping from his tongue. And man was it working. He wanted to drop and place the world at her feet.

"Nice to meet you," Doug interrupted drawing her attention his way. She was such a visual treat, a virtual feast for the eyes.

"Wish I could say the same," she murmured just loud enough for them to hear as she headed towards the low slung couch by where Doug was dropping their stuff.

"Not happy to see us," Dev laughed standing once more, Doug suspected so that he wouldn't lose sight of her. "That's a first. Most women are more than happy to see us coming."

The pun was definitely intended if he knew his brother. And the wicked gleam in Dev's eye suggested as much. But it was Charity's eyes that caught his attention and it was a look that wiped the humour out of Dev's eyes as well. They fairly breathed fire when she looked up and replied.

"I'm sure under the right circumstances I'd be just as happy to see you both coming," she jabbed back at them, accepting the pun and throwing it right back. "But most women are a little tense when it comes to being confronted with their jailors. Or at least I assume so." She brought her legs up onto the couch and bent them up beside her. "This is my first term as a prisoner so excuse me if I don't act accordingly."

Doug joined her on the couch sitting to the right of her legs so that his knee just nudged her feet. "Prisoner huh?" he queried. "I thought we were just watching over you to make sure that you stayed safe. No man wants to see his bride unable to walk down the aisle on that special day."

"Unable?" She laughed out loud but there didn't seem to be any humour in the sound. "Try unwilling. And then explain that to me. Why would any man want such an unwilling bride?" She seemed genuinely confused at such a thought.

"Unwilling?" Dev joined them on the couch taking up the other side of her, his thigh touching her folded knees. "Are you saying that you're being forced into this?"

"Forced, coerced, pushed, blackmailed...the list could go on and on," she replied with the same bitter laugh. Her eyes glanced towards the window and there was a yearning in them. "Three days until I walk down the aisle and marry a man I don't love, could never love, was never even given a chance to know. Three days until I become a pretty possession. Three days," she sighed the last and it was all Doug could do not to grab her and pull her into his arms.

Dev had no such reservations. He reached out and tilted her face up to his. "You say that as if your life is over in three days. Can it really be so bad?"

"It will be," she stated matter-of-factly, not even a whisper of doubt in her voice.

"Marriage can be the beginning of something great," Dev tried to assure her, ever the hopeless romantic. "Two people becoming one and starting a whole new part of their lives."

"With love," Charity said. "With love or hell, even with a healthy lust it could be a beginning. But for me that possibility doesn't even exist."

"Can he really be that bad, that unredeemable?" Doug found himself repeating his brother's earlier words. But when she turned her face towards him and he was confronted for the first time with the full scope of her sorrow he couldn't stop his own hand from reaching out to cup her chin.

"You've met him. What do you think?" She whispered as she seemed to melt into his touch.

Doug was confused for a moment. The only person that he and Dev had met was a much older man, very over-weight and bald with a very nasty temper. He glanced over at his brother in horror as the truth hit him like a ton of bricks.

"He's your fiancé?" he couldn't keep the incredulous disgust from his voice. "How in the world did that happen?"

"My father," she stated and glanced back out the window. "Three more days of freedom," she sighed. "Or as much freedom as this cabin allows."

"What would you like to do? What would be your wish on how to spend these last three days of freedom?" Doug asked and Dev looked at him with surprise. Doug was the level headed one, the thinker, the analyzer. Dev was the fly-by-the-seat-of-his-pants twin.

She smiled and it was the saddest smile either man had ever seen. "I'd go to the shore. Just for a few days." She closed her eyes and breathed deep as if she were smelling something that only she could. "Just to breathe the gulf air, to feel the sand beneath my toes and the lap of the water on my feet. Just to taste a moment of freedom for once in my entire life. No father, no sisters, no fiancé. Just me. For once in my life I just want to be me."

Doug stood up from the couch and reached down to tug on Charity's hand until she dropped her feet to the floor and joined him. "Then pack a bag sweetheart because your wish is ours to grant."

"What? You're supposed to be guarding me," she stated, hopeful but unwilling to believe that he actually meant to take her away from here.

"And we will," he assured her. "We'll be your shadows the entire few days."

"Are you serious?" she queried and he could see the desperate hope in her blue eyes.

"Absolutely," he said.

"But your job?" she asked a part of her not wanting to get these two men in trouble, not even if it gave her the opportunity to escape.

"I'll be doing my job. We were hired to watch you, protect you. We were told to meet you here. But no one said that we had to stay here." Doug wasn't quite prepared when she launched herself at him and squeezed him tight. The feel of her body pressed so tightly to his had his dick flexing in his pants and his hands automatically bracing on her hips just along the curve of her ass. It was lush and ripe and he'd give anything to bend her over the dining table at this point.

"Please be serious," she implored and when he nodded she jumped a little rubbing her breasts along his chest and her belly along his hardened cock. He could feel the stab of her nipples and he was sure that she had to know he was rock hard for her.

"Two days of freedom," she breathed gazing up at him. "How will I ever repay you for this?"

"Us," Dev said as he came to stand just behind her trapping her body between them. Doug could feel the shiver run through her slender frame and hoped it was one of pleasure. Dev flashed his lethal grin and cupped her turned face in his hands. "I'm sure you'll think of something."

"I'm sure I will," she agreed and with one more wiggle and bounce she shifted out from between them and raced across the room towards another door, one Doug presumed belonged to the bedroom.

She came back out almost immediately carrying a duffel bag very similar to theirs. "Well, what are you waiting for?" she fairly strummed with excitement. "Grab your gear and let's get going. We can be at the shore by afternoon. I know exactly where we can stay. But let's stop at the shore first. I want to see the shore."

Doug grinned. Dev laughed. They both grabbed the gear they'd just lugged in from the floor and followed her out the door. She had a spring in her step and a laugh on her lips. She jumped in the back of the Jeep and leaned up between the seats while they stowed gear and then climbed in to join her.

"If you get me to the beach early enough to take a swim I'll be very appreciative later," she promised in a sultry voice.

"Very appreciative, huh?" Dev asked with a twinkle in his eyes. "I'm sure Doug can manage that."

