

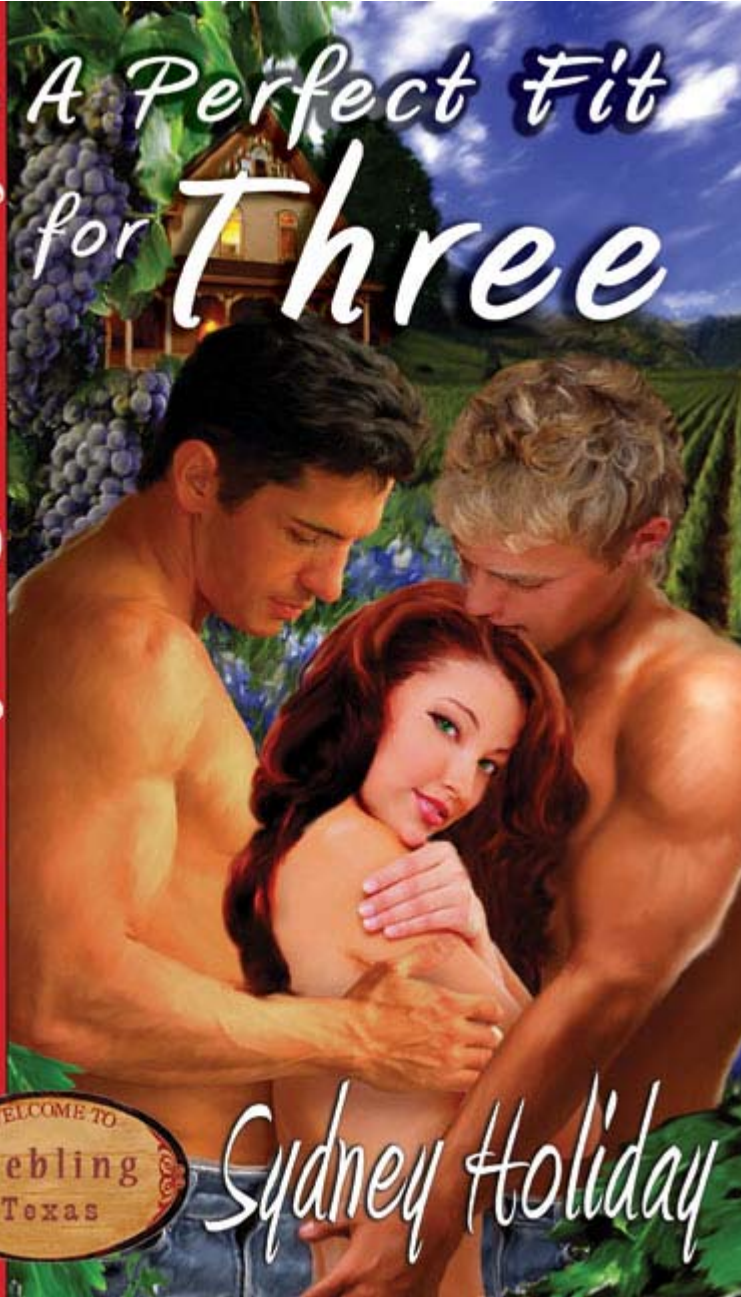
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# *A Perfect Fit for Three*



*Sydney Holiday*



# **A PERFECT FIT FOR THREE**

*Liebling, Texas 1*

**Sydney Holiday**

**MENAGE EVERLASTING**



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# A PERFECT FIT FOR THREE

*Liebling, Texas 1*

**SYDNEY HOLIDAY**

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## Chapter 1

Lena Morgan sneezed into the crook of her arm.

“God, I don’t think I could possibly dust, clean, or polish another thing.” She exhaled deeply as she brushed her forearm against her sweaty forehead and set the feather duster on top of the antique cherry wood buffet. “I’m exhausted.”

For weeks, she and her best friend Edie packed, moved, and unpacked countless boxes trying to get their bed and breakfast up and running.

“Come on, Lena, you can’t quit now. We’re almost finished. Besides, I’ve never seen you quit anything in your life.” Edie Bishop, Lena’s best friend, looked at her with an energizing smile.

Lena and Edie had been practically inseparable since they were eight. She always found Edie’s enthusiasm and carefree spirit infectious and that drew Lena to her from the first time they met.

After her parents died in a car accident, Lena moved to Austin, Texas to live with her great-aunt Margot, her only living relative. Margot, the classic frigid spinster, wanted nothing to do with children. That woman didn’t possess a maternal bone in her body.

Lena remembered the moment she laid eyes on the woman who raised her until she turned eighteen. Even as a small child, she thought her great aunt looked surprisingly frail, standing at no more than five

feet short and weighing eighty-five pounds max. Margot made sure to provide Lena all the necessities for her survival and education, but nothing else. No parties, no presents, no frills. And add to that list no hugs, no kisses, and no encouraging words.

Lena never felt sorry for herself. She always tried very hard to rise above her cheerless home life. She just existed in a perpetual state of loneliness.

That was, until she met Edie, her effervescent bosom buddy.

“Okay, Edie, you’re right. Man, can you believe we’re doing this? Our own bed and breakfast, just like we always wanted.”

Lena’s stomach bubbled with nerves at the prospect, but she also thrilled at the chance of fulfilling her dreams.

“I know. It’s blowin’ my mind still, like it hasn’t completely sunk in.” Edie climbed up a ladder and hung up a picture she painted of a landscape of the Texas Hill Country with rolling green hills blanketed by a sea of bluebonnets. She painted it a year before, but it looked just like the landscape around them in their new home, Liebling, Texas.

Edie, always the more artistic one, was a free spirit hippie-type whereas Lena acted more carefully and reserved. If it hadn’t been for Edie’s encouragement, Lena would never have gone forward with their dream of moving to the Hill Country and starting their own business.

“And it’s all thanks to your dead aunt.”

“That’s dead *great* aunt.” During Lena’s junior year of college, her great aunt Margot passed away and left her the entirety of her estate. All of her friends suggested a shopping spree or buying a new car, but Lena just couldn’t splurge all her money away like that. She cautiously sat on her inheritance for a couple of years, wondering what to do with all of it. Then Edie reminded her of their childhood dream of opening up a bed and breakfast.

“How’s that look? Is it even?” Edie moved to the side so Lena could see whether the painting hung crookedly. Lena studied its

placement very carefully, her right hand thoughtfully rubbing her chin.

“Hmm, maybe just a little to the left.”

Edie shifted the painting as Lena directed.

“No, Edie, that’s too much. Move it back to the right a smidge. Wait, now back just a *tiny* bit to the—”

“Good grief! I think it’s fine right where it is. Jeez, you know I love you like a sister, but damn, you can be so anal sometimes.” Edie smiled down at Lena with a twinkle in her eye.

“Well, someone’s got to be the anal one. We can’t all be running around barefoot, making organic granola, and watching the clouds pass us by.” Lena playfully poked her friend in the arm as she climbed down the ladder.

“Hey, sometimes you can see some really neat things in clouds. Once, I saw an armadillo playing a guitar.” Edie laughed, gazing up at the ceiling.

“Oh, really.” Lena followed Edie’s gaze but only saw a chandelier covered in cobwebs. “Damn, looks like one more place that needs dusting.”

“I’m sure it’s fine. Who’s gonna look all the way up there anyway?” Edie looked at her friend as if she lost her mind.

“I will, for one. Now scooch over so I can move the ladder.”

“I’m on my way out anyhow. I’ve got to run and get all our kitchen equipment from the car. Then we can finally do some baking!”

“Good. I’ve been dying to bake a pie ever since we moved in. Or maybe a nice cobbler using some of those peaches we picked the other day.”

Lena loved baking, the one pleasant thing she did with her great aunt growing up. As cold as Margot was, she somehow managed to bake heavenly pies. Lena liked to think Margot chose that as her way of showing love, though really, maybe the woman just loved pie.



“Oh, that sounds freakin’ awesome. Okay, be right back.” Edie ran outside.

Lena climbed up the ladder, feather duster in hand. She sneezed as her dusting made flecks of ancient grime waft from the chandelier on to her face and in to her nose. As soon as she thought she finished, she noticed another cobweb and then another.

Lena climbed up higher on the ladder and stretched her arm out to catch one more cobweb hanging from the ceiling. The ladder wobbled for a moment and made Lena’s heart jump. She steadied herself and returned to her cobwebby nemesis.

*Just a little bit farther. Almost there, almost...*

“Ahh!” Lena screamed as she fell off her perch and landed hard on her hand. “Crap, that really hurt.” Lena grabbed her wrist and started rubbing it, but it felt too tender to touch with any amount of pressure.

“Holy shit, Lena. What happened?” Edie ran back into the house carrying a box heavy with baking equipment. She set it down and kneeled to where Lena lay on the floor in a crumpled heap. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, but I think I hurt my wrist. I’m sure it’s probably fine.” She could feel the pain-induced tears burning the back of her eyes. She saw the feather duster lying on its side, bits of dust scattered all over the floor, and she silently cursed its existence. She turned her attention back to her wrist.

“Maybe, but it looks a little swollen.” Edie reached to touch it and Lena grimaced. “No, I don’t think it’s okay, Lena.”

“Well, shit. Now what am I supposed to do? Maybe I should put some ice on it.”

“I think you should just bite the bullet and go to the hospital or something. Better safe than sorry, right? Besides, if your hand’s all messed up, how are you gonna make me a pie? Those peaches aren’t getting any fresher.”

*Damn.* Edie always knew just what to say to convince Lena of anything.

“Fine, fine. You’re right.” Lena hoisted herself up and tried to twist her wrist again just to double check. *Ow!* Yep, still hurt.

“You want me to go with you?”

“No, I’ll be fine. You stay here and finish up. I think there’s a doctor’s office just down the street.”

“Oh, yeah. Aren’t small towns great? Everything’s a stone’s throw away. Plus, I hear they have a really cute doctor working there, too.”

“Right, Edie. That’s the last thing I need now. We’ve got to get this place ready. I don’t have time for men.”

“Lena, there’s always time for men.” Edie gave Lena her cheeriest smile and pushed her out the door.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Brock Stone walked into his examination room to see his final patient of the day. Brock, one of three doctors working at Liebling’s primary care clinic, loved every minute of his job, even during the not-so-pleasant times. Just the other day a young boy came in complaining of nausea and punctuated his visit by throwing up all over Brock’s shoes. Brock only shrugged his shoulders and took a handkerchief to his loafers. *What can ya do?* he thought to himself. All part of a day’s work.

He loved interacting and helping people of all ages, and in a town as small as Liebling, he could easily get to know each of his patients very well. This often included entire families, which tended to be quite large in Liebling.

This afternoon his last patient, a six-year-old girl with blonde pig-tails, came in for sneezing, coughing, and all around achiness.

“Hello, Dr. Stone. Molly’s not feeling so good.”

The young woman frowned as she rubbed her daughter's back while she sat hunched over on his examination table. The poor little thing's nose was red and running and her eyes watered.

"Aww, that's no good. It's summer. You should be out playing."

"I know, that's what I told Mama, but I didn't feel good and she said I had to come here." Molly sighed deeply.

"I'm sure this is all very boring for you, Molly, but we'll get you fixed right up." He pressed his stethoscope onto her back, listened carefully, and heard the distinct sound of rattly wheezing. He smiled at the young girl as he removed his stethoscope from his ears and wrapped it across the back of his neck. He turned to her mother.

"She sounds a little congested, Mrs. Kurtz."

"I figured she would. And please, you've been our doctor for ages. Call me Carol."

"Sure, and how are Mr. and Mr. Kurtz doing?" Brock referred to Carol's two husbands and she seemed to beam at the mere mention of their names.

"Gary and Walt are doing just great. They both plan on coming in soon for their annual physical."

"Good, good." He then got out a wooden tongue depressor.

"Say 'ahh' for me, Molly." Molly complied and Brock continued his examination of all her vital signs. For the most part, Molly did very well, except for the occasional coughing fit. Then she looked absolutely miserable.

"So remind me again how long you've been married," Brock said to Carol, making conversation.

"It'll be eight years next month. Eight wonderful years." Carol positively beamed, and it made Brock long to have what she and her husbands had. As if sensing his longing, Carol's face grew serious.

"What about you, Dr. Stone? When are you and your brother going to settle down and start a family of your own?"

Brock sighed and smiled wistfully. "I don't know, but I hope soon. We just haven't found the right woman yet."

“It’ll happen and I’m sure you won’t even see it coming when it does. That’s how it happened with Gary, Walt, and me. They’ve been best friends since high school, inseparable. They finally started dating each other during college and then they found me, and the connection seemed instantaneous. At first, I worried it wouldn’t work out, two men *and* a woman. But they brought me to Liebling and everything’s been perfect. I never could have imagined how happy I’d be.”

She paused and looked at Molly warmly.

“And then Molly arrived and now there’s one more on the way.” Carol patted her swollen belly. The woman radiated joy.

“Mama says I’m gonna be a big sister soon.” The girl’s face brightened until she started into another coughing fit. Brock handed her a cup of water and then wrote down the name of a cough suppressant and decongestant.

“Well, we’re about done here.” Brock handed the woman the scrap of paper. “Carol, she’s okay. She’s not running a temperature, so it’s likely just a bad case of hay fever, what we call a summer cold. You can pick this medicine up at the pharmacy or most any grocery store. Molly should feel better in just a few days. Hopefully we’ll get some rain to wash all that pollen away.”

He turned to the little girl and squeezed her hand. “And thank you very much, Molly, for being so brave. You be a good big sister when the time comes, okay?”

The girl nodded. “Okay, I promise, Dr. Stone.”

Brock walked out of the examination room and headed straight toward the hall closet to gather his things. It had been a long day, and he was the last doctor to leave. He was ready to go home.

Brock started to say goodbye to Ruth, the clinic’s receptionist, when he stopped dead in his tracks and almost dropped his briefcase. Through the glass that separated the receptionist’s office from the waiting room, he saw the most captivating woman he’d ever laid eyes on.

Petite, yet striking, she had warm auburn hair that cascaded in graceful waves down her shoulders. Her whole presence seemed wrapped in innocence, and he instantly wanted to put his arms around her and protect her from anything that could put the merest damper on her life.

From this distance, he couldn't make out the color of her eyes, but they looked like precious jewels sparkling on her smooth, porcelain face, kissed with roses on her cheeks. Even from so far away, her lips looked soft and inviting. He needed to see her up close.

He didn't realize he'd just been standing there staring at her, probably with his jaw dropped open, until Ruth cleared her throat.

"Ahem, Dr. Stone, that is Lenora Morgan waiting there. She seems to have hurt her wrist. I hoped maybe we could squeeze her in, but I can see you're ready to go home. I can tell her to go to the emergency room—"

"No, no, Ruth. That'll be fine. I can see one more patient. Please show her to my examination room."

Brock returned his things to the closet and took a deep breath. He noticed that his cock began to swell beneath his khaki pants as he thought about her, and he tried to will it down. He waited until he heard Ruth take Lenora into the examination room and then paused for a moment before he entered. With his hand on the doorknob, he took another deep breath and collected his thoughts.

He looked down and made sure no hint of his erection remained. Brock only ever behaved completely professionally with every single one of his patients, and that wouldn't change today, but he could already tell with this one that, at the very least, it would be an internal struggle. Something about her seemed endlessly intriguing and special. Even seeing her from about twenty feet away, he knew.

This Lenora Morgan seemed special and in one way or another, she would change his life.

\* \* \* \*

Lena, still holding her wrist, sat in the examination room and waited briefly before the door opened and the doctor walked in.

*Sweet mercy, Edie was right. The doctor is in and he is gorgeous.*

Describing a man's face as "chiseled" always struck Lena as being clichéd, but here it described the rugged doctor perfectly. It looked as if his nose, his cheekbones, his chin, everything on his face looked cut from stone by a master craftsman. His thick, ebony hair was brushed nonchalantly to the side, lending a handsome and dashing quality. A Mr. Big meets Cary Grant. His dark brows hooded his deep brown eyes. She could easily get lost in those eyes and yet still feel right at home.

Around his waist sat a large, brass belt buckle with a big Texas Lone Star in the middle. It took all of her energy not to continue her gaze down the front of his pants.

The doctor, standing around six feet tall, possessed a commanding presence. Lena suspected that under his white doctor's coat and his clothes stood a thick, masculine body with broad shoulders and strong arms. She imagined those arms were capable of mighty things, like carrying injured people to safety or successfully performing the Heimlich with one squeeze or lifting her up high above his head to—

Lena shook her head to clear her mind of these absurd and indecent thoughts. She couldn't understand why her heart beat so hard and fast and why a dull ache throbbed between her legs, something she hadn't felt in ages. She wondered if she hit her head when she fell off the ladder and damaged more than just her wrist.

"Hello, Ms. Morgan, I'm Dr. Stone. Ruth tells me you hurt your wrist." He smiled and Lena could swear his eyes twinkled when he looked at her. He reached out a hand and shook her good one.

As they touched, Lena inhaled his subtle, warm, woodsy scent. Her mouth went dry. She looked at his lips and licked hers, knowing what might quench her sudden thirst. She realized the doctor stood staring at her, waiting for a response.

“Um...yeah...I...I fell because I was dusting and I was on a ladder because I was dusting a chandelier, which is pretty high up, but I fell, and then I landed on my wrist and I think it’s kinda swollen because I—”

“Because you fell?” His grin widened, and yes, his eyes definitely twinkled.

Lena tried to smile back and hoped her face didn’t give away how embarrassed she felt because of her ridiculous babbling.

“May I?” He gestured to her wrist. She held it out to him and tensed up in anticipation of the pain she’d feel when he examined it, but she relaxed as soon as his fingers touched her skin again. For a moment, she closed her eyes. “Does it hurt, Ms. Morgan?”

“Hmm?” Lena opened her eyes, startled. “Oh, no it’s fine, it feels fine.”

“Really? Are you sure? What if I do this?” He bent her wrist slightly and tried to rotate it, but Lena flinched.

“Ow, I guess it does hurt. At least, when you move it around like that.”

“Well, it’s not broken, just a bit sprained. I’m going to put a splint on it, and when you get home, take an ibuprofen, put some ice on your wrist, and try to keep it elevated above your heart.” His hand went to his chest and something about it seemed so tender, Lena wanted to pop up and nestle herself against his body.

“Okay, I think I can do that.” She swallowed and tried to steady her breathing.

“Make sure you don’t use it at all, and let it rest for the next two days.” The doctor’s orders shook her from her reverie.

“Don’t use it for *two* days? I can’t *not* use it. It’s connected to my hand and I’m in the middle of moving in right now. I can’t make Edie do everything herself,” Lena protested. “There’s just so much more we need to do, and I promised I’d use the peaches we picked to bake a pie for her tonight before they go bad. They’re at the peak of freshness right now and...”

Lena's throat tightened up and tears welled in her eyes. She hadn't realized how stressed out and frazzled she felt and now she reached her breaking point. They planned for the bed and breakfast to be up and running in two days and that wasn't going to happen if she only had one arm at her disposal during that time. Lena, a stickler for deadlines, prided herself on punctuality. She didn't know if she'd be able to do it with both arms and now this.

"Hey, shh, it's okay. It's going to be fine." Dr. Stone held her left arm with one hand and gave her a tissue with the other before rubbing her back in a soothing motion. "Just take a deep breath, okay, and tell me what's wrong."

Lena did as the doctor advised and tried to calm herself down. The back rubbing definitely helped, though the longer he rubbed the closer relaxation got to arousal. As the doctor started wrapping her wrist in a splint, she regained her composure.

"My best friend and I just moved here to open a bed and breakfast, The Sweet Spot, and we planned on having it ready in two days. Now I just don't see how that's possible."

"And what's the deal with the peach pie?"

"I like to bake." Lena just shrugged her shoulders. What else could she say? She obviously already sounded like a hysterical loon. It was a good thing this doctor wasn't a psychiatrist. Otherwise, he might have committed her by now. Lena sighed and started to feel defeated again, the corners of her mouth turning down into a frown.

"I see. It sounds like you are under a lot of pressure, Ms. Morgan, and it's understandable that you're feeling very stressed out. Now, is there a reason you *have* to have your B&B open in exactly two days?"

Lena thought for a moment. "I guess, not really. It's just that I like to be on schedule."

The doctor's face softened and his seductive lips turned up in a pleasant smile. That twinkle in his eye reappeared, taunting her to get inappropriately close to this friendly and sexy man.



“Okay, I’m sure you can work this out with your friend and take a little extra time. You’re in Liebling now and this town’s as laid back as they come. No one will mind. I promise.” Dr. Stone reached up from her wrist and put his hand on her cheek and Lena teetered on the brink of swooning.

She leaned her face into it as she closed her eyes. It felt so amazingly right. Her entire body relaxed. She didn’t know how long they stayed in that position before he stiffened and pulled away. She opened her eyes and saw the doctor swallow hard, then turn away for a moment. Lena wondered if she did something foolish again and a brief, awkward silence invaded the room.

The doctor cleared his throat. “Well, Ms. Morgan, your splint is finished and I’m sure everything will work out with your bed and breakfast. Please call the office if you have any more trouble with your wrist and we can set up an appointment. Ruth will have your paperwork ready when you leave.”

Before she could even look down at her wrist to examine the doctor’s handiwork, he stepped out the door and disappeared.

*Hmm, that was strange.*

Lena shrugged and looked at her watch. It *was* getting late. She didn’t notice a wedding band, but figured he needed to run home and meet his wife for dinner. No man as dishy as that could still be single.

Not that it mattered to Lena anyway, she convinced herself. She certainly didn’t have the time or the interest in having a man in her life right now, no matter how good looking he appeared. Just because he was devastatingly handsome didn’t mean she actually felt *attracted* to him, right?

## Chapter 2

Brock got out of his classic 1953 Chevy 3100 seafoam-green pickup truck and headed toward his childhood home where his parents and brothers diligently prepared their weekly family dinner.

His family owned this property for generations, working the land and cultivating the best wine in the Hill Country. Brock and his younger brother, Wes, the two eldest sons, stood to inherit this land one day to continue the family trade.

Brock looked at the rows and rows of grape vines clinging to their trellises and heavy with fruit. Soon it would be time to harvest the grapes and begin the long process of fermenting and aging the juice to transform it into Stone Vineyard's award-winning wine.

"Hey everyone, Brock's here! You're just in time, son. We're about ready to sit down." Brock's mother, Margarite, swung the door open and greeted him with a hug, reaching up on her tiptoes to peck him on the cheek.

She paused as she looked her eldest son up and down. "My, you look happy today. Did you meet someone?" Her eyes brightened and Brock wondered how his mother always seemed to know everything that went on in their lives. Brock fidgeted and shrugged his shoulders, but he couldn't hide the grin forcing its way onto his face.

"I dunno, Ma. Perhaps."

"Perhaps nothin'. A mother knows and you, my boy, have met a lady and I expect you to tell all of us about her during dinner." Margarite playfully jabbed Brock in the ribs as she spoke. "I ain't gettin' any younger and I want me some grandbabies soon."

Brock held out his arms in protest. “All right, Ma, but hold up on the baby talk. I’ve got to at least take the woman on a date first.”

“Okay, okay. I’m just sayin’.” Margarite padded back to the kitchen to finish frying the chicken she undoubtedly marinated in buttermilk and her secret blend of spices. Brock inhaled deeply and instantly his mouth watered and his stomach growled, the go-to reaction his body always had when confronted with his mother’s cooking.

His mind went back to Lenora. He couldn’t wait to sit down and tell Wes all about her.

When he walked into the dining room he saw that his twin brothers, the youngest members of the Stone household, already sitting at the table.

Jackson and Ethan, in their mid-twenties, were identical twins, except for their eyes. Jackson had green eyes and Ethan had blue. With their mop of golden-blond hair, these boys were heartbreakers for sure and Brock often wondered when they would ever settle down and start a family of their own. His brothers acted so rowdy, he doubted they would ever find a woman who could put up with their antics.

“Hey, Brock, what’s this I hear about a lady?” Jackson asked with a mischievous smirk. Between the twins, he was the more aggressive one, always trying to start trouble.

Brock inwardly cringed. My, how his mother’s voice carried, he thought.

“I’ll tell everyone about her later. And really, there’s not much to say yet. I’ve only just met her. Anyway, where’s Wes? He’s really the one who needs to hear about her.”

“He’s out at his studio, finishing glazing a pot before he fires it or something,” Ethan offered.

He had always been the more cooperative of the two, but like his twin, he could also get in a bit of trouble now and then.

Wes came in, holding a striking glazed vase. Wes mainly worked on the winery with his parents, but in his spare time he made pottery. That was his true passion, and even Brock, who knew little of art, had to admit some of his pieces looked truly remarkable.

Wes walked over to his mother in the kitchen and kissed her on the cheek. "Here, Ma, I made this for you. Shoot, it smells incredible in here. I'm starving."

"Brock's got a girlfriend," Jackson teased.

Brock swore, sometimes his brother still behaved like a foolish teenager.

Wes's eyebrow popped up. "Oh, really? I wouldn't mind checking out the new girl in town."

"No, not really. I just met a girl, and I'll tell you more about her later." Brock knew how badly Wes also wanted to start a family together. He, too, longed to devote himself completely to one woman, working with Brock to make her the happiest woman on earth. With his heart on his sleeve, Wes was the hopeless romantic of the two of them.

"All right, all right, stop teasin' your brother. It's time to eat." Margarite set the steaming basket of chicken, covered in a red gingham dish towel to keep it warm, on their long dining room table. She directed her sons to grab the rest of the food from the kitchen and called out to her husbands, who worked just outside cleaning their equipment in preparation for the upcoming harvest.

"Stan, Marsh! Come in here and wash your hands. It's time to eat." She sat down at the head of the table.

As Brock's fathers walked in, they each removed their dusty cowboy hats, bent down and kissed their wife on the cheek, and sat in the chairs on either side of her.

"Okay, everyone's here. Boys, dig in." Margarite piled fresh salad into her bowl before grabbing a heaping of her famous mashed potatoes and the chicken she fried to crispy perfection.

“Oh, hon’, this all looks so delicious. You’ve done it again.” Stanley helped himself to the bounty his wife whipped up that evening.

