

Aspen Mountain Press



DOMINATION  
Plantation



DESTINY BLAINE

Destiny Blaine

# Domination Plantation

**Destiny Blaine**

Aspen Mountain Press

## **Domination Plantation**

Neither the author, the editor, nor the publisher will be liable for damage sustained from the use or misuse of this novel or for any loss, harm, injury or death resulting from information contained within. The work is fantasy and should not be taken to reflect reality as this is a product of the author's imagination.

The publisher does not condone or encourage illegal sexual congress with underage partners. Many of the acts described in our titles can be dangerous. The tales are presented for entertainment value only..

Additionally, this novel does not constitute instruction in the lifestyle presented. If you have an interest in the sexual acts described herein, we urge you to seek out advice and guidance from knowledgeable persons. Please do not try any new sexual practice without the guidance of an experienced practitioner.

**Destiny Blaine**

.Domination Plantation

Copyright © Destiny Blaine

This e-Book is a work of fiction. While references may be made to actual places or events, the names, characters, incidents, and locations within are from the author's imagination and are not a resemblance to actual living or dead persons, businesses, or events. Any similarity is coincidental.

Aspen Mountain Press

18121-C E. Hampden Ave, Ste 221

Aurora CO 80013

[www.AspenMountainPress.com](http://www.AspenMountainPress.com)

First published by Aspen Mountain Press, September 2009

[www.AspenMountainPress.com](http://www.AspenMountainPress.com)

This e-Book is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution via any means is illegal and a violation of International Copyright Law, subject to criminal prosecution and upon conviction fines and/or imprisonment. The e-Book cannot be legally loaned or given to others. No part of this e-Book can be shared or reproduced without the express permission of the publisher.

ISBN: 978-1-60168-233-8

Published in the United States of America

Editor: Sandra Hicks

# Domination Plantation

**Destiny Blaine**

Aspen Mountain Press

## Prologue

“Hey there, handsome.”

Only one person possessed such a twang in her southern drawl and with the simple statement, the night looked much brighter. Brogan turned around to find Marcy Mahoney’s devious little smile and scantily covered body. He took a deep breath and slowly let it out. Oh yeah, the gods pulled all sorts of strings when Marcy decided to show up for one of their parties.

*Marcy Mahoney.* The name by itself spelled trouble but it also guaranteed one very important fact. Brogan Evans wasn’t going to bed alone. Oh no, when Marcy attended one of their shindigs, life improved and the changes began immediately. Marcy and foreplay didn’t go hand and hand. She was a woman who liked to get straight down to business once she found her target. Apparently, Brogan was it, at least tonight.

He didn’t object.

Marcy’s deeply set eyes always held a certain twinkle. She enjoyed toying with her men and most of those in town were considered *her men*, or thought of themselves as such at least once in their lifetime. She walked around in those candy apple spiked heels all the fellows liked to talk about and she wore—thank God—a real short plaid skirt. Oh yes, Marcy came there to play and Brogan seldom turned away a little one-on-one fun.

In high school, the guys around the field house had a running joke. *Marcy Mahoney loves baloney.* That she did. She could suck a man from here to yonder and make him forget his own name, but even with a few beers and a few more women in between

them, Brogan would never forget her.

The woman possessed a certain stay-factor, the kind of memory that etched its way into a cowboy's mind and resided there all the days of his natural life. Everything about the gal screamed enjoyment. If she hadn't been so easy, Brogan might have married her. Jules, his brother, most likely felt the same way.

Marcy was the kind of woman a man wanted to set right, maybe even reform. She had splendid skin, entrancing emerald eyes, a mouth worth kissing and trained lips just perfect for sucking a man straight into heaven.

A red-headed spitfire, Marcy seemed uninterested in her reputation and often tried to engage others in a conversation bound to stir trouble. If a man ever spent time in Marcy's bed, then she made sure everyone knew it, including wives and girlfriends. She must've really hated her own kind, or at least, enjoyed deviling some of the gals around town.

Bi-sexual, Marcy loved sex and she didn't have a preference when it came to partners. She upped her game when she showed up at a party with one of her bed buddies because a package deal with Marcy usually meant a good time for several party goers. Marcy and her friends often put on a show for kicks and boy o' howdy, they knew how to draw a man's attention.

"You not speaking to me tonight, cowboy?" She batted her eyelashes and held out her empty beer cup.

Brogan took it from her, tapped the keg and made a quick decision. No, he didn't have a lot to say on this fine summer evening. Now saying and doing, well that was another story and Marcy looked good enough to bend and spread about anytime.

The last time he saw Marcy came to mind and formed a particular image. He made the mistake of sharing her with Jules and Jules didn't return the favor. Once he had Marcy where he wanted her, Jules didn't move aside.

As the older brother, Brogan reserved the right to drink his beer and harvest a few sour grapes in the process. He lost out that early spring night because Jules couldn't get enough of Marcy's mouth. Thanks to his brother's selfish ways, he'd walked around

with blue balls for nearly a week.

"Suit yourself," she said, stalking away.

That's when he grabbed her, yanked her into one of the nearby stalls and pinned her to the concrete wall. She dropped her cup to the ground and he heard the crisp sound of ruffled straw with the soft impact.

"I like it rough, Brogan. That's why Jules had his way with me and you didn't."

"Is that right?" He felt his jaw twitch but his dick was the problem. He went from soft to hard in a second and a half, maybe two.

"Can you take me hard and wild, Brogan?"

"You know it, sugar."

But should he? Marcy was a little misinformed if she thought Jules had the kink factor perfected. She fingered the wrong brother.

"Why don't we find out." She grabbed his belt, trying to tear him apart with a woman's eagerness. No effort necessary. If she'd unzip and then dip her pretty little head a little lower, he'd show her how quick a man transformed into a stud.

"Brogan! Phone!" Some dumb twit failed to notice he had a woman ready to swallow him whole.

"Take a mes—"

His zipper dropped. The fly on his boxers opened and why wouldn't it? He never mistakenly took Marcy for a woman with patience. She wasn't the kind of cowgirl who dallied long after spotting a guy ready for a rip-roaring good time.

She smacked her luscious red lips and sank to her knobby knees.

"Oh yeah, there you go baby. That's right. Go get some." His head went back against the iron bars lining the stall and he prepared for a mouthwatering experience. He supplied the meat and Marcy knew how to eat.

"You really are sick, man." He heard Pete before he saw him and since he sounded rather close, Brogan opened his eyes and stared back at his neighbors.

"Shit!" he quickly stuffed his cock back into his jeans and glared straight ahead.

Pete and Melissa had been married for eight years and apparently, Melissa hated



Marcy or at least, she'd expressed her distaste for her lifestyle on more than one occasion. She must've loved this.

Seeing a flash of lust in Pete's eyes, Brogan had a pretty good idea those raw feelings Melissa acquired for one of the town's most notorious sluts, wasn't shared. Maybe he'd hook Pete up sometime and then he'd learn to take a damned-ass message.

Melissa shot Marcy a golden girl glare, complete with a flip of her white locks and arched brow, the kind of gesture that gave off heated malice. Oh yeah, Marcy had already enjoyed a good piece of Pete. Those icy glares between women were well understood among all men.

"How ya doin' Melissa?" Marcy coolly asked.

"Good, and you?"

"Whenever I'm feeling a hard man, I'm better than the average woman."

She could say that again.

Marcy's palm drifted over Brogan's erection and he almost came in his pants right then. Instead, he slapped his hand over hers and moved her out of the way.

"Ever heard of jotting down a number?" he asked sharply in passing. A few mumbles later, he grabbed for the phone. Pete dangled it from three fingers and then tossed it to Melissa with a smug grin and a robust color tainting his cheeks.

Melissa pressed it into Brogan's hand. "I just wanted to see what all the women around here were talking about when they say you're hung a little better than most. Maybe you belong in that stall, Brogan Evans."

Pete turned pale. Good for Melissa.

Pete should've kept her away from there if he didn't want her to see all sorts of carnal delights. The Evans boys made it perfectly known to all of their guests. They wanted three things when they decided to remain on the two-thousand acres they inherited from their parents. Privacy, parties, and lots of pretty women ready to submit. They didn't hide anything from those who visited.

Melissa wasn't a submissive but she enjoyed rubbing shoulders with Doms and the submissive women they often brought to the plantation. Hell, she probably spanked

Pete before she tucked him in at night. Brogan raised his eyebrow with the thought. Maybe old Melissa had a secret fetish or two he didn't know about. For all he knew, Marcy had been in Melissa's bed at some point.

No, he shook his head almost immediately. "That's sick."

"What is?" Melissa asked without missing a beat. "Daydreaming are you?"

Brogan narrowed his gaze and almost gave her a little something extra to snarl her nose about. Instead he said, "Hello." Securing the phone against his ear, he quickly added, "Somebody better be dead or dying. No one in their right mind dares to interrupt a night like tonight."

Through the static on the other end of the phone, Brogan heard his oldest brother's voice. "It's Heath. Fiona *is* dying."

## Chapter One

Three Days Later

"You could've said no," Jules told him for the fifteenth time.

Brogan was sick of hearing his mouth flap. He grabbed a bale of hay and slung it more at Jules than the wagon and thanks to his tantrum, he missed both. Brogan swatted his palms together briskly, and then shook his head.

They glared at one another for a few more turns of tossing hay. Jules threw one bale and Brogan moved another.

"Tell you what. I'll call him right now. Tell him to turn around and head straight back to Birmingham. You're right. We don't want two little women moving into our world and ruining our party."

"Uh-huh," Jules moaned.

"How about I tell him to give Fiona a kiss on each cheek for us? Maybe he'll tell her how sorry we are that we couldn't keep the kid because we had women to screw and pussies to tap this summer. What about it, Jules? Sounds like a good enough excuse, doesn't it?"

"Shit, man," Jules gritted his teeth. "What I mean is I don't see why Serena had to bring a friend along. It doesn't make sense. If her momma is dying, why doesn't she stay with us for the summer and let us spoil her? Why bring a gal pal too? I don't need

two teenagers looking for trouble around here. If they start prowling around this town on a search for some, they'll surely find plenty. With our reputations and this place here, every boy in his late teens will be looking our way. We're askin' for trouble's all."

"Heath said the gal with Serena has no where else to go. She's been staying with them. Serena and this kid go everywhere together." Brogan nodded toward the driveway. "Speaking of which, they're here."

Jules jumped off the large wagon, pulled his fingers away from his work gloves and tossed them aside. He swiped the sweat from his thick brow with a tented hand closed over his forehead. Trying to block the sun didn't work. It only made it more difficult to see the sleek SUV moving toward them. The automobile looked like a black giant inching closer and closer. Maybe they should have taken it as a sign, a real warning.

Brogan felt an odd feeling, a true sense of dread wash over him all at one time. He shook off the sensation and decided it was the heat. As if he saw the whole thing in slow motion, he glanced over at Jules and saw his eyes widen about the time Serena and her father closed their doors simultaneously.

The back door opened and the first thing Brogan saw was a pair of long, slender legs. Golden curls bounced lightly on shapely, bare shoulders as a woman—maybe the most beautiful he'd ever seen—stepped away from the car.

"Shit," Jules said. "That's no kid, Brogan."

"Maybe it's Fiona," he fired back. "It's been two years since we've seen her."

"Fiona never had boobs...or curves."

"Maybe she grew five inches, lost fifty pounds along with twenty years in there too. Heaven help us if that's Serena's friend."

"Uncle Jules! Uncle Brogan!" Serena waved wildly. "Hurry up. I want you to meet Jenna!"

The men stared at one another. Brogan felt his upper jaw twitch and Jules lost his color. They glared at their little niece like she wasn't just the culprit in planned mischief but she was also the red-haired, freckled-face, favored child of the devil himself.

## Domination Plantation

"Damn it to hell," Brogan said before he reminded Jules, "I seem to recall Heath saying the friend staying with us was, in fact, named Jenna."

"Sweet mercenary," Jules whispered.

Both men started down the hillside and Brogan warned. "Not a word. Heath is counting on us. If he can stand to be around her, we can too. Maybe she has a quirk or two."

"It's not a visible one, if she even possesses a flaw. Besides, you're forgetting Heath is a saint compared to us. Remember, Daddy always said he belonged to the milkman."

"*Preacherman* is more like it," Brogan muttered under his breath. "But I still remember a time when Heath liked the same things we do. He always liked his women young and willing to train."

"He's married for crying out loud!" Jules walked ahead of him. "And I don't think he's capable of thinking straight if he brought *that* to us!"

"He may have a ring on his finger, but he ain't blind!"

Jules chuckled. "Remember that old adage. They say love is capable of all sorts of things. Heath must have full blinders on. No man in his right mind would drop that girl off here."

Maybe there was the problem. Why, sure, it explained everything. Heath just wasn't in his right mind.

\* \* \* \*

A few hours later, Heath joined them in the barn. Jules had been trying to figure out the best way to approach the subject but he wasn't sure if his brother was prepared to hear what he needed to say.

Brogan and Jules exchanged a knowing glance, watching as Heath approached from the far end of the long barn. His slumped shoulders proved he carried the world's weight on top of them and his hair, once thick with coal black curls was now trimmed so thin he looked twice his age.

Jules felt sorry for him. Fiona's illness was undoubtedly worse than anyone realized. It didn't excuse what he needed to discuss. Some topics couldn't be avoided, especially since the subject in question was one he'd bet his best mare on as a real sensitive one.

"Listen Heath, we're going to have to call in some favors," Jules had a way with women but not necessarily a way with words. He jumped right in and tackled the issue at hand. "I know you remember Melissa and Pete. Well, they live down the road here about a mile or so. They probably won't mind if Jenna stays with them. I guess you've already figured it out so what I'm about to say shouldn't come as a surprise. Serena's friend can't stay here."

"Why not?" Heath asked, truly blindsided by the statement. "She's not a bit of trouble. Jenna and Serena can even help out around the place. From what I saw earlier, you have a lot to do around here, that fence at the main road needs mending and Lord have mercy, you still have a world of hay to bale. If it's just the two of you, put the girls to work. Make 'em earn their keep. If they don't do what you tell 'em, then tan their hides."

"Good damn," Jules leaned his head against the rail behind him. "There's the problem. Ever since I set eyes on Serena's little friend, I've thought about nothing else 'cept tanning her behind."

Heath chuckled and slapped Jules on the back before he rubbed a flat fist over his hair like he used to do when they wrestled as kids. "Have you now? Well, that does present a few challenges. I love that kid like she's my own. You best not touch her."

"Uh, let me ask you something, Heath," Brogan, the sensible one all of a sudden, asked the forbidden question. "How old is Jenna?"

"Nineteen," he said. "She'll be twenty in a few months. Her no good step-daddy kept her out of school for a year two separate times and she just graduated this past May."

Brogan immediately shot Jules a sideways glance and a lopsided smile. "At least she's old enough for you to spank."

"Yeah?" Jules asked sarcastically, "But she's just a child now, you know." He rolled his eyes, shook his head and started pacing.

"I'm not kidding here," Heath's expression changed and his voice held firm. He was pulling out the big brother card. "I want your word. With Fiona sick, the last thing I need to worry about is the two of you upsetting Serena by trying to get her friend into bed."

"I don't have a certain attachment to mattresses," Jules pointed out. "Of course, a bedpost or two does come in handy, especially for what I like to do to women who look like her."

Brogan shook his head. "What I want to do doesn't necessarily involve a bed either."

"Your word, boys. I'm serious here, both of you can promise me you won't lay a hand on her."

Jules took a deep breath. "I'd like to make all sorts of swears and oaths but truth is —"

"I can't and won't," Brogan interrupted. "I'll give you my word that she'll have to make the first move, but if she does, she'll have more than she can handle. I won't look for a reason to stay away or worry about whether or not you like it."

"Damn it. I'm counting on you both to do right by these girls. Fiona will undergo a lot of testing and I don't want Serena watching her uncles trying to hide the fact they're smitten with her best friend."

"Smitten isn't the right word," Brogan said. "And I ain't interested in hiding anything but I'll do it for the time being."

Jules released a cheeky breath, one of those full of hot air and frustration so deep, his face tinted a new shade of orange because he waited so long to exhale. "No, smitten doesn't quite cover it."

"Guys, come on now. You've resisted gals before."

"Not one like her," Jules replied. "And uh, no. I don't resist anything when it's wrapped up in lace and silk."

Before they could debate the issue again, Serena and Jenna ran into the barn. They had green masks on their faces and Jules caught a whiff of green apple lingering in the air. Brogan stood back and crossed his arms while Jules gave Jenna a real good once-over.

Jenna looked like a sexy green Martian. Even with a green peel covering her skin, her beauty radiated right through the crusty wrinkles of her little at-home facial. The girls sported pajama pants and low-cut camisoles, fitted and probably deemed appropriate by some standards. Only Jenna's get-up captured every crevice and curve.

Jules couldn't help himself. He took the time to notice, but he resisted the urge to rubberneck it and look at her backside. Jenna turned around anyway and he took it as a green light for gawking. Some things were worth a second look, not that he so much as glanced away in the first place. He just gaped and didn't care if his brothers, or his niece for that matter, noticed.

"You girls are going to scare the critters," Heath told them before he hugged Serena and then Jenna. "Now both of you behave. I'll leave the boys here your money and if you need anything, ask 'em for it." He pulled his wallet out and started to hand them some cash.

Brogan flatly refused. "We got it for a month."

Jules thought he should've placed a little emphasis on the thirty-day factor, not because of the money but because it was about all a man could stand if he was forced to walk around with a perpetual hard-on.

Heath looked from Serena back to Jenna before he jabbed his index finger toward them. He didn't touch skin but he set his jaw and took on the authoritative tone of a father. "No sneaking out."

Jules wanted to laugh outright. He didn't have to worry about those girls sneaking out. Hell no. Jules would keep a bird's eye view and make sure he knew where they were at all times. In fact, if the girls thought they were capable of making out like a couple of convicts running in the middle of the night, he might just slide into Jenna's bed. Then, he could make sure he personally protected her from such a horrible



temptation.

"Dad, where would we go in Bristol, Tennessee?" Serena's sweet little voice yanked Jules back into reality, tearing him away from the kind of fantasies that made a grown cowboy cry out in the night.

Heath grabbed her and then hugged her tight, staring hard at Jenna. If Jules gambled on a guess, he'd bet it was the first time Heath saw Jenna through a man's eyes. He really looked at her good and Jenna acted nervous all of a sudden. "Both of you behave," he said once more, pushing his hand into his right pocket and retrieving his keys.

"Don't worry, we will, Dad." Jenna assured him, making a show of calling him by his apparently earned parental right.

How sweet. Tender, wasn't it? Yeah, perfect. Fuck it. She could call him big daddy for all Jules cared. He wasn't Jenna's uncle and they might as well get that straight from the start.

"I'm not worried about you girls," Heath informed, pointing at Jules and then Brogan. "I'm talking to these two."

Serena checked them out. "I see what you mean. They look like they know where to find all sorts of trouble, don't they? Don't worry Daddy, they'll behave. We'll keep them in line." She snapped a kiss on his cheek, grabbed Jenna's hand and they took off at a good pace, headed for the house.

"She's a babydoll." Jules's gaze followed them until they were out of sight. He wasn't talking about his niece and Heath quickly figured that much out for himself.

"Jules...it's only a small favor. Leave her be."

"You staying the night?" Brogan asked, flipping the main breaker off in the barn and saving Jules the trouble of promising a blatant lie.

"No, I'm gonna get on the road and try to make it home before the wee hours of the morning. I need to be there with Fiona. Our neighbors are sitting with her but she's not too fond of them. Old Miss Koontz has a terrible nose problem and she rambles on about all the community gossip. You know, she would make for good company for

some but Fiona never was interested in hearing about nonsense."

"So Fiona is in a bad way?" Brogan asked, frowning.

"She's gonna die, I reckon," Heath said, tears forming in the corners of his eyes.

Jules looked away. Heath wasn't a man who let down his guard and allowed his tears to fall. Trying to help out, he said, "Well, we're all dying from the moment we start living and there's nothing any of us can do about it."

"Yeah, but this is a little different, Jules," Heath whispered. "She's suffering and all any of us can do is sit back and watch. I had to bring Serena here. She's sat with Fiona until she's exhausted. She needs a break and Fiona wanted her to have a good summer, you know after graduation and all."

"We'll see to it," Brogan said, shooting Jules a little warning with a set jaw and stiff upper lip.

Heath bowed his head and kicked up a little sawdust. "I reckon I best be going now."

"We'll look after the little women," Brogan assured him. "You get on back to Fiona. Weatherman says travelers should expect flooding around Chattanooga. Hope you don't run into the storm."

They walked him to his overpriced vehicle and he was almost behind the wheel when he decided to agree with their earlier comments. "Jenna is sort of hot, huh?"

Jules smirked. "There's no 'sort of' to it. She ain't lukewarm, Heath. She's smokin' and if she wasn't your daughter's best friend, you would've already noticed."

He shook his head. "No, don't think I would've. You gotta know what it's been like for me and Fiona. I married the love of my life. While I still appreciate a good looking woman, I don't do much more than look. Thank God, until now, I always saw Jenna as just another kid."

"Glad to hear it. Fiona is a good woman, and she's a tough one, too. You remember that, Heath before you give up on her. She's a real fighter, always has been," Brogan said. "Tell her we're thinking of her."

"Yeah, send her our love," Jules added.

## Domination Plantation

"Will do," Heath replied. "Just..."

Jules waited for him to finish.

Brogan didn't. "Just what?"

Heath pursed his lips and tilted his chin upward in a gesture toward the barn. "I know what goes on here at some of your parties. Every now and again, I talk to somebody from these parts. If you think you gotta have her, at least do me one favor."

"What's that?" Brogan asked, smiling.

"Name it." Jules should've kept his mouth shut.

"Don't treat her like a cheap whore. She's a good girl and I'd like to think I'm not leaving her with wolves."

"You're not," Jules promised.

"Not at all," Brogan added. "Think of us like gentle lambs."

A few minutes later and several goodbyes behind them, Jules and Brogan watched Heath drive away. The men stood side by side, their eyes fixated straight ahead on the gates at the top of the hill. Once Heath's car disappeared through them, Jules let out a sigh of relief.

"Gentle lambs?" Jules asked still looking straight ahead. "Since when?"

"Since we have a pretty young thing to entertain for the next thirty days. Brother, we're going to make off like a woman but in the process lead her straight into our bed."

"Maybe you need to explain. I'm not much for acting like a member of the opposite sex."

"Learn. We're playing hard to get with this one. If I read her body language right, we won't play all by our lonesome for very long."

\* \* \* \*

"Jules likes you." Serena ran the brush through Jenna's hair. "I think he likes you a lot."

Jenna winked. "They both looked at my ass."

Serena stopped all at once. Her brown eyes stared a large hole through Jenna before her natural peach-colored lips curved in a wide smile.

"Get out!" Serena studied her closer. Then, she placed both palms on her shoulders and leaned forward, peering over her shoulder. "Did they really?"

"Don't sound so surprised. They're your uncles. Not mine." Jenna bit playfully on her bottom lip, moved away from Serena and stripped her shirt over her head unhooking her bra and tossing it into her suitcase. She was on a search for something more comfortable. The snug cami she wore almost cut off the circulation under her arms.

"All right ladies," the door swung open and Jules's gaze fell to Jenna's chest immediately. "Good Lord, I'm sorry." He didn't move and his apology proved futile.

Jenna grabbed the first thing she saw and held it to her chest. "Then do you mind?"

"Uncle Jules!" Serena called out rushing toward him.

"I'll uh...wait. Yes, right out there." He slowly backed out of the room. His gaze drifted across her shoulders and he worked his way up her neck before locking her in a completely lust-ridden stare.

Jules might as well have said he wanted her then. It was stamped on his forehead, imprinted in his jeans. He had an erection worth noticing in the time it took for Jenna to grab a shirt and hold it tightly against her body.

"Then go!" Serena gave him a shove.

Jenna grinned. "You'd better listen to your niece. I don't have a problem dressing in front of my new uncles. After all, we're family."

"The hell we are," Brogan said, joining Jules in the hallway.

Serena looked hurt. "Uncle Brogan! Jenna is our guest."

"Yep, I reckon she is but I don't recall changing her diapers, giving her a bottle or slinging her over my shoulder for a piggy back ride. Do you, Jules?"

"No," he said, clearing his throat. "I can't say I do."

Serena placed one open hand on her hip. "Uncle Jules," she pointed with her middle and index fingers from his eyes to her own. "Look at me. Try to give Jenna a

little privacy." She attempted to close the door and place some needed distance between the males and the females.

"If she didn't want us to see her, she would've locked it. Ain't that right, Jenna?"

She grinned. Serena's Uncle Brogan was on to her game. "I didn't notice a lock."

"You didn't look," Brogan replied.

"He did," Jenna said, nodding at Jules and turning the statement into one she could use to her advantage. "Did you see anything you like?"

Jules swallowed so hard, she saw his Adam's apple move up and down. He glanced over at Brogan. "Let her put some clothes on."

Brogan obviously didn't believe in wasting time. Since his brother beat him to the scene of the crime, he apparently didn't want to vacate the premises without a taste of what Jules saw.

Jenna wasn't the girl next door many men took her for. She was a common tease and she planned to have a little summer fun with Serena's uncles. She loved playing around, even though it was all strut and no sway. Most of the time, she never found worthy players to even run the ball onto her field. This little Tennessee trip was the exception. She could already see it turning into a month of good times.

