

Sexual Meltdown 1

Her Arizona Cowboy Brothers

Arizona cowboy brothers, Kyle, Jake, and Ben Dexter, are the last of their kind. They need a Sybar woman in order to continue their line.

Twenty-four year old, down on her luck Lizzie Miles is that woman. She applies for the position of housekeeper, unaware that the three brothers have arranged the whole event, using their special powers of illusion, fantasy and mind melding.

It soon becomes apparent that all three brothers have unlimited sexual desire for English woman Lizzie, both individually, and as a ménage a quatre.

Will she be able resist the inevitable carnal advances of the cowboy brothers? And will she really want to?

Can the brothers tame the English firebrand, and lure her into their beds? Or will Lizzie see through the complex and ingenious illusion that they have created especially for her?

Sensuality Rating: SEXTREME

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Sabrina Sinclair

MENAGE AMOUR



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Sabrina Sinclair

A Quote

"Let your mind start a journey thru a strange new world. Leave all thoughts of the world you knew before. Let your soul take you where you long to be...Close your eyes let your spirit start to soar, and you'll live as you've never lived before."

Eric Fromm – Philosopher and Social Theorist

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Prologue

In July 1908, the peasant people of Tunguska, a remote sparsely populated region of the former USSR, looked up into the night sky and observed a bright, fiery object.

A large explosion followed as a meteorite crashed to Earth in an uninhabited part of the vast Siberian wilderness.

Shortly afterwards, the simple people of Tunguska became aware of some strange changes to themselves. A few of their number seemed to be able to read each other's thoughts and emotions. Some were able to turn their thoughts and dreams into an alternative version of reality, often characterized by sexual prowess, wealth, and luxury, something the poor people of Tunguska were not familiar with.

The people with these powers later became known as Sybars.

When a Sybar male found and then mated with the elusive Sybar female, children would be born, who were without exception, beautiful and intelligent. In adult life they had an appetite for sex that was far beyond that of ordinary people. Later generations of these Sybars emigrated to Europe and the United States.

Although extremely rare, the Sybar people have integrated themselves into positions of power within mainstream society, and they can often be found in government, oil exploration, big business and the financial sector.

The general population are mostly unaware of the existence of Sybars, though, there have been rumors of people with strange powers from the East, for many centuries...

Chapter One

As Elizabeth Miles boarded the Greyhound, she felt the familiar emotions of both fear and excitement—the very same emotions she had experienced when she boarded the flight from London Heathrow airport, on her way to California some two years earlier.

Silently, she congratulated herself. Not many young women would have been brave enough to make such a life-altering trip on their own. In fact, how many women of any age, for that matter, would move half way across the world?

She started to relax and enjoy her surroundings as the bus drove through the suburbs and then out onto the arrow-straight, sparsely populated roads that would take her to Bronson County, Arizona.

The morning sun beat down on her face, and she closed her eyes, relaxing to the gentle, reassuring beat of the bus engine. Two small children giggled with excitement in the seat behind hers. She'd rest for just a few minutes to catch up on the lost sleep of last night. She just hoped this job interview would all be worth it.

Elizabeth had not always been this anxious. Leaving England just two years ago at the age of twenty-two, she had been full of hope and ambition. Back then, she was alive. She really believed that she would crack America and become a star. She smiled to herself. Elizabeth Miles, the chat show host. Perhaps she would be the new Oprah Winfrey, or maybe Lizzie Miles, the new singing sensation from London. Surely, with her cut-glass English accent and pale English rose complexion, she would be irresistible to the American public?

However, there was fantasy, and then there was reality. Stretched limousines, designer clothes, and film premiers were the perfect fantasy, but sitting in a broken-down old chair, in a Californian oneroomed hovel, was sadly real life.

The reality of her American dream had been nothing more than a constant succession of dead-end jobs, which she could never stick at for more than a few months. Her worst experience had been working in a meat processing plant, followed by a stint as a gas station cashier.

For the last six months, she had worked as a checkout girl for a large supermarket chain. At least it was clean work, with regular hours, but as with all her other jobs, she was only paid minimum wage.

Californian rents were high, even for the inhuman accommodation where she lived. The small space she'd called home for the last two years took up nearly all her wages. And what for, second-hand furniture and threadbare carpets, and a battered pull-down bed? No, that had not been living, that was merely existing.

She brushed her long black hair back from her eyes. So many failed auditions for bit parts in soap operas, so many tryouts for commercials had all come to nothing...sweet nothing...fuck all.

With nearly all her money going to pay rent, she had entered a vicious circle—work to pay rent, work to pay rent, work to pay rent. It had been time to let go of the dream completely and join reality like everyone else.