“I think Brock has an announcement to make, everybody. Go on, son. Tell everyone about your new *girl*,” Margarite prodded.

Brock’s face warmed slightly in embarrassment, but he proceeded to fill everyone in on the beautiful stranger who graced his clinic that afternoon.

“Ma, I already told you, I haven’t even asked her out on a date yet.” Brock raked his hands through his hair and fiddled with the food on his plate with his fork. “I hardly know her.”

“Son, you know her well enough to have had a goofy grin plastered on your face when you walked through the front door.” Margarite cocked an eyebrow at him, her forkful of salad in mid-air, hovering in front of her mouth.

“Well?” Wes stared at him in anticipation, clearly dying to know more about this mysterious woman.

“I only just met her. She came in with a sprained wrist—”

“Wait, you’re banging one of your patients?” Jackson always had a way with words and Brock knew that one of these days they would get him into a hot mess.

“Jackson! Watch your language at the dinner table. Now let your brother finish his goddamn story.” Marshall shot Jackson an icy glare, completely unaware of his own foul language.

“I only talked to her and put a splint on her wrist. That’s it.” Brock shrugged his shoulders, holding both his palms up.

“Okay, so what else? Who is she? What’s she doing in Liebling?” Wes pressed Brock for more details.

“She’s new in town, and she and her friend just moved here to open a bed and breakfast. It’s called The Sweet Spot, just down the street a few blocks from the clinic,” Brock finished, glad to be done with the third degree.

"I bet Brock wants to touch *her* sweet spot," Jackson muttered under his breath but loud enough for the entire table to hear. Margarite shot him a withering stare and Brock rolled his eyes.

"And? Anything else about this girl and The Sweet Spot?" Ethan asked.

Jackson snickered quietly but refused to look Brock in the eye. It was just as well. They were both adults now, but Brock had no qualms with smacking his second-youngest brother around now and then like he did when they were kids.

Margarite shot another withering stare at one of her twins.

"What, Ma? I was talking about the B&B." Ethan batted his eyelashes, giving his best impression of an innocent fawn.

Brock's face reddened, but now more from frustration than embarrassment. A brief, awkward silence ensued before his mother spoke up.

"Now, now boys, no need to get snippy. I think that's plenty to know about her for now. From the look on Brock's face earlier, I'm sure she's somethin' very special."

She winked at Brock. Then she looked at her husbands affectionately and her eyes glanced upward as she seemed to reminisce about some blissful long-ago day.

"That's how it was with your fathers." A jubilant smile spread across her radiant face.

Even after all these years, his fathers still said she looked as beautiful as the day they first met. Stanley cleared his throat. Brock knew his father always hated sentimental moments in front of everyone and obviously wanted to change the subject away from his and his brother's courtship of Brock's mother.

"Son, that was very interesting," Stanley said dryly. "Does anybody else have anything productive to say?"

\* \* \* \*

Wes stalked up the creaky, wooden steps of the bed and breakfast that *potentially* housed his future wife.

Brock's confidence in his find piqued Wes's interest and he decided he needed to find out for himself if this girl really could be the one they'd already waited years for. He carried a case of wine, courtesy of Stone Vineyards, hoping it would provide the ulterior motive necessary to disguise the true reason for his visit. Hoisting the case with his right arm onto his hip, he peeked through the door's stained glass before using his left hand to open it. The chiming of a little bell sounded to announce his arrival, though it didn't look like anyone was there.

"Hello?" Wes called out into the silent house.

Every wooden floorboard sighed beneath his weight as he walked into the foyer. Wes admired the modern yet still cozy decor. Most everything in Liebling had an air of shabby chic and The Sweet Spot stood apart. Although a lot of the furniture appeared heavy and antique, the space was punctuated with modern and whimsical accents, such as little wooden figurines of animals and a curvy mod, turquoise table lamp with an off-white linen shade. A cushy velvet, forest-green couch with brushed stainless-steel legs sat against a wall in the living room. Wes figured it had to be one of those fancy designer pieces you could only find in more urban cities. He saw his reflection in the large, white-lacquered, Rococo-styled mirror and hoped Lenora Morgan would like what she saw. That is, if she was even there.

"Is anybody here?"

"Hey, sorry, I'm in the kitchen," a voice called out from the other room. "I'll be right there."

A radiant, auburn-haired beauty in a summery, sky-blue dress that showed off her slender yet shapely legs, walked in. Her petite frame couldn't have been more than five foot three. He and Brock would certainly enjoy the ease of throwing her over a shoulder to carry her wherever they saw fit to bed down and ravage every tasty inch of her.

“Hello, my name’s Lena, and welcome to The Sweet Spot.”

She wiped her hands on the front of her apron and extended one with a bright smile. Wes noticed the splint on her other arm as his brother’s handiwork.

Wes introduced himself and awkwardly tried to readjust the case of wine in his arms and then decided to place it on the ground. He took her hand and, even through all the calluses on his palm, he could feel the warm softness of her skin. Lena’s grip felt surprisingly firm, and he realized he unconsciously tried to be gentle with her and found her shaking his hand more than he shook hers. His father always said one could tell a lot about a person through their handshake and this girl was certainly a firecracker. He hoped his unintentionally weak handshake didn’t give her the wrong impression.

Up close he could see that her eyes shimmered with a delicate green that reminded him of fresh moss. The soft dewiness of her complexion gave him the strongest urge to caress her face with the tips of his fingers. He wanted to pull her face in for a long kiss that would allow each of them to enjoy the other’s flavor.

She shot him a strange look before he finally realized that he still held her hand. Jeez, how long had that been? He couldn’t believe how easily he got lost in her presence and how pleasant each distracted moment felt.

“Oh, excuse me,” Wes grinned sheepishly. “I’m from Stone Vineyards.”

“I see that.” Lena smiled and gestured toward the case of wine on the floor. “So, how can I help you today?”

Wes’s gaze locked on her tongue as it peeked out of her mouth and ran over her lips. Did he imagine it or did her tongue slyly appear for his benefit? He prayed it was the latter.

“I brought this wine from my family’s vineyard as both a welcome-to-the-neighborhood gift and as a sample in case you wanted to offer your clients some of the area’s finest local wines.”



He projected his most brilliant smile, hoping to dazzle her with his charm. Normally, he never needed to even lift a finger for girls to swoon over him, but somehow, with Lena, he just didn't feel quite as cool and collected as usual.

"Oh, how nice of you. I don't really know anything about wine, but I'm sure it's wonderful. I'll just put it in the kitchen."

"No, allow me. It's pretty heavy."

Lena bent down a split-second before Wes did and their heads collided as she came back up. Wes briefly saw stars after her head smashed into his nose, but just before contact, he got a lingering whiff of her hair. Her silky locks smelled like citrus and honey. Her scent was so alluring, his cock jumped in his pants as it infiltrated his senses. With her bent over, he momentarily questioned the wisdom of allowing her to see how strongly she affected him, but then decided that kind of visual statement was best left for *after* the first date. He quickly shifted his body, hoping the folds of his pants would hide his growing arousal.

"Oh no, I'm so sorry!" Lena grabbed the back of her head with one hand and covered her mouth with the other as if in horror.

She looked so completely adorable, Wes easily got over the pain and the embarrassment.

"Don't be sorry, sweetheart. This nose has seen much worse than your pretty little head. Plus, it's not broken." He wiggled his nose around as proof. "And even if it were, you wouldn't have been the first to break it." Wes hoped to prevent her from feeling bad.

"Still, jeez, I can be such a klutz." Lena smiled as her rosy cheeks brightened to red.

"I can see that." Wes gestured to the splint on her wrist.

"Just a little cleaning accident. Anyway, let's try this again. Why don't you grab the crate while I stand *far* away, and I'll show you to the kitchen?"

"Sounds like a plan to me. So, when are you supposed to be open for business?"

He grabbed the crate and walked into her kitchen where the mouthwatering smell of butter, peaches, and cinnamon assailed his bruised nose.

“We had planned on opening tomorrow, but thanks to this, it probably won’t be for another few days.” Lena held up her injured wrist. “The doctor said I should rest for a few days, but I can’t help but stay busy. There’s so much to do around here.”

“Like baking?”

“Yeah, there’s a cobbler in the oven. I wanted to make a pie, but couldn’t roll out the dough with just one arm. You are welcome to have a piece when it’s ready. Would you like something to drink?”

“No thanks. I should be on my way. You should really visit the vineyard to get to know our product better. Plus, are you from around here?”

“I’m not. We, my best friend and I, moved here from Austin a few weeks ago. We’ve been really busy with getting this place ready and haven’t had a chance to venture out too much. Well, except for the doctor’s visit.” She giggled awkwardly.

“Great, you should come by tomorrow morning and I’ll take you around the property. It’s beautiful out there and it’ll give you a good chance to see what the Hill Country is all about.”

*Please say yes, please say yes...*

“That sounds wonderful, but I’m really busy still.” Wes panicked, realizing she was about to turn him down. As he feared, he overestimated the effect his charms would have on this woman. Thus far, no girl ever said *no* to him, no matter the request. What could he say? Wes knew he had a way with the ladies except, apparently, not with this one. Luckily, he thought quickly on his feet.

“I think it would help you get to know the area better and in turn your potential clientele as well. We get out-of-town visitors at the vineyard, but we don’t have accommodations for them so maybe this is where your business and ours intersect? And anyway, it wouldn’t take very long, just a couple hours.”

Lena paused for a moment and Wes could see the gears ticking in her head. He held his breath and waited for her response.

“You know, you probably have a point. You’ve lived here a lot longer than I have and know the people better. Okay, sure. Why not? It’ll be nice to get out of here for a while. I can’t do that much anyway with my wrist hurt.”

Wes scribbled on a piece of paper and handed it to her, the person whom he hoped might someday be his future woman.

Wes left the house feeling re-energized and alive. A new sense of purpose invigorated him and surged through his body along with heaviness in his groin that desperately needed sating. He went straight to his studio where he could channel his sexual tensions into his art, letting the seductive smoothness of clay between his fingers be his release.

## Chapter 3

Lena drove down the long stretch of dirt road, her head craning out the window as she searched for the winery's sign.

The dry warmth of the Texas summer morning radiated against her skin, as if she were a toasty pastry baking in the sun. Still, she felt inexplicably nervous, unable to completely fess up that her nerves resulted from her attraction to the boyishly handsome and fresh-faced man with golden-blond hair.

When they bumped heads, she felt like such a dork. He played it off so casually as if assuring her there was no need for embarrassment, as if she should never feel embarrassed in his presence. She had a feeling, though, that despite her best efforts, she would do something that would leave her red in the face that day anyway, especially if she couldn't get her feelings under control.

She realized that just thinking about him made her ache between her legs. Moisture dampened her panties and she didn't know if it came from her desire or the heat and her vinyl seats. She took a deep breath and fought the urge to take her hands off the wheel and put them underneath her clothing to satisfy the hunger in her core.

She let the breeze blow over her face and through her hair, deeply inhaling the fresh, country air, cooling her down as she concentrated on being calm, collected, and professional.

Just as her body began to return to her normal calm state, she saw the sign for Stone Vineyards on the horizon and then Wes on the side of the road waving enthusiastically.

*Damn, he is so cute. Double-damn, there's that ache again.*

She pulled over thinking Wes would just tell her which way to drive, but instead he hopped right in her car, plunked down beside her, and took off his cowboy hat, setting it in his lap.

Her heart pounded and the throbbing inside her became almost painful.

“Hey, Lena! You look great. Thanks so much for coming.” He leaned in and gave her a friendly air peck on the cheek, then looked down at his watch. “And right on time, too.”

He smelled like a comforting mixture of freshly mowed grass and air-dried laundry. Even though his cheek and the side of his lips barely touched her skin, it felt as if it permanently seared her. Her skin thrilled at the brief moment of rough stubble. The way her body responded to this man, whom she’d only just met, made her feel ridiculous and out of control. She hadn’t been with a man in a while and that occasion certainly wasn’t anything memorable. Perhaps this sexual drought explained why she reacted so strongly to him. Her body starved for attention. That’s all.

Wes touched her arm and shook it gently. “Lena? Hey, you ready to go? It’s just down the road.” He pointed with a silly smirk on his face, as if he heard every one of her dirty thoughts while she sat paralyzed from his littlest touch.

“Right, of course. Sorry.” She took another deep breath and conceded it was going to be a long, hard day.

“I want you to see the highest point of our property. It looks over everything and from there you can see for miles. We put a small, canopied rest stop there so it’s the perfect place for you to try a few of our wines.”

“That sounds really nice,” she responded dryly. Lena focused on the road, fearing that if she looked Wes in the eye, he would read how nervous she was.

“The problem is it’s kinda far so we’ll have to take a horse and since your wrist is still a little banged up, you’ll have to ride with me.”

She swallowed hard and looked right at him, her eyes probably big as saucers. “Wh–wh–what do you mean *with* you? Like, on the same horse?” She drove over a large rock that jolted her little car.

“Whoa, there. Maybe you should keep your eyes on the road.” He offered her a kind smile, but Lena sensed a tension in his body as he braced himself in his seat.

“But yeah, on the same horse. You’ll ride in front.” He looked her up and down. “I think you’re little enough I can still easily reach the reins from behind and that way you’ll be able to see everything as we ride. It’ll be a lot of fun and could be something you could tell your clients about.”

“Riding on horses with you? You want me to tell my clients about riding on a horse with you?” Lena mumbled as she tried to absorb what she was about to do with this Hill Country Adonis.

“Not *with* me. I just mean horseback riding on the property. I think it would be something they might like. It’s not every day you can ride a horse through a vineyard, right? And led by a real cowboy, too.” He looked at her and winked. She might have melted if she hadn’t been using every ounce of her will power to look unfazed.

“No, I guess not.”

“Pull up over there and we’ll get going. You’re gonna have the ride of your life, I promise.” He smiled at her, and she saw a familiar twinkle in his eyes.

*Ride of my life? Boy, you have no idea.*

\* \* \* \*

“Hey, are you okay? You keep stiffening your body like that and you’ll be sore in the morning. You got to go with it, hon, and relax a little,” Wes drawled into her ear.

Despite the summer heat that surrounded them, she could still feel his warm breath against her skin and goose bumps prickled over her arms.

“Sorry, I just haven’t been on a horse in a while. I used to ride a little when I was a kid before I moved to Austin. Just a little out of practice, I guess.” Lena shifted uncomfortably, but tried to loosen up to pass herself off as easygoing.

“You’ve got goose bumps on your arms. Is the breeze making you catch a chill? We’ll be there soon and I’m sure a glass of wine will warm you right up.” Wes’s arms tightened around her, wrapping her as if he were a human blanket.

She could swear he rested his chin against her head now and then, but decided the intimate gesture resulted only from their height difference and the bumpiness of the ride. Nothing more than an unfortunate coincidence that made her entire body flush with need.

“That sounds nice. I’m pretty thirsty.” Her mouth felt parched and her entire body remained tense as she tried to keep from leaning back into his firm chest.

Every time she allowed her muscles to relax, every nerve in her body became attuned to the slow back and forth of the horse’s gait, which rocked her against him repeatedly. Every other clip clop, her ass would press into Wes’s groin. The longer they rode the more she became aware of the wetness pooling between her legs and the satisfying ache of her pussy grinding into the saddle through her underwear.

She thanked her lucky stars she had chosen to wear a longer skirt today that covered her legs as she straddled the horse, but part of her wished she had chosen jeans instead so all of her skin would’ve been covered and protected from Wes’s touch. It just felt too hot for jeans, too constricting. She liked her clothes to feel loose and free against her body, to get a little breeze between her skin and her clothing.

She only wished she could get a little more breeze between her and Wes. He invited her as a professional courtesy. As a budding entrepreneur, she needed to maintain her composure, especially if she wanted her business to prosper.

The horse finally came to a stop as Wes pulled on its reins and Lena hungrily eyed his cut biceps before admonishing herself again for crushing on a potential business associate. Wes dismounted first and then helped Lena down, though he practically lifted her. She felt as helpless as a rag doll in his arms.

“We’re here, Lena. Look around you. This is the Texas Hill Country at its best.” Wes gestured grandly.

He was right. The rows and rows of grapevines tied gracefully to their trellises were surrounded by rolling green hills despite the drought the state had been in for the past year.

“It’s simply beautiful up here, just gorgeous.” Lena felt fortunate as her gaze swept the scenic landscape. She had her best friend, her bed and breakfast, a breathtaking place to live, and plenty of handsome men for eye candy.

A small grin curled up her lips. A strong, lean arm wrapped around her shoulders and pulled her close against a washboard body. She looked up and saw Wes seemingly lost in thought as he looked at the natural beauty around them.

“It’s great, isn’t it?” Wes smiled and looked at her as if to gauge whether she enjoyed the scenery as much as he did.

Then their eyes locked. A chill slipped down her spine and went straight to her aching clit. She couldn’t pull herself away. She swallowed and closed her eyes as she continued to lean into him, lost in the feeling of her body pressed into his. She thought she might faint and then her knees buckled, jarring her back to rational thought. She didn’t understand why her body refused to listen to her brain telling it to back off this man.

Wes cleared his throat and pulled away looking puzzled.

Shame washed over her. She lost her senses and acted like a fool in front of this nice man who only tried to show her around and sell some wine.

Her mind raced to come up with something to break the awkward silence. Her eye caught on a house in the distance, its stark whiteness



brightly reflecting the late-morning sunlight. The house sat on the other side of a long, snaking river. She shaded her eyes as she pointed to it.

“What’s that over there? Is that part of your property, too?”

Wes paused a moment before he spoke. “No, that’s the Chisolms’s house on their ranch. Our families don’t really get along.”

“Why?”

“It’s a long story, but my great-grandpa and their great-grandpa were best friends and both bought about a thousand acres of land that they planned on working together, but the thing is, they couldn’t decide on what to do with it. Liam Chisholm was a traditional man and he wanted a traditional ranch. That’s what made money back then. He wanted cows, horses, chickens, the whole nine. But my great-grandpa Earl was more forward thinking. He heard about the German immigrants bringing in grapevines to make wine and he just thought that was a fine idea. Prohibition had just been repealed and it seemed like a great time to get back in the swing of things. People were ready to have a little fun again.

“The two of them fought and argued and finally they decided to split the land in two according to the river that runs straight through our properties, and I think both were so heartsick and stubborn over them not coming to a consensus that they just stopped talking altogether. In the beginning, the Chisholms made money hand over fist, while my family struggled.”

“Did they offer to help your family?”

“No, they didn’t offer any help, which made their bad blood even worse and every year it just grew and grew between them. But we were doing okay. It just took us longer to get the winery off the ground. At first, we didn’t know the first thing about making wine. It was just one of Earl’s crazy ideas. But my family learned and kept at it and now we’re one of the best in the state,” Wes finished, obviously proud of his family’s accomplishments.

His pride in his family gave Lena a slight pang of jealousy. She wished she could feel the same way about her family, but didn't really know too much about them and now they and all their stories were gone.

"So, that happened three generations ago. Are you still feuding?"

"Yes and no. We don't do anything overt. We just don't talk and don't acknowledge each other when we pass in the street. It's silly, but that's just how it's been. We're both stubborn peoples. I think every generation that goes by, the feud loses its grip a little, but, you know, things take time."

Wes looked solemn and then frantic as he looked around, opening and closing the insulated satchels tied to the horse.

"Wes, what's the matter?"

He straightened, ran his fingers through his golden-blond hair, and let out an exasperated breath.

"I feel like a dunce. The wine I wanted you to try, I guess I left it behind." He smiled sheepishly. "I guess I just got too excited about bringing you here and showing you around, I forgot to put it in my bags."

"Too excited?" She didn't understand what exactly he meant by that.

Wes shrugged and led Lena back to the horse, ignoring her question. "Let's head back then, huh?"

Riding back was fine with Lena. She began to miss the feeling of his body so close to hers and didn't mind a little more innocent back and forth on that horse of his.

She might even let herself lean back a little on the way down.

\* \* \* \*

Brock looked up from pouring a basket of harvested grapes to a larger bucket that would ultimately go through the grape sorter, which washed and removed the stems from the ripe fruit.

A handful of fruit he inspected slipped from his fingers as he saw Lenora Morgan riding toward him with his brother holding her. He couldn't believe his eyes, but there she sat, and she looked even prettier than she did the day before in his office.

"Hey, Brock," Wes called out from behind her. "This is Lena. I was just showing her around the property. Everyone's out running errands, so they shouldn't be back for a while." A sly expression quirked the corners of his lips up and lit up his face. Looking incredibly pleased, Wes stopped in front of Brock and hopped off the horse, followed shortly by Lena.

Brock caught a glimpse of her white, cotton panties as her dress fluttered around her on the way down, and his cock stirred in his pants.

"It's nice to see you again, Ms. Morgan." He shook her hand while she stared at him pale and wide-eyed, as if she'd seen a ghost.

She paused for a moment before she found herself again.

"It's nice to see you, too. Please, call me Lena. That's what everyone calls me 'cause it's shorter, you know, as most nicknames are, 'cause what's the point of a *longer* nickname, right? I mean, that just defeats the whole purpose..."

Her voice trailed off as she turned away and exhaled deeply. She looked flustered. Brock could only see half of her face, but that half certainly turned a bright shade that rivaled the red highlights in her hair. She babbled the same way she did back in his office. He chuckled. This woman wasn't just beautiful and sweet, she looked adorable, too.

"So, you two have met?" Wes asked innocently.

Lena mustered a pained smile and shrugged her shoulders.

"I totally didn't put two and two together. Dr. Stone, Stone Vineyards, Wes Stone, I mean really. This is a pretty small town, right? What are the odds that there would be more than one family named Stone, which isn't the most common surname, I don't think..."

Lena leaned her head down, uncrossed her arms, and, as one hand gripped her elbow, the other shielded her face. Brock could see more red, despite her attempts to hide, but he also caught a hint of a grin. He decided to rescue her from her unnecessary, though charming, anxiety and changed the subject.

“Your wrist looks pretty limber already. If it doesn’t still hurt, I could probably take the splint off early.” He extended his hands toward hers. “May I?”

Lena managed a smile at him and Brock beamed. He yearned to touch her soft skin again and didn’t expect the opportunity to arise quite so soon. He owed Wes for this, big time, and considered letting him have her first, whenever their union finally happened. Brock felt confident it would eventually.

He held her delicate wrist in his hands, carefully removed the splint, and rotated it in slow circles, his fingers intertwined with hers.

“Does that hurt, Lena?”

“Mmm, no, Dr. Stone, it doesn’t hurt.” Lena’s eyes closed.

“Brock.”

“Hmm?” Her eyes popped open.

“You can call me Brock. You’re at my family’s home. There’s no need for formalities here.” He fiddled with the splint in his hands, but what he really wanted was to replace the splint he held with her undoubtedly soft breasts.

“I think your wrist is fine now.” He could see her taut nipples underneath her dress and imagined rolling each one between his fingers and on the tip of his tongue.

“Great. That’s great.” She twisted her wrist around and tested it again to see for herself.

“Anyway,” Wes interrupted, “I was just about to show Lena around some more and let her try a few wines. So, if you’re not busy, would you like to join us, Brock?”

Brock could read Wes's face like an open book and Wes looked ready to take a sip from Lena's cups. Brock couldn't agree more. He knew they both wanted it, but just hoped that Lena would, too.

"You know what would be fun? Lena, have you ever crushed grapes before?" Brock asked.

Wes's face brightened as if an internal light bulb went off. His brother knew instantly where he planned to go with this question.

"Do you mean like in *I Love Lucy*? With feet?" Lena flashed a confused but curious look on her face.

"Exactly," Wes answered. "We don't use the juice from the foot-crushed grapes for making wine sold to the public anymore, but we still have a gigantic old-fashioned crushing barrel that we still pull out now and then for tourists." Wes grinned playfully and held his breath as he waited for her response.

"I promise you'll have fun and it'll certainly be something you'll never forget." Brock's words meant more than they seemed at first.

Lena thought for a moment, as if weighing the pros and cons in her mind. "Sure, why not? You only live once, right?"

Wes cocked an eyebrow at his brother. Brock licked his lips, anticipating the sweetness he might get a chance to consume. Lena was going to live all right. She was about to experience life in a way she likely never had before.

Hopefully, she'd never want to stop.

## Chapter 4

Lena's face alternated from a smile to a grimace and back as the grapes beneath her feet squished, gushing sticky juice and pulp between her toes.

The men were right. She was having fun and relaxing for the first time in a while, ever since she started working on her business. Her customers would definitely enjoy this.

"Okay, Lena, be careful and make sure to hold on to me. It can get really slippery here, and it's easy to fall before you even realize what's happening," Brock advised.

Lena looked up at him as she held on to his arm and then looked back down at the reddish purple mess she created beneath her feet.

"So, you get a lot of tourists coming out here to do this?" Lena turned to Brock as he steadied her in the grape barrel and showed her his expert grape-smashing technique. The muscles in his arms flexed yet his grip on her hand still felt gentle. His calves were also heavily muscled and strong. Those grapes didn't stand a chance.

"Yeah, whenever it's harvest time." Brock flashed a charming grin and his gaze met Lena's with an intensity that made her face redden at the sensations he caused between her thighs along with every stomp of her feet. She tried to maintain her professional focus and brought it back to work.

"Would you mind if I send my customers here? That is, if I ever get customers." She frowned and her stomping slowed as she again became overwhelmed with the fear of her business failing. What if nobody came to stay at The Sweet Spot?

“Hey, what’s with the frown, girl?” Wes asked as he dumped another bucket of grapes into the barrel. Lena squirmed a little as the round fruit bounced against her legs and the tops of her feet.

“I’m just worried, that’s all. It’s a lot of pressure to run a business with no experience.”

“Our kin knows all about starting something fresh with no experience,” Brock gave her a reassuring nudge, “and look at us now. Don’t be afraid, Lena. It’s great that you’re just going for it and we’ll help you in any way we can. That’s what *Liebling* is all about, offering a hand when you need it.”

Lena relaxed a little again. These men inexplicably made her feel safe and secure, a feeling she didn’t remember ever having.

“Thanks for the offer, but it’ll take more than wine and smooshing grapes to get the B&B off the ground.”