Doug started the car already planning the quickest route to the coast. But he couldn't help thinking how wrong it was to be lusting after the bride of a man who had hired them to watch over her. Some sins were just made to be committed was all that he could think. Because he had no doubt that Charity would be naked and writhing in ecstasy between him and Dev before the night was over. He had never prayed so hard for the end of daylight.

Chapter Two

Charity loved the feel of the air washing over her skin, blowing through her hair as they drove closer towards the gulf coast. She could already feel the sand beneath her toes, the water lapping at her as she walked along the shore. And her two escorts. What was she to think about them? They were giving her exactly what she'd hoped for. It had been in her head to play on their emotions, their chivalry and get them to take her away from the cabin, from the future that awaited if she remained there. Instead she had thrown caution to the wind and actually opened up and shared herself. And they had given her everything, the entire world. At least for a few days. And tonight, when she got them to the secluded house she knew her father had once visited so often... Well she had every intention of repaying them for their help.

She was out of the car before it came to a complete stop and heading down to the waterline at a rush. She wanted to dive right in but held back as she heard the approach of the men behind her. They were very quick in catching up to her. She laughed out loud. Were they taking their job seriously or was there perhaps another reason for their rush? Were they as hungry for what the night might hold as she was?

"We shouldn't stay out here too long." It was Dev who spoke first as they closed her in between them. "It's too public. Anyone could see us here and report back."

"Who in the world would report back when you're both here with me?" Charity asked with another carefree laugh. The air was already working on relaxing her and she couldn't wait to dive beneath the cool water.

"Charity, we came to the shore first just as you requested but don't be foolish." Doug stepped in front of her, blocking her view and demanding her attention. "Just because we're with you doesn't mean that your fiancé didn't hire more people to watch over you."

She glanced around her now trying to take in anything or anyone out of place. Was he serious about there being someone else possibly watching her? Would her fiancé really go that far? Would her father? "Do you think that we were followed?"

"Not that I'm aware of," Dev stated assuredly. "But I'd rather not take unnecessary chances. Is there someplace a little less open that we can go to instead? The place you spoke of earlier?" He gestured around them as he asked.

Charity felt a cold chill chase down her spine. She didn't know if she sensed something or if it was just the fear returning. Of course they would go as far as they needed to ensure this bride, this daughter, would make the walk down the aisle. She could not lose this time. She had to get Dev and Doug to the cabin and the private cove. In two days she must convince them to take her away from here for good. It was the only chance that she had of escaping a future that she both feared and reviled.

"Yes, I know exactly where we can go. My dad used to visit a small cabin just up the road a bit. It's off the beaten path and I'm fairly sure that no one will find us there." Charity turned and headed back to the Jeep with Doug and Dev on her heels.

"Your dad's? The man who arranged this marriage of yours?" The doubt was ripe in Dev's voice. "You sure about going there? No place else you can think of for us to go for a few days."

"I'm sure we could find some place to hide out for the few days that we'll be here," Doug added.

"Yes," she assured them both as they climbed back into the car. "He hasn't used it in years. It was a private get-away for him and my mother. I doubt they ever shared its exact location with anyone else."

"Point the way then. Is there a place there for you to get your swim in?" Doug asked as he started the vehicle and pulled out. "I hate for you to miss anything that brings that spark to your eyes. Just the mere thought of being in the water lights you up like a Christmas tree."

"Oh, yes," her laugh was back and ripe with anticipation. "I was just a girl when I went there last. I hope that it is still the same. There was this small cove set apart from the rest of the beach, private and beautiful. The water is so deep and refreshing that my sisters and I spent the entire day there." She laughed, caught up in memories of much happier times, times when her mother was still alive. "My dad had to drag us away with threats of no dinner or bedtime story." She sighed wistfully. "We still didn't want to leave but we all knew that mama would be waiting at the cabin with dinner ready. So we grumbled our way back dad following every step of the way. And sure enough Mom had dinner on the table. She was standing in the door cradling Destiny in her arms. I'll never forget the way she looked

that day, the way the sun glinted on her hair. The gentleness and love that showed on her face and the pure the joy that lit her eyes when we all trooped in. It was a moment that I will treasure all my life." She sighed wistfully longing for the peace and joy that had once filled her childhood.

"Sounds like you had a happy childhood at least," Doug commented then looked over her to catch his brother's eyes and exchange some private word. That must be one of the perks of being identical twins. Charity envied them that connection. Although she was close to her sisters, their bond wasn't anything like what she was witnessing between these two.

Luckily, they followed her directions to the letter and let the silence reign. She wondered if they were as lost in thoughts of the past as she was. They'd all lost their mothers as children and she couldn't imagine a greater loss for a child. When they finally pulled off onto the path that led from the main road to the cabin Doug said that he was glad of the Jeep. It didn't really appear that very many] other vehicles would be able to get through here. The path was choked with weeds and vines and a myriad of things that had overgrown and encroached on what had once been a well kept path according to Charity.

"Are you sure this is the way?" Dev asked taking in the area around them as they bounced and jarred over the terrain. If there had been a road it couldn't have been much of one and time had certainly worked its magic to obscure any remnants.

"Yes," Charity assured them for what felt like the hundredth time. "Slow down, there's going to be a turn off soon." She watched and watched and finally shouted, "There!" Her finger pointed to the left but neither man could see a path of any kind.

"Trust me," she told them insisting that they head the way she pointed.

This one was even worse and they had to duck several times to keep from getting their heads bumped by low hanging tree limbs. But sure enough about a mile further and there was a cabin coming into view.

"You weren't kidding about it being a while since anyone has been here. Good grief!" Dev exclaimed as another limb tried to knock him out.

Doug pulled the jeep to a stop and turned it off. The cabin was just a few feet away.

"This Jeep isn't going any further. This path, if you really want to call it that, is too over-run. We can walk from here." Doug looked around and groaned. "Hell, as it is I don't know how long it will take us to back out of here."

"Back out?" Charity asked with surprise.

"Do you see a place to turn around at?" Doug asked and then laughed when she wrinkled her nose and shook her head. "It will be all right Charity. I'll get us out of here."

"Maybe I want to stay," she murmured under her breath as she grabbed her bag and jumped out. But both men heard her and shared another look that spoke louder than words on how they felt about that. No woman should be forced to marry someone she didn't want to, especially in this day and age.

