

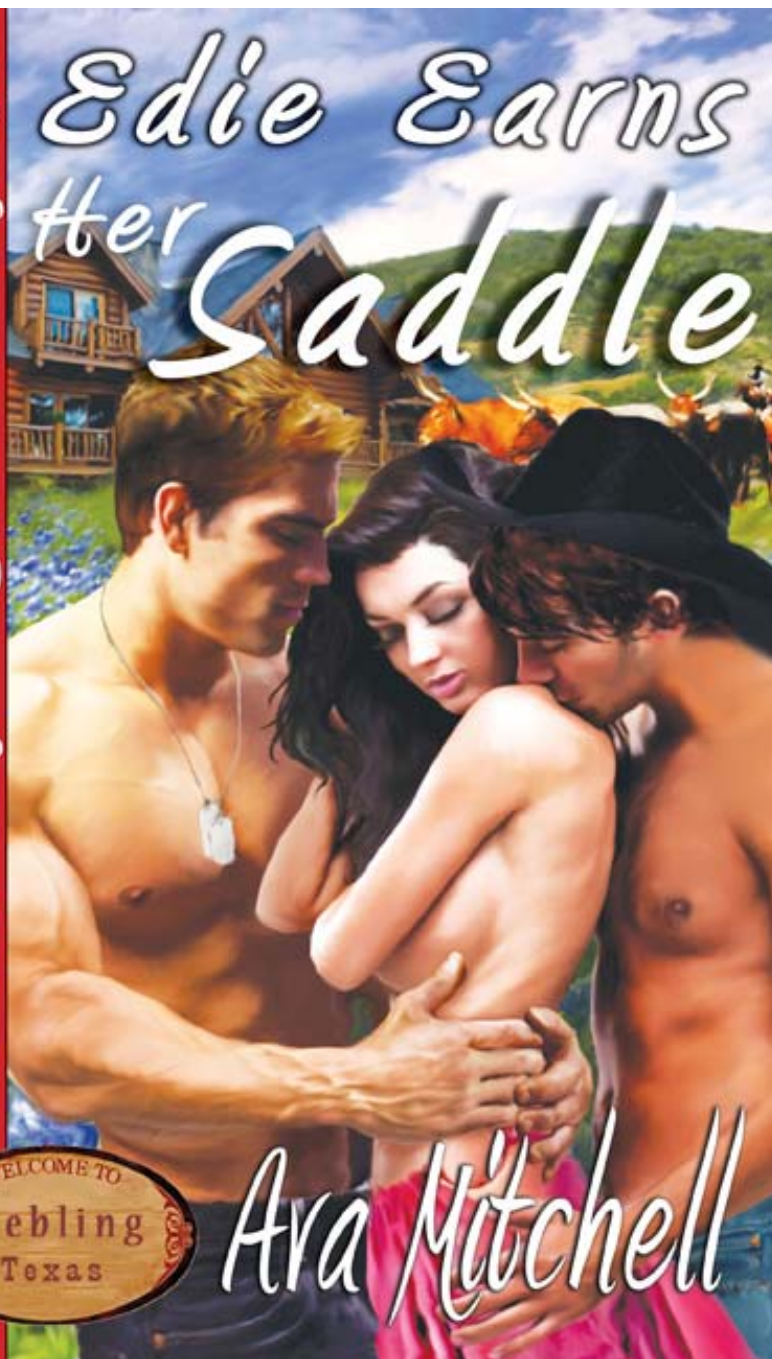
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# Edie Earns Her Saddle



*Ara Mitchell*



# **EDIE EARNS HER SADDLE**

*Liebling, Texas 2*

**Ava Mitchell**

**MENAGE EVERLASTING**



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# EDIE EARNS HER SADDLE

*Liebling, Texas 2*

AVA MITCHELL

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## Chapter One

Edie knew she forgot something.

She looked up from the shrimp and tofu stir-fry on the stove and counted off the ingredients on her fingers. She even looked at the messy counters and tried to figure it out from what remained of the vegetables. Everything seemed to be there.

She dipped her tasting spoon into the sauce and tried it again, touching her tongue to the roof of her mouth a few times. Nope. It still seemed off.

Hmm.

Then the bright light went off over her head.

*Oyster sauce. Damn.*

She wiped her hands on her apron and walked over to the fridge. No oyster sauce.

“Lena,” she called out as she closed the refrigerator door. “Lena, do we have any more oyster sauce?”

Her best friend breezed into the kitchen looking perkier than normal. An eyebrow lifted on Edie’s forehead. “Active night last night?”

Lena inspected her fingernails. “Active? Whatever do you mean?”

“Oh, please. Stop playing hard to get.”

Lena rolled her eyes. “Okay, fine. Let’s just say Wes perfected the design,” she said, her fingers forming air quotes around the last word.

“Really?” Edie drew out the word as she crossed the room. “Sore?”

Lena pulled out a chair and sank into it looking as if she still felt languid. “Oh, yeah. But in a good way.” She shifted around in her chair.

“Oh, I’m so jealous. I wish I was having sex on the astronomical level.” She sighed. “Maybe someday I’ll meet two ridiculously beautiful men who want nothing but me. Maybe. Well?” Edie prompted. She nudged Lena’s arm with her own. “You can’t just leave it there. I’m living vicariously through you, so you have to give me more details.”

“I don’t even know where to start. It just felt so real. The hot water makes it feel like the real thing, except not, you know what I mean?”

“Mmm, no, not really. I haven’t done that kind of kinky yet.”

“You will. And you’ll love it.” Lena’s brows drew together, and she scented the air. “Uh, Edie? Are you cooking something?”

“Oh, no!” She rushed over to the stove and pulled the wok off the burner. “Damn it, my stir-fry is ruined. I was so excited about it, too.”

“Let’s go get some stuff to make more, then, and we can have it for dinner.”

“You know, even though this town may have some of the most well-stocked sex stores in the country, I doubt they have oyster sauce. They’re cultured about sex, not food,” she said loftily with her nose in the air.

Lena scoffed and rolled her eyes. “You are such a pain in the ass.”

“I know, I know. Oh, screw it.” Edie grabbed her purse and looked around for her keys. “I’m going into town to pick up some stuff to make fish tacos for dinner,” she called out over her shoulder.

Edie closed the stained-glass front door behind her and hopped into her Prius. Liebling, Texas, was a small town about an hour away from Austin. The Texas Hill Country made for some beautiful scenery with its wide open sky, rocky hills, and lush greenery, and the town itself was beautiful, too, almost like a snapshot in time. The townspeople made sure to preserve all the original buildings, so whenever Edie drove into town, she felt as if she entered a small German village in the nineteen hundreds with tin roofs, wildflowers in window boxes, and climbing vines on stone walls. She promised herself she would paint some of the local scenery and do a showing of it in a small gallery in Austin someday.

She drove down Main Street and parked her Prius in front of the local, family-owned grocery store and headed straight for the produce section, counting off her shopping list in her mind.

\* \* \* \*

This was not happening. Jason Chisholm shook his head and looked again.

It was still there.

That damn Prius was still there, parked right next to his black FJ40 with its four inch lift and black rims.

“Damn it.”

It sat on the gravel looking all white and perky, like the purest ray of sunshine.

*Jesus.*

All those hippies from Austin were invading. Before he knew it, there would be patchouli-wearing women with hairy arm pits setting up their protest booths so they could save Mother Earth and the damn manatees. Hippies made him itch. They made him—

“Um, is there a problem?” a soft, rich feminine voice asked from behind him.



Jason turned around, and he felt his eyebrows shoot to his hairline. There she was, the invading hippy, and damn, she was pretty with her light brown eyes the color of sand and her brown-black hair pulled up messily with some sort of doodad. Freckles lightly dusted her nose, and she cautiously smiled as she approached him.

"I didn't nick your truck, I swear," she said, eyes wide. She shifted the reusable grocery bag on her hip, and the bracelets around her wrists jangled, the sound like soft bells. The movement made the low neckline on her dress pooch out, and Jason saw a nice amount of cleavage.

He hid his smile. She must be the prettiest girl to come to town in years. "No, you didn't."

The wind shifted and picked up her dress, making the gauzy, floral print skirt dance around her small ankles and revealing her well-shaped feet encased in dainty sandals. Her toenails were painted yellow.

Her smile faltered. "Oh, well," her eyes darted from her car to his and focused on him once more, "why are you staring at my car?"

"Just didn't recognize it," he answered, trying with all his might to stop ogling her like an idiot. He could not take his eyes off her. She was not very tall, five-six tops. Her clothing did not exactly flatter her figure, but when the wind blew the fabric against her body, or when the sun hit the right angle, he could tell she had curves in all the right places. She was not skinny, either. She looked soft and delicious and wickedly feminine.

"Yeah, I just moved here a couple weeks ago, so that's probably why. My best friend and I own The Sweet Spot."

"That's y'all's? I hear you've got the best breakfast in town."

"Really?" Her eyes lit up, and something in his gut clenched. She had the most beautiful smile he'd ever seen. Her face was like an open book. So expressive. "Oh, thank God." Her hand flew to her chest, and he couldn't help but wonder if her breasts were as firm as

they looked. “That’s such a relief. It’s been so hectic trying to get everything going. It’s been really busy. We’re trying to make it ours, you know? Trying to give that special vibe.”

Her words went in one ear and stopped right there. They did not even process. All he could think about was the way her lips moved when she spoke. They really wrapped around the words, and her eyes got all intense, like she really meant what she said. She even got a little furrow between her brows when she concentrated on what she said. He wondered if she would look as intense during sex. Or was she one of those who melted and went all sweet and helpless?

“What about you?” she asked. “What do you do?”

“What?” *Head out of ass, bro.* “Oh, uh, my family owns the ranch outside of town. During the day, I help out there, and at night I run security at Cedar Ridge. My brother manages the place.”

“Oh, I’ve heard about that place. Y’all have all the good concerts outside of Austin. I need to go check it out. It seems like you’re always busy, too.”

She spoke with her hands a lot. Jason thought it was the cutest thing he ever saw.

“Yeah. I enjoy it, though.”

There were a few heartbeats of silence between them. Jason rocked back on his heels, took one last eye-full of her, and said, “I’ve gotta head out. It was nice meeting you—”

“Oh, how rude of me. I didn’t even introduce myself.” She offered him her hand, and he took it. Her fingers felt so small and breakable in his. Jason did not want to squeeze too hard. “I’m Edith—well, Edie—Bishop.” She smiled up at him, her expression so genuine he fought looking away.

“Jason Chisholm,” he said, his voice sounding almost as lust-filled as he felt. He wondered what the rest of her skin felt like if her hand was this soft. He held on until she gently pulled her hand back. “It was nice meeting you, Edie.”

“You, too.” She tucked her chin down a little and pulled a loose strand of hair behind her ear. Jason’s eyes followed every move her fingers made. “I hope I’ll see you around.” She walked around him, and the wind blew her scent to him—floral, like tuberose, with something sweeter under it. He filled his lungs with it as he watched her pull out of her parking spot and drive away.

Edie Bishop smelled like temptation, and he did not need that right now. Hell, he did not need it ever. He was still on active SEAL duty, even though his superiors did not call him out as often as they did before. He had a solid reputation back at Langley as The Closer, and he worked long and hard for it.

Getting involved with someone as carefree and naive as Edie would be disaster. Not only would she be a distraction, but something told him she thought all people were inherently good. He knew better. He witnessed firsthand the ugly, disgusting, hateful things humans were capable of. He had been shot at, wounded, tortured. He did and saw things that would have made any other person sick. But he did his job well. He was one of the best. And he did his job so people like Edie Bishop could sleep safely at night.

\* \* \* \*

“He is the most beautiful specimen of male I have ever seen.”

Lena plopped down on the bed next to Edie and dipped her spoon into the Haagen-Dazs pint they shared. “Details, please,” she said around the ice cream in her mouth.

“Oh, God, I don’t know where to start.”

“Hmm. How tall is he?”

Edie leaned her head to the side and thought about it for a moment. “He’s tall,” she finally said, “really tall. Like the Hulk tall. He’s probably around six-three or four, so almost a foot taller than me, and he’s huge.”

“What kind of huge? I mean, is he bulky huge or something?”

Eddie pictured Jason Chisholm in her mind. She had to draw him. Had to get the image on paper before it disappeared. She hopped off her bed and went to her art desk.

*Charcoals. Where are my charcoals?*

“Eddie?”

“Just a minute. I got a visual.”

“Oh. Gotcha. Okay, I’ll stay quiet for a bit. With the ice cream, of course.”

“Mmmhmm,” Eddie replied. She already started sketching Jason Chisholm’s face, the charcoals emphasizing the hard planes and grooves of his handsome face. He was not classically handsome. He was too hard for that. What made him so beautiful was the masculine, almost animalistic vibe he gave off in his stance, in the cold look in his eyes, in his gait. He moved with controlled grace, each sinuous movement precise and executed with perfect masculine finesse.

Eddie finished the outline of his face. She focused on remembering his eyes and their intensity. The color of them—a cold, glacier bluish-white—only added to their hardness. His eyes were cold and calculating, almost jaded. Eddie suspected nothing ever got past his notice. He was a man who saw everything and forgot nothing. She wondered if he was the type of man who remembered what kind of panties all of his previous lovers wore.

Her thoughts of him made her shiver. What would it feel like to have a man like him love her, for his intense eyes to focus on nothing else but her? He could completely unravel her. She knew it.

She shook her head and forced herself to concentrate on drawing Jason Chisholm and not fantasizing about his amorous skills.

She drew his broad shoulders next.

Eddie knew they were heavily muscled. She saw it under his plain white T-shirt. His chest and stomach were as solidly built and

muscular, and his upper body tapered off at his waist to form the masculine “V” she admired so much.

Being an artist, Edie always recognized form, shape, color, and texture. And, damn, did his form take her breath away. His legs were long and thick. His hair short, spiky, and reddish-brown. It only intensified the ice-like color of his eyes.

Edie felt Lena leaning over her shoulder. “Wow,” Lena breathed.

“That’s what I thought. He’s gorgeous, isn’t he?”

“He’s intense.”

“Oh, yeah. I just can’t help but think what he’d be like in bed, you know? If he’s so intense just standing there looking at his truck, what’s he like when he loses control?”

Lena took the sketch pad from Edie’s lap and examined it. She shook her head when she gave it back. “Edie, I don’t know if a man like him ever loses control.”

## Chapter Two

Edie and Lena stood in line outside Cedar Ridge. Apparently, the small Texas Country band playing tonight had a large following. Edie could hear the opening band playing, and she had to admit they sounded pretty good. She usually was not one to listen to Texas Country, but who knew? Maybe this band would change her mind.

“They’re pretty good, don’t you think?”

Lena nodded her head. “I’m excited.”

“Me, too. But I don’t know how to two-step, though.”

Lena waved Edie’s concern away. “Someone’ll teach you. I mean, come on. Look at you.”

Edie glanced down at herself and thought she looked decently good. She wore her favorite pair of going-out jeans, which made her backside look quite nice, if she did say so herself. She made her top herself. It was white, with a plunging neckline and thin straps that tied in the back. She put in a small knit design in the deep V of the top so she did not feel self-conscious about showing too much cleavage. She wanted to look sexy, not slutty.

She looked up from inspecting her outfit and looked at the people in front of them. Three more and she and Edie would be at the door.

That’s when she saw Jason walking around the side of the building and toward the front of the line. He stopped next to the bouncer, who was almost as big and buff as Jason, and said something only the other man could hear. They shared a smirk, then Jason spread his feet apart and crossed his arms over his chest, all business.

Edie's mouth went dry, and she found it a little difficult to breathe. He looked better than she remembered in his black T-shirt, jeans, and black combat boots. The muscles in his arms bulged out, and the shirt barely looked as if it could contain the massive chest beneath it. And with that little smile on his face, he was lethally sexy.

Be still her fluttering pussy, she could not remember ever being so turned on in her life, and that was just from looking at him.

"Lena." She turned around and whispered into her friend's ear. "That's him!"

"Who?"

Edie tilted her head toward Jason and watched as Lena's eyes landed on him, then widened a fraction. "He's looking over here," Lena said out of the side of her mouth.

"Oh, please. Stop lying."

"I'm not!"

"Whatever. Stop getting my hopes up."

"I know what I saw. Now stop holding up the line."

Edie turned around and came up short, almost running into the bouncer. She let him glance over her ID while she avoided making eye contact with Jason. She did not know how to play it cool, and judging from the way her heart raced, she had a feeling Lena told the truth earlier, and he really was looking at her.

Why hadn't she ever learned to be a sexy, seductive girl?

The bouncer handed her ID back and winked at her. She took a step forward toward the door when Jason stepped in front of her, his big body blocking the whole doorway.

"Hi, Edie."

His deep baritone caressed her skin like dark velvet, and desire pooled between her legs. She met his eyes and forced herself not to gawk at him. His ice-blue eyes stood out against his tan skin, and the corner of his mouth lifted in what she assumed was a smile. His lips were not very full, but they were perfectly shaped, and she wanted to

feel them against hers. What kind of kisser would he be? Would he be the kind to linger, absorbing every detail and nuance of his lover's reactions? Or would he push her against the wall and show her who was boss?

"Hey, Jason." Her voice sounded breathy in her ears. "Uh, are, um, the crowds usually this big?"

Well, there went her dreams of being a seductress.

His gaze sharpened, as if he picked up on her nervousness, but the look quickly evaporated, making her wonder if she really saw what she thought she did.

He shrugged a massive shoulder. "Actually, this is an average size for a Thursday night, but we'll see. It's lookin' like it might get busier. Friday and Saturday are usually bigger."

"Huh. Good to know. We know to come early now, don't we, Lena?" Edie looked over her shoulder at her best friend and prayed her expression conveyed her desperate need for backup.

God bless her, Lena came up beside Edie and smiled at Jason. Edie took a breath and let Lena's calmness seep into her. "Lena, this is Jason Chisholm. We met the other day when I went to get the stuff for dinner. He and his brother own this place."

Edie watched as Jason extended his hand and took Lena's into his. She could not help but notice the way his muscles bulged when his arm moved.

"It's nice meeting you, Lena. I hope the two of you ladies have a great time. Let me know if you need anything." His eyes met Edie's once more, and she felt the heat in his gaze before she realized what it was. Then he turned away from her and took an ID from the girl behind her, who stuck her hip out and smiled at Jason while she made suggestive small talk.

Edie's elation at having spoken to Jason again so soon sank like a deflating balloon. Yeah, as if a guy like Jason would ever notice she existed.



\* \* \* \*

*Hi, Edie? Was that all he could manage?*

He was losing his touch.

*Hi, Edie?*

A girl with big tits hanging out of her red tank top tried to talk to him, but he tuned her warbling out, shaking and nodding his head when her vocal cues called for it. He handed her ID back to her after not even looking at it in the first place and watched out of the corner of his eye as Edie and her friend walked through the doors and toward the bar. Correction, he watched the rock and sway of Edie's ass as they made their way to the bar.

Lena was pretty damn cute with her reddish hair and little body, but Edie floored him. Flat out made his jaw drop. He wanted to follow her around all night and dance with her, pull her close and learn her scent—

*Whoa. Step back. Calm down.*

Jason signaled for Kyle, his best bouncer, to take over with the ID checks. He went inside, straight up the stairs to the second floor of the bar area, and toward the staff only section. He could get the perfect view of the bar and dance floor from up here.

He also got the perfect view of Edie and her friend trying to make their way through the crowd. He fought the urge to go down there and help them out. They both looked so small compared to all the men blocking their way. The music was loud. He felt it echoing in his chest and knew it must be worse where the girls stood, judging from the way they spoke into each other's ears. He wondered what it would be like to be so close to her, to be able to bury his nose where the hair at the nape of her neck met her skin.

*Damn, Edie was so pretty.*

Jason knew he made her nervous, which made him wonder how much experience she had with men. The types of women he involved himself with over the years knew how to play the game. They knew when to flick their hair over their shoulders, knew how to flirt with him, knew how to tease out his interest.

But Edie? She was different. She did not have a calculating bone in her body, and her face said everything she felt. She did not seem to realize just how beautiful she was or how many heads turned whenever she walked by. She possessed an innate sensuality, a certain feminine grace that clung to her like a second skin. Was it the way her hips swayed when she walked? Or the gentle jiggling of her breasts? Because he was sure every guy here knew she did not wear a bra under the scrap of material she called clothing.

When he saw the top exposed her whole upper back, Jason resisted the urge to pull his own shirt off and throw it over her. The way other men looked at her when she stood there minding her own business made him want to pummel them.

He did not even want to think about how good that low-cut neckline looked.

What the hell was up with him? He barely even knew this girl and he did not like other men looking at her. He needed to get his head checked.

Jason watched as Edie and Lena grabbed their drinks from the bartender and sat at a table close to the dance floor. Almost immediately, young cowboys offered their hands, asking them to dance. They smiled, giggled, and politely refused, much to Jason's satisfaction.

*That's right, assholes, take a number.*

He felt, rather than heard, his brother approach before Seth clapped his back with a heavy hand.

"How's everything tonight?" Seth asked above the music.

Jason shrugged his shoulders. "It's all good for now. I'm just waiting till after midnight for things to start picking up."

"Yeah. I hear ya."

Jason's eyes landed on Edie one more time before he looked at his brother. "It is getting crowded pretty early, though. I didn't expect such a big crowd. You might have to help bounce tonight."

"I can do that."

"Right. And say no to all the cute girls?"

Seth put his hand over his heart like he had been shot. "I can sacrifice one night for the well-being of this fine establishment. But there are some pretty cute ones. I don't know, man, I might have to do some double duty."

"Smart ass. Check back around eleven."

"Sounds good."

Seth took a step toward the stairs but stopped. An odd look appeared on his face. "Everything cool, Jace?"

"Yeah, why?"

"You keep looking at the same spot downstairs. Is there some trouble brewing or something?"

"No. I'm just keeping a close watch is all." Jason's voice sounded normal in his ears, but he knew his brother was on to him. Christ, how could he be so obvious?

"A close watch, huh?" Seth studied him for a moment before saying, "Is she cute?"

Damn. Caught red-handed.

"Holy shit! You're checking somebody out while you're on the clock. This has never happened before. She must be something." Seth backtracked and stood next to Jason. "So? Which one is she? Who's the girl who has you, the king of I-don't-give-a-shit, distracted?"

"Seth, lay off."

"No. Who is she?"

Jason looked at the expression on his brother's face and knew that he would not give up until he knew who Jason stared at. Clenching his teeth together, he told Seth where Edie and Lena sat.

"Holy hot damn, she's cute."

Jason watched Seth stare at Edie for a few more minutes and saw the transfixed look that crossed his face. "Jace, she's gorgeous. Like beach goddess gorgeous."

"I noticed," he said dryly, though Seth's staring gave him a reason to stare, too. Lena must have said something funny because he watched as Edie threw her head back and laughed.

Something inside him tightened when he saw her interacting with her friend. They were obviously close, and the unadulterated happiness on Edie's face pulled at him. He wanted to put that look on her face. He wanted to make her laugh and smile. And he wanted to watch her expressions as he took her slow, fast, however she wanted it.

Jason shifted when he felt his dick swell with desire.

"She's really something, Jace." That transfixed look still lingered in his brother's eyes.

"She is."

Seth grinned at him. "I gotta meet her."

\* \* \* \*

Seth pressed through the crowd toward the woman he and Jason drooled over for the past ten minutes.

He just had to meet her.

It did not matter that he thought she was the most beautiful woman he ever laid eyes on, that she had such a gorgeous smile, or that he loved the way her lush body moved. He never saw his brother lose focus for anything, let alone a woman. So for her to distract his brother when he was on duty, she had to be something special.

When he finally reached their table, he turned on his charm and walked up to them like they were any other patrons to his and Jason's bar, even though he was nervous as hell. He'd never been this nervous before he spoke to a woman in...

He stopped and thought about it. Huh. Well, never, really. Christ. A woman made him nervous. Who would have ever thought? He, Seth Chisholm, lover of women of all shapes and sizes, was rendered nervous by a beautiful woman. He almost laughed.

He laid his hand on the back of her chair and the other on the table in front of her, then leaned in, still giving her enough room to breathe.

"Hey there."

Her sand-brown eyes widened, and she blinked a few times before she gave him a "H-hi."

Damn, she smelled good.

"I hear you're new in town."

"Yeah, my friend and I own the bed and breakfast right on the edge of town." She gestured across the table. "This is Lena, by the way."

"I've heard great stuff about your place." He turned to her extremely pretty friend and offered her his hand. She had a nice handshake. "Hi, Lena. I'm Seth Chisholm."

"Oh, you're Jason's brother," Lena said before she leaned a bit to the side, sending a meaningful look across the table.

Seth turned to look at the woman who managed to enchant his brother. A wave of heat and energy zinged up his arm. Seth looked down at the source. She must have noticed her hand on his arm because her eyes flew open and she yanked it back. Seth took it before it got out of his reach.

"And what's your name?"

He shifted his stance because his cock hardened when he swept his gaze over her from face to chest. She had the most luminous skin he ever saw, and the graceful lines of her face made him want to reach

out and trace them with his fingertips. He didn't even want to think about how gorgeous her breasts looked.

"Oh, um, Edie." The cutest blush adorned her cheeks, and she lowered her lashes. "Edie Bishop."

"Well, Edie," he said, bringing her knuckles to his lips, "it's very nice to meet you." Her hand felt so small in his. "I was wondering if you would like to dance."

"I—um—well, you see, I don't know how to two-step."

Seth looked at her neck and saw the pulse under her jaw racing. God, she was responsive, and the only thing he touched was her hand. He stopped himself from wondering how she would respond to him without any clothes on. Barely.

"No worries, Edie. Just follow my lead."

He took her other hand in his and gently pulled her out of her seat and toward the dance floor. She trailed close behind him, and when he turned around to take her into his arms, he saw her gaze lingered where his ass would have been. Seth fought to keep from feeling smug.

She was checking him out. He felt a big smile cross his face. She could look at his ass any time she wanted.

Edie blushed when she met his eyes but gave no protest when he gathered her in his arms and started leading her around the packed dance floor.

"So all you do is take two steps back, kinda like you're walking backwards. Then you shuffle with your right foot, then you take the two steps again."

He held her close for the first few steps, his arms holding her up when she tripped over his feet. She kept apologizing for stepping on his cowboy boots, but honestly, he couldn't have cared. He had a beautiful woman in his arms who kept giving him the most amazing, carefree smile.

Seth kept himself from stealing glances at her chest. For once in his life, he would play the gentleman because she deserved no less. There was something about the way she carried herself, though she obviously felt shy, that told him she respected herself and demanded the same respect from others. She had a confident yet vulnerable air about her, and judging from her wide-eyed look, Seth surmised she was not the worldly type.

Actually, he knew she was not the worldly type. One of the first things he noticed about Edie when he and Jason watched her was that she did not scope the bar out for guys to buy her free drinks. Seth could not count the number of times he saw women flirt their way to a whole night full of free alcohol, then as a way to say thank you, would take the guy home and screw him. Edie was not like that.

He decided to test his theory out by brushing his fingertips over the part of her back exposed by her top. He bit back a groan. Her skin felt soft and smooth under his hands.

Edie jerked a bit. "I'm a little ticklish. Well, a lot ticklish, actually."

So she was responsive everywhere. Perfect.

"Are you? I've never met anyone with ticklish skin before."

"It's not that my skin is ticklish. It's just that really soft touches feel like it. You know what I mean?"

"Personally, no. But I've known a few people who are sensitive to touch."

"Oh." Her light brown eyes widened just a fraction, and Seth suspected she put two and two together and realized he spoke about women. "So how long have you owned the place?"

The corners of his lips quirked. Definitely not the queen of subtlety. "About two, maybe three, years now." He guided her around a slow couple, and she did not lose her footing, so he decided to spin her around so he could get a good look at her body.

What he saw made his gut clench. She was curvy but still managed to be thin. Any extra weight just gave her a softer, more feminine look. She made his cock hard in his jeans. He caught a glimpse of her bare upper back, and he resisted the temptation to run his fingers over the skin there again. No bra. Her full breasts filled out her top nicely, and the indentation at her waist would make the perfect place for his hands to rest when he bent her over and fucked her deep and hard.

Shit. He needed to get that image out of his head before he popped out of his pants.

\* \* \* \*

Edie reminded herself to breathe when Seth pulled her back toward him. She did not know it was possible to be so turned on and so overwhelmed at the same time. Goodness, the Chisholm brothers were the sexiest, most sensually masculine men she ever met. Jason made her tummy flutter with his cold brooding, and Seth, armed to the teeth with his smile and rakish charm, made her head spin.

If her intuition was right, and it usually was, Seth Chisholm stole some glances that were far from secret. She could not believe he was checking her out. The thought of it made her pussy clench. She didn't even want to think about what looking at him did to her female parts.

Seth looked like his brother, and Edie had already entertained quite a few fantasies about Jason since she met him. The Chisholms must be a beautiful bunch because both brothers were gorgeous. Seth had the same dark brown hair with a little red in it that his brother had, but it was longer, curling above the collar of his button down shirt. His eyes were full of mischief. They held a certain playful glint to them and were a deeper, more mysterious blue. Like indigo. His face was just as handsome as Jason's, though less angular, and his jaw a little less squared. It made him look more approachable and easy-



going. His lips were fuller than Jason's, and Seth's rakish smile could charm the panties off any woman from fifty yards away, including the ridiculously pretty redhead shooting her the evil eye from a table near the dance floor. Oh, and the voluptuous blonde dancing with a handsome cowboy kept staring at her, and not in a friendly way. Well, there went making friends with the local girls, judging from the looks they sent her way.

Seth must really get around, she thought to herself.

Then reality slapped her in the face like her younger sister when they fought over who got the last oatmeal cranberry cookie last Christmas. He was probably just being nice to her because she was the new girl in town. He did not ask Lena to dance because everyone knew about her engagement to the Stone brothers.

Edie wanted to smack herself. With women who looked like that redhead flocking to Seth in droves, why would he want some girl who ran a B&B and had very little experience with men? And by very little, she meant she'd only been with one very little man. Well, he wasn't little, but his Mr. Happy certainly had been.

Her leg accidentally brushed between Seth's legs, and for a brief second, she thought the hardness there was something in his pocket. But when his arms folded around her and pulled her a little closer to his big, warm body, Edie's heart dropped straight into her shoes.

*He's huge!*

Edie tried to quell the shock and arousal pounding through her body, but her head spun so fast and her heart beat so quickly she couldn't. Was that hard-on for her? And why did she want Seth to unzip his pants and show her what he could do with it? The thought made her clit pulse.

He must have felt her because he pulled a fraction away and looked down at her, his indigo eyes darkening with a heat even she recognized. Edie gulped down some air and tried to look away from the intense look on his face, but he held her captive.

Edie could not breathe, and her mind went blank. Seth's full lips hovered over hers for a brief second, almost as if asking permission, and she angled her face toward his. But someone ran into her, almost knocking her sideways if not for Seth's arms tightening around her.

"Sorry," she said after she straightened in his embrace. "That guy—" She watched as his eyes flicked back to her mouth. All of a sudden, the intensity of his gaze intimidated her. "E—excuse me," she stammered, and, like the chicken she was, she fled.

First, she could not conjure up enough confidence to talk to Jason when he tried to talk to her earlier, and now she just ran out on his brother. She needed to take some lessons in sophistication and flirting. She bet all those ridiculously pretty girls who gave her the evil eye when she danced with Seth did not run out on him when he tried to kiss them.

She needed to find the bathroom. Fast. Then she would call Lena and get some best friend pow-wow time so she would be able to walk out the door tomorrow morning. As it was, Edie wanted to lock herself in a stall and not come out until she knew Seth wasn't there any—

She ran smack into a big, broad chest so hard it sent her reeling backward. Her arms flailed out, trying to grab hold of anything that would keep her upright, but two strong hands clamped on to her arms and held her steady in their gentle grip.

"I've got you, Edie."

Oh, no. She knew that voice. Damn it. Could she not catch a break?

She looked up from where her fingers clutched at a black shirt and met Jason's ice-like eyes. Only this time, they carried a hint of warmth, and a wry smile graced his lips.

"You okay?"

Jason's face completely changed when he smiled. And this was only a half-smile. Edie wondered how much damage a full one would

do to her heart. Right now it fluttered in her chest. Or skipped a beat. She could not decide which with him looking at her like that.

She nodded her head. "Yeah. I'm sorry. I wasn't watching where I was going and—"

"Don't worry about it. I'm just glad you didn't fall or anything."

Edie realized his thumbs drew circles on her skin. She fought the urge to close her eyes and relish in the sensation.

"Thanks for, um—" *Edie, take your hands off his chest.* "For catching me."

His body heat seeped into her skin and, belatedly, she realized her panties were wet with her arousal.

"Anytime."

Edie knew that was the standard response that replaced "you're welcome" in this town, but the way he said it, his voice low and a little gravelly, made her cheeks warm. She was about to say something when she heard shouting behind her. Edie swiveled her head around and felt Jason's body tense.

"What's wrong?"

He released his soft grip on her arms and stepped away from her, and she missed him being so close.

"Fight broke out. I gotta go."

She was about to tell him to be careful, but when he stepped around her, she looked at his solid frame packed with tight, hard muscle and came to the conclusion that she should save her warnings for the people he was about to deal with.

He turned around to look at her, and she saw the cold look returned.

"Go to the ladies' room and don't come out for five minutes," he told her, his voice hard.

"What?"

"Just in case it spreads, I want you out of the way. Promise me you'll stay there for five minutes before you come out."

“Jason—”

“Promise me, Edie. I won’t be able to do my job right if I’m worrying about you.” His voice still had its hard edge, but his eyes softened a fraction.

Her heart squeezed in her chest.

“All right. I promise.”

He flashed her a quick smile before he leaned in and brushed a soft kiss on her cheek. He lingered for a moment, and Edie inhaled his masculine scent, memorizing it before he pulled away.

“Five minutes.” He looked pointedly in her eyes.

“Yes. Five minutes.”

“Good.”

With that, he turned away from her and walked toward the ruckus, his strides purposeful yet relaxed.

His ass looked great in those pants.

## Chapter Three

Edie walked through downtown Liebling, her big hobo bag slung around her shoulder and over her chest. The mission she set for herself today was to refresh their pantry's dwindling breakfast food supplies and to find a few pounds of good coffee. Maybe some Guatemala or even some Sumatra to go with the scones she and Lena planned on making tomorrow morning.