“What you need is a good, old-fashioned grand-opening get together,” Wes suggested as he rolled up his jeans and started to climb into the gigantic wooden barrel, which easily fit three people. “We can help you cater. Obviously we’ll provide the libations and our mother is a great cook. I’m sure she’d love to help out.”

His face contorted briefly, and then he smiled, revealing his adorable dimples for the first time.

“It’s that first grape squish that gets me every time, like jumping into cold water.”

He made his way over to Lena, and her breath caught in her throat as he brushed past her, grazing the curve of her ass. He moved to her other side so the brothers each flanked her.

She steadied her breath and tried to continue the conversation as if she weren’t about to faint from exhaustion at the battle she’d fought all day against her body’s reactions to these men. With both brothers beside her, she didn’t know how much longer she could take it.

At least, Brock was a doctor. If she did pass out, he could certainly provide her medical attention, which might include a healthy dose of mouth-to-mouth.

She shook herself out of her reverie. “Um, you know, that’s actually a fantastic idea. You’d do that? Help us out?”

Brock stopped stomping for a moment and grasped both of her hands. “Of course, Lena. We’d do anything to help you.”

The sudden change in the tone of his voice startled her. Something about its low gruffness made her think professional courtesy was the furthest thing from Brock’s mind at that moment.

She didn’t know what to say or think or feel, so she just stood there, holding his hands, trying to avoid his gaze for fear of what she might see. Or what she might *not* see. She wondered if the lustiness she thought she heard might only exist in her imagination. If she looked at him, his eyes might tell her everything and she hadn’t quite made up her mind on what she hoped would be there.

Her heart raced frantically in her chest. She had to get out of there. Her face burned obscenely hot. She pulled her hand from his grip and put it to her forehead, checking for a fever.

She turned and headed for the edge of the barrel, even though she could barely focus on anything around her, and gathered her last drop of strength to make a graceful exit.

“That’s really generous of you...um...Brock and...Wes...but you know, I really should be go—*whoops!*”

\* \* \* \*

As Lena walked away from him, Brock felt his stomach tighten up. He figured he should have been a little more careful with how he approached expressing his feelings for her.

*But how do you tell someone you’ve just met that you think she’s the one?*

He turned away from her for a moment to look at his brother, hoping to get some help. Instead Wes just stared at him blankly, looking even more clueless than he did. Lost in his own thoughts, he failed to hear what she mumbled as she made her exit and hadn’t



noticed that Lena started to lose her balance. Even if Wes saw her impending tumble, he stood too far away to do anything about it.

An arm suddenly landed hard against his chest and then a small fist clung to his T-shirt. The momentum of Lena's fall brought Brock down with her, and like human dominoes, Brock leaned against Wes and he fell, too.

The three of them crashed into the wet, juicy mess, their bodies twisting together like a grape-flavored pretzel.

Brock winced at Wes's knee digging into his back, which he eventually wiggled free, but neither brother made any effort to get up, still too stunned. Brock hadn't fallen while crushing grapes since he was a child and prided himself on his impeccable balance and steadiness, good traits to have in a doctor. Then the thought of his vocation brought his attention back to his former patient.

"Oh, shit, Lena, are you okay, sweetheart?" He looked at her, her head resting safely on his chest. The silky tendrils of her hair, now wet, matted against her face and streaked it in purple stain. Despite the pain shooting up his side, the slight pressure of Lena's body on his felt remarkably good. She was his human pain reliever.

Her eyes wide and her mouth ajar, mid-yelp, Brock could tell she felt just as surprised by the fall as he did. Then he realized what may have really been surprising her.

His throbbing erection pressed against her arm. Brock froze, not knowing what to do next, and a tortured lump clenched his throat closed.

"Uhh, I'm okay, Brock."

She looked mortified as she slipped around trying to get up. Unfortunately, the awkwardness of the moment and the precariousness of their positions only intensified the uncontrollable growth of his shaft.

Her limbs and hands inadvertently groped his groin over and over. He felt horrible that she was embarrassed, but he had to laugh at the

absurdity of the situation and at her stubborn persistence. The more she tried to get up, the more she slipped.

Brock glanced over his shoulder and saw Wes laughing with tears in his eyes, clearly just as amused at the show.

Their tenacious vixen wouldn't give up.

"Why are you guys laughing? What is so funny? Are you laughing at m—"

Lena made it to her knees only to fall again, but this time her body contorted around and landed completely on top of Brock's, her chin touching down in the valley between his pecs.

His chuckles stopped as their eyes locked. He could feel his cock throbbing against the apex of her thighs. She wrenched her gaze away and rested her head against his chest, putting her finger to her mouth and biting her knuckle as she hid her face from his. Their bodies were completely slick with the juice of freshly crushed grapes. Brock thought he felt Lena rocking a little back and forth, grinding against him.

The increasing pressure on his body, focused directly against his aching cock, confirmed his suspicion. His eyes rolled back in his head as he placed one hand on top of her hair while the other rubbed her back. Back and forth she went. He looked up at Wes who had already unzipped his pants. He slowly stroked himself as he watched Lena's pert little body move against Brock.

When a barely perceptible moan escaped her lips, Brock couldn't control himself any longer. He reached down and wrapped his hands around her creamy thighs, her skin lubricated in grape juice. He rubbed her moistened skin up and down with enough pressure to maintain her sensual motion. He hoisted them up so she fully straddled him. Then his hands moved to her round ass, firm but soft enough to grab and squeeze. He gathered the wet fabric of her dress and pulled it up over her hips, reaching underneath to palm each of her plush breasts. His thumbs brushed across her peaked nubs and

Lena's body tensed for a moment, then another moan exhaled from between her lips.

He put a hand to her chin and lifted her face up to his. He wanted to see her face, to see her reaction, to kiss her lips, to solidify the realization that this was really happening.

\* \* \* \*

"Lena, sweetheart, I want you to look at me. Please, look into my face, beautiful," Brock said huskily.

Lena's head spun. When she fell on him and his manhood swelled into her crotch, she couldn't help but dig in. She couldn't fight it.

From the moment she'd laid eyes on him and Wes, she'd ached for them. She felt so stressed from her business venture. The nerves had finally gotten to her, and she couldn't take it anymore. She needed a release and some comfort. Brock's hard cock, pressing through his clothes and hers, told her that he wanted to provide that for her. In a moment of weakness, wanton abandon, and ravenous hunger she accepted. Now, she couldn't stop.

She looked up and gave Brock what he wanted.

He ran his tongue across his lips and pulled her face up to his. She bent down and let her mouth brush against his. She licked her lips and then Brock's, their tongues gingerly meeting in the middle. She savored his taste, relishing the sticky sweetness covering their entire bodies. His hand went to the back of her head and drew her in closer to devour her mouth, sucking and nibbling her bottom lip. He pressed his face deeper and grabbed her tongue with his lips, massaging it into his mouth with his tongue.

"Fuck, baby, you taste so good, so amazingly good. I want you so bad. Can you feel my cock swelling for you?" Brock grunted into her ear between kisses. "Can you feel it?"

"Yes, oh, God, yes."

She squeezed her eyes tightly, focusing on the stiffness of his erection against her thigh and the slow, seeping pool of wetness from her cunt, willing his cock to take a dip. Her clit throbbed, calling to him. She wanted nothing more than for the emptiness inside her center to be filled with what lay engorged in Brock's pants, what she knew had to be aching to break free. Her back arched as another erotic, rigid shaft pressed into her from behind.

*Wes.*

His hands reached around her and clung to her breasts. Wes lifted her up so she sat upright, fully straddling Brock's crotch, her pussy pressed against the mound in his pants, while her ass pushed out to feel what was in Wes's pants. Lena's entire body quaked at the realization that his cock was out. She reached behind her and confirmed her suspicion, her fingers cupping the firm, swollen head of his weighty manhood.

Wes kissed and nibbled up and down her neck while his fingers flicked over her hard nipples. She shuddered in ecstasy under his touch.

"Is this okay, beautiful? Do you want me to touch you, too, love?"

Lena didn't have to think long before she gave him an answer or, rather, her wandering hands did.

She reached behind her and gripped Wes's lean, muscular back with one hand and pulled him closer, nodding affirmatively into his neck. With her other hand, she stroked his cock, fascinated by its silky soft skin. So lost in pleasure, she could no longer form words. Lena just let go and went with it. Her hands gripped him tighter, forcing him to dig his cock deeper into her back, pressing between her cheeks through the thin fabric of her plain, cotton panties, soaked with a mixture of the sweet, sticky, purple grapes and her own dripping juices.

Wes undid the top buttons of her dress, affording him more access to her upper body. Brock sat up and cupped her face in his hand. He

pushed his thumb into her mouth, grazing against her teeth. With his other hand, he palmed her ass, bringing her into him.

Lena continued rocking her hips, grinding into two brothers who had her sandwiched tightly between their cocks. She couldn't believe she was in this situation at all, let alone with two gorgeous, hard-bodied men.

"Hey! We're back. Brock, Wes, where are you? Mom got some stuff for sandwiches if you're hungry."

Lena immediately stiffened and a sudden chill met her back as Wes pulled away from her. Then her entire body, still sizzling with erotic tension, shifted as Brock lifted her off him so he could stand. She sat in the grapes completely bewildered, barely noticing the scuffle around her.

"Are y'all in the stompin' barrel?"

\* \* \* \*

"Jackson, we weren't expecting you guys back so soon. Yeah, we were just showing Lena around the property and then wanted her to try out grape crushing before we slipped." Brock tried to look casual.

Wes bent over and tried to help Lena get her dress buttoned up again. He worked to wipe all the grape schmutz off her face and hair, though considering how much they had rolled around in, the effort was futile.

"Oh, really? Lena, huh." Brock didn't like the tone in Jackson's voice. It sounded like his troublemaker voice and nothing good ever came of it. Sometimes funny antics ensued, but not if one found oneself at the receiving end. "Isn't she the girl you were going *on and on and on* about during din—"

"Shut up, Jackson!" Brock forced himself to control his anger, but Jackson made it pretty damn difficult. "Wes invited her to come over to see if she wanted to buy some wine for her business."

“I see, so where is she and where’s Wes?” Jackson cocked his eyebrow, a smug grin on his face.

Then Wes popped up and looked over the rim of the wooden barrel. “Hey, Jack, what’s up? Sandwiches, eh? Great, I’m starving.”

Wes waved nonchalantly at his brother while he lifted Lena up to her feet.

Jackson walked up to her and held out his hand. Brock bristled. He couldn’t believe his brother’s gall. Lena took Jackson’s hand, mustering a tight smile, and cleared her throat.

She looked around her, clearly mortified and searching for a quick escape. “Well, I better get going, then. Beautiful property, guys, and I’ll...um...get back to you on the wine.”

Brock helped her out of the barrel, not wanting to prolong her discomfort.

“Well, hello, there. You must be Lenora. Oh, I’ve heard so much about you,” Margarite drawled with a big, warm smile and a bag of groceries in her arms.

*Great.*

He suddenly felt like an awkward teenager again.

“I’m Margarite, the mother of all these silly boys.” She giggled, clearly tickled to meet this mystery woman.

Even under all the drying grape juice, Brock could tell Lena’s face flushed with embarrassment.

“Well, it looks like you guys got into quite the mess in that barrel.” Margarite winked at her boys and went on. “Lenora, why don’t you get cleaned up and have lunch with us? Nothin’ fancy, just sandwiches and some iced tea out on the porch.”

Lena looked nervously at Brock and Wes, clearly unsure of what to do and neither brother offered much help. Brock wanted to rescue Lena from all this unwanted attention, but he also wanted to spend more time with her. Unable to come to a decision, Margarite made it for them. She walked up, shifted her groceries to her hip, and grabbed Lena’s hand with her free one, leading her away.

“Lenora—”

“You can call me Lena, ma’am.”

Lena had a genuine look of happiness on her face. To Brock’s relief, Lena actually looked smitten. His mother had that effect on people. She could make the surliest old fart blossom into a slaphappy fool.

“Okay, Lena, you can call me Margarite, or Maggie, or...mom.” She turned back to look at her two oldest sons with a devilish look on her face. “Let’s get you cleaned up. We have a guesthouse with a shower and nice, fluffy towels, and I’m sure we can find something clean for you to wear. You’ll be attractin’ sugar ants if you don’t get cleaned up soon.”

\* \* \* \*

Lena walked up the steps of the B&B, feeling confused, exhausted, but relaxed thanks to Wes and Brock. She also felt full, hydrated, refreshed, and happy, thanks to the Stones’s generous hospitality. She had spent the afternoon talking with Brock and Wes’s family, learning a lot about Liebling and its unique customs.

“Look what the cat dragged in. You sure have been gone long, Lena,” Edie said with a smirk. “And by the goofy look on your face, I’d say you were up to no good.”

Lena put her right hand up to her face, her left carrying a sack of wet, grape-juice-stained clothes, and shook her head as she tried to cover her grin and reddening cheeks.

“Edie, don’t tease me. I’m so confused.”

“You know, I caught a glimpse of the wine guy as he walked out and he was pretty hot, which you mysteriously didn’t mention when you told me you were going.” Edie gazed dreamily at the sky, as if indulging in the memory of Wes’s smoking-good looks. Then her serene expression broke. It looked like a light bulb went off in her mind. Her gaze met Lena’s dead on.

“You dirty vixen, you.” Edie had a massive grin on her face. She grabbed Lena’s hands and pulled her to the sofa, squealing with delight. Lena rolled her eyes knowing how much the girl loved a juicy story and hot gossip. “Spill it, girl.”

Lena gulped and tried to organize her thoughts as she sank into the sofa’s cozy cushions.

“Whoa, I know that look, Lenora Morgan. Something big happened. Well? Tell me.”

“Okay, okay. I’m just thinking. It’s really complicated. But did you know that Liebling is a menageamous town?”

“Way to change the subject, but sure, I’ll bite. What the hell do you mean, ‘menageamous’? And don’t think for I moment I’m letting you off the hook. I’m gonna find out about the naughty things you and this wine guy did.”

Lena decided it would ultimately make more sense if she started from the beginning. “The Stone family is made up of two dads and one mom and the dads are brothers.”

“Get the fuck out! Kinky.” Edie stared off for a moment as if digesting what Lena told her. “So that’s why I keep seeing women walking around with more than one guy on each arm.”

“And the men are usually friends or brothers or even lovers, but it’s always only one woman. Brock has a patient whose husbands were lovers first and then they met her later on.”

“Brock? Is that the wine guy?”

“Well...” Lena hedged, trying to decide if she was ready to own up to what happened in the wine barrel. If she told Edie, that would make it real and if it was real, it would be something Lena would have to deal with and confront.

She decided to tell Edie everything. The girl would squeeze it out of her eventually anyway. Like a bandage, it would be better to rip it off all at once.

“Not exactly. I mean, he’s not the same wine guy you saw yesterday. That guy was Wes. Brock is his older brother, who also



happened to be the doctor I saw when I sprained my wrist. Small world, right?”

Edie looked stunned and titillated. “Very. Tell me more. So they have two dads and one mom and their parents are all married?”

“Yep.”

“Is that even legal? Isn’t that polygamy?”

“I asked them that, too, and actually, it’s legal in Liebling, which is German for ‘loved one’ or ‘darling.’ Did you know that?”

“Interesting.”

“So, Liebling was originally founded before Texas was annexed, so as part of the agreement to join the Union, the state allowed Liebling to remain legally polygamous but over time the town became solely menageamous.”

“What’s the difference?”

“Menageamous relationships are strictly one woman to more than one man. It kept the town small but every child in a family could be better cared for.”

“How come I’ve never heard about this before?”

“Well, this lifestyle isn’t exactly accepted everywhere, so the town just keeps to themselves and those who know and are interested come down to visit or live here and those who aren’t...well, there’s really nothing they can do about it. They just have to ignore it.”

“Holy shit. What a fucking town! Can you believe it, Lena? I mean, what are the odds?”

Edie looked clearly thrilled by her newfound knowledge about their new home.

“I love this! It’s like free love but monogamous...menageamous. I totally get it!”

Lena smiled and held her breath, hoping this bit of information might be enough to get her off the hook about Wes and Brock, at least for a little while. When she saw that devilish look on Edie’s face, though, Lena knew she wasn’t going to get off so easily.

“Hold up. So back to the wine guy—guys? Oh. My. God. It’s *guys* isn’t it? *Tell* me what I’m thinking isn’t just a dirty fantasy but your dirty reality.”

Lena just smiled and nodded and Edie grabbed her by the arms and both of them squealed like schoolgirls, hopping up and down on the springy sofa. Lena told Edie every last sticky detail about what happened that day, from the car ride to that other ride she went on in the grape barrel. It felt good to get it off her chest, but in the end, she still couldn’t decide what any of this really meant.

“Edie, what should I do? This kind of behavior isn’t like me, and I don’t want to get distracted from the B&B. I mean, we haven’t even opened yet. I can’t just go off gallivanting around with a man on each arm.”

“Well, they seem like nice guys, right?” Edie asked.

“Definitely. They even offered to help us throw a grand opening party.”

“Lena, that’s awesome. What a great idea. I love parties. Well, shit, we got a party to plan, don’t we. We better get moving.” She started to get up and must’ve seen the sullen look on Lena’s face.

“Hey, you. Don’t look so sad. What’s happening with these guys is totally new and weird, but it’s exciting and you deserve to be happy and have fun for once in your life. And maybe nothing comes of it, but who cares. Just go with it, girl. Be good to yourself and live a little.”

Lena smiled and hugged Edie. She always knew just what to say to make her world feel right again.

## **Chapter 5**

“Thanks again for making all this food, Margarite. Everyone is loving it,” Lena said as she brought an empty tray of hors d’ouvres back to the kitchen where Margarite busily took out a sheet of mini buttermilk pies from the oven and then arranged them on a cute porcelain cake stand.

“There are a lot more people than I thought there would be. I think Edie sent an invitation to every person she’s ever known and on recycled paper no less. I hope you’re not feeling too tired or overwhelmed from feeding all these people.” Lena gave her a sympathetic look.

“Oh, no, child. Think nothin’ of it.” Margarite flashed Lena an exuberant smile before she patted off the light mist of sweat on her forehead with the hem of her apron. “This is just too much fun. I am having a ball back here. You know I live to feed. Go ahead and take out these trays of pigs in a blanket and shrimp cocktail. Where are my boys to help you? Sake’s alive, I didn’t raise them to make their woman do all the heavy liftin’.”

“It’s fine. I can carry them. I know they’ve been pretty busy keeping the wine stocked. Your wine is so popular, they can’t seem to keep everyone’s glasses filled.”

Lena grabbed the trays and headed back out to the party before she could get her men into any more trouble with their mother. For the past couple weeks they had been courting, going on dates, and getting to know each other, but nothing serious had happened yet.

Her seemingly never-ending and unrequited lust drove Lena crazy, but she decided a good compromise between avoiding them

and diving in head first, as Edie suggested, was to take things slowly for a while and see how it went.

So far, she was having the time of her life and did a pretty good job of keeping their relationship somewhat chaste.

Somewhat.

“Hey, beautiful.” Wes leaned in and gave Lena a peck on the cheek. “Let me grab those from you.” After Wes set the trays on the serving table, he handed Lena a glass of wine.

“Try this. You haven’t tasted this vintage yet.”

She swirled the dark liquid around in the glass before sticking her nose in and inhaling. She took a sip and savored it the way Wes and Brock showed her. She still felt slightly silly, making such a fuss over a beverage, but she had to admit she now tasted things in a way she never had before and her men opened her eyes to a whole world of new sensations. Soon, she would let them teach her about something else that had nothing to do with food.

“Mmm, it’s good, real fruity with just a hint of oakiness.”

“That’s right. It’s a barrel-aged Syrah I’ve been dying for you to try.” Wes looked so proud of himself for getting her interested in wine. Before the Stone brothers, Lena hardly ever drank alcohol and when she did, she’d usually opt for a nice, ice-cold beer.

“The party’s a hit so far. Edie’s been doing her thing, mingling and networking. She said she’s meeting a lot of people and getting our B&B’s name out there, which is so great.”

“That’s wonderful, Lena.”

“She even said that a few of the party guests are from out of town, God knows who all she sent her invitations to, and they want to spend the night, so we’ve got our first customers.”

Lena knew her face beamed as she spoke. She could tell her excitement pushed at the corners of her lips, forcing the apples of her cheeks up into the creases of her eyes. She hugged Wes with one arm, burying her face in his chest, and then her smile grew even wider

when Brock walked up. He bent down and kissed her on the top of her head.

“Lena, if you ask me, this is a great party. It looks like we’ve got the whole town here, and by the piles of empty bottles in the trash, I’d say they’re having a lot of fun. And I’ve got Jackson and Ethan manning the bar. It’s good to keep those two out of trouble.”

Edie walked up wearing a flowing haltered green sundress with beading along the neckline that looked vaguely ethnic. She wore strappy sandals and her dark brown hair piled wildly on the top of her head.

Beside her was an accessory Lena had never seen before. There stood a notably large, older woman who made Edie look positively Lilliputian. She must have been taller than even Brock. Lena looked down at the woman’s orthopedic shoes and noted that she wasn’t wearing heels. To say this woman was a giant wouldn’t have been much of a stretch.

“Lena, this is Mara Wallace and she’s one of our out-of-town guests who will be staying with us tonight. She wanted to meet the other half of The Sweet Spot.”

“It’s so nice to meet you, Mara. I hope your stay with us will be comfortable and please let us know if you need anything at all.” Lena smiled, extending her hand, and gulped when the woman’s hand completely engulfed her own.

Mara held a stiff-looking drink in one hand and a cigarette dangled from her lips. Even over the smoke, Lena could smell the geriatric odor of arthritis ointment.

“Yes, dear, I imagine my stay will be quite,” Mara looked around at her surroundings, “enjoyable.” Mara’s lips upturned in what was likely supposed to be a smile but came out looking more like a sneer.

Lena got a strange sense of déjà vu. Something seemed oddly familiar about this woman and she couldn’t quite put her finger on it.

“Lena, I’ve got to run. There’s a lot more mingling to do,” Edie said, fluttering away like the social butterfly she was.

“So, Mara, how’d you find out about Lena and Edie’s little home away from home?” Wes asked.

“Oh, I just happened upon an invitation at a friend’s house in Austin and thought, what the hell, I’m traveling a bit, why not make a stop in Liebling. I’d never heard of it before.”

“Which friends?” Lena asked, trying to figure out if she had any connection with the woman.

“I’m sorry? Whose friends?”

“The invitation. Who were you staying with in Austin? Edie and I are from there, so I was just curious as to the connection.”

“Uhh...” The woman struggled to find her words, which struck Lena as odd. “The Walkers. They’re an old Austin family.”

“Huh. I don’t know them. Must be acquaintances of Edie’s. Anyway, enjoy your stay here, ma’am, and again, please let me know if I can help you in any way, any way at all.”

Lena gave the woman a nod and pulled both her men away with her.

“She’s quite the woman,” Wes joked.

“Yeah, like a linebacker,” Brock concurred.

“There was something about her, something very familiar, like I know her. But I’m sure I’d remember a woman who looked like that. She’d be hard to forget.” Lena rested her chin on her closed fist and tried to place this woman, but then decided to leave it alone. It was probably nothing. “Oh well, whatever.”

“Lena, I haven’t had the chance yet to tell you how beautiful you look tonight,” Wes growled in her ear, making her skin break out in goose bumps and her nipples tighten to firm little peaks.

Lena had decided to dress up tonight and wore a vintage cocktail dress she’d purchased at a thrift store. It came straight out of the ‘50s with light blue and champagne-colored silk Chantilly lace and made her feel demure yet glamorous. What made it perfect was its deep boat neck, which showed off her décolletage and gave her men easy access to the sensitive spots on her neck and shoulders.

Just as she intended, Wes leaned down and gently nipped at the spot where her neck curved into her shoulder. His teeth on her skin sent a jolt of electricity straight to her clit, making her muscles clench with desire and her entire body warm from head to toe.

“Beautiful, let’s go some place with a little more privacy.” Brock stood in front of her and nibbled her ear. This second bolt to her clit was too much to bear and her pussy ached to be touched. After weeks of fooling around, her body couldn’t take another moment without these men inside of her, invading her with their strong, thick fingers, wet tongues, and hard shafts. Lena looked into her men’s eyes, darkened with lust, and saw the hunger stirring in them.

“But I can’t leave now. The party’s still going on and I have to help Edie,” Lena protested. “I can’t just desert her.”

“Darlin’, all that’s left to do now is schmoozing and that’s Edie’s bag. The food and drinks are covered. There’s nothing left for you to do right now except enjoy yourself,” Wes encouraged.

“And, we’ll all come back to help clean up later,” Brock added.

Lena thought for a moment. It seemed so irresponsible to leave the party with these two men for a little hanky panky, but then again, they were so damn hard to resist and Edie did admonish her for not enjoying herself enough.

“Okay, if we’re just gone for a moment.”

“That’s my girl!” Brock exclaimed as he picked her up and spun her around.

“Where do you want to go? The B&B’s teeming with people.”

“You mean you don’t like possibly being caught by their prying eyes?” Wes asked coyly. Lena giggled, already feeling a little in over her head.

“You know, maybe not quite yet. I think tonight should be special. Just you and you and me.” Lena’s face flushed with pure, sexual desire as she addressed each of her men.

Her and two men, a possibility that she had never considered, would now be her erotic reality and she was ready to go all the way.

At her proposition, Brock's eyes flashed and he looked nearly unhinged with his obvious desire for her. Lena looked down to confirm her suspicion and saw a massive bulge rising in his pants. Brock leaned in and pushed his erection into her, as if asking for entrance.

"Do you mean it, babe? You're ready?"

Lena could only nod. Her breath hitched when Wes grabbed her hand and placed it squarely on his own swelling bulge, squeezing his fingers over hers so that she could really grip his manhood.

"I know just the place." Wes smiled slyly and looked at his brother, making Lena wonder what they had in store for her. She definitely didn't know and she didn't care. The brothers each grabbed one of her hands and lead her away to what she knew would be the most amazing night of her life.

\* \* \* \*

Wes opened the heavy wooden doors to his ceramics studio, his sanctuary, where he felt most creative. He looked forward to unleashing that creativity tonight when he unleashed his aching cock and its creamy contents into Lena's sweet pussy.