She dropped her shirt, gave her hips a good shake and headed to the bathroom. "I'm taking a shower. Serena, will you see if your uncles can let me have a little privacy?"

Serena laughed. "If you do that again, I guess I'll have to excuse myself and give the three of you a little space."

Jenna crossed her arms over her chest and tossed her hair behind her back. She turned slightly. "We won't need much, will we?" She looked at Jules and then Brogan.

Jules's eyes misted over with a screen of lust so thick, it pooled at the corners. "You're trouble."

"Want me to spell out how much of it I can bring?"

Serena started pushing them out of their temporary room, laughing and shaking her head. "Dad will string you up like Momma strings green beans."

"You're asking for it," Brogan said, directing his words over Serena's shoulder.

From the bathroom, Jenna called out, "You have no idea, does he Serena?"

"Nope," she said proudly.

Jenna slammed the door and Serena yelped. If Jenna pegged Brogan and Jules about right, then she imagined her friend was in for one hell of a lecture. Thank God she spotted the radio on a nearby shelf. No sense in eavesdropping. She touched the dial and found a suitable station. Then, she cranked up the hot water, stripped off her lower half and danced right into the large tile-covered shower.

\* \* \* \*

Brogan wrapped his large hand around her wrist and pulled her down the hall toward the cozy study. Jules stayed directly behind them. Serena knew they weren't too pleased with their current arrangement but she couldn't empathize. She had to bring Jenna along otherwise she'd sit around all summer and worry about her mother.

"Serena," Brogan began, "I'm going to have to ask some of our friends to keep Jenna. The two of you can see one another during the day but—"

"No, Uncle Brogan! You don't understand. Jenna isn't what you think."

"Oh, I'm pretty sure she is," Jules jumped in, making his way to the wet bar.

How funny, Serena thought. He needed a stiff drink after the way Jenna worked him over. Serena wanted to laugh outright as he nervously fumbled with the decanter and then the lid covering the ice bucket.

"She's the definition of what we don't need living under our roof," Jules continued.

"Why? Do you have a girlfriend that's going to get jealous or something?"

Jules and Brogan stared at one another. "No, and you're missing the point," Brogan finally said. "What kind of gal just drops her top like Jenna just did?"

"One with a lot of confidence? Oh good grief, it's not like the two of you haven't seen boobs before. What is the big deal?"

Jules worked his jaw, determined to chase away a smile, maybe even a chuckle.

"I'm not married. I've never seen a woman's body parts before."

"Liar," Serena said, giggling.

Brogan took a deep breath. "Jules, knock it off. Serena, we can't have our niece's best friend running around this place topless."

"She wasn't strutting around anywhere. We were in the bedroom and Uncle Jules opened the door and barged in." She smiled at Jules. "He didn't have to stay. A gentleman would've walked away."

"Serena," Brogan said softly. "That girlfriend of yours is dangerous. She has big ideas for us. I can see it in her eyes."

Jules rubbed the ball of his hand over his chin. "And *big* boobs, I saw those with *my* own eyes."

Brogan took the high road. "Jules, let's focus on scolding Serena and laying down some ground rules."

"Oh stop it. Jenna has big ideas for everyone. You're nothing special. She knows you're my uncles and I don't think she's making a play for either one of you."

"Oh no?" Brogan asked. "Then what do you call her little prance toward the shower?"

"I call it an invitation," Jules translated.

"You would," Serena snapped. "Dad told me about the parties you two have out here. I'm not a kid anymore and Jenna isn't either."

"Oh, that's one thing we're clear on," Brogan replied. "She's also a complete stranger to us, Serena. We can't have beautiful women parading around here without their clothes."

"We never had a problem with it before," Jules pointed out.

"I'm sure you didn't. So you shouldn't have one now. Besides, I give you my word, the only time either one of us will be without our tops will be poolside. How's that?"

Brogan set his jaw and Jules dropped his. Okay, so the topless sunbathing was out of the question. She read their expressions without a lot of extra effort.

"Serena, you're not going to be in our pool area without a swimsuit covering all

distinct body parts. Passerby traffic might stop and gawk," Brogan said

She let out a truly exaggerated sigh and walked over to the window where she immediately drew the shades. "You live in the boonies, Uncle Brogan. No one can see your pool from the main road."

"We never know who might stop by," Jules said.

"Knowing the folks who probably frequent this place, I'm sure you get a whirlwind of traffic. I bet gals of all shapes and sizes run in and out of here, not to mention the men who bring them here. As your niece, I wouldn't want to give off the wrong impression and ruin your fine and upstanding reputation."

"Here, now. Watch your little trap," Brogan said. "You remember who you're talking to. No sass, Serena."

No sass? Good grief, they still thought of her as a little girl with pigtails who made them play with her baby-dolls. Too bad they never counted on her showing up with a life-size doll just for them.

"Serena, your daddy told you too much," Jules said, scratching his neck.

"No. Truth is, I overhear a lot. Don't worry," she assured them, patting Brogan's arm and then squeezing Jules's wrist as she made her way for the door. "Jenna's not a problem. Give her a chance. You won't even know she's on the place. Besides, if it'll make you feel any better, Jenna is a virgin. She might give a few teasers but she never gives away the pudding." With her last comment, she fled the study in a rush.

Jules stared at the door.

"Jenna is...fucked," Brogan said.

Jules turned up the whole bottle of liquor rather than replenishing his glass. "Without question." After a swig, he added, "And so are we."

"Yep, I'm afraid so. We're going to consider a plan B."

"Your first notion is out with the wind. We stood in the doorway gawking when we should've been ashamed to look at a woman like that in front of Serena."

"Let me remind you of who brought her here," Brogan said. "She knows her friend came here with her own agenda. And you know what? Serena is once again going to get



her way. I'm going to pursue her little friend so hard and so fast, she'll beg to stay somewhere else."

"Not if I have a say in this matter."

"You don't," Brogan said. "A damn virgin is sleeping under our roof."

"Yeah, and I kind of like the idea."

"You would."

"I have a way with virgins. And that one upstairs will make training a true joy. She's a sweet little innocent princess, if I ever saw one."

"Oh sure she is and if you can keep her tied and bound somewhere out of sight, I'm sure your plans will go off without the first hitch. Remember," Brogan said quietly. "Our niece isn't the same little girl she was when we last saw her. She'll sneak around until she finds her BFF if she goes missing."

"Don't worry about Serena. Jenna will keep her in check. Then, Serena will turn the other cheek and look away. Our niece knew what she was doing when she invited Jenna. And I swear to you, I'll know what I'm doing when little Miss Jenna finds her denim shorts around her ankles."

"Jules, for God's sake. At least let her get settled in before you go and deflower her."

"I'll give it three days. I may even leave you here with the two of 'em while I go to the Cattleman's Association Meeting in Nashville."

"Like hell you will."

"What's wrong, Brogan? Can't handle seventy-two hours with a couple of young ladies?"

"I can handle the days and Serena, but if you want Jenna to stay a virgin, I suggest you sit tight and the two of us work together to stay out of that girl's pants."

"I'm not interested in staying out of 'em," Jules replied. "I'm only concerned with where she'll leave them the first time I make her step away from 'em."

## Chapter Two

"I need a breast reduction," Jenna mumbled to herself, dipping her toes into the cool blue water. Serena left hours earlier with Brogan and Jules. They needed to pick up something at the cow outlet, or maybe they called it a feed store. She couldn't recall. It was too early to pay attention to particulars when they'd left.

Best she could remember, they asked Serena to run around with them so they could introduce her to some old friends. One thing about it, they sure were proud of their niece.

She tried to remember what time they said they'd come on back but all she recalled was Brogan coming in and shaking her. When she rolled over and stared into his dark eyes, she'd watched the flash of recognition. He meant to wake up Serena and instead found her.

He didn't look too disappointed and she enjoyed watching his skin blush as he tucked the flannel bed sheets against her side, something she later decided she really liked. Brogan was a handsome thing and she could get used to rolling over and finding him early in the morning.

Brogan made bad boys everywhere proud with his chestnut hair cropped right below his ears and brown eyes that actually matched his hair color. His body, while perfect, from a woman's standpoint, wasn't without a few scars. He had a small one on his lower right cheek and another one on his left forearm, something she noticed when he started to pull back the coverlet earlier that morning. It was about the length of a

television remote control and had a wide jagged pattern.

Jenna knew all about scars. Those Brogan wore were like a badge of honor, the kind that assured those who saw him that a knife sliced his skin and he lived to tell about it. They were deep enough to leave their mark behind in his eyes too and Brogan had beautiful eyes. They were hazed over by deception though, a dark hidden desire only a woman had the ability to find, if she dared.

Thinking about Brogan and the way he looked at her, made her knees knock together. Jenna reached behind her back and started to untie her top. She stopped, listened, could've sworn she heard footsteps and then loosened the strings, briefly revisiting her short encounter with Brogan.

"Don't do it."

Startled, she quickly turned around. "Jules, I didn't know you were here. I thought you left with Serena and Brogan."

"And I thought you slept until after twelve. Serena said you didn't get up early."

Jenna watched him approach her cautiously. He had on light denim jeans and a tan belt. His body was bronze. His abs—dear God—were defined, cut to a woman's liking and it was obvious, by the beads of moisture across his chest and belly, he'd been working for the better part of the morning.

Studying the pool, she said, "Serena knows I'm up with the chickens. I'm afraid I'll miss something."

"Is that right?" Jules asked, straddling one of the large lounge chairs and then sitting down across the middle with his arms folded behind his head.

He looked like a god and Lord help her, she was green with envy. What she'd give to be that cushion right smack dab under Jules, even if she had to provide him with a seat and nothing more.

She fluttered her feet beneath the water's surface. She watched her legs move, feeling his intense gaze slicing through her body. She had big ideas, bigger ambitions, and not one inch of experience to encourage a forward pursuit of a man like Jules. "I have a lot of energy. Even Serena has a hard time keeping up."

"Imagine that," Jules drawled, rubbing his chin. "So you and Serena have been best friends for a long time, huh?"

"Yeah, we have. Her family...." She paused, realizing Jules was part of Serena's family, "her parents that is, have been really good to me."

"Heath and Fiona are fine people."

"They're like my own flesh and blood."

"But they aren't. I mean, I don't want to be cruel or anything but we're not related, you know."

Her gaze met his. "I know, Jules. I also understand why you and Brogan keep reminding me."

He licked his lips, a quick swipe. His tongue had probably been the undoing of a good woman, she'd bet on it, even though she wouldn't know—at least by past encounters—what to do with a tongue like his.

"So tell me about you and Serena. When did you meet the apple of my eye?"

Jenna laughed. "She's gonna love hearing she's grabbed your fruity attention."

"She's always had it and she knows it. Brogan and I adore her. We don't have kids of our own so we used to rob Heath of his."

"Heath's a bit older than you though. You still have time to have a houseful of your own."

"Sure, I guess. Maybe before I'm thirty, I'll get a parental urge or something. I still have some time. Besides, I never found the woman who interested me enough to keep around for making babies."

She gulped and quit kicking her feet all at once. Realizing, she stopped moving, she made a sudden splash and started kicking like she was trying to get some kind of water aerobic workout. She opted not to tell him about her friendship with Serena. It wasn't really a choice. Jules and the way he studied her, stunned her into a true loss of words. In fact, she couldn't remember her past when the immediate future looked a little more enticing.

Jules reached under the long chair and released it, lying back at an angle. He

tucked his hands behind his head again and crossed his ankles. The cowboy hat topping his head, slid down over bushy eyebrows. He never bothered to push it back up. "Sure is a pretty day."

"Yeah, it's supposed to be in the upper eighties. I heard it on the radio this morning."

"Uh-huh," Jules muttered. "We're in for a hot summer."

He said it about right. A scorching day too if she didn't stop thinking about his thick arms wrapped around her bare belly and his package pressed against her thigh. Why on earth she had the first notion to take on a man like Jules troubled her. She never gave much thought to finding her cake and eating it too. Her stepdad assured her more than once that she'd get passed around long before she found the man of her dreams. Now, it seemed, she'd located two.

Jenna placed her palms flat against the concrete and slid into the water. "Brr," she cried out through gritted teeth.

He tilted his hat and sat up. "Cold, huh?"

"Freezing," she replied, bouncing around in the water with her arms looped around her middle.

Jules narrowed his gaze. "Damn it," he growled looking across the patio and then back at her chest. No mistaking it, Jules stared at her nipples and the evidence her body provided. She was cold and aroused. Her breasts pressed against her skimpy top and his gaze only made her more certain of his appraisal. He didn't have control and she knelt down in the water to hide the assets he most definitely wanted to see.

"Brogan forgot to turn the heater on. Come here, I'll show you how to do it." He strode across the concrete and stood in front of the pool heater and a few switches.

She didn't move.

"Get out or swim over here."

"I'm too cold," she whined, gliding toward the steps.

Jules knelt next to the pool and stuck his hand in the water. "Good Lord, child, get out of there. It's freezing."

"I'm not a kid," she said, rushing for the side ladder.

"I never said," he paused. "Yeah, I guess I did."

Jules quickly made his way behind the pool bar. It was more like a hut but by the glasses hanging from the ceiling, she assumed the area had a profound party purpose. When he walked out from behind it, he had a large blue beach towel in his hands. It had a huge beer can imprinted in the center. Holding it open, he said, "I won't look."

Sassy and proud of what she had, she really didn't care if he gawked. Sure, she had on a white bathing suit but with the lining and built-in cups, he wasn't going to see much. She took a few baby steps toward the side and then the morning wind put some prance into her steps. She hurried out of the pool and straight for the large towel. Her teeth clanking together alerted him to the fact she was almost frozen solid. Maybe she'd play up the chill-factor.

He wrapped his arms around her and before she knew what happened, he was holding her close enough to kiss her.

"Thank you." She expressed her gratitude and then tried to wiggle free.

He refused to let her. "You're welcome,"

"This is thoughtful," she added nervously.

"What? The towel or the hug?"

"Is that what this is?"

He laughed and backed away. "Get yourself some breakfast and make yourself at home." He put some space between them. He should've sprinted away because it was obvious he had a little trouble walking.

Then again, if he had the first inclination of what she had in mind, he might have stayed to talk. He seemed like the kind of fellow who liked to chat about things, make a little noise only after he discussed countless possibilities.

Even if Jules left the poolside and didn't look back, sooner or later he wouldn't resist her. Jenna's main concern was whether or not she'd be able to handle him. One day when he reached for her and refused to let her go, she wanted to be ready.

From the moment she'd arrived there, she'd recognized the male ego, the kind of

men who took what they wanted and damn sure didn't waste time snatching it. Jules and Brogan had an eye for a pretty lady and evidently, from what she'd been told more than a few times, she was the kind of gal who turned a man's head and then snapped a noose around his neck.

"Did I do something to scare you off?" She knew the truest answer wasn't something she'd hear.

He stopped at the pool gate and slowly turned around. "Don't toy with me, Jenna. I may look like a man who has it together but I can come apart at the wrong time with the right persuasion."

She swallowed. Frightened and excited by his proclamation, she wanted to see how hard she could push his buttons. She longed to watch them pop. She was anxious to see what happened when a man came unraveled, when she was the driving force and the only reason for the threads parting, the zipper ripping.

Rather than invite the danger, she stood there clutching the towel in her fist, right under her chin. "You like me, don't you?"

"I don't know you."

"It doesn't matter. You think I'm pretty and it's enough to frustrate you." She stepped toward him. "Admit it." She took another step. Then another.

"I've had time to think a lot of things. I lost sleep considering 'em too. I believe you knew when you came here, exactly what you'd find. Hell, Serena runs around with a camera in her hand half the time. You were at an advantage because you most likely saw your targets—me and Brogan—before you hopped in the car with Heath and headed for Tennessee. If anyone has a hankering for anybody here, it's you, isn't it? My money is on a bet, you knew all about me and Brogan before you made your way to Bristol. Otherwise, you wouldn't have bothered making the trip."

A smart cowboy existed under that Stetson, no doubt. Yes, she'd looked at the pictures of family reunions, the kind of photographs most families had—minus her own—of relatives gathered around the green Christmas tree. The Evans' family photographs always showcased tall pine trees fully decorated with all the trimmings.

Most of Serena's pictures truly captured the festivities of the holiday. She'd seen Jules and Brogan in many of the snapshots.

The images captivated her and once drew her to negotiations. She remembered begging Serena for a particular picture showcasing time spent with Brogan and Jules who shared in many of her childhood summer breaks. The guys were real young then, probably still living with their parents who later died when they were vacationing overseas. By the wide smiles and the innocence of youth, she decided most of the pictures she'd seen of Brogan and Jules were taken long before their parents were killed.

Fiona was the only one who ever mentioned Serena's grandparents or their deaths. They were in a taxi when a bombing took place and Serena never discussed the occurrence. She was too young to remember much.

Allowing her mind to wander, Jenna revisited the scars she saw on Brogan earlier. Maybe he went nuts when he lost both of his parents. Perhaps he left town and went on a search for revenge, hoping to find the culprit who paid the bomber to blow himself up, taking both of his parents at the same time.

Jenna flashed ahead to the picture that cost her a week of doing dishes and laundry, the only bargaining chip she'd had when she asked Serena for the sexy photograph of her uncles. They were showing off their muscles, standing in the middle of a barge, looking like they were three sheets to the wind. Brogan's hair was longer then and Jules even had his golden mane pulled back in a ponytail. Truth be told, Jenna decided there wasn't one picture that served the Evans brothers well. Cameras didn't do Brogan or Jules justice.

While she expected to find more man than she could handle in Brogan, she never expected an instant attraction to Jules. He didn't resemble the guy in Serena's photo albums. In person, Jules looked like a movie star that stepped right out of the big screen with one purpose, to make her life hell or pull her into a special kind of heaven. A romantic place lovers found together, she presumed. Her daydreaming washed away with the vocal release of a heavy sigh.



He waited with his hand on the small gate. "I already see those distant stars in your eyes, little girl."

"Once again, I'm not a little girl."

"It's going to be a pretty day for sunbathing." His comment was suggestive and his gaze settled on her middle. He didn't bother making the correction after his deliberate slam. They had an unspoken understanding after he saw her topless. He liked her and eventually, he would make his move. He could call her granny or baby, for all she cared. Jules Evans didn't think of her as a little girl and the way he stared at her boobs kind of gave everything away.

"Yes." She walked over to the same chair he vacated. "And I like it hot, did I tell you that?"

He snickered. "Yeah, I'll just bet you do."

Jenna stretched out on the fancy lounge and reached behind her back. She untied the strings to her bikini. "Have fun working out there, Jules."

She closed her eyes and waited. She knew what the opposite sex saw in her. More than one man in her lifetime told her about her apple bottom and her big boobs. With her chest mashed against the chair and her ass poorly covered by the string bikini, she might as well count off the seconds.

The sun was so hot it threatened to burn her flesh by the minute and the warmth covered her completely, in places the sun didn't quite reach. Suddenly, shade blocked her full exposure. A tube of something hit her lower back and she arched upward leaving her top on the chair under her.

"Good damn, you've got everything going for you, don't you?" Jules squatted down next to her and stared at her eyes rather than her breasts. He'd already seen her topless. Now, as luck had it, he must have wanted to study the woman showing off. "I might as well help you out so you don't fry important body parts. There's enough sizzle found in them as it is."

She started to lay down again, but he stopped her. Tilting her chin up with one finger, he said, "Jenna, I think you need to put your top on now." He waved his hand

briskly in front of her pointed nipples and grinned. "Damn."

He almost touched her. She saw how much he wanted to pinch her nipples and it made her crazy with lust thinking about how close she came to drawing his hand.

"It's too confining," she murmured but she did lay flat again. Teasing a man wasn't like teasing a boy. A year ago, she'd discovered she could flirt and go, if the guys were her own age, but Jules and Brogan weren't boys. They were men and by God, they probably knew what to do with tits and ass.

Jules unscrewed the cap on the sun lotion. "Okay, have it your way." He squirted the creamy substance in the palms of his hands and stood up. Once he was on his feet, he pressed one knee on the seat cushion and used it to spread her legs. Then, she received one hell of a surprise: a sensual full body massage.

Damn, if he didn't learn how to turn away from a good thing, they were all going to be in for one hell of a June. He almost made it to the barn and then he glanced back and saw her.

Good Lord, he was kidding himself. He thought he could come on over and say hello and then get back to work. He didn't even make it out of the pool area. He was too interested in touching her, holding her, stroking her. Good damn, he was a mess of nerves. He'd had a slew of women in his lifetime and not one of them ever made him so horny; none of them had looked like Jenna either but that was beside the point. Where was his self control?

He picked up her ankle and worked his fingers and hands around her cut calf. She had a runner's body. Spreading the lotion over her lower legs, he hesitated before he rubbed his hands over the backs of her knees and caressed her upper legs and thighs. Imagining he could smell a perfect blend of coconut mixed with her arousal, he quickly skimmed the area right under her round bottom and resisted the urge to touch those perfectly shaped feminine globes. Oh, if he felt that ass, he'd do something worth regretting.

Reaching for the tube again, he watched the squiggly design form in his palm before he rubbed his hands over her lower back and carefully caressed her midsection moving toward her thin shoulders. He saw the splotch-work of chill bumps form on her arms and he smiled. "You like this attention, huh?"

She reached behind her neck and grabbed her hair, pushing it out of his way. God, she had the sexiest nape he'd ever spotted. Dainty and feminine shoulders led to a long, delicate neck perfect for his lips, and he didn't resist sultry temptations.

He dipped his head and bent over low enough to kiss the base, touching his tongue to her skin until she hummed. He heard the light moan, the simple indulgence of vocal appreciation slipping from her lungs. Then, she caught her breath and shifted her weight.

With her arms outstretched, she quietly thanked him. "I appreciate the hospitality and the body rub."

Oh he'd give her a good stroking all right. All she had to do was flip over and let him see those pretty tits close up. His mouth watered while his mind churned.

"I'd hate for you to get a sunburn your first day," he whispered. It was then he realized, he'd crossed the line. His lips were at her ear and his hard length reminded him that he was a man coming on to a woman who should've remained off limits.

Unfortunately, his good senses kicked in only when he heard the slamming of a truck door. "Uncle Jules!" Serena's squeal filled the area. "What are you doing to my friend?" She ran toward them and he looked down at Jenna.

"Question is, what is your friend doing to me?"

The little vixen grinned. When Brogan and Serena walked closer, she raised her voice when she asked, "Yeah, Jules, what *are* you doing?"

"Nothing yet," he growled. "But when I do, you'll ask me to do it over and over again. That's a promise."

## Chapter Three

Jules readjusted the situation in his pants while he waited in his truck. He scanned the dimly lit area of the expansive parking lot once more. He'd been there about thirty minutes and he still hadn't heard from them.

Most of the cars remaining belonged to movie goers and mall employees. He spotted a yellow convertible Mustang, a shiny red Corvette, and a mix of makes and models. He noted the easy comparison between cars and women.

Gals came in all makes and models, but Jenna was the Ferrari of all women. He reminded himself that a man didn't take on a Ferrari like he drove any other car. When he slid behind the wheel of a fine-tuned and expensive vehicle, he took extra precautions before he pulled onto the road, careful that he didn't drive right into an unexpected accident, avoiding mistakes at all costs.

Cars, like women, were treasured possessions but sometimes a man knew when he had a rare find. Men, even relatively dumb ones, realized it was important to exercise a little extra care when dealing with extraordinary machines, especially when the mechanisms behind it belonged to a sexy woman.

"I've lost it now," he muttered, leaning against the headrest. Jenna once again dominated his thoughts. He might as well get used to it. Damnation, the girl crawled under his skin and existed there as a constant itch, an irritating reminder that his life was about to change and there wasn't anything he could do about it.

Something told him his feelings would only get stronger and his condition wasn't

temporary. He couldn't shut her out no matter how hard he tried. He still smelled her skin, the way she tasted when he kissed the nape of her neck. He was losing himself to a woman he hadn't kissed, held, made love to or God help him, bound to his bed and teased like they'd never have another day together, another moment as special as the first.

Hearing a noise in the distance, he opened his eyes and glared straight ahead. To his disappointment, a crowd of teenagers headed to the opposite end of the lot. No sign of Serena, or Jenna.

A few more minutes passed and Jules dialed Serena's cell phone. It rang again and again. No answer. Damn it. Allowing those two out of his sight was a bad idea.

Searching the cars coming and going, he silently thanked God he didn't see them getting out of stranger's car. Then, the sudden thought drove his panic.

He dialed Brogan's number. "You dropped them off at the Bristol Mall, right?"

"Yep, Serena just sent me a text. They're in a movie and should be out anytime."

"All right," he said, relieved.

"Everything okay little brother?" Brogan taunted.

"Fine. Why?"

"You sounded a little worried. Are you feeling okay? Feeling like yourself, I guess."

"Smart ass. I don't know about you but I don't like being responsible for teeny boppers."

"You didn't have a problem with it earlier when your lips were on Jenna's neck."

"You saw?"

"I did. It didn't go anywhere else I hope."

"Y, *hell no*," he said, a grumpy edge in his voice.

"Good thing Serena and I came home when we did then, right?"

"Sure, I was tickled to death to see you."

"Yeah, we saw the welcome wagon and the balloons sailing in the air. I don't know who looked more disappointed, you or her."

Jules shifted in the seat and stared at the mall entrance. "Really?"

"She sure looked content enough."

"Ah, but just you wait," he teased. "She's gonna look like a new woman once I get my dick inside her pretty little—"

The passenger door flew open and Jenna hopped in the cab of the truck. "I won!" she exclaimed, exasperated.