Edie browsed for a few minutes before picking up a bag of dark roast and smelling it. She preferred medium roast, but a girl had to make her guests happy, right? Grabbing three bags of it, she turned around and bumped into someone.

"Oh, my goodness. I am so sorry." She reached out for the shelving to catch her balance and knocked a few packages of tea and coffee over. Each dull thud on the floor heightened her embarrassment, so she concentrated on finding her footing and straightening her clothes before she gained the courage to face the person she ran into. "I'm so sorry. Obviously, I wasn't watching where I was going." She straightened the remaining items on the shelf and turned to the stranger she almost knocked over.

"No, it's perfectly fine."

The stranger swiped her hands over her expensive looking—and tight fitting—white dress and smoothed out some invisible wrinkles. If Edie hadn't been so impressed by how well the other woman fit into the dress, she would have been offended by the other woman's obvious attempts at brushing her off.

The other woman stood half a head taller than she, and her slim frame made Edie glance down at her own generous curves in disappointment.

“I didn’t get you dirty or anything, did I?”

“Oh, no. Everything is all right. No harm done. I was actually reaching for the bag next to the ones you picked up. It’s my fault. I’m Cassandra Barrett.”

Cassandra’s offered hand was perfectly manicured in a dark shade of purple, and her skin felt soft against Edie’s palm. Edie always thought her own hands to be a little rough because, as an artist, she constantly worked with her hands. Cassandra’s shoulder-length hair came down in rich, strawberry blonde waves. Her eyebrows were perfectly groomed, her teeth dazzling white, and her makeup looked freshly applied even in the Texas summer heat.

*I wish I could look so sophisticated all the time.*

“I’m Edie Bishop. It’s so nice to meet you. Are you new in town? Because I’m pretty new here, but I feel like I’ve met almost everyone here.”

“I just arrived last night, actually. I’m renting one of the houses outside of town. I plan on being here for the next few weeks.”

“Really? Are you looking for a new place to live?”

“Oh, no. Just some personal things I need to take care of. I know a couple of the families here, and I just want to catch up on some things. I was actually hoping to find a place that serves some iced coffee or something, but I haven’t been able to find one.”

“Well, I can help you there. I was just about to head back to my B&B. You’re more than welcome to come along and have a latté or something. It’s the least I can do after almost knocking you over in the middle of the grocery store.”

They chatted on the way back to the B&B. Edie found out Cassandra spent the first ten years of her life in London, which explained her way of phrasing some of her words and her very

polished, European way of dressing. Edie did not know how Cassandra managed not to sweat in the summer heat.

When they walked up to the little red gate in front of The Sweet Spot, Cassandra stopped short.

“Oh, this is adorable, Edie. So unbelievably charming.”

Edie could not help but agree. The B&B sat at the top of a rolling hill, and trees and wildflowers surrounded the property. The house itself was quaint and sweet, and the wrap-around porches on the ground level and second floor gave it a country feeling.

“Thanks. My business partner and I think so, too.”

They climbed the steps leading up toward the house. “You have a business partner?”

“Yeah. She’s my best friend, too.” Edie opened the front door with its stained-glass paneling. “Her name’s Lena. The kitchen’s this way.” She led the way and talked over her shoulder as she went. “She just got engaged to the two most wonderful guys. They’re just perfect. One’s a doctor, and the other is an artist. Really good with his hands, if you know what I mean.”

Cassandra smirked along with Edie. “Yes, I do.”

Edie pulled out a stool and offered for Cassandra to sit at the kitchen island bar while she prepared their iced coffees.

“So, Cassandra, are you here for someone from your past? Is that why you’re back?”

Cassandra propped her elbows on the counter and rested her chin in the palm of her hand. “Yes, that is why I came back. I swore I never would after things didn’t work out, but what can I say?” She shrugged an elegant shoulder. “I have a weakness for untamable men.”

Edie took two tall glasses out and reached into the refrigerator for her iced coffee mix. “How exciting. I’m jealous. I haven’t been able to find anyone special.”

“You must be joking. There are so many attractive men in this town.”

Eddie blew a strand of hair out of her eyes. “Yeah, I hear ya. Who knew there could be such a high concentration of hotness in such a small town? Don’t get me wrong, I’ve met a few very handsome men, but nothing’s come of it so far.” She poured the brew into their cups and pulled out some milk and sugar. “Would you like any?”

Cassandra shook her head. “No, no. I drink my coffee black. I can’t stand anything too sweet.”

Something about the way Cassandra said the last few words made Eddie glance over her shoulder to look at her, but when Cassandra simply smiled in return, Eddie shrugged the odd feeling off. Perhaps she was just over-analyzing it, but there was some sort of intensity in Cassandra’s words, something Eddie just could not put her finger on.

Eddie set a glass in front of her and put milk and sugar into her own. Then she grabbed a bowl of fruit and set it between them. “So who are these guys you’re looking for?”

Cassandra took a sip from her glass. “This is quite good. Very good.” She set the glass down. “I don’t even know if they’re here anymore. It’s been a few years. I didn’t want to call just in case they weren’t here or if they didn’t want to see me. So here I am.”

“I think that’s romantic. And it must have been quite something for you to come back after all this time.”

“Oh, believe me, it was. They showed me things about myself I didn’t even know. I start flushing just thinking about it.” Cassandra fanned her hand next to her face. “Goodness, I don’t even know why I’m telling you all of this. I hope you don’t think badly of me.”

“No! Not at all. Since I live vicariously through Lena, I’m used to hearing all the gory details.”

“Good. If there’s one thing I remember from my short stint in this town, it’s that women are in short supply. It was hard to find someone to talk to.”



“Well, all of your secrets are safe with me.”

“In that case, then, let me tell you about this one time they took me to the coast for a weekend.”

They talked and gossiped over another serving of iced coffee. Apparently, the men Cassandra came to see were explosive in bed, in a car, on boats, anywhere a flat surface—horizontal or vertical—could be found. Edie promised herself she would find that sort of passion if it killed her. After hearing Lena talking about it, and now Cassandra, Edie felt like she was missing out on something.

“I hope that I’ll find a couple of guys like yours here. Whew! I didn’t think some of that was possible.”

“Believe me, I didn’t, either.” Cassandra pushed away from the counter. “I have to be going now, otherwise I’d ask for another helping of these cookies.”

“I’m glad you liked them.”

“They’re delicious. I might have to stop by in a couple of days to have more.”

“Of course. We’ve always got good sweets on hand. The guests go crazy if we don’t.”

“I can imagine. I’ll see you.”

Edie just finished washing the glasses and brewing up more coffee when she heard heavy footsteps echoing down the hall. Was that one of the guests who recently checked out?

“Is that you, Mr. Carmichael?” She did find a pair of expensive looking shoes in the room he and his wife stayed in. She reached up and set a mug in its place in the cabinet and turned around. The man, or men, she saw were most definitely not Mr. Carmichael. “Jason. Seth. Hi. I, um, would you like something to eat?”

Why, why, why did she have to say that? Would you like something to eat? Cassandra would have said something more sophisticated and charming. Edie thought she sounded like her grandmother.

Jason's gaze raked over her. "Are we talking food?"

She swallowed down the lump in her throat. "I have, um..." She spun around and gave them her back.

*Breathe. Just breathe.*

Her gaze landed on all of the goodies she put on display every morning, but her eyes did not really see anything. She closed her eyes and rattled off the first food items that came to mind. Never mind the fact they just happened to be some of her favorite things to eat.

"I have some snickerdoodles and buttermilk pie, and I have the ingredients to make scones, if you like." A big, warm body came up behind hers, and she tensed. "I also have coffee and tea."

"We just stopped by to say hello. No need to feed us everything in your pantry." The voice belonged to Seth. He took her shoulders in his hands and turned her around. For some strange reason, she realized his palm was bigger than her entire shoulder.

His body dwarfed hers. She never thought of herself as particularly small, but with him crowding her against the counter with his big chest and his thick arms boxing her in, she felt breakable.

Mere inches separated her face from Seth's, and she could smell his sunshine, clean cotton, and man musk scent. She tried to keep her nostrils from flaring when she breathed him in deep.

She said the first thing that came to her mind. "So you're not hungry?"

His lips curled into a slow, sensual smile, and it made his features look so boyishly handsome. "No, we're good. But it's nice you keep askin'."

"Oh," she breathed.

He leaned in, and her breath caught in her throat.

"Yeah." His lips brushed against her cheek, and she couldn't help but be mesmerized by the way his arms bunched when he put more of his weight on them. He lingered next to her, their cheeks touching,

then suddenly he stepped back. He leaned against the island countertop and crossed his arms over his chest.

“What are you up to next weekend?”

She tried playing hard to get. “We have some guests coming in that week, so Lena and I will be busy trying to get things ready for them.”

Jason walked up to them and leaned against the counter next to Seth. “And it’s going to take all weekend.” He did not phrase it like a question. He said it like he saw right through her.

“N–no. Not all weekend.”

“So you do have time, then.”

“Well, it depends.” Ha. Take that.

“Depends on what?” Seth’s lips quirked around the edges, and his eyes twinkled with amusement.

“On whether or not everything gets done before Friday evening. And then the guy is coming over on Saturday—”

“What guy?” Jason’s gaze lasered in on her.

*Wow. He’s intense.*

“The landscaper guy. He comes out every other week to cut the grass and make sure the tree branches don’t get too heavy. All the heavy work, really.”

“Why are you paying some guy to do it? We can help you with that.” Seth looked at her as if he was offended she hadn’t thought of asking them.

“No, no. It’s fine. I bet y’all are already busy with Cedar Ridge and everything.”

“Sure, but are you sure this guy is legit? We can check him out for you,” Jason offered.

“It’s fine, really. He’s been coming since we first opened, and I haven’t been hacked into pieces. I’m sure he’s a nice guy.”

“Not everybody is nice, you know.” Jason’s voice went hard all of a sudden.

"I know. Thank you for offering, though. I appreciate it. And I'll keep y'all in mind if I ever need any help.

"Good." Seth grinned at her. "So you're free once the lawn guy is done, then."

What was it about the Chisholm men that made them phrase everything as a statement rather than a question?

"Yes," Edie replied. "Why?"

"Because you're coming out with us to do some shooting." Jason sounded very sure of himself.

Edie crossed her arms under her breasts and did not miss the fact that their eyes shot to her cleavage. She tried to fight the urge to cover herself up. The way they looked at her made her feel naked. "I'm going, am I?"

"Oh, yeah, cupcake."

"Cupcake?"

Jason shrugged a meaty shoulder. "Yeah. It suits you."

"I like it," Seth said. "They're cute and little and sweet. Like you."

Edie did not know what to say. She did not want them to think she was cute. She wanted them to think of her like she did of them—sexy, beautiful, and completely irresistible.

They filled up her kitchen with their huge bodies. Guests ate with her and Lena almost every morning of the week, yet none of those people commanded the area the way the Chisholm brothers did. She could barely breathe just looking at them.

Jason stood about two inches taller than his brother, and since they stood so close together, it was obvious Jason's face had a harder quality to it. Seth looked like the consummate fun-loving, charming, I-will-never-settle-down ladies' man. Jason was a different story, but Edie sensed the steamy sexuality bubbling around him, even though he gave off a strong do-not-even-think-of-fucking-with-me vibe. Very

intimidating. But Edie suspected he was an attentive and very skillful lover when the occasion called for it.

And dominant. Extremely dominant.

Her clit throbbed just thinking about how amazing Jason would feel pounding his hips between her legs while he pinned her wrists down above her head.

Seth would be the lothario of the two. He would seduce, tease, and caress. He would use his vast repertoire of honed skills to please his women. Jason would use his brute masculinity. Edie could not decide which one she preferred. Maybe she could follow in Lena's footsteps.

Looking back and forth between the two of them, she knew they had been with more women than she was personally acquainted with. The thought deflated her. Who was she to think they would ever have any attraction for her, an absent-minded artist who did not possess a single come hither speck in her body?

"Is cupcake what you call all the new girls in town?" Her voice sounded a little harsh to her ears. She smiled, hoping to make her insecure comment seem like a joke.

The smiles fell from their faces. That did not bode well for her.

Jason uncrossed his arms and stalked to her. "Why would you say something like that?" His huge shoulders blocked out almost all the light streaming in from the windows.

"I was just joking."

His glacier-like eyes narrowed on her, and she tried not to flinch under his cold gaze. "No, you weren't."

She did not know how he managed to see through her, but she felt transparent in front of him. "Jason, please. I was kidding."

He took a step closer to her and Seth did, too. "No, you weren't. I could see it in your face. You meant every word."

Edie backed up until the counter jammed into the middle of her back. Jason leaned into her, boxing her in with his arms the same way

Seth did a few minutes ago. Their eyes met and held, and she saw his pupils dilate a fraction before he leaned in, open eyed, to kiss her.

She expected his lips to be hard and punishing, but he took her mouth in a commanding, sensual manner. He slanted his lips over hers, cupped the back of her head with his big hands, and tangled his fingers in her hair. One of his thumbs caressed her jaw line. His tongue brushed over her lips, and she opened to him without hesitation.

Oh, he tasted rich and dark and spicy.

Her knees went weak, and she held on to him to keep from melting into her shoes. The man knew how to kiss. He knew how to surround her whole body with his so he pressed against every inch of her. And she felt every long inch of what pressed against her belly. Every part of him was hard and thick and rugged. No softness about him at all.

Heat flooded Edie's body as her arousal soaked her panties. Her nipples brushed against the inside of her bra, and she pushed her chest into Jason's big body, wanting more. Her breasts grew heavy, and her heart beat frantically in her chest, making it hard for her to breathe. Or was it simply from being overwhelmed by the man holding her so tightly against him?

She heard soft mewling noises and realized, as she fisted a handful of his shirt between her fingers, they came from her. Immediately, she pulled away, and the sound of their breaking kiss filled the air. Her breath came in short pants. She brought her fingertips to her lips and felt how swollen and puffy they were. Her skin still tingled from the feel of his five o'clock shadow against her face.

Jason still crowded her against the counter, and his eyes burned with molten heat. His whole body buzzed against hers, and amazingly, the hard bulge pressing against her hardened, thickened. The corners of Jason's lips pulled up into a sexy little half grin, and

her insides tightened. He was beautiful when he let himself smile. If he ever decided to give her a full grin, Edie thought she'd die.

He pressed his lips against hers once more, briefly this time, and stepped away. Edie locked her knees to keep herself from sinking to the floor. She did not need to, though. The moment Jason stepped away, Seth took her waist and pressed her into him. She only had a brief second to feel the subtle differences in their bodies before he leaned down and brushed his lips against the corner of her mouth, her cheek, her temple. She smelled the scent of his cologne and his clean clothes. And a little bit of fabric softener. Then her mind blanked when he finally, gently, claimed her lips.

Seth felt different against her than Jason did. Seth held her firmly, but with care, and his lips were fuller than Jason's, and a little softer. He controlled the kiss the way musicians controlled their instruments—with fine-tuned skills, lots of practice, and a deep underlying passion.

He did not surround her like Jason did, but his body dared hers to make the first move and promised more than she could ever imagine if she did. Before she could do anything but follow his lead, he pulled away and brushed the tip of his nose against hers.

"So you're coming, then, right?" He pushed a stray piece of hair behind her ear, and his fingers lingered against her skin.

Oh, she could definitely come any moment if he just—

She shook her head to clear it. "Where?"

Seth broke into a grin, and the beauty in his face dazzled her. "Shootin', of course. Next weekend. We'd love to have you there, but if you don't want to come, then we'll find something else to do with you. We're going to have you, Edie. One way or another, you'll realize we intend to have you. Make no mistake about that."

## Chapter Four

Later that week, Edie walked into her new favorite store, Beth's Bubbles, and went straight for the soaps. She and Lena would be welcoming two couples—the Archers and the Campbells—as guests at the B&B later that evening, and she wanted to get some nice bar soaps for them. Maybe even some bath salts, as the Archers planned on celebrating their one year wedding anniversary. She grabbed a lavender scented bar and smelled it. She did the same for the shea and almond scented bars. Well, damn. She liked all three.

“Hi. Can I help you?”

Startled, Edie jerked her head around. A cute guy stood behind her with a questioning look on his face.

She felt her cheeks heating from her embarrassment. “Actually, yes.”

He smiled at her and walked to her side. He was not very tall, but his good looks certainly made up for it. His shaggy, sandy blond hair, green eyes, and relaxed posture made him look more like a surfer than a cowboy, but his Texas drawl said otherwise.

“What can I help you with, ma'am?” he asked while chewing slowly on some gum. Usually, Edie thought chomping on gum while helping a customer was rude, but the action only served to draw her attention to his nicely shaped jaw. It was not nearly as chiseled as Jason's, but he was still pretty cute. Edie bet all the younger girls in town were crazy for him, even though his charm did nothing but make her think of Jason and Seth and their overwhelming masculinity.



“Oh, Edie, please. Call me Edie. Ma’am makes me feel like somebody’s grandmother.”

“So *you’re* Edie,” he said, his face changing from professional courtesy to genuine happiness. “I was wondering when I’d get to meet you. I’m Aidan.”

He laid a hand on the table next to her and leaned toward her a bit. She did not miss the way his shoulder and chest muscles flexed. “You’re gettin’ quite popular, Miss Bishop. Everyone’s talkin’ about how the Chisholm brothers got their eye on you. And I can see why.”

She felt, rather than saw, his gaze trail slowly over her body. In another life, or if she had not met Jason and Seth first, Edie would have been more than flattered that such a nice-looking guy like Aidan would find her attractive. Now, though, she found she did not know what to think about it. She was not quite uncomfortable, but she was not thrilled with it, either. The only people she wanted looking at her with such masculine appreciation were Jason and Seth. His eyes met hers again, and he grinned.

“Oh, well, I—” She tucked her chin toward her shoulder and tried to get her embarrassment under control. She could not remember a time when a man was so forward with her. Well, other than in the kitchen with Jason and Seth. And on the dance floor at Cedar Ridge. Oh, and that moment in the hall with Jason.

*Huh. Well, then.*

“Hey now, don’t be gettin’ all shy on me. I’m just statin’ the obvious is all. It’s been a while since them Chisholm boys took such a likin’ to a woman like this.” Aidan straightened. “Huh. You know, come to think of it, I don’t remember anything like this.”

That got her attention. “Oh, please. I’m sure you’re just being nice.”

“Nah, I’m serious. Don’t get me wrong, they ain’t shy at all when it comes to the ladies, but it’s always casual, you know?”

Actually, no, she didn’t, but she nodded as if she did.

“They like you. Trust me. I saw y’all the other night.” He winked at her, then his brows furrowed. “Actually, you know who I saw in here the other day? That what’s-her-name woman. She’s blonde, always dressed up. Great legs.” He snapped his fingers while he paced around.

Edie kept her laugh to herself. What a typical man, she thought, he can remember the woman’s legs but not her name.

“Cassandra. That’s her name.”

“Yeah, Cassandra Barrett. I met her the other day. She said she’s back in town after being gone for a while. She was really nice.”

Aidan looked at her curiously. “You met her?”

Edie shrugged her shoulders. “Yes, why?”

“No reason,” he said hesitantly. “She was just askin’ about you is all.”

“Oh,” Edie waved off his underlying concern with a flick of her wrist. “She probably just finished having coffee with me the other day.”

“Yeah. Yeah, that’s prolly it.” Aidan shook his head, then smiled. “I’ve heard great stuff about your B&B. And your friend is engaged to the Stones, right?”

Wow. News traveled fast here. “Yeah. That’s her. I’m so glad you’ve heard good things about our place. It’s such a relief.”

“Oh yeah. I know what you mean. For a while, my sister didn’t know if this place would take off, but hey, it’s doin’ pretty good.”

So that explained why a cute young guy worked in a bath product store. “And here I was thinking this place was yours.”

Aidan’s eyes widened so quickly Edie was surprised they did not pop out of his head. “Oh, hell no. No, no, no.” He adjusted the brim of his baseball cap on his head. “My sister wanted to go watch her kids at their swimming lesson, so I told her I’d help out here till she got back. I actually work up at Cedar Ridge.”

Edie's chest tightened at the mention of Jason and Seth's place. She hoped it was not too obvious on her face. "Really? What do you do up there?"

"Oh, I help Jason out with the bouncing."

She could swear that he flexed his muscles after he said that. Huh. Was he trying to flirt with her?

"Nice. Is that a lot of work? And what's it like working for Jason? He seems like he's..."

"A hard-ass?"

Edie let out a laugh. "Yeah, I guess so. I was going for intimidating, but hard-ass works, too."

Aidan let out a low whistle. "He's a total hard-ass, but he's got every right to be. He knows what he's doin'. He's the best in the business, without a doubt. Dallas and Houston even contract him out to do security for all the big concerts and conventions for all the big, important people."

She blinked like an idiot for a couple seconds, letting that sink in. "Really? He's a SEAL?"

"Yeah. It explains a lot, huh?" He flashed her a grin.

Edie thought of Jason's cold, hard eyes, his frigid reserve, and his intimidating, sexy presence. "You have no idea."

"A couple of people have tried to get him to do bodyguardin' for a few influential people, but he turns 'em down every time."

"Huh."

"Yeah, he's a total badass mother fu—"

"Didn't your mama ever tell you to watch your damn mouth around a lady, Aidan?"

When Edie heard Jason's deep, dark voice, a lick of heat swept down her spine and pooled between her thighs. The heat only increased when Jason came up close behind her, his chest brushed her shoulder. She could feel his warmth even through all their clothing. She resisted the urge to rub herself against him.

“Hey, cupcake,” Jason said against her ear as he slid his hand around her belly and pulled her to him, dropping a kiss at the base of her neck. Her skin tingled where he touched her, and she felt her nipples hardening against her clothing, begging for attention.

“Hi, Jason.” Her voice sounded breathy in her ears, and she sucked in air through her teeth when little nips from his teeth followed the trail his lips made toward her shoulder.

“I see y’all have wasted no time,” Aidan said. His eyebrows sat high on his forehead.

Seth walked up next to them, planted his feet, and crossed his thick arms over his chest. “Were you hittin’ on her, Aidan?” Seth asked with a smirk on his face.

“Nah, Seth. Just keepin’ her company.” Aidan adjusted his baseball cap again. “If you need anything or have any questions, Edie—”

“We’ve got it covered, Aidan.” Jason’s deep voice vibrated in his chest, and she let the waves roll over her.

Seth watched Aidan return to the front of the store, then he turned to face her. Oh, he looked so good. His brown hair needed a haircut, but the way it curled just above the collar of his polo shirt did funny things to her insides. He filled out his shirt nicely, she noticed, especially where his shoulders were concerned. The way his back muscles rippled with every movement and the way his shoulders were so heavily muscled made her want to rip the offensive material right off him and lick every inch of his gorgeous body.

She flicked her tongue over her bottom lip, imagining the way his skin would taste after he and Jason made love to her.

Seth must have noticed the way she looked at him because, in a flash, his eyes went from dark blue to black, and his gaze zeroed in on her tongue sweeping over her lips.

Edie let her eyes take down his front from his chest to his—

*Oh, wow.*

The bulge in his pants fought against the zipper keeping it in check. From where she stood, the bulge looked quite large. Large enough to make the fantasies she entertained about him and his brother look almost as big as reality.

Seth took a step toward her and crowded her back against Jason. “You like what you see, Edie?” The heat in his voice matched the erotic glint in his eyes.

“Um, well—”

“Because we like what we see.” Seth took another step closer to her, his body heat mixing with Jason’s and making her skin tingle. He put his hands on her waist and followed the inward curve down to the flare of her hips. His strong fingers kneaded her flesh, and Edie fought to keep her eyes open as desire washed over her.

She felt Jason shift behind her, his fingertips barely grazing over her right shoulder. When they reached her dress strap, he slipped his hand, palm down, under and slipped it off. His lips followed his hand’s caress.

Edie shivered and leaned into Jason, letting him have his way with her in the back of the store. How did this happen? She was not this type of girl. She never took random men home, never hooked up with anyone, never let men touch her like this in public. Still, she could not find it in herself to push them away. Instead of protesting, her fingers wound themselves into the fabric of Jason’s jeans, his thigh feeling like steel under her grip.

Seth’s fingers moved to her ass and pulled her hips toward him. Her belly pushed against his thick erection, and she held back the gasp threatening to breach her lips.

“Let’s get something straight, Edie,” he said in her ear, his voice low and rasping. His lips barely brushed against the shell of her ear. The gentle, featherlike sensation shot straight to her clit, making it throb. “We work hard, play hard, and fuck harder.” He pressed her

against his body. “We want you as ours, and we won’t stop until we get you.”

Jason readjusted the straps on her shoulders. “All of you,” he said against her skin. He dropped one last kiss there, then took her hips out of Seth’s grip and pulled them against his crotch. She felt him, huge and hard, against her ass. He bent her forward a little with his hand, and she grabbed on to Seth for support. “If you don’t want us, tell us now because we’ve set our eyes on you.”

Belatedly, she realized her panties were soaked. She usually wasn’t one to enjoy being manhandled and bossed around, but the Chisholm brothers turned her on beyond her wildest dreams.

When she did not answer, Jason pulled her tighter against the bulge in his pants. She could feel the head of his cock even through his jeans, and it pressed against her throbbing, aching clit. “Do you want us or not, cupcake?”

Of course she wanted them, but she already felt so vulnerable between them, even with the unbridled need pulsing through her. Voicing her desire for them in any way she could get them would only make her feel even more so.

“It’s now or never, so let us know because if you want us to leave you alone, we will.”

The thought made her shrivel inside.

“Y–yes.” She took a breath and swallowed her fear of rejection. “Yes, I want you.” Her voice was quiet and soft and did not carry far.

Seth’s face broke into that grin that melted her knees, and her heart fluttered in her chest. He leaned to kiss her, his lips making a quick possession of hers. He felt so right against her, his body so big and solid and warm. In that moment, standing between the two of them, Edie knew they would never let anything hurt her. The vibes they sent out—strong and protective—let her know they would take better care of her than of themselves.

When Seth pulled away from her, Jason used his hands to turn her around. He was even bigger than Seth, and his size intimidated her, but when she met his eyes, Edie saw the glacier-like color warmed to something so intense and inviting, she found herself lost in him.

He took her chin between his thumb and forefinger and tilted her face toward his. The angles of his face made him look so harsh and beautiful. Jason leaned down and hovered over her lips. His presence engulfed her, overtook her. He brushed his lips over hers, then pulled back.

Looking in her eyes, Jason used his thumb to trace over her bottom lip before pulling it down a fraction. Then he plundered her mouth, taking her by surprise. The feel of him against her was different from Seth. Jason was bigger, more forceful. His hunger was carnal and untamed as opposed to Seth's skillful, watchful, and practiced seduction. Jason dominated her, mastered her with only one kiss.

When he pulled back, his eyes held hers, and Edie knew this was the type of man who would want to watch as his lovers screamed out their orgasms. He would demand them from her, would demand she give him everything she had. And he would give her the same in return. Seth was the same, but different. Seth would use all of his practiced skill on her, would use his boundless finesse until she went wild for him. The thought had her pressing her thighs together, the space between her legs feeling so empty. Edie wanted them between her thighs. She wanted them out of control for her.

"So what are you doing with all this girly stuff, cupcake?" Jason asked when he pulled back.

Edie took a calming breath and tried to steady herself. It did not work. "Oh, we've got two couples checking in today, and I wanted to get them some special stuff to make their stay more comfortable."

Jason's eyebrows rose on his forehead, and Seth gave a soft snort behind her. "So you're getting them soap?" Jason picked up a bar of soap and sniffed at it cautiously. "Smells all right, I guess."

Eddie snatched it from his hands and cradled it against her chest. "It's a good idea, thank you very much. They're couples celebrating their anniversaries, and I expect they're not going to be leaving their rooms very much. Lena and I thought it would be a good idea to make their rooms as comfortable and luxurious as possible."

"Celebrating their love, huh?" Seth wiggled his eyebrows at her, then took the soap out of her grasp and smelled it, too. He shrugged after he sniffed it and handed it back to her. "I like the way you smell better."

The heat in his voice made her clit throb in her panties.

"We're going to have to check these people out before we can let them stay in at your B&B," Jason said.

Okay. That took the heat out of the moment. She rounded on Jason and poked her finger in his deliciously thick chest. "Excuse me? It's my establishment. I can let anyone I want stay there."

Jason looked unfazed by her vehemence. Instead, he uncurled her fingers and kissed her palm. "Of course you can." He pulled her closer to his body. "Once we check them out and make sure they're not sick bastards."

"What?" she screeched. Eddie tried to pull her hand out of Jason's grip, but he just held on to her loosely, reminding her that her strength could never compare to his. "Don't you dare try to tell me I can't run my business as I see fit."

"I'm not telling you that at all, but if you think we're just going to sit by and let some crazy son of a bitch within fifty feet of you, you're delusional."

"These people aren't crazy! They're just some couples who want to get away for a romantic weekend!"

"All right, then. I'll believe you."



“Thank Go—”

“As soon as you tell me their names and addresses,” Jason interrupted. “And you wouldn’t happen to have their credit card information or social security numbers, would you?”

\* \* \* \*

After arguing with them for almost half an hour, Edie finally agreed to let Jason run background checks on her guests. She felt terrible and unprofessional about releasing their information to him, but with the two of them breathing down her neck about the whole thing, she would have talked herself to death before they left her alone.

They even bought the soaps and bath salts she planned on buying for her guests. She thought it was overkill. They told her she better get used to it, whatever that meant.

“Did you walk here, or did you drive?” Jason asked Edie after he took her shopping bags from her and put his hand on the small of her back.

“I walked. It was such a nice morning, and I wanted to see the wildflowers. They’re so much prettier here than they are in the city.” She liked the way it felt to have them so close, especially when Seth took her hand. It scared her to admit how much she liked the two of them touching her. She could only imagine how erotic it would be for them to put their hands on her when there were not any clothes in the way.

“We’ll drive you home, then,” Jason said.

“Oh, no, please. I can walk. Cedar Ridge is in the opposite direction.”

“No. We’re driving you. We’re seeing you home. The town’s not that big, anyway.”

Edie opened her mouth to argue, but remembering the scene they put on earlier, she decided to keep her mouth shut. She'd do well to remember to pick her battles.

"All right. Fine. Y'all can drive me back to The Sweet Spot. But you have to come inside and let me make you some lunch or something."

"Sounds good to me." Seth led her around the side of Jason's FJ40 to the passenger door. He opened it and held her waist as she hoisted herself up.

"Thank you," she started, but Seth leaned into her, his lips taking hers before she could think. She let herself sink into him, let him lead her as his tongue danced with hers. When he gently pulled away, Edie realized she clutched at his shirt.

"Whoops," she whispered against his lips, "sorry. Here, let me—"

She started smoothing it out with her hands, but Seth caught her wrists in his hands and pulled her toward him.

"You keep doing that, and I'll take you right here." His breath rasped against her ear and made her shiver. Or maybe it was the dark, erotic tone in his voice.

A stupid "Oh" was all she could manage.

"'Oh' is right, Edie," Seth said when he stepped back. The heat in his eyes scorched her. "Don't be fooled. We might have good manners, but we won't for long."

With that, he shut the door and got in behind her.

The short ride to the B&B was full of tension. Seth made small talk about the goings-on at Cedar Ridge, and Edie chatted with him, but Jason drove in silence. The vibes that man gave off made her clit throb and her pussy ache.

Sex, raw and potent, came off him in thick waves. Never before had she been so aware of someone else's body, of the tiny movements they made. But sitting next to Jason and watching the way his legs moved when he switched gears and the way his chest rippled when he

pulled on the stick shift made her want to hop on him right then and there. She did not care if they crashed the truck in the process. All she knew was that she wanted them to fill her, to make her come bucking and screaming until she was raw with it.

She needed to get those thoughts out of her head before they smelled her arousal. They were more aware of her body than she was. It scared and intimidated her that these men would know her on more intimate levels than she even knew herself. And it was her body. Or rather, it was hers until they claimed it, and she had no doubt they would go beyond claiming her.

Edie snuck one more peek at Jason out of the corner of her eye. How well he handled the SUV amazed her. True, he'd been driving these roads for years, but there was something about the way he handled the steering wheel and the focus on his face that told her Jason was a man who controlled everything around him. He was the type of man who never missed anything, who always figured out everything before anyone else. He was sharp, calculating, and intense. She could only imagine what he would be like between her legs when all of his control went out the window.

And Seth. Seth was flirtatious and charming, but there was something cold underneath all that flash, something made from the same steel his brother was made of. There was something hard hidden under all the smiles and the mischievous glint in his eyes. A certain ruthlessness that marked the corners of his lips. Seth might look like an overindulged, oversexed playboy with a sexy five o'clock shadow, but something about him said "You really don't want to push your luck, buddy." Seth would be ruthless with her, she knew. His cocky gait and that damn sexy grin of his screamed sex master.

"Whatcha thinkin' about so hard, Edie?" Seth pulled on her dress straps, and she tensed.

"Nothing."

She felt Seth perk up in the seat behind her. He took a strand of her hair and twirled it around his fingers. "Liar," he whispered to her. He brushed his lips over her shoulder. "You're the worst liar I've ever met."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because you can't hide anything. There's always something in your voice or your posture. Your body language is always a dead giveaway. But do you know what the most telling thing about you is?" He kissed his way from her shoulder to her neck, then grasped her chin lightly and turned her to face him. With him this close, she could see his pupils dilate when he looked at her. Her heart slammed in her chest. "Your face."

Edie jerked in her seat and broke her eye contact with Seth to look out the window. They were parked in front of the red gate and thick, green shrubbery of the B&B. She turned back to them.

"My face?"

Jason's fingers trailed from her cheekbone, down to her jaw, and under her hair. He pulled her toward his body, eyes locked on hers the entire time.

"When you say something that isn't entirely true, you break eye contact and look down and a little to the left. And your voice wavers just the tiniest bit. That's how we know you're lying." Jason brushed his lips over hers. "But when you're turned on, like you are now, your eyes widen and your pupils get bigger." He kissed the corner of each of her eyes, and lingered next to her. "Your cheeks flush a delicate pink. And your lips, cupcake, are the sexiest part. They open just a fraction. Just enough for us to see the tip of your tongue flick out and wet your lips so they're ready for us."