"Where are we?" Lena asked as she looked around at her surroundings. The studio was a renovated barn that sat beside the house he and Brock shared.

"We're in my ceramics studio, hon," Wes said as he leaned in and captured her lips briefly with his. He led her around the studio by just clutching her fingertips with his own. He set the bottle of Syrah he had been carrying around down on a workbench. He suspected they might get a little thirsty later.

"On those shelves are works in progress." Wes pointed to the rows and rows of unglazed pots. "And over on that shelf are finished pieces." Lena let go of his hand and walked over to the shimmering, glossy pots lined up like jewels.



“Oh, Wes, they’re beautiful,” Lena cooed as she ran her fingertips against each one. Wes felt his cock rise in his pants as he imagined her touching him the way she did his artwork. “I didn’t know you did pottery.”

“You know, Lena, there’s a lot you don’t know about Wes and me yet, and we fully intend on filling you in tonight and hopefully for the rest of our lives.” Brock grabbed Lena by the hips and smothered her mouth in a kiss.

“Oh, really?” Lena asked breathlessly. “Forever is a long time, Dr. Stone, and I’m not sure I’m ready for that.”

Lena walked her fingertips up Brock’s chest before she gently brushed them against his lips and rose on the balls of her feet to get another kiss. Wes could tell she both flirted and told the truth. If it wasn’t for Brock’s absolute certainty in their future together, even he may have doubted it, for just the simple fact that Lena Morgan was too good to be true.

“Before we play doctor,” Wes interrupted, “how about we play with a little clay? Lena, you in the mood to try your hand at pottery and throw some clay?”

Wes pulled her away from his brother and led her to the potter’s wheel in the center of the room. He looked at his brother, who gave him a smile and a nod, mouthing “You go first.” Wes knew Brock was grateful for him getting the ball rolling at the winery, so he got the first opportunity to show Lena a little of what the Stone brothers could do for their lady.

“I haven’t done anything like this since I was in kindergarten,” Lena admitted. “I wouldn’t know the first thing to do.”

She looked a little nervous as Wes set a stool down beside the wheel for her. Then he sat down at the wheel, placing a moist mound of clay on top. Brock pulled up a chair, grabbed the bottle of wine, and watched from across the studio.

“That’s what I’m here for, darlin’.” Wes sat down in front of the wheel and wrapped his hands around the clay. “I’ll show you first and

then you'll just copy my movements. Meanwhile, why don't you put that smock on so you don't get your pretty little dress mussed up?"

"Better yet," Brock interjected, "why don't you take your dress off completely." Lena started to argue, but Brock stared her down and evidently made her change her mind.

"Well, then you want to unzip me?" Lena flashed the foxiest face Wes had ever seen her make. She bent down before Brock and waited patiently while he did her bidding. Wes chuckled. She let Brock get his way, but on her own terms.

She stepped out of her dress, still wearing her heels, and Wes knew by the sudden dryness in his mouth that it hung wide open. Her sexy black stilettos accentuated the curve of her calves up to her shapely thighs and then to her pert and mouth-watering ass, clothed in flirtatious blank panties with small white polka-dots. Delicate lace trimmed the fabric that hugged her sumptuous ass cheeks. The soft roundness of her belly aroused his desire to wrap his hands around her tiny waist and hold her close, planting kisses all over. Her breasts looked as if they would spill out of her matching polka-dot bra, or perhaps that was just wishful thinking. He could make out the outline of her taut nipples beneath the lacey material.

When he finally took in the entirety of Lena's sensual form, Wes knew he could have come from that alone. She was nothing short of breathtaking and it took every ounce of will not to claim her right there. But no, he would wait and drag this out. He wanted their first night together to be special and last forever, or at least until Lena couldn't walk anymore.

Whichever came first.

She teased Brock by slipping her fingers underneath the elastic of her panties as if she were going to slip those off and perform a little striptease, but then she stopped and grabbed the smock Wes pointed out earlier. As Lena tied it on around her neck and waist, Wes took a few cleansing breaths to settle the rapid pounding of his heart and the

relentless throbbing of his cock. Brock watched Lena's display, speechless.

Wes cleared his throat and beckoned Lena to come over and observe him at the wheel. He picked up the moist clay and proceeded to work it, hoping not to reveal how badly his body shook from his restrained lust.

Lena watched his hands intently and looked sincerely interested in learning the craft. "So, Wes, what got you into ceramics?"

"I used to be a bona fide rodeo cowboy until a particularly wild bronco bucked me off before stomping all over me."

"He broke his legs and several ribs," Brock added with a grim look on his face. He took a swig of the wine.

"That sounds terrible." Lena became visibly upset by Wes's story. Her brows knitted together and her bottom lip pouted out in a frown. A frown never looked so tantalizing.

"It was pretty bad. If Brock hadn't been right there, I might never have walked again. Pottery was part of my rehabilitation therapy and I fell in love with it."

Wes slid his fingers over the clay, forming perfectly straight horizontal grooves as he pumped the wheel's peddle with his foot, and making it spin steadily faster. He made a small indentation in the middle with his thumb that he gently stretched out into a larger opening.

Wes loved the smooth, wet feel of the clay between his fingers, the smell of its earthy dampness, and then the satisfaction when he finished a piece. A few minutes went by and Wes fashioned a delicate pot out of what, only a few moments before, was nothing more than a messy lump of clay.

"See, it's not so hard. Now you try it." Wes stood and let Lena sit in his seat. "Since you're a beginner, I'll pump the wheel and you just focus on your fingers." He put a fresh mound of clay on the wheel.

"This isn't as easy as it looked when you did it." Lena's brows furrowed in frustrated concentration as the clay squished between her

fingers and fell apart. She looked up at him and blew a strand of hair from her face.

“Wes, I think she needs a little more hands-on instruction.” Brock was clearly getting a little impatient and, though Wes tried to go the slow and steady route, his brother wanted him to get on with it already. Brock confirmed his suspicion when he grabbed the chair and pulled it right up to the potter’s wheel so he sat directly across from them.

“Okay.” Wes rolled his eyes in his head. “Lena, how about I sit behind you and guide you with my hands?” Wes moved his chair and reached his arms over Lena’s, holding her small hands in his. He inhaled the sweet smell of her hair and skin and suddenly wanted to plunge his fingers inside her wet well instead of the inanimate clay before them. Moving to the edge of his seat, Wes pressed his groin against Lena’s back, and she stiffened.

“Hold up, you can’t be serious. What is this, *Ghost*? Let me guess,” Lena said, smirking, “I’m Demi Moore and Wes, you’re Patrick Swayze and Brock, you’re...”

“Whoopi Goldberg,” Wes offered, unable to repress his grin.

“No, babe, this isn’t *Ghost* and this *is* serious. I think it’s hot as hell and, woman, you make me fucking crazy for you, like I can’t control myself around you.”

Brock leaned over the potter’s wheel and kissed Lena hard on the mouth. Then he pulled out his throbbing cock, as if to prove to her how serious he was, and rubbed his hand up and down the lengthy shaft. The way her body stilled, Wes could tell Lena knew Brock meant business and that she wasn’t accustomed to the way his demeanor changed when he got incredibly turned on. When Brock was ready to fuck, the good doctor became another man who had no qualms making a woman fall apart if it meant he could put her back together again later.

“I want to keep watching you work that clay, woman, so just do as we tell you, and I promise we’ll all have a very good time.”

“Okay, Brock, whatever you say.” Lena sounded earnest this time, but Wes could see the corner of her lip curling up in the hint of a smile.

Oh, yes. Lena enjoyed this. As headstrong and independent as she acted, Lena clearly also liked being bossed around a bit now and then, especially now by *two* men with raging hard-ons just for her.

Wes continued showing Lena how to work the clay in her hands as the wheel spun around and around. He dipped his hand into the nearby bowl of water when the clay started to look dry. Wes wrapped his wet hands around Lena’s, guiding her in stretching the clay. When his moistened fingers slipped in between hers, she let out a soft moan, making Wes’s cock jump in his pants. He glanced up at Brock, enraptured by the scene and the look of quietly building excitement on their woman’s inviting face.

“Lena, pay attention to what Wes is showing you. It’s not time to play quite yet.” Brock licked his lips and leaned forward.

Clearing her throat, Lena’s focus sharpened on the clay in her hands. Wes had to admit, her fortitude impressed him.

After Lena got the hang of it, he decided to test her single-minded determination. After wiping his hands clean, Wes reached down and ran his hands up Lena’s thighs before slipping a finger underneath her panties and running it along her slick folds. Lena inhaled shallowly and started to let go of the clay before Brock barked out his orders. Evidently, Brock planned to show Lena from the get-go that he was in charge of her pleasure.

“Lena, put your hands back on the clay and focus on what you’re doing, sweetheart. I want to watch you fondle that clay like you would my balls.”

Brock cradled his sac in his hand and ran his tongue suggestively over his lips. His balls looked heavy and Wes knew it was only a matter of time before Brock popped.

Lena also seemed nearly ready to pop as Wes worked her clit like the master craftsman he was. He rubbed the little nub between his

fingers while he used the fingers on his other hand to part her pussy lips and hook inside her wet cunt, massaging her vaginal walls and that sweet spot that would send her gushing into his palm. He could feel the slight quivering surround his fingers that signaled her impending climax. Her breathing became more rapid and her back arched as she dug her pussy harder into his hands.

Her hands didn't let go of the clay that spun around before her, but they stopped moving, frozen in a claw-like grasp as her whole body tensed from her head down to her toes. The moisture flowing from her cunt started to saturate his hand as he moved his fingers faster and faster, one hand twirling in sweet circles while the other pumped three fingers in and out. Wes knew, any moment now, this seductive vixen in his arms was about to...

\* \* \* \*

"C-c-c-come!" Lena screamed, prolonging the word as her body bucked into Wes's warm hands. "Holy God, I'm coming. Oh, Lord, sweet Jesus, Mary, mother of God!"

She felt the clay ooze between her fingers as she clenched her hands tightly, bracing herself for the impact of her orgasm. She leaned over the spinning wheel as it winded down to a halt.

"This one's got quite the mouth when she's coming," Wes cooed into her ear as his finger gyrations began to slow, allowing her a moment to catch her breath.

"Damn it, Lena. Did we say you could come?" Brock asked.

Lena didn't understand. She felt delirious.

"What do you mean, *did you say*? Wes was finger-fucking me, what'd you expect?" No, she didn't understand these men, but she had to admit, she liked Brock's uncharacteristic gruffness. She licked her lips as she anticipated the other surprises they might have in store for her.

“Shit, Brock, I should’ve stopped her. I just got caught up in the moment. She’s so beautiful when she comes.” Wes brushed her hair away from her face with his free hand and kissed her all over her neck. His other hand slowly soothed her sopping pussy, his fingers sending subtle ripples of pleasure throughout her body.

“I have no choice but to punish you, Lena.” Brock leered at her

“What? Wait, I didn’t know, I didn’t know I was doing anything wrong.” Lena’s eyes grew wide as saucers, her emotions vacillating between fear and excitement. “What do you mean, *punish*?”

“Just what it sounds like, honey,” Brock barked. “It’s gonna hurt, but you’ll thank me for teaching you some discipline later. This is how men do things in Liebling.”

He stood up, forcefully pushed the wheel out of the way, and lifted Lena up into his sturdy arms, her hands still messy with wet clay. Terrified, but titillated, Lena pressed herself into his broad chest. She instinctively knew by the mad look of lust in Brock’s eyes that this was her one moment of solace before things got crazy.

“Brock, where are you taking me? Wes, where’s he taking me?” Neither brother answered her as Brock carried her to a cleared off worktable, flipped her over in his arms, and set her down gently on her stomach.

Her face rested near the edge of the table, and she turned to look over her shoulder as Brock unhooked her bra and lifted her up. After Wes tore her wet panties off, Brock set her back down again. Lena lay there feeling vulnerable but sexy as hell. She turned to look back over her shoulder again when a rough hand warmed her bottom with circular motions around each cheek.

“Little girl, you’re gonna get spanked.”

Lena could see Brock’s mouth practically watering at the sight of her nude body laid out like an erotic buffet for the senses. Lena gulped. The passion in his eyes was something she’d never seen before in any man. Her stomach muscles tightened when his hand rose, and she braced herself for the strike.

*Smack! Smack!*

Brock spanked her twice and she winced each time, though her clit throbbed under the pressure of his hand landing hard on her ass.

“Open your eyes, Lena. You have something in front of you that I think you’ll want to see.”

Lena slowly opened her eyes and focused on the vision in front of her. Inches from her face and her waiting mouth, Wes’s magnificent cock stood at attention. She saw a shimmering drop of pre-cum on its tip. She instantly licked her lips and knew what she needed to do.

Lena looked Wes up and down and saw the entirety of his heavenly, lean body for the first time. A long, jagged scar that must have been from his accident ran down the side of his ribs and angled toward his cock as if pointing out the obvious. Her heart sank at the thought of possibly losing Wes, but her attention shifted when his cock flexed, willing her to live in the moment.

She grabbed his firm ass cheeks and pulled him toward her, first licking off the delicious drop of slick liquid from the tip before wrapping her lips around the swollen head and engorged shaft. She slid her lips over the silky skin and felt the head of Wes’s cock hit the back of her throat, which she relaxed to take in more of his sizable length.

“Holy hell, Lena. You are incredible. Oh, Brock, her mouth is fucking incredible.” Wes moaned and slowly pumped his hips while raking his hands through Lena’s hair.

“All right, sweetheart,” Brock drawled, “your punishment is far from over. Whatever you do, do not bite down.”

Lena’s eyes popped open as she steadied herself and locked her jaw, ready for Brock’s hot hand against her ass. It came down again and again, but she didn’t stop sucking the cock in her mouth. If anything, she sucked harder.

“Oh, fuck, Lena, your mouth. I’m gonna fuckin’ come if you keep working it like that.” Wes’s grip tightened around her head and forced her mouth to take in more and more of his cock. Suddenly and



inexplicably, Wes pulled away. Startled at the unexpected void between her lips, Lena looked up. Wes eyed Brock, silently communicating something in a way Lena imagined only close siblings could, and they switched places.

“Flip over and sit up, sugar.”

Wes headed to the end of the table, running his hands up and down the curves of her calves and thighs. She sat up as directed and then felt Brock’s naked torso pressing into her back.

“Lift your butt up, baby girl.” Brock lifted her up and gently set her down so that she rested on his thick, rock-hard thighs and his cock, wedged snugly between her ass cheeks.

Lena shuddered at the erotic sensation. She rocked herself back and forth as the hard shaft slid along her crack. Then Brock’s hands groped her breasts and pulled her into his chest so she could lean comfortably against him. Brock inched her body to the edge of the table as his legs straddled the sides.

Wes met her at the end of the table. He spread her legs apart and slowly dipped the head of his cock into her gushing well. At that moment, she was grateful Brock, a responsible doctor, made them have the safe-sex talk, ensuring they were all tested and Lena was on the pill. She wanted to feel every part of Wes’s beautiful cock, and nothing but his cock, inside of her. Wes let his manhood get slippery wet with Lena’s juices before plunging it deeply into her hungry cunt.

Lena’s eyes shot open at his unimaginable thickness impaling her, stroke after stroke. She moaned as Brock continued to tweak her nipples and massage her sensitive breasts. He kissed the side of her face and neck, nibbling and nipping every reachable surface of her skin. Lena stretched her hands back and fisted Brock’s thick hair, pulling his face deeper into hers. He leaned in, completely pressed against her, and sank his teeth into her shoulder. Lena squealed and pulled his face even deeper with one hand while the other clutched Brock’s hand, which had found its way to her clit.

Lena tensed as drops of liquid splashed down her chest and between her breasts. Above her, Brock held up the bottle of Syrah that Wes previously introduced her to. Now it was introduced to her again, but this time, instead of between her lips, the liquid dribbled onto her breasts. A dark purple drop surrounded her nipples, and they peaked firmly, the areolas tightening around them.

Brock reached down and tweaked her nipples. Then he put his fingers into her mouth, and she could taste the combination of her skin mingled with wine. She sucked on his thumb and the sensation made her pussy pulse, bathing Wes's gorgeous cock in more of her juices. Brock dipped his finger onto her soaked body again, but this time he put it in his own mouth.

"Oh, woman, you taste so good," Brock breathed into her ear. "Wes, you have to try our woman. I bet it tastes even better mixed with her pussy juices." Brock lifted the bottle and again poured some down her body.

Wes leaned down as the wine flowed down her torso, welled in her navel, and then wetted her pussy curls. A hissed breath escaped from Lena's lips as she watched him put his mouth against her skin, tasting her. Then he ran his fingers along her labia as he continued to thrust his hard cock into her. Putting his fingers into his mouth, Wes closed his eyes and moaned as if he savored the combination of the wine and her nectar like a gourmet meal.

"Mmm, sweetheart, I could drink your juices all day." Wes eyed her hungrily. "Sugar, you could quench any man's thirst." His words, spoken in his seductive, lust-filled drawl fired up Lena's core even more. She couldn't believe the sensations from these two men.

With each thrust of Wes's cock into her wet canal, Lena felt her ass cheeks glide across Brock's dick, so that every cock in the room would be stroked toward an ecstatic finale.

"Damn, Lena, your pussy feels so good. Brock, she is so tight, you wouldn't believe," Wes grunted out while he pushed and pulled his rod inside her over and over again.

“Oh, I believe it, Wes,” Brock mumbled between kisses. “Her ass feels incredible and my dick’s not even inside of it yet.”

*Yet.*

Lena hadn’t anticipated anyone ever going through her back door. What was once unthinkable to her, she suddenly found herself considering. But this was no time for deep thoughts. She was getting her brains fucked out. She wanted to savor every second and concentrated on the friction between their three bodies.

Lena felt her face flush and the room started to go fuzzy as her other senses became overloaded by the physical touches exploring her body. Warmth radiated from her clit as Brock continued his expert technique and Lena momentarily wondered if this was part of his medical training. He was just so damn good.

Wes’s dick continued to pound her and the thick head of his penis rubbed against her juicy walls and that magical spot inside her pussy.

“I think I’m gonna come,” Lena cried as her fingers gripped anything they could get a hold of. She felt frantic and even though she enjoyed Brock’s punishment, she felt a need to please him and do his bidding. “Brock, please,” Lena pleaded. “Please, let me come.”

Brock nicked the tip of her fleshy earlobe between his teeth, which only made her even closer to coming.

*The little devil!*

“You want to come, baby?” Brock cooed. “You want to come bad?”

“Yes, Brock, yes, very, very bad.” Lena teetered near her breaking point.

“Okay, baby girl. Because this is our first night together, I’m gonna make it easy on you. You can come.” Brock then gave her clit one final swirl and Lena was gone.

Lena bit out a stream of curse words as her orgasm surprised her, coming in massive wave after wave, licking her entire body in a euphoric feeling that she knew would drive her mad if it continued for too long.

“Good God, she’s coming. Brock, her pussy is clampin’ down on me so hard, like she’s milking me. Oh, brother, you are gonna like this sweet...little...pussy...” With a final thrust that plunged deeper into Lena’s depths than any that came before, Wes climaxed, shooting streams of his seed inside her. She could feel it flooding her with its warmth. It turned her on so much, she came again, her body bucking against Brock’s hard anatomy.

Then she heard a loud groan beside her ear and felt a pool of wetness shooting between her ass cheeks. Underneath her, Brock’s body stiffened, shuddered, and then completely relaxed.

Wes climbed up the table and smothered Lena’s body in an embrace, sandwiching her with his brother. She had never felt so safe and cozy in her entire life. She felt at home.

*Home!*

“Shit, guys, the bed and breakfast. What time is it? How long have we been gone?” Lena felt a wave of guilt wash over her as Brock looked down at his watch.

“Christ, we’ve been gone for hours. Wes, get your ass up.” Brock swatted his brother’s back.

“Fine, fine, I’m getting up. So much for the afterglow.” Wes wearily picked himself up, got a clean washcloth, soaked it with warm water, and wiped Lena’s entire sticky body down before he got dressed. It was such a simple gesture, but it touched Lena deeply. This whole relationship felt a bit crazy for her, but she realized she really cared for these guys. She decided she’d continue to go with the flow, just as Edie encouraged her to, until something told her otherwise.

\* \* \* \*

“Where the hell have you been?” Edie asked Lena as she opened the door to the B&B while Brock and Wes packed up all the catering equipment.

Obviously irritated, Edie balled her hands into tight fists on her hips. She looked a little frazzled.

Lena stood speechless. She felt terrible for upsetting her friend but she found it impossible to suppress the silly expression on her face. Lena just shrugged her shoulders and started working on cleaning up the kitchen.

“So, do I even need to ask what you’ve been doing, God knows where, for the past three hours?”

Lena knew Edie wouldn’t let the issue go so easily. She looked up from the pile of dirty dishes in the large, country-style sink and unintentionally made eye contact with her best friend. She knew at that moment, Edie read her face like a diary.

“My oh my, you dirty bird.” Edie smiled and walked over to Lena, poking her in the arm. “You’ve been with those Stone brothers. And by ‘with’ I mean ‘fucking.’ Go on, admit it.”

“Um...where’d Margarite and the twins go?” Lena desperately wanted to change the subject if only to prolong Edie’s torture.

“Changing the subject again, eh? This must be good.” A devilish grin graced Edie’s face. “But to answer your question, I sent them home when all the guests left, didn’t think they needed to do any more cleaning considering how much work they did during the party. Little did I know you, Brock, and Wes would be ditching.”

“I’m sorry, Edie, I really am. I didn’t think we’d be gone that long and I didn’t know it’d get so...so out of hand.”

Edie leaned in and Lena cringed away, not wanting to know what kind of hot mess she must have looked like.

“Girl, is that dried mud in your hair? Tell me more about this ‘out of hand’ business.”

Lena felt her cheeks warm up. “Actually, it’s clay, ‘cause, you know, Wes does pottery so he wanted to show me his work—”

“And by ‘work’ you mean ‘cock,’ right?” Edie teased, raising her eyebrows and pantomiming wiggling a cigar in front of her face a la Groucho Marx. Lena laughed and then instantly hushed when she saw

Mara leaving the kitchen with a glass of water in her hand. She didn't look pleased.

"Goodnight, Mara," both girls chimed in unison before bursting into another fit of laughter.

"Okay, Edie, enough! All those naughty thoughts that I can see rolling around your head, well..."

"It's exactly what I think, isn't it," Edie finished.

Lena nodded. She then proceeded to spill her guts to her best friend, sparing only the most intimate of details she shared with her two men that evening. When Brock and Wes walked in to say goodnight, Lena could only giggle a response with Edie's bubbling laughter mingling with her own.

## Chapter 6

Lena bounded down the stairs to the kitchen feeling like a new woman. She could smell the devastating aroma of Edie's organic, fair-trade, medium roast coffee combined with her famous sour cream and blueberry muffins, also organic, of course.

"Good morning, Edie."

Lena poured herself a piping hot cup of coffee and took a bite out of the freshly baked muffin. She felt incredibly hungry that morning and then remembered her romp the night before. She smiled to herself.

"Mornin', sunshine. You sore?" Edie goaded.

Lena rolled her eyes and continued stuffing her face. Then she spied a magnificent-looking pie studded with caramel-colored nuggets of deliciousness cooling on the counter.

"Did you make this?"

"No, Mara baked it really early this morning. She pulled it out of the oven as I was coming down."

"So where is Mara anyway?"

"She checked out after baking the pie but said we might see her again soon." Edie leaned over the counter and deeply inhaled the pie's sweet aroma. "It's some kind of nut pie with pecans, peanuts, walnuts. Anyway, she says it's her specialty and wanted to make it to thank us for our hospitality. Sweet lady, huh?"

"Yeah, that is sweet, though to be honest," Lena lowered her voice to a hush, "she kinda gives me the creeps."

"I could see that. She *is* a giant, which you don't see every day, but that pie looks damn good." Edie grabbed a knife, cut two slices, and served one to each of them.

"Let's just enjoy her gratitude," Edie said with a mouthful of pie. Her eyes rolled back into her head and she moaned. "Oh. My. God. This pie. It's better than sex. Well, maybe not the kind of sex you've been having lately, but wow."

Lena also took a bite and had to agree. The pie tasted amazing, but did pale in comparison to the sex she had last night. She couldn't imagine anything being better than her time with Brock and Wes. If she ever enjoyed more pleasure than that in her life, she'd die a happy woman.

"I've never tasted anything like this before." Edie finished off the last bite and took a sip of her coffee.

"Me neither. I've never eaten so many nuts at one time. For some reason, Margot just never kept them around." Lena paused, knowing what was about to come next.

"I dunno, Lena. After what you told me last night, I find it hard to believe that you haven't had a whole mess of nuts in your mouth recently." Edie burst out laughing.

"Har, har, har," Lena said sarcastically. "You're hilarious."

"I know, and that's why you like me so much." Edie gave Lena a quick one-armed hug and put their empty plates into the sink. "Okay, I'm gonna go out back and do some Tai Chi and try to mellow through all the sugar I just consumed. Care to join me?"

"I think I'll pass. I prefer to sit through the sugar rollercoaster. Besides, I've got this whole stack of mail and paperwork to go through before the guys come over to grab the rest of the catering stuff they left behind."

"Suit yourself. You know where I'll be if you need me."

Lena went to her office and turned her attention to the stack of mail that piled up while they all focused on the party preparations.



Now she needed to return to the daily grind. As she opened up a small letter addressed specifically to her, Lena suddenly felt lethargic and her throat started to itch. She cleared her throat and read the typed letter:

*Lena—You filthy whore. What you’re doing with those men is sinful and disgusting. They don’t really love you. Your dead parents would be ashamed if they knew and there will be a reckoning. You will always be ALONE.*

An icy chill skated down her spine. She couldn’t understand who would write such terrible things to her and how they could possibly think they knew how her men felt about her.

Lena didn’t have long to ponder the letter, however, because at that moment something more terrifying was happening to her body. The letter slipped out of her hands and fell to the ground with the rest of the letters she held as she clutched her throat. It started closing up, making it difficult to breathe. Lena tried to get to the back door to call out to Edie, but no sound came out of her mouth as she tried to speak. Instead, she just collapsed to the ground and her world went dark.