"So do we have to worry about some psycho killer hiding out here?" Dev asked trying to make things light again. "Hell, it sure looks like one of the places in those movies where the weirdo in whatever mask of choice comes calling with his knife or chainsaw or machete." He pulled Charity close to him as they continued towards the cabin.

"Making me what?" Charity queried. "The stupid blonde? I don't think so. And what are you hanging on me for?" She laughed and batted him away from her. "You think that I am going to save your sorry ass from the big bad? Some bodyguard you're turning out to be."

He tugged her back to him and swept her up and over his shoulder. "Never fear. I'll take care of you and we'll leave Doug to take care of the big bad. He's so much meaner than me anyway."

She laughed again and swatted him playfully on the butt which was what she had the best view of in her upside down position. "Then maybe I should align myself with him and leave you to the big bad," she teased.

"Why don't we all just head into the cabin and see where we're going to be staying for the next few days." He shook his head and tried to hide the grin that tugged on his lips. "Hopefully it's in much better shape than the path we took to get here."

Charity entered the cabin and almost choked on the stale air and layers of dust that covered everything. Lord she had to get some of the windows open and fresh air inside as soon as possible. First she wanted to check the bedroom and see what sort of surprises she might find there.

Nothing good. She groaned as she took in the bare mattress and the mouse holes in it. It looked like someone, she shuddered, or something had been using the cabin. She pulled the door shut and backed out. She just hoped that they had confined themselves to the bedroom and not taken over the rest of the cabin. She didn't fear them but that didn't mean that she

wanted to wake up next to them either. She laughed. Of course that pretty much explained why she was running from her fiancé and impending wedding.

"The bedroom is a no go," she informed them loving the fact that Dev was already opening windows while Doug inspected the sparse furnishings in the main room of the cabin. "We'll have to sleep out here. Hope you guys brought an extra sleeping bag." When they both looked at her with twin grins she couldn't help but tack on, "or don't mind sharing." Their grins definitely took a sexual turn and she added one more thing, "with each other." Both faces fell, mouths falling open at her words and she let the laughter bubble out of her and fill the room. It seemed like so long since she had laughed this much.

"We'll have to see what kind of arrangements we can make," Doug stated as he pulled cushions off the sofa and pulled out the folded mattress. It had holes in it but he lifted it and looked. "It looks like the visitors have found other accommodations. So if we both throw our sleeping bags up here we should all be able to rest comfortably." He glanced at his brother and then they both looked at her.

"I'll see how the rest of today goes," she promised them but she already knew what she planned to do with them tonight. Even if fate decreed that she did have to go back and marry, she'd at least have this moment, this magical time with Dev and Doug. She planned to make the most of it.

"Well gentlemen, we have a lot of work to do if we are going to get this cabin ready for us to spend the next few days here. Which reminds me, did you guys happen to bring any food? Or is that cooler I saw filled with liquid refreshments?"

"Both," Dev assured her with a smile.

"Then let's get to work guys. I want to check on that cove before dark." She turned towards the kitchen and the cleaning supplies she hoped were still under the sink. "I brought this tiny little bikini my sister Faith sent me for my birthday. I can't wait to try it out."

Dev and Doug both swallowed audibly and turned to follow Charity into the kitchen. She just bet they would love to see her in the bikini as well. Of course, hopefully, they would prefer to see her in her birthday suit more. They exchanged a look and it was easy to see that they were sharing the same thought, one of Charity between them, naked and writhing in ecstasy.

"Tell us where you want us to start," Dev invited. The sooner they got all this done, the sooner they would move on to other more entertaining activities.

Doug just grinned and bowed gallantly from the waist. "Your wish is ours to fulfil."

"You just want to see that bikini," she shook her head at them.

"No," Doug assured her. "I want to see you in that bikini."

Charity laughed and they all set to work making the cabin habitable. There were a lot of heated looks exchanged between her and the twins. There was intentional brushing of bodies against one another and by the time they were finished Charity was sure that she wasn't the only one on edge from all the sexual tension that surrounded them. Her body burned. Her breasts were tight and full, the nipples pressing against her T-shirt. Her stomach was filled with butterflies at the thought of what the rest of the day could hold for her.

Her pussy was wet and with every step she took she could feel the moisture coating her panties making the brush of the damp cloth against her engorged clit a slow torture all of its own. She was more than ready to change and head to the cove. Hell, she was more than ready to strip naked and see what other form of entertainment Doug and Dev could come up with. She laughed softly having a perfect thought of what would be 'up' with them. She'd never been this horny in her life. And all the rubbing assured her that both men were feeling the same way.

Dev came up behind her allowing his body to brush along her back. There was no denying the hard cock she felt behind his zipper. She almost moaned out loud at the desire it sent through her body. "You ready to change and cool off?" His voice purred close to her ear sending more shivers down her spine.

"Oh, yes," she moaned agreeing to much more than he had voiced.

Doug cleared his throat breaking the sensual spell they all seemed to be under. "Then I suggest you hit the bathroom while we change out here. Then we'll all head out for that refreshing swim."

Charity snagged her bag from the pile they'd left by the door and headed off. "I'll call out before I open the door back up. Just to make sure that you're both decent." She actually blushed when she said it.

"We might be dressed Charity," Dev called after her, "but I'm not sure we'll be decent."

She felt another shiver travel through her body. There was so much promise in that voice, so much desire for her and she wanted it, wanted them. Yes, she knew exactly how the night would end. With all of them together, naked and thoroughly sated.

She entered the bathroom and leaned back against the door trying to calm her rioting pulse. She could easily picture how the night might go. She eased her clothes off and let her hand find the pulsing centre that craved something stronger than her touch. She closed her eyes and let her fingers move over the familiar flesh, stroking and touching just as she pleased. It would be so much better with them.

She thought they both would prove great lovers. They were twins after all. She doubted they would have the same technique in bed though. She slid two fingers inside the wet sheath of her pussy and rubbed them along the walls. It felt so good that she had to bite her bottom lip to hold back the moan that wanted to escape. She wanted it to be their fingers, or even better their cocks touching her, sliding inside her.