Holy crap, she did all that?

He kissed her fully now, his lips slanting over hers and taking them with the raw sexuality she felt coming from him earlier. He smelled dark and lush, like coffee mixed with his own masculine

musk. And his mouth tasted faintly of cinnamon. She parted her lips when his tongue asked entrance, and she moaned into him, lust and sex and heat rushing through her blood like the headiest red wine.

“You taste good, Edie. So sweet and delicate. And ours.”

There was heat in his crystal gaze now, and promises of delicious things they planned to do to her.

Oh, goodness.

“Oh, look, we’re here.” Edie scrambled out of the SUV and up the steps toward the little red gate, but a pair of big hands on her hips stopped her.

“And just where in the hell do you think you’re going?” Jason’s deep voice stopped her in her tracks, even more so than his hands gripping her tight. He spun her around and pinned her with his electric gaze. “Why did you run from us?”

The reasons swirled around in her head, making her dizzy.

*Because you intimidate me, because I’m scared of losing myself in you, because I’m scared I won’t be able to please you.*

Instead, all that came out was “I—I...”

Jason’s hands moved to her shoulders, and he gripped her harder. Not enough to be painful, but to let her know she was not going anywhere until she gave them answers.

“You what, cupcake?”

“I—” she began again, but something penetrated her lust-filled, insecure haze. Underneath all that bravado and frustration, she sensed Jason’s hurt. She did not realize she, Edie Bishop, lover of fair trade coffee, potting plants, and painting, would ever have the ability to hurt his feelings. Sure, she knew he was a red-blooded male with wants and desires and emotions, but she did not realize until that moment that some of those things could revolve around her.

Mr. Gorgeous Navy SEAL might have a soft spot for her. Go figure.

"I'm sorry," she finally said. "I didn't mean to be rude or abrupt. It's just that—well, you see, you're the first guys I've seen in a while. And I'm just not really experienced with this whole dating, courtship thing, so I just got a little unnerved, you know?"

Jason regarded her for a moment, then smiled. It lit his eyes up, and she had to glance away before she did something stupid, like stare at him with her mouth hanging open. "What were those dumbasses in Austin thinking?"

Edie felt the heat rise in her cheeks.

"But what did you mean when you said it's been a while?"

Crap. She really did not want them knowing how experienced she was. Ahem, inexperienced.

"Well," she hedged.

"Yes?"

"Spit it out, Edie," Seth commanded.

She let out a breath. "A while, okay? I dated this guy in college for about six months, and after we broke up, I went on a few dates here and there but nothing serious."

"So you didn't sleep with any of them, then?" Jason's hands tightened on her shoulders.

That offended her, especially since she knew without a doubt that he and Seth did not keep their junk in their pants. She bristled. "What business is that of yours?"

His lips thinned and his jaw clenched. If not for the anger bubbling just under the surface, Edie would have been turned on by it. "What business of ours is that, you ask? You told us you wanted us, right?"

She did not answer. She knew fully well what she said earlier.

"Right?" Seth pressed.

"Yes," she snapped at him.

"Well, we want you, too. And we're set on claiming you."

“By claim, you mean date, right? Because no matter how many times you manage to seduce me, and hey, you might even make me love you, but you’ll never own me. Let’s just get that straight.” She narrowed her eyes at both of them and sent what she hoped was the meanest look she could muster at them.

“Okay, fine, fine. I’m sorry. I overstepped my bounds. I’m sorry, Edie.” Seth held his palms up as if trying to placate her.

That’s more like it, she thought to herself, trying to hide her smugness from them.

“It’s all right. Just be more polite about it. Geez, I’m not demanding your personal history from you, am I? So just ease off mine.”

Right. Because there was so much to tell. One guy. One. The thought made her a little sad. How in the hell could she satisfy the raw sexuality of these two men?

“Well, how many are we talking?”

“Seth! Ease up, will you? I’ll tell you when I’m ready. Now would you two like to come in for a drink or something?”

She turned and opened the gate, but Seth got to it first and held it open for her.

“I have lemonade. Fresh squeezed, I might add. Lena made it this morning.” She turned her key and opened the front door, but this time Jason held it open for her.

“Thank you.”

Seth closed the door behind her and glanced around.

“Where is everybody?”

“I don’t know,” she replied. She took a step toward the kitchen to see if Lena was there, but Jason wrapped an arm around her waist and pushed her against the door, the stained glass pressing against her back.

Jason's lips sucked on the sensitive flesh under her ear, and her pussy clenched. She buried her face between his shoulder and neck and moaned into his shirt.

"We don't really want anything to drink, Edie," Seth said from right next to her. "But we do want to see what you taste like."

His words, his sex-filled voice, made her nipples harden and her clit pulse. Her whole body ached to be touched, to be taken and mastered by them.

Jason's hand followed the flare of her hip and headed slowly toward her thigh. Edie's heart raced with anticipation, and her breath caught in her chest. His fingertips reached the edge of her hem and crept up her sensitized skin, closer and closer to her panties.

Heat blossomed under her skin, and she waited, breathless, as his lips kissed their way toward her mouth while his fingers brushed the inside of her thigh. She tried her best not to clench her legs together, but it did not work. When his fingers brushed over her clit through her panties, her thighs clamped shut.

It had been years since the last time another man's fingers touched her there.

"Open up for me, Edie," Jason crooned. "Just a little." A groan escaped him. "That's it, just like that."

His deep voice sounded like gravel and caressed her senses like velvet.

She heard her own high-pitched gasp when his fingers pushed the crotch of her panties aside and brushed over her intimate flesh. She clutched at him, her nails digging into his shirt as he claimed her open mouth. His hot kisses absorbed her quiet gasps and moans as he teased her entrance, then slowly caressed his way to her throbbing clit.

"You're so wet and hot for us, Edie," Jason crooned against her lips.

Her knees gave out. "Oh, my God," she heard herself whisper.



Jason gathered her close and lifted her in his arms as if she weighed nothing. He headed for the stairs.

“Which one is your room?”

\* \* \* \*

Fuck, he needed to get his raging hard-on under control.

It was impossible with Edie cradled close to his body and her scent, her softness, her warmth invading his senses.

She was so soft and wet and hot for them. Jason could only imagine what she would look like naked and writhing under them. He could not wait to taste her, to put his tongue between her delicate folds and feast on her pussy until she came against his face. He bet she tasted like heaven.

“That one.” She pointed to a door on their right.

Seth stepped in front of them and opened it. Her scent enveloped him as he stepped over the threshold to her room.

It was a large room, and there were candles everywhere. Votives, tea lights, candles in glass containers, wax candles. Everywhere. They made her room smell like some sort of dark, rich, night-blooming flower that yielded the sweetest, most delectable fruit.

A mural adorned the corner of the far wall. It was a tree trunk, and as Jason’s eyes followed the design upward, he realized that the branches and foliage were painted on the ceiling. Pink paper flowers with little crystals hung down from the painted flowers on the mural.

“Who did this?”

“I did.”

“Really? You did all of this?” Jason could not believe the woman he held in arms possessed the talent to create such beautiful art. Her delicate hands molded and crafted while his could bring death and pain. All of a sudden, he didn’t feel worthy to take the shoes off her

feet. How could someone who could breathe life into the images she created ever want someone so hard and jaded like him?

“They’re Japanese cherry blossoms.”

Jason did not really care what kind of flowers they were. All he really cared about was how unworthy he felt at that moment. He never realized how personal art could be, how much of themselves artists put into their work. He’d never really looked at art since his snooze-fest art history class in college. He only got through that class because the teaching assistant was pretty cute. This wasn’t even Edie’s masterpiece. It was just her room, for Christ’s sake.

He looked down at her from her wild hair to her painted toe nails. He could barely say she was even half his size, but she intimidated him like no other woman before her. He thought she was the most beautiful, talented, most amazing person he ever met, and he wanted her to think the same thing about him. But seeing her inner sanctum made him wonder if a woman like her could ever care about a hard-assed, pretty damn near emotionless man like him.

*But hey, a guy could try, right?*

Jason deposited Edie on her bed and stepped away from her. Her eyes widened when he reached for the bottoms of his shirt. She looked so beautiful. Her long, dark hair tumbled around her shoulders, and her lips were swollen and flushed from his kisses. He broke eye contact with her to pull his shirt over his head.

“What,” her throat bobbed, “what are you doing?”

Seth came up beside him and toed off his boots. “Isn’t it obvious, Edie?” He took off his shirt. “We’re going to make good on you telling us you want us. We’re going to make you come like you never have before.”

They advanced on the bed, and she retreated, wide-eyed, toward the headboard. Jason wrapped his hands around her ankles and pulled her toward him. He wrapped her legs around his waist and pressed his jean-clad erection between her legs.

“You’ve got one chance to say no, cupcake. If you don’t want us like this, tell us now.”

Jason leaned over her, supporting his weight on one elbow. He brushed a stray lock of hair out of her eyes and let his fingertips linger against her skin.

“We’ll stop whenever you want us to, but if you don’t want to go any further right now, tell us.”

Her eyes held his as she leaned up and traced the outline of his bottom lip with the tip of her tongue. Jason felt a growl rise up from his chest. He cupped her face and took her mouth with his.

He loved how she clung to him, wrapping her arms around his neck and tightening her legs around his waist. He felt her heat through his jeans, and while he kissed her mouth, he wondered what she tasted like between her legs.

Jason trailed a hand up her skirt and hooked a finger into the soaked crotch of her panties. Edie tensed beneath him, and when his thumb brushed against her swollen clit, she let out a soft, mewling cry and arched into him. He kissed his way from her lips to her ear and whispered, “You are so wet and swollen.” He pressed a finger against her opening. “And hot.” He pushed his finger into her pussy and felt her clench around him. She was tight. Very tight. He could only imagine what it would feel like to bury his cock deep inside her. “It’s been a while for you, hasn’t it?”

Out of the corner of his eye, Jason saw Edie lick her lips.

“Y–yes,” she answered.

Jason pressed another finger into her pussy, and her fingernails dug into his flesh.

“How long?”

“A while.” Her voice went all soft and breathy.

“That’s not good enough, Edie.” He curled his fingers inside of her and pressed on that spot he knew would drive her crazy.

“Oh, my—” She pressed her hips harder into his hand.

“Now answer my question. How long has it been for you?”

Her head thrashed over the bedspread, her wide eyes wild. He pressed harder against that spot inside her pussy and circled his fingers around it.

“Jason!”

“How long, cupcake?”

She licked her lips. “Years.”

Holy shit. Years?

“And never, never like this,” she gasped.

He kissed her then and pulled away from her, taking her underwear with him. When he straightened, he undid his belt buckle and the top button of his jeans. Seth did the same.

She watched them with wide, glazed-over eyes and parted lips. Her chest rose and fell heavily with each breath, making the tops of her breasts look so gorgeous.

Seth crawled over her this time and lifted her off the bed, scooping her shoulders up. “Do you like having your nipples sucked, Edie?” he asked as he lowered her dress straps off her shoulders.

“Well—”

She did not finish her response. Seth reached between them and yanked the top of her dress down, revealing her full breasts with their dusty pink tips. Jason’s gut clenched, and his dick throbbed in his pants.

“You’re beautiful, Edie,” Seth said before he took a nipple between his lips.

Edie’s head snapped back on her shoulders, and her fingers tangled in Seth’s hair.

Jason lay next to them and watched the expressions play over Edie’s face as Seth’s mouth, lips, and tongue teased her breast. Jason took the nipple closest to him in his mouth and heard her high-pitched gasp. He let his mouth linger there, the flat surface of his tongue

rasping over her puckered flesh before he released it and situated himself between her knees.

He draped one of her legs over his shoulder and pinned her other thigh to the bed, spreading her wide. He feasted on the beautiful sight before him. Her bare pussy was flushed, swollen, dark pink, and waiting for him.

“Wait, wait,” she protested.

He looked up from between her legs and met her eyes. Her breasts looked luscious from this angle.

“I’ve never...no one’s ever done that to me before.”

He met Seth’s eyes and knew they felt the same thing—pure male triumph.

“No one’s ever licked your beautiful pussy before, Edie?”

She shook her head. “No.”

Jason licked her from her opening to her swollen clit, his eyes on hers the whole time. Her jaw dropped, and her eyes fluttered closed.

“Nobody’s ever done that to you?”

“N-no.” The flush in her cheeks deepened, and her breath whooshed out from between her open lips.

He watched as Seth drew a nipple into his mouth while his other hand played with the other one.

“Good. And just to be clear, cupcake, while we’re involved with you, no one else is to touch you. Understand?”

She took a moment too long to respond.

Jason went at her again, this time separating her labia to give his tongue better access to her clit. He tongued her, savored her taste. When she started thrashing against him, he held her leg down harder.

“Are we understood, Edie?” he asked once more.

“Yes, yes. I promise. No one else.”

She flopped back on the bed. Seth followed her down while Jason ate at her pussy. He pushed a finger inside her, and she tightened around him. Then he gently pulled the hood of her clit back and

tongued her. The fluttering in her pussy intensified, and she let out a gasp.

“Jason, Seth,” she chanted as the leg draped over his shoulder pulled him closer.

“You taste amazing, Edie. Like nothing I’ve ever had. I can’t get enough.” Jason went at her again, pressing harder on that fluttering spot in her pussy and moving his tongue faster over her clit. He felt the tremors start deep inside her as she thrashed and writhed between them.

“Let it take you, Edie,” Seth said. “Come for us.”

“I can’t, I can’t.”

“Yes, you can. Stop fighting. We’ve got you.”

Jason pushed another finger into her tight pussy and gently sucked her clit between his lips. Her body went rigid, and she stopped breathing for a moment. Her broken moans started as her pussy clenched around his fingers, and she came right against his face. She pressed herself harder against his mouth, and he let her have it, tonguing her little clit while the orgasm took her.

“She’s beautiful when she comes,” Seth said. Then he kissed her, muffling the sound of her soft screams.

When she stopped shaking, Jason wrapped his hands around her hips and flipped her over onto her hands and knees. “It’s time to see what that beautiful mouth of yours can do, Edie.”

She was dazed, he could tell, but she would have to get used to it quickly if she ever wanted to survive a night with the two of them and their appetites.

Edie’s trembling fingers went to unzip Seth’s jeans, but Seth did it for her, then pulled her dress over her head. She was beyond beautiful with her full breasts and generous curves. Jason loved how she was not skinny. He liked his women to look like women. He liked them soft and curvy and feminine. And Edie was all of the above.

She freed Seth's thick cock from his jeans and held him at the base while Jason pulled her hips back toward him and got an eyeful of her luscious ass and swollen pussy. He could not wait to take her when she positioned herself like this—ass up and her back forming the perfect hour glass shape—and decide whether or not he wanted to plunge his dick in her sweet pussy or her tight ass.

Over Edie's shoulder, Jason watched her mouth swirl around the tip of Seth's engorged cock.

"Oh, yeah," his brother ground out between clenched teeth. "Just like that, Edie. Just like that."

Jason sank two fingers into her pussy and felt her squeeze him. He worked her clit with the pad of his thumb, and her whole body jerked. He kissed one of her ass cheeks.

"Keep sucking him, cupcake. Keep going while I pleasure you."

She moaned when he drove his fingers faster and faster into her slick, clinging cunt, and Seth's jaw clenched when she did.

"Suck me harder, Edie. Shit, I'm going to come." Seth's hand shot to the back of her head and pumped her mouth over his cock.

Edie's muffled moans grew louder, her heavy breathing and the slick sounds of Jason's fingers sliding in and out of her echoing around the room.

Jason leaned over her and kissed the skin between her shoulder blades. "You're close, aren't you?"

Her pussy clenched around him, and he moved his thumb faster over her distended clit.

Seth groaned and pumped his dick into Edie's mouth. Jason watched as she swallowed his brother's cum and flipped her over again, her legs splayed wide. His mouth latched on to her clit after Seth collapsed on the bed.

She chanted his name and shrieked out her release as her body shook and convulsed. Her fingers knotted in his hair, keeping his mouth against her pussy, and she spread her knees this time, her body

asking for more. When she stilled, he kissed his way up her body and took her lips, sharing her intimate taste with her. A delicate sweat made her the skin of her face glisten, and her flushed cheeks and soft eyes gave her the look of a satisfied woman.

Edie caressed his cheekbones and pressed a soft kiss to his lips before her brows furrowed.

“What about you?” she asked.

Jason pressed a kiss into her palm.

“What about me?”

“Don’t you get to—to come, too?”

He smiled down at her and brushed a kiss against her temple.

“Of course I do.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“I wanted to make sure we pleased you first. I got the privilege of tasting you. I’m happy with that for now. Rest now. I’ll show you how to make me come later.”

With that, he tucked her back into his chest so she could face Seth. Jason felt her body relax between them. He’d wake her up for round two later.



## Chapter Five

Edie woke early on Saturday morning. She could not fall back asleep, so she decided to water the plants and maybe do some sketching after her morning cup of coffee. Her mind had been restless lately, and she had the Chisholm brothers to thank for that.

They started making nightly visits to the B&B the same evening they took her upstairs and showed her how easily they could master her body. They did one “security check” before they went to Cedar Ridge and one on their way home. Edie tried telling them that The Sweet Spot was more than safe, but they insisted. They claimed they were only doing a security check, and they did, quite thoroughly, but the nightly activities included much more than securing the B&B’s perimeter. The past few nights had been the best of her life, and she did not remember a time when she felt so inspired to create more art. Her thoughts now constantly centered on what they planned to do to her and what they would teach her about her own body.

They never came over for dinner, though. Edie found it strange that Jason and Seth never came over whenever Lena’s fiancées, Brock and Wes, were there.

When Edie tried to speak to them about it, Jason’s eyes iced over for a moment. “It’s just some old family stuff. Lots of history. It’s nothing too serious, anyway, cupcake. We only have enough time to check to make sure there’s nothing suspicious going on and say hi to you before we have to go to Cedar Ridge.”

“Yeah,” Seth chimed in, “we save the good stuff till later.”

Her cell phone pulled her out of her reverie. “Hello?”

“Hey, cupcake. I didn’t expect you to be up so early.” Jason’s voice sounded deeper over the phone.

Edie tucked the phone between her ear and shoulder and went back inside. “Yeah, well, I couldn’t sleep, so I decided to be productive instead.”

“Why couldn’t you sleep? I thought we made sure you’d sleep like a baby.”

Her cheeks flamed even though he wasn’t with her, and she nervously tucked any loose hair behind her ear. “Weird dreams is all. Nothing important, really. I’ll let you know if I dream something prophetic.”

His amused chuckle made her heart do flip-flops in her chest. “Sounds good. I was calling to see if you would be able to go with us to the range later this afternoon, but since you’re awake, we could come pick you up earlier.”

She smiled. “Sounds perfect.”

“And bring a change of clothes. We’re taking you to dinner after.”

\* \* \* \*

The hot water felt delicious hitting her between her shoulder blades and rolling down her back. The warm water flowed over her skin in thin rivulets, the tension in her body unraveling in its wake. She let out a soft “Mmm” and gently rolled her neck around and rolled her right shoulder back. It was still sore from the shotgun’s recoil, but fighting her desire for both Jason and Seth made it hurt more, especially between her legs.

They hit the targets every time. They never missed. For some reason, Edie found that incredibly sexy. She never cared for guns before, and she certainly never found gun-toting men very attractive, but the Chisholm brothers proved her wrong. Their assuredness and natural confidence showed in the way they carried themselves, and

damn if it didn't turn Edie on every single time they loaded their guns and settled into their shooting stances. Oh, and the way their sweat glistened in the sun. And the way they felt pressed up behind her when they showed her how to hold the shotgun properly...

She wanted to bonk her head against the wall. They oozed testosterone and here she was falling for it like a complete idiot. Her! The girl who had a soft spot for dorky graduate students with holes in their slacks and backpacks laden with eighteenth-century feminist texts. She did not have the energy to analyze her ridiculous amount of attraction for the Chisholm brothers. She shied away from the pull she felt deep in her chest whenever she thought about them.

Edie decided to fixate on another pull she felt inside of her. Her clit throbbed just thinking about them, and her nipples hardened even though steam billowed from the water flowing over her skin. Edie smoothed her hands over her belly and trailed them slowly down to her mound. She closed her eyes and pressed her palms harder into her flesh as she made her way toward her pussy, imagining they were Jason's big, strong hands. In her mind, Seth stood behind her, kneading the muscles in her back until she was languid and pliable. He would trail kisses over her shoulder blades and down the curve of her spine as his brother knelt in front of her and pulled her hips toward his mouth. Jason would spread her thighs apart and drag his tongue over her clit as his piercing blue eyes held hers.

The images in her head were all the incentive she needed to get over her reservations about touching herself in someone else's house. Edie let out a small moan as she spread her legs and parted her folds. Her pussy was slick with her arousal, her clit swollen and sensitive. She positioned her legs so that water could run over her intimate flesh and grazed her fingertip over her clit. She jolted from the piercingly sweet sensation.

Edie sucked in a breath between her teeth and parted her lower lips with her fingers. Usually, just thinking about them was almost

enough to make her come, but her pent-up sexual tension gripped her in its iron vise and refused to let go. Her body was rigid with it, and she felt the knots forming around her shoulder blades. As she touched herself, though, pleasure bloomed between her legs and rippled slowly, thickly through her body. The tension seeped out of her as desire overtook her.

She leaned against the shower wall and let the sensations claim her. The hot water coursed over her skin, making the shower tiles colder against her shoulder. The steam rose and billowed around her, and she breathed in its heaviness as she pleasured herself and imagined the Chisholm brothers doing things to her she never thought she would want to experience.

She wanted them to take her together, at the same time. She wanted to feel their thick, heavy cocks filling her, plunging into her as they fucked her until she was paralyzed from their ravishing.

Almost there. She was almost there. The pleasure intensified into a rhythmic throbbing that took over her body. Just a few more strokes and she would come so hard she—

Edie froze.

Edie whipped her body around and barely had enough time to cover her breasts before a big hand wrapped around the edge of the shower curtain and yanked it back. Her heart jumped into her throat and stopped beating. The shower sounded like a pounding waterfall, and the droplets splashing up from the floor stung skin.

When the curtains snapped to the side, Jason and Seth stood on the other side of the bathtub wearing nothing, their thick cocks standing at attention. The steam previously trapped behind the curtain wafted and billowed upward, forming a hazy barrier between them. Their bodies glistened in the dim light, the mist coating their skin in droplets that slowly ran down their muscled bellies. They looked like wild, untamed men, and the heat in their eyes made her pussy clench and her clit pulse with every beat of her thudding heart.

Her fantasies could never do them justice. Their raw, masculine beauty never failed to overwhelm her. Jason stood tall and strong. His thick body rippled with the controlled strength of a hardened warrior. A dusting of hair covered his wide chest and belly. Edie licked her lips as she followed the trail of hair below his belly button to his cock. It was big and thick, the head of it flushed with his arousal.

She sucked in a breath and flicked her eyes over to Seth, and his hand fisted around his cock when she met his gaze. The sight of him moving his hand back and forth over his dick made her want to finish what she started with herself, but she stood, riveted, as she took in his leaner form. He was in no way a small man, but Jason's bulk made anyone and everything look small when he was in the room. Seth's body did not look as rugged, though. Instead, Seth's lean, hard figure was the picture of masculine grace. His muscles were smooth and sleek, his body tight, toned, and hard.

*On second thought, maybe I couldn't handle them at the same time.*

She backed up into the spray as if the curtain of cascading water could cover her nudity, her tightened nipples, or her bare pussy. Water bounced off the curve of her shoulder and splattered on the tile floor. Funny, they did not have man-toes. Even their feet were perfectly sculpted.

"We lied when we told you we would let you shower in peace." Jason's gravelly voice broke the silence between them. "The thought of you running your hands over your body was just too much to ignore."

He stepped into the tub with her, and Seth followed.

She understood with sudden clarity why the shower seemed a little big at first. Then all thoughts fled her mind when Jason pressed her into the slick wall behind her and spread her legs with his thigh. The cool tiles shocked her heated skin. He kissed her, his lips gentle,

his body demanding as he cupped her breasts with his hands and ground his groin into hers.

The sound of the shower drowned her muffled gasps, but when Jason slipped his hand between their bodies, she pulled her mouth away from his and moaned. He lingered in the space where her leg met her pelvis, and her body tensed in anticipation. Then his thumb grazed over her slit, and Edie felt an answering rush between her legs.

Jason took her earlobe between his teeth and bit down. "Are you wet for us, Edie?" His voice sounded rough and thick in her ear, and she felt his breath against her wet skin.

The pad of his thumb caressed back and forth. He did not press against her, did not touch her pulsing clit, did not sink his fingers into her aching cunt. Instead, he teased her with the lightest of caresses against her pussy lips, and she undulated, trapped against his body and the shower wall. She could not tell which was harder.

The world spilled and sprayed around her, and her sanity billowed and swirled as it left her. Up, up, and away it went, and in its wake she was left a writhing, boneless heap of need and desire.

Seth pinched her nipple. "Answer the question."

She snapped back into her body. "What question?" The words came out lazy and thick.

Seth smirked at her and pinched her nipple again. He twisted it a little this time, and the combination of pain and pleasure unfurled something dark and erotic inside her. "Are you wet for us, Edie? Is your sweet pussy dripping for us?"

Jason's thumb finally, blessedly, grazed over her clit, and she jerked in his hold. The pleasure was raw and potent, and it unnerved her. She shied from it, lifting her hips away from Jason's touch, but he shifted his knee between her legs, and it messed with her balance.

"Oh, no you don't." Jason pressed his body into hers and pinned her. "Don't deny me this." He touched her then. Really touched her. He pressed this thumb against her clit and rubbed, circled, and teased

until she had no choice other than to open herself up to the pleasure he gave her.

Sweet, painful ecstasy pulsed through her whole body, lighting it up with her desire. Her moans grew to pleading breaths and soft cries. Still, he did not press harder against her.

“More, please,” she gasped. She hovered on the painful edge of coming, and he kept her there, suspended over the erotic ether with the exquisite skill of his fingers.

Jason pulled away from her and kissed her violently.

Then he was gone and was on his knees in front of her, just like in her fantasy. Instead of making her wait, Jason pushed her up the slippery wall until she had no choice but to drape one of her legs over his shoulder. She spread the other one wide and locked her knee to keep herself in place. At least for the time being. God only knew that once Jason got started with that tongue of his she would melt into a useless heap.

She imagined what kind of picture she made standing there, splayed out and exposed for their combined viewing pleasure. But judging from the way Jason’s eyes burned into hers and Seth’s rough growl, they liked what they saw.

Jason slid his palms up the insides of her thighs so slowly she thought she might die from the anticipation. She wanted to beg him, plead with him to go faster because the unsatisfied throb between her legs grew to a painfully sharp pang that could only be satisfied by what they could give her.

But Jason was the picture of self-control.

The only hint that he was close to breaking was that his fingers dug into her flesh when his hands reached her hips. His jaw ticked. His chest heaved. His hair stuck to his forehead in jagged little pieces, and his crystalline eyes sparkled with an internal heat that made her pussy weep. He was beautiful.

His burning gaze held hers captive. But something in the air changed, something she could barely sense let her know for this brief moment, the tables turned. She was in control. And she knew what she wanted.

Her eyes still locked on his, Edie reached between her legs and separated her labia with her fingers, exposing her throbbing clit and pussy to his wild gaze.

“Jason,” she whispered. “Lick me.”

He hesitated for the space of a heartbeat. Then he put his tongue to her.

She screamed at the pleasure.

\* \* \* \*

*Holy shit*, was all Jason could think.

Edie was the sexiest, most beautiful woman he had ever seen. She wiped his mind clean. Erased everything but the images of her branded in his mind—Edie smiling at him the first time they met, the way her dresses danced around her ankles when she walked, the way her hips swayed when she moved, the lost look in her eyes when she came for them. All of those memories of her would be forever set in stone in his mind. But this, the image of her spreading her sweet pussy lips so he could see her glistening cunt, would be his obsession.

She had the most beautiful pussy he’d ever seen. It was swollen with her arousal and flushed a deep red, like the ripest of strawberries. She tasted so sweet. So juicy. So indescribably delicious that he could not help but love going down on her, tonguing her engorged clit until her thighs trembled and tightened around his neck. He didn’t even care that he couldn’t breathe. The sounds of her screams, the way her fingers pulled his hair and held him against her made him so fucking hot for her he could barely control himself.



Jason could not make out anything she said. All he could hear was the blood rushing through his ears. All he could comprehend was that her pussy fluttered a certain way when he did something she particularly liked. Like when he wrapped his lips around her clit and sucked gently, then ran the flat of his tongue over it. Oh, yeah. She liked that. She liked it even more when he pulled the hood of her clit back and repeated the process.

He pressed his finger against her opening and pushed it home. She was tight. And hot. Her sweet cunt gripped him and sucked him inside. She gasped and let out a low moan above him, but when he pressed against that sweet spot inside her and sucked her clit between his lips, the moan turned into a broken scream. She thrashed and shook above him, but Seth pinned her against the wall before wrapping his hand around one of her breasts and leaning down to take a swollen, dusty pink nipple into his mouth. Edie pressed her pussy into Jason's face, and her thighs trembled around him. He flicked his tongue over her flesh and feasted on her cream.

Edie's fingernails raked across Seth's back, leaving red lines in their path, but Seth did not seem to care. Instead, he slipped an arm behind Edie's back and brought her closer to his mouth.

Edie's hair hung down in long, wet ropes, and Jason thought she looked like some sort of goddess with the steaming water running down her body in sexy little rivulets that highlighted her wicked curves.

Jason pressed another finger into her and swirled it around in her pussy. He heard the exact moment her passion-filled cries turned desperate. Her cunt throbbed around his fingers, and she pumped her hips against his face. Her breath sawed in and out of her mouth, and her thigh tightened its grip around his neck.

She was close.

Jason lashed his tongue over her flesh faster and faster. She gasped and shied away from him, but he wrapped his free arm around

her hips, fanned his fingers wide, and pressed against her lower back, tilting her toward his hungry mouth. He glanced up and saw Seth pull her back away from the wall, making her lose her balance. Draped between them, she was totally at their mercy.

Eddie twisted in their grip, but they did not let her go. They pushed her pleasure higher, sucking harder, lapping, nipping, squeezing, making her screams echo off the walls.

Her body tensed, went completely rigid. She took in a breath. Then she let it out on a broken sob while her body came apart in their arms. She shook between them, her slick, supple body twisting in their hands.

Jason pulled his fingers out of her throbbing pussy. She made a protesting noise, but when he brought his hand around to her backside and slowly pressed a finger into her tight little hole, her screams started again. Afraid he hurt her, he started pulling out, but her gasping cries for more made him press back in. She was tight. He gently sucked her clit between his lips and worked on stretching her out as much as he could with his finger.

“We’re going to have to loosen you up, cupcake. You’re so tight everywhere,” Jason said against her mound.

Her legs quivered around him. “I—I’m going to fall.”

“Nah. We’ve got you.” He stuck his tongue deep inside her cunt, and she whimpered.

“Jason! Seth! Oh, please. I can’t hold myself up anymore.”

“Don’t worry, cupcake.” Jason pressed a kiss against her mound. “We won’t let you fall. Now give us another one.”

Her eyes widened. “There’s no way. It’s too much.”

Seth nipped the underside of her breast. She sucked in a breath between her teeth. “No, it’s not. Give it to us,” Seth commanded. “We want another one.”

“But I don’t—I haven’t—”

Jason barely grazed the tip of his tongue over her clit.

“Oh, God,” she moaned before she collapsed into Seth’s arms.

“I got you,” Seth said against her chest.

Jason wasn’t done questioning her yet. “Why is it too much, cupcake? Finish what you started saying.”

“No one’s ever done that. I’ve never done that.” She stumbled over the words, but they fell clearly on his ears.

“You shouldn’t have said that,” Jason growled.

“Why?”

“‘Cause that just makes us want it more. Doesn’t it, Seth?”

“Hell yeah.” Seth sucked her breast into her mouth at the same time Jason pressed a second finger against her ass.

Edie shrieked and screamed, but she never asked them to stop. She begged them for more, to make her come, because she could not take it anymore.

She screamed differently when his fingers were in her ass rather than in her pussy. And her body was more expressive in how it rippled and writhed. He loved her this way, loved this uninhibited creature she became when they pushed her beyond any experience she had before them. He could not help but to give her everything he had. He wanted to make an impression on her. He wanted to make sure he and Seth branded themselves onto her subconscious the way she branded herself into their very beings.

He loved every nuance of her body. He loved the flair of her hips, the way her thighs were rounded at the top, and how her slim ankles narrowed into the daintiest feet he ever saw. He loved how her lower belly was a little rounded and how her breasts grew heavier when she was aroused. But most of all, he could not get enough of how right, how perfect she felt in their arms.

Her hips jerked in his grasp.

*There it is.*

Whenever one of them had his mouth on her, her hips twitched whenever she was close to coming. He did not know if she did that during sex, but they would find out soon.

He pressed his mouth to her and swirled his finger around in her ass. Just a little more, just a little more friction and—

She screamed.

*Yes. Fuck, yes.*

She shattered in their arms, writhing, kicking, scratching.

Jason gathered her close to him before the end of her first scream and yanked a towel off the rack after he stepped out of the shower.

It was time.

\* \* \* \*

She was red hot when she came.

Seth reached down and fisted his cock. His balls were tight and heavy, and they ached with the need to come.

He loved that blind look in her eyes whenever she came. In all of his many years of being sexually active, he hardly ever came across a woman who came with her eyes open. Usually, they squeezed their eyes shut, but Edie? Wow. She did the whole glazed jelly thing, and he could not help but stare into her eyes and try to take her pleasure, her ecstasy into himself.

He stopped mid-stride.

*Whoa.*

He rushed over to the mirror in a panic and wiped away the condensation so he could look at himself. Yup, he looked the same, but something inside him felt different because he just realized that making Edie come was as good as coming himself.

Well, if that just didn't kick him in the ass.

That sneaky, sexy little vixen. She made him all twisted inside, and he could not help but beg for more. This could get bad. Really bad.

“Seth!” Jason’s voice yanked Seth back to reality. “Get your ass in here.”

He did not have to be told twice.

He almost sprinted to the bedroom adjacent to the bathroom and got there just in time to see Edie plant herself on all fours on the comforter.