\* \* \* \*

“Lena, hello? Where are you, beautiful?” Brock walked into the B&B and looked around for the sexy woman he couldn’t get out of his thoughts. “Are you hiding? Jeez, Wes, she knew we were coming over. Where the hell is she?” It slightly stung that his woman didn’t seem to be as enthusiastic to reunite as he was.

“Shit, Brock. Look.” All the color drained from Wes’s face as Brock’s gaze followed where he pointed and saw Lena crumpled on the ground, her lips a sickening shade of blue.

“Oh my God, Lena!” Brock ran over, knelt beside her, and cradled her limp head in his lap. “I think she’s in shock. Wes, go to

my truck and grab an EpiPen from my medical bag. Hurry! We don't have much time."

Brock opened her airway with his fingers and made sure it wasn't blocked with a foreign object and then started CPR. With each chest compression against her small body, Brock's world spiraled more and more into darkness. He couldn't imagine a life without her. Lena was his everything.

He stopped the compressions and leaned down, covering his mouth over hers, but instead of ravaging it as he planned earlier that day, he tried to breathe life into her. Her chest rose with each of his breaths, but she still lay passively. Burning tears rimmed his eyes, but Brock forced them back. He needed to be strong and in control for Lena, for Wes, and for himself.

After what seemed like an eternity, Wes ran in and quickly handed Brock the epinephrine auto-injector. In one smooth movement, Brock took the cap off and then stabbed Lena in the thigh with it.

"Brock, is she gonna be okay? Jesus, she looks horrible. Can she even breathe?" A silent tear rolled down his brother's face.

Brock hated to see Wes hurting, but at that moment, Lena hurt even more. He focused all his attention on saving her.

"She's barely breathing but the epinephrine will help. Take my keys. We need to get her to the hospital, fast. I'll sit with her in the truck bed and try to stabilize her on the way." Brock put his right arm under her neck, his left arm under the crook of her knees, and easily lifted her to his chest. The limpness of her body made his heart crumble in a million pieces.

When he got to the truck, he laid her down and continued giving her CPR, alternately pumping her chest and blowing air into her lungs, trying to buy them as much time as possible before they got to the hospital.

Luckily, with the way Wes drove, they'd certainly get there in record time. He just hoped it would be fast enough.

*Please be okay, baby. I love you so much, you have no idea and I need you to know that, so please, please be okay.*

Brock gave a silent prayer that his precious Lena would wake up again.

\* \* \* \*

Lena blinked a few times as her eyes adjusted to the dim light, which illuminated completely unfamiliar surroundings. A plastic oxygen mask covered her face and an IV drip extended from her arm.

As her vision finally focused, she realized she was probably in the hospital, but she didn't have a clue as to how she got there. She looked down and saw Wes's forehead leaning against the bedrail while he held her left hand. Lena reached up with her other hand and pulled the mask off her face, tucking it under her chin.

"Wes," she managed to wheeze out, "what happened?"

Wes looked up and a weary smile spread across his face. The ruddiness of his complexion told her he'd been crying.

"Oh, dear God, baby, you're okay." He rubbed the hand he held and stood to kiss her on the cheek. Turning over his shoulder, he yelled out, "Hey, guys, Lena woke up." Lena could see dark circles under Wes's eyes. She'd never seen anybody look so tired and worried in her life.

"You look terrible, Wes."

"I bet I do, sweetheart, but you look beautiful. I was so scared you wouldn't wake up, even though Brock assured me you were stabilized and just needed to rest some more."

"How long have I been here?"

"You've been here since this morning and now it's a well past midnight."

Edie, and what looked to be the entire Stone clan, came into the room.

Edie walked over and gave Lena a hug. Her eyes and nose were red and her face tear-stained. Edie didn't cry easily, so Lena knew whatever had been wrong with her was serious.

"Hey, you," Edie said while brushing Lena's hair back from her face. Her eyes welled up again. "Don't you ever scare me like that again or I'll be forced to kick your ass."

Lena smiled and would've laughed if she'd had the energy. "What, with your Tai Chi moves?" Lena managed to squeak out a jab.

"You know it." Edie's lips curled up past her tears and she squeezed Lena's hand before stepping aside for Brock.

Brock pulled up a chair across from Wes and sat down beside Lena. He took her hand, held it in his for a moment, and kissed the back of it.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?"

Brock also looked exhausted, but still maintained an air of professionalism. He wore scrubs and even in Lena's weakened state, she felt a hint of arousal. The material was so thin, she could barely make out the curves of his pecs, but she knew they were there. She never could resist a man in uniform. Deciding to save those thoughts for when she was capable of acting on them, she focused on the matter at hand.

"Brock, what happened?"

"You went into anaphylactic shock, most likely from the nuts in that pie you and Edie ate."

"What? Nuts? But I've never been allergic to nuts before."

"You may have only had minor reactions before and didn't realize what was going on. It's easy to shrug off an itchy throat. But the sheer quantity of nuts and the different varieties put your system into overload and you went into shock."

"Oh, God. Could I have died?" Lena looked searchingly into Brock's eyes to gauge just how serious the situation had been. His eyes turned a little glassy and he paused a moment before replying.

“Yes.” His voice cracked and he cleared his throat before he went on. “Yes, Lena, you could have. Luckily, Wes and I found you in time. I had an EpiPen in my bag, which bought us some time before we got to the hospital, but if we had found you even a minute later, you might not have made it.”

A lone tear rolled down Brock’s cheek and Lena reached up to brush it away. Brock gripped her hand as she did and kissed it.

The rest of the Stones also came over and wished Lena well.

Margarite hugged her the way a worried mother would and the twins brought her flowers and a little “Get Well” teddy bear holding a couple balloons.

The flowers included a thoughtful little card that brought her mind back to the strange letter she received. She wanted to tell someone about it, but now didn’t seem to be the best time or place. What was the point in getting her men all worked up over what could be nothing? They worried enough about her as it was.

“Can I leave the hospital soon?” Lena turned her attention back to Brock. He brushed his fingers through her hair and pecked her lightly on the forehead.

“Yes, sweetheart, in the morning we can take you home.”

*Home*, a comforting word Lena hadn’t been acquainted with for quite a while.

She felt better already.

\* \* \* \*

“Are you sure this is absolutely necessary?” Lena asked as Brock and Wes pulled up to their house.

Even though she still looked a little paler than normal, Brock knew she was strong enough to return to her usual routine. At the hospital, though, he convinced her that she could only be discharged if she remained under the supervision of a medical professional, and who better than him?

“Yes, I told you already. You may feel fine, but you’re weaker than normal right now and just to be safe, a doctor needs to keep an eye on you. The last twenty-four hours after a trauma are critical.”

He didn’t really lie, just stretched the truth a little bit, and, besides, it wasn’t a bad idea to keep an eye on her for a while longer. And my oh my, was she ever easy to keep his eyes on.

“Wes, is your brother for real?” Lena looked skeptical. She sat with her arms crossed over her chest and eyed each brother suspiciously.

“I’ve got a lot of work to do at the B&B and can’t afford to be gone so long if this is just some silly ploy of yours.”

“Lena, Brock is a trained medical professional. He knows what’s best for you and wouldn’t tell you otherwise.”

Brock nearly laughed when he saw Wes pat Lena on the hand and look at her with a level of disingenuous sincerity only matched by hardened con artists. If his brother wasn’t so interested in pottery, Brock would’ve convinced him to go into acting.

“Also, we talked to Edie and she said she could handle the B&B by herself for a day or two and just wants to make sure you get better.”

“Wait, a day or *two*? You said this would just be for one night. And Edie and I do completely different things there. She doesn’t do any of the paperwork, pay the bills—”

“Shh, Lena, you’re working yourself up for nothing. It’ll just be a day for sure, but we’ll see how things go and you *may* stay an extra day, but that will be entirely up to you. Today, however, is mandatory. Doctor’s orders and what the doctor says goes.” Wes looked proud of his explanation.

“See, Lena. We have nothing but your best interest at heart, so stop arguing about it and just let us take care of you.”

Brock parked his truck and Wes got out, but instead of moving aside to let Lena out, he opened his arms to her. Lena scoffed.

“You’re kidding me, right? I am not letting you carry me to the door. It’s not like I hurt my legs or anything.” She cocked an eyebrow and glared challengingly at Wes and then at Brock.

“Brock, is this or is this not for her own damn good?” Wes turned to his brother with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. Brock hid a grin and cleared his throat.

“I’m sorry, Lena, but Wes is right. It would be best if you saved up as much of your energy as possible while you recuperate.”

Lena continued to stare back and forth between the two brothers until she grudgingly gave in. She pouted and held out her arms while Wes scooped her up like a doll. Lena’s head tucked into his shoulder and Wes looked over at Brock flashing an appreciative grin.

When he saw Wes carrying Lena over the threshold, a pang of jealousy stabbed him but with a hint of excitement. He knew when it really counted that, as the oldest, he would be the one to carry her over the threshold as his and Wes’s wife.

Wes sat Lena down on the couch and he and Brock started getting dinner ready. Soon the house filled with the smell of grilled chicken, roasted potatoes, corn on the cob, and buttery rolls.

“Wow, do you guys always cook like this?” Lena waited at the table, and she looked hungry.

“Only when we have special company.” Wes winked at her and began handing her a plate of food when he seemed to realize something was amiss. She sat in the wrong place.

“Why are you sitting there?”

Lena looked puzzled.

“You should be at the head of the table.”

Brock pulled out the chair and waited for her to move to her proper seat.

“Okay, but it really doesn’t matter to me where I sit, guys.”

“Well, it matters to us. That’s your rightful spot. The woman is always at the head of the table. She’s the cornerstone of any family.”

Brock repeated what he heard his fathers say a million times growing up and waited patiently for her to move. Then Wes set her plate down before her. He thought she would've started eating right away, but instead she looked troubled.

"But we're not a family." Lena avoided looking either men in the eye and she pushed her food around with her fork. "We're just...seeing each other."

Her words hit him like a baseball bat to the knees and Brock knew he again said too much, pushed too hard. He just wanted his family to start already and couldn't understand why Lena fought against it. Wasn't that what she wanted, too? A family of her own? Something to belong to? They could provide that for her, if only she'd let them.

\* \* \* \*

Lena eyed her men warily, not knowing what to say next. She cared about these guys and finally had the fun Edie always told her to allow herself to enjoy, but Brock moved much too quickly for her. It scared her more than anything in her life ever had, including being alone. She ate a few bites of food, but the room felt heavy with unspoken words. Then Brock shattered the silence.

"Lena, why are you fighting us so Goddamn hard?" He pounded his fist on the table, shaking all the plates as well as rattling Lena's nerves. When they made love, his passion surprised her, but this was something else entirely. He had never seemed so angry, so hurt.

"Can't you see we love you and care about you? We would do anything for you." A vein in Brock's neck bulged as he fumed.

"You'd do anything, anything except give me some fucking space." Immediately after she said it, she wished she could take the words back. Not necessarily because she didn't mean them, but because she could have at least phrased it better.



Brock just stared at her in silence. She didn't want to know what thoughts ran through his head and couldn't tell if he felt angry or heartbroken or both.

"Whoa, you two." Wes raised both hands up in a defensive position, trying to stop the impending argument. "That's enough, okay. This has been a really tough couple days for all of us, and I think we're just feeling a little overwhelmed. Brock, that's common right? For people who've experienced trauma to get overly stressed out and overreact to things, say things we don't mean?" He obviously fished for a response, and Lena rolled her eyes.

"Yes, Wes, that's true." Brock replied grudgingly, though he refused to make eye contact with Lena. After a pause, Brock looked up and Lena could tell he was staring at her, but this time it was she who refused to make eye contact.

"But sometimes, people are just naturally stubborn," Brock walked toward her and stood so close she could feel the heat radiating from his body, "too stubborn to see and accept a good thing when it's right in front of her goddamn face."

Lena whipped her head around at his accusation and stared daggers into him. "Oh, no you don't, Brock. *I'm* not the stubborn one. It's *you* who's a pig-headed control freak."

Lena got up to storm out of the room, but realized this was her first time in their house and didn't know which way to go. She balled up her fists, squeezed her eyes tightly, and yelled in exasperation while she paced around the dining room.

"I need some fucking space, room to breathe. I'm not like you guys, I wasn't raised like you with your wonderful mother and two dads. I didn't even have *one* dad. And siblings, too. Edie's the closest person in my life, but when we were kids it's not like her parents could really raise me as their own when they already had another kid. It was just me and my horrible great aunt who *despised* having a child around. Being with you guys, your family, it makes me realize even

more what I didn't have growing up. And now you have me trapped in your house, and I need to get out of here!"

Lena started sobbing uncontrollably. She only ever knew of loneliness and these men changed that. But if it didn't last, she didn't know whether she could handle that disappointment, of getting something back that she lost only to have it taken away again.

She sighed as a soothing warmth surrounded her. Each brother embraced her from either side. She looked up, expecting to see Brock's angry face, but it softened, and now he just looked sad. Wes's countenance reflected the same emotion.

"Shh, babe. It's okay. You are free to leave whenever you want, but that's not what you need. What you need is us to be with you always, to take care of you, forever," Brock whispered into her ear as he brushed her hair with his hand. "I promise."

"That's not a promise you can make. There's no such thing as forever."

"Lena, everything Brock said is true, but I can understand your wanting to take things a little more slowly. You know what I think we need? Let's finish dinner, and then for dessert I have a nice, relaxing surprise." Wes held Lena's face in his hands as he spoke, wiping her tears away with the smooth pads of his thumbs. "How's that sound?"

It actually sounded really good. Lena felt too exhausted to go on fighting and hadn't eaten anything during her hospital stay.

For the time being, she forced herself to let her worries go and just enjoy a meal with these two men, savoring whatever time they had together.

\* \* \* \*

Brock cleared the table as Wes led Lena upstairs to a bedroom with the biggest bed she'd ever seen.

“That can’t even be a king,” Lena exclaimed. The only reason for a bed that big was so a person and at least two friends could do naughty things all night long. Very naughty things.

“Yeah, we had it custom built to comfortably fit three people.”

“And then some,” Lena said. “So, whose room is this?”

“Actually, it’s the room that Brock and I will share with our wife. Currently, we have separate bedrooms, but soon we’ll all move in here.”

Lena cocked an eyebrow. “*We* meaning you and Brock, right?”

Wes sighed. “I think you know what I mean when I say ‘we,’” Lena. But ‘soon’ doesn’t mean ‘now.’ It means when you’re ready, whenever that may be.”

He looked at her tenderly and Lena could tell he didn’t want to push her. Lena definitely related to Wes more easily, especially now when she felt so unsure about their relationship and her future with them. He had a gentle way about him that Lena found endlessly comforting. Where Brock was like solid shelter in a storm, Wes was the warm blanket or steaming cup of rich cocoa.

“Thanks for not pushing me, Wes.” Lena rose up on her toes and kissed him.

“I know you’ll come around some day and I don’t mind waiting. It’s Brock who’s having problems being patient.”

He laced his fingers with hers and gave her a sweet kiss on the lips, pushing her toward the bed with his body. “Anyway, let’s not think about it anymore right now. Let’s just focus on you and getting all that tension out of your sweet little body.”

The back of her calves hit the bed, making her lose her balance, but Wes held on to her hand and caught her shoulder. He gently laid her on her back.

“You ready for a little massage, sweetheart?” Wes drawled. He bent down and gently nipped her bottom lip.

Lena’s clit throbbed at just the mere thought of Wes’s hands all over her body, and she ached to reach down and relieve herself of the

building agony. Despite Wes's plan to release her tension, Lena found herself tensing up even more in anticipation.

"I'm glad to see you haven't started without me," Brock's voice boomed from the doorway.

He walked over and sat beside her on the edge of the bed. They locked eyes for a moment, as if silently promising each other to let their previous argument go. He picked up her hand and held it to his face with his eyes closed as if savoring its presence against his skin. Then he kissed the tip of every finger and moved his lips up her arm, scraping her sensitive skin with the bristles on his chiseled face.

Brock lifted her up and pulled her shirt over her head. With one hand, he unclasped her bra. As Lena's breasts were liberated, her nipples peaked and became even harder as Brock put his mouth over each one, gently sucking. The sensation of his tongue rolling over each nipple caused Lena to arch her back and moan appreciatively. She reached her arm around him to pull his body closer, but Brock pushed her away back onto the bed. Lena couldn't keep herself from pouting, which evidently made Brock smirk.

As Brock began to stand, Lena felt her skirt being pulled from her body. Only her panties remained. Wes kissed her crotch through the thin cotton and looked up at her with a wide grin.

"Later, sugar. Now flip over." Lena did as he told her and flipped onto her stomach. The room filled with a sweet, earthy odor. As Wes rubbed a slick substance all over her back, she realized it was lavender-scented massage oil. He worked it into her stiff muscles and Lena could feel herself relaxing.

"Oh, Wes, that feels incredible."

"He's working you like a ball of clay, Lena," Brock drawled.

"More like putty in his hands," Lena said, moaning. She felt the bed dip as Wes climbed on top and straddled her ass. He pressed even more firmly against her muscles, but his thick shaft pressing innocently against her butt cheeks distracted her too much. She hadn't noticed him getting undressed, that sly fox.

“Wes Stone, are you naked?” Lena giggled as she asked her question.

“Yes, ma’am, but I assure you I have the noblest of intentions. My cock is firmly resting above your panties, not underneath, and I promise to keep it that way...for the time being.” Even though she couldn’t see his face, she could tell he smiled like the little devil he was.

\* \* \* \*

Lena awoke alone in the gigantic bed, her body still slick with massage oil. She looked over at the alarm clock on the bedside table and saw it was ten o’clock at night. She had napped for about two hours and felt completely refreshed.

“Hello?” she called out. She got up and headed for the door when it swung open and Brock and Wes both stood there.

“Have a nice nap, sunshine?” Wes asked.

“Yeah, I did.” Lena smiled at them and continued walking toward the door before Brock blocked her exit.

“Woman, where do you think you’re going?” he asked with a fiery look in his eyes.

“Um...I don’t know. I just figured I finished napping so—”

“So you’d leave the bedroom? I don’t think so, hon.”

Lena squealed as Brock lifted her up in his strong arms and placed her back on the bed. Her heart pumped hard in her chest, knowing what might come next. Brock and Wes both stood gazing at her with dangerously playful looks on their faces.

“Just to be sure, Lena, you’re saying you feel good, not tired or achy or weak?” Before she could even answer him, Wes started taking his clothes off.

“Um...yeah, I feel great. But wait, what exactly do you guys have planned?” Lena swallowed a lump that formed in her throat as anticipation turned into nervousness. They looked a little too hungry,

a little too eager and she didn't know whether she'd be able to handle them.

"We plan on having some fun." Brock turned around and headed toward a large armoire. He opened it and Lena saw it was filled with all kinds of toys, whips, and costumes. She sat up on the bed and her mouth went dry.

"Wh-wh-what's that in there? What you g-g-got there?" Lena stuttered as Brock turned around, holding a strange squat, rubbery looking object with a tapered point on one end and a flared bottom on the other.

"Sweetheart, don't you worry, I'm a professional and I'll be real easy and take it slow," Brock said, again using his medical degree as an excuse to subtly take advantage of Lena, not that she minded. She knew they would let her stop anything she wasn't comfortable with and wouldn't do anything to hurt her. She also felt safer knowing that with his training, Brock could handle nearly anything that had to do with her body.

"This is a butt plug that we'll be inserting in your tight, little ass hole to stretch it out for something even better later, love."

Lena swallowed hard. The idea of someone going into her backdoor for pleasure still didn't make much sense to her, but then again, it intrigued her, too. Wes must have recognized her hesitation. He put his arms around her shoulders from behind and pressed his mouth to her ear, leaning his lean-muscled chest into her back.

"Relax, sweetheart. I didn't massage you all night until you passed out for nothing. Besides, that won't happen till much later, and when it does we'll have you begging us to stick it into your precious, sweet behind."

Wes's words made Lena's clit throb, her pussy already wet with need. Lena's nap had rejuvenated her and any anger or fear or worries about the future subsided with sleep, and now her pussy told her she was ready to tackle anything these men had for her.

Lena licked her lips and put Wes's hands over her breasts, and then, as she kneeled on the edge of the bed, she grabbed Brock's hands and pulled him into her. She helped him get undressed as he placed the delightful little toy on the bed stand. She undid each of the buttons on his shirt and then grabbed his belt with her hand. There was just enough slack for her to get her hand inside his pants.

He groaned as she wrapped her fingers around the throbbing part of his anatomy she searched for. She stroked it a few times before she undid his belt, unzipped his pants, and pulled them down to the floor. She freed his cock from his boxers. As its rigid form and swollen head stared straight at her, she couldn't help but put it in her mouth. Brock's size was considerable, and his cock filled her entire mouth. She ran her tongue along his slit and lapped up the pre-cum she squeezed out with each sensual and powerful suck.

She felt Wes's cock pressed hard into her backside as if it wanted to tear through her underwear. Her body shuddered. Her mouth gasped around Brock's thick cock when Wes reached his hands into her panties, dipping his fingers into her slick liquid and rubbing it along her delicate folds and her swollen clit.

She sucked on the cock in her mouth even harder as Wes inserted two fingers inside her pussy, pressing against her tender sweet spot and massaging its inner walls. She felt the room swirl around her as she started to lose herself in climax, but before she came she felt Brock grab her head, tangling his fingers in her hair.

"Oh shit, fuck, Lena, I'm fucking coming. Your sweet, beautiful mouth. So fucking incredible."

His pumping into her distracted her from Wes, but allowed her to focus on the taste and warmth of Brock's cum streaming into her mouth and onto her lips. She positioned his cock deeper into her throat so the rest of his cum shot safely into the back. When his cock began to feel limp, she pulled away and licked her lips, tasting the delicious flavor of Brock's essence. Brock panted above her.

“Damn it, Brock. She was about to come when you distracted her.” Wes seemed a little irritated at his brother, but Lena knew each brother also took nearly any opportunity that arose to talk a little shit to the other one.

“Lena, you’ll be fine, right sweetheart?” Brock asked. “Don’t worry. I didn’t say she could come anyway, did I? How about I say when you come, sugar, while you let Wes straddle your face so you can do to him what you just did incredibly to me, and I’ll finish what I interrupted.”

She turned and looked at Wes.

“That is, if it’s okay with Wes.” Brock looked at Wes who smiled. Clearly, they were both in agreement.

Lena eyed Brock as he pulled down her panties and started to bury his face in her mound.

“Wait a minute. I thought you said I was too sick to do anything strenuous,” Lena said playfully, running her fingers through Brock’s hair as Wes got into position above her. “‘Save your energy’ you said.” She felt Brock’s body stiffen for a moment, his mouth frozen in mid-dive, hovering over her slit. Then he came up for air with a big smile on his face.

“Yes...I did say that and this isn’t strenuous. And after the way you sucked my cock, I think you’re ready for anything.” A devilish grin spread on his face. “You just lay back and enjoy your cunt in my mouth and Wes’s cock in yours.”

Lena wanted to protest again, but all rational thoughts and cogent arguments left her head as Brock dipped his tongue inside her, dragging up and down each of her pussy lips with a deliciously smooth friction. He swirled his tongue around her clit and then rhythmically sucked on her little jewel. It felt so good, Lena could barely keep her eyes open. She briefly wondered if somehow Brock’s pussy-eating prowess had something to do with his medical knowledge of the female anatomy.

“Mmmhmm. Do they teach this technique in medical school?”



“Somehow, I don’t think so,” Wes said as he positioned himself over Lena’s chest, putting all his weight on his thighs. “I think it’s a natural-born talent.” Lena was surprised by how comfortable Wes’s position felt even though he rested on top of her. These men knew what they were doing.

Brock barely lifted his head up but mumbled something that sounded like, “It’s true.” Lena didn’t care about the explanation. She just loved it. Then she licked her lips as she anticipated the waiting cock in front of her face.

She looked up at Wes, who stared at her with a tenderness in his eyes that she rarely saw in any man she’d known before. He cradled her head in his hands as he gently put his rock-hard cock in her mouth.

As she had one hand on Wes’s firm, tight ass, caressing his crack with her fingertips, she held his dick in her other hand. The weight and feel of his balls on her chest thrilled her. She lapped at the pre-cum on the tip of his cock and noted how it tasted similar to Brock’s but just a hint sweeter. Just like his demeanor.

“Mmm, Wes, you taste so good,” she murmured with a lick. Brock continued the magic of his mouth on her cunt. Distantly, she heard a bottle cap open and close, followed by a cool, slick finger at her ass hole. She let Wes’s cock slap against her face as her body bucked, and she cried out at the hint of pleasure on her virgin rosebud. Her eyes opened wide, and she could see Wes smiling down at her, his hands bracing against the wooden headboard.

“Girl, you like what Brock’s doing back there?”

Lena could do nothing but breathe and nod, the swollen head of Wes’s cock rubbing against her face as she attempted to show agreement. She didn’t know exactly how to react to Brock’s downstairs play and lost herself for a moment, wondering if his teasing swipes against it would ever result in penetration.

She was nudged back to reality as she realized Wes’s hungry cock was still in front of her and, with a burst of wetness that Brock likely

noticed covering his face, she wrapped her mouth around Wes's member and worshipped it as she had no other cock before.

"Fuck, woman," Wes hissed as Lena licked around the head of his swollen cock and then engulfed it with her mouth, her lips sliding up and down his long shaft.

She relaxed the back of her throat so she could suck Wes's beautiful cock deep into her mouth until her lips hit the firm wall of his pelvis, his balls brushing her chin.

"Sweet shit, Lena. How the fuck do you do that?" Wes's fingers snarled through her hair, massaging her scalp and invigorating her senses in yet another way.

She gasped around Wes's cock, but this time managed to keep it safely confined in her mouth, as Brock's slicked finger again tickled between her ass cheeks and then knocked on her back door with a gentle tap. Instead of moaning, she rode out her pleasure by furiously sucking on Wes's cock as if she wanted to swallow it down her throat.

"Brock, whatever you're doing, keep at it 'cause it is driving our little vixen fucking wild," Wes said through gritted teeth.

She had to admit she liked it and couldn't help but edge her ass toward Brock's probing digit.