"Uh, Brogan, I gotta go," he said, eyeing Jenna. "One of the little kiddies just showed up."

He heard a chuckle before he snapped his phone closed.

Jenna narrowed her gaze. "I thought after your hands were all over me by the pool the least I'd earn was an upgrade to kitten."

"Kitten?" he asked scratching his chin and looking at her long, tempting legs. "Kittens don't wear shorts so short they show off a woman's pussy."

Her mouth dropped.

Instinctively, Jules allowed his tongue to slip from between his lips long enough to moisten his lips and tempt the little vixen who apparently enjoyed hearing a few sweet and suggestive statements. "You don't go out in shorts like those and bend over now, ya hear?"

She giggled. "Why? You think my ass might fall out or something?"

"I already told you what I thought. It's not your ass I'm worried about." Jules was just about to take it a little further than he should when the door opened again. Serena knelt down next to the cab of the truck, breathing hard and darn near close to losing her lunch.

"You okay?" Jenna asked, studying her.

"No." She grabbed her side. "How long have you been here?"

Jules laughed and started the truck. "Long enough for me to waste some time I hated to lose. Get in Serena. Let's go get a pizza and head on back. We have company coming tonight."

"We do?" Serena asked excitedly. "Is it a party?"

Jules gripped the steering wheel and thought about the get together he didn't want his niece or Jenna to join. "Yeah, but you two are going to watch movies and go to bed, right?"

"Oh yeah," Serena agreed. "You know it." She rolled her eyes and slapped Jenna on the leg. She jerked and her leg rubbed against his.

He felt an electric shock all the way to his groin when her bare leg touched his denim-clad thigh.

Jenna smiled. "I'm invited, right Jules?"

"No, we don't have the kind of parties young ladies roam around. Too much sinning going on and foolishness neither one of you should know anything about."

"Ah now, Jules," Jenna purred. "Let us go. Please?"

"You're talking to the wrong uncle."

"I'm not your niece, remember?"

God yeah, he remembered. And he was thankful. Heaven help him, he was glad because the woman staring back at him was going to be his family all right. He had the strangest and strongest feelings he'd ever had and by God, there wasn't a doubt in his mind. The little gal beside him would one day hold a very special place in his life. Jenna was destined to become his wife. There wasn't a damn thing he could do about it, except maybe accept his fate and prepare for the journey of a lifetime.

\* \* \* \*

Jules had time to get over his earlier nonsense and sort out his feelings. He'd taken the girls to pick up carry-out and then left them in the den with a large pizza smothered in extra cheese and sausage. Then, he hid behind a bathroom door, yanked down his pants like he used to do when he was in high school and jacked the hell off. Yeah, like a boy with a hard cock and nowhere to go with it.

The whole time his dick was in hand, he imagined those voluptuous breasts, the kind of mounds a woman was gifted with, not the silicone bullshit most of his one-

night-stands flaunted. Jenna was soft and natural, ready for a little loving. He pulled at his hard length and tried to visualize them making love. It didn't take long for the tip of his dick to open up with his spill and heaven help him, he had to bite down on his hand to keep from screaming her name. Even after he came, using her pretty little images for inspiration, he was still long and hard. He didn't need fantasies; he longed for the woman driving them.

After he'd showered and changed, he met up with Brogan in the barn. Brogan looked like he just had a fresh fuck. He was as chipper as a man with his fingers still locked in a little woman's pussy.

"What's up with you?" Jules asked.

"You've amused me in ways I never thought possible."

"Glad to give you a few chuckles. Now, how's that?"

"Jenna is driving you crazy."

"No," he stated flatly. "Jenna is not making me anything but hard."

"Yeah, and she isn't doing anything about it and that little brother is making you act like a madman. You watch her like a stalker and blush every time she walks into the room."

"I do not." Jules grabbed the keg and dragged it to the far corner. "When did you get this in?"

"Pete dropped it off before he went home to change."

"Ah, so it's his turn to buy this week?"

"I reckon," Brogan said "So what are the girls doing tonight?"

"I hope they're enjoying their pizza and watching something like *Home Alone*, you know a kid movie so they don't get any ideas."

"*Home Alone* might give them a few. Remember, Jenna is with Serena, for crying out loud."

"She's not as immature as Serena."

"I wouldn't know," Brogan complained. "You've managed more time with her than I have."



## Domination Plantation

"Drives you crazy too, doesn't it?"

"It's driving one of us to something but it ain't me, little brother."

Jules narrowed his gaze and studied the first two trucks starting down the hill.

"Great."

Brogan turned around. "Ha! I bet you'll keep those girls up at the house now, won't you?"

"Who the hell invited Mark Doyle?"

"Pete and Melissa. He's with Tommy so you don't have any worries."

Tommy was the older Doyle brother and yes, he had reason for concern. He gritted his teeth and headed for the far end of the barn.

"Where are you going?"

"I don't feel like a party. I'll watch the girls tonight."

Brogan cleared his throat. "What you need to do is fuck some unsuspecting female who doesn't mind a good thrashing regardless of the reasons behind it. We've got a lot of pretty ladies coming out tonight."

"There's always a new one somewhere but there's not one who looks like Jenna within five hundred miles of here. You can manage without me, can't you?"

A racket at the opposite end of the barn guaranteed the party had arrived. Brogan turned around and Jules looked up in time to see Marcy with the Doyle brothers. She was toting one of her gal pals and dragging her along behind her.

"Marcy," the guys chanted together. "Who's your friend?" Brogan added, already intrigued enough to approach. He nodded toward the Doyles and that was about all he offered them.

"Ah, Brogan, she's for Jules, honey."

Jules swallowed hard. Marcy looked sexy as all hell as always and the little gal with her, well, she was downright hot.

Brogan poked him in the ribs. "How about that? Marcy brought you a little treat."

Truth be told, he was tempted to take time out of his day and indulge in a little snacking but Marcy and her friend just didn't have what it took to fully whet his

appetite. At least, not tonight.

"I'll be right back," he said rudely without further acknowledging Marcy or her playmate.

He heard the whispers behind his back as he left. Sure, there was something wrong with him. Brogan might as well snicker about it. He could tell them the reasons behind his demeanor too for all he cared. He had a few things to sort out and by damn, he knew where to go and decipher through them.

Marching to the lower field, he paused at a covered shed long enough to retrieve a saddle and bridle. Hurriedly, he tossed the gear over his back and headed deeper into a hollow, the place his old mare typically hid when they had a lot of folks around. "Come here, Dolly," he called out whistling. "Come on, girl. Let's go for a ride."

The dappled gray horse turned her long neck around and in her gentle gait, quickly trotted toward him. Dolly was loyal, something his brother needed to try at times like these. Asking Marcy to show up with a companion in his weakest hour wasn't a good move. It pissed him off because Jules hated tests.

Patting the horse, he smoothed his large hands over her before he dropped the saddle at the mare's hooves and then put the bit in Dolly's mouth. After the bridle was in place, he tossed the saddle on her back and tightened the old girth. He was going to ride like hell. He mounted old Dolly and took off for the hills but he didn't make it there.

"Damn it!" she screamed out as she rolled around on the ground with her knee bent and her hands cupping her ankle. "I'm so fucking stupid!"

What was she thinking? Where had she planned on running to? She didn't know anything about the Evans property and taking off for a nighttime jog made about as much sense as — she stopped her moaning and listened — yeah, it made as much sense as riding into pitch darkness.

"Is someone out here?" she heard Jules shout into the night.

"It's me," she groaned. Great, just great, she thought. Not only did she look positively stupid hunched down on the ground with her shins bleeding and her ankle swelling by the second, Jules had to find her.

"Where are you? I can't see you." She heard the soft crunching sound of a horse moving over the tall weeds. "Talk to me so I can find you."

"I'm here on the ground. I took off for a run and didn't pay attention to where I was going. I tripped over something. I sprained my ankle, I guess."

A few seconds later, Jules towered over her. She looked up and found a very amused cowboy. The moonlight allowed her to see the face of humor. "If you wanted my attention, you didn't have to try to get it this way, you know. You could've done a little better for yourself if you'd just made your move in the truck earlier. Saved yourself an ace bandage and an icepack but no, you had to do it the hard way, didn't ya?"

"Funny, aren't 'cha?"

"I try, darlin'. How bad are you hurt?"

She swallowed. "Bad enough to know I can't walk or run out of here but it isn't broken. Just sprained."

He slid out of his saddle and knelt down beside her. "Let me see you." He pulled a lighter from his pocket and shone the light on her ankle and then her knees. "When you fall, you like bruises and scrapes, something to remember the incident by, huh?"

"Oh yes. I typically go for broken bones too but this time I landed a little softer so I could quickly pull myself together on the chance you might ride out here and save me."

"Save you?"

"From myself, of course," she said, drawing her knees up.

Jules flicked the lighter again. "Do you need someone to save you, Jenna?"

He studied her closely and she was nervous again. She wanted to tell him yes. "I'm glad you came along," she admitted, standing.

Jules placed his hand on her shoulder. "Wait there a second. Let me check you out."

"I'm fine. The only thing hurt here is my ego. I'm really not a klutz and I use good judgment most of the time. This was the exception, taking off in the middle of the night like a jealous teenager."

"What do you mean, taking off like a jealous teenager?"

"It's true," she said nervously. She took a deep breath and slowly let it out. "Serena fell asleep on the couch. She ate most of the pizza and she typically sleeps all night when she..."

"I don't want to talk about my niece," Jules interrupted. "Tell me about this teenager and her jealousy."

"You mean me?"

"You're no teenager, Jenna," he said, using the lighter to slowly shine his way down her body. "You're more of a woman than any woman I've ever met before."

"You won't think so now."

He grinned and she barely saw his smile in the soft glimmer of the small flame. "Why not? Because you're jealous?"

Her heart pounded faster and faster. She really didn't know how to come on to a man without teasing like crazy and then running away. She always ran away. She never found a man worthy of a full-fledged pursuit. Until now.

"I heard you in the barn with Brogan. Some woman named Marcy brought you another woman for a treat or something."

Jules sat down beside her. "You hear a lot of things you shouldn't."

"I'm like Serena. I get around."

"Oh you do?"

"Not like that," she said blushing and thankful the night was so dark that he wouldn't see her tinted cheeks.

"Were you really jealous?" he asked, cupping her neck and forcing her to look him in the eyes.

"Terribly."

"Good," he said chuckling. "Now, can I tell you why I didn't take Marcy up on her

offer?"

She swallowed hard. Was she ready for this? She nodded. "Tell me."

Jules framed her face. His thumbs ran over her lips and he brushed his lips against hers in a featherlike kiss that wasn't intrusive.

"I'm interested in someone else."

"I see," she said shivering. "Well, that explains things then."

"Good."

She was in a large, open field and if she didn't get him out of there, they were going to do something she'd later regret. She didn't want to have sex in the middle of a cattle field. She wanted Jules to one day carry her off to a large bed and make love to her like a lady. First times and field romps didn't tempt her in the least.

Jules pressed his thumbs into her cheeks and the additional pressure enticed a heated caress across her cheekbones. Then, he worked his fingers into her hair and looked at her like he might take her right there. "Can I kiss you? I mean, really kiss you?"

The next breath she took was so tortured, so ragged, so completely wasted, because she gasped and then she blurted out a mind-boggling, "No."

## Chapter Four

"I want her out of here," Jules told Brogan with Serena sitting nearby watching the show unfold but trying to pretend she didn't notice.

"Why the sudden urgency?" Brogan asked, taunting his brother.

"I don't need a reason. I just want her gone. We're not running pre-care for college bound women. Serena can stay. She's family. I love her. Jenna is a different story."

"Uh-huh, I imagine so."

"He's just mad because he asked Jenna if he could kiss her and she said, 'no'. What's wrong Uncle Jules, haven't you ever heard the word before? I can spell it for you if you like, even define it, if you need a quote from the dictionary. She didn't mean to hurt your feelings, by the way."

"So Jenna declined the kissing offer, did she?" Brogan asked, slapping Jules on the back while concentrating on Serena, waiting for more details. She'd give them. She loved the floor and her uncles expected her to take it.

"Yup, I think that's about the way it went down, isn't it Jules?"

"No, young lady, it is not," he growled.

"Where is Jenna, anyway?" Brogan asked.

Serena stretched out on the couch and propped her feet over the back of the leather sofa. She pulled out a fingernail file and started filing away. "She sprained her ankle, you know—oh wait, you probably didn't hear since you were otherwise engaged last night but Jules knew—anyhow, she's in your Jacuzzi with the jets on her ankle."

## Domination Plantation

No one said anything else right away and Serena looked up when she realized why. "And she's going to stay there for a bit all alone, got it?"

Jules threw his arm in the air. "See? They're in on this whole thing together. They think it's a game of some sort. Now, I know she can't go home, but by damn she can go stay with Melissa and Pete."

Brogan stretched. "I have a better idea."

Serena wrapped her arms under her legs and shifted upright. "What?"

"Yeah," Jules asked. "What?"

"We'll send her to stay with Marcy. She'd love to have the company."

Jules gritted his teeth, squinted his eyes and stormed out.

"He likes her," Brogan said.

"Yeah, I'd say his days of being a bachelor are coming to a rapid end, what do you think?"

"You're right," Brogan agreed, laughing. "I've never seen him act this way before."

"Well then, let's go celebrate. I need some nail polish. Will you take me to the drug store?"

"Sure, sweetie." Brogan answered, grabbing his keys. "I think Jules needs a favor."

"No, they both need several." Serena grabbed her purse. Jenna owed her big time for this. And Jules might as well thank her on the way out.

\* \* \* \*

Jenna pressed the side of her foot against the nozzle. Her ankle was blue, and swollen to look more painful than it was, but it managed to provide enough discomfort when she pushed it closer to the jet. She left her foot right next to the water's force, and leaned her head back and closed her eyes.

She must've been crazy. Maybe when she fell, she knocked loose a few screws in her head. She couldn't believe she said no when Jules asked to kiss her. It was all she'd thought about for days and then when he asked, like a gentleman might, she told him

no. How stupid could she get? Probably a little dumber, when it came to him.

She wouldn't blame him if he never spoke to her again. After he backed away from her, he'd clenched his fists, balled them up so tight she didn't know what to make of it. When he squatted down next to her again, she'd thought he might take the kiss anyway. Instead, he swept her into his arms and placed her in the saddle. Then, he led her back to the house, like a knight leading a princess to safety. Best of all, he'd carried her into the house and straight upstairs.

She couldn't remember what they'd talked about. It was strange really. She'd felt so light-headed, dizzy with an intoxicating lust. She probably slurred what few words she'd spoken.

They didn't say a lot to one another, but they traded heated glances. Maybe Jules wasn't much of a talker after a woman put him in his place.

"I'm falling for you."

She jerked to attention and made a splash when the leg propped up over the tub fell to the water. "Oh my God, get out of here!" She sank into the bubbles and they were high enough to hide her completely.

"Oh come on, Jenna. What's with the modesty? Huh?"

Her head bobbed above the surface and she spat out, "I just heard Brogan and Serena leave. You can't be in here."

*He's falling for me?* She blinked. This had to be one of those lust-ridden moments again.

He unbuttoned his shirt.

"No, you...you don't understand." Her eyes were wide. "I mean, you can't be here with me. Not like this. Don't you know?"

"I know what I need to know. It doesn't matter. I still want you."

"You can't have me," she wailed. "Serena would—"

"Understand. You think she left with Brogan by accident? She told me you were up here soaking before they headed out for nail polish."

Serena traveled with every acrylic color ever developed. She could stock a nail



salon. "I see," she whispered. "I still need you to go, Jules."

"You aren't attracted to me?"

"It's not about whether or not there's chemistry between us."

"Then what is it?"

Jenna took the dare and when she did, she gained her confidence all at one time. She sat straighter, erect enough to show a little cleavage. "I'm not like those women who come to your parties."

"What do you know about those gals, or our get togethers?"

"Oh come on, Jules. Give me some credit. Serena and I have talked. Fiona warned me too. If I had any doubts, they were put to rest after Miss What's-her-face brought you a midnight snack in the suggestive form of boobs and bottoms."

Jules laughed, sat down next to the tub and dipped his hand in the water. He only skimmed his fingers over the top but it sure was sexy. The way he watched his hand trail through the bubbles, tempting her to move closer, made her want to press her knee right into the palm of his hand. He peered up from under those dark eyelashes too. God help her, she was infatuated with one hell of a man.

"I wasn't hungry for anything Marcy Mahoney had. Trust me, if I'm going to nibble," his hand disappeared and he easily found her calf. "I'll start right here with you." Pulling her lower leg out of the water, he kissed her ankle. The white bubbles glistened on his lips and formed a soft fluorescent mustache under his nose. If it wasn't the sweetest, and the most erotic maneuver she'd ever witnessed in her life, she might have laughed at the image.

He massaged the ankle she sprained. When he first placed his hand around the width, she flinched, but as he worked the soreness out, she relaxed and leaned her head back on the soft roll built into the Jacuzzi tub.

"Let me join you," he whispered. Still focused on her leg and the way his hand moved to comfort her. "Let me show you how much I want you."

"Jules, we just met."

"Darlin', we may have just made a physical connection but I swear, we must've

known one another in a past life. The feelings I get when we're together are too strong. I can't fight 'em. Can you?"

Not unless he backed the hell off and he wasn't giving the impression that he might. "Thank you for massaging my ankle. It feels good as new." She rotated it once for show.

Jules, probably suspecting she was ready to dismiss him, changed his approach. His arm sank deeper into the water and he inched forward. She didn't lock gazes with him, to do so now would only provoke him. Instead, she stared at the water, wondering where he might touch her when his hand met her flesh again.

His open palm landed against her leg, right above her knee and he slowly lifted his gaze. When she looked into his eyes, it was a mistake. By God, she knew it was a costly one, but she couldn't help herself. His fingers trailed up her inner thigh and she gasped when she felt a soft wave right at her pussy. It was like he only flicked his fingers a little, just enough to let her know where he planned to explore.

"Spread your legs," he told her. "Come on, Jenna, do it for me, baby."

Without the will to stop, her knees parted and he grinned. "That's my girl."

She bet he said those same words to the woman who attended his party the night before. It didn't matter. It still sounded like the sexiest invitation a man could ever give a woman.

She couldn't help herself. She trembled all over. Even though she didn't have very much experience, she realized enough when one touch set her on fire. Jules Evans knew how to take a woman, and then please the hell out of her.

His full hand covered her mound and with the ball of his hand, he moved it over her pelvic area. "Sweet fuckin' hell, you're shaved?"

Her cheeks felt hot and she started to close her legs.

"It's all right," he reassured her. "I'm not going to ask you to stand up and show me."

Again, she caught her breath and this time it was duly provoked. He slid his middle finger through her folds and penetrated her with the tip of his finger. His eyes

closed and he moaned, like the simple act of touching her vagina, even with one finger, was satin pleasure.

He penetrated deeper and his finger pressed tighter between her walls. This time, she relaxed, indulging in the new wonder of a man's hand intimately searching for the right spot.

"Jules," she gasped.

The dizzy feeling consumed her. She felt like she'd died and gone to a holding zone—the kind of place where sins were tallied right before final decisions sealed future deals, those that changed lives, for better or for worse.

He licked his lips and made a show of it. "I can't wait to taste you."

A door slammed behind them.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" Brogan asked, entering the bathroom with Serena beside of him. When he realized where Jules's hands were, he stopped in the doorway and grabbed Serena by the shoulders. "Out you go," he remarked, guiding her back the same way they'd entered.

"Wait!" she protested.

"Not on your life. Move, Serena!" Brogan pushed her out and Jenna sank underwater.

Jules reached for her, dragging her by the arm and pulling her back up for a breath of air. They stared at one another when she reappeared covered in bubbles and embarrassment.

"Brogan, can you give the lady a minute?" Jules snapped, turning his head slightly when Brogan returned.

"No, I can't. You can, though. In fact, I really like the idea. Now, take a hike."

"Brogan—"

"Now, okay?"

Jules smirked. "So this is how it's gonna be?"

"It's my tub. My room. Out you go."

With the rapid onset of a set jaw and clenching teeth, Jenna realized Jules didn't

trust Brogan. Maybe he had good reason.

Brogan supposedly left with Serena but he was only gone long enough to give Jules opportunity. Before either of them had the chance to take advantage of their newfound privacy, Brogan and Serena returned. Then, in the midst of erotic beginnings, Brogan asked Jules to leave and Jules, for whatever reason, obliged.

Maybe she should've been afraid after she witnessed the unspoken glances between brothers. Instead, their daring glares turned her on all the more. It was bad enough that Jules had fingered her, without kissing her or really even groping her, now Brogan looked like he wanted to pick up where his brother left off.

Jenna hadn't been alone with Brogan but by the size of his tented pants, she guessed he held about as much interest in her as his younger brother.

"Brogan, I can explain," she said, fidgeting.

He reached behind him and shut the bathroom door Jules left open. "I doubt it."

"Is Serena still out there?"

"Probably," he said.

"Then I'll give you a warning," she chirped, the play back in her voice, the game returning to her attitude. "She most likely has her ear mashed against the door."

"Then she's gonna have a whole lot of questions for you later. Get ready for 'em."

He sat down on the tile encasing the sunken tub. "What are you doing here, Jenna?"

"I was trying to take a bath and soak my foot. Serena said it was all right to use your Jacuzzi. If it was an imposition, then I won't do it again."

"It wasn't," he growled. "Thing is, Jules and I can't wait to bring you right here. But you already know that, don't you?"

There was a certain edge to Brogan, a certain man she wasn't sure a woman could tame. He had a dark demeanor and it frightened her some.

"Do you know what we do to our women, Jenna?" he asked. "Do you?"

Shaking her head, she said, "No, but I'm not afraid of you."

He pursed his lips and then finally cautioned her, "You should be. If you only

knew what I wanted to do to you now, you'd start begging right this minute. You'd make me swear off touching you because so help me, if I strip off and get in that tub with you, I'm not going to care if you're a virgin, Jenna. All I'll care about is showing you how to please a man, and submit to a Dom waiting to become your Master."

"The water is a little chilly now," she purred. Standing up, she reached for the towel. The bubbles covering her were worthy of a cussing. They clung to her in strategic places, refusing to allow him a good view of her round little nipples or pretty little pussy. He'd pierce those nipples, and maybe even her clit, if she didn't behave and Jenna wasn't going to mind him. He'd bet a good steer on it, one he'd rope and tie the same way he planned to bound and tie her. Only he could kill a fattened calf. Whereas, he wanted to do the kind of things to Jenna that would have Heath and Fiona ready to hang him.

"Come here," he said with a guttural tone he had no right to use when he addressed an innocent woman.

She stepped away from the tub and he took the towel from her hands, patting down her legs and arms before he ran the terrycloth across her middle and then caressed her breasts. Her eyes followed his and she spread her legs.

"You've been trained. Somebody in your life prepared you for a submissive lifestyle, didn't they?"

She looked away and he saw the moisture pooling in the corners of her eyes. He wasn't going to take things too far yet. He had more self-control than Jules and a hell of a lot more self-preservation.

Some Doms, even those with their dick pulsing with untamed heat, knew when to save themselves from approaching the right submissive too soon. They backed the hell off for their own good. They were the men who understood the lifestyle and a willing sub waiting to serve without question, meant the end was drawing near. Sure, an exciting beginning loomed but he feared her because of the days ahead. Sometimes a man knew to back the hell off and boy o'howdy, this was one of them.

"Wanna tell me about it?"

"No," she said, shuddering. "It's not like what you think anyway. You wouldn't understand."

"Try me."

"Another time," she promised.

He ran the towel down her body again and this time, he went on and pushed the self-dare. He pressed the soft cloth to her pussy and gave it a quick shake, to dry it. Only, if he had to guess, there was no way to stop the moisture pooling between her legs.

Brogan stared at the scar on his forearm and when he looked up, he noticed how she watched him. "You need to get dressed."

"Can I have some privacy?"

He'd been with subs that tested their Doms and he wasn't one who liked experiments. He pushed his women to their limits and he expected their respect from the first day forward.

"No, you may not."

He stepped away and noted the way she responded. The tone he took with her, excited her. The sharp points on her breasts were erect, perfect. Her eyes lowered, submissiveness encouraging her to assume her presenting position.

He pressed his hip against the vanity in the center of the bathroom and folded his arms across his chest. The cotton bunched under his arms and suddenly, he felt confined by the clothing. Damn, what he'd give to strip off his shirt and go to her, go to her like a man without control. He wanted to bend her over the vanity and take her, fuck her long and hard, crazy with recklessness.

She lowered her eyes again. That's it, he thought. Submit to me, little subbie. Good heavens and the mercy found there, he backed himself into a corner. Now, he didn't know how to get out of it.

"I'll have to dress in private. Serena must've taken my clothes back to our room."

He narrowed his gaze and then moved. Patting the vanity, he said, "Sit here. I'll get them."

"I'd rather do it myself. I don't like having someone go through my things."

He smirked. "You won't have a lot of privacy here if you and I make an arrangement between us work. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"You do want me."

"I asked you a question."

"Yes, Master, I understand."

A dark edge in her voice layered the context of what underlying motives she found necessary, and she must've had certain needs only he and Jules could meet. She was deliberately pushing the right buttons. She recognized a man who knew how to handle her.

Dear God, he thought, she definitely knew what he expected. As he assumed, she was trained. Either that or she'd read up on Domination and submission. The second she addressed him the way he preferred, it was over. Some things a man couldn't wait to see, or touch. Right then, he couldn't touch her, but by damn, he could watch her.