She brought her other hand up to her mouth and put two fingers inside her mouth. The fantasy came to life in her mouth. The fingers in her pussy became Dev's. Her thumb rubbing in circles over her clit his tongue. She could feel him there, the brush of his hair on her inner thighs. She worked her hips, fucking the face that filled her mind. Her fingers picked up the rhythm, fucking in and out of her faster, harder. Her breath caught in her throat as she pushed down on her clit with her thumb. In her mind the sharp sting was that of Dev's teeth.

The fingers in her mouth became Doug's engorged cock. She sucked greedily at it pulling it as far into her mouth as she could. She wanted it all, wanted to taste him in the back of her throat, wanted to choke on him. She was hungry and greedy with it. Her tongue licked and wrapped around the digits sucking and working them in the way only a woman of oral talents could.

This was what she wanted. This was the fantasy that refused to leave her alone. Both sets of fingers became cocks fucking her, hard and fast. Each sharp stroke brought her closer and closer to the rapturous end that lay just out of reach. No matter how hard she reached for it, her orgasm stayed away. The harder she worked for it the more elusive it became.

Finally with a harsh groan she pulled her hands away. She wanted to scream with frustration. What she had thought would be a harmless way to take the edge off had only served to make her worse. Her skin was a hundred times more sensitive. Her nipples were so hard that they hurt. Her clit was too hard, too engorged, too needy. Her pussy throbbed and pulsed demanding the vision her fantasy had brought to her. It wanted to be filled. She wanted to be fucked.

She turned the water on in the sink and splashed some on her face trying to cool the rush of blood in her veins. The only thing left was for her to slip into the bikini she'd brought with her. She seriously hoped she wouldn't be in it for very long. Hell, at this point she was afraid she might spontaneously combust from all the heat coursing through her. The only thing she felt like focusing on at the moment was getting naked and wet with her two guards. And she didn't care how.

Chapter Three

The water felt wonderful washing over her skin as she walked deeper into the pool. Though the vegetation had grown high around the cove that only added to the ambiance of where they were. It helped to hide it and make it even more of a secret garden oasis. It added an element of romance, of seclusion from the rest of the world. It was as if they had stepped into a different place and time where nothing existed but them and this moment.

Charity had led the way and when the guys had made a path for her through the overgrowth she had walked right to the edge of the cove. It looked as cool and inviting as her childhood memory recalled. She had dropped her cover, stepped out of her shoes and immediately walked in. Within a few feet there was the drop off and she swam to the centre laughter bubbling off her lips. Two shadows appeared under the water and then with a tug she gasped for air before she plunged beneath the surface to join them.

They all resurfaced together and Charity was more than happy to find herself sandwiched between them. Both men were extremely aroused and she anticipated just how good it would feel to be with them, sexually. She was still so on edge from her earlier attempt at release that she was sure it wouldn't take much to push her over. Maybe just a nice rub over hard flesh, the right parts creating friction. She let her legs entwine with Dev in front of her and reached behind her under the water to let her hands touch Doug. It was a rapture she couldn't compare.

Both men had a light covering of hair along their chests that trailed in a line down their stomachs disappearing beneath their swimming trunks. Their bodies were lithe and muscular with well developed arms and chests that she delighted in seeing and touching. Their dark hair lay flat to their heads water dripping down to run in rivulets over their cheeks. Dimples flashed at the corners of both of their mouths and Charity felt no compulsion to reign in her desire to lean forward and claim Dev's lips in a kiss. She was too hungry for him, for them and all the possibilities that lay just within finger reach.

The kiss was everything that she had imagined it would be, everything and more. It was deep and wet. An exploration for both of them. Their tongues meshed and rubbed before pushing to discover hidden corners. Teeth bumped as passion rode higher and lips

rubbed and slipped. The kiss turned carnal and her hands moved from his brother to embrace Dev more fully and pull him as close as the water would allow. She was lost in him, lost in the tidal wave of sensations that were crashing through her. And she felt as if she couldn't get close enough, couldn't feel enough of him at once. Her hands were wild with her need to explore, discover and own. He was hers. For this moment they were the only two people in the world.

But they weren't and Doug was greedy to remind her. His hands roved over her skin touching and invoking a myriad of other more sensual sensations that had her gasping into Dev's kiss. Within moments her top was no longer tied around her, but gone tucked somewhere or perhaps already sinking to the bottom of the pool. Hands, rough and calloused, wrapped between her and Dev and strong fingers explored her breasts, tugging and pinching at her distended nipples. She could feel the hard pulse of his thick cock pressing between her buttocks and she damned the cloth that kept their skin from touching.

As if planned, Dev and Doug shifted at the same moment exchanging places in their seduction of Charity. Dev pulled reluctantly from her kiss and Doug immediately lifted his hands to turn her head to the side. He took her lips with his and treated her to the same all consuming exploration his brother had. She was drowning, not beneath the water but in them and the eroticism they had awakened in her. She never wanted the moment to end, the kiss to end. But she knew it would and with that ending so much more would begin.

She rubbed against them begging without words for more, more, more. And Dev was there. His lips trailed a path of liquid heat down her throat and across her chest until he hovered over one turgid point. With a harsh groan he claimed her nipple sucking it hard against the roof of his mouth and nipping the tender flesh around it with his sharp teeth. Greedily he suckled, working his way between both breasts so that neither was neglected for long. Back and forth he went until both were fiery red and sensitive from his ministrations.

Doug's hands were busy beneath the water. He made quick work of the ties on her bikini bottom and then it was gone—joining her top she was sure. He pulled her body snug into the shelter of his and pressed his cock into her. His hands moved over her buttocks caressing and squeezing them as he made his way around her hips to the curls of her mound. He ran the fingers of one hand through them glancing over the hard nub of her clit on his way to the passage he sought.

She was wet. Even without the water she was submerged in she would have been dripping with desire for him, for them, for this. One long finger circled the entrance to her pussy before plunging inside. Charity cried out at the invasion, automatically canting her hips forward to deepen the penetration. He moved it in circles inside her and she could feel the pulse of her sex around his digit. God, she wanted him, his rock hard cock plunging into her and taking her to places she'd never known.

One finger became two and it was pure fire moving through her bloodstream and spreading from her womb outward to all her limbs. So much better than her fantasy. So much hotter. In and out he worked, the palm of his hand resting against her clit. She was close to peak, so close that she wanted to scream. That elusive orgasm was finally within her reach. Then they stopped. She was moved once again and she groaned at the brief loss of sensation.