Brock continued with the teasing swipes as he ate her pussy like it was his last meal. Lena felt her orgasm build as Brock sucked on her clit and worked her cunt with one hand while teasing her ass hole with the other. Her lips tightened around Wes's cock as a muffled moan welled from her throat. The vibration of her cries must have sent Wes over the edge because she felt his balls stiffen against her chin. Then powerful streams of his cum pumped from his cock into her hungry mouth, sliding down her throat in erotic waves.

"Come for me, babe. Come!" Brock yelled out, briefly lifting his head as if sensing her impending climax. And not a second too soon. While Lena swallowed Wes's seed, she found her blossoming orgasm bloom into a full-blown one. She miraculously managed not to choke while she screamed out her pleasure.

After the first orgasm passed, Brock urged a second one to follow, but this time Wes pulled away beforehand, panting and sweating. Lena felt him kneel down beside her on the bed. As Lena felt the second orgasm grow inside her, Brock slid his moistened finger into her virgin hole, the pressure and fullness sending her skyrocketing to a place she never dreamed existed. Her body convulsed with a force that would have frightened her if Brock hadn't had such a firm grip on her lower half. Wes firmly held on to her from above, cradling her head while keeping her hair off her sweat-glistened face.

Her hands frantically fisted the sheets and clung to Wes's body as if she feared she would fall if she didn't hold on to something herself. Her hips bucked wildly as Brock tried to pin them down. Her body compromised with his wishes by wrapping her legs around his head, keeping them steady but forcing his mouth deeper into her cunt, increasingly drenched in pleasure.

It felt so incredibly good, but she ached for more. She wanted Brock's cock filling her pussy, pounding its thick, long length into her, stretching her to near capacity.

"Brock, I want you inside me. Please, Brock, please," Lena begged as she pulled on Brock's hair to lift him up her body.

"No, sweetheart, you're gonna come for me one more time."

"But, Brock—"

"Damn it, I said come and you'll come right fucking now!" Brock buried his face deep into Lena's pussy again. He sucked her clit and gently grazed it with his teeth while his fingers pumped the sweet spot in her sopping canal. The combination was magic and Lena came again, just as Brock commanded.

"Ahh, God," Lena screamed as her body bucked into Brock's face, intensifying her climax even more.

"Yeah, come, baby, come for me," Brock mumbled into her pulsating core, likely coating his face with Lena's pleasure juices.

The second her climax slowed, Brock pulled his face away from her weeping cunt and replaced it with his cock, already hard again and

clearly ready for more. He rode her, filling her with an exquisite pressure that sent her senses reeling. She looked at his face and saw the satisfaction there wrapped in sweat and her fluids glistening on his skin.

Wes continued to hold her, kissing her face and neck while his hands intermittently plucked and pinched her peaked nipples while massaging her breasts. She looked up at him and saw the delight playing in Wes's face. She reached up and pulled his mouth to hers, sucking on his tongue as hard as Brock pounded into her.

Brock kept working her with his cock, sending her on wave after orgasmic wave until she didn't think she could take it anymore.

"Too much, Brock! It's all too much," Lena cried hoarsely. "Please. Ahh! Stop!" Her heart beat too quickly and too hard inside her. Her lungs burned from her desperate gasps for air. Their ferocious lovemaking pushed every muscle in her body to the limit, causing them to tremble from fatigue.

And then it stopped.

Lena's chest heaved with labored breaths. She felt as if she ran a marathon and her heart pounded in her chest.

"What happened?" she panted.

"Sweetheart, you told me to stop and I did," Brock explained, grabbing a moist towel from the bathroom. He dried the sweat and fluids from his chiseled body, working the fluffy towel around the planes of his muscles.

Lena could see he still had a gigantic erection. Seeing how aroused he still was would have turned her on if her pussy wasn't already completely exhausted. Instead, she felt warm and fuzzy and caught her breath while marveling at the exquisite virility of Brock's anatomy.

He handed a clean towel to Wes who then used it to wipe the sweat from Lena's brow and the rest of her body. He laid sweet, gentle kisses on her sore pussy while he rubbed her down.

"You did mean it when you told me to stop, right?" Brock asked.

“Even if she hadn’t, by the looks of things, she might have lost her damn mind if you kept going.” Wes lay back down on the bed beside her. Brock came and sat at the edge of the bed with a serious look etched on his face.

“You know, babe, while I was down there earlier I noticed something that worried me.” Before Lena could get too worked up by his statement, Brock quickly smiled. “Your ass hole’s too damn tight.” Lena breathed a huge sigh of relief as she swatted him on the arm.

“Brock, geez. Why’d you try to scare me like that? You’re a doctor for Pete’s sake. Isn’t there something about not doing that in your hippo-static oath?”

“That’s Hippocratic oath, sweetheart—”

“Whatever,” Lena seethed.

“But seriously, it’s too tight, which is a problem.”

“If what Brock says is true, he’s right, Lena.” Wes soothed her by wrapping his arm around her and running his fingers through her hair. She loved the way that felt and would’ve purred if she could have.

“What’s wrong with that?” Lena pouted as she looked at her men.

“What’s wrong is, we’ll never both be able to be inside you if we can’t get a cock in your lovely ass, and ultimately, that’s where we’re going, sweetheart.” Brock looked at her with care and concern written on his face. He didn’t look like he was playing anymore and Lena realized for the first time how much this really meant to him.

“Oh, well, what am I supposed to do? Is there some kind of exercise or something?”

“Actually,” Wes said as he reached over to the bedside table and handed her the funny, rubbery looking object, “there is something we can do.”

“What is this?” Lena asked as she eyed the thing in her palm, examining it from all angles.

“That’s a butt plug, doll, and we’ll have to start using one to stretch you out.” Brock took it from her hand. “However, I could

barely get one finger inside that tight ass of yours, so I'm concerned this one's too big and it's already the smallest one they make."

"Do you think we should at least give it a try?" Wes asked. Lena just lay there, looking at the object in Brock's hand. She couldn't imagine that going inside her back end. Brock may have said the plug was the smallest size made, but there was no way it would fit, not after how full and stretched she felt from his finger alone.

"Honestly, no," Brock said with a sigh. "I don't know what we're gonna do. We could stretch you out manually, but really, it works better if you can wear the plug around for a while during the day, too."

"I see," Lena said, though in reality, she didn't. She didn't understand a thing they told her, but she trusted Brock to lead her to the right decision. What he did with that one finger felt so good, she couldn't wait for more and would do what she could to make that happen sooner. "Well, maybe it's fine, guys. Maybe it will fit with enough lube."

"No, sweetheart, I don't think that's a good idea. Stretching it too fast and forcing anything could do physical damage, and I'll be damned if I let anything hurt you, especially my own actions. No, the best and safest bet is to just work on you a little every day and eventually, maybe after a couple months or so, we'll get to the point where you can have your two men lovin' you at the same time." He bent down and kissed the corner of her mouth.

Lena could sense the disappointment that weighed heavily in the room.

"Don't worry, babe." Wes assured her. "We'll get through it. Plus, I'm sure we'll have plenty of fun on the way." Wes smiled and snuggled her closer to him. Brock lay down beside her and put her hands on his chest, over his heart.

## **Chapter 7**

Lena picked up the ringing phone from its cradle and held it to her ear. Brock was at the clinic and Wes had just jumped into the shower after working in his ceramics studio for hours. While Lena stayed with her men, she'd been lost in a haze of lust and concentrated, sensual training as Brock and Wes each took turns massaging and stretching her back hole with their fingers. She loved every minute of it, but also began to grow impatient as the idea of taking in both of them at the same time took over nearly all her thoughts.

Before the phone rang, Lena had been busy peeling three different kinds of apples for a pie she planned on giving to the Stones to thank them for their thoughtfulness while she was at the hospital.

"Hello?"

"Lena! Jesus, are you okay? You haven't been back at the B&B for days. I was getting worried."

"Edie, hey! Did you say days?" Because of the brothers' complementary and flexible work schedules, one of them managed to be with her at all times, never affording her a moment to dwell on the practicalities of real life and her business.

"Yeah, girl. You've been MIA for four days since you left the hospital, and you haven't called or anything. What the hell?"

"Oh, Edie, I'm so sorry. I can't believe it's been that long. I guess I just lost track of time. They keep me so busy here—"

"Busy, eh? Right. Listen, Lena, how are you feeling?"

"Fine, I guess. Actually, never better." She sighed as she thought about how wonderful her time with her men had been so far.

“Okay, lovebird. Since you’re fine, how about you leave cloud nine for a sec and come back and help me with this place? The electric company called today and they say if we don’t pay the bill by tomorrow, they’ll shut our power off. You have so much mail, too, and they’re probably more unpaid bills.”

“Oh, God. Okay, Edie.”

“And you know I don’t do the business end. I can’t add my way out of a paper bag.” Edie sounded completely exasperated, which brought Lena quickly back to reality. She couldn’t believe how neglectful she’d been.

“I know, I know. I’m so sorry. Wes should be out of the shower soon, and I’ll have him drop me off. I promise, I’ll be there soon.” Lena looked down at her pie and decided it would be best if she finished making it back at the B&B, where it could possibly serve as a peace offering to one very angry, and rightfully so, best friend. “Hey, I have a surprise for you, too.”

“A surprise? Lena, don’t try to butter me up and just get your ass back over here, stat.” Edie hung up with a loud click, clearly fuming mad.

\* \* \* \*

As soon as Lena got back to the B&B, she stuck the pie in the oven, still hoping that its smell would appease at least some of Edie’s anger. Then she got right to attending to the business side of their joint enterprise.

Edie very generously separated the piles of Lena’s mail between those that were obviously bills and others, allowing her to zip through paying all their debts. She felt overwhelmed when she finished, realizing how doomed their business became as the money in her inheritance quickly dwindled. Without any cash coming in, she couldn’t possibly keep the B&B afloat for the long term.



She decided to grab a slice of pie, which mercifully *had* dampened Edie's fury, as hoped, and sat down to go through the rest of her mail before taking another look at the books. The pie also soothed her until she stopped mid-bite, her fork suspended in the air. She put it down and picked up a stack of envelopes on the same stationery as the threatening letter she received before she ended up in the hospital. Lena's hands trembled as she opened the envelope and unfolded the letter.

*Lena—Fucking two men is shameful. You're sick. You don't belong with them anyway and are wasting your time. They couldn't love you as you can't love them. You're alone in this world and always will be. Always should be. You're a dirty twat that will never come clean.*

A cold mist of sweat broke out over Lena's body and a shiver iced down her spine as she opened letter after letter, six in all, with the same kind of menacing admonishments. She crumpled up the letter in her hand, put her head on her desk, and sobbed. On some level, she believed what the letter said. She wasn't raised to be with two men. Normal and respectable behavior in Liebling didn't jibe with her traditional upbringing.

She *did* feel ashamed. She wondered what her parents would've thought of their daughter, what kind of woman she'd become. Would they approve?

She doubted it. She asked herself whether she even loved the men, and she just didn't know. Or maybe she wouldn't let herself accept it. Was it worth all this agony if she didn't love them or they didn't love her? Maybe being with Brock and Wes was a mistake.

She threw the letters in the trash and tried to forget she even received them and instead focused again on her paperwork. Regardless of what happened with her love life, she still had a business to run and so far, business was not good. They weren't even

close to breaking even and it wouldn't be long before her trust fund ran out.

"Hey, you. I'm sorry I was so hard on you, just so stressed, you know?" Edie set down a steaming mug of organic chamomile tea. She put a hand against Lena's shoulder and gave her a soothing pat. "How ya feeling?"

"I'm okay. It's the B&B I'm worried about." She put her head back down on the desk, unable to help but feel defeated already.

"Eesh. That bad?" Edie pulled up the chair across from the desk and sat down. She reached over and grabbed Lena's hands, making her look up from her pity party. Lena held up a handful of papers.

"You see this? All bills, and if we don't start making money soon, we won't be able to pay them."

"How much money is left in Margot's trust?"

"Plenty if you're not trying to run a struggling business with it, but not enough if you are. At this rate, we won't be able to stay open another few months, depending on how well we budget right now."

"Well, at least Mara came back to stay with us again. That will bring a little money in. I gave her the room across the hall. She said it had the best view or something. I have to go to the store tomorrow to get her some saltines. The woman insists on having them with her lunch, but I'm almost positive the store carries organic ones. So convenient. Anyway, let me know if you need anything else, and I'll add it to the list."

"That's good she's here, even if she's kind of an odd bird. Any cash flowing in is better than nothing." Lena shrugged and then looked at Edie, readying herself to give her the bad news. "You know, we might have to cut back on the organic stuff and buy conventional for a while." Edie's face fell.

"What? But that stuff is poisoned, covered in pesticides and God knows what else," Edie protested. She looked truly wounded.

"I'm sorry, but it would save us a lot of money and could keep us open for another month. Once we got off the ground and started

making money, we could go back. It's just that, it's time to tighten our belts." Edie sat quietly as if mulling it over and sighed, her shoulders rising heavily up and down.

"You're right. I'll just think of it as conservation."

"Exactly. And it's even conserving something green, just not grass or trees or whatever but—"

"Money." Edie smiled, but Lena could tell it was halfhearted. As if she could register Lena's disappointment in her own reaction, Edie squeezed Lena's hand. "Hey, I'm sorry for being silly. You're the business person here, and I know you're doing your best."

"Thanks. We just have to figure out a way to make this thing work." For a moment Lena managed to make herself feel optimistic, but then she exhaled deeply and grumbled out of frustration. She didn't know what to do and thought about how she'd been running their business so far. "You know, maybe I've been too distracted."

"What do you mean?"

"With Brock and Wes. I've been spending too much time with them when I should be focusing on this business. I just don't have time for a man right now, let alone two. That's just crazy. I mean, two guys?"

"Well, that's how they do things in Liebling," Edie offered.

"Yeah, but that's not how things are done back home. I can't just adjust to this lifestyle so easily. Anyway, that's not even entirely the point. The point is our business, our childhood dream, is failing, and I need to be putting a hundred percent of myself into this. I can't let our dream die." Lena felt tears well in her eyes and she pushed them down into the growing lump in her throat. This was not how she envisioned her life and their dream turning out.

"Lena, this isn't all your responsibility, you know. I'm here, too. You have to lean on and trust other people sometimes."

"I know, but more importantly, I need to be dependable and responsible." Lena burst into tears as Edie rubbed her back and consoled her. She already had doubts, or maybe just fears, about her

relationship with the Stone brothers. The confusion and guilt and shame she felt from neglecting her business and best friend as well as the possibility of doing something her parents would've disapproved of, was all too much.

She had to stop the turmoil churning inside her. She had to end it.

"As much as I..." Lena's voice caught as she considered what she intended to say. "As much as I *care* about Brock and Wes, I just can't put them first right now. Edie, this is our dream and we have to do this. It'd be impossible for me to make both this business and my relationship with Brock and Wes work. I just can't think straight with them around. It's over."

\* \* \* \*

Wes rode with Brock in his truck to the B&B. Lena only left their house yesterday, but he missed her terribly already. Wes and his brother both agreed that without Lena something felt missing. A definite void pervaded their lives when they couldn't go to bed each night with her sleeping between them.

"Wow, Wes, that's really incredible. I can't believe you made it with your bare hands out of clay." Brock briefly glanced from the road and looked at the ceramic butt plug in Wes's palm.

Wes had worked on it, perfecting it in secret for days and planned on surprising Lena with it. He and Brock thought it would be a nice way to show her how much she meant to them.

"Thanks, I just hope she likes it." Wes held the plug like a baby bird and eyed it, carefully examining every curve for the hundredth time, vainly checking for any imperfections but there were none. Just like Lena, it was perfect.

The ceramic plug was delicate, petite, and unique, ideal for Lena, and was smaller than any other plug available. Wes glazed it in white and decorated it with hand-painted images of bluebonnets, the state flower, which blanketed the area's rolling hills every spring. The

diminutive plug was hollow so that it could be filled with warm or cold water, depending on Lena's preferences, and had a nub of wine cork at the end to make sure the cute but erotic object wouldn't leak while in service.

Although he'd never used a ceramic butt plug before, he suspected the addition of water would be soothing, regardless of the temperature chosen, and the added weight would be extra satisfying. He painstakingly smoothed it out and used a special hypoallergenic and easily sterilized glaze so that it would be not only incredibly comfortable nestled in Lena's behind but also safe and clean. He couldn't wait to see her face when he presented it to her and hear her moans when he could finally use it on her.

Wes heard the crunch of gravel as they pulled up and stopped in front of the B&B. He got out of the car and put the plug in a small box he got especially for it and slipped it in his front shirt pocket. They walked up the front steps and before Brock could reach the door it flew open.

"Hey, guys," Edie said, looking slightly uncomfortable. Wes could tell immediately that something was wrong. "I was just heading to the store. What's up?"

"Hi, Edie. How're ya doing? We're here to see Lena." Brock tried to walk past her, but she blocked his path.

"Um...you can't, I mean, she's um...she's not here right now," Edie hedged. Wes couldn't be sure from this distance, but he thought he could see her breaking into a sweat. Something strange was going on.

"Well, then we can wait for her inside," Wes offered. "We really need to see her and we came all this way—"

"No!" Edie yelled. She looked flustered and then lowered her voice. "Sorry, I just can't let you guys in here. Please, just go back home, okay?"

“Edie, what the hell is going on here?” Brock looked irritated and Wes feared any more of Edie’s peculiar shenanigans would make him lose his temper.

“Listen, Edie, just be straight with us, okay? Where’s Lena and why won’t you let us in? She’s inside, isn’t she.”

Edie leaned into the men, gesturing for them to bend down to her meet her height. “She’s upstairs but she’s upset and doesn’t want to see you guys right now,” Edie whispered. “She’s super stressed about the B&B staying afloat, and just between us, I think there’s something else going on, but I don’t know what. Lena just seems way more stressed than I’ve ever seen her before, like something’s really bothering her.”

“If there’s something wrong with her, we deserve to know.” Brock again tried to push past her, but Edie held firm. Wes had to admit, she was pretty spunky, too.

“Please, guys, as a friend I’m asking you a favor. She told me not to let you guys in, so can you please, pretty please, respect her wishes and go. Just give her some time to work things out. I’ve known Lena almost my whole life and the girl is stubborn. If you push her, she’ll push back twice as hard.”

“Brock, maybe Edie’s right,” Wes said, tugging on his brother’s shoulder. “Maybe we should give Lena some space, like she asked for.” He carefully lead Brock off the porch and they started to get back into the truck as Edie closed the door behind her, carrying two reusable canvas grocery bags.

“Thanks for understanding, guys. I know she’ll come around eventually, but just give her some time. Catch y’all later.” Edie hopped down the steps and headed down the street.

As soon as she rounded the corner, Brock stepped out of the truck and headed back to the B&B.

“Brock, what’re you doing, man? You heard what Edie said.” Wes walked toward his brother, hoping to get him to change direction, but there was no stopping him.

“I’m gonna find out what the hell is going on with that girl. This is ridiculous, just fuckin’ ridiculous. This woman is acting like a child and if she needs help, we can help her. There’s no reason for her to be stressed out about a goddamn thing.” Brock stomped up the stairs and opened the door to the B&B with Wes following closely behind.

“Are you sure that’s such a good idea?” Wes followed Brock in but then stopped abruptly, banging straight into his brother’s broad shoulders.

“What the hell are you guys doing here?” Lena fumed with her hands on her hips in a defensive posture. “Didn’t Edie tell you two I didn’t want to see you anymore?”

“What the hell are *we* doing here? What the hell are *you* doing trying to keep us from seeing you? And what the hell are you doing making Edie do your dirty work? If you have something to say, why don’t you tell us to our faces?”

Brock looked as if he was starting to lose his temper, but Wes let out a sigh of relief when he saw his brother take a deep breath to calm himself down. Wes decided this was a good time to try to smooth things over.

“Just listen for a minute, okay? What is going on, Lena? If you need anything, we can help you.”

“That’s right, Lena. We love you. All you have to do is stop fighting and ask.” Brock held his arms out to her and his jaw dropped when she pushed them away.

“Jesus, how many times have I already asked? I just want you to leave me alone. Just go away. Why can’t you get that message into those thick heads of yours?”

Lena started to push Brock and him back out the door, and the amount of force that could come out of such a little body surprised Wes. Before he even fully realized what had happened, Wes found himself back outside on the porch. Brock turned to get in a last word, but he didn’t respond quickly enough. Lena had already slammed the door in his face.

“Please, just go. If you care about me, just go,” Lena said through the closed door, her voice cracking.

Wes thought he could hear her crying and it made his heart break in two. He grabbed Brock by the arm and pulled him off the porch.

“Come on, Brock. You know it kills me, too, but we should just do what she wants and give her some time to herself. Let her work out a few things. Anyway, there’s no point in upsetting her any more than she already is.”

“But, Wes, she’s crying in there. I know it.” Brock never looked so desperate in his life and it pained Wes to see his brother, usually so strong and in command, look so defeated and wounded.

“I know, but I don’t want to be the ones making our woman cry.” Brock nodded and acquiesced to Wes’s words.

Wes gave his brother’s arm a squeeze, and they both got back into the truck. They were completely silent during the entire ride back home. As they pulled up to their empty house, Wes remembered the little box in his shirt pocket. He pulled it out and looked at it.

“Shit, Brock. I never gave Lena her present. What if...” Wes’s voice trailed off. He couldn’t say out loud the fear that screamed inside his mind, inside his heart.

Brock looked thoughtful for a moment as if weighing the situation. “I think we should go back and just give it to her. We won’t say a thing. Maybe just leave it for her.”

As if Brock also couldn’t stomach the possibility of never getting another chance with Lena again, he made a U-turn and sped down the road.

\* \* \* \*

Lena started bawling as soon as she turned her back to the door. She quieted herself for a moment, waiting to hear the sound of gravel flying as the men drove away, away from her and hopefully never to return.



*Never.*

It was a horrible thought, but one she knew she had to get used to. It was for the best and the sooner she got them out of her system, the sooner she could get her life back in order and the B&B back on its feet again.

She slowly trudged up the stairs to her bedroom, her feet feeling like they were tied to lead weights. Her entire body felt weighed down. She walked into her bedroom, hoping their one guest hadn't heard the argument. The last thing a supposedly peaceful and relaxing B&B needed was a reputation for loud, embarrassingly personal, lovers' quarrels. Talk about awkward.

Lena shut the door behind her and fell into bed, burying her face in her pillow. She contemplated whether or not she needed another good cry or perhaps a restful nap. Before she could come to a decision, she heard her bedroom door creak open. Lena sat up and saw Mara's large, looming figure. She had a strange glint in her eye that instantly made Lena uncomfortable.

"Hey, Mara. Can I help you with anything?"

## Chapter 8

The woman stalked toward her, and Lena didn't have a clue what Mara wanted but knew in her gut it couldn't be good.

"Help me? Why yes, you *filthy whore*, there is something you can help me with."

Lena's stomach churned. The woman's menacing words sounded vaguely familiar, as did her voice and the embittered look on her wizened face.

"Oh, and what can I do for you?" Lena pretended to ignore Mara's epithet and tried to keep her voice steady her voice and stop her growing apprehension from bubbling to the surface.

Lena put one leg on the ground and started to stand when Mara lunged at her, her bony, claw-like fingers clasping on her neck, her nails digging into her skin. Lena tried to push her away, but she was completely caught off guard. Pressed against the edge of the bed, she had no leverage to push Mara off of her.

"Now that you're alone again, 'cause you drove your nasty *men* away from your *dirty twat*, what you can do for me..."

Mara's grip on Lena's throat increased with every word she spat out.

"Is die!"

A frigid shock of fear raced down Lena's back, catching every nerve in her body. She knew those words.

"The letters. You wrote the letters," Lena gasped out as she pulled at the fingers clutching at her throat, fingers she knew meant to squeeze the life out of her.

"Ah, you figured it out. Yes, I sent those letters."

A twisted smile spread up Mara's wrinkled face, reaching her eyes in a horrifying glint of pure evil.

Lena's eyes darted around the room and in her peripheral vision she saw the Tiffany-styled lamp on her bedside table. At the time they bought it, she had told Edie it was too heavy and old-fashioned even for Lena's traditional taste, but now she was eternally grateful Edie convinced her that the behemoth looked charming.

She pulled one hand away from her throat, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as Mara squeezed even tighter, and reached for the lamp. Her fingers could barely brush against it and Mara cackled as if knowing Lena's arms were far too short to reach the lamp from that distance. Lena mustered every fiber in her body, her will to survive and rip this crazy bitch apart too strong to quell completely, and she lunged for the lamp. Her hand made contact and wrapped securely around the lamp's base. In one smooth motion, Lena hurled it into the side of Mara's head.

Multi-colored glass rained down on them and Lena squeezed her eyes shut, praying it wouldn't cut her as it came down. Upon contact, Mara screamed and released her hold on Lena's neck, backing up to the center of the room. She clutched her head as blood poured down, dripping into her eyes and spreading through the wrinkles on her face.

Lena gasped for air, but didn't allow herself to sit idly, recuperating the precious oxygen her body had almost completely run out of. She looked down, grabbed the largest, sharpest shard she could find and lunged with all her force at the woman inexplicably hell-bent on ending her life.

Even though Lena fully extended her arms over her head, she could barely reach the woman's throat and had to settle on slicing the thin, liver-spotted skin of her chest. Mara held her hands protectively across her body, but Lena kept stabbing, not knowing whether any of her attacks landed. All she wanted to do was survive this ordeal, even if that meant killing this lunatic in the process.

Mara pushed back and Lena realized with horror that both her wrists were in the woman's hands. Scratch that, hand. Mara had managed to grab a hold of both Lena's wrists with just one of her massive hands. Lena could feel the glass she held press into her skin, leaving shallow cuts across her palm, and she had to let it go. With her free hand, Mara fisted Lena's hair and lifted her off the ground. Lena screamed as her scalp lit up in searing pain. It seemed as if each follicle on her head had a personal vendetta to torture her. She flailed her body and kicked blindly, even though her movement only made the pain worse.

She managed to land a hard kick in Mara's stomach. Instead of simply dropping Lena and letting go, Mara threw her across the room. As her body collided with the wall, the impact knocked the air out of her lungs.

While on the floor, Lena suddenly heard footsteps pounding up the stairs. She and Mara locked eyes and for the first time that day, the woman looked concerned.