He took a seat on the countertop beside her and picked up her hand. Kissing her palm and then her sucking her fingers, he reminded himself of who she was and what he'd promised Heath.

God help him, this was the wrong time and the wrong woman. Sometimes life played cruel jokes on folks and this was one of them. If he'd met Jenna at another place, in another time, it would've been convenient, more appropriate. With Fiona sick, he should've put on the brakes, respected his older brother's wishes. Instead, he was about to abuse the trust placed, wrongfully misplaced.

"I want to watch you fuck yourself," Brogan grated out.

"Right now?" she asked.

"Did you hear me place time constraints or specifics on when?"

"No."

He arched a brow.

"No, Master."

"If you don't finger yourself and let me watch, I'll spank you. I bet you like men

watching your Master spank you, don't you? I bet you enjoy having your bottom smacked."

He studied the way she responded to his voice. She didn't sass him and yet with the spunk he'd witnessed in Jenna, he sort of expected it. Kissing her palm again, he moved. "Now, subbie. Fuck yourself. Make yourself come. Let me watch."

He grabbed the small brass frame of the bench in front of the vanity and dragged it across the room. By God he had to watch from the corner. If he didn't, Jenna was fucked in his bathroom. Jenna was his soon enough without taking her like a savage man-whore where his niece could hear them.

"And do it quietly," he reminded, glancing over at the door sure to open if she made too much noise.

Jenna parted her folds. She used her middle and forefinger, making a V-shape with two fingers before sticking her middle finger inside her twat. "Perfect," he said watching her eyes more than her lower half. He'd give her a minute to get comfortable.

Her breathing changed and she dropped the towel open. She moaned, a delicious cry making him so hard he could've come in his pants.

"Ah yeah, that's real nice, Jenna. Do it for me, baby. Get it wet. Make me hard."

She tilted her head. "Do you like women with big breasts?"

He grinned. "I like your breasts, subbie. I'll clamp those perfect nipples for you. Would you like it if I pierced them? I can do it, you know. I've done it before."

She shook her head. "I don't want them—"

"You're not supposed to want or need anything, subbie. Don't argue with your Master. I know what's best for you."

She moved her hand closer to her body and three fingers sank inside her pussy. "Brogan, I mean...Master," she hummed.

"That's right, stroke it. Go deep for me. Lean back. Get comfortable. Fuck yourself nice and slow. Hump that hand, baby."

He was so tempted. God help him, he wanted to pull out his hard cock and show her he had the discipline to stroke himself without going to her, without taking her or



the temptation she offered. Instead he watched her fingers disappear into one of the prettiest pink pussies he'd ever seen.

Her excitement stuck to her fingers as she pushed them inside herself and then released them long enough to bring them to her lips. He swallowed then. He wanted to praise her for making him horny. Making him so erect and painfully hard it was all he could do to stay seated.

She licked her fingers clean and he narrowed his gaze. Knowing the truth was right in front of him, he asked, "Are you trained for your Master?"

"Yes," she said.

"I thought so," he said. "But you still want us to believe you're a virgin, right?"

She returned her fingers to her folds, tweaking the skin at the entrance of her wet vagina. "I am a virgin," she said with a stiff upper lip. "Ask Serena."

As if hearing his niece's name ruined everything, Brogan stood up and with a growl, made a sudden leap. Holding her close, he pressed his hand against hers until her fingers locked inside her walls higher, stuffed deep into her tight channel. And he was betting on a snug compartment.

He wrapped her neck, cupping it with a soft, loose grip. "I'm not going to fall as hard as Jules. Just remember that, and remember something else for me, too."

Her eyes danced, a fire blazing, a storm brewing out of control. "What's that?"

"You'll find the men who come here, and not just the ones who live here, are full grown males. They know what they want, little woman, and they go after it. They don't get teased and then play on like they never saw the pussy presented. Do you understand?"

She grabbed for his belt.

He dropped his gaze to her hand. "Go on," he challenged. "You think you can?"

"I—"

"Do it then. I dare you."

She had a peculiar expression, a strange and distant look in her eyes. He translated it as fear, and felt the only shame he'd felt in years. He remembered his promise to

Heath. Had he broken it? Possibly. He vowed not to touch her unless she made the first move. He'd encouraged the first one, but now he needed her to make the second one. Otherwise, she'd cry wolf and turn tail for Alabama.

"Do I have to touch you now, Master?"

"Maybe not today," Brogan snapped, disgusted since he wasn't sure what kind of mind dice she was rolling. "But you will and so help me, you'll be reaching for my cock with a skilled hand, and lips trained for my pleasure. You'll like it too, won't you?"

"Why are you so hard?"

He glanced down at his erection. Then, he looked back up again.

"I'm not talking about your penis. I mean, I'm sure it is too, but you...who hurt you so badly that you feel like you have to talk to women like you don't have any respect for them?"

"I respect women. Ask anyone." Marcy came to mind. She didn't count. They had an understanding.

"No you don't," she replied defiantly. "You hide behind the lifestyle and act like you might but no, you don't respect women. If you did, then you wouldn't bring them here and parade them around your property like you can't wait to put the newest herd on display."

Brogan backed away from her. "I'll respect you when you deserve it."

"I'll return the favor if I ever take you as a Master," she said hopping off the counter and making her way for the door.

She swung it open.

He slammed it shut. "And who says you get to make the decision now?"

She kept her back to him and he kissed her shoulder before he added with a hiss, "I have enough control to resist you."

Placing her hand on the doorknob, she turned it and said, "No, Brogan, you don't. And your brother doesn't. Now we have to decide what we're going to do about it. Walking away probably isn't an option, but maybe it's the smartest choice for all of us."

## Chapter Five

A few days later

Serena sat at the dinner table in awe. The way her uncles watched Jenna guaranteed that the plan she had in motion was going better than expected. Ever since her mother had fallen ill with skin cancer, a gnawing fear consumed her. She was afraid after her mother passed, Jenna and her father would find their way together.

When Jenna first came to live with them, her mother cautiously befriended her and Serena noticed how her mother watched Jenna whenever her father was around. Her mother also didn't miss the way Jenna came on to her father and every night, Serena prayed that her dad wouldn't notice Jenna's advances.

As far as Serena knew, Heath Evans never paid any attention to a young girl's flamboyant way of pursuing an older man and eventually, Jenna stopped her obvious pursuits and grew to love and respect her parents as her own. It didn't matter. Things could and potentially would change with her mother's death. Serena couldn't embrace the idea of her best friend in her father's bed. Her uncles had the green light, but her dad remained forever off limits.

"So, tell me what you girls have in mind for the weekend," Jules said, twirling his thin spaghetti noodles around his fork.

"Well," Serena began. "Can you get us tickets to a concert?"

"What concert?" Brogan asked, reaching for the parmesan cheese.

"Nickelback and Hinder are in Roanoke," Serena chirped. "I'm in love with Nickelback's lead singer."

Brogan studied her. "His name is —"

"I don't care if he even has a name," Jenna interrupted, sipping her water. "With a body like his and moves designed to create fantasies, he doesn't need a name at all to get an invitation into my bed."

Serena choked, and it was a real gag. No faking necessary when facing death by noodles. She jumped up and ran to the bathroom as she coughed and then tried to swallow. She eventually had to pull the long strands of pasta out of her throat with two fingers. Gross, she thought before she joined them again. It's what she deserved for being a pig and eating too fast.

She was so caught up in playing matchmaker that she failed to notice the way she inhaled her dinner until it almost earned her a quick trip to the morgue. She visualized her obituary verbatim. *Young woman gags on noodles as best friend seduces uncles.*

No one even bothered to check on her. They were still in shock, apparently. She could've been knocking on death's door for all they cared. Jenna was rolling up another bite of spaghetti when she rejoined them. Jules and Brogan looked far too uncomfortable in their chairs.

"Are you okay?" Jenna asked sweetly.

"Sure. Can you knock it off with the flirting while we're eating? And the false promises have to go. These two take women at their word."

Brogan grinned. "And what would you know, little bits?"

"I know enough about all of you, trust me."

"Just enough to be dangerous to me and your Uncle Jules, huh?" Brogan winked. "And I bet Jenna here could tell a few stories on you, so you'd better be careful. We might bribe her with things she can't resist."

Jules stopped chewing whatever he had in his mouth and glared at Brogan. Jenna's eyes widened and Serena smiled.

"I'm not worried. She can't stop flirting long enough to squeal out tales about me."

Serena realized her remark sounded bitter. She couldn't help it. She nearly died, choked too death on her Italian dinner and no one gave the Heimlich maneuver a second thought.

"I wasn't seducing your uncles. I simply wanted Uncles Jules and Brogan to know I'm a woman who appreciates a man with certain undeniable charms...like Nickelback's lead singer who has all the right moves. There's a man who knows what he has to offer a woman."

Brogan tossed his napkin to the table. "All right, Jenna. That's it. We gotta get a few things straight."

"Yeah," Jules agreed. "We can start by showing her the bedroom so I can let her practice on me before she chases after a rock star."

"I'm serious," Brogan grated out. "We need to talk."

She politely dabbed the corner of her mouth with the royal blue cloth napkin and returned it to her lap. "All right. Let's do it. Give me some of that love and tell me why I need to holler daddy in the middle of the night."

"Jenna!" Serena exclaimed. "Give them a chance to get to know you before you entice them into more than you're ready for."

Jenna clasped her hands under her chin and stared back at the Evans brothers. "I'm as ready as I'll ever be and they've both made sure of it."

Brogan gave Jules a slight nod but it didn't go unnoticed. The girls locked eyes and Serena stood again. "Thank goodness you waited until I was stuffed. This kind of thing is more than I can stomach after just a few days here. None of you know how to play hard to get, do you?"

"No," Jules said. "I don't like wasting time."

"Me either," Brogan announced, clearing the dishes and walking through the double café style doors with his hands loaded. Jules pushed his charter plate aside and then leaned back in his chair. He grabbed the arms of the old antique piece and twisted it around so he faced outward, away from the dining table.

"Come here, Jenna," Jules ordered.

She grinned. "You think it's that easy, do you?"

Brogan walked back to the table and grabbed the bowl of marinara sauce and the large container of thin spaghetti noodles. "I suggest you listen to Jules, and it might be a good idea if you...*minded* him."

Serena peered over the swinging double doors. Oh boy, that wasn't the best choice of words. Sure, everything was going better than she'd planned but she wondered if she should share with her uncles a few things her father probably didn't bother to tell his younger brothers. For starters, Jenna had a torrid past, one with an interesting way of sneaking up on her, at the wrong times.

Jenna fired right back. "You can't boss me around and expect me to obey on command. I'm not your niece, remember?"

"You'll never have to remind us again. You've provided enough provocative invitations over dinner. Now, you can get your sweet ass up and come over here."

Serena grabbed another dish from the table about the time Jules said 'ass' and her mouth dropped right along with the plate she grabbed and nearly dropped, but somehow juggled it for a save. Brogan took her by the arm and steered her back to the kitchen. "They have a few things they need to discuss."

"Uncle Brogan, can it wait? We're going into town tonight. We have plans. You know, girl time."

"In a minute," he growled.

"Maybe never," Jules called out.

"Uncle Jules?" she persisted, pushing by Brogan and noticing immediately that Brogan and Jules were clearly more interested in Jenna than a pending fit she felt compelled to throw.

"Jenna?" Jules motioned toward his lap and Jenna stood, picking up her dinner and salad plates in the process. She quickly walked by him, passing Serena on the way and giving her a girlish glare, one of those, leave-it-to-me kind of stares.

Serena whispered, "Be careful. You're fanning around some pretty hot flames if you ask me."

Jenna set her dinnerware on the counter. Jules stalked toward her. He grabbed her by the shoulders and firmly steered her into the adjacent study before she gave Serena any kind of response.

Slamming the door behind them, Jules locked it and took a seat on a large leather sofa. "Now then, you and I need to get a few things straight."

Jenna's heart raced and her body responded in a way she never expected. The warm sensation was a sudden reaction she should've taken as a warning only she ignored it. Still, the danger looming scared her, frightened her into a few short breaths.

A fist slammed against the door on the other side. "Don't be ridiculous, Uncle Jules. Open the door."

Jules shook his head. "Jenna, you might as well get used to the closed door thing. You and I will lock ourselves behind a number of them before I send you back to Alabama."

Jenna immediately felt the drench of excitement between her thighs. She prayed Jules didn't have any idea that her knees were knocking together. Her hands trembled so much that she hooked her arms behind her back and tried to steady her shaking limbs.

She stared into the eyes of a woman's man, a lust-filled individual who looked like he was ready to grab her around the waist and show her what he wanted. She almost envisioned them thrashing around right there on his leather burgundy couch, the one that looked well worn and probably saw a lot of action considering the sexual nature of the sofa's owners.

She'd heard about their lifestyle, how the only girlfriend the two ever had long term was one they'd mutually shared. The woman had been their submissive lover, complete with a collar around her neck and a leash attached when they took her out in public. While the stories once excited her, hearing Serena ask Jules to open the door brought with it a few too many memories, bad ones and nothing she cared to remember.

"So you think I can't leave now, huh?" She glanced at the knob and the keyhole

where an old fashioned key had been removed. Shit. Maybe, after further observation, she wasn't going to make a clean break. "So you locked it?"

He held out his hand and flat in his palm, the bronze skeleton key looked shiny and new. She stared back at the door, the warded lock holding her attention. She wondered if Serena could kneel down and peep inside; keep an eye on her. Right now, she wanted the added security.

Jules extended his arm. "Do you want it?"

"Yes," she whispered inching forward.

"How bad?"

Her pulse raced. "I'm talking about the key."

"I'm talking about both."

"Both?" she asked.

"The key and...me."

"I uh...don't want you." Oh no, she didn't *want* him. She *needed* him worse than an alcoholic needed the bottle.

"That's a shame," Jules said, his legs falling open for the most deliberate of masculine shows. "Would you like to know why?"

"I'd....like....to...yes," she finally said. "I'd like to know why."

He bit his dry lip and made a funny little sound. It was one of those rapper sounds, one she'd heard in a rated R movie on more than one occasion and the guttural kind of warning issued made virgins nervous for a mighty good reason.

After he let her translate his growl a few times, he said, "I got a real problem with you, Jenna, and I'm not the only one. I want you more than I've wanted a woman – any woman – in a very long time. And I intend to have you. Brogan's only one or two days behind me, falling for you that is, and we both want you in our beds, right smack dab in between us."

She looked down at the shag and definitely dated carpet. "Jules, I think I've misled you somewhat." Her heart continued to change beating patterns. It echoed her indecisiveness beating first one way and then stopping for a second, like it was a



planned pause. Then, it would start up again, only to beat a little faster than the first time.

Jules never moved after he crossed his right leg over his left. The bulge between his thighs gained her attention and kept it.

Another pounding on the door and Jenna's head snapped to attention. She stared at the back wall while Serena screamed, "Uncle Jules! What are you doing in there?"

"Brogan, take Serena for an ice cream or something," he hollered, loud enough to send chills across Jenna's spine. This time, he stared at her breasts, and he gave them a piercing glare, the kind that made her squeeze her legs together again. She could've sworn she wore damp panties. Real wet, as a matter of fact.

"An ice cream?" Jenna asked. "I'd like to go too. Can I have the key, please?" Her request was quiet and uncertainty hovered over them. Jenna liked being a tease but she'd always heard when the right one came along, teasing lost its appeal.

Was Jules one part of the right one? Possibly, she decided. Mainly because she was all but ready to give up her games.

His lips curved in a wicked smile. "Honey, I've got plenty right here for you to lick, and you don't even have to worry about getting choked on the cone. I'll let you take me nice and easy, wrap your tongue all the way around the shape too. You can sip the flavor right out of me."

Oh, she was tempted. She lowered her eyes before she realized what kind of submissive signal she gave. Maybe she was pretty good at those since she grew up watching her mother submit to one asshole after the next. She regretted the gesture because she didn't want to give Jules the wrong idea. "I...need to explain myself."

Jules patted his knee. "Then come on over here and tell me all about it. I won't touch you unless you want me to, at least not right now." When the knee-thing didn't work, he caressed the soft sofa.

Simultaneously Brogan yelled, "Read your text."

Jenna took a step forward and then another. By the time she reached Jules, he had his phone in hand. Twisting his mouth, he had a weird expression when he looked at

her again. "You're playing a dangerous game, Jenna." He shoved his phone in her direction but she didn't have to guess what kind of text Jules received. "Is this true?"

Serena always protected her. Half the reason she faced her twenties as an untouched member of the female population was because Serena never allowed her enough of an opportunity to earn the first real kiss, much less take things a step further.

She took a deep breath and read the text. *Back the fuck off, Jules. She's not only a virgin, she's never been kissed. Her mother's boyfriends and step-father abused her and you're going to terrify her if you don't unlock this door.*

"Is this true?" Jules asked.

"Maybe. What does it matter?"

"Damn it, give me a straight answer. Is it true? Have you been with a man before? I mean, you're nearly twenty years old for God's sake. You responded to me earlier. Damn it to hell, I felt your pussy milking my fingers like you knew how to work a man, his hand, or his cock. Answer me, Jenna. Tell me the truth."

Jenna's lips quivered. He must've seen the impact of his chosen words. His eyes softened, his jaw relaxed.

"It doesn't make a damn to me one way or the other."

Maybe not but it mattered to her. She wanted to try and tell him her side of the story without revealing more than she needed to tell anyone, especially a man she found attractive. "I've never been kissed on the mouth—outside of a peck here or there—or penetrated with a man's penis, if that's what you want to know."

"I see," Jules said, running a slow hand through his thick curly blond hair. "You should've told me. You've had several opportunities. A good time would've been when my fingers were crawling all over you out by the pool. Do you have any idea how far I might have taken things then?"

*What about the bathroom?* She thought he had a better chance to do her dirty in Brogan's large tub.

"I like it when you touch me."

"You do?" He grinned. "I thought you didn't want me."

"You weren't touching me for some sort of perverse pleasure. When you touch me, it's like you want me to enjoy it."

"I liked it plenty but Jenna, I'm not the kind of guy who takes things slow when a woman seems like she's in a rush for more, do you understand? You would've had more intimacy than you bargained for if things had heated up another degree or two."

She reached for the key. "I'll do my best to keep my flirting to a minimum. Sound good?"

He pulled his arm back and stared at her lips. "What if I charged you a kiss for this key?"

"I'm not too good with kisses. I've never experienced the kind of kiss you want to give me. Well, beyond a few things those men do to women when they are trying to... arouse them."

Jules looked away then and she wasn't sure how to translate it. Maybe he thought she was talking about the way he'd kissed her ankle. It ranked as the most pleasurable kiss she'd ever encountered, but she didn't tell him.

"I've been through therapy," she quickly added. "I'm not damaged by the experience. For the record, my mother's boyfriends and my step-dad didn't sexually abuse me. My step-dad beat me, but he never placed his hands where they didn't belong. He turned me over to another man for that, a guy who trains women for submissive positions with their Doms."

"Come again?"

"He was a family friend, or at least, a friend of my step-dad and some say he actually worked for my real dad at one point but that doesn't matter. Anyway, his name was Cal. He took on a few young subs to train. I met him when I was a few days past my eighteenth birthday. That's why I have some knowledge. My mother was a submissive woman, too, but I was taught to respect Doms from a trainer paid to teach me."

"Did you have a choice in the matter?" Jules frowned, unable to hide his disapproval.

"Subs don't have choices."

"Slaves don't make choices. Submissive women trust their dominant partners to make decisions for them but they aren't enslaved by their willingness to submit. If anything they're empowered by it."

"Can we talk about this another time?" Suddenly Jenna was uncomfortable discussing her past.

She held out her hand and he took it. Rather than slide the key into her palm, he wrapped her hand in his and laced their fingers together. "Tell you what, we'll take things as slow as you want. You can flirt your ass off and I won't read anything into it. When you're ready for something, you can ask for it. Whether it's a kiss or...well, you know what I'm after. Whatever you want Jenna, I have a feeling, I'll give it to you."

Relaxing his grip, he unlocked the door and gave her hand a final squeeze.

"Thanks, bro," Jules said, facing Brogan.

"Don't mention it."

"You two should be ashamed, locking us out of the party!" Serena spat, grinning.

"You have no one to blame but yourself and your superior match-making abilities," Brogan exclaimed swatting her bottom with a newspaper. "Besides, you had this sort of thing in mind when you decided to spend a month with us. Now go get dressed and get downtown. There's a new club for teens and young adults under the legal drinking age."

"Really? A new club?" Serena asked. "I bet they serve Shirley Temples and chocolate milk on the rocks. What do you bet, Jenna?"

"Where's the club?" Jenna asked, distant and obviously uninterested.

"Downtown Abingdon," Brogan replied. "It's open every night in the summer. They close about midnight."

"And you think we want to go to a teen club when the best action in town happens right here?" Serena questioned. "Oh no, it doesn't work that way boys. We're here for

the party, day or night. Right, Jenna?"

Jenna and Jules locked gazes and Brogan groaned.

"It's the nights that I'm worried about," Jules admitted.

Jenna remained silent. After her little heart to heart with Jules, she wasn't afraid anymore and for the first time in a long time, she didn't hide behind saucy words or a flirtatious wink. Instead, she zipped her lip and thought of all sorts of possible outcomes. All of them included Jules and Brogan Evans.

## Chapter Six

One week later

"She's got a string around my cock like it's a damn yo-yo. I don't know what to make of her. That woman comes on so strong that I have to keep reminding myself she's supposedly a virgin. I've never met anyone like her. Did you hear about her stepdad from Serena or Jenna?"

"Mostly from Heath."

Jules paced back and forth, following the fence lining the corral. He stopped and changed directions. "The way she carries on, I don't think she was abused. I'm telling you, that gal is almost as forward as Marcy Mahoney."

Brogan's dick danced when Jules mentioned Marcy. Damn it, Marcy left him forever ruined for another woman, unless Jules was right. If Jenna was more woman than they could handle, then she held certain attributes he'd only found in women like Marcy. And most of them had been around the corral a time or two. He'd watched enough of them in action.

Their place had a reputation for drawing in the ladies that didn't mind to fuck in broad daylight or with a crowd around to enjoy the show. Everyone around town knew all about the Evans farm. Once they even had an auction to support a local homeless shelter and they raised money by selling off kinky clothing and BDSM gadgets—cuffs, collars, crops and props. Brogan and Jules became the talk of the town but in the

process raised over forty thousand dollars for a good cause.

But it came at a price.

After local awareness of the Evans farm, never mind the particular fetishes of those who ran with Brogan and Jules, the men enjoyed their pick of submissive women. Doms came around too because they knew where to find compatible partners. Those outside of the lifestyle often squirmed in their presence and for a while, the local cops made the Evans ranch a regular stop. They were forced to take the bad with the good. Fortunately, the pleasurable acts there far outweighed any legal inconveniences.

Brogan continued his rant. "Listen Jules, a lot of women out there tease men. It doesn't mean they've had one in their bed."

Jules continued to stamp out his frustration. "From what I've seen, man, there's no way she's never been with a man. She does crazy things a virgin wouldn't dare. I mean, how many virgins do you know that strut around topless?"

"I don't know many virgins."

"Of course you don't. Once you reach our age, there aren't any around to speak of!"

"You're getting yourself all worked up," Brogan said.

"No, I'm confused. She keeps me guessing and I'm not buying her act, not for a second."

"It's not an act."

"That girl, I mean...woman is not who she pretends to be and she isn't a virgin."

Brogan arched a brow. "I...uh tested that. In my own way," he revealed.

Jules set his jaw. "What do you mean? You tested what?"

"I gave her an opportunity to show me what she had and if she wanted a man—or knew what to do with one—she could've easily been forward enough to take me."

"And how did you do that exactly?"

"Don't worry about it. Listen, Fiona asked Heath to tell me about Jenna's past. He said she'd been worked over pretty good by some kind of fellow who was hired to train her with specific orders not to have sex with her. He may have used her for his own

arousal but for whatever reason, he didn't fuck her and I don't think anyone has."

"Right," Jules muttered. "And maybe there's such a thing as bad sex too."

"Actually, there is."

Jules shook his head. "I wouldn't know."

They both shared a brief laugh. "Come on, Jules. We've heard of women like her, or at least, those who've paid someone to teach them about the BDSM lifestyle. This isn't all that different. Jenna didn't hire a Dom to train her but someone did. Her story adds up.

"She's been taught to respect her Master, and she's familiar with what to expect from Dominant partners. Now, whether or not she's a virgin, I imagine only two or three folks know the truth there. But I can tell you this. I spoke to Heath earlier and he said she was abused by her family, not sexually, but mentally as well as through physical beatings.

"After she turned eighteen, Jenna didn't have anywhere to go and Serena told them she was thinking about working at a strip club and wanted to drop out of high school. Since Heath and Fiona knew her through Serena, they offered her a home, a sense of security.

"According to Heath, and he talked to a few social workers who removed Jenna from her home when she was younger, Jenna endured some brutal beatings. Back then, the state allowed her to slip through the cracks. She was always returned after she was placed in state custody, usually within forty-eight hours, something about her real dad pulling political strings."

"He sent her mom about five grand a month in support. Some of that money was used to pay for her training. Jenna had one messed up childhood and even after she turned eighteen, her family still found ways to screw around with her well being.

"Her step-dad introduced her to the man hired to train her as a sub. He told her—get this—that it was his responsibility, as her mother's husband, to choose who prepared her for other men, and then this whack job, took her and introduced her to Domination and submission."