Then they had her floating on top of the water with Dev slipping from her breasts down between her legs and Doug up by her head and chest. At some point they had managed to manoeuvre back towards the outer circle and both men were now standing in the water. Four hands moved over her body keeping nerve endings on edge and orgasm just out of reach.

"Please," she whispered though she had planned it as a command. She couldn't take much more of their sensual torture. Not when she had already tortured herself earlier.

They attacked as one. Doug was at her breasts this time and if anything he was even more demanding than Dev. He ate at the globes using teeth, tongue and lips to devour, claim and explore. She cried out with the pleasure he created and found herself on the brink of orgasm at his erotic touch. So close, so very close to what she wanted, no needed.

But it was Dev that pushed her over that edge and had her flying off into a million pieces. She felt his shoulders spread her thighs, her knees moving over the tops of them as he placed her pussy just where he wanted it. And then with no forewarning he was there. His tongue was a heavy lash against her clitoris and two fingers pushed deep within her pussy.

Charity screamed her release holding nothing back from them as she flew and splintered and flew some more. She was no longer in the water but somewhere over head awash in a blaze of ecstasy too extreme to be real. But it was real, so incredibly real. She came back down slowly, Dev and Doug now using gentle hands and soft kisses to soothe her. She shuddered once more and opened eyes that she hadn't realised were closed.

"I've never experienced anything like that before in my life," she admitted softly as she slowly came to her feet between them. "I didn't know that pleasure like that existed."

"I'm glad," Doug said as he leaned over to kiss her softly on top of the head.

"Me too," Dev agreed as he gently caressed her cheek with the brush of his fingers.

They were both so gentle with her now, so easy and undemanding. She knew they were hard, knew that they must be as hungry for release as she had been. They should be demanding things from her not kissing her.

"Don't you want to," she felt suddenly shy which was funny after what she had just experienced with them. She cleared her throat and tried again. "Don't you want to have sex?"

"Absolutely," Dev stated with that boyish grin she was coming to know and love.

"But this was for you Charity," Doug added. "We did this because we wanted to, not because we expected something from you in return." She'd had no idea what to expect but this was definitely not it.

"What if I want sex?" She asked reaching beneath the water, one hand going to the trunks of each of them. She was not surprised to find both filled with rock hard cocks that pulsed and wiggled under her touch.

"Anything you want," Dev breathed roughly.

"Anything," Doug agreed with the same husky need in his voice.

They had given her pure pleasure and had been willing to walk away without asking for anything in return from her. Damn it at this rate she was liable to end up falling in love with them.

"I want you, both of you," she added so that there would be no confusion between them about just what she was asking for, agreeing to. "Anywhere. In the water, on the bank or back at the cabin if you prefer. I just want to feel you inside me, hard and fast, soft and slow, anyway you want me. I just want you to make love to me."

"Your wish," Dev said grasping her hips.

"Is ours to fulfil," Doug finished grasping her outer thighs.

Together they lifted her and with one deep thrust she cried out again as she found herself filled with Doug's rock hard cock, his balls full and firm against her buttocks. The water sloshed around her as he pumped inside the tight sheath of her pussy. She leaned back against Dev, wrapping her hands up and around his neck to bring his mouth back to her. Her

legs lifted and wrapped securely around Doug's waist, not wanting to take the risk of losing what he gave to her.

Doug leaned forward over her torso letting his lips lick over the drops of water that clung to her chest. His hands were on her buttocks now, squeezing and kneading them as he rode her. He filled her, so thick that he pulled along her sheath with every in and out stroke of cock to pussy. It was pure pleasure and yet she felt as if she was dying from it. Nothing had ever felt this good, this powerful.

Dev's hands were around her waist, his tongue buried deep in her mouth exploring every facet available to him. Her hands were in his hair clenching and holding him close. One hand slid between her and Doug and then Dev's finger brushed over her clitoris and she cried out into his kiss. He stroked and manipulated the tiny nub of flesh that was such a pleasure centre, sending her careening higher and higher into an abyss. It was more than she could take.

Doug bit down on her nipple, his hips becoming a piston as he rocked harder in and out of her. The water churned and splashed all around them. Dev rubbed harder applying forceful pressure to her. And Charity came undone. It was as if she was no longer in her body but on a different plane of existence, one filled with fire. For that is what her body felt like. As her orgasm continued to grow her skin was alive with a fiery heat that would not be soothed by the coolness of the water. If anything she seemed to be heating the pool of water surrounding them.

She bowed and arched between them. Her fingers clenched and pulled at Dev while her heels must be leaving indents on Doug's back. She pulled from the kiss and screamed her fulfilment to the heavens. Her throat was raw, her voice hoarse and yet she couldn't stop. She needed some outlet, some way to release her body from the multitude of pleasure consuming it. She shuddered and shook and howled and still the orgasm washed over her, through her, refusing to release her from the now painful pleasure she felt.

Doug cupped her buttocks firmly and lifted her as high against him as he could. She screamed as he rammed deep pushing further inside her than he had before. Then he came and she cried out again at the feel of the hard blasts of his semen filling her. His groan joined hers just as rough just as pleasure filled. He slid his hands up behind her back and lifted her to him and away from Dev. He took her lips in a slow soft kiss that worshipped and loved.

"That was the most amazing sex of my life," he whispered.

"Yes," she breathed unable to form more than that one word. Hell even that was almost beyond her ability. He'd left her breathless and sated.

She collapsed against his shoulder and just stayed there as he moved through the water, she assumed heading towards the shore. Sure enough soon the water was gone and she felt the coolness of the grassy bank on her as he lowered her to the ground. She laid back, too lethargic to do more than that. She was boneless like a doll someone had just left lying about, unable to move her arms and legs. *Nothing should feel this good*, she thought.

Then someone was there, over her, spreading her thighs wide and moving into the space between them. She lifted sleepy lids and took in the dark vision of Dev above her. His dark hair dripped water and his green eyes were a reflection of the foliage around them, burning with his rising passion. She caught her breath at the sheer masculine beauty of him. Broad shoulders and chest that gave way to a flat stomach and slim hips. His cock jutted from the nest of black curls between his legs and it was the most beautiful vision she had ever seen.