Seth groaned from deep in his chest. She had the roundest, perkier ass he’d ever seen. Her whole body looked ripe and luscious, the juiciest fruit just waiting to be eaten. Her hips thinned and curved into her small waist, and her delicate ribcage widened to her shoulders. Her spine formed a graceful little ridge down the center of her back, and for some reason, Seth even noticed her shoulder blades were beautiful.

He walked up to her and cupped her ass cheeks.

“You have the nicest ass I’ve ever seen, Edie.” He nipped the right cheek. He could not help himself. He turned to Jason, who held a lubed up ass plug out for him. Seth took it from him and turned his attention back to Edie.

“This might hurt for a bit, but it’ll be so good after. I promise.”

Edie’s fingers clenched the comforter in response, and Seth spread her cheeks.

“Has anyone told you that you have the sweetest ass?”

She let out a breathy giggle. “You j–just told me.”

“Well, I’m telling you again.” He pressed the plug against her hole, and she tensed. “Shh. No, don’t tense up,” he crooned as he pushed the tip of it into her ass. The idea that they were the first ones who ever touched her here made him feel like a veritable god and a caveman at the same time. Part of him wanted to soothe and caress her and take it slow so that she could enjoy every prolonged second of

their first time together. The other part of him wanted to throw the plug over his shoulder and take her ass right then and there because it was theirs, damn it.

He watched, entranced, as the plug slowly disappeared into her ass. Jason kneeled next to her and massaged her back while telling her to breathe, relax. The thicker part of the plug still had to go in, and she was already tense.

Jason took one of her nipples into his mouth, and Edie moaned.

“That’s it,” Seth encouraged. “Just feel.” He pressed the plug farther in while he used the fingers of his other hand to play with her clit. She twisted and jerked beneath his touch, and he just used her movements as a way to push the plug until, with a final slide, it sank into place.

Seth caressed the side of her hip and kissed the small of her back where her dimples were. “How’s that, Edie?”

“I feel so full. I don’t think I can hold myself up any longer.”

Seth suppressed a smile. Her arms shook, and her legs trembled. His heart did the painful squeeze thing again, and he decided to ignore it. He grasped her hips between his hands and flipped her onto her back. It must have caught her by surprise because her eyes fluttered open, and her pretty lips formed that “O” he loved so much. As he climbed over her body and rested his weight on his arms, he told himself that this whole face-to-face thing was his way of being merciful. After all, her arms were shaking a few seconds ago. But the painful tugging in the center of his chest suggested otherwise.

She was so beautiful all sprawled out for him. He could see her erratic breathing in the way her breasts jiggled, and her pupils were so wide in her big eyes he had to look away for a moment. How could one little person half his size unhinge him like this?

He ran his fingers through her hair and brushed his thumb over her cheekbone. The corners of her mouth curled into the sweetest, sexiest little smile he ever saw, and he couldn’t resist kissing her soft,

pillowy lips. He tilted her head so he could get a better angle and brushed his tongue against her bottom lip. She moaned, the small sound vibrating through him, and opened for him. He pressed his tongue into her mouth the same moment the head of his cock sank into her hot, clinging pussy. His mind went blank.

She looked up at him with wide eyes, and her fingernails dug into his flesh. Those pricks of erotic pain were the only things that kept him grounded in reality. He did not know what he would do if she did not hold on to him so tight. All he could see, taste, and touch was her. All he could feel was the smoothness of her skin against his and the indescribable feeling of her hot, tight pussy gripping his cock.

It had never, ever been this good.

He pressed himself farther into her, and she broke eye contact with him. Her eyes closed, and her head lolled back on the comforter, but he cupped the back of her neck and pulled her head up so that their foreheads touched.

“Look in my eyes, Edie. Look here the whole time.” His voice sounded rough even to his ears, but he was beyond caring.

Her eyelashes fluttered and her pupils dilated. Her lush floral scent surrounded him, and suddenly he was drunk on it, drunk on her and the painfully tight feeling in his chest.

He couldn’t take it anymore.

He flexed his ass and pushed the rest of himself into her. Her eyes shot open and a surprised gasp escaped her.

“I’m sorry—” he started. But then his hips took over and his words dried on his lips when her mouth tumbled open and her breathing sawed in and out of her in gasping heaves.

He pulled out of her until only the head of his cock remained inside her, then plunged back in. Her engorged flesh hugged him so tight, and the friction was so good, so sweet that he pumped into her again and again until all he could feel was her pussy clinging to him. From somewhere in the no man’s land outside the reality of being

inside her, he realized he made crazy, wild grunting noises and that Edie bounced whenever his hips slammed into the cradle of her thighs.

He was going at her too hard. It was too rough. It had been too long for her, but he could not stop. She surrounded him with her scent and her arms and her legs, and he was gone. Gone to the world and to common sense. All that existed in that moment was how fucking crazy she made him.

His orgasm came out of nowhere.

All of a sudden, it gathered in his balls, and he surged into her harder, faster, lifting her hips off the bed with the force of his pounding. Her mouth flapped open and off she went, her head sawing side to side on the comforter and her back arching up and tilting her hips so that his cock hit her clit with his strokes.

He collapsed on top of her, sweating, gasping, and spent.

\* \* \* \*

*Oh my God.*

That was all she could think when she unlocked her ankles from around Seth's lower back and let her legs fall, splayed open. She could barely breathe, but she didn't care. His weight felt so good on top of her, and she loved the way the scent of his sweat mixed with his cologne. He kissed her forehead, the tip of her nose, her lips. Then he grinned at her and was gone. Before she could miss Seth, though, Jason loomed over her and laced his arm under her right knee, stretching it up and exposing her to him.

There was no pretense of seduction.

He did not need any. Just looking at the feral glint in his eyes was enough to put her on the edge of coming again.



He pressed the blunt head of his cock against her pussy and pushed into her. It was a steady, mind-numbing invasion. He fed her inch after inch of his cock while holding her gaze with his.

Jason felt different from Seth. He was hairier, broader, heavier. Wilder. There was something untamed about the way Jason sheathed himself inside her. And there was something unbelievably carnal about the way he pulled back and pumped himself in again.

There was no finesse, no sensual games. This was claiming—hedonistic, raw and untamed lovemaking. She planted her free foot on the comforter and ground herself up and into him. Sparks of pleasure burst through her, and her eyes rolled into the back of her head.

She sensed him coming apart for her underneath all his hypnotic magnetism. He was softening for her. She could feel it in his strokes and in the way he hovered just inches from her, inhaling her gasps and shaky, whimpering breaths. He paid attention to every sound she made. His eyes were glued to her face, watching her expressions. Some part of her felt intimidated and embarrassed by the knowledge that Jason knew how his every touch affected her. The other part knew when it was conquered.

“Come for me,” he commanded.

Again? She already came at least twice this afternoon.

“It’s too much, Jason. Please.”

He stilled above her and regarded her for a moment, his eyes analyzing her face. Then he fucked himself into her—hard—and she did not know whether to gasp in pleasure or cry out in pain.

“You’re going to come for me. I want to feel your delicious pussy flutter around my cock when you come, and I want to watch your face at the same time.” Jason bent his head and sucked her nipple into his mouth, and the combination of his heated words and the suction at her breast had the passion surging in her again.

Edie wound her fingers into his hair and pulled him tighter against her chest. “Harder. Suck harder!” she ground out between her teeth.

His dick slammed into her, and his hard, rough strokes drove all coherent thoughts from her mind. She clung to him, clawed at his back, pulled his hair, and he gave it to her the way her body begged for it.

Her world came apart in a blaze of searing pleasure that left her gasping and limp. Jason gathered her closer, and his fingers dug into her hips.

“Ah, Edie.” His words came out in a grunted jumble, and he shook above her but spared her his weight. He rolled onto his side and gathered her close. Seth came to lie behind her. The last thing she was aware of before sleep took her was the way they smelled. Then she knew nothing at all.

## Chapter Six

Ever since the previous weekend, she had sex on her brain constantly—and they made sure she got a lot of it. Every night. It did not matter to her if she was sore or if she was still sweaty from their loving. She found she could not turn them down. Ever. Their magnetism drew her to them, and she was helpless to resist their touches, their kisses, their caresses. And they were good, so good. They drew orgasms out of her every time and held her when she came apart in their arms only to build her back up again. She rubbed her thighs together just thinking about the things they planned for her tonight.

She shook herself out of her thoughts and focused on the painting in front of her. Something was wrong with it. She tilted her head to the side and squinted. Nope. Something was still off.

Damn.

Edie used the sleeve of her oversized painting shirt to wipe the sweat off her forehead. She might as well take a break from this one. There wasn't any use in getting too tangled up in a piece when her next showing was still weeks away. Besides, she couldn't stand the way she got when she obsessed over her work. She walked into the kitchen and recognized a familiar face.

"Cassandra. Hi." Edie wiped away the loose hair brushing against her cheeks. She knew she had paint on her face, but she'd take care of that later. "How've you been?"

The other woman shrugged one of her skinny shoulders, and her perfectly tailored dress moved with her. "What can I say? I needed a cup of coffee, so I headed straight here."

"Well, I could use some, too."

A few minutes later, they sipped from their mugs and nibbled at the madeleines Edie made earlier that morning.

"So what have you been up to, Cassandra? Any luck with those guys?"

"Not quite. They know I'm in town, but they're playing hard to get."

"Really?"

"I know. It's almost as if they don't remember all that time we spent together. Like all those times we loved each other didn't mean as much to them as they did to me. It's all very frustrating." Cassandra folded her napkin into neat squares and pressed the edges down so that they looked sharp enough to cut something.

"I'm sorry. That must be really hard for you."

Cassandra's eyes met Edie's. "I'll just have to make them realize what they're missing."

Edie offered her a smile. "I'm sure you will. Just look at you. If they don't want to work things out with you, they're crazy."

"Thank you, darling. Hearing that from you makes me feel like it's true, which is shocking because I just realized something." Cassandra smiled an overly honeyed smile at Edie, then lifted her purse, held the lips of it open, and flipped it over, the contents scattering over the kitchen island and all over the floor.

Edie watched in horror as her own silk bindings, dirty panties, a pair of Seth's boxers, and a bottle of lube landed in the space between them. Her gaze flicked to Cassandra's perfectly composed face.

"Oh, I could have sworn there was something else in here. Where is it?" Cassandra smiled again and said, "One moment." Then she

shook the purse hard enough that her cheeks joggled from the force of it.

Edie's vibrator clanked heavily on the table, then fell to the floor, landing with a dull thud at her feet. Edie stared at the toy in shocked silence. Her heart pounded, her blood rushed feverishly through her veins, and her ears buzzed with white noise.

"Cassandra," she whispered as she looked at the other woman, the terrible truth dawning on her that her "friend" was nothing of the sort. "What the hell?"

Cassandra rounded the island in a few clipped strides, the smart *click-click* of her heels peppering the silence. "Did you honestly think you could hide this from me?" Cassandra grabbed the bottle of flavored lube and brandished it like a weapon in Edie's face. "You selfish bitch! How could you? You act like you're some sweet little thing, but you're really just a whore!"

She threw the bottle to the floor, and it burst. The lube sprayed and spewed around the room, landing in heavy plops on Edie's face and hair. It slithered down her skin, leaving a disgustingly oily trail in its wake. It felt like thick spittle.

Edie brought her fingers to her face and wiped a glob of it off. She stared at the clear liquid on her fingertips and rubbed them together in shock. It reminded her of her own texture and all the times Jason and Seth cancelled their dinner plans last minute because their lovemaking sessions lasted longer than expected.

Edie realized she shook with anger.

Fury blazed through her. Fury at Cassandra for polluting her home, for trying to soil her feelings for Jason and Seth, for fooling her into believing they were friends. But mostly she was just plain pissed that this woman, this crazy, conniving, egomaniacal psycho bitch had the nerve to question Edie about her relationship with Jason and Seth as if she owned them.

“Get out.” Edie pointed her tremulous finger at the kitchen entrance. Her voice was weak and thin, but she shook with a rage she never felt before. “Get out, Cassandra! Before I do something I’ll regret.”

Cassandra let out a cackling laugh, and Edie thought the garishly red lipstick she wore looked like dried blood. Cassandra abruptly stopped laughing and looked at Edie as if she were a petulant child begging for candy.

“Do you really think you’re capable of making me do anything I don’t want to, little girl?”

“Leave, Cassandra! Get out of my house before—what?” Edie lowered her brows and tried to read Cassandra’s face. The other woman stared at a spot over Edie’s shoulder with a dark fascination that made something inside Edie cringe. She felt Jason’s presence before his shoulders filled the doorway.

“What the hell is going on?” Jason’s voice echoed in the kitchen, making Edie wince with the power of it. Out of all the times they could drop by and visit, why, why, why did they have to come now? Edie had no desire to see the three of them in the same room together, especially after all the time she spent with Jason and Seth these past few weeks.

Cassandra crossed her arms under her breasts, effectively pushing them up for all to see. She and Jason eyed each other like boxers circling each other in the ring. Cassandra struck first. “I’m just telling your little toy here that she needs to get in line.”

“Hey.” Jason’s voice was deep and held a touch of anger. “Don’t talk about her like that.”

“You must be kidding me. Are you really pulling this?”

Jason stepped in front of Edie so half of his body shielded hers. His hands fisted at his sides. “Pulling what, Cassandra?”

“Your knight-in-shining-armor routine.” She rolled her eyes. “Please. As if you haven’t done that before. I still don’t know what’s

so special about her. She's pretty, I'll give her that, and she does cook quite well, but I can't imagine that she can be very satisfying." Cassandra's gaze flicked over Edie. "You're too sweet."

Edie narrowed her eyes at the other woman and opened her mouth to make a comment about Cassandra's ridiculous bitchiness and hoping her negative karma would hit her in the form of a huge bus, but Seth stopped her.

His breath tickled her ear and sent tingles along her spine. "It's not worth it, Edie. Not when she's like this."

Well, that took the tingles away. Edie turned to face him. "Really? And how do you know that?"

"Don't get all sassy with me. This was all before you. Way before you."

"Apparently not because she came back! Or was this the plan all along? Just waste time with the new girl in town until—"

Seth's brows dropped dangerously low, and his lips pursed together. She stopped her tirade, and he backed her up against the doorframe even as Jason stepped menacingly toward Cassandra.

Seth pressed his body into hers, and Edie fought against the throbbing in her pussy. "Let me tell you something. And I'm only gonna tell you this once, so pay close attention."

Cassandra moved out of the corner of Edie's eye, and Edie turned her head to look, but Seth lightly cupped her chin in his fingers and brought her eyes to his.

"Look at me. Everything you experienced with us was the real thing. Everything. And it means more to us with you than it ever did with Cassandra or anyone else. Yes, there have been women Jason and I shared or had on our own, but they don't matter anymore. They never really did. You do." Seth kissed the tip of her nose and pulled away from her. "Don't forget that, and don't let her intimidate you."

Edie squared her shoulders. "She doesn't intimidate me."

Seth smirked. "Right."

“She doesn’t!”

His fingers caressed her cheekbone and swept a drop of the thick liquid off her skin. He rubbed it between his fingers and sniffed at it, then looked up at her, perplexed.

“Is this what I think it is?”

“Yeah.”

He raised an eyebrow and looked around the room, seeming to notice almost all the surfaces in the kitchen were coated in personal lubricant for the first time.

“What the hell?”

She sighed heavily. “Don’t ask.”

“Well, maybe she doesn’t intimidate you after all,” he said after he turned his attention back to her.

She resisted the urge to slap him. “That’s what I said, Seth,” she hissed between clenched teeth.

He twirled an errant lock of her hair around the fingers of his other hand. “Uh-huh.”

Seth pressed his lips against hers in a kiss that made her toes curl in her flip flops. She couldn’t breathe, but she didn’t care. Then as quickly as he kissed her, he was gone, his hands under her rib cage holding her steady. His eyes glittered with something she couldn’t name, and then he went to stand next to Jason.

“Can’t you see she’s just putting on a show? That innocent act is just that!” Cassandra screamed.

Jason regarded her, stony faced and arms crossed. “No, she’s not. You’re the one who’s making a show of herself. What the hell were you thinking coming in here and threatening her, Cassandra?”

“I never threatened her. I simply told her that she couldn’t hide her little affair from me—”

“We’re not having a ‘little affair’ with her. We’re in a relationship with her, and the sooner you figure out the better.” Jason’s eyes were frigid and hard.



“What does she have that I don’t?” Cassandra pointed furiously at Edie. “What is it? Because I’m certain she can’t live up to the time we had when we took that little trip down to the coast. The whole weekend was just one whole blur of—”

“Get out.” Jason’s voice was barely audible, but his tone and the flash of ice in his eyes meant he was not to be trifled with.

Cassandra crossed her arms over her chest and shifted her gaze. “No, I don’t think I will.”

“Get out before I throw you out. And I will. Don’t think I won’t.”

“Well, you’ll just have to force me, then,” Cassandra shot back.

Jason didn’t answer. Instead, his giant hand shot out and grabbed her arm, and he pulled her out of the room. Seth sidled up to Edie, the skin of his arm brushing against her shoulder. The silence buzzed around them, or maybe that was the ringing in her ears. Edie could not decide. She just needed to avoid eye contact with Seth for as long as possible. If she saw any sort of expression she did not like on their faces—regret, pity, frustration, anything—she would give them a piece of her mind, and it would not be pretty. She might say things she would never be able to take back. She did not want to do that to them, no matter how angry or embarrassed or confused she was.

She tucked a stray piece of hair behind her ear and made a show of checking to see if her hairstyle was still in place on her head while she inched away from Seth. He let her have her space. He didn’t move to follow her, and she breathed a quiet sigh of relief. She just needed a few moments to collect herself.

She headed toward the kitchen island and started cleaning up the coffee mugs and cookie crumbs she and Cassandra left. Her hands shook so badly that the coffee sloshed and threatened to spill. She placed them in the sink with a little too much emphasis, and the clattering sound filled the empty space around her.

Edie went rigid to cover up her startled jump.

She felt Seth's gaze on her like a heated beam, and her body responded to it, slowly melting and loosening until her shoulders lowered themselves from around her ears. She still didn't face him, though. No matter how much her traitorous body desired to feel him press against her, her mind still reeled from everything that just happened, and she still felt the residual tension hanging in the air.

She blew out a breath, gathered her cleaning supplies, and decided to take out her frustration on the countertops.

Edie put her whole body into her mad, obsessive scrubbing, and her hair started coming out of the bobby pins. She swatted at it and repeatedly swept her forearm over it to smooth back the loose tendrils, but they fell into her face, creating a curtain around her eyes. She stomped her foot and shook her hair loose, but when she tipped her head back she saw Seth coming for her.

She straightened and watched, transfixed, as he crossed the room. He part stalked, part teased her as he closed the space between them, his cocksure swagger telling her that he knew she wanted him. The air sizzled around them, the angry tension from before turning into something hotter and full of promises of passion. He didn't speak to her. He didn't have to. He simply held her captive in his midnight blue gaze, and she was helpless to look away. His eyes smoldered and sparkled with erotic intent.

She clenched her thighs together.

He kissed her. She didn't have any warning. One minute, he stared at her as if trying to see through her, and then the next his lips were on hers, taking, claiming, coaxing. He was not gentle with her, and when she would have pulled away, his hand wove into her hair and pressed her closer. She collapsed into him and let him hold her weight so she could clutch at him. His hands were everywhere, touching, caressing, pressing, stroking. Her nipples turned to sensitive, demanding peaks, and her pussy throbbed with her desire.

Seth yanked her shirt open and caught one of her nipples in his mouth, the suction and sweet, sweet pleasure making her head roll back on her shoulders. She clutched him to her, pressed him closer, and then suddenly he spun her around. She caught the edge of the countertop with her palms to steady herself. He pressed her against it, and the edge pushed into her tummy. She closed her eyes when his lips left soft kisses on her neck. The light pressure and his warm, moist breath lit her skin on fire. Passion and heat bubbled under her goose-bumped skin, and she trembled with the force of it.

He reached around her and pulled one of the floor cabinets open.

“Put your leg up.”

Eddie shook her head, trying to clear the sex haze clouding her thoughts. “What?”

“Your leg.”

“I don’t...”

Then his hand was under her knee and lifting it. She fell back against his chest, but he didn’t show any signs of not being able to hold her weight. He did not sag back, did not stumble. He accepted her weight and pulled her closer with his free arm while his hand propped her foot on one of the shelves and held her knee out so that her pussy was fully exposed.

“Oh, God,” she whimpered.

““Oh, God’ is right, Eddie. You’ll be saying that a lot before I’m done with you.” His hand slid up her leg toward her waiting pussy. With every inch he got closer, her pussy juices flowed more, and her cunt clenched when his fingertips brushed over the skin where her leg met her groin.

Eddie sucked in a breath and rubbed herself against his chest. She could feel his muscles bulging even through their clothes.

The tip of his tongue dragged up the side of her neck, and his lips laid a kiss on her jaw before he blew on the trail he left. Eddie grabbed

at the countertop for balance even as he nipped on her earlobe and traced the shell of her ear.

She let out a strangled sound and fought against collapsing into a horny, sex-starved heap on the floor. He made her so hot for him when he took his time. She wanted it hard, fast, now. He never gave it to her. He seemed to like it when she begged and pleaded with him. When she screamed at him to let her go over the edge please, please because the pleasure hurt too much. It was always worth it. She always came apart under his hands, his mouth, his body, and the look on his face every time was the same, and it told her that he reveled in it. He loved it when he made her come so hard she couldn't stop her body from shaking and twitching with the aftereffects. Smug bastard. He was amazing, and he knew it.

He gently separated her labia, and her clit throbbed when he barely brushed over it. She stilled in his arms and felt his chest vibrating.

"It's not funny, Seth!"

He leaned in close. "I never said it was."

He pressed his fingertips against her cunt, and the soft pressure made her eyes roll back in her head. When his fingers slid into her, she let out a low moan and lowered her hips to accept more of him. He pressed against her G-spot, and pleasure bloomed under her skin. He swirled his fingers inside her again and pressed the heel of his hand against her clit, and her orgasm burst through her, sudden and violent.

Without warning, he pushed her into the countertop and hiked her skirt up. The surface of it was cold to the touch, and her nipples tightened when they touched it. His hands wrapped around her hips and lifted them toward his cock so that she had to balance on her tip-toes. He thrust fully into her in one heavy stroke. He filled her so completely that she felt herself having to stretch around him, but he

did not give her the time. He pulled back until she felt the thick tip of him almost pull out of her, then fucked himself back inside.

Eddie took a gasping breath and clutched at the counter, her fingers scraping at the white tile, trying to grab on to something, anything that would anchor her to reality. The air heaved out of her with every heavy stroke of his cock inside her, and he hit that special spot every time he drove in.

His pace was fast, brutal, and luscious in its ferocity. She felt his urgency in the way he huddled around her and caged her in with his arms. It was as if he didn't want to let her go, and he held her to him as if she would.

Her mouth fell open when his fingertips brushed over her clit. It was too much. It wasn't enough. He fucked her hard, then he fucked her softly. He overwhelmed her with sensation.

Seth's strokes grew shallower and faster, more desperate. He was close, she could feel it. She pressed her hips back into him, and he moaned from low in his chest. He grasped her hips harder and pumped her on and off his dick. Eddie let him control the pace, gave herself over to his heady, untamed passion. All she could do was hold on to the counter as he overwhelmed her.

This was not sex. This was branding. Marking.

He pulled out of her, yelling "Damn it" before he started pacing around the kitchen, his big cock leading the way. Eddie slumped over the counter, her whole body rising and falling with her breathing.

"Seth? What the hell?"

"Did I hurt you? Are you okay?"

"Yeah. I'm fine. What's going on with you? Why didn't you let yourself come?"

"I almost lost it. I was so pissed off at the whole situation and at you for even thinking that Cassandra could even come close to meaning as much as you, and I almost lost myself in it, and then—"

Seth blew out a breath and put his hands on his hips. He turned around and faced her. “You sure I didn’t hurt you?”

“Yes. Seth, what—”

Jason walked in. His piercing eyes went from her to Seth and a look she could not interpret came to his face. His jaw clenched. Not good. Jason gave Seth a hard stare, and Seth rolled his eyes and walked toward Edie. He planted a soft kiss between her shoulder blades and helped her straighten her clothes before he bent to put his own back on.

“She won’t be coming back any time soon.” Jason’s voice sounded as cold as his eyes looked.

His tone went right through her and made her angry all over again. “Well, don’t sound so upset about it.” Edie smoothed her hands over her clothing. When she finally looked back up, she met Jason’s gaze and refused to look away.

“Why shouldn’t I be pissed off? That woman is out of her damn mind. She’s controlling, she’s manipulative, and she’s one of the most selfish people I’ve met, and now she’s trying to sink her claws into you. Of course I’m pissed.”

Edie shifted her weight to one leg and put her hands on her hips. “You know what your problem is, Jason? You think everyone is out to get you. And now your paranoia is taking over. Cassandra is just one of those people—”

He took a step toward her, and Seth came to stand between them. “Whoa, Jace.”

Jason just sidestepped his brother and towered over Edie. “Of course I’m paranoid! You have no idea what I’ve seen, Edie. Not everyone is like you! People aren’t always honest or honorable. They’re not even nice. But you are, and it scares the shit out of me.”

Seth stepped in front of him again, but Jason just kept going. “You think people actually give a shit about everyone else, but they don’t. And people like that will take advantage of you every time.

Why do you think we stop by this place every night? Why do you think we do background checks on everyone who stays here? You think that the world is full of butterflies and rainbows and sunshine, but it's not, Edie! You don't listen to me. You listen to the people who want to hurt you and pull us apart."

That just pissed her off. She took a breath, and her chest puffed out in anger. "Are you kidding me with this? Are you really serious? How dare you tell me that I need to be more careful about the people I let into my life when you're the ones who had a relationship with her?" She shoved past Seth and pushed against Jason's chest in her fury. He didn't move an inch, but she didn't care. The gloves were off now. "You hypocrite! So it's okay for you to be with whoever you want, but I'm not allowed to make *friends* with whoever I want? Screw that, Jason! Don't you dare try to control me."

The blood drained out of Jason's face, and Seth's eyes went saucer-like. "Edie," Seth started.

She held her hand out. "No. I'm not done with your brother yet." She met Jason's eyes. "I'm a big girl, Jason. I can take care of myself. I did it before you, and I'll do it after you if it comes to that. Don't be condescending to me by thinking that you can always protect me and take care of me like I'm some sort of wilting flower! I'm not one of your commandoes, Jason! I'm a woman. If you didn't notice, I have a brain of my own, and I use it quite well, thank you very much, you chauvinist bastard."

"Is that what you really think of me?"

"Based on the past hour of your behavior? Yes."

"You're completely wrong, Edie."

She crossed her arms over her chest. "Really? Well, please correct me because I'm apparently incapable of making my own decisions!"

Jason's lips tightened, and his jaw ticked. "Fine. You're right. I said some things that I should have explained better."

"Yes. You should have."

Seth broke in. “What he’s trying to say is that he’s worried Cassandra told you things about us that might make you second guess our feelings for you, but anything she said wasn’t true.”

“So the time on the sailboat? That wasn’t true.”

Seth looked chastened. “Okay, fine. That was true.”

“And the time when you tied—”

Jason muttered a curse and hit the wall before pacing around the kitchen. Seth released a clipped breath and squeezed his eyes closed before he put his palms up toward her.

“All right, all right. Whatever she said about the time we spent with her is probably true. But anything she said about us loving her or having feelings for her is complete crap. Yes, Edie, we’ve both been with other women, together or otherwise, but that’s it. We’ve just been with them. There weren’t any feelings involved. None whatsoever.” He gently caressed her shoulders.

She shrugged him off. So there might not have been any feelings between them, but she knew what they had done together, and the images wouldn’t stop flashing through her brain.

Silence buzzed around them, and Jason’s heavy footsteps echoed around the room. He stopped in front of her. “I’m sorry I hurt your feelings. But what I said was true. She’s trying to take you away from us, and the thought scares me.”

While his words went straight to her heart and made it throb with something too big for words, the logic behind them incensed her. “You know what, Jason? The only person who can take me away from you is me. Me. I’m the one who makes the decision to be with the two of you, no one else.”

“Edie, I didn’t mean—”

“No. Don’t even start. Just get out. Leave. I don’t want to talk about it anymore. I’ll call when I’m ready to talk.”

She walked out of the room.



## Chapter Seven

The music echoed and pounded through Edie's chest as she walked through Cedar Ridge's front doors. She glanced around, her eyes scanning the faces on the packed dance floor, the mahogany bar, and the small indoor stage where a band played a cover of a George Strait song. She hoped with every fiber of her depressed being she would see Jason and Seth, but she dreaded the moment more than she wanted to admit.

What would they think? What would they say? She hadn't spoken to them for almost a week, and they had respected her request to not contact her until she made the first move. Were they scanning the entrance to the bar, looking for her as anxiously as she looked for them? Did they look for signs of her everywhere they went? Did the ghost of her scent linger in the hallways and in their sheets?

She followed Lena as they made their way through the crowd, weaving and winding their bodies around the people in their way.

"Whatcha drinking, sweetie?" the bartender called out when they got to the bar.

"A Malibu and Coke for me," Edie said over the music. She pulled some cash out of her back pocket. "And a Dos Equis for her." Edie tilted her head toward Lena, who leaned an elbow against the bar.

Edie handed Lena their drinks and threw her hair up in a haphazard bun. "Where do you want to sit?"

Lena pointed her longneck to the second floor of the bar. "Up there looks good."

“Okay. Sounds good to me.”

They found a corner table overlooking the dance floor. After not seeing Jason outside, she wondered if he would be doing some crowd control inside. Edie looked at every face below her, but she could not see either of them. She took a deep breath and let it out. It sounded as heavy as her chest felt.

“Are they not here?” Lena asked, a knowing look on her face.

“I guess not.” She had no desire to come out tonight. All she wanted to do was curl up in bed with a pint of green tea Haagen-Dazs and a *Pride and Prejudice* DVD, but Lena literally dragged her to the car saying there was not any point in sulking in the dark. Edie disagreed, but hey, girls’ nights did not just fall into their laps anymore.

She gulped down half of her drink and sighed again. One of Lena’s eyebrows shot up in response, but Lena did not say anything about her moping just yet.

“I’m just so frustrated with myself right now, Lena.”

“I know. But, Edie, you have to realize that Jason and Seth are crazy about you. You have to stop questioning yourself when it comes to their feelings for you.” Lena reached across the table and grasped her hand for a moment. Edie squeezed it back.

“You’re right. I know you are, but why would they want me when Cassandra is there looking so perfect in her tailored white suits and her ridiculously gorgeous shoes, even though she is a little crazy?” Edie looked down at herself. She wore a dark pair of jeans and a top she made herself out of silk handkerchiefs. It was shaped like a diamond, and only a single knot in the center of her back held it together. “I mean, look at me.”

Lena rolled her eyes and clucked her tongue. “Jesus Christ, Edie. For the thousandth time this week, you’re not ugly!”

“It’s not that. It’s just that next to Cassandra, I feel like this windblown, unkempt, messy street person. And the fact that they did the same things with her as with me—”

“Eddie, going through the motions with someone doesn’t mean the feelings were there behind everything, and know that’s how it is with you.”

Eddie finished her drink, the rum starting to settle warmly in her legs. “But you weren’t there. You didn’t feel the tension in that room. Why would there be tension if there weren’t feelings involved?”

“They were probably just really unhappy and shocked to see her there. How would you feel if you saw one of your ex-boyfriends here?”

“First off, I only have one ex-boyfriend. And secondly, I certainly wouldn’t get all hot and bothered by it. Underlying emotions signal underlying feelings.” *Ha*. She wanted to see Lena reason her way around that one.

Lena pinned her with a shrewd gaze. “You’re just digging yourself a pity hole.”

Eddie let out a breath. Damn. She was right. “It’s just hard not picturing them with her, especially after all the things she said to me. And I know they were true because Jason and Seth had to shut her up. God, I want to pull all her hair out and steal her shoes.” She met Lena’s eyes, and they started laughing. “Thank you for listening to me complain.”

“Of course. That’s what I’m here for.”

“So, how are things with your Stone men?” Eddie wiggled her eyebrows.

Lena sighed dramatically and rested a hand over her heart. “I’ve discovered my new favorite position.”

“Again? I thought you already did that.”

“No. This one’s even better—”

“Hi, Eddie.”

She looked up from their conversation to the cowboy standing at their table. Matthew Smith. He was handsome, standing tall and solid in his starched shirt. His wavy black hair brushed the top of his collar, and his dark brown eyes looked down at her with just the right amount of heat to make her a little nervous.

“Matt. Hi. How are you?”

“I was just wondering if you would like to dance.”

Edie looked at Lena, asking silently if it was all right if she went with Matt. Lena shooed her away from the table. “Go, go. I’m fine. Don’t worry about me.”

Edie took Matt’s outstretched hand and let him pull her to her feet. Glancing back one more time at Lena, who gave her the yes-I’m-sure look, she let him lead her downstairs and toward the dance floor.

Matt’s hand completely engulfed hers. She was not as petite as Lena, but next to Matt, who was almost as tall as Jason and Seth, she felt like it. He spun her around once they reached the dance floor and pulled her back into his big body. Edie let him lead her, let her body follow his as his hands pressed against her waist, spun her out, and brought her back.

Her hair untwisted itself from the bun and fell against the skin of her back. She felt Matt’s hand smooth over the ends of it before he pulled her a little closer. A little too close. She pulled away from his hard chest a little, and that’s when she saw them over Matt’s shoulder.

Cassandra and Seth talking.

Cassandra leaned against the table, bent over at the waist, while her blouse dipped low, revealing her breasts. She was not wearing a bra. Seth kept his gaze on Cassandra’s face, his expression wary and a little hostile, but Cassandra reached out to run her fingertips over Seth’s five o’clock shadow. Edie’s body jolted at the sight, her muscles locking up. She missed a step as she watched. Then another.

Why, that little bitch!

“You doing okay?” Matt asked, his boyishly handsome face blocking the ugly sight of Cassandra trying to sweet-talk Seth into doing God knew what.

She snapped herself out of it. “Yeah. I just lost count,” she lied. “Sorry.”

“Nah. Don’t worry about it. You were doing great. Mind saving me another one before you go?”