Jules stopped pacing and slammed his fist into the split-rail fence. "So you're telling me she really didn't have a choice?"

Brogan looked up at the sky. He hated to think about it. Jenna had gotten his attention since she stepped foot on their property and so far, as luck had it, he'd managed to stay out of her pants but the task hadn't been easy. After Heath told him everything, they needed to back up and reevaluate how they handled Jenna.

Still, he couldn't shake the strong feelings he had whenever he was around her. He wanted to take Jenna in his arms and protect her. Unfortunately, he also wanted to rip her clothes off and do mighty sinful things to her sexy little body.

"Answer me, Brogan. Did she or did she not want this kind of thing for herself?"

Brogan finally said, "I think she had very few choices. The fellow hired to train her took pictures of her and made her use toys on herself but they never had sex, or so the story goes. Doesn't matter though, the snapshots he took ended up on the Internet."

"Damn it!" Jules yelled, anger pulsing in his neck.

"Heath said it took Fiona a long time to instill some confidence in her; but they're real close and talk a lot. Jules, she still has a lot of issues to sort out. We don't need to complicate her life."

"I don't want to complicate it."

"You will," Brogan insisted. "She's screwed up, man. She doesn't know how to respond to men and she goes about pursuing one the wrong way."

"You mean, she leads them to believe she has a lot of experience and can't wait to add another string to her bikini."

"Exactly. Jenna hasn't had an easy time. Our way of life isn't necessarily the best for a young woman like Jenna. There are a lot of trade-offs when a Dom takes a sub that has been abused and you know it. We've heard horror stories."

Jules inhaled a long drag of heated air and slowly let it out. "Me and you....we have a problem on our hands."

"You're telling me?"

"No listen, I think this is why Jenna is so forward. She has some warped ideas

about sex and her own sexuality. You're right. We're not good for her, but I'm not sure I can walk away."

"I thought we just established she has plenty of emotional scars." Brogan scratched his neck, a slow and leisurely smile eventually tilted his lips but it was short lived. "I get it. You think you're just the man to help her sort out her issues."

"No, but you are. I suggest you figure out how you want to help her because if you can't, one or both of us will do something to hurt her. I couldn't live with myself if we did."

"Like her a lot do you?"

Jules shrugged. "Enough."

Brogan narrowed his gaze. "Well I'll be damned."

"What?"

"You're in love with her?"

"Hell no, a man doesn't fall in love with a woman he's never really kissed, never mind taken to his bed and obviously, I haven't had the opportunity to do either."

"Like hell he doesn't. Some of the world's most notorious romances were those back in the olden days, where a man had to court his woman on the front porch of her father's cabin."

Jules laughed. "You sound like Mom now. She always bought into that love at first sight stuff. You're like her if you believe a man can fall in love that easy."

"I never bought into it until I saw it firsthand."

"Yeah, well who made you into such a believer, big brother?" Jules asked pacing again.

"I'm looking at him."

\* \* \* \*

The girls waived their right for a night out and Jenna talked to Fiona for a long time while Serena drew designs on her long manicured nails. Serena never had a

problem sharing her mother with Jenna. She'd longed for a sibling to share in her life and when Jenna moved in, she kept her best friend close and gained a sister at the same time. Serena's mother and Jenna had grown very close and her mom once told her through Jenna's trials and tribulations, she learned about strength and overcoming fears.

Serena rarely asked about their private conversations. There were some things she didn't want to know about. Serena always suspected Jenna's mom participated in some of the beatings Jenna survived and since Jenna claimed hatred for her mother, she imagined her assumptions were true.

"Did Mom sound okay?" Serena asked nervously biting at her thumbnail.

"Better than yesterday," Jenna said. "You should call her tomorrow."

"I will. I just didn't want to wear her down today."

"I know. I needed to talk to her about you know who."

Going into teenage mode, Serena flipped over on the bed. "You're crazy about Jules, aren't you?"

Jenna sank to the bed. "He's part of the reason I needed to talk to her, yes."

"And does Uncle Brogan have anything to do with the other reason?"

"Since when do you pry?" Jenna asked, giggling.

"Since you have a crush on one of my uncles and both of them can't walk through the house without mentioning your name at least once."

"Really?"

"Sure enough," "In fact, I'm surprised you haven't noticed." Serena extended her arm and studied her nails. "I'm tired of playing the good niece and ready to find some trouble. Let's sneak out tonight."

"They'll blame me."

"Oh," Serena mumbled, disappointed. "Since when do you care?"

"You can go without me, if you want. I could cover you if Brogan or Jules come to look for you."

"That's okay. I'm afraid of the trouble you might find without me here to guard

you. Besides, sneaking out alone doesn't offer a lot of appeal."

Jenna's eyes flickered with a bit of familiar mischief. "You know...."

"We could, couldn't we?"

"Are you thinking...?"

"I am." Serena pointed toward the door. Every time they had the chance to talk alone, one of her uncles popped by to see if everything was finer than dandy. "Can you provide a distraction so I can break into the liquor cabinet?"

"Just who do you think you're talking to?" Jenna asked with a twinkle in her eye. "Jules even said if I had a notion for a kiss, I could ask for one."

"Then ask for one, for crying out loud. I'll have to locate the key to the bar. The mission won't be an easy task if I'm on a search and trying to do it without Brogan catching me."

Jenna froze in place.

"Jenna? What is it?" Serena stopped her planned pursuit of alcohol and studied Jenna. "Forget the kiss, just flirt your ass off. You're good at that and teasing is your specialty."

"What if I don't want to tease anymore?"

"You mean, you have better ideas for my uncles?"

Jenna nodded. "Maybe one or two."

"Which one?"

"Both," she said dropping her eyes. "Go ahead and kill me now. Put me out of my misery and I'll thank you later."

"No," Serena said thoughtfully. "I knew you'd lose yourself to them the second I told you we were staying here for a month. You're not the first woman to find both of them attractive and you probably won't be the last."

"Wanna place a small wager on that?"

"I hate to break this to you but even if you capture one or both of their hearts, my uncles aren't the keepin' kind, if you know what I mean."

Jenna frowned. "Maybe they haven't been in the past but you even said they

shared a woman once and she stuck around longer than the rest.”

“Sure she did, but I also told you how they treated her, too. Are you going to step into their lifestyle just so you can hook one or both of them? I mean, do you really think you could handle a ménage a trois?”

“Maybe. Who knows? I do have a thing for Doms and anyone can look at them and tell they’ve got what a woman wants. Most women are probably easily swayed into their culture because if they come at a packaged price, what woman wouldn’t pay it?”

“I guess,” Serena said, sighing. “Of course I don’t look at them like sex and candy on a stick.”

“I have to ask you something.”

“Shoot.”

“One minute you want me to pursue your uncles and the next, you don’t. I can’t read between the lines anymore. Which is it? Either you want me to land your uncles or you don’t.”

Serena sat quietly before she answered, “I just don’t want to lose my best friend.”

“You won’t,” Jenna promised before adding with a giggle, “You might just gain an aunt.”

The door eased open and that’s when Serena realized it hadn’t been securely fastened. Jenna sat straight up and Serena moaned.

“Are you offering, Jenna?” Brogan walked into the large, open room and stood in between the twin beds. “Serena, Jules needs you downstairs for a minute. It’s important.” His gaze drifted over Jenna.

“I bet,” Serena grumbled, crawling off the bed. “I feel like the fourth wheel on a three-wheeler.”

Brogan grabbed a ladder-back chair from the corner and flipped it around, positioning it in front of the bed before he sat down and draped his arms over the back. “You and I are having a chat.”

\* \* \* \*

Jenna noticed the way Brogan's eyes followed hers, as if he had an instinctive urge to see the world as she saw it. She slid off the bed, tripped over her flip-flops and barely caught her balance by using Brogan's shoulder to ward off a complete fall. "Oops. Sorry about that."

He clasped one hand over hers and with the other snatched her around the waist and pulled her to his lap. "Don't be."

Serena's laughter filled the hallway as she made off toward the den on a search for a man who wouldn't be that thrilled to hear that Jenna was sitting on Brogan's lap. Serena would tell Jules, just to devil him.

Jenna squirmed a little but Brogan held her close, stroking her hair. As he moved his hand across her shoulders and back, she felt chill bumps bubble across her skin.

"Let me go," she whispered.

"Why? Are you in a hurry to catch up with Serena or are you afraid of me?"

The fluttering of the little butterflies lining her stomach twirled around in her gut until she felt sick, even a little faint. Every nerve ending she possessed was on fire. Brogan's touch ignited a fuse and the heat she felt under his fingertips burned hotter with every caress.

She closed her eyes and resisted the memory popping in her mind, the one where she was fully exposed to a man who planned to introduce her to his kind of pleasure. She saw the toys. There were so many she couldn't imagine enduring the various shapes and sizes of the dildos and vibrators. The things her instructor trained her for, the kind of entertainment she never wanted to admit to a lover, or even a friend, that she was forced to endure, and then later discovered she truly enjoyed.

Brogan squeezed her knee and her eyes popped open. "Don't do that, please."

"Why not?"

Jenna's hand covered his. She swiped his other one away from her leg but he moved his fingers up and captured her hand with a tight hold, an unbreakable clasp. She stared down at their joined hands. He relaxed his grip and then uncurled her

fingers, flipped her wrist over and opened up her palm, gently placing a kiss in the center of it.

While the gesture wasn't necessarily erotic, she felt as if a bolt of lightening struck her body. She jerked as the electric shocks tapped her nerve endings. The reaction was almost overkill.

"Sit still." He framed her face with his large, rough and callused hands.

The gasp she released filled the air. While she imagined there was a dark side to Brogan Evans, she wondered if she'd ever know why. Maybe he was a man only a woman in his bed would ever understand, the kind of man she was trained to care for, and perhaps obey.

It didn't matter. At the moment, she only saw a gentle person, a masculine body sheltering her from the world's crimes and the criminals behind them, some just like her step-father and her biological father.

"What do you want right now, Jenna?" Brogan asked in a raspy voice.

She wanted him to kiss her. The fact that her body responded to him was bad enough, but her lips parting, enticed him. She knew enough to realize what she invited, he would willingly partake.

"Jenna?"

Staring at him came easy. Brogan was honey and spice sugar-coating a woman's eye. Even an inexperienced gal like herself was free to wonder about the sensual gifts a man like Brogan offered.

Jenna lowered her eyes and when she did, Brogan used his index finger to tilt her chin up. He slanted his lips over hers. He didn't kiss her. His tongue never met hers. He only whispered against the tight line her lips formed and softly said, "I want you to trust me Jenna. When you trust me completely, I'll give you everything you've ever dreamed of, maybe even more."

Her body shivered against his and he wrapped her tightly against his chest, and then released her without warning. When he did, he helped her to her feet and worked to steady her on wobbly legs.

Fainting was a distinct possibility. She certainly didn't think she could face Jules or Serena after this near death experience. After all, Brogan was a dream, a fantasy that didn't happen in the real world, especially to virgins.

Placing her palm to her stomach, she headed for the door. She wanted to make it to the hallway. Surely her feet could carry her that far.

"Jenna?"

"Yes?"

"Are you afraid of me?"

Didn't he ask her that before? "No. Why?"

"I'm curious, that's all."

"Oh," she said, moving closer to the hallway. "Curiosity is good."

"True," Brogan replied. "Maybe I'll keep you in suspense just long enough to drive you crazy."

"What if I'm already there?"

Brogan narrowed his gaze. "I don't believe I've had the opportunity to take you that far yet."

"No but what I mean is," she cleared her throat and turned around. "What if I'm already a little crazy? What then?"

"I always liked my women a little on the nutty side," Brogan said, thinking about Marcy Mahoney and some of the capers she'd pulled. He could remember just about every stupid thing she'd done in order to earn her notorious reputation.

"Then I guess we'll get along just fine, right?"

"Yeah," he said still reflecting on the past and the one woman he might have married if she hadn't visited eighty percent of the beds in the local area. "I think we will, Jenna. When you're ready, we're gonna make out like bandits."

He didn't bother explaining what he meant but he should've. He had reached a decision. If Jenna was a virgin, he might share her with Jules later, but their first time was going to be one he planned on making special, a moment shared between one man and one woman. She deserved what he wanted to deliver. He planned to shower her



## Domination Plantation

with romance and lead her straight into love.

Bon voyage, he thought as she walked away. Oh boy. He was hooked on a woman and could almost see his future as a bachelor sailing away. Brogan never counted on falling in love.

Like Jules, he never believed in love at first sight until he met Jenna Martin.

## Chapter Seven

"Jenna, wake up," Serena whispered. "We're sneaking out."

Jenna stared up at Serena and had to take a minute to blink and focus. She'd slept in her contact lenses and couldn't see clearly. Worse still, she was pretty sure she was seeing double and one Serena was more than enough for any girl to claim for a best friend.

She rolled over and groaned. "Jules and Brogan will be mad as all hell if we sneak out."

"Yeah," Serena said, tossing clothes on the bed. "Hurry up. If you snap to it, they won't notice we're gone."

"Sure they won't," Jenna grumbled. "What a clever idea." She stared at the bedside clock and the numbers flashing a reminder. It was too damn early or far too late to roam around in any city, especially Bristol."

Serena yanked on some shoes as she hobbled around on one leg and never bothered to turn around while Jenna stripped off her pajamas in order to put on short-shorts and a sweatshirt. She chose something a little warmer in lieu of the tank top with spaghetti straps that Serena had thrown toward her. Bristol wasn't like Birmingham and the nights were cool enough to remind a gal she wasn't in Alabama anymore.

After Jenna dressed, she sat on the bed dumbfounded. She'd been in a deep sleep before Serena decided to scratch a wild itch. She waited for further instructions as Serena dug through her luggage. She retrieved a flashlight and then grabbed her arm.

"Come on," she whispered. "We're climbing out."

"Why?" Jenna asked, resisting. "I thought Brogan and Jules had a few friends over at the barn tonight."

"They do but they use the bathrooms downstairs. I don't want to run into anyone. Do you?"

"No," Jenna said calmly. "In fact, I don't particularly care to bump into anyone at all, you get my drift?"

Serena rolled her eyes. "Little Miss Smarty Pants, you may change your mind." She unlocked the window, pushed it up as fast as she could and threw her leg over the ledge. "See you on the ground, woman!"

Before Jenna stopped her, Serena was rolling around on the lawn moaning softly.

"Are you okay?" Jenna shouted below, leaning out of the window.

"Shh," Serena hissed. "Someone is coming. Meet me in the shack behind the barn in twenty minutes. Can you get there?"

This was truly ridiculous. She could get there all right, but she wasn't going to leap, drop, and roll in order to follow her best friend. She'd march right out the front door.

Jenna narrowed her gaze on a couple headed for the house. The shadows moved slowly toward the house in a staggered walk but it was too dark to tell who it was, not that she would know any of the guests who frequented the Evans property anyway.

Serena crawled behind a bush and motioned for Jenna to duck. Thinking about the outrageous way she continued to follow Serena and her planned capers, Jenna fell to the floor right under the window and then waited until the couple approaching the house walked out of sight.

She peered over the ledge again and Serena called out, "Set your watch. Twenty minutes."

She was such a kid. Brogan and Jules realized it and for all she knew, they were probably hiding out somewhere waiting for one of her stunts just so they could catch her in motion.

Jenna waved her off and then shut the window. She could hear Serena trying to stop her. "Wait! We need the window open so we can crawl back in later."

Sure, she thought. Serena failed to notice the obvious. They weren't cats and they didn't have super-powers enabling them to climb up brick walls. It was easier to jump down than fly up. They'd use doors from here forward.

Jenna took a deep breath, considered going back to bed and then stepped out into the hallway. That's when she heard a very loud, "Ah yeah, that's it. Give me what I like."

Her inquisitive nature took hold and she was a little too curious for her own good. She wanted to see who was behind every grunt and groan.

\* \* \* \*

Brogan should've been ashamed. Jules should've had more control. Marcy...well there really wasn't any excuse for Marcy.

They were getting what they wanted and she didn't mind being used. Hell, after Brogan drank himself into a splendid, if not superior form of stupid, he'd told her enough about Jenna to make her game for about anything. That was Marcy for ya.

If a guy said he was in love with a woman, Marcy made it her mission to prove him wrong. She planted a seed of doubt, the kind that made a fellow uncertain, not quite ready to proclaim his love publicly for fear Marcy would set the story straight. She'd always remind those who'd listen that a man in love didn't fuck the whore next door.

Some said Marcy was the true test of a man's love. If a man could resist her, especially after he'd had her the first time, then maybe he was ready to make a commitment to the woman he claimed to have feelings for. She was the go-to gal for bachelor parties and she halted many good weddings. A few angry brides left their grooms standing at the altar. Pictures, on occasion, surfaced at the wrong time and almost always found a way into the hands of the blushing bride.

Yeah, Brogan ought to be ashamed. He wasn't. Damn it, he just couldn't resist Marcy's blowjobs and she offered him one the second he said the l-o-v-e word, even though he took the time to tell her that he wasn't certain because he'd never kissed Jenna, much less fucked her.

Marcy saw a challenge and invited Jules to join them when she met him at the bottom of the steps. Jules, drunk on homemade wine and high as a kite, had been headed upstairs. By the look in his eyes when Brogan first saw him, Marcy probably saved them both from some serious mistakes.

Jules had stepped out of his pants and Brogan pretty much ripped his off in record time, afraid of a repeat of their last time together. No, tonight Jules wasn't the only one getting some of Marcy and God help 'em, Marcy was more than a little ready for two men with loving a woman on their mind, even if she wasn't the woman they wanted to shower with affection.

Brogan grabbed onto Marcy's ears as soon as she dropped her head over his dick. She didn't look at him. He'd noticed that about Marcy before. When she sucked or fucked him, she always kept her eyes closed. It didn't matter how many times they were together, the woman just never watched him.

Jules stepped in behind her and placed his big hands on her plump ass. Marcy had a voluptuous body but no one considered her fat, she just had enough meat on her bones to look good. Her ass, however, was starting to spread a little wider and Jules seemed irritated at first when he found too much cushion there.

"Shit," Jules complained, "I'm soft." He rubbed his cock over her hip and she moaned against Brogan's dick, releasing him long enough to mumble against the head of his cock. "I know one brother who can get the job done." She tongued the crest of Brogan's dick before lapping at the pre-cum.

Brogan closed his eyes and changed his stance. He released her ears long enough to place his hands on the small of his back. Oh God, this was so wrong. The woman he wanted was upstairs, tucked into bed, under the flannel sheets where he longed to be while he and Jules made out with a woman any man could have.

Jules slapped her ass and then growled. "Shit Marcy," he complained, placing blame where it wasn't deserved because he couldn't keep his dick hard.

Brogan grinned. "You can give it up if you want. Marcy and I can have some fun without you. I'll be damned...oh good God, hon," he moaned as she sucked. Her tongue stroked up and down his shaft and her suction brought his rise to the roof of her mouth. Then, she took him clear to her throat.

He released her ears and placed his palms flat against her cheeks and fucked her mouth like it was the duty of all men, the answer to his problems and the only way he'd find one inch of relief. Caught up in the moment, he never looked up when he heard the popping sound of a rubber discarded. He just kept his hips moving in good time. "That's good, babe. Keep going at it. Ah yeah, suck my dick, lover. Uh-huh, that's real nice."

Marcy typically swallowed a man whole but as soon as he finished shooting off like he'd never have the joy of a climax again, he looked down and saw the satisfaction of a job well done. His cream covered Marcy's lower jaw and he'd never seen anything quite so sexy. Marcy fingered her nipples and she rolled back on the balls of her feet, smacking her lips and staring toward the door.

"He's good, kitty cat," she said, focusing on her target. "If you wanna know what it takes to make these two guys happy, you're gonna have to take a few lessons from me." She laughed as she squared her shoulders and then stood, strutting toward Jenna and away from Brogan and Jules.

Brogan knelt down to pull up his pants while Jules finished off a drink clutched in his hand. Evidently, when he left Brogan and Marcy to their business, he'd headed for the corner bar and never bothered to turn around until Marcy let them both know they weren't alone.

Brogan, left to stuff a sticky dick back in his tight pants, stared at Jenna. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Jenna gulped. "I heard..."

"I know what you heard, damn it but...."

Marcy touched Jenna's cheek after she picked up her clothes. "Shit, Brogan. Don't blame the girl for watching. I'd watch too. You're a handsome thing when you come."

"How the fuck would you know?" Brogan snapped. "You've never watched a man you've fucked or had in your mouth. It requires a little more intimacy than you know how to offer, doesn't it?"

"Your girl doesn't have trouble watching, Brogan," she drawled. "Maybe you should've paid your little houseguest a visit. Then your sweet cream would be on her chin instead of mine."

Not one for a lot of modesty, Marcy marched out of the room and Jenna started to follow her.

"Don't go," Jules said.

Jenna dabbed at her damp face. Brogan felt like Satan because she looked at him with pure contempt in her eyes. He didn't like the way he felt right then or the guilt consuming him.

After he dressed, he joined Jules at the bar and Jenna sat down on the sofa when he pointed, indicating he wanted her to stay.

Jules sighed. "What you saw is only who we are."

"I know," she said quietly. "I'm shocked, that's all....and hurt."

Brogan gulped his drink and then said, "You could've knocked."

"You should've kept your dick in your pants."

Jules and Brogan shared a knowing glance. Yeah, she nailed that one. Should've, could've, but ultimately...didn't.

Jenna cleared her throat. "I've watched women give blowjobs before."

"You've never watched me receive one, sugar," Jules assured her. Maybe his brother was in love with Jenna but Brogan now doubted his own feelings. Why wouldn't he? They'd never been intimate, never even shared a kiss, and he'd failed, the Marcy test.

Brogan studied her. He quickly turned up the bottle of whiskey Jules set on the bar. He drank from the container and after a hearty swig, he allowed the bottle fall back to

the bar. Drunk on lust as much as the booze, Brogan stalked forward, and looped his arm around Jenna certain he could explain away a man's desire and the profound urges to act out.

He was wrong.

She wiggled away from him. "Don't touch me! You think what I saw turned me on?"

"I want to explain," Brogan said. Of course there wasn't an easy explanation. He grabbed for her again and Jules stopped him, nudging him with his elbow and then taking hers.

"Come on, Jenna. Let's get you back upstairs," Jules said.

"I can find my own way," she snapped with disgust. "I'm really glad I walked down here tonight because to think...to think...for one minute, I actually considered letting one of you...."

"Letting one of us what?" Brogan asked, gripping a barstool to steady his drunken stupor.

"I didn't fuck her and her mouth wasn't on me tonight," Jules said now proud of the fact he couldn't get an erection stout enough to screw.

Jenna's hands trembled and she stuck them in her front pockets. "You didn't?"

"No."

"He couldn't," Brogan slurred.

Jules narrowed his gaze and pushed the bottle toward Brogan. "Drink another one," he spat from the corner of his mouth before reassuring Jenna, "I couldn't because I have feelings for you."

Son-of-a-gun didn't bother mentioning that his naked ass tried but even rubbing his bare cock over a woman's behind didn't help matters. No point in bringing up something that might potentially hurt Jenna even more. She looked devastated and Brogan realized how betrayed she must've felt. Now, he had to figure out if there was a way to make things right.

Jenna held her head a little higher and she took a step backward. "It's none of my



business what either of you do while I'm here."

"You got that part right," Jules said.

"Goodnight then."

"Nighty night," Brogan slurred without looking up. Shit, damn and hell, he'd done it now. The one woman he wanted most saw him with his cock shoved down the town whore's throat.

With a hard tilt of his head, he motioned for Jules to follow her after she walked out of the room. He shouldn't have bothered. He was left with a catch in his neck and Jules was already on her heels by the time he sank to the floor with his bottle of bourbon.

\* \* \* \*

Jenna was hurt and confused. Her mind churned and her heart shattered. Perhaps one day she'd end up on her knees for a man who thought so little of her that he dismissed her when another woman walked in the room. She shuddered with the thought and for a passing second felt sorry for the feisty gal who had walked out of the room with Brogan's cum staining her chin.

She topped the steps and stopped outside the bedroom. Jules stumbled up the stairs behind her and she warned him, "I'm not much for drunk men with hard dicks."

Jules blinked. "What did you say?"

"Want me to repeat it?"

She glared at him and for a few seconds, before she questioned her feelings. Didn't she have good reason to feel hurt and angry? Sure, she decided. She had every right.

She'd been there long enough to stop playing games. After a few days of stringing them along, she'd decided to grow up and pursue two men the way a woman should, not the way she might have as the girl she once was.

Maybe she waited too long or perhaps they weren't as interested in her as she'd originally thought. Did they deliberately lie to her? Did they want her for keeps or just

so they could add another tally mark on their player's score card?

Jules tripped on the last step and landed with his palms against the wall on either side of her body with his face directly in front of hers. It was planned. Nobody, especially a man stumbling around on liquor, could land in such a convenient position. A drunkard fully unaware of his situation would've latched onto body parts. Jules knew what he was doing.

"Now," he drawled. "Let's talk about hard dicks." He moved his body forward and pressed his stiff cock right into her crotch.

She felt like someone had knocked the wind out of her. "Don't do this, not right now."

"Right now is as good as it gets." He took her face in between his hands and lightly brushed his lips across hers.

"Jules," she whispered.

"I'm the first man who kissed you, right?"

She swallowed tightly, and then reluctantly nodded even though the kiss she wanted didn't come in the form of a light peck like she'd just received.