He braced one hand beside her head and used the other to guide his cock to her pussy. She was wet and ready for him though she feared the pleasure he would give her. She was still not recovered from her sex with Doug. And just the thought of what Dev could do to her body made her shudder. Two such erotic encounters so close together might indeed kill her.

Slowly he entered her, seeming to take forever before she felt him completely inside her. He was longer than Doug, not quite as thick but just as heavenly. It was a slow gentle loving that he gave her each glide taking him fully out before he slowly filled her again. It was perfection. It was as she imagined it would be when two people made love to each other. And it was just what she needed in the aftermath of what she had so recently shared both physically and emotionally.

His eyes stayed locked on hers and she felt as if she were being pulled into them, pulled deep into him. She had no idea where Doug had gone off to. She just knew that Dev was taking her on a new journey one even his brother hadn't shown her. She slowly reached one hand up to his face, curving her palm to his cheek and almost cried when he turned and placed a soft kiss on her flesh.

It should feel so wrong to be with one man so soon after another, especially when they were brothers. But instead it felt so right, partly because they were brothers. It was almost like she had to have them both in order to complete them all. It made no sense and yet she

couldn't shake the feelings that were inside her. Doug and Dev were everything she wanted in a lover, together. She didn't want to be with one or the other but with both. In fact she really hoped that before the day was over she would experience both men inside her body at the same time. She wanted that desperately. Wanted to know the fantasy that played in her head.

Charity lifted her knees and gripped his hips with them shifting her body and deepening the angle of penetration. Both groaned at the altered sensation. She gripped his cock tightly inside her pussy and using her inner muscles tried to keep him in when he pulled out. This seemed to set a fire within him and his strokes became faster, charging deeper, making her lean her head back and cry out as another orgasm broke over her. His cry joined hers and she knew that he was with her on every step of the journey. Knew when they came together as one.

This experience was just as all consuming as the orgasm she had shared with Doug though not quite as fiery. It floated just under her skin like a drug altering her frame of mind and mood. She felt relaxed, soothed and emotional. So emotional that she couldn't stop the tears that began to leak from her eyes. She squeezed them tightly shut but still the tears seeped through. She wanted this every day for the rest of her life. She wanted more than just two days with them.

"Christ, did I hurt you," Dev spoke above her, concern in his voice, his cock still pulsing inside her. "Charity?"

She couldn't speak, couldn't find the words to say just what she felt. She shook her head doing her best to soothe him. But it was beyond her right now. She had nothing left to give. She wanted more than this. She hadn't truly known what she would be missing when she married until she had come here with them. Being with them, the easy camaraderie, the shared laughter, the amazing sex, and yes, even the loving would stay with her forever. She would treasure these memories as much as she did the ones of her mother.

"What's wrong?" It was Doug's voice joining them. "What happened?" There was no disguising the concern he felt. It filled his voice showing her that she was more than just great sex to him. And making her cry just a little harder.

"I don't know," Dev confessed as he slowly pulled free of her body. "We made love and then she started crying."

As the words left his lips her crying increased until she was wracked with sobs that she couldn't stifle or control. He'd referred to it as 'making love' and that was just how it had felt with both of them. Hard and fast or soft and slow. It didn't matter as long as it was with them. This would be the greatest pleasure she experienced in her life. She had no doubt that she would never experience anything like this with any other man. Dev and Doug were a part of her now and she had no desire to sneak away like a thief in the night.

That had been her plan. She would sway them into thinking she was happy with them and then when they gave her a little bit of freedom, when they weren't looking, she would just walk away and disappear like her sisters had. But there was no way that she could do that now. Now that wasn't even an option. For she had gone and done the most foolish thing of her life. Charity had fallen in love with two men while she was engaged to another. How had her life managed to get even more complicated?

Chapter Four

Doug glanced to the pull out sofa where Charity still lay sleeping. He'd lifted her in his arms and carried her back to the cabin. How long would the memory of her curling into him, her tears soaking his already damp chest, live within his mind? He would have gladly slain a dragon for her if she had just said the word. But the only thing that he had managed to get out of her was that it wasn't Dev's fault which was good for all of them as it would have been nothing for him and his brother to go at one another. Hell they'd spent their entire lives fighting with each other and for each other. More often than not over a woman.

Somewhere along the trail to the cabin exhaustion had taken over and Charity had fallen asleep cuddled against his chest. Dev had fixed the sleeping bags and then Doug had gently laid her down and covered her with the one blanket they had with them. And there she still lay, sound asleep and totally naked. It didn't help that she kept moving restlessly and knocking the blanket off of very enticing body parts. Night was fast approaching and soon the brothers would join her. It thrilled even as it caused more worry. And still the question tumbled in their minds. Why had Charity been crying?

"Are you sure you don't know what prompted her tears?" Doug asked Dev for what felt like the hundredth time.

"I honestly have no idea." Dev shook his head with renewed frustration. "We were making love one moment and then the next she was crying."

Doug knew that it was killing his twin even more that Charity had started crying. And it would continue to eat at them both until they knew just why. His gaze went back to the pull-out couch and a low groan left his lips. Charity had rolled over onto her back and the covers were around her waist. Two perfect breasts were calling to him, begging for his touch, his lips. Hell he wanted to shove his rock hard cock between the lush globes and fuck her cleavage. He had it bad for her.

Dev appeared to be in the same boat. Both men wore only boxer briefs and their cocks were straining to be free. Dev's gaze was centred on Charity as well and the way he licked his lips left no doubt in his brother's mind just what he envisioned. Maybe because their thoughts were often in sync. Both of them longed to join her on that bed, to be with her again

and once more taste the splendour of her desire on their lips. Charity's was the sweetest nectar they'd ever consumed and all they could hope for was more.

As if their thoughts called to her, Charity stretched before them and slowly opened her beautiful blue eyes. Her blonde curls were in disarray around her, her lips full and flushed with both sleep and their earlier overuse. All in all she looked like a well loved woman and they both wanted to love her again.

She stretched her hands out to them calling them to either side of the bed and both hurried to reach her. "I had the most delicious dream," she murmured making no move to pull the blanket up to hide her nudity. "I made love with both of you and it was absolutely heaven."