Edie almost said no. The desire to bolt off the dance floor and race home overwhelmed her, but the image of Cassandra trying to sink her evil claws into Seth’s hide lingered in her mind.

Two could play that game.

“How about another one right now?” Edie plastered a smile on her face and hoped he would accept.

“Yeah, sure.” He pulled her toward him again, and Edie’s smile faltered.

The band started a slow song. *Damn.*

Edie let Matt guide her into his chest. She had to admit he smelled pretty good. Not as good as the way Jason or Seth smelled, but the scent of fresh cotton and a little male musk made her smile to herself. Matthew smelled as nice as he was. She felt his hand move to the small of her back and fell into step with him. He moved to lead her into a turn, and she saw his eyes widen a fraction before she smacked into a hard body. Tilting her head up, she saw Seth’s face, hard with anger.

“Just what in the hell do you think you’re doing?” he asked. Seth pulled her out of Matthew’s soft grip and, with his big hands, pushed her behind him.

“And just what the hell do you think *you’re* doing, Seth?” She thumped him on the back with her palm and tried to get around him. “You’re acting like a complete jackass!”

He rounded on her. “I’ll get to you later.” Edie saw him turn toward Matthew, and she flinched. Poor guy. Sure, he was a solidly

built man, but he did not exactly look like the type to get into a bar fight. She never thought Seth did, either, but given the way his body tensed and bunched under his button-down shirt, she realized she assessed him incorrectly. “Just what do you think you’re doing, Smith?”

“I’m just dancing, Seth.”

Seth advanced on him. Matt stood his ground, unmoving. Couples on the dance floor stopped to look at them.

“Yeah? Just dancin’? It sure as shit didn’t look you were just dancin’ with your hands all going down to her ass.”

“Damn it, Seth, I didn’t touch her ass!”

“Well, that’s not what I saw. I saw your hands going to her—”

“Cut it out, Seth.” Edie stepped between them. She met Seth’s blue-black eyes. “He didn’t do anything inappropriate...”

“He better not have, or I’ll—”

“...or anything I didn’t ask him to do,” she finished. *Oh boy.* Maybe she should not have taken that particular leap, judging from the way Seth’s mouth snapped shut and the scary look in his eyes. Part of her rejoiced in getting that response out of him. The other part of her, the sane part, wanted to find a safe place to hide.

“What did you just say?” The words came out quiet but filled with dark menace.

Edie resisted the urge to back up as Seth stalked toward her.

“Seth—”

His hand shot out and wrapped around her wrist. “You’re coming with me.”

“I’m not going anywhere with you.”

“Oh, yes, you are,” he seethed.

Out of the corner of her eye, Edie saw Matt move toward them. Her heart stopped. She did not want to think about what would happen to Matt if he tried to get in Seth’s way. Seth must have seen

him coming, though, because he dropped her wrist and gave Matt the coldest, most hostile look she ever saw.

“Don’t. Fucking. Think. About it.” Seth’s voice no longer sounded human. It was something else. Something drenched in hard fury.

Matt backed off, but not before looking at her again, his eyes seeming to ask if she needed help. Edie shook her head. She knew Seth would never hurt her, not even in this state. She could not say the same about Matt.

Seth wrapped his arm around her waist and plastered her body against his before he led her toward the back of the building. Edie saw a flash of blond out of the corner of her eye and briefly met Cassandra’s furious gaze with her own. Edie smiled her sweetest, most irreverent smile at the other woman.

*Eat your heart out, you heinous cow.*

\* \* \* \*

Jason flew down the stairs as Seth dragged a pissed-off looking Edie from the dance floor and toward the back of the building. He caught up with them just as Seth pulled her around a corner and into the hall leading to their offices.

Jason looked over his shoulder to make sure no one followed and rounded on the both of them.

“Well, that was a scene if I’ve ever seen one. What the hell were you thinking, Seth?” His voice sounded hard and cold to his ears.

His brother released Edie from the obviously hard grip he had on her and walked up to Jason, putting them face to face.

“I was making good and damn sure no one else touched our woman, that’s what!” Seth yelled.

Jason shoved against Seth’s chest, pushing him back. “Get out of my face.”

Seth came right back, though, and it pissed Jason the hell off. He stepped toward his brother, stopping him in his tracks. “Just try it, Seth.”

They squared off, each sizing the other one up, their chests rising and falling with their heavy breaths. Jason sensed the moment his brother backed off.

“Chill, Seth. Fuck.”

“What was I supposed to do? Let Smith fondle her ass?”

“No, you’re supposed to act like the manager of this place and like the adult you’re supposed to be and handle the situation accordingly. Not go all ape shit, carrying on and making a scene.”

“Screw that. Smith was putting the moves on her, and you know it.”

Oh, he knew it. He saw every second of it. He saw Edie when she and Lena came in earlier, and he went to try and talk to her when he saw Matt go up to their table and ask her to dance. Jason almost laughed to himself, thinking Edie would not accept the offer, but when she let Matthew Smith lead her to the dance floor, her hand in his, Jason had to contain the urge to kill the man with his bare hands. And when he saw them dancing, Matt touching Edie’s bare back—he would talk to her about her “shirt” later—he decided he had enough. He started down the stairs to tell Matt to cut the shit or else, but Seth beat him to it. Had Seth overreacted and made a scene? Hell, yes. Could Jason honestly say he would not have reacted the same way? Nope.

“Of course I saw him feeling her up.”

“Stop talking about me like I’m not here. He was not feeling me up!” Edie broke in between them and glared up at him, her jaw set and her eyes glinting with a hardness he never saw before. “Get over yourselves! If I want to dance with someone other than the two of you, I will. I can do whatever I damn well please! You don’t own me



despite the lies you flatter yourselves with, especially when you're fraternizing with that psycho woman."

"So you saw her, huh?" Seth asked, his voice repentant.

Her eyes shot bullets at him over her shoulder. "Of course I saw you, you traitorous ass! How the hell did you think I wouldn't find out about it, especially when you're with her right in front of me?"

"I am not seeing her or doing anything with her. *We* aren't doing anything with her, Edie. Christ, would you just learn to trust us?"

"After what I just saw—"

"What you just saw," Seth cut in, "was Cassandra trying to, notice the key word *trying*, to get my attention, but I wasn't gonna let her have it, Edie. Not when I, when we, have you."

Jason could tell by the set of her jaw she didn't want to believe any of it. This was going to be something they'd have to sort out later. After they reacquainted themselves with her after the longest week they ever had to endure.

She tried to move past him, and he did not miss the slight sway of her breasts beneath that skimpy little silk top she wore. His arm shot out and hooked around her rib cage. She struggled against his hold, but all the strength in her body did not match the strength of his arms.

"We're not done with you yet, cupcake." His voice sounded quiet, but he knew she could tell just how furious he was.

Her bracelets jangled as she pushed herself away from him and swatted at his chest. He caught her hand easily and held it against his left pec. He saw her eyes widen a fraction at the contact. Was that arousal he sensed?

He looked over the top of her head to Seth, who glanced down to Edie's back, then met Jason's gaze. Seth's jaw clenched. Yeah, Jason understood that one.

"Edie, what were you thinking when you put this on?"

Her eyes widened, and he saw her delectable throat bob a little before she said, "I was thinking it looked good on me," in a sour tone.

Damn, she had good bravado. He'd give her that. He loved watching her face when she was riled up. The heat and passion that bubbled under her skin made him hotter for her than he ever thought possible. And the way her hair looked when it tumbled out of her bun, all wavy and wild, made his cock twitch in his pants. That was the way her hair looked every morning after he and Seth made her come, screaming. He ignored all the memories of her ridiculously soft skin and her fragrant hair that came flooding back to him. It had been way too long since he last held her against him.

He stepped toward her, invading her space on purpose, and just as he expected, she backed away. Two more steps and he backed her up against the wall, her hair pillowing against it. He saw Seth step next to him out of the corner of his eye, and the two of them towered over her much smaller body.

The heat in Edie's eyes turned into something softer, more inviting, but the set of her jaw told him she still had some fight in her.

"Don't you try to intimidate me," she said. She tried to push past them, but her efforts only pushed her farther into the wall.

For a brief second, Jason's heart stopped beating in his chest. Not because he thought her lack of strength compared to theirs was cute, but because if anyone ever tried to hurt her, it was very possible they could. She didn't realize how small she was, and he knew almost any man who wanted to hurt her could. She never thought about how vulnerable she was, how easily something could happen to her without him or Seth watching over her. The thought made him want to kill something, then tie her to them in any way he could so they could always protect her, always be there to shelter her.

*Whoa. Always?*

Jason pushed the thoughts out of his head and focused on the rise and fall of Edie's chest and the amazing things the movement did to her breasts. Her nipples pressed against the silk fabric, and his dick

got so hard he had to shift a little to relieve some of the heavy pressure.

The instant he moved, he felt her eyes on him. His gaze met hers for a heated moment before hers flicked to his crotch, then back up to his face. A pink flush started on her cheeks, and her lips parted at the center. Her eyes flicked between him and Seth, and Jason felt a groan begin in his chest before he leaned into her and slanted his lips over hers. He absorbed the soft gasp she let out, and his hands skimmed along the sides of her hips, the skin there revealed by the damn scrap of material she wore that barely covered her voluptuous body.

Jason loved skimming his hands along her sides and feeling her ribcage narrow into her soft waist. And her ass. He filled his hands with it, pulling her into his body so she could feel just how much he wanted her. His name came like a whisper from her lips, and a bolt of heat burst over his skin when he heard it.

He pulled her away from the wall and lifted his head for a brief moment. He wanted to look at her face, wanted to see if she wanted him as much as he wanted her. What he saw there made his chest tighten almost painfully. She looked at him through glazed eyes, and her lips were bruised and pink. Her fingers wove into his shirt and pull him toward her as he looked over her and saw Seth walk behind her body, a glint in his eye that said her top was coming off. Now.

“Hey, wait,” she protested, but Jason kissed her again, then lifted the top off her body and let it float to the floor. He stared at her full breasts and their dusty pink nipples before she tried to cover herself.

“Oh, no you don’t.” Jason took hold of her wrists in one hand, lifted them over her head, and crowded her against Seth’s body. The position made her breasts look like the most delicious offering he ever laid eyes on. He moved off to the side a little, still holding her immobile with his hand, her wrists pinned together.

“B—but someone might c—come.” Her belly quivered, and her breasts jiggled a little as she tried to squirm away.

“And if they do?” Seth challenged, his voice low and full of heat. His blue eyes looked almost black from his desire, the evidence fully visible in the huge bulge in the front of his jeans.

“They won’t be able to see anything. My body’s blocking yours. Besides, the only person who’s going to be coming any time soon is you,” Jason said against the shell of her ear before he dragged the tip of his tongue against it. He took her earlobe between his teeth, then sucked on the flesh where her jaw and neck met.

Her soft, breathy moans made him want to bend her over and fuck her sweet pussy right there, but he told himself to be patient. She quivered around him so much harder the more foreplay she got, and he wanted her quaking.

When he pulled away, she muttered a protest, but he wanted to get a good view of what he knew was coming next.

Seth stepped in front of her and slid his hands from her waist up slowly, his fingers tracing over her flesh. Edie tensed in Jason’s grip, but she did not fight them anymore. When Seth’s big hands cupped her breasts and his thumbs ran over her puckered nipples, she sucked in a breath between her teeth and her eyes fluttered closed.

“No, cupcake, open your eyes,” Jason commanded. “Watch.”

She moaned, but she followed his command, and the look on her face made the remaining blood in his head shoot to his already bulging dick.

Seth’s tongue flicked out and licked her nipple before he sucked it into his mouth. Edie let out a soft cry and arched her back, offering herself up, silently begging for more. Seth’s hand fondled her other breast, kneading it, playing with her nipple before his mouth followed suit.

“Touch me, please,” she begged.

Jason felt the smile form slowly on his lips. He knew what she wanted, but she was not going to get it until she told him exactly what

she wanted. He let his mouth hover over her ear, let her feel his breath brushing over her skin.

“We are touching you.”

Her head swiveled back and forth. “No, touch me.”

“Where?”

“You know where—Seth, harder!”

Edie’s eyes were wild and blind, and her mouth hung slightly open, her pants growing louder. She struggled against Jason’s hold now, but he held her immobile in his grip.

“Where do you want to be touched, cupcake?” Jason let his hand come between them and let it rest on the highest part of her belly. “Here?”

“N-no.”

“Well, where do you want my hand, then?”

She did not answer. Instead, she moved her torso against his hand, her body moving like a belly dancer’s.

“Seth,” Jason said, “she’s not answering my questions.”

Edie’s high-pitched inhalation filled the hallway as Seth put his mouth to her breast and sucked until his cheeks caved in a little.

“Now answer my question, Edie. Where do you want my hand?”

She looked at him then, her light brown eyes ablaze. “Lower.”

Jason slid his hand down until his palm rested over her bellybutton.

“Here?”

“No, lower,” she gasped when Seth’s tongue flicked over her nipple.

Jason’s hand skimmed over the slightly rounded part of her belly until he touched the top of her jeans. He unbuttoned them and felt her press her hips into his hand.

“Right here?”

“No!”

“Well, I gotta know where you want to be touched, cupcake.”

“Please.”

Jason gathered the last vestiges of his self-control and cupped her sex through her jeans and pressed the heel of his hand against her mound. He felt her heat even through the denim, and he fought the impulse to yank her jeans down and run his tongue over her swollen clit until she came, writhing, against his face.

“Cupcake, do you want me to touch your pussy?”

“Y–yes.”

“Then say it.”

“I can’t!”

“Say it.” He pressed his hand harder against her mound and felt her shake against it.

“Jason, touch my pussy. Please!”

Yes, ma’am, he thought.

He yanked the zipper down and flattened his hand against her flesh, slowly trailing it down into her pants. His fingers found her labia and parted them wide before he let his middle finger barely graze over her clit.

She moaned his name, and he felt the moisture coating her pussy get slicker, hotter. He needed to bury his dick into her tight, hot cunt. He ground his teeth together and concentrated on making her come, his eyes riveted to her face, watching every flicker of her eyelashes, every tremble of her lips. With Seth sucking, licking, caressing her breasts and with his fingers teasing her between her legs, Jason knew she would not last long.

Jason trailed the inside of his finger, from knuckle to tip, over her clit and back again, letting her feel the friction he created for her. He did it again and again, faster and faster, until he felt her body tensing, tightening, getting ready to explode. He pressed a finger into her pussy and heard her cry out softly before he pressed another in and rubbed them against her G-spot. He finger fucked her until he had her body wound up so tight she trembled.

“P—please. Please, please.” Her voice came out in a whispered moan that cut through him. Seeing her so lost in the heat and passion they created for her made something inside him tighten and squeeze, and the hunger he felt for her turned into something deep and overwhelming. Jason pressed the heel of his palm against her clit and rubbed it in time with the rhythm his fingers created inside her.

Eddie’s eyes flew open the second before her body shuddered against his hand, her cries muffled when Seth took her mouth with his.

Jason helped her ride the orgasm out before he took his hands out of her jeans and picked her up when Seth pulled back.

“Office,” was all he said before he turned on his heel and kicked the door open and heard Seth close it behind them.

\* \* \* \*

Eddie’s world still spun, even with Jason’s big arms supporting her. When he kicked the door open, though, she snapped out of her post-holy-crap-orgasm trance enough to realize her breasts remained uncovered, and her belly pooched a little against the waistband of her jeans. She moved to cover herself with her hands, but Jason stopped her.

“Don’t even think about it, cupcake.”

“We want to see every inch of you,” Seth said when he took her from Jason’s arms and set her on one of the huge, solid wood desks in their office.

She already felt so exposed. Not only was her whole upper body on display for them, but her body still tingled after coming against Jason’s hand. She clenched her legs together just thinking about it. They had the best hands, mouths—her eyes flicked down to the extremely tight looking fronts of their jeans—cocks. And goodness did they know how to use them to make her fall apart.

They advanced on her, Jason's hard, glacier-like eyes focusing on her so intently, she squirmed. Seth's eyes looked black and almost feral.

Eddie realized he was still angry with her. And judging from the fact that Jason's eyes still had yet to soften, she guessed he was still pissed off, too.

Suddenly, Eddie's nerves kicked in, and she did not know if she would be able to handle the punishments she knew they had in mind for her. They no longer looked like the passionately attentive lovers they had been a few days ago. Now, they looked like avenging warriors with their eyes so intense and focused and the muscles in their big, hard bodies rippling under their golden skin. They looked like lions stalking their next meal. Her pussy wept a little at the thought.

She had to get out of there, and fast, before she passed the point of no return with them. Something inside her knew without a doubt that Jason and Seth intended to claim her—to brand her as their own. While part of her wanted to lie down on the desk and offer herself up, the other part of her wanted them to fight her for it. She wanted them to earn her.

Eddie slipped off the desk and scrambled to the other side of it, but they were faster. They split apart, flanking her, Jason behind her while Seth cut her off from the front. She put her arms over her breasts when she saw Seth's gaze on them but not before her nipples beaded in response.

He walked toward her, unbuttoning his shirt. Heat tore through her and her eyes drank in the sight. Seth shrugged out of the shirt and undid the top snap of his jeans and lowered the zipper.

She took a step back and ran into Jason. Judging from the way her back touched naked flesh, he must have taken his shirt off. He leaned over her and slid his palms down her sides until they landed in her jeans. She clenched in excitement, hoping for more of what he did to



her in the hallway, but he kept going, pushing her jeans down her hips, thighs, and calves.

“Step out,” Jason’s voice commanded.

Edie toed off her sandals and stepped out of her jeans.

“Now bend over at your waist, and pick them up.”

“But—”

“Now, Edie. I want to look at your delicious ass when you’re bent over so far I can see your wet slit.”

Her blood pumped through her body so quickly her clit throbbed with every heartbeat. She leaned forward and grabbed her jeans. When she tried to straighten, she heard Jason growl, then he pulled her into his lap. His hot, thick cock brushed against her ass cheek. He bit down on her shoulder before licking his way up to her ear.

“Someday you’re going to learn to listen to the commands I give you.” His words sent a lick of heated honey to her pussy. Then he reached around her front and grasped the flesh of her inner thighs and pulled them apart. “Show Seth your sweet pussy, Edie.” His hands kneaded up the insides of her legs, closer to her slit. She squirmed in his lap. He *tsked*. “I warned you, cupcake.” Then he slapped her pussy.

“Jason!” She wanted to be angry with him. How dare he slap her there? But after the initial shock wore off, Edie realized the sting turned into something different, something warm and tingly. Her clit throbbed, and her pussy ached to be filled to bursting.

Jason’s fingers swirled around her pleasure button while Seth watched barely three feet away, his big, calloused hand pumping over his cock. His midnight blue eyes were fastened on the area between her splayed legs. The idea that he watched her with such longing in his gaze made her want to beg for him to touch her, to fill her, but Jason pushed two of his fingers into her, and she lost her ability to put words together.

Jason's fingers teased and swirled, and the heel of his palm pressed against her clit. Unknowingly, Edie spread her knees wider apart.

"Oh, yeah. That's it, Edie," Jason grunted. "You're so wet. You missed us, didn't you?"

She refused to gratify him with a response. Of course she missed them. What was she, heartless?

"Do you realize what you've put us through these past few days, Edie?" Seth asked.

"W-what?" She was so lost in the pleasure between her legs she did not hear his question at first. Seth closed the gap between them, kneeled between her legs, and took a nipple into his mouth. The pressure and suction sent threads of heat and arousal straight to her clit, making it throb even more against his fingertips.

Seth released her nipple and pressed a kiss between her breasts. "We missed your skin." He dragged his lips over her chest, over her collar bone. Then he nuzzled her neck. "We missed your scent." He straightened and looked her in her eyes. "We missed the way you taste." He kissed her so hard he pressed her back into Jason's chest. His tongue swept into her mouth, and she sucked it in farther. She felt his groan, felt his rising urgency in the way his cock brushed against her wet slit.

He pulled away and grinned at her, then bent at the waist. Jason held her legs open for Seth's mouth. She looked down her body to see his dark, wavy hair against her bare mound, and she almost wept with her pleasure. The tip of his tongue fluttered over her clit, and she struggled against Jason's hold. Her body hummed with her desire. She was already so excited that she just needed a few more lashes from Seth's tongue.

She gasped. She was so close, and Seth's skilled tongue hit all the right places. She pressed herself against his face and undulated.

*Right there. Right there.*

Just a little more and it would burst through her like—

“Oh, no you don’t,” Jason said. “You don’t get to make yourself come.” His voice rasped in her ear. Seth straightened and wiped his chin. Then he gripped her waist and sat her on Jason’s cock. Jason invaded her completely, and she stretched around him, her body trying desperately to accept his girth. It had been almost a week since the last time she was with them.

Edie felt his teeth nip the place where her neck met her shoulders just before his big hand spanked the side of her ass. Her body jerked at the sharp contact, and she felt Jason’s dick jump inside her.

“Stop squirming,” Jason commanded. His words sounded clipped and forced, as if he spoke through clenched teeth.

She struggled to breathe through the pleasured pain. “It’s been a few—”

Jason cut her off. “I know. Stay still. If I move, I won’t be gentle.”

She could not stay still, though. She felt herself softening around his cock, and she wanted more. She wanted him to fuck her until she forgot about their fight, about Cassandra, and about all the past nights she slept alone. She twisted her hips, and Jason’s dick pressed against something inside her. She sucked in a breath between her teeth as Jason let out a foul curse. He pulled her hips back toward him and shoved his thick, hard cock higher into her pussy. She cried out at the sensation of being stretched so completely, of being filled to bursting.

Jason made rough, grunting sounds behind her, but all she could really think about was the heavy thrust-and-glide pace he set. Her skin was so sensitive she felt every breath he took brush over her back.

Thrusting back against him, Edie widened her legs and arched her back, her body begging for more. Seth’s hand went between her legs and stroked her clit once, twice.

“Oh, shit.” Jason’s thrusts became wilder, more frantic. “Ah, Edie, I’m not gonna last this time. It’s so good.”

Seth pulled his hand away from her, and she whimpered. “No! No, please. I need to come.”

“It’s part of your punishment.” Seth sucked a nipple in his mouth and sucked hard. Edie heard herself moan.

“Why are you p–punishing me?”

“Because you’ve been avoiding us.”

She started to deny it, but Seth bit down on her nipple, sending sparks of desire straight to her throbbing, aching clit. “Don’t even try to lie to us, Edie. Not like you could, though. Your face and your body are so expressive, so responsive. If you tried to lie, we would be able to tell. Trust me.”

Edie let his words sink in through the haze of feeling and pleasure and realized he was right. There was not a lie she could tell them that they would believe, and there was never an orgasm they would not wring out of her. They would always be able to read her, to sense her thoughts and emotions, and they would always master and control her body better than she had ever been able to.

All of a sudden, Edie felt overwhelmed—by the pleasure she felt, by Jason and Seth, by the fact that they seemed to know her better than herself—and she fought against the orgasm she felt building in her body.

“No,” she said with less force than she felt.

“What?” A confused look crossed Seth’s face.

“I said no. Stop it. Stop touching me.”

She was on the brink.

Edie pushed Seth’s face away from her, and the confused expression smoothed away, leaving his face blank. Unreadable except for the wildness in his eyes.

Jason pulled out of her, and she scrambled to her feet as he slowly, deliberately rose to his. She stood between them, feeling their eyes on her naked body while it still tingled and throbbed from their

attentions. She never felt so exposed in her life, but she would not let them see it.

Squaring her shoulders, Edie walked past Jason and bent to pick her jeans up. She put them on with her back turned toward them, the sound of her zipper filling up the entire room. She held her hand out to her side and said, "Shirt." She wiggled her fingers around in the air when they did not move fast enough. One of them walked up behind her and placed a plain white undershirt on her hand. From the smell of it, it belonged to Jason. She shrugged it on and walked toward the door without even putting her shoes on.

Seth caught her arm and turned her around none too gently. That really pissed her off.

"Don't you manhandle me!" she yelled at him. He stood like a statue in front of her, the wild look in his eyes spreading to the rest of his face.

"Edie—"

"No. Don't you 'Edie' me." She rounded on him and pointed her finger at his chest, punctuating her angry words. "I've had enough of you always calling the shots with me. Y'all don't always have to be in charge just because you know how to make me come like crazy. I'm a grown woman, Seth! I can take care of myself. I've been doing it since I went off to college. I don't need you," she turned to Jason, "or you running my life for me. And I most certainly don't need you forbidding me to interact with other men when I don't see you shooing your ex-girlfriend away!"

With that, she stormed off toward the door, but Jason got there first and put his body in front of it.

"So that's what this is about." From the way his jaw pulsed, Edie knew his teeth were clenching in anger. His eyes looked eerily cold and flat, the ice-blue shade making him look every bit as ruthless and menacing as his SEAL history hinted. "You're jealous."

“Of course I’m jealous! For the past few days, everywhere I turn she’s chasing after the two of you. And it isn’t as if you’re giving her the cold shoulder. No, you’re letting her lean into you and show you her tits, and don’t you dare tell me what I saw, Seth,” she said when she saw him open his mouth to say something.

His eyes went black again, but this time not from passion. Edie refused to be intimidated.

Jason’s face still remained blank. If she did not have a gut feeling that he was beyond angry with her, she would not have been able to tell if he felt anything at all.

“If you two get all territorial and huffy when I’m dancing with a perfectly harmless guy that I’ve never slept with, let alone kissed, how do you think I feel whenever I see the two of you with her?”

“Edie, we’ve never given you any reason for you to doubt our feelings for you.”

“Really, Jason? Is that what you think? “

His eyes got a little colder.

“No. It’s what I know. We would never, under any circumstances, take her back. You should know that.”

“How in the hell am I supposed to know that when I don’t even know how you feel about me?”

Jason’s jaw ticked, and Seth burst out with, “You’ve gotta be kidding me.”

“I’m not joking. How am I supposed to know if you have feelings for me when you never show them to me?” She looked directly at Jason when she said this. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Seth walk up to the far wall in the office and start pounding it with his fists.

“Seth, quit,” Jason commanded over the noise. Then he looked at her, his frigid eyes meeting hers and making her flinch. “What makes you think we don’t care about you?”

“Well,” she said lamely. “You—you know everything about me. You know just how and where to touch me. You know what I’m thinking, but I don’t know anything about you. Yes, I know you feel passion for me, but I just wonder if there’s anything—”

But she did not get to finish. Jason’s hands shot out and grasped her shoulders. He spun her around so that her back was against the wall. He leaned into her, his knee separating her legs and pressing against her mound.

“Look at me.” His lips hovered over hers, and his intense gaze seared through her.

He was so big. She was so afraid of what she would see in his gaze.

“Edie,” he said. “Look at me.”

She finally worked up the courage to glance at his face. What she saw there made her heart stop. His eyes were a combination of heat and softness and something else she could not name.

“I dream about you every night, and when I wake up I want you there so I can touch you, smell you, taste you.” His nose was barely an inch away from hers, and the heat in his soft voice made her body go limp. “Every time I see you I’m torn between wanting to be gentle and treasure you and wanting to give in to my most caveman fantasies with you. I’ve never been torn between such hunger and such bone-deep weakness with anyone but you.”

Edie felt her heart clench at his words, and her eyes burned, wanting to cry.

Jason must have seen it on her face because he reached up to cup her face in his hands. His touch was so gentle. “No, no, please, Edie, don’t cry. Please.”

“What the hell did you say, Jace? Why is she crying?” Seth appeared at her side and words seemed to fly out of his mouth. “Edie, I’m so sorry about making a scene and about being such a jealous piece of shit.” He pulled her into his arms and rocked her as her tears

spilled over. "I'm sorry if I made you doubt yourself or our feelings for you. And I know you're mad, but please, please don't leave. I don't know what I would do if you left."

"I don't think you'd let me," she whispered against his bare shoulder. That's when she realized that they were both still naked.

"No, I wouldn't."

He pulled her out of his embrace and stared at her. "I'm acting like a crazy asshole because I'm crazy scared of losing you. I guess my way of holding onto you isn't working out, huh?" A wry smile appeared on his lips.

Eddie brushed the wetness off her cheeks and smiled at him. "No." She traced his cheekbone, gently smoothing out the worry and strain she saw there. His eyes returned to their dark blue shade, and she felt her smile get bigger. "You just need to realize that I don't want anyone else."

Seth captured her hand, and turning it over, placed a soft kiss on the palm, the inside of her wrist. She felt Jason come up behind them and grip her ass before pulling the shirt up and off her.

"Let's show you how much you make us feel," Jason said before he trailed kisses along the sensitive flesh on her neck.



## **Chapter Eight**

“So I assume things went well last night?” Lena asked in a dry voice when Edie burst through the doors of the B&B.

“Why do you ask?” Edie straightened her shoulders, lifted her chin, and walked toward the stairs.

She caught her reflection in the mirror and grimaced. She wore one of Jason’s undershirts, and her hair looked frizzy and unkempt. And she had mascara smudges under her eyes. She turned and faced Lena, whose mouth quirked.

“Okay, fine. Yes, things went well after we fought things out.”

Lena raised an eyebrow. “And by fought things out, you mean?”

Edie walked up to Lena and took the pencil out of her hand and stuck it into the messy bun on top of her head.

“I mean, holy crap, Lena. It was the most intense sex I’ve ever had. Who knew make-up sex would be so totally mind-numbing?”

Edie headed for the kitchen, Lena on her heels. “See? I told you they were crazy about you.”

Edie rose up on her tip-toes to reach her favorite coffee mug and poured herself a cup. “Yes, you did. There. You got your ‘I told you so’. You’re welcome. I admitted it for once.” She took a sip of her coffee. “I don’t think I’m going to be able to sit straight for a couple days.”

“Sore?”

“Hey! That’s my line. But, yes, I am. They really have the best hands.”

Lena giggled with her. "I know the feeling. But seriously," Lena put her hand on Edie's arm, "things really went well?"

Setting her coffee mug down, Edie looked her best friend in the eyes. "Yeah, they did. After everything went down," she cleared her throat for emphasis, "we talked things out, and they've come to the startlingly modern conclusion that women can indeed have friends with penises."

"Well, golly, what progress."

Edie rolled her eyes. "Tell me about it. They apologized for being overbearing cavemen, and I told them that being a little untamed is perfectly fine with me. They just need to have more manners. There's still the issue of what to do about their crazy ex, but I think that's more my problem than theirs."

"You know, I think that's the perfect way to put it."

Edie tapped her forehead with her index finger. "I've got it all up here, love."

Lena winked at her. "Sometimes I don't know about that."

"Hey!"

"Please, you know it's true."

"There's no need to rub it in," she huffed jokingly.

Lena pointedly looked at her night-before attire and said, "Of course not."

"You are such a total bitch."

"Right back at you."

"Yeah, yeah, I love you, too."

"I know. Now get your ass to work before I have to fire it."

"Oh, please. No one would want to fire this." Edie rubbed her hip for emphasis and walked out of the kitchen to get changed. They had some plants that needed repotting and out of the two of them, Edie had the greener thumb.

As she rounded the corner and headed for the stairs, she did not pay attention to where she was going and ran into someone.

“Oh my goodness, I am so—” She broke off. She thought she bumped into one of the patrons, but seeing Cassandra in front of her, standing tall and looking haughtily regal, the apology she almost offered dried on her tongue. “Cassandra. What a surprise. I didn’t think you would want to come back after the scene last week.”

Edie fought to make sure her face stayed blank. Day after day, Jason and Seth constantly reminded her that her face was too easy to read. And while she realized her expressiveness turned them on beyond belief, it also worried them because people like Cassandra could use the emotions they saw there against her.

In that moment, Edie realized she never should have doubted Jason and Seth’s feelings for her. The problem was hers alone, not theirs. Just because they did not broadcast their emotions did not mean they did not care any deeply for her. People could bullshit words, they could bullshit emotions, but they could not fake their actions. And Jason and Seth always showed how much they wanted to shield her from the world because they knew how evil parts of it could be.

They did not want to betray her. They wanted to protect her, care for her, maybe they even wanted to love her. Looking at Cassandra, Edie realized women like her did not inspire love and devotion. They inspired lust and sex. Things that got old, tired, and boring. Emotions that wore off. Emotions that were not truly real.

Cassandra eyed her as if looking at a yapping dog, her perfectly polished brows raised a little on her forehead. “Really, darling, did you think I came here to see you?”

Bitch.

Still, Edie had good manners, and she intended to use them.

“Would you like some coffee, Cassandra? Lena just brewed up some South American organic fair trade. It’s medium roast. Really yummy.”

*Stop rambling!*

Moments of silence stretched between them. Edie refused to flinch away from the cold way Cassandra's eyes flicked over her.

"Late morning, I assume?"

Edie felt a flush start on her cheeks.

"I don't see how any of that is your business."

"I honestly don't see how you continue to fool yourself into believing that they care about you."

"Cassandra, why did you come here? Because if you came to taunt me, then I'll just have to be forced to remind you that you weren't the one with them last night, but I really don't want to do that. It's a little rude, don't you think?"

A Cheshire cat grin made its way across Cassandra's pouty red lips. "They took you to their office, did they? You know, I think I prefer Jason's desk. There's less clutter on it, wouldn't you agree?"

Edie clenched her hands into fists and tried to take some calming breaths. Never before had she been tempted to hurt another human being. But this bitch was pushing it.

Images of Jason and Seth putting their hands on Cassandra's perfect body rushed before Edie's eyes. She wanted to lock herself up in her room and scream until her voice gave out. Instead, she squared her shoulders and said the first thing that came to her mind.

"You know, Cassandra, if things were really as hot and heavy between the three of you as you claim they were, then why haven't they taken you back yet?"

Cassandra opened her mouth to speak, but Edie pressed on. "And why do you keep coming here to throw everything in my face? Is it because you're the type of person who just likes to make other people miserable? Because I can totally see that in you. But do you know what I really think? I think you keep coming here to taunt me because you hope I'll get so jealous and insecure that I'll screw things up with Jason and Seth. You think that you'll be the one they turn to when your high-school-level plan works out."

“Well, you know what? I think you need to just step off because that’s not happening. You’re the one who’s really jealous. Not only do they not want you back because they care about me, they don’t want you back because you’re a frigid bitch.”

Cassandra did not even bat an eyelash. “You do have some fire in you. I was starting to wonder what with you being such a pacifist and all. With you it’s always fair trade this and farmer’s market that. Please. You’re a phase for them. They like you for now because you’re sweet and cute, and they like the novelty of having sex with someone as inexperienced you. But they’ll get sick of you.”