With a growing acceptance that life wasn't fair, she'd scanned the classified ads. The list had gone on and on, and then she'd spotted it.

Housekeeper required to help run small, friendly, ranch. All accommodation and food included. Plus excellent salary. Hard work, but very rewarding. Contact Mr. Kyle Dexter.

The ad took up a whole page and must have cost a fortune to insert. At the time, she'd scratched her head, wondering just how she'd managed to miss it when she'd looked earlier in the day. It sounded good, and with all the accommodation and food included, plus an excellent salary, she'd have extra money for the first time since arriving in the United States

She needed this job, so she'd dressed to impress for the interview. After much mixing and matching, she came up with a very businesslike blue trouser suit, combined with a pair of medium-height heels. The color of which exactly matched her eyes. She needed this job desperately.

The conversation for the interview had been surreal to say the least.

"Hi, Dexter Ranch," a male voice had answered.

"Er, yes, hello. My name is Elizabeth Miles. I'm calling about the position of housekeeper, advertised in the newspaper. Is it still available?"

"Thank you for calling, ma'am. Yes, the position has not yet been filled." His voice dripped with a sexy Southern drawl.

"Oh, that is good news. Where exactly are you?"

"We're out in Bronson County, Arizona, ma'am. Where are you located?

"I'm in Long Beach, California."

"In that case, we'll be happy to reimburse any travel costs, Ms. Miles. No need for you to be out of pocket." His voice was sexy and commanding.

"But, I—"

"Take the Greyhound, and I'll pick you up from Brown Bear Depot. One arrives at noon tomorrow."

"But, I–I'm just not sure. How will I recognize you? What do you look like?"

"Noon tomorrow it is, ma'am. I look forward to meeting you."

Her cell phone had clicked dead as the call was disconnected.

Fuck, that call had been surreal. She still couldn't believe it. Had she really arranged to meet a guy she didn't know, who was going to take her to see some remote cattle ranch in Bronson County? Was she crazy, or what?

Then she remembered his voice. So fucking seductive and arousing. Almost without any effort he'd persuaded her to go. There was something about this guy.

As if by means of confirmation, she'd lifted her skirt and pulled her panties to one side. She'd pushed two fingers into her pussy and smiled. It was soaking wet. She'd known then that she was definitely going.

* * * *

Ben and his older brother, Kyle, sat drinking coffee, their booted feet on the kitchen table.

"What are you looking so pleased about, Kyle?" He'd been sitting there with a smug expression for the last ten minutes.

He stared at him for a moment. "Ain't rightly sure I should tell you, little bro."

Ben felt anger surge in his veins. "I've told you before. I ain't no kid no more. So, stop calling me little bro."

"And if I don't, you'll do what exactly?" Kyle stood abruptly.

"You're a cunt, Kyle. Always have been."

At twenty-one, Ben was sick and tired of still being treated like a kid by his older brother. He might be thirty, and six-foot-three, but he was just as tall and broad.

Kyle laughed. "Ah, you're still just a baby. You don't even know one end of a woman from another, little bro." He emphasized the last two words, pissing Ben off even more in the process.

"All right, so maybe I'm still learning, Kyle, but give me a couple of years, and I'll do more for a woman than you could ever dream of. Besides, that last woman you brought here was one real ugly mare. She didn't respond the way I like a woman to. You know the type of women we need in order to thrive." The door burst open, and his other brother Jake strode in. "Are you two arguing again? I'm busting my hump trying to run the ranch, and you two part-time, fucking cowboys are at each other's throats. What's your problem this time, Ben?"

"Kyle needs to get us some Sybar pussy. I've just told him a regular woman don't do it for me."

"The kid's right, Kyle. Time is running short. Us three are the last of the male line 'round these parts. And you can stop fucking smiling, Kyle, or I'll bust your head right open like a ripe watermelon."

"Oh, I'm smiling, boys, because I've got some good news. I think I've found us a Sybar woman. She's coming for an interview, for the job of housekeeper. You boys think I'm yanking my dick all day long, but I put one of those special ads of mine in the local classifieds, and she replied."

Jake poured himself a coffee. "You're shittin' us right, Kyle? You better be telling the truth. It ain't fucking funny if you're lying to us."

"I've sorted it out for you two fucking assholes. She's coming in on the noon Greyhound."

Ben slapped his thigh in excitement, producing a large cloud of dust. He coughed. "I gotta hand it to you, Kyle. You've really come up with the goods." He thought for a moment. "Are you sure she's one of our kind?"