Doug leaned close and took her lips with a soft kiss. "That was no dream honey. That was indeed heaven on earth."

She turned to Dev expecting the same but although he held her hand in his he made no move to lean in and kiss her.

"What is it, Dev?" she asked him, concern in both her voice and her eyes.

"I made you cry and for that I can never forgive myself." He turned to her then and cradled her face in his hands. "I would give anything to go back and relive that moment. I would give anything to take your tears away. I never want to make you cry."

Charity felt a tear roll down her cheek and reached to grab onto Dev when he started to pull away. She knew he must feel that he had caused her to cry again, but that was far from the truth of the matter. "Dev, you didn't make me cry," she rushed to inform him. "At least not the way that you are thinking." She leaned in and kissed him softly letting her lips press against his, her hands holding his face this time. "I cried because I was so overwhelmed by the emotions that were going through me. I've never felt anything like what I felt with you," she turned to include Doug taking his hand in one of hers, "both of you. It was so new and startling in its intensity. I felt desired and wanted and somehow you both made me feel loved. It will by far be the greatest moment of my life. I will treasure it always."

"You say that as if your life won't be filled with many more such moments," Dev stated.

Charity's joy faded and it was hard to see the sudden change in her face, in her eyes. There was a sadness there but even worse was the calm acceptance that lay just beneath the surface. "When you leave this place you'll move on to the next job, the next woman, the next

adventure. When I leave this place I go to become the bride of a man that I will never love, never want. There will be no more moments of such sheer joy for me. Not after this."

"So don't go," Doug was almost as surprised as the other two that the words came from his lips but once said he wouldn't take them back. "Don't go back to him." Now that the thought was there ideas were forming in his head and he stood to pace the room while he worked through them. "We'll pack up and hit the road, the three of us looking for the next job, the next adventure. No one knows where we are right now. We'll just disappear." He turned back to her and Dev and came back to the bed sitting once more beside her. "You've said yourself that there is no reason for you to stay. You don't want to marry this guy and you shouldn't have to."

Charity laughed even though she shook her head no. "I wanted to seduce you. From the first I thought of using sex, desire to make you take me away. Then I spoke with you. Then I loved with you. And now..." She shook her head sadly. "Now, I won't use what we've experienced here in such a way. I refuse to take something so beautiful and make it ugly."

"You're not." It was Dev who took up the banner to encourage her this time. "You said that you've never experienced anything like this before and I know that I haven't either. I'd bet my twin bond that Doug hasn't either." Doug shook his head vigorously. "There is more here than simply sex. Hell we've all referred to it as loving." He stopped and leaned into her. "I won't say that I love you. I'm not sure that I believe in love happening this soon between people." He glanced over to include his brother. "Especially between three people. But I will say that I want nothing more than to explore the possibilities that exist for all of us. What we have is new and exciting. Take a chance on it and on us."

She glanced from him to Doug and took a deep breath. Could she? Would fate allow her to just walk away from what had been planned for her? Could she just leave with them with nothing but the clothes she had with her? Could she take the chance that they could be more to each other than a good time? Did she have the courage to do what both of her older sisters had done? She searched deep more afraid than she had ever been but found what she was looking for.

"Yes," she breathed the word somehow afraid that if she spoke too loudly someone would hear and snatch the chance away from her. "More than anything I want to run away with you and take a chance on what the future might hold. I'm so scared," she smiled and it

lit her face, "but not of you." She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. "If I leave with you then I leave with nothing. I have few clothes and very little money with me and no opportunity to go back home for more. But if I stay...if I stay I have only possessions. I lose me, the me that I want to be." Tears dripped down her cheeks but neither man feared them both understanding better what Charity felt. "It's a leap of faith," her eyes opened wide and the sky blue orbs shimmered with more unshed tears. "But it is one that I am willing to take, one that I need to take. But I would like to ask one favour if I could?"

"Anything," Dev and Doug agreed at once not caring what she asked of them. It meant everything that she trusted in them enough to take the chance.

"I'd like to find my sisters Faith and Hope if we can."

"Do you have any ideas where they are at all?" Doug asked.

"I have some information on them, from gifts they've sent to my sisters and I. And some snippets of information that I've overheard from my dad." Charity wanted desperately to find her sisters but she felt an overwhelming guilt about leaving her two younger sisters.

"We'll do everything we can to find them for you," Dev promised, taking her hand and squeezing it firmly between his.

"We'd best get some sleep then," Doug stated scooting closer to Charity on the bed. "We'll leave bright and early in the morning. The sooner we leave the better. We want to put as much distance between us and your ex-fiancé as quickly as we can."

"I'd like to ask one more thing if I can," Charity said as they both joined her on the bed."

"What is it sweet Charity?" Dev asked.

"Love me," she implored. "Once more before we go to sleep, love me. All of us together as one."

Dev and Doug both smiled, wicked pleasure reflecting on their faces.

"Yes," Doug agreed.

"Hell, yes," Dev added and they both dove for her at once making her giggle with delight and expectation.

But giggles quickly gave way to moans as hands explored and both men became as naked as she was. Dev left a trail of wet kisses over her abdomen as he slowly made his way to her centre. She was wet and ready for him already. She longed for his touch, the potency

of his kiss at her core. And he didn't disappoint her. He lashed her clit with his tongue battering it and then wrapping his lips around the distended nub and sucking vigorously. Two of his fingers plundered the pulsing channel of her pussy and Charity arched and cried out as orgasm rushed at her.

But even then he didn't stop though he did slow down and gentle his touch just long enough to allow her back down. Then he started again building sensation on top of sensation until she was a boiling caldron again. He was very good and very wicked with his tongue and mouth.

Doug seemed content to lie beside her nibbling kisses along the curve of her jaw, the line of her neck. His hands plucked and plied her nipples keeping them aroused. When her orgasm hit he bit down on the strained cord of her neck sucking at it as his brother sucked at her clit. It somehow intensified the pleasure rocketing through her body.

But now as the tingles of a new orgasm grew within her she wanted even more. She reached for Doug's cock stroking her hands up and down the stiff shaft. She marvelled at the fact that something so smooth could have the strength of steel. She shifted towards him and Dev rolled with her lifting her knee and opening her further to his exploration.