"Then, I'd better give you another one. This time, it's gonna be a kiss worth remembering." He lowered his lips to hers and made sure the second one counted.

## Chapter Eight

He was going to love her into the morning and she wasn't going to resist him because she didn't give him one good reason to stop. Her hands were in his hair and she clutched him closer, as if she was afraid to let him breathe the air surrounding him without sharing a gulp too. She wasn't hungry for any man, she was starving for one in particular and he made sure he kept her famished by the excitement and the anticipation.

Lifting her to him, he cupped her bottom and wrapped her legs around his waist before walking one step at a time, easing his way closer to his bedroom. Everything about taking her to his bed turned into a chess game.

He plotted strategic moves, determined to take things slow and damn it all, it was going to kill him in the process. In fact, if he ever got his dick inside of her, he might stay forever. He wasn't sure he possessed the strength to dessert her at all once he made love to her the way he wanted.

Even her uninitiated kiss ignited a fire he never knew existed within his soul. Jules wanted Jenna to know how he could love her but he didn't want her to take stock in empty words. He wanted her to experience what he had to give and planned to let her have a piece of him that he'd never put up for grabs again.

Backing into his bedroom, he reached for the light switch and once the low light flickered, watched her. The edge of excitement lingered in her beautiful soft eyes but so did the fear, the little twinge of uncertainty he saw her try to hide when she batted her

eyelashes.

"I'm going to take you slow and easy, Jenna."

She shook her head and then used his shoulders to brace herself for a freefall. She dropped her legs and then carefully slid away from him.

"Or not."

He regrouped, cursing under his breath. He moved fast enough to stop a good romp on a hot June evening.

Jenna reached for him then, taking his hand and placing it above her heart. The rise and fall of her breasts captured his naked eye but the thumping of her heartbeat right under his palm made him realize this was something more than a one night stand. He'd known from the moment he first saw her.

She tugged her sweatshirt over her head. He backed away, keenly aware of the show she wanted to give him and wishing, even though he'd quickly sobered up, that he'd never taken the first sip of alcohol on an evening when he wanted to make love to a woman.

"Jenna, come here." He motioned for her with his index finger.

She shook her head and continued to undress. She kicked off her sneakers and then unhooked her bra.

"Dear God, you're beautiful." He could barely form the words beyond the drool moistening his mouth. His dick pressed so hard against his jeans that he was certain the zipper might drop all on its own.

She lowered her eyes, smiled as beautifully as a woman had a right to smile and unsnapped her shorts, released each metallic clasp one by one—and there were only four of them, thank God—before pushing down the denim and the thong under them covering her. She stood before him naked and spectacular. He wanted to pinch himself just to make sure it wasn't a dream.

Jules reached for her again. This time, she knelt at his feet and lowered her eyes submissively. And she took his breath away.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I know what you want in a woman, Jules."

"Honey," Jules slurred, "How could you possibly begin to understand what I—"

"I'm trained to submit," she barked and it was a matter of fact statement, so curt in delivery that he didn't bother to ask questions. Based on her deliberate presentation, Jules never doubted she knew what a Dom looked for in a sub.

He grabbed her hands and pulled her on the bed. She was flat against him and her breasts mashed against his chest.

Jules pressed his lips to her forehead. "You're so beautiful," he said wishing he didn't know as much as he did about her past. It would've been easier to take her the way he would've taken any other submissive he'd ever had in his bed.

With her confession, he should've ignored what he knew and gone with what nature allowed, demanded, and maybe even changed for the sake of furthering a lasting relationship. Only Jenna was different and he wasn't sure how he wanted to make love to her, only certain that he wanted her more than before, more than he thought he'd ever want another again.

Working his belt free, he kissed her. This time, his tongue parted her lips and he kissed her with the hunger growing inside of him, driving him forward as a force behind the kiss. "Spread your legs for me, sugar," he mumbled into her mouth.

She willingly complied. Her legs bent at the knees and then fell opened.

He cleared his throat and said, "Perfect. That's so beautiful, sweetheart."

Holding her head with both hands, he rolled over her and then eased away from her altogether, forcing himself away from the bed so he could grab a few things while he undressed. When he joined her again, he had a few tubes of lube, condoms and nipple clamps. He loved to see a woman's breasts clamped tight and wanted her nipples securely pinched when he ate her pussy. No doubt, he planned to eat Jenna alive.

Already aroused, he grabbed her calves. "Never been kissed," he whispered before he pulled the clamps away from the silver case securing them. He unhooked the chain linked to the cardboard displaying the claw-like contraption and then leaned over her.

"Ever worn anything like these before?"

She nodded and her eyes hazed over.

Shit. He tossed them aside and dipped his head, capturing a little gem worth sucking into a hard bead. He moved to the other side when her nipple pointed to perfection and then kissed toward her stomach, his hard length dangling close to her upper thigh.

"I..." she gasped, trying to catch her breath. "I want the clamps."

He stopped his pursuit and inhaled. Ah, her pussy smelled like sweet vanilla and honey, a virgin's pussy, a sweet, little creamy place he couldn't wait to visit. It was going to be like a tourist trap. He wanted to enjoy her, devour her in a way guaranteed to secure his place as the only visitor to linger there, at least for now, until Brogan took his place in her bed too.

"Are you sure?" he asked towering over her. "I like them. You'll love them," he said rubbing one of the ends over her hard little diamond.

"That feels so good," she hummed.

"Why don't you put them on," he suggested. "Do you know how?"

She shook her head.

"But you have worn them before, right?" he asked cautiously.

Her eyelids drooped and she nodded. "I'm fully trained to serve."

And that's when his erection hardened and his self control went straight to hell.

Jenna was ready. After Jules kissed her, she'd decided she didn't care if she was kissed and fucked all on the same day. It seemed like a good day for firsts, a good hour for life changing.

She'd stood by and quietly observed as the redheaded gal went down on Brogan like she knew what she was doing and she'd studied them with interest. She wanted to be sure, when the time was right, she performed well.

Brogan must have thought something was seriously wrong with her and evidently

needed to understand why she hadn't moved away when she saw that she walked in on a private moment. She watched for a reason.

Jenna wanted to learn from someone who obviously found a good thrill sucking a man's dick. Thanks to the blowjob she witnessed, Jenna understood what it looked like when a man wanted a woman. She saw what it looked like when a gal earned the right to be called out as a wanted woman, a woman aroused by one or perhaps even two men who earned and deserved her trust.

Jules deserved her respect. The way he kissed her made her long for another kiss. The way he touched her made her yearn for another caress and the way he made her ache for him, oh God, she couldn't think. All she could do was enjoy.

He clamped her nipples and she bit down on her bottom lip. "I see stars," she whispered, dizzy with lust.

"Not yet," he said softly against her lips, "But you will, I promise." He smacked another kiss on her lips and then said, "And fireworks. You'll see those, too."

Her hand instinctively fell to her mound and it was bare, recently shaved and waxed. The heat of her arousal burned her and her mouth opened as he hovered over her, ready with instructions.

He had to wonder why she kept her pussy shaved and waxed, didn't he? Would he ask? Would he want to know about the Dom who trained her, and taught her to perform certain tasks on a daily basis? Would he realize she stood ready and prepared for this very purpose? It was her duty to wait for this moment, the time when another man considered her as a possible submissive, one he could claim with pride and possibly even ownership?

"Are you going to trust me, Jenna?"

When Jules spoke, shivers ran up her spine. He interrupted her fantasies and daydreams.

She nodded, the clamps and his hard body next to hers driving her into a hot desire like she'd never known before. She needed something inside her pussy, stroking her, crossing barriers, tearing down inhibitions, stripping her of her virginity and any

measure of purity she still had left.

Her heart skipped beats, and she didn't need to worry over it. Palpitations rarely held her focus. The lust continued to saturate her folds and moisture seeped over the juncture between her legs, the long awaited excitement almost as delicious as the act.

His hand propelled up and down her inner thigh. "Do you like my touch, Jenna?"

She nodded and sat up, watching his fingers as they trailed toward her mound. She met him and they clasped hands over her bare pussy before he led her hand, guided her fingers.

His eyes searched hers. She could come, God help her, just from his verbal commands, if he'd only ask, if he'd demand it. If he made the request, she might explode.

He bit her knee and then his tongue uncurled over the cap, his licking so intense, so bothersome that she felt more warmth pooling over her pussy lips. He smiled as he looked on, watched her uneasiness and then he grabbed her wrist and positioned her hand.

Leaving her fingers at her folds and pushing her legs apart, he whispered, "Finger yourself for me, lover. Do it."

Her hand went to work, first one finger dipped inside her wet walls and she slowly twirled her middle finger higher. Her mouth fell open and her gaze met his.

"That's right, sugar, feel it. Are you tight?"

"Yes," she purred.

"Good," he said bringing his cock to his hand. "Are your nipples sore?"

She arched her back and he pressed his mouth to the valley in between her breasts and moaned. Positioned at her side, he pressed the purplish head of his cock to her hip and slapped her mound.

"Jules!" she cried.

"That's right, add a finger," he instructed.

Never noticing she already had, she plunged two fingers into her cave raising her hips and locking both knees at the same time.



"Beautiful," he said appreciatively. "Explain to me what it feels like."

He looked surprised when she said, "I'm wet, Jules, and tight. Really tight, and so hot. Hotter than I've ever been."

"Another finger."

She added one more and her body clenched around her knuckles. "I'm going to come."

He swiped her hand away immediately and moved between her legs. "You'll come on my lips," he muttered and his tongue swiped out the first taste of priceless pudding, a virgin's wine, the kind of sweetness only one man savored.

Pressing his palms to her knees, he lapped at her like he was the most experienced lover on the face of the earth, and she had a feeling he was pretty close to earning the title.

He ate her pussy like he'd never had the taste of a woman smother his lips before. His tongue stroked all the way in and he withdrew just in time to savor one more swipe. He nipped at her folds and twirled his fingers higher inside her vagina, realizing the tight channel would later milk him dry.

Spying on her from under hooded eyes, he watched her grip the bed sheets and knew how close he took her to the edge, how quickly she'd come with the right penetration or the perfect swipe from his tongue. She rose again, like she had earlier when she fucked herself and he backed away, reaching for the foil packet he couldn't rip fast enough. His teeth bit into the packet and he ripped it, sheathing himself as he continued to sip.

"Are you ready for me?" he asked, not sure he'd stop if she said she had doubts. Though, he never expected her to decline him, it was why he licked her right to the brink of an orgasm but denied her. Oh but she would come so hard and shake so violently when he allowed her to ride out the first one.

She pushed her legs apart and he kissed a path from ankle to pussy before bracing

his body over hers. Lowering himself, he gently tugged the clamps from one breast, filling his mouth with her fullness. Then, he crossed over her folds, breaking the intimate seal of a woman before crashing against her walls with one hard and deliberate thrust. There was no doubt in his mind then. He was the first lover to take her, the first man to find his heaven inside Jenna's warm body, opening up to welcome him.

"Oh God," she mumbled against his shoulder. "Jules, please."

He pressed his palm to her forehead, swiping the hair out of her eyes as he penetrated deeper, taking it slow enough to inch his way inside. "Ah this is good, so sweet," he whispered. "Come baby, wrap your legs around me and ride all night."

She draped her legs over his back and crossed her ankles. He reached behind his waist and held her in place. The way he pushed her legs up only secured him tighter inside her walls. He fucked her right, and it was as if she'd waited a lifetime for this one occasion.

He stroked her higher and harder than any toy she'd ever experienced. Jules reached spots she never knew existed, but he tapped them without effort. The sensations only changed with positions, and he found a new one every few seconds.

With the pain and shock of finally having sex for the first time, she cried out and moaned before and after every stroke, but it wasn't until he slowed down, found a new pace, a softer way to grind that he finally allowed her to come apart. He freed her other nipple, cupped her breast and licked freely at her body as her walls came crumbling down and collapsed around his thick cock.

"Jules, please, don't leave me," she sighed as he brought her fingertips to his lips. It was then that she realized he wouldn't desert her because he would never permit her to vacate his bed again.

In fact, she tried.

At some point during the night she happened to think about Serena and how the little imp was probably wondering what happened to her, so she tip-toed back to their

room and found her curled up in bed. She also found a note on her pillow that read: *I really don't want the details. Uncle Brogan said you were occupied. I think he was jealous and I heard enough to figure out how well Uncle Jules kept you entertained.*

She smiled to herself, tucked the note under her pillow, and fell asleep comforted by the dreams waiting for her there in the privacy found behind her shut eyes. As she drifted off to sleep, she thought of the way Jules made love. He didn't treat her like a submissive, yet she wanted to submit. He didn't act like a Dom but she wanted him to dominate her. He didn't try to overpower her, yet she wanted to claim him as her master.

Hours later, Jenna woke up in bed with Jules, and realized he had moved her to his bed, the place she hoped to remain for the duration of her visit.

\* \* \* \*

"Get up." Brogan set two mugs and a hot pot of coffee on the nightstand.

"What the hell, man?" Jules moaned, dragging her body closer to shelter her nude form as much as caress her while tucking her against his side. She barely realized she was on earth, much less in bed with one of the sexiest men this side of heaven.

"It's Fiona," he said. "She's dying."

"No, shit," Jules said instantly regretting his lack of concern when he saw the expression on Brogan's face.

"What?" Jenna sat upright. "You mean—"

"Heath wanted us to take you and Serena home today but Jules and I can't leave. We have several feeder cattle coming in tomorrow so we can't drive you down to Birmingham until Sunday. Jenna," Brogan took her hand in his and paused, "I was able to book a seat on one of the commuter flights but there was only one seat left."

Jenna put her hand up. "No, don't you dare apologize. I'll go when you can take me or I can buy a bus ticket. Serena should be on that flight. I'll go help her pack."

She started to get up and that's when she realized she didn't have her clothes on.

Brogan arched a brow and then eyed the pile of clothes in the floor.

"When I was in my bed last night, I was sleeping in PJs."

Jules shrugged. "That was in your bed. Under my sheets, you won't need them."

He reached for a mug and poured her a cup of coffee.

Once she slid into her pajama pants, Brogan looked up. "I can't resist the temptation," he said, grinning.

"I'm sure you can't," she snapped wondering how in the world a man could think about looking at a woman with such lust when a crisis lingered. Their niece needed their attention and there she was with Brogan and Jules behind closed doors. After she dressed, Jules handed her the ceramic mug.

"Thanks."

With a chuckle, Jules said, "Don't mention it. You come on back here and sleep tonight, ya hear?"

She stopped at the door and glared at him. "You really are something, aren't you?"

Brogan held his tongue to his upper lip. "Yeah, he thinks he is."

"And you are too," she said setting her coffee cup down on the dresser. "Your niece needs you—both of you right now—and you can't keep your eyes off of me. Could you try and show her a little respect please?"

Brogan's eye twitched and he shook his head. "You know, from where I'm sitting it looks like we're not the only ones who have a little problem with respect." He opened the door and started down the hall. "You think Serena doesn't know where you slept last night?"

"I..."

"Save it," Jules warned. "He's just jealous."

"He doesn't have any reason to be jealous."

"The hell he doesn't," Jules said quickly. "I'm the one who took the first kiss and the first—"

Disgusted now, Jenna shook her head and marched out. Men were all the same. They were all pigs with hard dicks and no brains. She also decided there wasn't a man

## Domination Plantation

alive who was compassionate. Not one.

Well, maybe Heath was exempt. She walked in the bedroom and found Serena curled up on the phone talking to her daddy. It was the first time Jenna felt like an outsider.

## Chapter Nine

Serena's tears sprinkled over her cheeks and Jenna matched her drop for drop. They stood in the middle of the airport's small terminal and embraced.

"Jenna, Mom won't even know I'm there," she said, sorrow lacing her words.

"I know. I want you to go and sit by her bed. Tell her how much she's loved. You do that for me, okay?"

Serena blew her nose in a rose-colored tissue. "I'll tell her what a difference she made in all of our lives, especially yours."

"She knows," Jenna reminded Serena. "But you make sure you tell her anyway."

"I will," Serena whispered. "She's always known how important she is to her family." With a squeeze for Jenna and one for each of her uncles, she said her final farewell and headed for the gate when the last boarding call sounded out.

With Jules and Brogan, Jenna watched Serena disappear down the steep steps and walk across the small area of the runway. From the entrance of the plane, she turned around, forced a smile and threw her hand in the air one final time.

Jenna crossed her arms across her chest and broke down. Fortunately, a row of chairs were lined up behind her and she slumped into one of the wide orange seats before covering her face with her tiny hands.

"Jenna," Jules began. "Let us get you home, okay?"

She shook her head. "I think you were right all along. I need to stay somewhere else, especially now."

Brogan sat next to her and said, "What you need is what we're going to give you, right Jules?"

He nodded and cupped her neck. "We're going to take you home and take care of you, Jenna."

As if she understood the offer being made went beyond a one-month deal, she stared into Jules's eyes and accepted what he offered, longed to tell him not to break her heart but saw before she bothered, he'd already decided to love her. Without meaning to, she narrowed her gaze and asked, "What do you mean take care of me?"

"We'll talk about it," Jules replied. "But you're a smart young woman. I think you already have a pretty good idea of what I'm proposing."

*Proposing?* The word without the everlasting meaning, held nearly the same significant impact. Every nerve ending in her body came alive.

"And what if you change your mind?" she asked, the uncertainty driving her. "You might. It's possible, you know."

Brogan took a deep breath and assured her, "Jules knows what he wants, Jenna. I'm not sure. It's the best we can offer."

She nodded. A man like Brogan didn't make promises or guarantees blindly. He didn't know what Jules and Jenna had shared, perhaps he didn't know whether or not they'd welcome him into the situation, a relationship of sorts, but he was willing to try and figure things out. She'd never consider putting up a fight. She felt like, almost from the beginning, that Brogan and Jules were a package deal, at least where she was concerned.

Doubled over, Jenna reached for her purse when her cell rang. "Dad?" she asked excitedly, answering before *Song of the South* played back as her ring tone.

Jules and Brogan exchanged a look of disgust. It was more than a little obvious. They had a hard time hearing her call out their older brother as her dad.

"Jenna, honey has Serena left yet? She isn't answering her phone."

"She's already gone," Jenna told him. "The plane took off about five minutes ago."

"Ah no. Oh well, I'll meet her at the airport."

Jenna's hands shook. Her heart raced and her palms felt clammy. "Dad, is everything all right?"

"Honey, yes! Fiona is out of a coma and her doctors have said she's not ready to give up on us yet."

Gripping the phone tighter, she squealed, "Are you serious?"

"Yes, Jenna, it's a miracle really. She'd slipped in and out of a coma for a few days and then her doctor recommended a new drug, one with no guarantees and a long list of side effects. I agreed and Jenna, she's talking and trying to sit up now. Would you like to say hello?"

"Yes!" she exclaimed.

Fiona's weak voice came across the phone lines a few seconds later. "Jenna, hon, everything is fine here. Tell me about you."

That was Fiona, always eager to hear about her life or Serena's. She never wanted to talk about her illness or treatments, or God forbid, her pain.

"I'm good," she told her, laughing through the tears. "I'm so good now. You wouldn't believe."

After they chatted for a minute, Jenna slid the phone into Brogan's hand and said, "She wants to talk to you." She watched as Brogan walked away with the phone in hand and a peculiar expression staining his cheeks red.

Jules hugged her and drew her in for a public kiss. His lips skimmed across hers and offered her just the right dose of reassurance. "She's a fighter. A real fighter, Jenna. We've all known this from the beginning."

"Uh-huh," she mumbled against his sweet smooch in a complete daze. Jules Evans wanted to kiss her in public, mark her as his woman in front of the local crowd. She assumed some watching them knew him, understood the kind of man he was, the kind of women he wanted. None of it matter. She belonged in his arms.

\* \* \* \*



## Domination Plantation

They drove back to the ranch in silence. By the time they arrived, the local crowd had filled their upper corral with their cars. They were lined up in a neat row, at least ten cars and trucks along with a few of their passengers standing nearby.

"Jenna," Brogan began. "Let Jules get you up to the house. I'll see you tomorrow, okay?"

Jenna arched her brow. "Do I look like a woman who wants to miss out on the fun you two plan to have?"

Jules wrapped his arm around her waist. "Don't worry," he said softly. "I'm not going to let you out of my sight."

Brogan chuckled. "That's about what I thought."

"Your loss, bro," Jules taunted before he gave her a squeeze.

"What if it's my loss too?" she asked, daring to draw in another Evans brother.

Brogan smirked. "You think you can handle both of us, Jenna?"

"Has anyone ever tried?" She knew they had.

"Many have tried and some have failed," he said, dark circles shadowing his eyes, worry crinkling his forehead with the same expression she saw earlier when he spoke to Fiona.

"I'm not accustomed to failing, Brogan."

"You just did," he barked. His tone held a little rasp and the bite in it wasn't near as damning as the look in his eyes.

He left her to stare at his ass, something she was mad at herself for noticing after the way he dismissed her. Some things a woman couldn't wait to look at even when a fit of bad judgment offered better alternatives. Then again, she had Jules and he offered the whole package, minus the attitude which offered a few pluses in his favor.

"What's wrong with him?" she asked, taking the hand Jules offered.

He shrugged. "Brogan has a few issues, in case you haven't figured it out already."

"Yeah, I gathered as much. One of them," she nodded toward Marcy when she saw her approaching the barn, "is her, right?"

"Marcy Mahoney is a man's distraction. She's nothing more than a temporary

diversion for any man who needs one."

"Did you ever need one?" she asked curiously.

"You want to talk about me and Marcy?"

"Yes," she said. "Was there ever a Marcy and Jules?"

"Yes," he replied with honesty. "Honey, there's always been a Marcy and someone. Most of the time there's a Marcy and several someones."

"So she's easy," she said right as Jules opened the front door.

"Not as easy as you," he said, grinning.

Jenna pursed her lips but she couldn't think of anything to say. He scooped her up and carried her cradle-style up the front stairs before she had a fair chance to get mad.

"I resent the accusation."

"I know you do," he said, grinning. "But you didn't exactly put up a fight, now did you?"

Jenna saw the twinkle in his eyes, the cast of security she felt in the way he held her under her arms, his thumb tweaking her nipple piercing the material of her shirt. He was right. She hadn't played hard to get but something told her, it was time for a change.

"Set me down," she demanded.

"Here?" he asked playfully.

"Yes," she chirped. "It's as good a place as any."

"No," he said, walking into the bedroom a couple of seconds later. "I had this in mind." He dropped her on the bed and she hopped right back up, marching toward the door.

He grinned, licked his bottom lip with the tip of his tongue and asked, "What's wrong?"

Men just didn't get it. Women, however, did. And she knew how to deal with Jules Evans. She'd been taught, and she was schooled well.

"Nothing, doll," she hummed. "I just decided you're right. Without a doubt, I was easy, at least where you're concerned. Tonight, I'm playing hard to get and I'm going to

bed alone."

Jules looked like he just lost his best friend. "I want you to present," he said, stepping into his role as her Master, without a moment to spare, his second nature kicking his ass so hard that he didn't have another choice.

And neither did she. It was what she'd longed to hear, needed in her dominant partner. She needed this. A man who wasn't afraid to keep her in line. Dominant partners who knew how to take the lead and then allow her to submit.

Jules took her by the wrist and pulled her back into the bedroom. "This is what you want, isn't it?"

She swallowed back the one chance she had to deny him, realizing the lifestyle she was trained for was one they lived by. "I need it more than you know," she admitted, tucking her hands behind her back and dropping her eyes as she spread her legs apart.

"Undress, subbie."

"Will you undress me?"

"No." He sat down on the bed. "I'm going to let you play with your toys while I go greet our guests. Then, I'll come back and play too. Right now, I can't touch you but I can watch," he said gruffly. "Strip for me."

Her arms crossed in front of her torso and she stripped the T-shirt over her head. Then, she unbuttoned her denim shorts and stepped away from them. He watched them fall.

"Beautiful," he muttered. "Get rid of the bra. Leave the thong."

In compliance, she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. God help her, she was wet, already in need. Hot, soaking need. Scorching for his touch, she knelt at his feet and massaged his calf, her eyes still hooded and heavy with submission.

He stroked her hair and then lifted her chin. "You're beautiful, Jenna."

"I want you and Brogan to both think of me as yours," she confessed.

"You are ours," he said looking up and motioning for Brogan.

She knew he was there. She'd been entranced by Jules and the way he watched her but she'd heard the door open and close behind her.

"Did you get rid of everyone?" he asked.

"No," Brogan told him. "I left the fun part for you. Go clean house."

Jules cupped her cheek and then kissed her lightly on the lips. "I'll be back."

Brogan took Jules's vacated seat on the edge of the mattress. Drawing in a breath, he looked at her breasts. "Your tits are spectacular," he said, but he didn't touch.

"Thank you."

"Stand up."

She followed his request and he placed his hands on her waist. "Move forward so I can kiss your nipples." He could've easily tugged her closer but he didn't and Jenna thought maybe it was because he wanted her to take the first step. Her breasts were at his face and he nuzzled them, his cheek touching the pointed nipples before his lips latched over one.

"Damn it, I've never seen breasts this large without some kind of flaw. You're fucking perfect."

A pool of desire cascaded over her pussy lips and Brogan smiled as if he smelled her arousal. He dragged his tongue over her nipples and then suckled her breast like he wanted to devour her right then, start an arousing hour, maybe even a day, of foreplay.

Her hand went to his hair. He reached up and removed it. Holding it at her side, he continued to lavish his attention, his hearty appreciation on her full mounds. Finally, he said, "Present yourself to your Master. Spread your legs, sweetheart."