She forced herself to roll her eyes and appear nonchalant. “Keep telling yourself whatever you think is necessary for you to live in that happy place of yours. I have things to do. You can show yourself out.”

With that, Edie walked around Cassandra, making sure she straightened her back and lifted her chin. She might not be wearing a thousand dollar dress, but she was wearing Jason’s favorite undershirt, and the intimate places between her legs ached erotically from their insatiable loving. She refused to let Cassandra’s words sink into her mind and overshadow the happiness she felt that morning.

It was she whom they would come to see later that afternoon, not Cassandra.

She just had to keep reminding herself of that.

\* \* \* \*

Seth checked his watch for the hundredth time that afternoon. It took longer than usual to drive the cattle from the pasture and back toward the ranch. He glanced over at Jason, who sat on his brown-and-white paint horse. He looked just as distracted as Seth felt.

Damn, that woman had them worked up. Especially after last night. Who knew a woman so shy at first could show such heated passion that he—yes, he, Seth Chisholm—almost melted from it.

Who in the hell knew he was capable of being so vulnerable when it came to another person? Especially one half his size. If Edie walked out of their office last night, he would have chased her through the club bare-ass naked. He would have begged her to give them another chance.

Seth thanked his lucky stars Jason stopped her. Otherwise, he would have been a ruined man. Jason would have been, too, but his older brother had a way of hiding everything he felt. Sometimes, even Seth did not know what his brother truly felt. Seth did not have that gift. Perhaps the military training made Jason such a hard ass. Or maybe Jason had always been like that.

Only Jason's eyes ever showed what he felt, and that was only part of the time. But whenever Edie was near, Jason's eyes went all soft and gooey and mushy. Puppy dog eyes. Seth held back the scoff threatening to come out of him. He never thought he'd live to see the day. Jason never looked at anyone like that.

Edie probably did not realize it because Jason's eyes were such a cold-looking hue, but his heart was in his eyes every time he looked at her.

Seth's was always in his throat. Or his stomach. Or his dick. He could not exactly pinpoint where it was, but it always sped up whenever he saw her, smelled her, thought of her. And it always felt like his body warmed up just a few degrees. Just enough to make his jeans tight and overly warm against his skin.

At long last, almost an hour after they planned to leave, Seth rode shotgun in Jason's FJ40 toward The Sweet Spot. He wanted to see Edie so much, he felt like he would burst out of his skin.

Which was weird.

He'd had women before, and he'd shared a few of them with Jason, but he did not remember ever feeling quite this way. He never had this feeling before—this painful rush of tenderness that made his chest tight whenever Edie writhed beneath him, whenever her eyes went blank and her mouth opened on a scream, whenever she looked at him and smiled and her eyes sparkled. Sometimes, he'd just look at her when she was lost in her thoughts, and all of a sudden, this painful rush of something he was too scared to name would make his chest tighten.

That woman did strange things to him. Like making him wonder what it would be like to wake up beside her next week, the week after, and the week after that.

Seth felt like banging his head with a blunt object.

He almost managed to get his thoughts about Edie under control when they pulled up to the B&B and saw her crouched over on the porch, a trowel in hand.

She was so damn beautiful in her white shirt and blue jeans with her hair thrown up and her feet bare.

Seth shifted in his seat, trying to control the hard-on that threatened to rage in his pants. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw that Jason did the same thing. Christ, Edie had the two of them—two fully-grown and fully experienced men—tripping over their own feet like imbeciles. How she managed to do it, he did not know.

They made their way up the stairs leading toward the house, through the little red gate, and toward the porch. Edie hummed to herself while she potted some lavender in a large watering can.

“Aren't you supposed to use that to water the plants?” he asked.

Edie must not have heard them because she jumped a little when she heard his voice. She pivoted around on the balls of her feet, still kneeling next to her plants.

“You scared the crap out of me. I didn’t even hear you two. What are you, the stealth brothers?” She put her hand on her chest, and Seth could not help but think that he wanted it to be his hand.

“Well, cupcake, I’d be worthless to the government if I walked all flat-footed.” Jason had a little smile on his face when he spoke to her. Then he leaned down and gave Edie a kiss that had her hanging on to his shoulders. Jason pulled her up with him when he straightened, and he brushed her forehead with a fleeting kiss before he took a step away from her.

Seth had to stop himself from shaking his head in disbelief. His brother, Mr. I-have-no-feelings, was a love-sick bastard.

Good thing I’m not in that deep, he thought to himself.

Then Edie turned to him with a big smile, and his head went blank. He pulled her to him and buried his nose in her neck, filling himself up on her scent and dropping a kiss on her shoulder.

Whoa. He managed not to push her up against the side of the house and bury his dick between her hot, wet folds. Yup, he totally had his feelings under control.

\* \* \* \*

“Why are you planting lavender, cupcake?” Jason’s deep voice made her whole body heat up. It made her remember how his hands roamed possessively over her body the night before, how they parted her folds for his tongue. She suppressed the need to shiver.

“Huh? Oh, the lavender.” Lord, she had to get it together. “It’s, um, supposed to be good luck if you plant it by your front door. Plus, it smells really nice, and the sun on this porch is perfect for it. I’m planting jasmine on the back porch. I think I might need some help with the trellis, though, if you’re interested.”

They must have sensed she was nervous, because they backed her against the door, and when they closed in on her, they looked like two



towers of solid muscle—Jason’s body combat hardened and Seth’s sleek and tight. Together, they blocked out the sunlight.

“You know, cupcake, going around the back of the house sounds like a great idea.” Jason’s eyes were intense.

She snapped out of it. “W—what?”

Jason repeated himself while reaching up and pulling at the pencil holding her hair in place.

Eddie’s mouth went dry, and all the moisture in her body went to her pussy at the look in his eyes.

“Cupcake?”

“Hmm?”

“You haven’t taken a shower since last night, have you.” It was a statement, not a question.

“Well—”

Jason wrapped his fingers around the ends of her hair. “Answer the question.”

“N—no. No, I haven’t.” She felt the heat rising in her cheeks and breasts. Her nipples strained against the cotton shirt, and her body started pulsing. She flicked her eyes over to Seth and saw his blue eyes turn black. His big chest rose and fell with his breaths.

She held back a groan as images from the night before slammed into her head—Jason underneath her, his thick cock thrusting in and out of her pussy as he lifted her up and down his shaft when she couldn’t keep up with the pace. Seth behind her, fucking her ass in angry, passionate strokes that let her know just how pissed off he had been.

Jason leaned into her, and the action pulled her out of her reverie. “So you haven’t washed our scent off your skin yet?”

Her tongue felt heavy all of a sudden, and it stuck to the roof of her mouth. She shook her head.

Seth came to her other side.

“Tell me something, Eddie.”

“W–what, Seth?”

“Do you ever touch yourself in the shower?”

She felt her clit pulsing. How in the hell did he know what she did in her personal time?

“Answer his question, cupcake.”

She nodded her head. “Yes,” she whispered as she looked into their eyes and saw the heat that sparked into live flames there. Desire, hot and potent, pooled between her legs.

“Do you use a toy, Edie?” Seth’s voice crooned in her ear. She felt his teeth gently nip her earlobe.

“N–no.” Jason’s fingers lifted the hem of her shirt, and his thumbs drew circles over her hipbones.

“No? Why not?”

How in the hell was she supposed to answer Jason’s question truthfully? And for that matter, why in the hell were they having this conversation against the front door of her business establishment?

“I don’t want to answer that question.” She brushed their hands away from her body, but they just closed in on her more, forcing her to look up at them if she wanted to see their faces.

“There’s nobody coming, cupcake. And besides, no one would see anything. Our bodies are covering yours. We would never let anyone see you when you’re like this. It’s just for us.”

She wanted to scoff at Jason’s comment, but she realized that he spoke the truth. The way her body reacted for them was truly theirs only. No one else ever made her feel this way, this turned on. Somewhere in the recesses of her mind, she knew that they would never let anyone see her when she was vulnerable to them, like the way she was now.

“But we’re on my porch.”

“So?”

“Jason, please. It’s the porch.”

He stepped away from her and Seth followed. The desire in their eyes did not fade, though.

“Why don’t you show us that trellis you were talking about, cupcake?”

Eddie led them around the side of the house toward the backyard. Bougainvilleas grew particularly well on this side of the property, and the sight of the bright pink flowers overgrowing their trellises made her smile to herself. She hoped her jasmine would grow like—

She did not get to finish her thoughts. Jason pinned her to the side of the house, and Seth’s big body boxed her in.

“Jason! What are you—”

“Shh, cupcake. We’ve got some explaining to do, and you’re gonna listen.”

“But, Jason—”

“We probably didn’t explain well enough last night, especially after everything got started, but we just wanted to let you know that you’re ours now.” He must have seen the look on her face because he added, “Well, you always were, but we’re just letting you know outright. Ours. No more trying to walk away from us, no more shutting us out, no more thinking that some worthless person from our past means more to us than you.”

“I thought we settled that last night.”

“We did, but we didn’t exactly say it in those terms, and we want you to be very clear on where we stand with you, cupcake.”

She swallowed. Wow. He was intense. “Okay.”

Jason took a step back from her. “Now answer the question.”

“What question?”

“Why you don’t use a toy when you touch yourself.”

“Oh. Oh, that question.” The breath gushed out of her when desire pounded back into her body. “Well. Well, I just think that—that the toy is, uh, well, it’s just a cheap imitation. You know?” Suddenly, the grass beneath her feet was the most interesting thing she ever saw.

Jason's fingers under her chin brought their hot eyes back into focus. "Don't be ashamed or embarrassed, cupcake."

She felt her cheeks flush even as she tried to deny it. "I'm not embarrassed."

"Hey. No lying. Don't be embarrassed. The fact that you think about us when you pleasure yourself is the hottest thing I've ever heard of. Now we're going to go upstairs."

Edie did not mistake the look on his face. They had plans for her.

"What about the trellis?" she asked trying to stall. After last night, another round of pleasure at their hands might be unbearable. She might die from it.

Jason's palm slapped her ass as he guided her toward the back door. "Upstairs. Now."

God help her if she ran into any guests with her two hulking men following her like hungry wolves.

\* \* \* \*

Jason could not take his eyes off Edie's ass as she shimmied up the stairs. The things he wanted to do to her. Judging from the rigid way Seth carried himself, he felt the same way, too.

Her room smelled like her. He loved the way she smelled. Loved her soft skin, the way her hair fanned out over the sheets when they laid her down.

He wanted her all over him. He couldn't wait.

Jason picked her up, despite her yelping protests, and lowered her to the floor. He crawled on top of her, pinning her down, and slanted his mouth over hers, his tongue demanding entrance. She yielded to him, opening herself to him and following his lead. He lingered, taking her in. Then he pulled back from her, his knees astride her hips, and pulled his shirt off. He tossed it on the floor and looked down at her,

and his eyes took in her gorgeous body and her breasts, rising and falling heavily in the confines of her lacy bra.

Jason crawled down her body and yanked the zipper on her jeans down, revealing her bare mound. She did not have any underwear on. Thank God. He ripped the jeans off her legs and with his palms, spread her knees wide, exposing her glistening pussy to his gaze. It was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

Then her eyes met his, and the heat in their sand-brown depths held him captive. He watched, hypnotized, as her fingers pulled on his zipper and pulled out his cock. She gripped the base tight and started pumping back and forth so painfully slow he wanted to cover her hand and show her the precise speed he liked. But when she licked her lips and rose on to her elbow, his heart stopped. He watched, hypnotized, as her pink little tongue flicked out to lick the thick pre-cum seeping from his slit.

"Ah, Edie." He tried hard not to fist a handful of her hair and pump her mouth over his aching cock. A frenzy built inside of him. He needed to fuck her mouth, fuck her pussy until she knew without a doubt that no one could ever love her the way he and Seth did.

Her tongue flicked over the underside of his cock head, and he lost all trains of thought. He could only focus on the pleasure she gave him. She worked her hands in time with her mouth, making his eyes cross with pleasure.

"Your mouth is so sweet, Edie. It's so good ." His legs shook from trying to hold still, and his hands clenched at his sides so he would not be tempted to use them to guide her pacing. If she wanted to love him slow, then he would put up with the exquisite torture. Even if it killed him.

He did not doubt he could die from this. His heart beat so fast in his chest he could not breathe properly, and his rib cage constricted with something so painfully sweet his mind shied away from the

implications. He wanted her with the most profane, most holy parts of himself, and he would do anything to keep her with him and Seth.

Edie sucked him deep between her lips until his cock head touched the back of her throat. He held himself completely still, not wanting to choke her as she ran her tongue over the vein on the underside of his dick. His control cost him, though. His whole body shook. He was already about to come, and she had not even been working on him for that long.

*Shit, shit, shit.*

It had never been this good, this sweet, this intense for him.

“That’s it, Edie.” Seth’s voice came from behind him. He felt Edie shift beneath him, but it was not until her muffled scream sent wicked vibrations up his shaft that he realized Seth was eating her pussy.

Her head pumped up and down his cock faster and faster, the sucking noises from her mouth growing louder. Oh, no. He was about to come. He could not take it anymore, but he wanted to be inside her when he did. With a guttural cry, he wrenched himself out of her hot mouth, grabbed her arms, and hauled her up.

“What—” She lowered her brows and looked at him in confusion. Belatedly, he realized her cheeks were already flushed.

Seth, already undressed, positioned himself behind Edie and lifted her upper body off the bed, yanking the cups of her bra down. They propped her breasts up like a holy offering, and Seth took a dusty pink nipple into his mouth, running his tongue over the hardened peak. Edie’s fingers gripped the bedspread, and she let out a hoarse moan.

Without hesitation, Jason separated her labia with his fingers and licked her from her entrance all the way up to her clit, the taste of her making him moan against her flesh. Edie jerked under his mouth and clutched his shoulders, pulling him closer to her core. The tiny pinpricks of pain only intensified the lust raging through him, and he pressed harder against her, demanding. He tongued her swollen clit, eliciting heated gasps from her as he licked and sucked her.

Edie's back bowed off the bed, and she screeched her release, her arms and legs kicking out wildly. Jason lapped her cream up, taking in his victory. He loved making her come. He loved the way her body moved of its own volition. Loved the way her eyes glazed over with her desire and widened when she liked what he did to her.

Before the tremors in her pussy subsided, Jason gently pushed a finger inside her hot, slick cunt and found that sensitive spot inside her. He caressed her softly, waiting for her to calm down before he went at her again.

It did not take long for her to come again, right against his face. He helped her ride it out before he rose, and taking her hips in his hands, lifted her toward his thick cock. He plunged inside her. Even though her juices smoothed his entry, her pussy gripped him tight, pulling his cock, already trying to milk the very life out of him.

Everything inside him screamed at him, commanded him to come. He fought against the urge with all he had. He held her to him while he barely controlled his thrusts, relishing in her heat, in the sounds she made. But when she wrapped a leg around his hip and ground herself against him, he lost all pretense of control. He leaned over her, supporting his weight on his elbow, and let his hips pump into her freely while his other arm still held her hips tightly against his. He felt his cock rasp against her clit with every stroke, felt her thrusting back against him and knew he would not last much longer if he did not do something about it.

He pulled back from her and went up on his knees, lifting her hips up again, grabbed one of her ankles, and quickly flipped her over and onto her hands and knees while still inside her. Jason put his hand between her shoulder blades, pushed her upper body down, and thrust heavily into her. Her passion-filled cries reached his ears and inflamed his need for her.

He slapped the side of her ass and rode her until she bucked back on to him. Her arms trembled from holding her upper body up against

the strength of his thrusts. He could not calm down, could not control the mad pistoning of his hips. Then Seth crawled under Edie's swaying breasts so that he could feast on her clit while she went down on him.

Jason grabbed a fist full of her hand and pulled her head up. "Suck Seth's dick, Edie. Now."

"I c--can't. I can't h--hold myself up."

"I've got you, Edie. I've got you. Trust me. Now do it, cupcake. Suck him." Over her shoulder, Jason saw her small hand take Seth's thick cock and guide it toward her mouth. Her tongue flicked out and toyed the head before sucking it into her mouth so hard her cheeks hollowed.

"That's it, cupcake. You feel so good surrounding me. Suck him, Edie."

Jason concentrated on the friction their bodies created, the heavy thrust and drag of his dick between her luscious folds. The sight of her sweet pussy sucking him in, welcoming him as if he belonged there, made something inside of him tighten then go soft.

He picked up the pace, his balls slapping against her ass harder and harder while he reached between her legs and stroked her clit with the tip of his finger. He heard her moan around Seth's dick, the sound muffled.

"Come on, Edie, stay with me," Jason urged.

"I'm about to come," Seth ground out. "Your mouth is so sweet, Edie."

"Come on, love." Jason slapped her ass, then took her hips between his hands, impaling her on his dick repeatedly after her knees gave out on her. Her pussy clenched around him, and then he felt it. The pressure in his balls mounted and burst, his orgasm taking him over, rushing up from his balls and up his spine, doubling him over. He barely caught himself with his hand before he collapsed on top of Edie, his body tensing with the spasms overtaking his cock.



\* \* \* \*

Somewhere between her knees going limp and having her body rocked by that delicious orgasm, Edie realized she fell asleep. Her body still tingled with the aftermath of the passion that ripped through her, and her pussy still felt wet and swollen. And, oh, the pressure against her clit had her writhing a little against the hard wall of flesh behind her.

Wait.

Her eyelids fluttered open, and her eyes met Jason's heated gaze, and knew she was in for it. Again. Her nipples hardened under his gaze and she felt an answering rush of wetness between her legs when Seth's fingers gingerly grazed over her clit once more.

Jason took her breast in his hand, this thumb grazing over the hardened nipple. She moaned as the sensation shot straight down between her legs, but she wanted more.

"Harder," she whispered. Edie pressed herself into Jason's hand, but he kept his touch light and fleeting.

The corners of his lips pulled into a seductive smile, and his eyes lit up with a glint that promised her more than she could dream of handling.

"Don't worry, Edie. You'll get it." He bent his head and flicked his tongue out, barely grazing the surface of her sensitive nipple. She sucked in a breath and prayed for more, but he pulled away. "We have to make up for our lack of finesse last time."

Edie thought back to how Jason flipped her on her back while still inside her. If that wasn't finesse, she did not know what was. She probably would not survive it. She swallowed heavily and felt her heart pound harder against her ribs.

"But I liked last time."

“Yes, we know. We watched as your body writhed with pleasure and heard your little screams. But we did not make you come nearly enough.”

As if silently agreeing, Seth’s fingers dipped lower, his fingertips just brushing over her center, lubing them up, and increased the rhythm they played over her clit.

“Mmm. Yes, Seth, please.”

She felt Seth run the tip of his tongue over the shell of her ear and take her earlobe between his teeth. “You want more, Edie?” he asked, his breath fanning out over her skin.

“Yes.”

His fingers pressed against her clit again, this time a fraction harder. “Like this?”

Edie pressed her hips into his hand. “Yes.”

He trailed kisses down her neck, nipping and licking her sensitive skin. Small tremors and shivers went through her, and goose bumps rose on her skin.

“Well, you’re just gonna have to wait.”

No matter how much she begged, Seth refused press to harder, to move his fingers faster. She moaned and rubbed against him, her body, her voice, begging and pleading for him to give her release. It was the sweetest, most excruciating torture.

When Jason finally lowered his mouth to her and took a nipple into between his lips, Edie let out a strangled scream and yanked on his hair, pulling him closer. She felt him smiling against her skin, but she did not care. All that mattered was that pleasure radiating out from where Jason sucked on her nipples, kneading them with his hands and mouth, shot down in heated bursts to her pussy.

Lost in the sensations they created in her, Edie’s head lolled and thrashed against Seth’s shoulder. Her body writhed between them, alive with heat and passion and desire.

“Please, please, please,” she begged as she sought the orgasm they kept just out of her reach.

“What do you want, cupcake?” Jason asked.

“I want to come!”

“You want Seth to put his fingers in that sweet, hot pussy of yours and fuck them into you until you come?”

“Yes! Please. Do it now!”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Jason’s mouth went back to work on her breasts, and Seth’s hand skimmed along her thigh, then dove to the underside of it and pulled it up, resting it over his hip. The position left her cleft open and exposed. Edie wiggled her hips and cried out when Seth’s fingers rubbed heavily against her clit, the luscious friction making her gasp, before they finally filled her.

“Yes!” she screamed.

His fingers slid in and out of her, then curled and pressed against that spot that drove her crazy. When Seth pressed the palm of his hand against her clit, she pressed back, rubbing herself all over it until she felt the pleasure coil in her groin.

She squeezed her eyes shut. “I’m close.”

“No, Edie,” Jason said in his deep voice. “Open your eyes. Look at me when you come.”

It was too much. Pleasure coursed through her body, hot and potent, and the only thought that managed to pass through her passion-filled mind was that Jason wanted too much. Not only did they want to blow her body apart with the bliss they gave her, they wanted to look into her eyes when it was too much to bear.

Edie tried to turn her head away, but she felt Jason’s hands frame her face and bring it back to center.

“Look at me, Edie.”

Seth’s other hand came up from under her body and wrapped around her belly. Down it went until his fingers landed on the top of

her labia and pulled back gently, fully exposing her clit to his touch. Her heart skipped a beat when his finger pressed against it.

She opened her eyes at the last possible moment and met Jason's electric gaze. And her heart almost burst out of her chest when her orgasm overtook her.

It started between her legs, pulsing violently, then expanded to the rest of her body, making her arms and legs go limp and tingly from the size of it. When it was over, she lay between them unable to move or speak.

Or so she thought.

The moment they rolled her onto her back, they went at her again, taking turns laving at her pussy and sucking on her nipples until her voice went hoarse from all the screaming. Edie never thought it possible for someone to beg for the pleasure to stop. Apparently, she was quite mistaken.

When Jason sat up from between her legs and wiped his chin, Edie noticed the predatory glint in his eye was still there. He crawled up her body, dropping kisses on her hipbones, her belly button, her ribcage, her nipples.

She moaned into his mouth when their lips met, and she tasted herself on them.

"We're not nearly done with you yet, cupcake," he said against her mouth, then flipped them so that she sat astride him with his cock nestled between her labia. "Do you know what we're going to do to you?" he crooned into her skin as he sucked a nipple into his mouth.

Edie sucked in a breath between her teeth and rubbed herself against his thick length.

"We're going to fuck you until you won't be able to walk straight tomorrow. Then everyone in town will know who you belong to."

She felt Seth move behind her, pressing her down toward Jason. Seth's hands took her hips and tilted them up and back, fully exposing

her backside to him. Seth moved around for a moment, then separated her ass cheeks and pressed his lubed up fingers to her.

“I have a feeling you’re still tight, Edie. We’ve gotta loosen you up.”

With that, Seth pressed a finger into her ass, and she groaned at the exquisite pressure.

“More, Seth,” she begged like the wanton they turned her into. She wiggled her ass in the air for him, making sure her clit brushed Jason’s hardness. “Please.”

His finger pushed farther into her and pressed, stretching her bit by bit. She propelled herself between them, alternately rubbing herself against Jason and pressing herself back into Seth’s intimate touch.

When he inserted another finger, Edie heard herself let out a mewling noise and pistoned her hips faster until the wave rising inside of her crested and broke. Unashamed, Edie threw her head back and rode it out, not slowing her pace. They made her greedy with her lust, insatiable, and she wanted more.

Jason’s big hands cupped her face and guided her lips toward his. He took her screams into himself, his mouth muffling her moans as she moved against him, over him.

“I’m taking you now,” he growled.

Edie felt herself being lifted in his arms as he positioned her, then pressed her down on the thick head of his cock. She chanted his name as she sank onto him inch by inch, his eyes holding hers the whole way down. His width stretched her almost to the point of pain, and she loved it. Loved how heavy he felt inside her, how gently he tried to move when he first entered her.

When she felt Seth’s cock asking entrance to her ass, she stilled. Seth’s hand caressed her hips while he pressed against her, the tight ring at her backside stubbornly resisting the pressure he created.

“Relax for me, Edie.” Seth’s voice sounded strained to her ears. She tried to do as he said, but with Jason seated so fully inside her and

the excitement for what was about to happen mounting, she found it difficult. She pressed against him instead, crying out when his head entered her.

“Edie, you’re so tight. You squeeze me so good.”

The pressure. The fullness. “Please, Seth.”

He pressed into her harder, and Edie felt her body trying to accommodate his cock. When she felt him enter her fully, she let out a huge breath, and the pressure bloomed into something different, something darkly erotic.

Seth pulled out of her slowly, then pressed back in. Edie felt every thick inch of him and relished in the heat he created as Jason followed Seth’s movements. Her clit dragged against Jason’s cock every time he pressed into her, and when he reached up with his mouth and sucked a nipple between his lips, Edie felt a rush of arousal between her legs.

Seth picked up the pace, surging in and out her, slapping her ass with the palm of his hand as he rode her.

“That’s it, Edie. Your body sucks me in like it doesn’t want me to leave,” Seth crooned against her flesh as he kissed her between her shoulder blades. His gentle passion went straight through her, the press of his lips like a kiss against her most intimate flesh.

Edie felt the orgasm building in her. Jason must have felt it, too, because he sucked harder on her breast and pressed his thumb between their bodies and directly against her clit.

“She’s about to come, Seth.” The heat in his gaze burned her.

“I know. I can feel her gripping me tighter.”

“Who do you belong to, Edie?” Jason asked.

“Y–you,” she gasped.

He wound a hand in her hair and pulled her down to him, the satisfaction on his face evident. “Don’t you forget that. Now come for us.”

She did. It rose up in her, strong and hard, and she shook with the force of it. Her fingers grasped Jason's arms like claws, her mind searching for something solid to hold her together before she broke into pieces.

Their grunts echoed around her as they pumped into her, jostling her with their force. She felt the moment they tensed and released into her, and she absorbed their passion like it was her own.

When it was over, she lay between them, her leg thrown over Seth's while her head rested in the crook of Jason's arm. His fingers played with her breasts, lingering over her nipples before he kissed the top of her head and sat up, leaning on one elbow.

"Come home with us," he said.

Eddie felt her eyes widen. "What?"

"Come home with us tomorrow," Seth repeated for his brother. He took her hand in his and kissed her fingertips before placing a kiss in the center of her palm.

Her heart flip flopped in her chest when he sent a hopeful look her way, the soft look in his eyes making something tighten inside her.

"I-I never...I mean, it's just that I—"

"You belong to us now, and we belong to you," Seth said. "We want you to see where we come from. We want to show you our home."

"All right. I'll go."

Jason leaned over her and brushed a kiss on her cheek. He lingered next to her and said, "You know what that means, cupcake?"

Something about the way his deep voice sounded made her pussy clench. "N-no."

A broad grin broke out over Seth's face, and the mischievous glint returned full force in his eyes. "We can show you our little toy chest."

## Chapter Nine

Edie parked her Prius next to Seth's Toyota Tundra and stepped out of it. They told her they would be waiting for her on the front porch, but she did not see them. Hmm. That was odd. They were always where they said they would be.

She walked around her car and toward the large country style house with a huge wrap-around porch fully equipped with a bench swing and rocking chairs. The place held a certain warm charm that Edie suspected was from the family that lived in it. She firmly believed that homes absorbed their owners' auras, and judging from the aura surrounding the Chisholm family compound, they were a closely knit family.

Edie took the steps leading up to the porch slowly and admired the house's white siding, green shutters with crescent moon designs on top, and the countless windows. She imagined the inside would have hard wood floors that creaked, echoed when people walked and that the kitchen would be the epitome of country quaint. She could not wait to see how Jason and Seth's mother decorated her home.

She raised her hand to knock on the door when she saw smoke rising on the horizon. Curious, she walked to the far edge of the porch and leaned over the railing, shielding her eyes with her hand.

What on earth? Was there a fire in town or at the B&B?

Edie reached into her purse and dug around for her cell phone. She needed to call Lena to make sure everything was all right with the B&B. Where was her phone? She took her yellow wallet, her car keys, her travel size sketch pad, and the little tin container she kept



her sketching pencils in and put them on the porch railing. She dug around in her purse a little more.

Ah. Success.

She hit the speed dial on her phone and tucked it between her shoulder and chin while she threw everything back in her purse. She glanced up toward the horizon, and her breath caught in her throat.

“Hey, Edie, what’s up?” Lena’s voice said over the line.

“Just a minute,” Edie managed to say before she stared at one of the dirt trails that led toward the house.

“Edie, what’s going on? I thought you were at dinner over at the Chisholms’.”

Lena’s voice sounded far away. “Yeah. I am. I just thought I saw something, but I was wrong.”

“Well, what did you think you saw?”

“It’s going to sound really stupid—”

“Like I haven’t heard that before.”

“—but I thought I saw smoke on the horizon, so I wanted to call you and make sure the B&B was all right. But right after I called you, I realized that’s not smoke at all.”

“Well, what is it?”

“It’s dust.”

“A cloud of dust? Okay, you’re going to have to clarify. Wait, Edie.” For a few moments, Lena’s voice sounded muffled. “No, Brock, y’all don’t have to go and get her. I think she’s fine. You’re fine, right, Edie? We don’t have to go get you from anywhere?”

“No. I’m fine. Totally fine. Ridiculously turned on, but I’m fine.”

“Oh.” Lena’s tone went conspiratorial. “What’s going on?”

“You know, Lena, I’m really feeling a new appreciation for cowboys.”

“Really?” She drew the word out.

“Oh, yeah. Jason and Seth are driving the cattle in, and boy, do they look sexy doing it.”

“I can only imagine.” Lena’s laughter sounded over the phone. “You wrangle up some lovin’ from your cowboys and call me about it later. I want details. Love you, hon.”

“You, too.”

Edie threw her cell phone into her purse and let her eyes take in the sight of her men in their natural element. They were so sexy and masculine riding their horses and wearing their white button-down shirts and cowboy hats. She felt her pussy clench at the sight and knew her panties were soaked with her arousal. She squeezed her thighs together and refrained from running up to them, tearing their clothes off, and hopping on their dicks.

She’d save that for later.

For now, she contented herself by watching her men as they drew closer, Jason and Seth commanding their cattle with the utmost control and focus. She loved how their bodies moved in time with their horses and how they rode with innate confidence and pride. They were beautiful, both of them. They looked so rugged and hard. Utterly mouthwatering.

Edie watched them corral the animals into their pens and head toward the stables. That’s when Jason slowed his mount and glanced over his shoulder. She saw his face break out into a smile, and her stomach melted into her shoes. She could not control the elation that went through her whenever he smiled at her, touched her, kissed her.

Seth glanced over at his brother, then followed Jason’s gaze and waved at Edie when he saw her. He kicked his mount to a trot and headed straight toward her, grinning the entire time. Her heart sped up, and she felt herself smiling back. She managed a small wave and decided to meet him at the porch steps.

“Hey, gorgeous,” Seth said when he pulled up next to her.

Edie took a step back when his horse leered at her, but Seth stopped her.

“It’s all right. Just offer her your fist. She’s real nice. I promise.”

Edie did as he said, but the horse's mouth looked bigger than Edie's entire face. And the horse itself was huge and muscular. She was a deep chestnut, and while Edie immediately fell in love with the color, she did not particularly care for animals that could stomp on her and kill her.

"Okay. I'm trusting you, missy. Don't eat my hand."

Seth snorted at her obvious discomfort. Edie shot him her best evil eye.

"Her name's Eleanor Rigby Chisholm. And she likes you just fine. Don't you, girl?" Seth leaned over and ran his hand over Eleanor's neck and patted her when she nickered.

"Nice Beatles reference. Are you sure she likes me, though? She keeps staring at me."

"That's 'cause you keep starin' at her, baby cakes. Come on. We'll give you a ride to the stables." Seth leaned down and offered a glove-covered hand to her.

Edie looked at his proffered hand, at Eleanor's dark eyes, and back at Seth's handsome face.

"I don't know about that. Why don't you just get a head start, and I'll meet you."

"Nope. Not an option." Seth's hand shot out and gently snagged Edie's wrist. "Come on." He leaned down and wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her up into the saddle in front of him.

"What the hell are you doing?" she shrieked.

"Hey, now, calm down. You're freaking her out."

"No, she's freaking me out! Oh, my God, she's moving. Seth! Make her stop!"

"Shh." He gathered her up tight against his chest with one arm and held the reins in the other. "Calm down. You're fine." He dropped a kiss on her cheek. "She's not going to bite your foot or anything. Relax, Edie. I've got you."

“Yeah, right. That’s what you say whenever—” She broke off and felt her cheeks flush.

“Whenever I’m inside you and you’re too scared of losing control so you fight coming?”

It felt so foreign to her to have something moving under her. Her body swayed and rocked with Eleanor’s steps, and she snuggled back into Seth’s hard body for balance.

He was so close to her. She felt his breath against her neck and something hard pressing against her back. The hand holding her waist slipped along her side and landed on her leg where it met her hip.

“I like this dress, Edie.” His teeth rasped against her earlobe, and her pussy fluttered in her panties. “It looks good with your little cowgirl boots.”

His hand skimmed over her dress until it reached the hem of her dress.

“Thank you. They’re not real leather. They look like it, though, don’t they? I got them in town and—”

“Edie?” he interrupted.

“Hmm?”

“Shh.”

He took the glove off his hand and slipped his fingers under her skirt.

She tensed.

“Seth. We’re still passing by your house! The windows!”

“Don’t worry about it. They can’t see what I’m doing. They’re looking at my left side, not the side that really counts. And besides, your dress hides my hand.”

His lips feathered light kisses on her neck as his fingers reached higher and higher until they brushed the elastic of her panties.

“Seth,” she whispered. Her voice sounded low and husky now.

“Yes?”

His fingertips slid under the material covering her mound and slipped inside, brushing the lightest caress over her clit.

“Never mind. Just touch me.”

She felt him growl low in his chest. “Tilt your hips toward my hand. Yeah. Just like that, Edie. Your clit is swollen for me.” She whimpered as he touched it with bolder strokes. “Lean back into me. I want to touch your pussy.”

Edie bit down on her lip to keep from crying out when she felt a finger press into her.