"I want to taste you," she implored Doug. "I want to take you in my mouth. I want everything you have to give."

Doug scooted up towards the back of the couch and Dev rolled them once more so that she was on her hands and knees. Dev was under her, his head between her knees and he pulled her down so that her pussy was wide open above his mouth. Her head hung between Doug's knees with the long, thick stalk of his cock surging up towards her parted lips. It was definitely the perfect position. Now she could give as well as receive pleasure.

She dipped her head down taking the bulbous head of Doug's cock into her mouth and rolling her tongue around it. She dipped and laved exploring the mushroomed shape and the tiny ridge that lay beneath the head where it tapered to his shaft. He had a unique taste, not salty at all but yet not sweet. It was something other, something different that she couldn't place. But it was definitely worth it and she couldn't wait to take more of him inside.

Dev kept his mouth and hands busy on her slowly building her up to that second orgasm. His fingers worked in slow strokes in and out of her pussy rubbing against the sensitive nerves along the walls. His tongue tortured and soothed her clit in turns so that she

never really knew what was coming. Only that soon the most amazing orgasm would rush over her. And then before she was ready, it hit with an explosion of colours and sounds.

She retaliated by taking the entire stalk of Doug's penis deep into the back of her throat and moaning her pleasure. And Doug was more than happy with her ministrations. His groan filled the room as she worked her mouth up and down his length gradually adding her hand just beneath her mouth but still taking him deep. Dev's tongue replaced his fingers and he greedily lapped her pussy juice, the room filling with the slurping sounds of both of them.

"I need to fuck you," Dev pulled his mouth away to state. "Please Charity, tell me you're ready to take me."

"Yes," she managed as she pulled away from Doug's dick sliding her hands up and down squeezing along the way. But when she went to move two sets of hands stayed her.

"No," Dev said grasping her inner thighs and lifting her away from his head before sliding out from underneath her. "I want you just like this. You make me feel like an animal." He moved behind her on the sofa bed, his knees moving between hers and spreading them wider. "I want you like this, just like this. I want to see the curve of your spine, the flare of your hips and the lush curve of your ass while I take you. Hard and fast this time. I can't take it slow."

"No," she more than agreed with him. "Not slow. Hard and fast and deep. Fuck me Dev." She glanced back at him over her shoulder. "Make me scream."

He grinned at her and she smiled back before Doug tugged her head back around to him. He lifted his hips up, his cock bobbing in her grip.

"Be merciful Charity," he sighed. "Don't forget about me. I'm dying here."

She laughed. She would never have believed that sex could be so fun. "Hmmm..." she purred. "No mercy for you." And she bent down to take him deep again.

Dev entered her with one hard stroke that nearly broke her concentration. It was a definite challenge but she kept her attention on Doug's cock, on his pleasure even as she spiralled towards her own. Dev pounded into her, each stroke rocketing her higher and higher towards yet another orgasm. He was keeping his word to her. No slow loving from him this time. It was just as hard and fast and deep as he had promised, as she had requested. And she loved every moment of it.

“Yes,” she screamed bucking between them. She took the head of Doug’s cock back into her mouth and sucked greedily at it while she stroked his shaft with her hand. She was so close, so very close and she wanted to him to fill her mouth with his taste.

Dev grunted behind her impossibly managing to increase in speed and depth until she literally thought she would explode. Her own grip tightened, her mouth clamped down and Doug’s hips shot up off the bed as he came in a hot explosion. Pulsing jets of cum filled her mouth and she sucked greedily at them eager to drink every drop he gave her. The taste was spicy and rich and increased her hunger instead of sating it.

She lifted her head and cried her own joy as wave after wave overtook her and plunged her into an unbelievable third orgasm. She literally felt as if she left her body for a moment. She didn’t float. She shot out the top of her head and through the roof flying off into the sky at an alarming speed only to be slammed back into her body as Dev joined her. His grip tightened on her hips hard enough to bruise though neither cared at the moment. And it was his touch that pulled her back.

She laid her head in the groove of Doug’s hip his sated cock already softening next to her puffed and reddened lips. She shuddered and sighed content as she had never been before. And as both men relaxed around her their sighs mingled and joined with hers. She smiled softly marvelling at what she had. Fear may have led her to this moment, fear of marriage to another. But it was something entirely different that would keep her here exploring with them at every opportunity.

It was too sudden to claim as love though she felt the foundations were there. Tomorrow would lead them all in a new direction; one she hoped would bring unparalleled joys and unlimited happiness. Boundless opportunities were there for all of them. But one thing was certain. In one magical moment Dev and Doug James had claimed her and in doing so opened the world for her to explore.

He stood in the shadows of the overgrown foliage, the sleeping bag still unfolded behind him and watched as the Jeep pulled out. His daughter was inside, the one who looked so like his love that at times it was hard to breathe when he looked upon her. His sweet Charity, his middle daughter. She was safe now. No matter what came in the days to come she was free of the debt he had created in his grief.

The car turned and another piece of his heart both freed and cried. Three daughters were lost to him. Three that probably hated or reviled him for what his actions had brought to their lives. None would know the lengths he had gone to, the plans he had manipulated to see them where they now were. To free them from the curse he'd placed on their lives. He could only pray that some day they would find it within themselves to forgive him for he would never be able to forgive himself.

"Three are safe my love," he whispered to the air knowing that his wife was with him even though he couldn't see her. "I'll do my all to spare Prudence and Destiny as well. I'll do you proud. Somehow I'll save them and make all this right. If it is the last thing I do I will set what I have done right."

He watched Charity ride away and no one saw the tears he allowed to fall. No one but the ghost who stood beside him, her hand upon his shoulder in support.

"And somehow, my love, I'll save you."

Her words were lost to him but still he felt solace in the breeze that suddenly washed over him. Now he had to make plans for Prudence.

About the Author

Lacey Thorn spends her days in small town Indiana the proud mother of three. When she is not busy with one of them she can be found typing away on her computer keyboard or burying her nose in a good book. Like every woman she knows just how chaotic life can be and how appealing that great escape can look.

So toss aside the stress and tension of the never ending to do list. For now sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride with Lacey. It's your world...unlaced.

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