"I'm not entirely sure, little bro, but the adverts only visible to Sybar women, as far as I know, so it stands a good chance. It's really hard to tell over the phone. I'll know for sure when I see her in the flesh. One thing I do know for sure."

"What's that?"

"She's English. I could tell by her accent."

Ben danced around the room excitedly, all his adult life he'd been waiting for this one moment. "Goddamn, a Sybar woman, and an English one at that. We are sure gonna have some fun."

Jake put is arm around Kyle. "You're telling the truth ain't you, Kyle?"

"Rely on it, Jake—noon today." Kyle sat back in his seat, placed his booted feet on the table, a contented smile on his face. "You two boys are a pain in the fucking ass, but on this occasion, you're right. All three of us need a woman, and not just any woman—we've had plenty of those—they're fine as it goes, but they can only satisfy us sexually up to a point.

"No, we need that rarest of things, a Sybar woman, and hopefully one is on her way to us now."

Ben knew that only a Sybar woman could relate fully on a sexual and emotional level with the three of them. Only a Sybar woman could produce offspring to continue the line.

Kyle's Sybar powers of lust, illusion, and sexual persuasion had become fully functional on his twenty-fifth birthday. Something that Ben was intensely jealous of. Jake at twenty-four was just one month away from his initiation into Sybar manhood.

'Shraika' was an incredibly painful process that debilitated the male. When Ben had been sixteen, he'd been acutely aware of Kyle's initiation into Sybar manhood. His older brother had lain for days in a darkened room, as his brain had taken on the new powers. Powers that would make him able to mind meld with the adult Sybar female. Once the process of 'Shraika' was complete, he could instantly access the hopes, desires, and dreams of any potential mate, producing illusions for the mating process that would give the females incredible joy, wellbeing, and sexual fulfillment. These intense feelings could only be achieved with a Sybar male.

Ben likened it to a Peacock, revealing their beautiful plumage. The bigger the illusion, the less resistance the female would have.

Sybar women, on the other hand, did not come of age like the male of the species. They had receptors in their brain from birth, which allowed them to see the male Sybar mating rituals, though they could not produce such illusions themselves. The male Sybar of the species could open his mind to the female at will, allowing her to access his thoughts dreams and desires, too, but could just as easily deny that access. Whereas, the female Sybar had absolutely no control over any of the processes. Ben wondered if this was unfair, but since he had the better deal, he wouldn't worry too much about it.

"Listen up, Kyle." Jake spread his hands. "She's not gonna be impressed with what we have to offer."

They all looked at their surroundings. Without money, the ranch had gradually run down into what some would consider a hovel. Ben felt ashamed sometimes, but up until now they hadn't really needed to impress anyone.

Kyle poured himself another coffee. "Yeah, I know. Pity Uncle Cody's legacy ain't come through yet, but that can't be helped. I'm sure I can create a perfect illusion of domestic bliss for our lady friend. One that she will be satisfied with until we can replace it with the real thing."

"Isn't that deceitful?" Ben asked.

Kyle looked irritated, his brows drew together, and Ben wished he'd kept his mouth shut. "No, not if we intend to actually make good on our promise, Ben. As soon as the money comes through, we'll build us something permanent. Besides, this way we can give her exactly what she wants."

"But, Kyle, can you keep the illusion going for the next three months? Won't it be a strain?" Ben couldn't quite keep the concern from his voice.

"Jake will have his full powers in a month's time. We'll be able to share the load more. So, quit worrying, little bro."

Ben decided to ignore the jibe for once. This time it looked as if Kyle had actually done well. Though, it had always been in Ben's nature to worry and ponder over the minutiae of day-to-day life. He hoped that Kyle and Jake could keep it together until the money was safely transferred into their account. When he looked around this place, even he felt like leaving. All of a sudden, Kyle became serious. "Listen up, you two. Before she arrives, both of you are gonna have to do something you ain't done in a long time."

Jake and Ben stood statue still, and looked at each other. Kyle sure did have a grave look on his face. "What's that?" they replied in unison.

"Take a fucking bath, you dirty bastards."

Chapter Two

"Brown Bear, Brown Bear." The driver's voice broke her dreams, and she sat bolt upright, her eyes wide open. She'd been asleep for three hours.

She looked at her watch, eleven-fifty a.m. The bus had arrived ten minutes early. Eagerly, she looked through the windows as she queued to get off. Nothing...fuck all.

Panic rose in her stomach. Was he already here, watching and waiting for her? Had he changed his mind and decided not to come at all? Her heart sank. Was he that short, fat, balding guy leaning against the wall over there?