She shifted her weight, parted her feet, dropped her hands and tucked them behind her. He leaned back on the bed and observed. "Beautiful."

"Thank you."

"Do you want to be my submissive, Jenna?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to be my slave, Jenna?"

She gulped and froze. Her body shook and Brogan narrowed his gaze. "I want a willing submissive. You have nothing to fear, Jenna. I want you to trust me and I'll earn your trust."

"Yes, Master," she said. "I know you will."

"Now then," he began. "Show me why I should consider you for my submissive. Do the kind of things your Master will want you to do. Show me what you were trained to do."

"With toys?" she asked.

"Do you need artificial toys?"

"I'll use them if it pleases you."

"Why is your thong wet?" he asked knowingly, pointing toward the wet spot at the front of her pastel panty.

"I'm excited."

"Does it excite you when you think about taking two men at one time?"

"Yes," she said.

"But before Jules had sex with you, weren't you a virgin?"

"We've been over this before. I was a virgin. Ask Jules, he believes me now that he's made love to me."

"I don't see Jules here so I'm asking you. Were you a virgin?"

"Yes."

"Did Jules take you in the ass?"

Her skin heated and her bottom clenched. "No, he didn't."

"I will," he promised. "Does that make you nervous?"

"No," she said.

"Jenna?"

"Yes," she finally admitted. "A little."

"I'm also going to punish you when you're a bad little subbie."

"I know," she said. "I like some forms of punishment."

"Like what?"

"Standing in a corner with a vibrator."

"And?"

"Spankings...I like hand spankings, but I'm not crazy about leather straps and true

beatings."

"Do you agree subs should be punished by their dominant partners?"

"I'll appreciate all forms of punishment you offer when I deserve to be punished."

He smiled. "Dear God, you're a dream."

"I want to please you," she said softly.

"You'll wear a collar here and in public if we decide to put a ring around your dainty little neck. Would you accept your position as our sub in public?"

"Yes," she said quickly but then she thought about Heath and Fiona. Oh Lord, they'd have a fit.

He dropped his eyes to her breasts. "Move forward again," he said, leaning back. "Straddle me."

She joined him on the bed and moved her left leg over his hips. She started to work with his belt. "Leave it," he said. "Ride me."

"You mean you want me to..."

"Yes," he said. "The act, Jenna. Just the act. I'm not ready to penetrate you. Depending on how well you perform with your thong on, I may or may not remove my pants."

She was hot and bothered worse than she'd ever imagined. She felt the rise in Brogan's pants. The thickness of his erection rippled under her thin thong and scantily covered pussy.

"Jenna?"

She moved forward and back. "Like this?"

"Do I have to educate you on how to fuck?"

"No, Jules took care of first lessons." She smiled knowing her devilish smirk would drive him a little crazy.

He showed no emotion. "Then fuck me."

"I can't fuck you," she told him, defiantly.

"Jenna, you know what I want. I explained it. Do you want a spanking?"

"Yes," she said. "I really do."

"You'll get one but first you're going to ride my cock and show me what I have to look forward to when I get inside your slick walls. Show me how you'll milk my cock. Come on now baby. Give me something to imagine."

Realizing his request wasn't something up for negotiation, she started to grind against his covered penis. The thick rod pressing into her thong drove her to the brink of orgasm. She looked down at Brogan, swiped her lips, pressed her knees into his hips and moved faster.

"Brogan," she whispered, dropping on his chest.

"You need to come, don't you sugar," he stroked her hair.

"Brogan, I'm going to..."

He shifted his weight, snapped her thong and tossed it out of his way before he moved off the bed. "Now, come," he said, watching her, towering over her with his length so obvious, so painfully obvious that she wanted him to whip it out and show her.

"Come with me," she encouraged, reaching for him with one hand and for her own mound with the other. "Please, Brogan."

"Please *me*," he said. "Dip your fingers into your sweet pussy and ride them, subbie. Sit on your hand and finger your pretty little twat for your Master."

Jules slipped into the bedroom and stood next to the door. She glanced at him once before returning her focus to Brogan.

Still, her fingers didn't work toward achievement. She only placed her hand at her mound and carefully strummed her fingers over the opening.

"Brogan, I want you to do it."

"Whining earns you a spanking. Do you want Jules to watch me spank you?"

She cupped her breasts and tweaked her nipples, rolling the beaded points clockwise. "God that's sexy," Jules commented.

"Did you get rid of our company?"

"Sure did. Told them training was in progress."

Jenna looked at Brogan and then Jules. "Don't you believe in secrets?"

"We don't have secrets here," Brogan told her. "Jules, spank her."

Brogan sat in a chair across the room and Jules pulled her toward him, gently tugging her to the edge of the bed. Before he pulled her up, he dropped his head between her legs and swiped his tongue across her pussy. "Sweet fucking hell, you taste good."

A sigh fell from her lips and she spread her legs more. Brogan chuckled and Jules released her long enough to sit next to her. "You want me to eat your pussy, don't you?"

"Yes, I do," she said softly.

"But first, you have to mind us, learn to cooperate," Brogan reminded her.

Jenna stood, presented again and Jules opened his legs and patted his thighs. "Bend over."

"Don't worry," Brogan reassured her. "We'll give you what you want too, Jenna. But you have to learn to respect us. When you don't mind, we will spank you."

She slumped to Jules's legs.

"Fuck me," Brogan growled. "That's some ass. Spread her cheeks."

Jules placed his hands on her butt and spread her for Brogan.

"I'm going to stroke your pretty little ass, Jenna. Will you let me?"

She didn't answer right away. Jules brought down the first smack.

"Ouch! I forgot how much the spankings hurt."

She looked up and saw Brogan and Jules locked in knowing gazes. "Did your trainer spank you?" Jules asked.

"Yes," she admitted. "All the time."

Jules spanked her again. This time, he delivered five swats. "Did you like it?"

"I craved it," she said softly. "Sometimes I masturbated thinking about the spankings."

"Good Lord, sugar," Brogan said, moving closer.



Jules brought down another series of smacks while Brogan moved where she could watch him undress. When Brogan was completely nude, he stood closer to her outstretched body and pressed his hand to the top of her head.

Jules rubbed her ass cheeks. "Suck his dick, subbie. Make him appreciate you, darlin'."

Brogan chuckled. "I already have a lot of appreciation and you know it." He fisted his cock and ran it over her mouth and that's when she gasped in surprise.

Jenna had been with Jules and he was large but Brogan, well she was surprised he didn't have to have a license to carry around that thing in his pants. She licked the slit and smiled as she caressed him. Sipping the end, she savored his taste, a mix of salt and cologne, and she wondered if he placed a little of his expensive after-shave on his pecker. Some guys did, from what she'd been told.

She licked around his length and Jules rubbed the ball of his hand over her rump. He pressed down on her back and she felt him rise under her. He was almost as large as Brogan but there was a distinct difference. Brogan was long and wide. She wasn't sure how to go about fitting him in her mouth.

"Take me nice and slow," he instructed her. "But take me to the back of your throat or else we're going to have more punishment."

"I can't," she whined. "I mean, I don't think I can."

"You can. If you can't, then this may not work out."

Brogan let her know how important sex was to him and obviously, he didn't have any use for a woman who couldn't deep-throat his cock. She locked her jaws around him and swallowed as his erection snaked across her tongue and slivered down her throat.

"Ah yeah," he said.

Jules slapped her ass a few more times and she mumbled against Brogan's enormous penis. He pressed against the back of her head, gathering a fistful of hair in a ponytail-fashion. After he had a good grip and a handful of her locks, he set the pace he wanted.

She gagged a few times, her reflexes forcing her to keep working and Jules spanked her every time she did. Finally, Brogan's pace changed and she knew he was right there. She cupped his sack and applied a little pressure.

"Shit! Where'd you learn to do that?" he growled.

Jules spread her open and shoved three fingers into her pussy at the same time Brogan further encouraged a quick head-bob. Her mouth continued to swell with his size as his penis snaked down her throat. Soon, his cum slid across her tongue.

"Ah yeah," he cried out. "Drink it, subbie. Swallow, don't let it leave your mouth. That's right. Swallow my cum. Oh baby, that's my little sub. Oh yes, keep your little trap closed and suck. Take me."

His hips jerked and jerked. She didn't think he'd ever stop coming and Jules fingers fucked her harder and harder until his lips dropped to her ear and he gave his permission. "Come for me."

Her body fell apart at the hands of Brogan and Jules. Brogan's dick still occupied her mouth and he held onto her breasts, kneading them in an erotic pattern, allowing his rough calluses to scrape across her nipples. Jules's tongue skimmed over her back and his fingers filled her. The hot heat surrounded her and her release left her writhing away in front of the Evans brothers, the men she wanted to love.

## Chapter Ten

The next morning, Jenna woke up to a bright room. Flower petals, a mix of tulips and roses, were sprinkled across the pillow next to where she'd slept. She remembered feeling various sensations throughout the night. Jules held her, then Brogan.

They each had their own unique way of cuddling. Most of the time, Jules spooned behind her and Brogan kept his distance but a few times, she remembered him drawing her close and pressing his erection against her hip.

At one point, she'd asked them to make love to her and they'd each denied her. Jules drew her to him for a hot, sensual kiss each time she'd made the suggestion while Brogan's fingertips drifted up and down her spine. She needed to get closer to them and they seemed to understand it but yet denied any more intimate connection.

With her arms stretched over her head, she started to drop them to her sides and realized then, in her sleepy state, she was bound. Her gaze quickly moved around the room and she gave the cuffs a gentle tug.

"In time, subbie," Brogan said from the corner of the bright room. "First, we're going to play with our playthings. You'll like that, won't you?"

"I want to please you."

Brogan approached and gently lowered himself to the bed. He was more god-like than man-like, even with his scars and he had more of them than Jules. Naked, she saw them all. The one across his chest zigzagged down to his navel and the one above his left hipbone looked like someone aimed low with damaging intentions.

His eyes followed hers and they looked darker, a little saddened by her interest. "I don't want to talk about these."

"I do," she whispered.

"Someday, not today," he said calmly and then added something certain to change the subject. "I heard from Heath. Serena made it to Birmingham and she's sitting with Fiona."

She nodded and felt guilty all of a sudden. Here she was in the middle of the mountains with Serena's uncles while Fiona fought for her life. It didn't seem fair, or sane.

Brogan asked, "What are you thinking?"

"I'm thinking I should be with my family right now."

"Maybe you already are," Jules said, entering the room with quite possibly the largest breakfast tray she'd ever seen. "Are you hungry?"

"Yes," she said, eyeing Brogan's cock. Her stare drew a chuckle, a hearty one and she smacked her lips and added, "Please let me."

Jules set the tray on the bed and said, "Wanna little meat with your breakfast, I see."

Her mouth watered and she watched the sparkle of pre-cum glisten from the tip of Brogan's dick. She wanted to touch her tongue to his slit, swipe it across nice and slow, and give his dick a good morning kiss. That's when it hit her. "Brogan," she said, "You've never really kissed me."

Brogan glanced at Jules and said, "Jules kisses better than I do. Be happy with what you have, subbie."

"But I want you to kiss me. Make love to me too, you haven't had sex with me."

"I must've missed something then because you're pretty damn good with my dick, if I do say so myself." Brogan threaded his cock through his wide, open hand and her mouth dropped.

"Can I taste you?"

Jules slapped her pussy and she whined. "Not yet," he said.

"Can I touch your scars?"

She watched Brogan's jaw tense, the signs of another perhaps more painful time etched in his face.

Brogan's gaze held hers and he gave the pulleys on the cuffs a hard yank, releasing one wrist, and then the other. He gripped the back of the headboard like he prepared for the pain of touching her prior to the first stroke.

Jenna kissed the tip of his dick, her mouth covered the head and she slid her tongue over the crest before she withdrew and kissed the mushroom head again, marveling in the way his excitement formed a thin transparent attachment between her mouth and his meaty shaft. She kissed his stomach, licking the same path where a deep wound left a life scar behind. She wanted to take his pain away, assuming the dark memories were there.

"You can't kiss away my troubles," Brogan said, staring at Jules.

"I can if you'll let me. Who did this to you?"

Jules swallowed hard.

Brogan looked away.

She continued to move her mouth over him, her tongue traced his breastbone and then her mouth covered the base of his neck. She sucked in, her tongue licking a pattern, tracing the veins along the side. She whispered in his ear, "I want you to kiss me."

Jules sat down on the bed and opened a jar of strawberry jam. "I think we should have breakfast."

She glanced over her shoulder and watched as he spread the jelly over a slice of bread with a butter knife. She took it from his hand. Dipping the knife into the jam, she lay down on the bed and coated herself with the sticky sweetness. Carefully, she covered her areolas and then the valley in between her breasts.

Brogan flinched.

"It's all right. I promise."

"Sweet mercenary, I should spank you for this," Jules said, dropping his head to

suck her nipples.

Brogan shifted his weight and watched as Jules moved between her breasts, licking the jam from her skin. She lay perfectly still, indulgent, satisfied the ploy to get Brogan's most divine attention, paid off.

"Let me suck your dick," she purred, staring into Brogan's eyes. "Please, Master."

He stopped moving his hand over his dick and dropped the tip of it to her lips. She shook her head and fisted his shaft, but her mouth went to his balls.

"Dear God in heaven, have mercy!" he shouted as her mouth closed around him. He felt like she deliberately tricked him and then laid a crop to his sac. He gasped for air and pulled her to him, taking her away from Jules in the process. He held her nape and fisted his dick, taking control before he gave it all away to one red-hot little vixen.

"Brogan," Jules said. "Tell her what you want."

He framed her face. "She knows what I want."

"I don't," she purred.

"You do," he said. "I want you to submit to me and promise to —"

"And promise what?" she asked.

Jules looked at Brogan and shook his head. There was an unspoken understanding between the men. "Flip over," Brogan ordered.

"So you can spank me?"

"Yes," he said.

Jules tossed the lube to the bed and it was then when she noticed the complete array of breakfast goodies. The energy in the room changed and she willingly placed her palms to the bed and rose up to her knees. Crouched in a position perfect for spanking, Jules rubbed his hand across her bottom and then squeezed the lube between her cheeks.

"Stand up, subbie," Brogan said hastily.

"Brogan," Jules muttered, "Easy, you take her easy."

"She doesn't want it nice and slow, do you subbie?"

She shook her head and Brogan felt a surge of panic and excitement trembling under his skin. "Back on your knees, Jenna." He moved toward her quickly as she presented her ass for his pleasure.

"Look at these perfect little globes."

Jules agreed. "You're in for a treat, bro."

"You had the first dibs on her pussy. This ass is mine," he growled.

Then, Brogan parted her ass cheeks. He slipped his cock right inside her bottom, impaling the first layer of skin and going for the gusto when he slammed his dick forward and started what he already considered the fuck of a lifetime.

"Oh gods, Jules! He's hurting me!" she screamed out clutching the blanket in her hands.

Brogan pulled out and stopped immediately. Pulling her hair, he yanked her back and kissed her neck. "Don't tell Jules, baby. Talk to me. I'll never hurt you on purpose. Do you want me to stop?"

She shook her head and he slipped inside her tight bottom once more. This time, he inched in, using more self control than he'd ever wanted to claim. She bucked against him and fell forward. He slapped her ass and said, "Up on all fours, subbie. You'll take it better on your knees. Come on, baby. Let me get some of your pretty little bottom. Give your Master what he needs."

Jules sat in front of her with his back against the headboard, bracing himself with his palms on either side of his hips. "Here baby, suck my dick."

Brogan pushed her head down and gripping her left hip with his free hand, drove into her ass, hammering between her cheeks like a wild man wanting to come, but he wasn't even close to crossing through the walls of ecstasy. He pressed down on her shoulders and knew her breasts were mashed against Jules's thighs. That turned him on as much as the slurping sound of oral sex.

"That's it baby, get you some of Jules," Brogan growled. He dropped the hand guiding her closer to Jules and gripped her waist with both hands. Faster and faster, he pumped his cock into her ass and right when he thought he'd explode, he gave Jules the signal by winking and nodding.

And Jules knew precisely what to do.

\* \* \* \*

Jenna was scared, and so completely consumed by lust that she imagined herself coming hard and fast the second they penetrated her. Her back was to Jules and he pressed his cock against her bottom, whispering a few sweet nothings, most of which she couldn't understand, while Brogan cleaned up and then sheathed himself.

Jules had on a condom and she wasn't sure when he managed to slip into the tight rubber but she was thankful all the same. She'd acted irresponsibly with blowjobs but she didn't want to get pregnant and they understood her concerns. When she'd asked, they'd hesitated but complied.

When Brogan joined them again, he was ready and a wild look lingered in his eyes. Jules grunted as he pressed his cock into her ass and at the same time, Brogan pushed her legs further apart and slid into her pussy.

"Oh gods," she said, crying and laughing at the same time. "I'm going to come," she exclaimed, lost in the middle between pain and the pleasure.

Brogan shot her a lopsided grin and pounded into her pussy and Jules gripped her shoulder as he worked his thick cock into her ass. He rode out her orgasm but neither Jules nor Brogan came. They were just starting to work on a woman and she should've thanked her lucky stars then and there, she was that woman...their little submissive Jenna.

Jules had never had an experience like this one. Oh sure, he shared women with



Brogan before but this was different. This was so intense. Brogan's strokes were tortured. He thrust into her and completely withdrew his cock before Jules plunged into her ass. They took turns, each staring down and watching the heads of their cocks disappear into the woman they wanted to tame as their own.

Adaptable, Jenna bucked against Jules and then rolled her hips forward with eagerness and acceptance to meet Brogan's penetrations. "That's it," Brogan encouraged. "Let me have your sweet pussy, baby. Give it to me, doll. Ride this dick, baby."

His words were quiet and dark but they turned her on. Jules felt her excitement seep from her pussy and cover the top of his shaft when he entered her. She was easier to penetrate, accepting of his size and wet with desire, hot and open.

When Brogan bit his bottom lip, Jules pressed his palms to her shoulders and thrust in and out until he yelled out her name. Brogan latched onto her breast and moaned. He cried her name softly into the plush mounds her breasts provided. And they drove her to orgasm again and then once more before they left her there to sleep, and dream her way through the best of any other fantasies.

## Chapter Eleven

Several Days Later

It was one of those days when a man wanted to work in the heat and sweat out all sorts of frustrations. Only when Brogan saw her, he knew he wasn't going to have the luxury of solace.

"I want to know about the scars," Jenna said, walking toward him.

Brogan frowned and dropped the hoof of the horse he was trying to shoe. He wiped the moisture from his brow using his forearm and then he studied her.

She was a pretty thing. She looked like something out of a western contemporary movie in her designer short cut-offs, and red and white checkered blouse, open to reveal a clingy-white tank.

"They're scars, Jenna. We all have them," Brogan said. "You have your own, only yours are concealed; mine are just a little more noticeable to the naked eye."

"Tell me about them...please."

Jules walked by her and slipped a kiss on her cheek without a word. When he was gone, she touched Brogan's forearm. "I've thought of every possible scenario. I know about your parents." He flinched when she mentioned them. "I know they died because of a bombing."

His left eye twitched uncontrollably. "I don't want to discuss this right now."

"You need to talk about it. It's the only way you'll ever heal."

"What do you know about healing?" he grunted, moving past her.

"More than you know. Brogan, you can't carry this weight with you forever. Just because you have the scars on your body, doesn't mean you have to walk around with the bad memories too."

He glared at her like he saw right through her. His determination to defy the tales she wanted to hear was so obvious it hurt her to watch him, watching her.

"This isn't open for discussion." He picked up a pitchfork.

"It is, because if it isn't, then you don't trust me the way you want me to trust in you," she said. "It works both ways."

"Listen Jenna, this kind of thing doesn't work with me. If you gotta go digging into my past, then you might as well take to the road, sugar. I wish you well and regrettably feel like you're walking out on a good thing but if you're here with conditions, then you might as well leave now. Ain't nothing here for you if you're going to make a bunch of demands."

She gritted her teeth and clenched her fists when he turned away and walked the other direction. "Don't you turn your back on me," she said, jogging to his side.

"Jenna," Brogan said coolly, "I don't owe you anything." He stopped walking, set his jaw and waited.

Was he serious? Did he make love to her—okay, fuck her was probably more like it—and then expect to kick her out like last year's trash?

"I..." she was dumbfounded and it took her a minute. "No, you don't get to do this. You and Jules owe me nothing, that much is right. But I thought you cared about me."

She saw Jules studying them from a nearby wagon. He didn't approach and that alone issued a warning. Discussing Brogan's past was truly off-limits, perhaps even to his own brother.

When Brogan didn't say anything, she kicked over a shovel and marched toward

the exit. She didn't turn around.

"Pick it up. Now."

She kept walking.

"Jenna I said, now and I meant it."

"Pick it up your damn self!" She moved her hips a little faster.

He raced forward and she took off in a run. Brogan wouldn't have caught her but Jules jumped off the wagon and pulled her into a tight embrace. "Where are you going?"

His jaw twitched and he glanced up, waiting for his brother to tell him what to do with her, no doubt.

"Away from here," she cried, pushing away from him only to find Brogan's hand closed around her upper arm.

"Let me go," she demanded.

"I told you to pick up that shovel and you're going to bend over and do it. We don't have temper tantrums around here."

"Oh no?" she questioned. "Could've fooled me."

When he released her, he pointed toward the ground and jabbed his finger lower over and over again. "Jenna, we've been very good to you. The least you can do is act like an adult when you're around our barns. We take pride in our place here and I expect you to do the same."

"Pride in your place, huh?" she asked, laughing. "I bet. Those stalls over there don't have horses because you showcase the women here as freely as the animals? Oh, if this barn could only talk!"

She shook her head and marched off again. This time he pulled her to him and she landed against his chest.

Brogan ripped his shirt over his head. "This fit is because I won't tell you about these scars? You wanna know about them? Can you handle the truth if I tell you? What do you say I give you the blood and guts of it and make sure you get a real good image in your mind, huh? Would that work for ya?"

She swallowed hard, detecting the change in his voice, the anger lying below the surface, one she didn't have any idea of how to stop. Yet she continued to push him. "Yes," she said, provoking him, tilting her chin up in the air. "I need to know."

"Do you? Why is that, Jenna, huh?"

She noticed Jules's eyes were wide. He stood close enough to grab her out of harm's way and he looked as if he thought he might have to make a sudden leap at any time. "Brogan, no. Heath didn't okay this."

"To hell with Heath! I didn't know who she was until this morning and you're worried about Heath?"

Jenna gulped, the change in his voice this time, startling her. The anger he tried to keep in tact shattered beyond repair. "What do you mean, who I am. I'm Jenna Martin. That's who I am. I've been honest with you. There's no great story behind my life, Brogan."

"Jenna Martin," Brogan mumbled. "Jenna Martin a.k.a. Jennifer St. Martin, the only child of Velázquez St. Martin."

The name stilled the barn. Even the animals stopped stirring in their stalls. Brogan narrowed his gaze and Jenna felt her chin and neck draw up, like the name of her birth father stunned her quiet and threatened to slowly drain the life out of her, what little she had left.

"That's what I thought. You can't handle the truth any more than he could," he spat, pointing toward Jules. "Now you wanna go, you go. You run like hell because now that I know you belong to Velázquez, this isn't an easy situation for any of us. You get what I'm saying?"

She nodded, turned, and slowly walked toward the house. Then, she took off in an all out run. She had the phone number of the man she needed to talk to and she planned to use it. Now.

\* \* \* \*

"St. Martin's Residence," a cool voice answered on the other end of the phone.

"It's Jenna, I mean Jennifer. I need to speak to Velázquez."

"Ah, *Jannnifer*, your father has been waiting for your call. He's very excited to know you're staying at the Evans property."

The voice on the other end of the phone sounded familiar, one she recognized by the way he drew out her name and made it sound more like *Jannnifer* rather than Jennifer. Only one man said her name with such exaggerated pronunciation. A person in her past that she'd never be able to leave completely behind because he trained her for the life she was now ready to live.

"Is this..." she paused, and then started to continue. She decided against it. She knew damn well who was on the other end and it didn't matter now. What mattered most was the truth and she wanted it from Velázquez. "Put Velázquez on the phone."

"Ah *Jannnifer*, is that any way to address your Master?"

Her rigid body dropped to the bed and she gripped her cell phone. "You're not my Master. Now...I said... put him on." Unsure of where she found the inner strength she defied the man who had trained her for the life as a submissive woman. The man who never took her for his own but trained her for the lifestyle still made her sick to her stomach. She could still smell him, that Cuban cigar on his breath and even his spicy cologne forever burned in her nostrils. The man was vile and hell had a special place for his kind.

She could hear him breathing but he didn't respond.

"I want to talk to Velázquez!"

She heard the phone click and a man's voice said, "If you wanted to talk to your father, Jennifer, it would become you sweetheart, if you requested a conversation with your father, the man deserving of the title. It's so good to hear your voice, darling. Are you well? Do you need anything? Where are you?"

Jenna's father started off every conversation she'd ever had in much the same way. He wanted her respect and longed to hear her refer to him as her father but he'd abandoned her and her mother at such an early stage in her life. She couldn't call him

*dad, let alone daddy.*

"You know damn well where I am," she snapped. "You orchestrated this from the beginning, didn't you?" She closed her eyes, squeezing them as tightly as possible to block the tears from falling. She couldn't think about how he'd used Heath and Fiona, her friendship with Serena, her family. The only real family she'd ever had.