"Lena? Where are you? We just wanted to give you something and then be on our way," Brock called from down the hall.

"Babe, what's going on? Are you okay? Say something." Wes yelled, worry evident in his voice.

"I'm up here in my room," Lena managed to squeak out. Her throat was still sore and she could barely speak.

As a last ditch effort, Mara came at her again, but before her gnarled fingers could strike, Brock came and pushed her away. Wes raced in right after him and knelt down beside her.

"Holy shit, baby, oh, my God. Are you okay?"

Wes lifted her torso off the ground so she could sit up and cupped her face in his hands, looking her over. Even though his firm hands did wonders to still the frantic pattering of her heart, the jostling seemed to awaken every bruise forming on her body. Her eyes focused on his face, and she realized how wrong she was for pushing her men away.

*Men...Brock!*

She looked up and saw Brock struggling with Mara, trying to pin her arms down to her side. Though Brock had an incredibly strong physique, even he had difficulty getting that crazed woman under control. He was physically strong, but Mara clearly had blind and ferocious rage going for her.

“Damn it, lady. You need to simmer down and—Argh!” Brock fell back from the impact of Mara’s meaty fist on his jaw. He released her from his grasp, sending Mara flying back. She lost her footing and fell, her head landing hard against the edge of Lena’s dresser. She hit the floor, not completely gone, but definitely out.

Lena gasped, putting her hands to her mouth and noticed that Brock did the same.

“Christ, Lena. I didn’t mean for that to happen.” He rushed to the fallen woman and felt for her pulse. “Well, at least she’s still alive. I always swore I’d *never* lay my hands on a woman, but I was just trying to get her under control. That woman’s a fucking beast. She’s strong and it looks like she’s still got a lot of life left in her.”

He nodded his satisfaction that she was still alive and then rushed over to Lena’s side, addressing his brother.

“Wes, I’m going to check Lena for injuries. You make sure that crazy old lady’s not gonna be causing any more trouble.”

Brock carefully examined every cut, scrape, and bruise on Lena’s body. Even though he was obviously in control, fear still laced every feature on his face.

“It’s okay, Brock. I’m okay. Definitely a little achy, but I think I’m fine.” Lena started to stand, pushing herself up with her hands, when she winced. That damn wrist again. Brock’s face softened as he carefully helped Lena up and held her wrist tenderly in his hand.

“Sweetheart, I fixed up this wrist once. I think I can do it again.” He smiled and leaned down and gently kissed Lena’s swollen lips before kissing every knuckle on her hand and the inside of her wrist. “I’m just glad the beautiful woman it’s connected to is alive and

well.” Lena leaned in for another painful, but satisfying kiss when she heard a groan.

“I think this woman’s in a lot of pain, Brock, but she’s still pretty much out.” Wes looked up. “What do you want me to do with her?”

Brock’s attention turned back to the woman on the floor.

“Lena, why don’t you sit in this chair. Wes, come over here and help her. I have to make sure that old loon is okay. Even though she wanted to kill you, I’m still a doctor.”

Lena limped as Wes held her hand and elbow and lead her to the cushiony chair in the corner of her room that rested at the foot of her bed. He pushed all the clothes Lena piled on top of it to the floor before he sat her down.

“I’ll help you pick those up later, sugar,” Wes said as he kissed her fingertips and smoothed the hair off her face. “Babe, I hope you know this means you’re never leaving our side again.” Wes smiled and kissed Lena on her forehead.

“She’s bleeding, but not a lot. I don’t think she has any other serious injuries either. Man, for all that ruckus, you two managed to miraculously not hurt each other too badly.” Brock picked Mara up and put her on Lena’s bed. “She may be old, but this woman has a heck of a lot of fight in her.” Brock patted Mara on each cheek, trying to wake her.

Mara let out a few pained groans. Her body stiffened and her hands reached out again when she opened her eyes. Brock quickly grabbed them and pushed them back down to her chest, holding them there.

“Shh, ma’am.” Brock managed to coo and be stern at the same time, clearly a well-honed skill from his years of dealing with sick children and agitated parents. “We’re not having any more of that now. Don’t make me do anything we’ll both regret.”

Mara looked as if she wanted to protest, but instead she lay back down.

“Now, we’re going to call the police in a minute, but before we do, I need you to answer a few questions for me. Lena is the love of our life and it is our job to protect her. Who are you and why would you try to hurt her?”

Mara swallowed and cast a cold stare in Lena’s direction that probably would’ve scared her if it weren’t for the security of knowing both her men were with her. She planned to keep it that way. But then, the words that came out of Mara’s mouth, fighting past gritted teeth, did have the intended effect of freaking Lena the fuck out, forever changing everything she thought she knew about herself and her family.

The old lady turned to the men and sneered. “I’m Margot’s twin sister.” Bitterness laced her voice. “I’m her great aunt.”

## Chapter 9

“Wh–what? That’s impossible. I don’t believe you.” Lena felt dizzy, as if her world had turned upside down.

“Believe it, Lenora,” Mara said, holding her hand to the cut on her head. She looked at her bloodied fingers and rolled her eyes, reacting to the wound as if it were a mere annoyance.

“How come I don’t know anything about you? No one ever mentioned you.” As Lena looked deeply into the woman’s face, she began to see the resemblance. She was Margot except bigger and more grotesque, sharing the same expressive eyes and blasé attitude. All her features were slightly larger and less graceful, and the woman’s frame had to be at least twice as big as the woman who housed Lena since childhood.

“No? Well, of course not. It figures. I was always the proverbial little, black sheep.”

“Lady, you are anything but little,” Wes said. Mara glared at him with daggers and sneered.

“As I was saying, the bastards cast me out with nothing except the clothes on my back. They always accused me of being mean and hurtful toward their precious, perfect Margot. When we were kids, we would play and fight just like all kids at that age, but because she was so tiny and I was so much bigger, she would get hurt. I never meant to hurt her but our parents always blamed me. They always put poor, innocent Margot first. It was always Margot this, Margot that. Mara, everything is your fault. It’s all your fucking fault!”



Mara's eyes grew icy cold. "So finally, I did exactly what they thought I would do and I hurt her. I served the bitch a special little pie one day and out she went."

"Goddamn." Brock raked his hand through his hair, his dark brows knitted together in thought. "It was a nut pie, wasn't it? Margot was allergic to nuts, just like—"

"Yes, just like your Lenora." A dark, toothy smile spread across Mara's face as she turned to glare at Lena.

As their eyes locked, Lena's skin prickled with goose bumps and a cold sweat formed on her body.

"You...you tried to poison me. You made that pie because you knew I'd be allergic, just like Margot was."

"Aren't you a clever one?" Mara's face darkened and the upward curves of her smile turned down into a frown. "And I thought I was clever, too. I put three times the amount of nuts I put into Margot's pie, but your men got to you too damn quickly."

Lena felt Brock's warm hand encase her shoulder in a firm squeeze as Wes mirrored his brother's grip on her forearm.

"With you, I didn't get the pleasure of watching your face contort as Mara's did, while her throat slowly closed up and her lips started to turn the prettiest shade of blue I'd ever seen. The poor, little dear looked so scared." Mara's twisted smile returned.

"Oh, Mara, how could you? To your own sister, your own flesh and blood?" Wes asked with a deep sadness pooled in his voice. Mara ignored Wes's question and continued.

"She went into a coma for two weeks and those were the best two weeks of my life as I played the dutiful sister."

Mara's eyes grew wistful as if she reminisced about the atrocity she'd committed.

"Oh, how I cried, big, salty crocodile tears. For the first time in my life my parents paid me the smallest amount of attention. They thought I had rescued her, that everything had been an accident. Unfortunately, your great aunt Margot was tougher than I thought,

and the bitch woke up and she told them everything, that it was all my fault and they believed her unquestioningly. They didn't even try to give me the benefit of the doubt. They just threw me out, said I was dead to them. What they didn't know was that, inside, I was already dead."

Mara's eyes went blank as if she were lost in some terrible, distant place deep within the recesses of her tortured soul.

"Mara, why did you let them get to you? Why didn't you just move on instead of harboring all this bitterness, all this pain?"

Lena knew she should have hated this woman, but instead she just felt sorry for her. Lena identified with the feelings of being neglected and unloved and even though she could never imagine hurting someone else, she knew how terribly lonely that existence could be.

Mara looked up and focused on Lena's face. Tears welled up in Mara's eyes and slowly spilled over, spreading into the wrinkles on her face, diluting the drying blood that had collected there.

"So, why'd you come back?" Brock asked. "Why did you want to hurt Lena? She had nothing to do with those people who hurt you."

After a brief pause, Mara's face reanimated as she addressed Brock's question.

"First, it was just for the money. I thought I deserved her inheritance. Everything Margot had should have been mine, too. When I saw Lenora, my rage intensified tenfold. She looked so much like her, like Margot, except she looked like how Margot would've looked if she had been healthy, if I hadn't sucked the life out of her in the womb."

"And then there was the time when you tried to kill her," Wes interjected.

Lena glared at him. There were few instances when it was okay to aggravate an old woman, and this was certainly not one of them.

"Shut up, Wes. Not helping," Brock said to his brother before turning to the unhinged woman before him. "Mara, when you were in

the womb, that wasn't your fault. You were a fetus for Christ's sake. It was survival of the fittest."

Mara looked at him as if she didn't know what to say. Perhaps after all this time, she just couldn't believe him. Mara began crying again, except this time her silent tears turned into sobs. Her body shook with her heartache.

"Mara, listen to Brock," Wes said. "He's a doctor. If anybody would know about what fetuses do, he would."

Lena softened at Wes's attempt to ease Mara's pain and self-doubt and make up for his previous jab. Lena eased herself up and then moved to the edge of the bed to sit down. She reached out and held Mara's hand in hers. Although it dwarfed Lena's in size, her age enfeebled it, leaving her skin spotted and paper-thin.

"Listen, Mara, you need help. This needs to stop. You must let it go. It's time to move on."

"Lena's right, ma'am. You've experienced enough pain to last a lifetime. It's time to start over." Brock reached up and wiped away her tears and the misery carved into her face seemed to soften.

Then Mara grimaced as she clutched her chest. Her breathing became labored. Her eyes squeezed tightly shut.

"What's wrong, Mara? Mara, are you all right?" Lena gently shook her great aunt's arm. She turned to Brock for an explanation. He pulled a tiny flashlight out of his back pocket and shined it into her eyes.

"Lena, I think she's having a heart attack. Go get an aspirin and make sure you crush it up. Wes, call an ambulance. Hurry!" Brock shouted as he loosened the top button of Mara's blouse and checked her other vital signs.

Lena left Mara's side and ran to find an aspirin, praying that she wouldn't lose the only family she had left.

## Chapter 10

Lena and Wes stood as Brock walked into the waiting room. His face was serious and she feared the worst. Wes put his arm around her in a soothing embrace as if to steady her for the blow to come.

“So, how is she?” Lena searched his eyes for any hint of the news he was about to give, but Brock had perfected his poker face.

“It was touch and go for a moment, but she’s going to be okay. Unfortunately, the strain she put on her heart from all the stress in her life and also all her bad habits, means that now her body is going to be very weak from now on. There’s little that can be done to change that now. Her heart can’t handle any more stress.”

“Well, at least she’s alive.” Lena exhaled a deep sigh. She felt like she had been holding her breath for the past several hours. “Can I see her?”

Brock’s face took on a look of concern. “Are you sure you’re ready for this? She did some terrible things to you.”

Lena chewed on her bottom lip and shrugged her shoulders. “What choice do I have? She’s my only living relative, and I really can’t blame her for what she did. Mara had a terrible, lonely, and bitter life. I don’t want to add to her pain.”

“How about we go with you, sweetheart?” Wes turned Lena toward him and kissed the top of her head. Lena nodded and let her men lead her to Mara’s room.

As Lena walked in, she steeled herself for what she might find, for whatever rage that still existed in her great-aunt. Lena wanted, needed, to be the bigger person no matter what.

She was stunned to see all of her concern was for naught. The once hulking giant had now transformed into a frail, old lady lying in a hospital, completely helpless, with tubes dripping life-sustaining liquids sticking into various parts of her body. Asleep and breathing lightly, Mara almost looked peaceful.

Lena sat beside her while Wes and Brock stood back, far enough to give her space, but close enough that they could easily diffuse any situation should the old woman go ballistic again. Now feeling completely secure, with her men at her side, she gingerly took Mara's hand in hers and gave it a gentle squeeze. Slowly, Mara's eyes fluttered open.

"Hi, Mara. How are you feeling?" Again, Lena held her breath in anticipation of the old woman's response. Would she be angry still?

Mara looked down at Lena's hand and her face softened, a glimmer of light surfacing in the woman's once-dead eyes. It was as if this was the first humane contact Mara had ever received in her life. Lena's heart ached when she realized it probably was.

"What are you doing here, child? You should have run off and let this old bat die, alone, like she should."

Mara's eyes darkened again and Lena leaned in closer. She even dared to put her hand on Mara's shoulder.

"No, Mara. You're family and the only family I've got. I wouldn't let you get away that easily." Lena smiled and tried to soothe her by running a comforting hand up and down Mara's arm. Again, the light returned to her eyes. Just a glimmer, but right now, that was all Lena needed.

"No one's ever called me that before. *Family*."

Mara's eyes brimmed with tears and one rolled down her cheek. Lena reached up and wiped it away with the pad of her thumb, only to have to reach up and wipe her own tears away.

"It has a nice ring to it, doesn't it." Lena realized Brock and Wes now stood directly behind her. Wes put a reassuring hand on Lena's

shoulder. She looked up at them and smiled through her tears. “And these two men have reacquainted me with it a bit.”

“We love this girl more than anything in the world,” Wes said.

“And we’d do anything for her, and that includes those she loves. I hope you know that includes you, Mara.” Brock patted Mara’s leg over her blanket.

Mara looked up at the three young people before her. She placed her hand over Lena’s and squeezed it.

“I’m so sorry, Lena. I can see now, you’re nothing like Margot. You deserve all the happiness in the world. And these two men, I was wrong about them, too. They seem to really love you.”

Lena nodded. “They do, Mara. They do and I love them, too.”

“Child, don’t make the same mistakes I did and hang on to your pain or sadness. Don’t let it eat away at you or hold you back, hardening your heart as it did mine. I lost my entire life to that misery and now I’d hate for you to go through that.”

Brock straightened and he cleared his throat.

“No, Mara, that’s not true. You haven’t lost your entire life. You’re still here and we fully intend on making sure every last second brings you the happiness and comfort you never had.”

Lena turned to Brock, touched yet confused by his words. Why did he say *we* when Mara was Lena’s responsibility? As if sensing Lena’s concern, Brock touched her arm and spoke.

“Can we talk to you outside for a moment, Lena?”

\* \* \* \*

“What’s this about?”

Lena crossed her arms over her chest as she and her two men headed back to the waiting area. She waited for Brock to speak.

“Lena, I hope you don’t mind, but I took the liberty of contacting a friend of mine who runs an assisted living center in a town just an hour away, and I got Mara a room there. She can stay there as soon as

she's released from the hospital, and she can live out the rest of her days comfortably with full-time care. I figured we could all take her there and get her settled in and you can still visit her often. It's not too far away. She'll still be in the Hill Country and can enjoy the beauty and peacefulness out here. I think it would be really good for her."

"Why did you do all this, after everything she tried to do to everyone?" Lena couldn't understand why Brock would go through all this trouble when it wasn't even his responsibility, it wasn't his blood relative. This woman would've tried to kill him just twenty-four hours ago if she'd had the chance.

"Because she's your family and part of being a family is taking care of each other."

"But that's exactly it. She's *my* family and my obligation. You don't need to get caught up in all this. You and Wes have already done so much for me. I couldn't possibly accept anything more from you two. It's just too much."

"Well, I hoped that Mara could be part of my family, too." Brock sighed and fiddled with the stethoscope, hanging around his neck. He looked more and more uncomfortable as he stood there. "And that includes caring for members of your kin, no matter how crazy they may be."

"What do you mean?" Lena's brows knitted together as she weighed his words in her mind. She turned to Wes.

"What Brock is trying so eloquently to say," Wes had a playful look on his face, "is that we want you to be our family."

Lena took a step back. She didn't think she understood him correctly.

"Wes, Brock, what are y'all saying exactly?"

Brock through his arms in the air in frustration and rolled his eyes. "Damn it, woman! We're saying we want you to be our wife and we want to spend the rest of our lives with you."

Brock's face turned red. Lena could tell he felt embarrassed and it softened his outburst. Lena was speechless nonetheless.

“Real smooth, man.” Wes looked at his brother and smiled. He took a step toward Lena, reaching out his hand to her. “Brock and I want you to be our wife, our partner, our family. We want to spend every day of our lives loving you and taking care of you. We want to create a home with you.” Wes leaned down and placed a soft kiss on her lips while Brock also closed in on her, putting his hand on her back.

“That’s exactly what I said.” Brock smiled and then kissed Lena’s lips. She shuddered as the force of it resonating through her mouth, shooting tender warmth into her body. “So, will you marry us?”

Lena stared at one brother and then the next with her mouth hanging open. She stood there opening and closing her mouth for what felt like an eternity, the looks on Brock’s and Wes’s faces dropping with each second that ticked by.

It wasn’t that she didn’t want to marry the brothers someday, and she could easily see herself spending the rest of her life with them. She loved them, absolutely and completely. It was just a lot to take in all at once. She simply didn’t feel ready to make such a formal commitment. She was terrified. She felt pushed and whenever Lena felt pushed she always found herself pushing back, even when her head told her the time for pushing ended long ago.

Mercifully, Wes seemed to gauge where her thoughts ran and he broke the silence. He held Lena’s trembling hands in his steady ones and looked into her eyes.

“Listen, Lena. We’re just trying to tell you how we feel. We don’t play games. When we know what we want, we go for it. I can understand how you might be feeling right now, and I want you to know that both Brock and I love you deeply and unconditionally. We don’t need to be officially engaged to be married for that to hold true. As long as we can be together, I can wait as long as you need.” Wes cast his eyes at Brock, as if in warning. “And I know Brock can wait, too. Right, Brock?”



Brock looked as if he wanted to protest but thought better of it. He sighed deeply and conceded, even though Lena knew that was the last thing he wanted to do. Patience was not his best virtue, but it touched Lena to know that he loved her enough to suffer through her seemingly interminable hesitancy. With a slow nod of his head, Brock responded.

“Yes, Lena. I can wait. Of course, I’ll wait. I love you too much to let you go and I’ll take you any way I can. But I don’t like it.” Brock smiled.

As Wes stepped out of the way, Brock leaned in and picked Lena up in a big bear hug. He squeezed her tightly against his broad chest. “I love you, Lena.”

After Brock set her down, Wes addressed her again. “So, Lena, what do you think?”

“I think I want to spend the rest of my life with you two, but marriage is something I’m not ready for just yet. I know I’ll come around eventually. I just need more time to come to that conclusion on my own without feeling forced.”

The brothers looked at each other. “Well, for now, it’s good enough for me,” Wes said with a shrug.

“Yeah. For now.” Brock cocked an eyebrow at Lena as he spoke.

“I love you both so much. Thank you for understanding.” Lena got up on her tiptoes and kissed each man softly. She silently thanked the heavens for having these two remarkable men in her life and vowed to reward their patience accordingly.

## Chapter 11

Lena hung up Brock and Wes's home phone after talking with Edie and giving her an update on how Mara and let her know she'd be back at the B&B first thing in the morning. Her bedroom was a mess and she'd need hours to clean it up. Right now, she was just too exhausted to even think about lifting a broom or a mop. She wanted nothing more than to put her head on a soft pillow, close her eyes, and sleep.

But, by the hungry glint in their eyes, she knew that Brock and Wes wanted something entirely different.

Wes pulled out a small box from his back pocket and held it out for Lena. "I made you a little gift, Lena, but it's from both me and Brock. Open it."

Lena held the box and hesitated, but Wes quickly set her mind at ease. "Don't worry. It's not what you're thinking it is. We said we'd hold off on the marriage talk and we meant it. Just open it." Lena opened the box, trying to hide her sigh of relief.

She pulled out the small ceramic object formed into a shape she instantly recognized.

"You made me a butt plug?" She blushed, not knowing how exactly to respond to the gift. It was beautifully crafted, but it was still a plug for her butt. She'd never received a gift for her ass before, but there's always a first for anything she decided. "Um, thanks guys. It's really...adorable."

"Okay, I know it seems like an unorthodox gift, but Wes handcrafted it and customized it just for you so hopefully we'll be

able to all be together, inside you, sooner.” Brock looked at her expectantly.

Lena rolled the object in her hand and then remembered the incredible sensations she’d felt when they previously worked on stretching her out. She visualized having each of her delectable men pumping in and out at either end of her body, sandwiching her in their erotic embrace. From her thoughts alone, Lena’s nether orifices clenched. She felt her pussy lubricating itself, readying her for penetration.

And aside from the pleasures of fucking, she knew having both men inside of her meant a lot to the brothers and in turn meant a lot to her. She wanted them to be happy and it warmed her to be able to prove her everlasting love in one way, even if she couldn’t quite do it yet officially on paper. Giving herself completely to them, at least physically, was the least she could do and was a task she felt more than up to fulfilling.

“So, what are we waiting for, guys? Let’s get this thing lubed up.”

\* \* \* \*

Wes grabbed the bottle of lube and liberally drenched the ceramic plug and Lena’s precious but stubbornly tight hole. He had filled the plug with warm water and knew Lena would love the sensation of it filling her.

“Okay, babe, are you all set?” Brock asked as he held Lena, tummy down, on his lap. He supported her weight so she could rest comfortably on her elbows and knees while Wes lovingly prepped her back end.

Lena squealed in expectant delight. “Yes, of course. Oh, my God, yes. All set.”

His brother turned to Wes and nodded.

“All right, here we go. Now, I can *see* you’re excited, hon.” Wes dipped a finger into her pussy and felt a flood of wetness on his hand.

Another squeal escaped her lips. Yep, their woman was ready to go. He smiled and licked his lips. "And I can *feel* you're excited, but you got to make sure to relax like we've practiced before, okay?" Wes advised as he rubbed circles on her luscious, rounded ass cheeks, warming up her lower half.

Lena let out a deep breath, grinning ear to ear, as Wes gently and slowly slid her customized toy into her sweet behind.

A snug and perfect fit.

"Oh, God." Lena moaned as she rocked her hips up and down, forcing the plug to slide smoothly in and out of her ass hole. Watching her turned Wes's cock from stiff to achingly rock hard. He was pleased to see his handiwork was as successful as he'd hoped.

"How's that feel, babe?" Brock asked as he held Lena, massaging her breasts and nipples with one hand while rubbing her back and running his fingers through her silky auburn locks with the other.

"Mmm, it's so good. When I move I feel like the weight of it is shifting with my body. And it's warm, too. How'd you do that, my sexy potter?" Lena grinned as she looked back, catching Wes's eyes.

"I filled it with warm water, sweetheart." He'd never considered his hobby as sexy, but the look of complete arousal encapsulating Lena's beautiful face inspired him to continue making ceramic sex toys, and his mind reeled with ideas.

"Ahh, yes," Lena hissed. "So smart." Wes let go of the plug and sat back as Lena continued to rock her hips, clearly enjoying the sensation of water sloshing around, causing pressure against the walls of her back canal with each movement.

"Okay, sweetheart, we're gonna keep that inside you. Is it comfortable?" Brock asked.

"Oh, hell yeah, it's comfortable and then some." Lena started to reach her hand down when Brock slapped it out of the way.

"Oh, no you don't, woman. That sweet pussy is for me and Wes to take care of, so just have a little patience and get up on your knees for me real quick."

Wes laughed inside when he saw the pouty face she made, but then her countenance changed to that of agonizing delight.

“Whoa...wow...every time I move I feel it doing something back there, like...” Lena shook her ass a little back and forth. “Damn, that water is brilliant, Wes.” So in tune with her pleasure, Lena looked as if she were lost in her own world.

“Geez, Wes. I think the little toy you made is working a little too well. She doesn’t even seem to need us anymore.” Brock chuckled with his arms crossed over his chest as he watched their woman pleasuring herself with simple hip movements. Her eyes popped open and she stopped moving.

“That’s not true.” The corners of her mouth turned up into a saucy grin. “I do need you. I need you *both* real bad.”

“Well, I’m certainly glad to hear my toy didn’t usurp my position.” Wes stood behind Lena while she kneeled on the bed, waiting for her men to tell her what to do next. She looked so delectable right then. He wanted to nibble on and consume every inch of her delicate body, bite by tasty bite.

Wes’s cock throbbed, and he knew he had to have her in his arms at that very moment. He leaned in, turning her head up and back so he could engulf her mouth in a kiss. She tasted so sweet and smooth. He rolled his tongue in her mouth as hers twisted around his, both struggling to be the ones to invade the other. Wes wrapped himself around her trembling torso and softly gripped each of her breasts, his fingers tenderly twisting her peaked nipples and caressing her soft skin.

He was lost in their seduction until he heard Brock clearing his throat on the other end of the bed, obviously needing some attention of his own.

“Come on, sweetness. I want your soft lips on my cock.” Brock looked her dead in the eyes and crooked his finger toward her, beckoning her to head his way. “And while you’re doing that, Wes is gonna fuck you from behind.”

Wes smiled. Sometimes being bossed around by his older brother was annoying, but he had to admit, his brother had a strong sense of fairness and equity. Because he was the one to come up with the ceramic butt plug, it was only fair that he be the first one to reap the benefits, which included the juiciness of Lena's luscious pussy wrapped around his cock.

Lena stalked on all fours toward Brock's body as he leaned against the headboard, a couple pillows supporting his back. He licked his lips as Lena undoubtedly licked hers. She bent down and gripped Brock's dick in her hand. Wes knew both he and his brother were well-endowed, but held in her petite hand, Brock's cock looked gigantic. Wes chuckled. Even though he'd seen her do it before and had her on his own shaft, he almost couldn't believe she'd be able to wrap her lips around the head of Brock's cock, especially as engorged as it was now.

But then she did. Wes's manhood twitched as he watched her take the cock in her mouth to the back of her throat. Lena moaned and Wes saw Brock's eyes roll to the back of his head. His brother had always been a sucker for vibration.