“Damn, you’re tight. You’re gonna grip my cock so hard and so sweet later tonight. We’re going to eat your delicious pussy until you can’t stop coming. Then we’re going to tie you up and fuck you until your voice hurts from screaming so much.” He circled over her clit and pressed harder. The pleasure wound through her body in little bursts. “Then we’re gonna do it again.”

“Two fingers, Seth.”

He nipped the side of her neck. “What, Edie? I didn’t hear you.”

“Don’t you lie, Seth.”

“Watch that sexy mouth of yours, baby cakes. You might not get what you want.”

“Two fingers. Now, Seth. Please.”

“I’ll be happy to oblige you this time.”

He plunged his fingers into her, and Edie sank her nails into his denim covered leg. She felt his knuckles at her entrance and held in her mewling cry. He was in so deep, and she still wanted more. She wanted his thick cock buried in her body as far as it could go, and she wanted Jason in her ass.

No matter how many cries she managed to hold in until that point, when Seth pressed the heel of his hand against her clit and circled it in time with his finger plunging into her pussy, Edie could not fight it anymore. She cried out and gripped him harder. Thankfully, they were no longer within viewing distance of the house.

“You’re close, aren’t you, Edie?”

“Y–yes.”

“You know how I can tell?”

“How?”

“Your pussy starts pulsing around my fingers. It’s light at first. But when you get close, your little cunt starts trembling. Especially when I do this.” He pressed his palm harder against her clit, and she thrashed against him. “I love how you do that. I can feel every tremor, every vibration.”

She was on the edge. One more good flick over her bud and she would tumble over.

“Seth. Finish me. Please.”

“You want to come?”

“Yes, yes. Make me come, Seth!”

She did not care that her cries grew louder. She did not care that she thrashed around on the saddle so much that Seth had to pull her closer. She spread her legs as wide as she could and rubbed herself on the heel of his hand. Seth pulled his fingers out of her cunt and gently pinched her clit, and the first spark of her orgasm pierced through her.

“Yes, yes, yes. Right there.”

He circled his fingertips around her, and she came, shaking and screaming, against his hand. From the smallest conscious part of her mind, she heard herself chanting his name while her head thrashed around on his chest, but she did not care.

All of a sudden, her world spun and tumbled around her. She struggled, trying to find her equilibrium.

“Shh, cupcake. I’ve got you.”

Then she realized that Jason carried her in his strong arms toward the stables.

“You look so beautiful when you come hard like that. I have to have you. Now.”

He carried her inside the stable doors, then pivoted around and pressed her back against the wall. He lifted up her dress, hooked his thumbs in her panties, and threw them over his shoulder. Then in one swift, smooth move, he unzipped his jeans and pulled his engorged dick out of his jeans. He lifted her leg, wrapped it around his waist, and plunged inside her.

There was nothing Edie could do but clutch at his shoulders and position her hips to better accept him. His hard thrusts pinned her to the wall, but somehow he managed to drag his dick over her sensitized clit with his strokes.

“You wrap around me so tight,” his gravelly voice whispered into her ear.

She hung on the edge between pleasure and exquisite pain as her body struggled toward orgasm. But her clit just felt too sensitive.

“Jason. Jason, wait—”

He uttered a curse and pulled away from her just enough to put his hand between them and yank the neck of her dress down. Her tits spilled into his hand, and he sucked one into his mouth before she even processed what happened.

Edie shrieked when she fell over the edge into the deep pool of pleasure only they could give her. She clung to him as her body came apart in his hands.

“That’s it, Edie. Go over. Let it take you.”

He kissed her then, and she felt him pulse inside her. She clenched her pussy harder around his cock, and she heard him bark out his violent release.

When it was over, he clutched her to him and leaned into her, his arm supporting their weight.

They stared at each other for a few moments, catching their breath. Then he smiled at her and brushed a kiss against her temple.

“I missed you all day,” he whispered, and trailed his fingers over her cheekbone.

"I did, too," Seth said. "We just kept talking about all the things we wanted to do to you tonight. But mostly, we talked about how much it upset us that we had to wait all day to see you."

Her heart clenched in her chest.

*Oh, my God, I'm in love with them.*

They pulled away from her and straightened her dress with their big hands. Their caresses lingered on her breasts and between her legs, but somehow they managed to get her presentable. She looked down at herself to check.

"I'm about to meet your family, and I just finished being seduced by the two of you!" She covered her face in her hands. There was no way in hell she would be able to look their mother in the eye.

"Hey." Seth's hands pulled her hands away from her face. "Don't be embarrassed or ashamed. If our family says anything, we'll handle it. But they're gonna love you. Now come on." He guided her toward the house.

When they were halfway to the front door, Jason's hand slapped her ass.

"Hey! What was that about?"

He smirked down at her, and her pussy got wet. "Stop looking so tense. And I can spank your ass whenever I want. It's my ass."

"Oh, please."

"It is. Don't make me have to bend you over right here and now to prove it."

Edie opened her mouth to argue, but she thought better of it when she saw the amused glint in his eyes. Sure, he might be making light of it, but he really meant it. They thought of her as theirs, and Jason would hike her skirts up and show her who was boss if she argued with him.

"Fine. Just as long as your asses belong to me."



Jason stopped in his tracks. So did Seth. They looked down at her, their cowboy hats casting mysterious shadows over their beautiful faces.

“Uh, cupcake? Why would you even ask that?”

She meant it as a joke, but something about the way they looked at her told her they did not take it as one.

“I was just kidding. Why are you being so serious all of a sudden?”

Jason took a step toward her and stopped just a hairsbreadth away from her. Seth stood right next to him. Jason reached down and took her hand. It looked so small and pale in comparison to his. He pressed his lips against her palm and laid it right over his heart. She felt its strong, steady beat against her skin.

Confused, she looked up to meet his eyes. What she saw there stole the breath out of her. Jason looked down at her with a look of such pure devotion and adoration she felt tears burning the back of her eyes.

“Edie, we’ve been yours since the moment we first saw you. Since we first saw you smile. There has not been a moment since then when you have not occupied our thoughts, our dreams, our desires. We yearn for you so much that when you’re not with us, it feels like we’re missing a part of our body.”

“He means we love you,” Seth said, the corner of his mouth drawn up into a lopsided grin. “He’s just too much of a hard ass to say it.”

“I love you, too.” The words rushed out of her so quickly that they all blended together.

Jason smiled down at her and pressed a kiss against her mouth. “What was that?”

“Yeah,” Seth said. He kissed her neck, then her lips. “I didn’t get that, either.”

“I love you, too.”

“We’ve been waiting for you to say that, cupcake.”

They both looked at her, then grabbed each of her hands and led her toward the house.

“Now let’s go introduce you to everyone.”

\* \* \* \*

Dinner went well, considering Edie was a practicing pescatarian. When Delilah Chisholm, Jason and Seth’s mother, asked her what in the hell a pescatarian was, Edie explained, her cheeks burning the entire time.

Here she was, a modified vegetarian eating mashed potatoes, barley cranberry cakes, and peas in a cattle ranching home while everyone else ate Bessie the Cow’s husband for dinner. How in the hell had she gotten here?

“Well,” Delilah said, eyeing her from across the table. “I’ve never heard of that before, but hey, I learn new things everyday. The next time you come, I’ll make some salmon.”

“Oh, oh, well, thank you. I—”

“Thanks, Ma,” Seth finished for her. “And make it trout. Pan fried. I love me some of that stuff.” As if he did not just finish his whole steak, Seth rubbed his belly, grabbed his fork, and reached over Edie’s plate for another helping.

“Seth! Jesus Christ, boy, where in the hell are your manners? This poor girl is gonna get to thinking that I never taught you any! Edie, I am so sorry for his poor behavior.” Delilah looked positively abashed. “At least I have one son who does the family name good,” she said, sending a smile at Jason.

Delilah Chisholm gave a good evil eye. If it were not for the little twinkle in her eye and the smirk on her lips, Edie would have thought she really was angry. Sitting between Jason and Seth, she kept stealing glances at them and comparing their features to their

mother's. They had her beautiful blue eyes, and so did their younger sister, Lily. They also had their mother's lips. Edie assumed Jason and Seth's other features came from their fathers. Edie wished she could meet them, but they died almost ten years ago in an accident that left Delilah widowed of her two husbands with three children to take care of and a ranch to run.

The accident happened when Seth was nineteen and Jason was almost twenty-one. He was already overseas on active duty then, and Edie suspected that the guilt of not being there, of not being able to make it home immediately, would always weigh on him. She figured that was why Seth was the head manager and not Jason. Seth was better suited for business, anyway, but with Jason on active SEAL duty until two years ago, he did not have the time to oversee their large family business.

"So, Edie, do you have any siblings?" Lily asked. She was as beautiful as her brothers were handsome. She was about as tall as Edie, but Lily had brownish-red hair like her brothers, and her eyes were the same blue-black color of Seth's but with the sharpness of Jason's. Unlike her oldest brother, though, Lily's eyes were soft and kind looking. They did not hold the jaded look.

"Yeah, I do. I have a younger sister. Her name is Evelyn. Eve for short. She's twenty-four and fresh out of college. I'm trying to get her to visit, but she's got her heart set on going to New York for a while and trying out her luck there."

"And it's just the two of you?"

"Yep. Just us. I always wished I had an older brother, but I got to be the oldest. I didn't think it was very fun most of the time. Especially around the holidays. We're both dessert fiends, and we fought over the last piece of pie, cake, the last cookie, you name it. We had clothing wars, accessory-thieving events, the works. I wanted to strangle her sometimes."

“You’re so lucky you got to fight over girly things. I had to share a bathroom with these punks.”

“Yeah, so?” Seth asked after he polished off his steak and leaned back against his chair and put his arm around Edie’s shoulders. His fingers drew circles on her skin. Jason already had her hand in his under the table. And for some strange reason, Edie suspected he kept guiding it closer to his crotch.

“Oh, please.” Lily shot Seth a menacing glare, and Edie saw that their sister already perfected the evil eye. “Edie, you don’t understand. Jason would time me. He would stand right outside the damn door with a stopwatch and monitor how long I took to shower. I only got seven minutes. Seven minutes!”

Edie looked at Jason and saw him smirk. “You know what? All you need is seven minutes.”

“If you didn’t notice, Jace, I have hair,” Lily waved the end of her French braid in the air, “and lots of it. It takes more than seven minutes to shampoo, condition, and do a mask or something. And then there’s my face. I have to cleanse everyday and exfoliate—”

“Whoa.” Jason put his hands up. “That girly crap is not for bathroom time. Edie, don’t let her try to fool you. She was a bathroom hog. Wouldn’t you agree, Seth?”

“Hell yes. The worst. And it’s not like she’s got anybody to look nice for anyway.”

“That’s what you think.”

Seth sat up straight when Lily finished speaking.

“The hell did you just say?”

“I didn’t stutter, Seth. You heard exactly what I said. You don’t know anything about my personal life.”

“What personal life? You better not have a personal life along the lines of what I’m thinkin’.”

Lily lifted her chin. “And what if I do? It’s none of your business.”

Seth's jaw clenched. Uh-oh. Who knew one of the fastest ways to piss Seth off was to talk about his sister's hypothetical love life? Edie decided to tuck that piece of information away for later.

"Of course it's my business! I'm your brother. I'm not gonna have some horny-ass motherfuckers trying to date my sister."

"Oh please. The only reason you're so freaked out about the idea is because you know exactly what all those horny-ass motherfuckers want."

Seth made to stand up, but Jason's hand shot out and grabbed Seth's shoulder. "Chill, man." He turned to face his sister. "What he means to say is that we have certain criteria for any bastards that try to date our little sister."

Lily leaned back in her seat, cocked an eyebrow and said, "Oh, really?"

Jason mirrored her actions and said simply, "Yes."

Wow. Normally people hit the floor whenever the Chisholm brothers were slightly annoyed. Seeing the two of them almost full-blown angry would have most grown men cringing in fear. Not Lily Chisholm, though. Edie suspected that girl would stand up to a rabid dog without any fear.

"And what would those criteria be, oh wise brother?"

"They've gotta be decent guys, first of all. None of that bad boy bullshit. You need a nice, respect—"

"No! I'm not gonna be with some boring I-drive-a-Taurus guy. Ain't gonna happen. There's gotta be some passion! You know what I'm talking about, don't you, Edie?"

Jason's grip on Edie's hand got a little tighter. "Don't answer that," he said to her. "And you," he pointed his finger at his sister, "don't involve her. She can't save your ass."

Lily snorted at that. "Right. Because I'm so sure you picked some wilted, delicate flower to be with. Please, Jason. She's the first girl y'all have brought home. Don't tell me that she doesn't have the two

of you wrapped around her finger with the ridiculously cute ring on it.”

Edie glanced down to her right index finger with its sterling silver ring in the shape of a leaf. “Thank you,” she mouthed to Lily, who smiled at her in response.

“That’s beside the point,” Jason snapped.

“Ha!” Lily’s face lit up with laughter. “I knew it!” She pushed her chair away from the table and stood. “My work here is done, ladies and gentlemen. Now if you’ll excuse me, I made some buttermilk pie, and I intend to eat it.”

“Oh, me, too!” Edie pushed her chair back, but before she stood, Jason raised her knuckles to his lips.

“We’ll catch up with you in a minute.”

The warmth of his lips seeped into her skin and into her panties.

“All right.”

She turned to Seth, who smiled at her then dropped a kiss on her shoulder.

“Save me a piece.”

“Okay. But you better hurry. I love buttermilk pie.”

She stepped out of the dining room and into the kitchen before Seth called out behind her. “Make sure it’s a big piece, Edie. I’m still hungry.”

Edie turned to glance at him over her shoulder. While his voice sounded perfectly normal, the look in his eyes said something different entirely. Her eyes flicked to Jason, and his heated gaze met hers.

Oh, goodness.

“You, too, Jason?”

“Nah. I’m good. I’m not in the mood for that kind of pie right now.”

The erotic glint in his eye told her what kind he wanted. She felt her cheeks heat up, and she hurried into the kitchen before her shame

got the best of her and she randomly burst into flames from being so embarrassed in front of their mother. She had to know what they were talking about. The idea made Edie blush right into her shoes.

\* \* \* \*

“I don’t know why you’re so embarrassed by that comment, cupcake.”

Jason held in his laugh when Edie sputtered at his comment.

“Why in the hell wouldn’t I be embarrassed? You were talking about going down on me in front of your mother! Your mother!” She covered her face with her hands. “Oh, no. She’s probably sending me bad karma right now.”

Jason pulled her into his chest and tried his best not to laugh, but it did not work. She must have felt his body shaking with it because she pulled out of his arms and smacked him on the arm.

“You bastard! Now your mother is going to know that we’re—”

“What, that we’re fucking?” Seth put in.

“That we’re having *sex*. Sex. Not fucking. Fucking is for hooking up and one-night stands. I don’t think I’m either of those, so more respectful term, please.”

“Fine, baby cakes. Sex. Our mom isn’t stupid, you know. Jason and I are in our early thirties. And it’s not like you’re an innocent little teenager, either. You’re a woman. A very beautiful and sexy woman who happens to be *our* woman.”

He pulled her to him.

“How did you come up with baby cakes?”

Seth smiled at her. “Well, Jace calls you cupcake, so why not? Cupcakes are little baby-sized cakes, anyway, right?”

Jason rolled his eyes. Sometimes his brother could be so literal.

“Wow, Seth.”

“What?”

“Never mind. Let’s get our girl home.” Jason reached for Edie’s hand, and she took it, lacing her fingers between his. He loved the feel of her skin against his. It was so soft and delicate, and he was always so scared of marring it. And her fingers looked and felt so small next to his. God, he was always so scared of breaking her.

“Sounds good to me. I’ve got breakfast duty tomorrow morning, so I’ve gotta be up bright and early.”

Jason helped her up into his FJ40. “Bright and early, huh?” He and Seth shared a look. They had every intention of having her up bright and early, but that was because they did not plan on letting her sleep.

“Yes,” she continued, unaware, “the Campbells are big coffee drinkers. Well, Mr. Campbell is, anyway. Mrs. Campbell really likes my caramel lattes. I think I’m converting her little by little toward buying fair trade products.”

With any other woman, he would have considered Edie’s rambling annoying. But he loved it with her. He liked hearing what was on her mind, even when she spoke about the benefits of having regular blueberry muffins or cream cheese blueberry muffins for the guests the next morning. He liked how her thoughts could be the most random, disjointed topics because he liked where her mind could take his. She was full to bursting with ideas and theories, and she had interests in so many different things and opinions about the most insignificant topics. He loved it. She challenged him mentally, and he adored her for it. Jason smiled to himself. She probably had no idea that her mind was the main reason he loved her.

Well, that and the fact that she was the kindest, most genuine, open-hearted, and open-minded person he ever met. And he loved her hips. Loved how they flared then tapered into her waist. And her breasts. He loved those, too, and the way her neck looked when her messy chignon had pieces grazing her skin there.



Jason felt his pants tightening around his dick and knew he would barely be able to control himself tonight. He fought to rein his lust in, but one glance at her in the dim lighting of his SUV, and he knew he was a goner.

She blinked, confused, when he pulled in the driveway of his and Seth's place.

"What are we doing here? I thought we were going home."

Jason pulled her out of the truck, slammed the door, and pressed her up against it. The night air hung thick and heavy around them amplifying her body heat.

"We are home," he said before he leaned into her and took her lips. She softened against him immediately, making him feel like a veritable god, and opened her sweet mouth for him. He loved the way she tasted. Loved how she moaned into him, but he wanted more.

Reaching up, he gently took her precious face in his hands and tilted her head, giving him better access to her mouth. She clutched at his arms and pressed her body against his. Her breasts pillowed into his chest, so soft and inviting, and he had to pull away before he took her right then and there.

Edie's lips were bruised and flushed from his kisses, and her eyes looked dreamy and aroused in the moonlight.

He took her hand. "Come on."

"What's going on?"

Seth came up behind her and hoisted her in his arms. "You'll see."

They took her down to the basement and flicked on the lights.

Jason watched as Edie's eyes took in what he and Seth liked to call their toy chest. True, it was a whole room, but they liked the name. In the corner of the room was an armoire full of dildos, Japanese silk cuffs, lube, condoms, anything small they needed. The ceiling and entire far wall were mirrored, and directly in the center of the ceiling hung straps he and Seth could use to hang a harness or cuffs.

“W—what are you—” Edie backed away from them and turned on her heel toward the basement stairs, but Jason caught her, flipped her over his shoulder, and hauled her into the room, kicking the door shut behind them.

“Seth, get the straps ready.”

Jason could not resist spanking Edie’s ass while he walked her to the center of the room.

“Jason! You stop that! That’s my ass.”

“You know, cupcake, you gotta start remembering that you and anything on you belong to us. That includes your hands, your mouth,” he slid his hand up her skirt and squeezed her butt cheek, “and your ass.”

She tried swatting his hand away, but it was no use. He had her in his grip, and there was no way she could escape it. Not unless she wanted to fall, and Jason would never let that happen.

“What do you think you’re doing?” His back muffled her voice.

“You’ll see.”

He set her down and watched as her hair came undone and fell over her shoulders. It looked wild and untamed and almost as good as her I-just-got-fucked hair. His cock jumped in his jeans.

“Take your boots off,” he commanded. He did not think he had the self-control to resist bending her over and taking her on the floor.

She glanced over her shoulder at the mirror.

“Uh, I don’t know about that.”

“Don’t worry about it. Take off your boots.” He started unbuttoning his shirt. “Now.”

Edie’s eyes went hot and lust-filled as she followed his fingers. She bent forward and took her cowboy boots off. She looked even smaller with them off. They gave her a good two inches of height.

Jason shrugged out of his shirt and unzipped his jeans. Her eyes went straight for his crotch, and he felt his blood, heavy with potent lust, rush through his veins. He knelt in front of her and made a show

of peeling her socks off, then took her ankle in his grip and placed her foot on one of his knees.

“Jason, what are you—”

She stopped talking when he bent toward her and brushed a kiss on the inside of her ankle.

“Oh,” she breathed, and her hands went to his shoulders.

‘Oh’ was right. He had to slow things down or he would ruin things by focusing on his pleasure rather than hers.

His lips moved higher to her shapely calf. He did not get much of a reaction from there, so he moved his lips right below the back.

Seth came up behind Edie and wrap his arms around her waist. He felt her body tense when Seth lowered the straps of her dress off her shoulders and pushed the material down to her ribs, bra included, revealing her lush, heavy breasts.

He did not know who groaned, him or Seth, but the sight of her breasts always made him dizzy. All the blood in his head went straight to his dick and for a few moments, he was disoriented in his desire for her.

Seth’s hands covered her breasts and kneaded them, pinching her dusty pink nipples when they hardened under his touch. Edie moaned softly in the back of her throat. Jason loved that sound.

Jason smoothed the hem of her dress back and pressed a kiss on the inside of her knee, then the lowest part of her inner thigh. Her fingers gripped at his shoulders, and she pressed her pelvis closer to him.

Seth’s hand skimmed over her belly, and his fingers hiked the hem up, revealing her mound encased in a pair of see-through panties. Jason had to remember to pace himself when Seth’s hand—palm to her skin—sank into the waistband of Edie’s panties. She gasped between them and wiggled around, but Seth’s hand maintained its slow pace.

Jason watched as Seth's fingers curled inside the fabric and separated her folds. Her body tensed between them, and her breath rushed out, faster and louder.

"Please," she whispered.

Jason pressed a kiss higher up on her inner thigh as Seth's finger brushed over her exposed clit. Her high-pitched breaths filled echoed off the ceiling, quickly followed by her moans as Seth finger fucked her into oblivion.

Jason straightened and headed straight for her breasts, sucking one into his mouth.

"Spread your legs wider," Seth commanded.

Eddie shifted her legs, her fingers still tangled in Jason's shirt.

Her skin tasted good, especially when a fine sheen of sweat broke out over it. Jason played with her nipple, flicking his tongue over it, kneading her flesh. He rolled it between his lips, and she clutched harder at him.

She chanted their names as her body moved sinuously between them. She closed her eyes and thrashed her head on Seth's chest.

"I'm so close."

"I can tell," Seth said as he took her earlobe between his teeth. "She's so wet and slick, Jace. And her clit is so swollen. It's gonna taste so good."

"Seth!" she cried, "let me come, please."

"I don't know, Jace." Their eyes met. "Should I let her come? Or should I make her wait?"

Jason switched to the other breast and sucked. Hard. Eddie's back arched toward him.

"Please!" she shrieked.

"Shh, cupcake. We're still debating."

He loved the wet sounds her cunt made when they used their fingers on her.

"Seth, faster. Please."

“All right, cupcake. We’ll make you a deal. Seth will let you come if...” He let his voice trail off.

“If w—what?”

“If you tell us what you want us to do to you,” Seth finished for Jason. He pulled her closer when she started to buck in his grasp. “You have a few options here. We can use a plug on you and fuck you so hard and good. We can use the Japanese silk cuffs on you. We’re going to take you in front of the mirror. No choice on that one.” Despite the lust Jason saw on his brother’s face, Seth managed to keep his voice calm. “Which one would you like?”

“I don’t care! Just make me come, and then go down on me.” Edie swiveled her hips in Seth’s grasp.

“What did you say?” Seth asked. “I didn’t hear that.”

“Go down on me! Then you can do whatever you want. Just please make me come,” she sobbed.

“All right, Edie. Come,” Seth’s fingers moved faster. The wet sounds got louder. “Now. Come for us now.”

Jason sucked her nipple harder, and he felt her body go rigid then shake uncontrollably as she came. Jason straightened and took her face in his hands. She lifted her lashes and met his gaze. Her pupils were dilated and her eyes looked lost and crazed and so full of unleashed desire, they took his breath away. He loved looking at her when she came. He felt like he took a part of her most intimate self into his being when he did.

Seth took his hand from between her legs and licked her pussy juice off his fingers. All Jason could think of was how she tasted so sweet after she came.

“You taste so good, Edie,” Seth said against her neck.

That was it.

Jason bent between her legs, ripped her panties off her body, separated her lips with his fingers, and tongued her clit.

Edie's thighs tightened around his face, but he did not care. He lapped at her wetness and savored the sweet, delicious taste that her most secret place gave him.

"Open wide for him, Edie," Seth's voice said from above him. "That's it. Spread those thighs for him."

The moment Edie's legs gave him more room, Jason plunged two fingers into her pussy and pressed against the spot that drove her wild. She gasped, but his brother held her still as Jason gently sucked her clit into his mouth and rolled his tongue over it.

Her shrieks echoed around the room, and her hands knotted into his hair. He fluttered the tip of his tongue, and her knees gave out.

"Jason!" she cried. "Jason, stop. I can't hold myself up."

"That's what I'm here for, Edie. I've got you." Seth tightened his grip on her waist, and Jason continued his sensual assault on her intimate flesh.

Her pussy tightened around his fingers and the throbbing turned into light pulses. She was close. He could feel it. He pressed tongue more fully against her and circled his fingers faster inside her pussy. Her legs started trembling, and her inner walls massaged his fingers.

"That's it. Let it take you. Stop fighting it."

Her gasping, labored breaths mingled with her pleased cries. She pulled his face closer to her body and said, "Harder."

Edie's guttural command made Jason's dick harden to the point of pain. He did as she commanded and a few heartbeats later, she ground herself against his lips, crying out his name. Jason lapped up her release, helping her ride out her orgasm as she writhed and twisted in Seth's arms.

Jason yanked the dress off her body and let it fall to the ground. He took her in—her flushed face, her passion-filled eyes, her wild hair—and wanted more. He met Seth's eyes and gave his brother the silent command. Seth took her wrists in his hand, bound them in the

silk cuffs, and attached the cuffs to the hooks dangling from the ceiling.

Edie's eyes widened and lips quivered. "W-what are you doing?"

"Shh, Edie. Just trust us," Jason said as he kissed his way down her graceful spine. Goose bumps rose on her flesh and she shivered. "Just feel." He nipped the soft skin on one of her rounded butt cheeks then kissed the sting away. She took in a hissing breath. "And whatever you do, don't fight coming."

\* \* \* \*

*Don't fight coming?*

As if they would ever let her do that. They proved their mastery over her body countless times. Her orgasms were proof of that. Fight the pleasure they gave her? She was not capable of that. The only thing she was not capable of doing right now was managing to feel comfortable with her arms secured over her head even with her body still tingling and hot from coming. She felt so open and exposed. She'd always wanted to do some light bondage in the bedroom, but this was something different entirely.

She did not even want to think about the mirrors. She was self-conscious enough about her ass already. She did not feel the need to see what it looked like from this angle. Really, she didn't.

She felt Jason's lips kiss their way down her back, and all of her nervousness went out the window. The way his warm breath fanned over her skin and the light, moist pressure from his lips made soft currents of pleasure bubble up under her flesh. She felt herself shivering from the delicate bliss slowly coursing its way through her body, but she did not care. She held herself still while Jason continued his slow path down her back, her pussy weeping the entire time.

When he nipped the side of one her ass cheeks, she flinched at the sudden stinging pain, but his lips soothed over the spot, and she found

herself wondering how pain could turn into such sharp pleasure. Already, her clit throbbed with wanting more.

Jason nipped her again and soothed the spot over. He did it again and again in different places on her ass cheeks. She noticed some places were more sensitive than others, but the result was the same. Her pussy was unbelievably wet. She pressed her thighs together, but Seth put his hands between her legs and spread them wide.

“I don’t think so, Edie. Wide open. Keep them that way.”

She did not realize she closed her eyes until she opened them to look at him. He was so beautiful in his lean, rugged way. Her eyes flicked over his body, and her breath caught in her throat. He stood before her with his shirt off and his jeans unzipped.

The desire to clamp her thighs closed and rub them together overcame her as she followed the dark trail of hair going from his bellybutton and into his pants. She could just see his thick cock, and she wanted nothing more than for him to push his pants down and drive it into her with all the passion she saw written all over his face.

“W—why?”

He took a step closer to her and cupped her breast in his big hand. He ran his thumb over her distended nipple. She arched her back and pressed herself into his palm.

“Because we want to be able to touch any part of you whenever we want.”

Seth leaned toward her and Edie watched, entranced, as his tongue flicked out and teased the nipple of the breast he held in his hand. She heard herself gasp, and her head fell back on her shoulders when he sucked her flesh into his mouth and used the pad of his tongue on her nipple.

It was too much. Her skin never felt more sensitized than it did at this very moment with Seth sucking on her nipple and Jason turning her pain into erotic pleasure that bloomed and burst all over her body.



She could not believe she was on the edge of coming, and they hadn't even touched her between her legs yet. She fought against her restraints as the pleasure rose in her body and made her legs go limp. She needed something solid to hold onto. Edie feared she would splinter apart into countless pieces if she did not find something to ground her to reality.

She could not contain her scream when she felt Jason's lubricated fingers part her ass cheeks and press between them. She said something unintelligible even to her own ears as he pushed a finger into her ass channel and pressed against a spot inside her that made her jerk against her silk bindings.

"You're still so tight here, Edie. I love it. I can't wait to put my cock into you and feel you grip me so hard."

His erotic promises caressed her skin almost as deliciously as his nips and kisses did earlier, and the images they conjured made her wish desperately that one of her hands was free so she could touch herself. The empty ache between her legs was almost unbearable, and her clit throbbed, screaming for attention.

Edie could not take it anymore. She clamped her thighs together and relished in the brief moment of friction before Seth lifted her off the ground and yanked her legs apart.

"I was hoping you would do that, Edie."

Something in his gaze should have scared her, but she was too far gone to care. All she could feel were Jason's fingers probing her in the most intimate way and how her skin tingled when their breaths floated over it.

"Do what?"

"Disobey me."

"Why?"

His hands ran down her sides and headed for her pussy. *Yes*. Oh, just a few strokes were all she needed, and then this ache between her legs would go away.

Seth's fingertips barely grazed over her clit, and her whole body tensed. Pleasure shot through her in violent streaks and combined with the lush sensations radiating from Jason's attentions to her ass. Her whole body hummed with delicious sensation.

"Because I get to punish you now." His eyes glittered with something she never saw in them before.

Wait.

"Seth—"

She did not get to finish. Before she even say his name, he slapped her pussy. She cried out at the sensation, both pissed off that he would have the nerve to slap her pussy when she so desperately needed his cock and turned on beyond belief as the sting unfurled into a dark pleasure that vibrated in her sensitive clit.

"Seth!"

An erotic smile slowly played across his lips. He slapped her again and again, and her body jerked with the sharp pleasure he gave. Jason added another finger into her ass, and she screamed when the combination of Seth's slaps and the fullness in her ass left her on the edge of orgasm.

Edie started panting and straining against her cuffs as the pleasure mounted and swirled inside her. She heard herself beg them to let her come, her unintelligible and warbled words falling out of her mouth in bursts and screams.

"You are so beautiful when you're on the edge, Edie," Seth whispered against her lips before he kissed her. "I love the way you writhe and shake."

She felt Jason straighten to his full height behind her. His hands kneaded her ass cheeks and her hips before she felt Seth's hand delve between her thighs and gently pinch her clit, then pull the hood back and press his fingers against her.

Eddie screamed her throat raw as the orgasm finally broke through and claimed her. Her legs gave out beneath her, but Jason's strong hands held her hips before she felt his dick plunge into her ass.

Her cry rose to a fever pitch at his sudden invasion. He was so large inside of her, and he stretched her to the brim. She loved it. She bucked back against him, demanding more as her orgasm ripped through her. The full feeling made the sensations roaring through her even stronger, and her fingernails clung to her silken restraints.

Jason stayed still behind her, and she knew in the pleasure filled recesses of her mind that he was afraid of hurting her, but she had enough of the two of them holding back from her.

"Fuck me, damn it!" she screamed.

He pulled out of her and pressed back in. Too slow.

"Harder!"

Jason picked up his pace, but she wanted more. She wanted him unbridled and wild and unrestrained.

"More, Jason. I want you deeper. Faster!"

He groaned behind her and jerked her closer to his body.

*Yes!* she screamed in her mind when he surged heavily into her.

He gripped her hips in his hands and used the strength of his arms to impale her on and off his dick as he shoved himself into her ass. She felt his hunger for her in his hard, heavy strokes. His breath whooshed over her shoulders. His heat seeped into her, and she felt the flush blooming under her skin.

Just when she thought she was satisfied with the rhythm Jason set, Seth took hold of her waist and brought her closer. He held his cock in his other hand, and he let its head tease her clit before he tightened his grip on her waist and pushed into her.

Jason stilled behind her and kneaded the flesh on her hips as Seth's thumb played over her clit the whole time he pressed his cock into her pussy. The fullness she felt, the completion, brought tears to her eyes. The pleasure she felt when she was with Jason and Seth got

more intense every time, and she could feel their love for her whenever they touched her.

Edie felt Seth still and when she looked up at him, a horrified look commanded his face.

“Am I hurting you?” He pulled away from her, but she clamped down on his cock. She heard Jason groan behind her.

“No, you’re not. It just feels wonderful. I’m so overwhelmed with the pleasure you give me. Please don’t go.”

Immediately, Seth’s face softened, and he kissed her with such passion he left her breathless. He lifted his face and caressed her cheek.

“We’re never going anywhere. You sure we’re not hurting you?”

Edie turned her lips and pressed a kiss into his palm.

“I’m sure. Please, please, make me finish.”

Seth pumped into her and Jason followed, their cocks taking turns driving into her and pulling out. There was never a moment when her body felt empty, and the friction their cocks created between her legs and in her ass built and built, higher and higher, until she writhed and screamed. Her fingernails dug into her restraints, and her breasts jiggled with every hard thrust into her body. She begged them, pleaded with them to please, please let her come, but they kept her on the edge of the chasm.

“Damn it!” she screamed. “Please, make me come! Jason! Seth! Please. I can’t take it anymore!”

Jason’s fingers dug into her hips. The tip of his tongue ran over the shell of her ear. “You’ll come when we say you can.” He surged heavily into her ass until he seated himself to the hilt. Edie felt so full, so complete. “Look at yourself. Look at how beautiful you are when you’re like this, so hot and wild.”

His deep voice compelled her, controlled her, and she turned her gaze to the mirrors. Surely, the woman with flushed cheeks, wild hair, and bruised lips wasn’t her. The person reflected in the mirror

undulated her hips to catch the heavy, lust filled thrusts of her lovers. She begged and pleaded for more, barked out orders, called out her passion so loudly that her cries echoed around the room. This woman she saw was sexually liberated and adventurous, sure of herself and her abilities to sate the lusts of the feral men fucking her.