"Tsk, tsk, tsk, Jennifer. You always jumped to so many conclusions."

"I know you, Velázquez. I've always spotted your ways and understand how you manipulate the people in your life you claim to love."

"Ah, but dear daughter, you know nothing of my life. It's time now to introduce you to the life I've trained you for, the life your mother has allowed others to train you for. See, it's time for you to assume your place as my daughter and join your brothers here in Spain when you finish your task."

Jenna shook as her father's words stung her. Rather than argue with a known madman, one wanted by more federal agencies than Charles Manson was ever wanted by the people of California, she chose to stick to her reasons for placing the call.

"Do you know Heath, Jules, and Brogan Evans?"

Silence.

"Velázquez! Answer me! Do you know the Evans brothers?"

Silence.

She took a deep breath and set her jaw. She knew he wouldn't give her the answers she needed without complex mind games. "I know you killed their parents. They were overseas when they died, somewhere near Madrid if I had to guess. I don't know the particulars but it all makes sense now. The bombing had your signature and while I never wanted to believe it, I now know the truth. I've seen Brogan's scars. No one scars a man like that and leaves him alive to remember, except you."

Silence.

Jenna looked down at her bouncing leg. Uncontrollably, her foot tapped the carpet underneath her stylish sneakers. The ones dusty with the sawdust from her recent trip to the barn. "Velázquez! You answer me! You owe me that much!"

"I owe you nothing. I helped provide you with life and beyond that one duty. I don't have to give you anything more unless you do as I tell you. Do we understand one another?"

"We always have."

"As for your friends, I am familiar with the name. I'll have to check with Cal, I mean," he paused and chuckled, "Your former Master."

"You sorry son-of-a-bitch."

"Ah yes, your mother used to call me those names too. We made a sport of it."

Jenna knew what she had to do. She had to get to him, call him out and ask for more information. "I need to know what you plan to do with the Evans brothers. They're my family. Don't you understand!"

"I'm your family!" he exclaimed, roaring with an anger she'd never heard before.

She backed up, regrouped, and tried again. "Yes, yes you are. But you returned to Spain and you left me to fend for myself."

"You were well provided for."

"I was deserted!"

"You had your mother!"

"I was beaten!"

"You were trained! And because of it, one day, you'll be glad you've endured such hardships because no one will ever be able to break your will or destroy your strength. No one except..., your rightful Master."

"If you think I belong to Cal, you're crazier than the woman who gave birth to me."

Silence.

"She was a little nutty, huh?" he asked, laughing.

"I suppose anyone in bed with the devil earns the right to be insane."

"Tsk, ts."

Jenna stared across the room, the bedroom Jules and Brogan willingly allowed her to share with their niece when they brought her into their home. She felt guilty now.



She was in place for a grander purpose, one her biological father deliberately orchestrated. "I'll tell them everything I know about you."

"And you think Brogan Evans doesn't know more about me than he ever wanted to know?"

"I'll lead them to you."

"You have no idea where I am, dear daughter. I could be your next-door-neighbor for all you know."

"What do you want from me!" she screamed, eyeing Jules as he walked into the room, surprised to see her on the phone if his wide eyes and dropped jaw explained it.

"I want you to secure your place in your Master's bed, or both of their beds for all I care and then I want you to wait for further instructions."

"I won't," she defiantly said. "You can't make me and I won't do it."

"That plantation you're on, dear daughter, is the gateway to the north and the south. I want the land. I'll make the Evans brothers extremely wealthy if they'll provide a little labor, a little cover-up, a little respect. Oh, and the perks, of course, include my endless gratitude, unmatched protection, and yes, you."

Jenna dropped her head and refused to look at Jules. He sat down on the bed next to her and reached for the phone. She was tempted to let him have it. She wanted him to protect her from the one man who always had a way of tearing her life apart, even now.

"I won't let you hurt them."

"Ha! Darling, your lovers have already been stamped with my vengeance. Jules is marked as mine. Brogan has seen hell's gates and almost entered them because of his defiance. Their mother and father were defiant all the way to their deaths. As for Heath and Fiona? The targets have long since been positioned at their backs and let's not forget their bratty child, Serena. I have delicious plans for her."

"Don't you hurt them!"

"I won't have to, Jennifer. Fiona is going to die. Heath is known to take a sip or two every now and then, and his broken soul will lead him into a bar one night —in a

moment of weakness, no doubt—and straight to his untimely, but highly anticipated death. Serena...well, I may eventually bring her here. Perhaps she'll be on a search for a family by then, much like you were when you found them. An eye for an eye. What do you think?"

"I'll..." she began cautiously and then continued with more confidence. "I'll do anything you want, *Father*."

"Ah, there's my good daughter. Excellent. And you'll be happy to know, you're already doing precisely as you should. You're in bed with my enemies and we're all about to become very good friends."

## Chapter Twelve

Brogan walked into her room while she was packing. Jules hadn't moved except to go downstairs once and when he returned, he slid an ice-cold water bottle in her hand. Their fingertips had touched and the electricity they had between them shocked her. She'd lowered her eyes and he'd tilted her chin upward so he could gaze into her eyes.

He didn't say anything. She didn't either. She continued packing.

Brogan cleared his throat. "It won't help if you run, Jenna."

She kept making her way to the closet and back again, tossing her clothes, hangers and all into the luggage. "It might."

Jules checked the window and then backed against the large windowsill, propping his ass on the wood. "He's right. Velázquez has long arms and his limbs are wrapped around us with a good, strong grip."

"I'm so sorry," she said, shaking her head. "Maybe if I'd never befriended Serena, maybe then things would've been different."

"Honey," Jules began, "he even orchestrated your friendship with Serena. Don't you know? He was after this property long before you and Serena met. He needs us as much as the land. Our property is in a central location between the north and south, close to one of the major interstates, but it's also a working ranch, one of the few profitable ones in the state. A sudden sale would raise eyebrows unless we help by ensuring a smooth transfer. It doesn't matter where you go or if you run, he's not going to give up on us. We're his targets and if you think by leaving us you'll make it better,

you're wrong."

Jenna noticed her hands shook and she tried to steady them. She continued to pack. Hurriedly, she stuffed her clothes in pockets on the outside of the luggage as well as the inside. Finally, she broke, sinking to the bed with her hands against her wet cheeks. "I don't know what to do!"

Brogan sat on one side. Jules on the other. Brogan made the first move and took her hand.

"Maybe you're right. Maybe it's time for me to tell you about these scars," he suggested, taking her fingertips and running them over the large imprinted slice across his left arm.

She shook her head. "No, it's too late for that. I didn't know what I was asking of you. I don't want to know, not now."

"I need you to listen to me," Brogan said, clasping her hands in his. "We really don't want you to go."

Jenna slowly raised her eyes to meet his. "You don't?"

"No, Jenna. We don't," Jules said, patting her leg.

"But if I stay, Velázquez will come after you."

"Honey," Brogan began, dropping her hand and standing. "He's already had a large piece of me," he told her, stripping off his shirt and showing her precisely what he meant when he took her hand and placed it on the widest cut across his God-given six-pack.

"Your parents died because of him."

"Yes," Jules replied. "And there are few guarantees that we won't meet similar fates."

"We still want you to stay," Brogan said. "Really, Jenna. We do. We believe we can protect you better than you can protect yourself. We want you here...with us."

She dabbed the corners of her eyes with a T-shirt she pulled from her luggage. "What would Heath and Fiona want me to do?"

"They want you happy," Jules said. "Heath wants you home, of course, but Fiona

talked to Brogan at the airport, remember?"

She nodded.

"She asked me to take care of you," Brogan said. "I promised her. I made the promise because I intend to keep it."

She laughed, a soft sob slipped in between the effort. "I love your family," she said, immediately dropping her gaze to the floor.

"And you may fall in love with the best of the lot too, if you're not careful," Jules said, grinning.

"I think that's a given," Brogan added. "What do you think, Jenna?"

Her hand drifted over his stomach and she watched his expression change from one full of deep concern to one translated easily as pure lust. "You want me to stay?" Her hands dug deep, her fingertips following the pattern of a jagged scar, one she couldn't take away but perhaps, could ease the sting and maybe even take away any inconceivable pain.

Jules leaned over and whispered the same earlier sentiment, "We want you to stay."

Brogan placed his hand over hers and inched her open hand closer to his cock. "I want you, period."

Before she could respond, he tugged her closer and lifted her into his arms. Her body melded to his and he wrapped her legs around his middle, carrying her off to his room. She had little doubt of where he planned to take her.

\* \* \* \*

*When a woman falls in love with a man, she typically finds she wants to love only one man until the end is near, and death calls her number.* Jenna knew nothing of monogamous love. In fact, she knew nothing of love at all until Jules and Brogan showed her how to love two men and do it with more passion than she ever imagined.

Jenna Martin was in love. As she watched Jules and Brogan undress, she realized it

and she decided she wasn't going to fight her feelings.

Brogan gathered her in her arms. "What's wrong, subbie. You want your Masters to undress you?"

"Is that what you are?" she asked, her lips parting, waiting for a kiss to accept, a tongue to sip.

"I am. Jules is. You're ours. Maybe it was decided long before we took you to bed. Who knows, maybe your father even allowed for it. I don't know. I don't care. The only thing I care about is how quickly I can make love to you." He took her by the hand and twirled her around. "Look at this sweet ass, Jules. Tell me if that's not an ass worthy of a good fuckin'."

She laughed and Jules took the lead. He came in behind her and reached for her shorts. At the top, he worked at the snap, then he released her zipper. Brogan pushed down her shorts and drew in a breath. "You didn't wear panties?"

"I wear thongs," she advised. "Sometimes, they're so annoying."

"Most of the time we want you naked," Brogan informed her.

She raised a brow. "Really?"

"He's serious," Jules said, nibbling at her lobe. He reached under her country-style shirt and unhooked her bra. Brogan worked at the buttons and Jules manipulated her arousal, tweaking her nipples and rolling her pointed peaks into tight beads.

Pressing his erection into her hip, he twirled her around to face him when she was nude.

"Here now," Brogan growled. "Share." He swatted her ass and laughed when she yelped.

"There's enough for both."

"Always." Brogan licked across her shoulder blades.

Jules dropped his mouth to her breasts and she felt lost. He took her nipple into his mouth and a warm sensation heated her entire body, warming her down to her toes. "Oh God, Jules." She cupped her breasts and pushed them up, encouraging him.

Brogan reached between her legs and fingered her pussy.

"Brogan!" she cried.

He pressed his thumb to her clit and rolled it counterclockwise before changing the pattern, the pressure applied. He worked the little button faster and faster. "Come for us, sugar. Let me feel your heat."

Jules drew in her nipple, lapped at it, lavishing his adoration on a breast mashed to his lips. Brogan continued to draw out her excitement. He positioned his cock at her ass, his fingers at her center.

Right when she thought she'd explode, he pressed his palm to the small of her back. "Bend over for me," Brogan said, excitement thick in his voice.

Jules dropped to the bed and brought her forward, his cock scraping over her entrance as he held her high above his erection. Brogan spread her cheeks, snapped the end of a foil wrapper, sheathed himself, tossed a packet at Jules, squirted some lube—pretty much everywhere—and hammered into her ass.

"Oh my...Brogan. Oh shit, this is what I need."

"I know what you need, lover," he reassured her.

After Jules's condom snapped in place, Brogan lifted her hips and changed his position a little so Jules could lay claim to her pussy. When his first stroke drew a sigh from her, Brogan slipped back in place and together, they made slow and easy love, erotic and delightful before the waves crashed around them. The orgasms took them and together, they shook the bed—and rocked their independent worlds—for what seemed like endless hours.

## Chapter Thirteen

The phone rang in the middle of the night. Jenna tossed one way and then another but Brogan and Jules had her sandwiched in between them.

Jules looped his heavy arm around her middle, facing her and Brogan spooned her, his forearm under her neck. Kissing the back of her head, Brogan sat up and grabbed the phone from the bedside table.

"Evans."

"Meet me in your party barn. Ten minutes," the voice said. "Bring your brother."

Brogan replaced the receiver and rolled over on his back. He glanced over the top of her head and stared into Jules's knowing eyes. He nodded once and they both slipped out of bed.

Once they were dressed and in the hallway, Brogan said, "Don't take Velázquez for a fool and never make a quick move. He would kill his own daughter to get what he wanted. From what Heath said yesterday, those beatings were brutal enough to risk her life and if he orchestrated them, then he doesn't care if he endures casualties, even if the lives lost are those of his children."

"I can handle myself."

"And keep an eye open for Jenna. I'll face one end of the barn, you stay focused on the other. I don't want Velázquez near her. If he's here, he has the man power to take her away from us."

Jules smirked. "Are you kidding me? After last night, if he so much as tries it, he'll



drag her away kicking and screaming with a gun aimed at his back."

Brogan stopped walking and placed his palm to his chest. "Jules, this isn't a laughing matter. He would hurt her and he would do it to get his way. We have to decide how far we're willing to let him push us, and what we're willing to do now to keep her safe."

"You think he knew from the beginning that we'd fall for her and now he's going to use her to get our cooperation."

"Oh, hell yeah. There's no doubt. He's here to negotiate business and his terms will be non-negotiable, thanks to his ace-in-the-hole...Jenna."

They inched closer to the front door and opened it. Their eyes were wide when they studied the convoy of vehicles lined up in their circular drive. Men dressed in dark clothing stood in front of sleek limousines. When Brogan started off the porch, a door opened and Velázquez St. Martin stepped out away from his car and directly into their small southern world.

"All for me?" Brogan asked. "You shouldn't have gone to so much trouble."

A gun was drawn, then another. Two more followed and Brogan remembered the abuse he endured once before when he went after Velázquez in hopes of avenging his parents' deaths.

"I believe in offering men, curbside service when conducting business."

"I think you what you mean is that you like to catch your victims by surprise, approach them when they never see you coming."

"But I have a feeling you saw me coming, didn't you, Brogan?" Velázquez asked, ignoring Jules.

"From miles away," he said. "Yeah, I've been expecting you."

"So uh, the two of you are enjoying my daughter, I take it."

"Very much," Brogan said. "I appreciate you loaning her to us."

"Ha!" he exclaimed, pointing his finger into the air. "Nice try, Evans. You want me to believe you don't care for her, do you?"

"I don't," he said, keeping a straight face and praying she wasn't nearby or awake

to hear him. "If you came to collect her, you'll have to go upstairs and retrieve her. She's in my bed covered with my cum. You can clean her up before you haul her off."

Jules clenched his fists and moved closer to Brogan. "What the fuck are you doing?" he whispered.

"Shut up," he growled, focusing straight ahead.

"You expect me to believe that she's just like the rest of the women who visit here?" Velázquez asked.

"Isn't she?" Brogan asked. "It took me less than a month to get in between her legs. She's begging for me to collar her, show everyone—the world—Velázquez St. Martin's little girl belongs to me. What do you say, Velázquez? You think I should do it? Make her believe she's the only one?"

"You're not fooling anyone, Evans," he said, stepping closer to their porch.

Brogan saw the man he remembered. Velázquez had tan skin, black curly hair and looked more like a painter than an arms dealer, or one of the most dangerous men ever known in the human trafficking business.

"Let's cut to the chase," Jules said, a gruff edge in his voice. "What do you want?"

Velázquez nodded toward the men closest to him and they grabbed his arms while another man delivered a punch to his gut. Brogan flinched but never looked over.

He had to work Velázquez by playing him like a chess game. If he showed too much compassion for his little brother or for Velázquez's daughter, then his perceived weaknesses would become dangerous liabilities, and he didn't want liabilities right now. He wanted a solution.

"Now, little boy," Velázquez drawled, addressing Jules. "Let the adults talk, okay?"

Jules moaned and tried to fight against the men restraining him.

Brogan knew Jules was charbroiled with anger by now. He still didn't look at him. He kept his eyes on Velázquez, his hand on his stomach, reminding himself again and again of the scars he wore daily because of the man standing in front of him. He didn't want the same for Jules.

"I'm ready to start dealing in your immediate area and I want your cooperation."

"You want cooperation. I want information."

"Information?" Velázquez asked. "Ah, that's funny. You think you're in a position to ask for favors and yet my girls aren't housed in your stalls yet. My weapons aren't traveling eastbound on eighty-one and..." he paused, and with a grimace said, "And you want favors!" He shook his fist at Jules, an indication of who would suffer if Brogan pushed too far.

"Yes," Brogan stated flatly.

"And for this information," Velázquez replied, looking over at his men and laughing, encouraging them to do the same by mimicking Brogan. "What do I get in return?"

"Grandchildren," he offered. "Something your sons have yet to give you from what I understand."

Velázquez's expression quickly changed. "And you think Jennifer is willing to give you children?"

"Jenna," he corrected. "Will do what I tell her to do."

"And if you care so little about her," Velázquez said thoughtfully. "Why would you allow her to bear your children?"

Brogan shrugged. "We'll hand the brats over to you." He watched him flinch. "Don't worry. I don't want to be a father anymore than you did at my age. I'll see to it that we keep her pregnant and fat with your heirs. Isn't that what you really want?"

Velázquez rubbed his chin. "And this will allow us to become partners, correct?"

"If she can have Evans offspring, then we're in business. If not, then you're shit out of luck. The only reason I'll allow my children to share your blood is because of the guaranteed placement my heirs will later have in your lucrative trade. And I still want some detailed information before we begin bedding your daughter with more honorable intentions."

Velázquez crossed his arms. He was a gambler and Brogan knew it. He had a lot of investments in offshore casinos. "I don't have to play games here. Let me remind you of

who the dominant partner is in our business arrangement."

Brogan narrowed his gaze. "I haven't forgotten but let me explain something to you. When I told you that I've been waiting for you, it wasn't a lie." He reached in his back pocket and pulled out a folded legal document, one he'd kept in his bedside table for months, on the chance he needed to show it off in the middle of the night. "Here," he said, shoving the documents at Velázquez.

"What's this?"

"It's a copy of my will. In the event of my death, every asset I have, including this place has been bequeathed to the government. My hope is, as you'll see pointed out there, they'll use it to train their military."

"Why you stupid fuck!" Velázquez screamed.

"I want the name of the man who built the bomb that killed my parents," Brogan said. "And anyone else associated with their death."

Velázquez smiled. "You know who ordered their deaths."

"We're looking at him," Jules said, catching another punch to the gut.

"Release him," Brogan said. "No one is going to die here today. If anyone does, there are videos of this meeting; hidden cameras you'll never find."

That was a lie, a blatant bluff, but it enticed everyone there to start looking around at the house, trees, even the cars parked nearby that belonged to Brogan and Jules.

The men let go of Jules's arms and he shook them off defiantly, then turned on Brogan. "What the hell do you think you're doing promising something so absurd."

"Stand still, Jules, this doesn't concern you," he snapped from the corner of his mouth.

"I have a say-so in what happens to my future children."

"Not if they're the grand-children of Velázquez St. Martin," Brogan informed him. "Isn't that right Velázquez?"

"You're a smarter man than your father." Velázquez pulled a handkerchief from his shirt pocket as he studied the documents. "I'll give you the names. You'll give me five grandchildren. You will send each of them to Madrid on their first birthday. And

you'll treat my daughter with respect until our more personal business dealings are brought to a closure."

"Sure, pops," Brogan said sarcastically. "But there's one other thing. We don't have any business to conduct until I find and take care of the men who killed my parents. Consider it foreplay."

"No," Velázquez stated flatly. "I need this property now. We have shipments to move and —"

Brogan threw his hands in the air. "Then shoot me here and now. My attorney will have the paperwork drawn up in a matter of hours making sure the property is transferred as quickly and as publicly as possible. Is that what you want?"

"You're bluffing," he said.

"I don't bluff," he scoffed. "Because I remember what you're capable of. I'll never forget." He glanced over at Jules and saw his brother's jaw tense. He silently prayed Jules wouldn't say anything to change the tide.

"You have a deal. The names will be faxed to you and to save you the trouble, I'll give you the last known location of the men involved, minus myself, of course."

"Of course," Brogan said.

"All of the terms are acceptable," Velázquez said, reaching for his hand.

Brogan didn't take it. "I'll get your daughter so you can say hello."

"That won't be necessary. In fact, I don't want to see her until she gives me my first grandson."

"I thought you might feel that way," Brogan stated. "It doesn't make a damn to me either way."

Like hell it didn't. He was almost ready to break open an expensive vintage in celebration. He'd wait until the company was a little better before retrieving one from the cellar.

Velázquez stuffed the paperwork Brogan handed him earlier into his jacket. "We'll meet again soon."

"I'm counting on it," Brogan answered.

"Me too," Jules added.

The men returned to their vehicles and before Velázquez got in the car, he looked up. Jules and Brogan didn't turn around because they knew what, or more precisely who, he saw when his expression changed.

His face softened, which was somewhat unexpected and he tossed his hand up in a circular motion with one finger extended upward. It was a gesture that proved he really didn't care about his daughter beyond the things she could secure for him—grandchildren, a property he wanted to use, and perhaps even a little retribution.

As Brogan watched him drive away with his convoy in plain sight, he said, "He still wants revenge as much as he wants to use this land."

"What do you mean?" Jules asked.

"Mom and Dad were good folks, Jules. They didn't want to deal with Velázquez. Dad thought he was above men like Velázquez and he was. Velázquez couldn't deal with it. One of the deepest forms of hate is when one person is made to feel less than another. Dad, probably unintentionally, made Velázquez feel beneath him. Now, we're paying the price."

"Speaking of," Jules began. "What are you going to do with the names Velázquez's sends you?"

"Nothing," Brogan said. "I'm tired of fighting a battle we'll never win. Velázquez isn't the kind of man who redirects his plans or changes his focus on request. I just bought us some time."

"You promised our future children is what you did!"

"That's never going to happen," Brogan said. "We're both going to have vasectomies. You talked about it before. You said you didn't want children. I don't either, especially now."

"What about Jenna?"

"We're going to spoil her so rotten, she'll never want to share the attention. Trust me," he said, slapping his brother on the back. "I'll handle Jenna."

The men turned to walk back inside. Jenna stood in the doorway. "You don't need

to handle me. I'm here to please you," she said quietly. Then she added, "And in case you didn't know, you're both the dominant partners in this relationship. I trust you to take care of everything. Even my father."

## Epilogue

Six Months Later

The news had been the same for several days. Velázquez St. Martin had been arrested. Jenna couldn't get enough of the news and every television in the house stayed tuned into WNL. World News Live delivered redundant updates but she never tired of them. Her father faced more charges than he'd ever beat in a court of law and Jenna felt the kind of security she'd always craved. She was out of her father's reach.

Jenna felt like she was walking on air. She ran upstairs and then back down again. She straightened up the bedroom she once shared with Serena and prepared it to the best of her ability. She placed balloons on the front porch, taking the time to tie them around the large white columns and then she blew up a few more just to make sure it was welcoming enough.

Months earlier, Heath paid a handsome price to have Fiona flown to a clinic in Germany. After surgery and a lengthy recovery, she was on her way to the ranch for a visit. Jenna hadn't seen Heath or Fiona since she'd arrived in Bristol but Serena had visited several times. Now, they were all going to be together again.

"Hey! What are you doing rushing around here like a bat out of its cage?" Jules stopped her in the hallway and planted a few kisses on her lips. "I told you, we don't want you working now. For the next few months, all you're going to do is boss us around."



"Sounds like a nice change but not today. I'll get back to you on that tomorrow. Now move your sexy ass. We have company coming," she grabbed his forearms and tried to walk around him but Brogan caught her, looping his arms around her waist from behind.

His moist lips touched the nape of her neck and her nipples throbbed on contact. "Stop that," she purred. "I won't get any work done if you're kissing me all the time."

Jules's eyes hazed over with lust and he framed the shape of her belly. "We don't want you working. Remember, we have to think of what's good for the baby."

Brogan kissed her ear and whispered, "Have you told Serena yet?"

"No. I wanted everyone here when we tell them."

"Are you really excited over the pregnancy?" Jules asked, worry creasing his brow and etching its permanence into his forehead.

"Don't, Jules. Not today," Brogan said. "We're going to let her have this moment of excitement. Right, little one?" he moved to her side and dropped down to kiss Jenna's belly.

Her hand fell to the top of his head. "I'm so happy," she said, weaving her hand through his thick hair before touching Jules's cheek. "We're going to have a blessed family, one full of happiness. Trust me. You'll see."

"Speaking of trust," Jules replied, playfully. "I need you to show me how much you love and trust me, right now." He moved his hard erection against her hip and grinned. "By the clock over there, we have a few minutes. Last I talked to Heath, they were a good two hours away from here." He fingered the collar they'd given her when they discovered she was pregnant.

"How long ago did you talk to him?"

Brogan lifted her pretty black skirt and kissed her kneecaps. "Yeah, Jules, how long?" He licked around her belly button and she whimpered.

"Go on now, tell her," Brogan encouraged as he licked, his hand covering her mound.

Jules cupped her neck and kissed her softly on the lips. "It was about two hours

Destiny Blaine

ago, but what I want to do won't take long. I promise."

"That's what I thought," she said, smiling into the kiss. "You two better hurry."

Jules lifted her into his arms and gave her one of his best guttural growls, "We will, subbie. When it comes to loving you, we're always in a rush."

The End

## Domination Plantation

Thank you for your purchase of *Domination Plantation* by Destiny Blaine.

Stay up on the latest Aspen Mountain Press releases by joining our newsletter or visiting our website at [www.AspenMountainPress.com](http://www.AspenMountainPress.com)