"Shit, woman. Take it slowly. I want to enjoy this," Brock hissed as he tangled his fingers in her hair, holding her head so he could control her movements. But he couldn't control that sexy mouth of hers. Lena gave him a run for his money.

Then Wes's eyes shifted to Lena's glorious apple bottom with the tiny corked plug inside her precious ass hole. Beneath he could see her pussy lips glistening with her arousal. His cock jumped again, as if trying to will Wes's entire body toward Lena's dripping entrance.

*Fuck yeah.* It was time.

He held his cock in his hand, rubbing the pre-cum around the head, moistening it, though he knew it was unnecessary. Lena was surely wet enough on her own. He kneeled behind her and gripped Lena by the hips, straddling her calves as she continued to suck Brock's dick. He dipped the head of his cock into her well, as if it

were trying to lap up the nectar from her seeping cunt like a dirty honeybee. Lena's back arched at the first sensation of contact and she began pushing her pussy against his swollen cock. He held her hips firm, and a mumbled groan escaped her mouth, her lips red and swollen from the massive dick invading her between them.

Wes slowly dipped the head of his cock back inside, teasing her, and thoroughly coating his cock with her juices. With each dip, Lena groaned and tried to capture Wes's cock inside her, forcing him to fully penetrate, but Wes pulled away every time. The more her body writhed around and the louder her groans became, the more obvious it was to Wes that Lena grew tired of his teasing.

And to be honest, Wes was tired of it, too. He'd had enough teasing. His balls started to ache and his cock was so engorged it felt like it might rip free of his skin. With one smooth thrust, Wes slid his entire cock home, until he felt it bang up against her inner wall, no longer able to go any deeper. Lena moaned and by the look on Brock's face, Wes could tell it came from deep within her throat.

"Brock, I see her moaning is driving you wild. Brother, I am going to work her pussy so she moans until you fucking shoot your load and before you're good and ready, too." Wes chuckled.

"Fuck you, Wes," Brock said between gritted teeth, a barely perceptible grin on his lips. Wes knew this little prank would make Brock annoyed but not angry. After all, who could possibly get angry at coming inside a luscious mouth as heavenly as Lena's? Wes smiled.

*This is going to be one fantastic night of fuckin'.*

Wes rubbed Lena's ass cheek with his palm and then lifted his hand up for a hard swat. Lena gasped around Brock's cock and bucked onto Wes's. He felt the muscles in her pussy clench around his shaft.

"Oh, our seductive vixen likes a little spanking, huh?"

Wes grabbed on to both her lovely, firm rounds and then slapped both cheeks at the same time. He warmed up her cheeks by caressing

them with the flat of his hand again and then noticed that what may have really been turning her on was the friction the slapping caused against the ceramic plug in her dainty hole. He massaged her cheeks in large, firm circles to test his theory.

By the sound of Lena's fervid moans and groans, Wes guessed his theory was right. Lena's enthusiastic and tortured vocalizations began to crescendo in volume and grew higher in pitch, signaling her impending orgasm. Wes looked up and saw Brock's face knitted in agony.

"Damn, woman. God, that moaning around my cock...so fucking good...you better not come yet, sweetheart...ahh, you better not or I'll..." Brock's voice trailed off.

Wes smiled. He knew Lena was close and the closer she got to climaxing, the closer his brother got, too. Wes continued his pumping while massaging her ass cheeks in those wide circles she seemed to like so much. Then Wes knew the moment was right. Lena's pussy clamped down on his shaft, trying to milk him of his seed as she came, but he wouldn't have it. Wes gritted his teeth tightly together and clenched the muscles in his lower body, hoping to keep his own climax at bay.

Brock didn't have the same success. "Ohh, shit, fuck. Ahh!"

Wes looked at his brother's face as it crumpled in exquisite agony. His fingers twisted around Lena's head, clearly trying to hold her back so as to hold in his own climax, but Brock wasn't strong enough to fight off the strength of Lena's orgasm. Wes watched, amused, as Lena's oral ministrations broke down every one of his brother's barriers until finally he came. Wes could see Lena's throat working as she struggled to swallow everything Brock gave her. When Brock's climax slowed, he leaned down and rubbed the glistening fluid from Lena's lips with his thumbs before kissing her hard on the mouth.

"Babe, I told you not to come and you made me come, no thanks to Wes, but it's okay. I love you, and shit, it felt fucking fantastic." He



exhaled deeply while wiping the sweat from his brow, looking completely relaxed.

It was time for Wes to let himself go, now that both Brock and Lena had climaxed together. Now it was his turn for him and Lena to climax together. Wes stroked into Lena's pussy, reveling in its moist, delicious warmth. The muscles in her canal thoroughly worked on his cock and all the nerves on his throbbing shaft electrified, coursing through every inch of his anatomy. This time when her cunt milked him, he'd let it. The base of his member pulsated with pleasure and then when the tiny pulsations grew and reached the tip of his cock, he knew he wouldn't last much longer.

To ensure Lena's simultaneous climax with his, Wes reached around her slim waist, placing two fingers around her clit, and flicked his wrist. He continued pressing into her sweetly rounded ass with his abdomen, working the plug nestled between her cheeks. He savored the enlivening feeling of their sweaty bodies sliding against each other, skin on skin bathed in their lovers' steam. Lena's contractions around Wes's cock grew more heated and strong, loving on it in an erotic and passionate embrace. Her breath came out in hisses and gasps. Her body bucked against his, pounding into his groin with a sensually soft slap. His balls swayed back and forth with the force, tugging at his soon-to-be-explosive cock. The more they swayed, the harder she bucked, and the tighter her cunt squeezed him, the closer he came to his ecstatic release.

Then Wes's body convulsed, quaking in the wake of the most powerful orgasm he'd ever experienced. As she continued to milk him, riding her climax, Wes felt as if a million tiny pops of electricity wrapped around and ripped through his cock, sending reams of his seed deep into Lena's flawless well.

Their screams were simultaneous.

\* \* \* \*

Every muscle in Lena's body seemed to give out as Wes pumped himself inside of her one last time, flooding her with soothing warmth. If Brock hadn't held her up, her arms would have given out long ago. She and Wes collapsed next to his burlier brother as he continued running his strong hands through her hair, untangling it and wiping the sweat off her forehead. Her throat felt dry and raspy. She could still feel the amazing, pleasure-inducing ceramic plug wedged in her ass.

She still enjoyed the sated feeling it gave her. Then it was gone. Lena looked up and saw Brock holding it in his hand, cleaning it with a moist towel.

"How'd you like this little thing, Lena? Or do I even need to ask?" Brock chuckled.

"Seems to me you enjoyed it quite a bit, huh, sweetheart?" Wes looked at Lena as he spoke. She smiled sheepishly.

"You know, I must admit, I was a bit nervous at first, but yeah, it was fun." Lena giggled. "I never in my life would've done anything," Lena cleared her throat, "back there and certainly not with a *toy*." Lena shifted uncomfortably. She couldn't understand why she still felt so embarrassed. She was a grown woman for goodness sake, doing consensual and *amazingly pleasurable* things.

"So you liked your little present?" Wes leaned over for a kiss as he spoke, but his eyes locked on her, and Lena could tell he waited for a sincere response. Lena nodded and blushed.

"I'd say it fit damn near perfectly." Brock held the ceramic plug up as he polished it clean. Then his gaze went to Lena's ass. "Yep, a perfect fit." He set it aside and then ran another warm, wet towel over her body, gently caressing every inch of her skin.

"And I can't wait to keep stretching out that pretty ass of yours until we can both finally take you at the same time," Wes drawled, nipping her ass cheeks. "You know, there's more where that came from. I've made more plugs out of clay, all sizes and shapes. I think you're gonna love it."

Lena gulped her response. Even though butterflies filled her stomach at the prospect, the idea of being filled by her two men made the nerves worth it.

“I can’t wait.”

## Chapter 12

Lena sat at her desk and rolled her head back and forth, trying to release the tension that built up there as she perused the B&B's finances. The place still wasn't making any money and Lena was at her wit's end trying to figure out what to do to make her business profitable. She ran her fingers through her hair, massaging her scalp as she exhaled a deep, cleansing but stress-filled breath.

Warm hands gripped her from behind and then a tender kiss caressed her cheek.

"Hey, babe, you look stressed." Wes turned her chair around on its wheels and knelt in front of her. He brought her hands to his mouth and pressed her fingertips with kisses. "Why don't we do a little something to help you relax?"

"Oh? What do you have in mind?"

Lena's eyes widened and a smile stretched across her face as Wes pulled out another one of his ceramic creations.

"This is it, babe. It's the last one before you're officially stretched enough to take me and Brock together inside that sweet, little body of yours." Wes's eyes sparkled with desire for her and Lena's ass clenched in anticipation. Wes lifted her out of her chair into his arms and sat back down so he held her in his lap. Lena's body relaxed into his firm chest and nestled into his muscled thighs. She looked up into his face.

"Thank you."

"For what?"

“For being so patient with me and loving me and taking the time to make these toys just for me so I’d be comfortable. You have no idea how much that means to me.”

“Sugar, there’s no need to thank me or Brock. It’s our pleasure, believe me.” Wes laughed softly and Lena smiled.

“I know, but still. I’m the luckiest girl in the world to have you guys to teach me and to have a nice quiet place to,” Lena paused as she tried to determine the best word choice, “practice.” Now it was Lena’s turn to laugh.

“And practice makes perfect.”

“Yes, but seriously.” Lena cleared her throat and straightened her face. “I mean it. You know, I feel bad for people who don’t get to live in Liebling or have this kind of environment to play and explore their pleasures. If it weren’t for you guys, I can’t imagine what I’d be missing out on. And not everyone gets customized toys created to perfectly fit all the holes in their bodies.”

“True. It’s too bad we can’t bring all those people here.”

Lena shot straight up and hopped out of Wes’s lap.

“Oh, my God. That’s it! Wes, you’re a genius.” She bent down and placed her hands on his face and pulled him in for a grateful kiss. Wes looked at her quizzically.

“I know I’m pretty smart and devastatingly attractive, but a genius? Explain.” Lena ignored the smirk on Wes’s face and paced excitedly across the room.

“We can have people come here to Liebling to the B&B. *We’ll* create the space for them and completely re-market the B&B as a...” Lena stopped pacing and quirked her face in thought.

“As a sex B&B?”

“Exactly! And we can have your toys and other toys in every room and we could even sell your toys. Wes, people would love them!”

“You’re right, Lena,” Wes paused for effect, “*I am* a genius.”

“Oh, you!” Lena playfully punched him in the arm as he pulled her back into his body.

“Let’s tell Brock the good news and celebrate.”

Wes smiled at Lena wickedly and by the firm mass pressing against her ass, Lena knew his idea of a celebration had nothing to do with confetti and champagne.

\* \* \* \*

Lena felt every nerve in her body rev in anticipation of the incredible pleasures that were about to happen. She rested on her hands and knees on the bed, proudly displaying her nude body for her two men.

“Ooh, girl. Will you look at that, Brock?” Wes drawled as he leaned onto the bed and dragged his finger down the length of Lena’s body. “Isn’t our woman fantastic?”

“She’s beautiful.”

Brock stood back for a moment as he seemed to drink in Lena’s form. She did feel beautiful and her entire body fluttered as if her men’s gazes actually caressed her wherever they landed, on her breasts, her wet pussy, her round and firm ass with its little puckered hole, her legs and arms and most of all, her face. She could feel it radiating with joy, could feel the unabashed smile that seemed welded there.

Wes pressed his body against Lena’s and cupped her breasts from behind, landing wet kisses and nibbles up and down her neck and shoulders. Lena moaned and her body shuddered at his touches. She wrapped her hands around his and squeezed them around her breasts, touching her beaded nipples through his fingers.

“Brock, when are you going to get your sexy body over here and join us?” Lena cooed as she opened her eyes to look at her other man. He stood at the edge of the bed and filled the ceramic plug that Wes

had just presented to her with warm water. Then he stopped it tightly with a cork and covered it in lube.

“Patience, sweetheart. I’m just getting things ready for your delicious ass. Excuse me, brother.”

Squeezing a trail of lube onto his fingers, Brock pushed Wes aside, and liberally applied the cold, moist substance along Lena’s crack and her puckered hole.

Lena’s breath came out in a hiss as the sensation of Brock’s finger traveled from her ass hole in a lightning bolt to her clit, making it ache and throb in agony.

“Shit, Brock. Stop teasing me and get on with it, please.”

“Aww, is my baby girl begging?” Brock *tsked* her and wagged a finger. “There will be none of that, sugar. You’ll get what’s coming to you when I say so.” Brock dragged the ceramic plug along her crack, slick with lubricant, and gently pressed it between her cheeks, into her waiting body. “How’s that feel, sweetheart?”

“Good,” Lena said in a hoarse whisper.

“What’s that, sweetheart? I couldn’t hear you,” Brock teased.

“I said ‘good’!” Lena cried out.

“That’s better.” With that, Brock plunged the toy deep into Lena’s behind, sending bursts of erotic pressure through her ass hole straight out to Lena’s limbs. Her cunt throbbed with need, and as if Wes could speak pussy and hear its cries of longing, his tongue appeared and his lips wrapped around her clit, engaged in an intimate tête-à-tête.

“Brock, she tastes so good. Shit, she’s practically dripping. Keep doing what you’re doing back there.”

Wes lapped at her pussy, sending Lena into convulsions of arousal as Brock continued manipulating the plug wedged inside her. Brock paused his plug play to slap Lena hard on her ass, jostling the plug and making her clench her ass tightly around it. The multiple sensations rattled her to her core and finally threw her over the edge when Brock reached from behind and plunged his fingers inside her cunt. He pressed into her sweet spot while his younger brother sucked

on her engorged clit until she came. She screamed her release as her body uncontrollably bucked against Wes's face. Brock and Wes both held her by her hips and legs in a futile attempt to steady her.

Lena leaned forward and had a sudden need to fill every orifice in her body. She pushed her body over Wes's, his feet dangling over the edge of the bed, and grabbed his fiercely hard cock, thrusting it into her mouth. Her lips, stretched to capacity, wrapped around the swollen head of his penis and pushed down the length of his shaft. Vibrations rumbled through her body as Wes moaned his pleasure into her cunt. She needed more. She sat harder on Wes's face, rocking against his tongue, and grinding into Brock's fingers, but it wasn't enough. Lena popped the cock out of her mouth.

"I'm ready! Please, fill me. I want you both inside me! Fuck me hard! Do it now!"

Lena instantly felt the plug being pulled from her body as her body flipped over so she was face to face with Wes, his covered in her juices and hers covered in anticipation. She knew she must have looked like a kid in a candy store. Without missing a beat, Wes grabbed her hips and impaled himself into her, sliding right into her slick canal. A moment later Brock hovered at her back, his knees on the bed, as he bent down and prodded her virgin hole with his well-lubricated cock.

"I know you said you're ready, Lena, but you've never had two cocks inside you before, so brace yourself, sugar." Brock slowly inched his way in as Wes slowed his thrusting to accommodate his brother's careful rhythm. "Oh, yes. Wes, she is perfectly tight. Ahh, damn. Those plugs worked perfectly. Stretched her out just right." He plunged his cock all the way in until his balls pressed against her ass cheeks.

Lena let Wes control their tempo. He gripped her tightly around her waist and pulled her in and out, coaching her to match the rhythm of Brock's thrusting.



Their pace still slow, Lena closed her eyes and savored the exquisite sensation of absolute fullness. But she didn't mind at all when both brothers began to speed up, their tempo timed exactly right so that one pushed in as the other pulled out until their movements crescendoed toward Lena's explosive orgasm.

"Yeah, baby, come for us." Brock plunged himself even deeper. Wes took his cue and followed suit.

"Damn, Brock. Our girl feels amazing. She is so wet right now, my dick feels like it might drown inside her," Wes bit out. "I don't know how much longer I can last."

Lena rode wave after wave of her climax as it crashed into her, shaking her body to its core. The sensation of both brothers pounding into her concurrently, of her ass and pussy muscles clenching around each of their thick, pulsing cocks, and of her incredible, uncompromising love for these men shattered every fear she held on to.

She felt free, she felt powerful, and, most importantly, she felt loved. These were her men and she never wanted to let them go.

\* \* \* \*

"I'm ready," Lena rasped out between gasps of air and feral moans of pleasure. The pleasure Brock himself felt at that moment clouded his thinking enough where he didn't understand what exactly Lena was ready for. They were already both deep inside her and she'd already climaxed more times than he could count.

"Ready for what, love? We're not even finished with round one yet, sweetheart." Brock smiled and slowed his movements and waited patiently for her to come down from an orgasm to respond.

"I'm ready to...ready to marry you two," Lena finally managed to say.

Both Brock and Wes stopped thrusting and stared at each other wide-eyed.

“What’s the matter?” Lena asked, catching her breath. “Why’d y’all stop?”

“N–nothing,” Wes stammered. “It’s just that...” Brock could see his brother beaming beneath their beautiful woman, the woman they both loved so intensely it would have been unfathomable if they weren’t experiencing it themselves.

“Lena, you’ve made us the happiest men in the world.” Brock turned her face toward him and kissed her cheek and the corner of her perfect, ambrosial lips over and over while Wes leaned up and also smothered her with love-happy kisses.

“Well, if you’re so happy, why don’t you finish riding your future wife?” Lena had a charmingly foxy grin on her face that Brock found irresistible.

“Sweetheart, your wish is our command.” Brock pulled his cock out and thrust it back into his lady.

Until that moment, he couldn’t keep a smile from stretching his face, but now it twisted in relentless pleasure as her tight passage gripped and massaged his length. He could feel his balls, heavy with need, slapping against her luscious, round ass and he knew it wouldn’t be long until he came. He felt so good and so fulfilled, the swelling of love in his heart rivaled that of his cock, nearly ready to burst.

“Brock, this is so wonderful, it can’t be real. Lena, you’re so wonderful, your pussy’s so wonderful. Everything’s so...” Wes’s eyes closed tightly and he gritted his teeth hard, a sure sign that he didn’t have much longer.

“Wonderful,” Brock finished. He couldn’t agree with his brother more. Brock also shut his eyes, fighting an internal struggle to prolong their lovemaking or give himself over to the ecstasy of release.

Then Lena uttered one phrase that pushed them all over the edge.

“I love you both so much. I want to be with you both always.” As the words left her lips, it touched him in a way that no part of one’s anatomy ever could. Both he and Wes surged into her one last time.

All three of them came simultaneously, their cries of love and lust coalescing in perfect harmony. Brock felt his cock pumping his seed deep into his woman, filling his *future wife*. He wanted to give her everything and now he knew for sure that she would accept it.

## Chapter 13

As Lena came down the stairs from her office and walked into the kitchen, the smell of coffee and Edie's organic buckwheat and blueberry pancakes and the sound of chipper people in the adjacent dining room assailed her senses.

The new business model steadily brought in more and more clients intrigued by the idea of a sex B&B and an environment where they could feel safe and comfortable enough to finally act out on their deepest fantasies without judgment. Only time would tell if it really took off, but so far The Sweet Spot finally headed toward breaking even.

She could now at least help pay for Mara's room in the assisted living center where she could get the psychological treatment she needed. Brock insisted that he handle all the costs, since it was his idea, but Lena wanted to contribute, and he knew better than to force her hand. They chose not to press charges against Mara for her attack. Lena decided it was best to forgive and move on and try to forge a new relationship with the woman, her only blood relative left.

Lena's life had changed so much since she first stepped foot in Liebling, her new home, and one of her favorite additions happened to be sitting in the kitchen waiting for her.

"Hey, sweetheart." Brock started to get up from the island where he enjoyed some of Edie's delicious breakfast concoctions.

"Don't bother getting up on my account. Sit." Lena nudged Brock back into his seat and he pulled her onto his lap, planting a luscious kiss on her lips.

“Girl, are you bossing *me* around, ‘cause if so, I’ll just have to punish you for that.”

“Oh, really?” Lena giggled into his mouth as his tongue pushed its way inside. “I’d like to see you try.”

“I bet you would—”

“*Ahem!* Enough already, jeez,” Edie teased playfully as she flipped a pancake over on the griddle. “I’ve been up to my elbows in baked goods since the sun came up. I think that’s enough sugar for one person.”

“Sorry, Edie,” Brock said before whispering in Lena’s ear, “I think she’s just jealous.”

“I heard that, Brock. You keep at it and that’ll be the last pancake you’ll ever eat!” Edie huffed, barely able to hide her smile.

Brock took another bite of his breakfast and a swig of coffee before he stood up and put on his cowboy hat.

“I best be leaving anyway. I don’t want to be late. We’ve been getting a lot of new patients lately.” Brock flashed a foxy grin. “Mostly out-of-towners who’ve come in with mysterious muscle strains.” He licked his lips, which made Lena’s pussy clench with desire. “Lena, you better keep an eye on those clients of yours. Make sure you tell them to limber up before partaking in any strenuous activities.”

He bent down and pulled Lena’s face to his and gave her one last kiss before he would leave her side for the rest of the day. She would long for him the entire time, but knew that at least Wes would undoubtedly come by for a visit.

After Brock left, Lena turned to Edie. “You know, maybe Brock’s right. We should probably introduce that yoga class you’ve been talking about having, and I’ll put up some signs to encourage our clients to...um...take it easy.”

“Yeah, at least on their first nights here. I mean really. Some of our clients, bless their hearts, are so old they could be my grandparents.”

“But they can be so cute. Did you see the Steinbergers? Married forty-two years and they still look so in love.”

“Yeah, and they told me this morning this is their first time playing with toys, and they had so much fun, they felt like kids again.”

“I guess it just goes to show, it’s never too late.”

“And the local toys are even more popular. Wes is a fucking genius or, rather, a genius at *fucking*.” Edie laughed. “Man, I can’t wait to see what that devilish mind of his concocts for your honeymoon.”

Suddenly, she heard the front door open and slam shut, rattling the little bell on top, and then two sets of heavy footsteps barreling down the hallway.

“Lena, we’ve got to go, babe.” Wes panted as he spoke, though his lips curled up from ear to ear. He looked like he ran all the way here from his studio where he worked, apparently, all night. He held in his hands what looked like two large ceramic marbles.

“What’s the meaning of this? Wes, what is that and, Brock, I thought you were going to work?”

“I ran into Wes on my way out and he convinced me to call in. I spoke to Ruth and told her to postpone all my appointments today.” Lena looked at Brock with a cocked eyebrow. She was surprised at how irresponsible his behavior seemed and it obviously showed on her face. “Don’t worry, sweetheart. I made sure that nothing was urgent first. Everyone will be fine. I promise. Plus, the other doctors had a few vacancies so they can cover some of my patients, too.”

“Okay, fine. And, Wes? That grin on your face tells me you’re up to no good.” Lena eyed the glossy balls in Wes’s hands.

“I made ceramic Ben Wa balls. I stayed up all night polishing them smooth. I planned on saving them for our honeymoon, but I just couldn’t wait to show them to you.” Wes practically hopped up and down with excitement.

His enthusiasm made her pussy tighten and throb. She avoided looking down at his crotch, knowing that if she saw even a hint of a bulge, her pussy would weep all over her panties. Whenever Wes came up with something new, they always had ridiculous sex that made her thighs sore for days. Wes held the balls out and gently placed them in Lena's hands.

Lena looked at Edie, but for what she wasn't sure. Edie's eyes stretched wide as saucers. She reached over and plucked a ball from Lena's hand and turned it up to the light, examining the little ball from every angle. She shook it a little by her ear.

"There's water inside?" Edie looked at Wes and waited.

"Yeah, that's what makes it unique from other Ben Wa balls. And plus, like everything I make, they're customizable. I can make them any size and texture. Edie?" Wes teased, causing her face to flush, but Lena could tell Edie's interest was piqued.

Then Brock ran up to Lena and, before she could react, he swooped her into his arms. "Enough of this chitchat. Wes, you've got more of these, right?" Wes nodded. "Great. Edie, why don't you keep that one. Those pancakes tasted delicious and you deserve a little relaxation."

Edie's mouth dropped open. "Bu-bu-but, I'm really super busy today—"

"Girl, you can wear them around all day. No one will know, just don't sneeze in front of unsuspecting company," Wes said, tossing Edie a lascivious grin over his shoulder as he followed his brother down the hallway toward the front door.

Lena looked over Brock's brawny shoulder and past Wes, trying her hardest to ignore the look of feral lust on his face.

"Edie, have a good time with it. I'll be back soon!" Lena called out before Brock carried her out the door, and she felt the warmth of the Texas summer on her skin.

Brock paused before he set Lena inside his truck and shared a look with his brother. Wes nodded and slyly lifted up Lena's skirt,

slipping the small ball inside her dripping pussy. It seemed to almost suck it in, hungrily. Her eyes rolling into the back of her head, Lena moaned and squirmed around in Brock's arm. Every single minute movement caused an eruption of tantalizing tingles inside her cunt. She knew if she wiggled around more, she'd surely come right there in Brock's arms.

"Well, sugar? How's that feel in your sweet pussy?"

Brock licked his lips with a look on his face that told Lena he was the hungry one. It sent a shiver down her spine to her cunt, pulsing around the ceramic ball that had invaded her body.

"How's it fit, sweetheart?" Wes dipped his head down and kissed her, making her pussy quake with desire. His lips felt cool against hers, but his tongue was fiery hot inside her mouth.

When she finally came up for air, Addie looked into Brock's eyes and then Wes's, these two men who taught her so much about life and love, these two men whom she'd cherish for the rest of her days.

"It's perfect, guys. It's a perfect fit for three."

# THE END

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sydney Holiday was born and raised in Central Texas. As may be evidenced in her writing, she has a great love of food and baking. She has two small lap dogs, a Pomeranian and a Boston *terror*, and is lucky enough to be married to a wonderful man with nearly infinite patience.

The eldest child of restaurateurs, Sydney spent much of her youth making up stories to entertain herself while she folded napkins, polished silverware, and refilled water glasses. As an adult, she's honed her imagination to craft what she hopes are fun and sexy erotic novels. Sydney is working on several novels and collaborates with her bosom buddy and sounding board, Ava Mitchell. She hopes readers enjoy her stories as much as she enjoys writing them.



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