Edie Bishop as she knew herself disappeared. Jason and Seth transformed her into the sensual woman she always longed to become. Their intensity, passion, and their love for her made her more than she ever thought she could be. She wanted to tell them and let them know that she loved them, too, and that she hoped she completed them as much as they did her.

“Jason, Seth,” her voice warbled and shook with her passion. “I—”

“Shh.” Seth bent his head and took her nipple into his mouth.

“Come now.” Jason’s command and the feeling of Seth tugging erotically at her breast pushed her over the edge. She fell into the precipice they created for her and then she let them catch her, absorb her cries, help her ride her passion out as she screamed her release between them.

## Chapter Ten

Edie woke feeling blissfully sore. She stretched her legs and arms, and her whole body collapsed back against the pillows.

Wait a minute.

Silence surrounded her, and the bed was cold.

Her eyes popped open and she sat up, clutching the sheets to her chest. She scanned the room for any trace of either Jason or Seth, but she could not find anything. No clothing lay scattered on the floor, their cell phones were not sitting on the dresser, and their boots did not wait by the door.

How odd. She understood when they could not stay the whole night whenever they came to see her at The Sweet Spot because they had their ranching duties so early in the morning, but they had ranch hands to take care of things on the weekends.

Edie could not fight the strong pull of disappointment. She felt certain they would be there with her when she woke up. Especially after last night. It was the first time they really gave themselves to her without holding back or worrying they would hurt her.

She loved it.

Especially when they woke her up in the wee hours of the morning to kiss all the parts of her they may have been too rough with. Her pussy clenched with the thought, and she felt a rush of wetness between her legs. Edie decided to get out of bed before she reached into the bedside table and used one of the vibrators on herself. If anything was going to make her come, it would be her men.

Edie rifled through the dresser until she found one of their undershirts to wear. She slipped it on over her naked body and could not help but smile to herself when it reached the middle of her thighs.

She went downstairs and walked into the kitchen, hoping to see Jason and Seth there, but the only sound she heard other than the sound of her own breathing was the clock ticking.

She glanced around the kitchen and saw that they brewed some coffee. She touched the pot. Still warm. Where could they have gone at—she glanced at the clock—nine in the morning?

She peeked outside and noticed their trucks still sat next to the side of the house. Without even thinking to put on shoes, Edie walked outside and decided to take a look around. She noticed they could use some landscaping. Sure, their grass was a nice, thick green, but they needed more floral notes to really make their yard pop—

Edie stopped in her tracks.

Another car sat in the driveway, a black Audi Cabriolet. Oh, no. They had a guest. No wonder they weren't in the house. They probably did not want to have a guest over when she could just come ambling downstairs naked. The breeze picked up at that moment and brushed over her bottom, reminding Edie that only a flimsy undershirt covered her nudity. She pulled the hem down over her legs and turned to go back in the house when the sound of a familiar female laugh reached her ears.

Edie swiveled around on the balls of her feet and stuck her ear out into the breeze, listening. It couldn't be. It just couldn't.

The laughter came to her again.

*Cassandra.*

Fury coursed through Edie's body in boiling bursts of heat that made her hands shake and her heart pump furiously against her ribs. The nerve of that woman to show up here when she probably knew Edie was here, too, and trying to steal her men right out from under her nose when she slept in their bed.

*That bitch.*

Edie stomped barefooted to Jason's FJ40, opened the door, and pulled his shotgun out from under the backseat. She had a moment of *What the hell am I doing?* But then she glanced over to where they stood under the big oak tree by the side of the house. Cassandra drew little circles over Seth's chest with her fingertip, then pulled him into a kiss. Jason's usually impassive face went white, and his mouth flapped open.

"Oh, that's it!" Edie kicked the FJ's door closed and stalked toward them. If Cassandra thought she could throw herself at Jason and Seth and get away with it, Edie would show her she was dead wrong.

"Cassandra!" Edie walked within five yards of the other woman and tucked the butt of the shotgun into her shoulder and aimed it at her. "Step away from them right now."

Cassandra lifted a glossy eyebrow and positively looked down her nose at her. "Well, look at you. Don't you look so put together this morning."

"Hey—" Jason tried to cut in, but Edie stopped him.

"Cassandra, get away from them right now."

The other woman took half a step back.

Edie pumped the action bar and the racking sound made Cassandra's eyes go wide. She took a huge lunge backward.

Edie had one of those out of body experiences then. This was not the first one she ever had, but it was, by far, the most intense. Part of her, the sane part, left her body and zoomed out like a camera pans out of a scene at the end of a movie, only this time, it was in real life. There she stood in a see-through white undershirt, completely bare-assed, pointing a shotgun at a perfectly coiffed and manicured woman who looked at Edie as if she were insane.

The zoomed out part of Edie had to agree with Cassandra. The other part of her—the crazy, gun-slinging Amazon—really did not



give a flying shit what Cassandra thought. Edie wanted that woman to pack up her designer luggage and get her ass straight out of Texas, or the possessed form of herself would hunt Cassandra Barrett down.

Jason and Seth put their hands over their heads.

“Uh, Edie?”

“What, Jason?”

“What in the hell are you doing?”

“I think the right question here is what the hell is *she* doing?”

“What the hell are you doing with a gun pointed at me?”  
Cassandra screeched.

Edie gripped the gun tighter and looked down the sight at her. “I’m showing you that I’m not messing around anymore. I believe in letting things go because eventually karma makes its cycle. But you know what, Cassandra? This is your karma for pissing me off. I tried to be nice and civil, but you’re the type of person who takes kindness as weakness, which speaks badly about you as a person.

“So I’m telling you in the only way you’ll ever understand me. Cassandra, if you ever, and I mean ever, pull a stunt like the one you just pulled, or anything similar, I will not hesitate to pull the trigger.”

Edie looked at Cassandra’s pale face and trembling lips and knew that, finally, she got her message across.

“Now get in your car,” Edie gestured toward it with the barrel of the shotgun, “and leave. Now. No looking back, no air kisses, none of that bullshit unless you want shrapnel in your ass.”

Cassandra skulked toward her car, her eyes on Edie the entire time. Edie could see the fear, fury, and jealousy in her eyes, but she did not care. Cassandra was not the type of woman who respectfully backed off. She cheated, stole, connived, and lied her way into getting what she wanted, and there was no way in hell Edie would let her get away with it this time.

Wimpy, peace-loving, PETA-supporting hippy, her ass!

*This will be the last time that woman underestimates me.*

Edie followed her every moment through the gun's sight. Cassandra skirted around her, barely three inches away from the end of the shotgun when Cassandra's hand shot out, pushed the gun hard to the left, and wrangled it out of Edie's grip. Edie stumbled, her shock and confusion making her clumsy and her limbs heavy. When she finally righted herself, she was on the wrong side of the gun and Cassandra's eyes, sparkling with a crazed, obsessed light, stared at her with feverish glee. Her hair, usually coiffed to perfection stuck out in random patches, making her look like a rabid poodle.

Jason and Seth started, pale-faced and wide-eyed, rooted to their spots.

"You know, for a while I wanted to kill you." Cassandra tucked the shotgun higher into her shoulder and brought the end of it to point directly over Edie's heart. "You are everything I can't stand, darling. So sweet and sugary and *honest*. Who in the hell cannot tell a Goddamn lie? Who? It sickens me, really."

Edie tried to swallow past the thick lump of sheer terror, but she couldn't. Even breathing was difficult. Her fingers twitched, and her whole body shook uncontrollably. Hot and cold sweat burst over her skin, but somehow she couldn't feel it. Any of it. All she knew was the crazed glittering in Cassandra's eyes.

"But the biggest thing I can't stand about you is how you can just love. You just love everything." Cassandra waved the gun around when she said the last few words. Edie had the distinct impression that if she hadn't been holding a gun, Cassandra would have flailed her arms about wildly. "People like you come from love. Your parents loved you, your friends loved you, I'm sure even all the butterflies and birdies loved you, too. But people like me didn't have that when we grew up. We don't have that ever, and we hate people like you."

"I never felt anything close to what you so freely give to everyone until I met Jason and Seth. And you cannot imagine how addictive it was for someone like me to have them touch me, kiss me, love me."

Nausea hit Edie with the subtlety of a professional soccer player kicking her in the stomach. The idea that her men ever spent a single second with someone like Cassandra did terrible things to her insides.

"When things ended, I was devastated, naturally," Cassandra continued. "What woman wouldn't be? And then I come back here, years later, because I cannot stop thinking about them, and here you are. Taking everything that was mine." Cassandra advanced on her, taking the two steps separating Edie's chest from the barrel of the gun. The cold metal burned her skin.

Edie gulped air in like a drowning fish, but it only made her dizzy, more confused. Her mind still reeled from the shock of having someone admit they wanted to kill her. Sure, she deserved it after pulling the same stunt only moments before, but Edie had no intention of actually shooting the other woman. She didn't think Cassandra would offer her the same courtesy, especially when Cassandra's wide-eyed, no-sniveling tears tracked silently down her expressionless face.

"Cassandra, please," Edie quietly pleaded. Her words were soft enough that the wind stole them from her lips, but when Cassandra's eyes hardened, Edie knew she heard. "Just put the gun down. We can work this all out."

"No, darling, we can't." In a blur of movement, Cassandra flipped the gun, pointing it upward, and settled the barrel on the fleshy underside of her chin.

Even though she knew Cassandra would not be able to pull the trigger because it was out of Cassandra's reach, Edie gasped in horror, her hands reaching out to the other woman in supplication. "Cassandra, don't! Just put it down. Don't do this."

Cassandra laughed at her. "Even now you don't want me to hurt myself. I'm sure you would even give up your relationship with Jason and Seth if I asked you to, just so I wouldn't kill myself. But you see, that's the only way to really solve this little issue we have here. If I kill you, then you automatically win. You'd be dead, of course, but

they would never want to look at me ever again, and that's if they don't strangle me with their bare hands first."

She tightened her grip on the barrel of the gun. "But if I kill myself, your time would be tainted by my memory from here on. I would win. Because they'll never give you up. I know that now. I see the way they look at you, and I know they never, ever looked at me with a fraction of that love they have for you. And I hate you for it."

Eddie's mouth flapped open and closed as she tried to grasp for something, anything, to say to keep Cassandra from doing the unthinkable. Inarticulate sounds sputtered from her mouth. Useless, empty sounds. She felt powerless. She would do and say just about anything to keep Cassandra from taking her own life, yet she selfishly feared Cassandra would ask her to give Jason and Seth up and walk away. She would do it to save another person's life, but she shied away from the very real possibility that she would, indeed, be doing just that. Just the merest thought of it made something inside of her achy and hollow.

"Cassandra, enough. Put it down," Jason commanded in a calm, steady voice.

Cassandra slowly turned to face Jason, her hands trembling enough that the gun shook in her grip. Eddie took the first real breath she took in the past few minutes. Jason's gaze swept over her for a split second, warming her, reassuring her, and then his face hardened when he turned back to Cassandra.

"Stop this. Now."

"You always were such a heartless bastard!" Cassandra screeched. "Do you know how hard I tried to make the two of you love me? How hard I tried to get you to feel just an ounce of what I felt for you? Why wasn't it enough? Why?"

Jason held his hands up and slowly approached her. "Cassandra, it just...it just wasn't meant to happen, but that doesn't mean we don't care about you." His voice was low and hypnotic, his eyes gleamed

like the sun streaming through an icicle, and he moved with a calm precision Edie never saw before. “We want you to be happy and we want the best for you. But it’s not with us, Cassandra, because we’re not the ones for you. That’s all.” He shrugged a meaty shoulder and reaching out ever so softly, wrapped his hand around the barrel of the gun and pulled it out of Cassandra’s grasp.

Just like that, the spell he wove was broken. Cassandra shrieked and lunged for the shotgun, but Jason had already tossed it to Seth, who caught it and unloaded it in one fluid motion. The shells landed with soft, dull thuds at his worn cowboy boots. When Seth glanced up from where the shells landed, Edie winced and took a giant step back. Pure murder was in his eyes, and she was scared of him for the first time.

His boots landed in heavy, crunching thuds on the grass as he stomped his way toward Cassandra. His brows pulled low over his eyes, and his mouth was set in a firm, unyielding line. Seth wrapped his hand around Cassandra’s upper arm and forcibly yanked her toward her car.

Cassandra struggled against his hold, kicking and squirming, and she lost a stiletto in the process. “Wait! Stop! Get your hands off—”

Seth pulled her roughly to face him. “Cassandra, get in the car before I do something I won’t regret.” Seth’s angry words hissed out like venom. Then he spun her around again and shoved her into the car, slamming the door shut even as she moved to stop it. “Cassandra, leave now, or I swear on my fathers’ graves that I will—”

Jason walked over to Edie and pulled her into his protective embrace and turned so that she could not see or hear Seth and Cassandra without having to rise to her tiptoes. Edie breathed in his musk and sweat and leather scent. There was something desperate in the way he held her, almost clutched at her, that told her not to complain or pull away when he squeezed her a little too tight. She buried her face in his chest as he nuzzled her hair, and his lips moved

against it in a silent benediction she could not understand. It was not until she pulled her head away from his body that she realized he kept saying “I love you.”

He took a step back and took her shoulders roughly. “Don’t you ever scare us like that again.”

“I don’t plan on—”

“Christ, Edie,” Seth exclaimed, cutting her off. He rubbed his palm over his chest as he walked toward them. “You nearly gave me a fucking heart attack. What in the hell—”

The sound of tires on gravel made Edie glance up. Cassandra sped out of the driveway like the crazed woman she was.

“She’s finally gone, then?” she asked.

Seth looked over his shoulder and met her eyes again. “Yeah. She is.”

She blew a few loose strands of hair out of her eyes. “Thank goodness. I didn’t know what to expect or think for a few minutes.”

Jason grunted. “Tell me about it.” He smoothed a hand over her face and pressed a soft kiss to her mouth. “All I knew was that I had to get that damn gun out of her hands. What were you thinking, Edie?”

As the shock faded, she felt a mortified blush making its way from her chest to her cheeks. “Oh my God, what *was* I thinking?” She buried her face in her hands. “I cannot believe I actually pulled a gun on someone.”

“Uh, Edie, we weren’t talking about that. We were talking about the whole trying-to-talk-to-the-crazy-lady-with-a-gun thing.” Seth stared at her with a look of flabbergasted disbelief.

She wriggled herself from Jason’s grasp, walked right up to Seth, and pushed her index finger into his pec. “I am not in the mood for sass right now. I almost died! Now, I want to know why I came out here to find you making out with her.” She rounded on Jason. “And you not doing anything about it.”

Jason cross his arms over his chest and eyed her. "I'm not answering any questions until we get Edie back. This crazy lady thing is a little over the top."

"Oh, please! If you woke up all alone and came outside without any skivvies on to see me making out with some other man, you wouldn't have aimed an unloaded gun at them. You would have killed them." Seth opened his mouth, but she plowed on. "And don't you argue with me about that!"

"I'm not going to start a fight with you over that because you're right," Seth said. "But what in the hell were you thinking trying to talk her down?"

"I—"

"Don't you ever, and I mean ever, do that again. You about scared ten years off me." Seth wiped a hand over his face and took a deep breath. He regarded her for the space of a few heartbeats, and a familiar smile graced his lips. Uh-oh. She knew that smile. "But let me ask you a question."

Edie put her hands on her hips. "Fine, Seth. What do you want to know?"

He wiggled his eyebrows at her. "Are you really not wearing any panties?"

"Oh, would you stop? This isn't funny! I just aimed a gun at another person who then aimed it at me!" She punctuated her statement by jabbing her finger into Seth's chest. Seth trapped her hand against his chest and ran his fingers over it.

"Would you calm down, G.I. Jane?"

She yanked her arm, trying to release it from his gentle grip, but he did not let her go. "Don't touch me!"

"Edie, just breathe."

"No! I'm having a panic attack or something." Air gushed in and out of her lungs, but she could not catch her breath. Her heart

pounded madly in her chest, and she felt every surge of blood it pumped out.

Seth cupped her shoulders and shook her. “Hey. Edie.” He shook her again. “Edie, look at me.”

She met his dark blue eyes. His gaze bore intently into hers, and the calmness and control she saw there seeped into her.

“Breathe, love. Come on. Just take a deep one. That’s right. There you go.”

Edie took a shuddering breath and gripped his forearms. Something clawed at her insides, struggling to break free. She felt out of control and spiraled toward something bigger and greater than she.

A hard force shook her. “Hey! Edie! Look at me.” Jason’s strong, deep voice pulled her out of the gathering darkness.

He held her in his arms and his heat, his strength, his size wrapped around her and held her.

“I’m so sorry. I don’t know what came over me. Something inside of me just snapped. That was horrible. I’m so ashamed of myself. Do you think I should call her and apologize for—”

Jason’s hand had been stroking her back in long, firm swipes, but when she said that, his hand stopped and his whole body vibrated. She pulled away from him to look at his face.

He was laughing!

“What? What did I say?”

“Just give me a minute. Just wait.” Jason let go of her and doubled over, bracing his weight on his knees. His laugh echoed off the side of the house and filled the air around them. Seth joined him, and they looked at each other and shook their heads as if they shared some sort of secret.

“Just what in the hell is so funny?”

Jason straightened and tried to wipe the grin off his face to no avail. “Cupcake, you’re freaking out over the wrong thing. So you



pointed a gun at her. She deserved it. What you should really be freaking out about is the fact that she pointed it at you.”

“We just don’t understand why you’re so upset over that and not the fact that she tried to kill you.” Seth finally caught his breath, though silent laughter garbled some of his words.

“You don’t understand why I’m upset that I pointed a gun at another person?” She pointed at the dust on the horizon from Cassandra’s car. “She is a living, breathing human being. And I just disrespected her by aiming a weapon at her!”

Jason shrugged. “And? So are you. She did the same thing”

“Yes, I know, but, Jason, I—”

“And if anyone should owe anyone else an apology, it should be her. Chill, cupcake. You wouldn’t have pulled the trigger. I know you better than that. I wouldn’t have put it past her to do just the opposite, though.” He toyed with the ends of her hair for a moment, then leaned into her and took a deep breath. “That was close, Edie. Too close.” He pulled away, and a thoughtful look came across his face. “And you were right.”

“Right about what?”

“Cassandra is the type of person who doesn’t respect other people. At all. She takes what she thinks she deserves, which is everything, and doesn’t care about the consequences as long as she benefits from it. You spoke her language for once, cupcake. That’s all. She wouldn’t have understood otherwise.”

The weight of what Jason told her settled on her. He spoke the truth. Cassandra would never have left unless something drastic happened.

Jason’s thumb traced over her cheek. “You okay now?”

Edie breathed him in and looked at Seth standing right next to him. “Yes. I’m okay now.”

Seth’s eyebrows shot up, and his mouth quirked. “You sure?”

“Yes, Seth. No more freaking out. But I’ll have you know that if you step out of line again, I’ll have to kick your ass.”

He scoffed at her and Jason snickered. “You best watch out, little bro. After what we saw earlier, you don’t want to fuck with her.”

The smile on Seth’s face widened. “I sure do want to fuck with her.” He must have seen the look on her face because he held his palms out toward her. “Okay. Fine. Have sex with her, make love to her, lick and suck on her sweet little clit while my fingers hit that sweet spot inside her—”

“Seth!” She felt the heat growing in her cheeks.

“What? It’s the truth.” He took her wrist and pulled. His arms caught her and pressed her into his hard body until she felt her breasts pillowing against him. He felt so good against her. So strong and solid and warm.

Jason stepped in behind them, and he brushed his fingers along the shirt’s hem, sending tingles of awareness and arousal through her. They made her feel so alive, so beautiful and treasured. In their arms she felt like the woman she always wanted to be, and their passion and magnetism called to her, seeped into her every time.

Seth’s fingers massaged the base of her neck while he pressed his lips against hers, the sweet kiss quickly going wild. Edie’s fingers knotted into his shirt, and she nipped his bottom lip. His answering growl made her nipples tighten and her clit throb.

Jason pulled up the bottom of the shirt, and she felt the air dancing around her bottom. His fingers trailed closely behind and kneaded the flesh of her ass before delving between her legs and pressing against her pussy. Edie gasped when she felt him pressing against her entrance and widened her legs. He pressed his fingers home, coating them in her pussy juices.

He leaned into her, and she felt his warm breath against her neck. “You are so wet for us, Edie. Your pussy grips me so tight, like it doesn’t want me to leave. And your clit, wow.” His fingers followed

his words. He pulled out of her and rubbed his fingertips around her clit, carefully avoiding the spot where she needed it most. "I can feel your clit throbbing against my hand." He gently pulled its hood back. "Especially when I do this." He pressed against her exposed nub.

Pleasure pooled in her groin, and she spread her legs wider, asking for more.

Jason pressed against her back, and she could feel his raging hardness against her ass. She wiggled her bottom against him and he groaned, then wrapped his other arm around her, snaking it up toward her breasts. His hand kneaded her flesh, and his fingers pinched and rolled her nipples in time with his erotic movements over her clit.

The sensations rolled through her, over her. Jason's fingers pressed firmly against her, and she moved her hips to the wet, delicious friction he made for her. Her cunt got wetter and wetter, and her moans filled the space around them.

With shaky fingers, Edie undid Seth's pants, and his cock sprang up to meet her hands. She licked her palm and wrapped it around his cockhead and swiveled. Seth sucked in a breath between his teeth.

"Oh, yeah, Edie." He wrapped his bigger hand around hers and pumped with her. "Like that. Just like that." His head snapped back on his shoulders, and the tendons in his neck stuck out.

He let her take over and control the pace, and she matched her strokes to Jason's. He increased the pressure and speed of his touch, and Edie's knees gave out.

Jason nipped her earlobe, then licked the shell of her ear. "You're close, aren't you?" he whispered.

"Y-yes." Pleasure from her clit bloomed and expanded between her legs. "Faster. Jason, please."

"Like this?" Jason pushed two fingers into her and used the heel of his palm to rub against her.

Seth bent to suck a nipple between his lips. The suction sent bursts of heat through her.

“Yes. Like that.”

“And you like it when I do this?” Jason’s fingers curled and pressed against the spot inside her pussy that made her belly quiver. Edie took in a gasping breath and let it out on a rough moan.

“Oh, yes.”

She pushed her lower body into his and used it as leverage so she could rub herself against his hand. She just needed him to pump a little faster. Just a little more pressure. She tilted her hips forward and—

“Yes! Jason, right there. Seth, harder!”

The orgasm ripped through her. Her legs collapsed, and she clawed desperately at something, anything, to keep her from losing herself in the rush that consumed her. The arms around her tightened, and the fingers between her legs still went at her, teasing, tormenting.

“You’re beautiful when you come.” Seth’s lust roughened voice sounded far away even though she felt his arms encircle her and lift her off the ground.

“W—where are you t—taking me?”

Seth’s lips brushed against her forehead. “Inside the house. We can’t make love to you properly with twigs on the ground.”

They only got as far as the formal dining room.

Seth put her down to kiss her, but the moment her feet touched the floor, she ripped his shirt off and wrapped her legs around his waist, pressing her pussy against his belly. She moaned and bit her bottom lip to keep from crying out. His hot skin felt so erotic against her, and when she pushed herself against him, the soft pressure against her still throbbing clit put her on the edge of coming again.

She felt him beneath her bottom and maneuvered herself so that her pussy lips kissed his hard cock.

“Oh, yeah, Edie.” Seth’s big hands spanned her waist as he pumped her up and down the outside of his shaft. “I can feel how wet you are.” He clenched his teeth, and his jaw ticked.

Edie tilted her hips so the tip of his cock pressed against her cunt. She needed to feel him, the fullness.

“Seth,” she whispered as she started push herself onto him.

“Oh, no you don’t.” Jason plucked her off of his brother and laid her stomach down on one of the dining room chairs.

“Damn it, Jason!” She struggled against his hold, but he put his hand on her back and pinned her against the chair’s soft upholstery. She somehow seemed to forget how strong he was until moments like this. “Let me up!” Her breasts pillowed against the cushioned seat, and the position left her ass open to their every touch and caress.

“I don’t think so, cupcake. I like you just the way you are.”

She could hear the smile in his voice. That bastard.

“This isn’t fair!”

“Once we’re done with you, you’ll think we’re more than fair. You’ll think we’re the most generous men on the planet. Now spread your legs.”

Edie didn’t like that smug tone in his voice. She hiked her chin up even though they probably could not see it from where they stood. “No.”

Jason’s hand smacked her ass, and the sting sizzled under her skin and seeped into her already dripping cunt.

She fought against the moan threatening to escape her lips and ground her pelvis against the edge of the chair. If they wanted to make her come, they would have to work for it. They spanked her again and again, and each time the stinging sensation blossomed into something pungent and raw. Her body tingled and shook, and her clit throbbed, begging to be touched, sucked, and licked.

So much for putting up a fight. She gripped the chair’s legs until her hands turned white. Her throat hurt from her moans and screams, and the tops of her thighs were damp with her pussy juices.

“Are you done fighting now, Edie?” Jason’s voice was low and deep, and she could hear his labored breathing even through her lust induced haze.

“Yes. Make me come. It hurts.” She sounded as desperate as she felt.

Jason kneeled behind her and curled his big body over and around hers. His weight pushed her further into the cushioned seat, but she did not care. His hands kneaded their way from her hips to her ribcage, massaging her shaking body into limp, pliable, delicious oblivion. She was putty in his firm grip, and she could not fight her body’s response to his ministrations.

No matter how many time she was with them, it still baffled her how easily they controlled her body. They easily sent her soaring and coming like crazy, then they would ease her down only to build her back up. Then they would make her come screaming like a banshee again.

Jason pressed his lips against the back of her neck, between her shoulder blades, her lower back. Each time he kissed her, her skin tingled and honeyed warmth spread through her. She felt it building inside her again, and the tension mounted in the air between them as his lips drew closer and closer to her pussy.

“Shh,” he whispered against her skin, “just wait. Let yourself feel it.”

Edie could not help but hold her breath when he shifted his weight behind her and kissed her left ass cheek, then her right. She felt him hovering behind her, and she wondered what he would do to her. Her body hummed in anticipation.

His hands slid up the insides of her thighs and spread them wide. Her hands gripped the chair’s legs once again, and she stopped breathing when she felt the tip of his tongue trace along her nether lips.

Her breath gushed out of her. “Jason—”

His tongue swirled around the entrance of her cunt, and she groaned.

“Yes?” Jason’s voice sounded muffled.

“More.”

He laughed softly against her intimate skin, and his warm breath fanned against her. “In a minute.”

He traced her folds with skilled precision and avoided her clit with maddening consistency. His teasing drove her crazy, and she pressed her pussy into his face, demanding he satisfy her. Now. But he maintained his lazy pace until her body twisted and turned on the chair.

“Jason!”

“What do you want, Edie?”

“I want you to make me come!”

He fluttered his tongue against her clit for one glorious moment. Her pussy clenched, and Edie cried out at the light, gentle pressure and tilted her hips toward his mouth. Then he pulled away.

A protest formed on her lips, but she felt two fingers pressing against her cunt and she wiggled her ass for him, begging him to fuck them into her until she couldn’t scream anymore.

“Oh, yes! Please, please.”

He pressed the flat side of his tongue against her clit the moment he shoved his fingers inside her pussy. She felt an answering rush of arousal between her legs, and she screamed when his tongue moved faster and faster against her sensitized bud.

Her hips pumped with the rhythm he set with his fingers, and she clenched around his fingers, but it still wasn’t enough. Frustrated, she pressed her pussy into his face, and he flicked his tongue harder, faster against her clit, and she still hovered on the brink.

She needed more.

Edie leaned to her side and brought her hand to her breast. Her nipples were tight, pearled peaks, and she took one and pinched and rolled it between her fingers.

Jason growled behind her, and his other hand gripped her flank and pulled her closer against his face. Then he took her clit between his lips and sucked, fluttering the tip of his tongue against it.

That did it.

The pleasure jolted through her body in bursts of heat and liquid fire. She screamed out her release even as they grabbed her and lifted her off the chair and onto the dining room table. She went limp in their arms, but Jason grabbed her around the waist and lifted her over his cock as he lay down on the table. He thrust his hips up and pulled her down toward him in one smooth motion, and his thick cock pushed into her, stretching her. Edie's head fell back on her shoulders, and she almost fell back, overwhelmed by the sensations taking over her body. Jason's grip tightened around her waist, and he supported her with the strength of his arms alone.

"You're snug and so wet I can just sink into you. Ah, that's so good."

Edie dug her nails into his forearms and held on for dear life when he started pumping her up and down his cock. She loved the way her pussy had to stretch around him. He filled her to the point where the pressure bordered on pain. And she couldn't get enough.

A hand in the center of her back pushed her forward, and Jason pulled her close as Seth plunged into her ass in one heavy stroke. Her body still hummed from the orgasm they gave her, and she barely registered the invasion as pain. Pleasure consumed her again, and the fullness, the utter completion they gave her as they pistoned their heavy cocks in and out of her had her writhing, gasping, screaming.

Moments of tenderness and overwhelming sweetness punctuated their wild, feral lovemaking. They whispered how beautiful she looked to them, how amazing she felt, how much they loved her. She



completed them, they told her, and they could not get enough of the way her cunt fluttered, how amazingly tight her ass was.

Jason leaned up and took a nipple into his mouth. The hard, demanding suction amplified their rough thrusts into her and the soft, fluttering kisses Seth pressed between her shoulder blades. Seth felt different in her ass than Jason. Seth's movements were more streamlined and sleek compared to Jason's fevered and commanding strokes.

Eddie tilted her hips down more, and the slight movement positioned her clit so that Jason's cock rasped against it with every stroke. She swooned above him when the pleasure doubled and overwhelmed her.

She groaned between her teeth. "Jason—"

His hands were already there, sliding up her hips and her waist to hold her at the bottom of her rib cage. "I've got you."

He kissed her then, and she felt his love for her through the blinding, disorienting haze of passion.

Seth gripped her hips where they met her legs and bent her forward more. Her breath whooshed out of her when his cock pressed against something inside of her.

"That's it, Eddie." Seth pressed against that spot again. "Let it take you."

She cried out when Jason thrust himself into her and rubbed her clit with his thumb. She tried to squirm away from him, tried to shy away from the overwhelming pleasure she felt building inside of her, but they held her captive between them.

"Don't you dare fight it." Jason's gaze pinned hers, and her lips trembled.

"Jason, I—"

He swirled his thumb harder against her clit, and the corners of his mouth rose in a feral grin. "Give it to us. We want it. Now."

“I can’t. No. It’s too much.” Edie pressed her palms against his muscular chest and pushed against him, but he insisted.

“Yes, you can.” He pressed himself deeper into her. Seth thrust into her as at the same moment, and the pressure, the incredible fullness, Jason’s thumb working her clit all collided into one breathless, timeless moment.

Edie felt her body arch, and her head fell back.

“Yes! That’s it. Ride us. Use us.” Jason’s voice sounded low and gruff to her ears and she sensed he was close. She slammed her body down on their cocks, and her body clamped down on them while she rocked and writhed in the throes of her orgasm.

“She’s gripping me hard. You better be close, Jace, because I can’t hold off anymore.”

Jason plunged in twice more, and then his jaw tightened, and he groaned out his release between his teeth. Edie felt them pulsing into her and the incredible tension in their bodies leave them as they came down from their orgasms.

Edie slumped over Jason when it was over, her body limp and weightless. As her heart slowed in her chest, she tried to move off him. He tightened his hold around her.

“No, wait. Just stay here a minute. I like the feel of you.”

When they were able to move, Seth pulled out of her first and collapsed next to them, gently raking his fingers over her sensitive skin.

“So.” Seth’s voice was so low, he almost purred.

“Seth.”

“Jace, calm down. I need another five minutes, too. What I’m asking is if Edie wants to do this again tomorrow—”

“Seth,” she asked, “why are you even asking? You know what the answer to that is.”

“Let me finish.” He kissed her shoulder and met her eyes. “And the day after that, and the day after that.”

Jason's arms tightened around her, and Seth moved so that his lips hovered inches from hers.

"I don't know. I might be busy two days from now." Her smart comment earned her a slap on the ass. She pulled herself out of Jason's embrace and sat facing them. Their eyes glittered with an emotion she never saw there before, and for a moment, she did not know how to interpret it. They looked almost guarded, and part of her sensed an undercurrent of apprehension. She suddenly wished she could take back her glib comment.

Jason's jaw ticked, and he sat up in one fluid motion. "Busy with us, you mean?"

"Of course with you. Who else would I be involved with?"

"Nobody. That's who." Seth's eyes narrowed on her.

She rolled her eyes. "Yes, Seth, I have hoards of men after me."

"Damn straight you do."

"Oh, please."

"I'm serious! You don't realize it because you never pay attention to what's going on around you, but Jason and I see it all the time. Whenever you pass by, all the guys turn around to stare at your ass. It drives me crazy having every guy in town looking at our woman."

Eddie could not help but giggle at the intensity she saw on his face.

"It's not funny, Eddie."

"Seth, calm down. You're getting worked up for nothing."

"She's right, bro. Chill."

"Oh, don't start acting like it doesn't bother you, too."

Jason shrugged. "Of course it bothers me. I don't want anyone staring at our woman, either, but we have a solution."

Eddie smirked. "Oh, really?"

"Yeah. I think it'll suit all of us, but Seth and I will be the ones who benefit from this the most."

"So you plan on making me wear ugly, dowdy dresses that hide my figure?"

“No, that’s not a bad idea,” Seth said. “But not what we had in mind.”

“What we had planned is more permanent.” Jason sounded so serious all of a sudden.

Her heart stopped beating in her chest, and the breath left her lungs. “Permanent?”

“Yeah. Like us loving and cherishing you forever. That kind of permanent.” The hope in Jason’s eyes made Edie want to cry.

“We should have told you how we feel about you long before last night,” Seth said. “And we want to spend the rest of our lives showing you how much we love you. If you’ll have us.”

“I don’t know why you feel the need to ask me that.”

Their eyes popped open, and they looked horrified.

“No! No, no. I didn’t mean it that way. I just mean that I don’t know why you feel that you have to ask me if I’ll have you. I think that answer is ridiculously obvious.”

“And that is?” Jason pressed.

“Yes. With the two of you, it’ll always be yes.”

## THE END



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