She spoke out loud, "Oh, please, God, don't let that man be him."

As she stepped from the bus, she felt a hand on her shoulder. Immediately, she spun around to come face-to-face with a tall, handsome stranger.

Her relief felt palpable, and she couldn't stop herself blurting out, "Please tell me you're Mr. Dexter."

The tall stranger smiled easily. "Sure am, ma'am." Then he added, "No need to worry, Ms. Miles, I'm here now."

Elizabeth let out a long, slow breath to calm herself. She started to appraise the man standing before her, tall, about six-three. He was aged about thirty with a muscular, athletic build. She guessed he weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds.

Her gaze met with his, and her soul seemed to melt and become a part of him. His eyes were a vivid, deep blue color that she could just fall into. His hair was dark and wavy and fell disheveled around his face. To finish the picture, his jaw was square and masculine, his cheekbones high, his nose manly and distinctive.

In a word, he was perfect.

"Did you have a good trip, Ms. Miles?" His velvety voice washed over her.

"I fell asleep on the bus, so when I woke up I was a little disorientated and panicky." Her hand fluttered to her throat. "I'm sorry, but I'm fine now."

"I have my car here. Are you ready for the drive to the ranch? It's not a long trip, only about twenty minutes." His masculine tone reassured her.

He took her arm in his and led her across to a gleaming new SUV.

She stopped momentarily. "Is that yours?" He nodded. "You own a Range Rover?" Her eyes widened in disbelief. "It's my dream car, and in my favorite color purple, too. What are the chances of that?" She chuckled at the pure coincidence of it all.

He opened the passenger door for her, and she slid inside, reveling in the high-seating position and the opulent aroma of the finest British leather.

He gunned the car into life, pushed the stick into D, and then floored the throttle. Stones and grit clattered on the underside of the car as they sped away.

He looked across at her, a piercing, penetrating stare. A look that reached deep inside her. Those eyes, his eyes.

"So, tell me a little about yourself, Ms. Miles?"

The seat coolers were on, and she relaxed back against the sumptuous leather upholstery. "Well, Mr. Dexter. I'm twenty-four. I'm English, as you can probably tell from my accent. I moved to California two years ago to make my fame and fortune as a movie star." She shrugged her shoulders resignedly. "Sadly, it didn't work out, and I've done everything from waiting tables to pumping gas since."

"I really love your accent, honey."

Their eyes connected. "I really love yours, too, Mr. Dexter. It's so..."

He pressed a CD into the slot, and music started to flow from the speakers. "Do you like classical music, Ms. Miles?"

"Since coming to America, it's been a passion of mine." She paused in disbelief. "And Wagner is just so wonderful. I adore him."

She closed her eyes. It was all so difficult to take in. This was surreal. More like a dream than real life. Here she sat beside the most beautiful man she had ever seen in her whole life. A man she would quite happily let fuck her brains out in whichever way he chose. To top it all, he was driving her dream car, in her very favorite color. And, oh, yes, for the icing on the cake, he adored Wagner, too.

"Can you tell me a little more about the position, Mr. Dexter?"

"Just call me Kyle, ma'am. My friends and family do. We don't stand on ceremony in these parts."

His sexy voice washed over her. "My friends call me Lizzie." She laughed self-consciously.

"Would you mind if I call you Lizzie?" His velvety voice seemed to caress her name.

"Please do."

"Well, Lizzie. As I already mentioned in our telephone conversation, we own a small ranch...about two thousand acres in all. It's used mainly for beef."

"We?"

"Sorry, I should explain myself better. 'We' means myself and my two younger brothers." He laughed. "We're a friendly bunch, but we need the help and support of a good woman with the day-to-day chores. You know the sort of thing, Lizzie. Cooking, cleaning. We'll be working the ranch on horseback most of the day—so you'll be on your own for much of the time. Would that be a problem?"

"No. I'm fine with my own company. You say there are just yourself and your two brothers." She paused. "No women, girlfriends, or wives?" "No, ma'am. It would be just yourself and us three men."

Fuck, this guy had a sexy voice.

"I see."

"Do you have any experience as a housekeeper, Lizzie?"

"Oh, yes. I was head housekeeper at a large family home, for some lovely people in Oregon," she lied, and she could strongly sense that he knew she lied. "I can provide references if required," she lied again.

"I'm sure your references are unimpeachable, ma'am. No need to show me them, I'm sure they're all in order. I'm really looking forward to you meeting my two younger brothers, Jake and Ben. Then you can satisfy yourself that we're just three, regular, down-to-earth cowboys."

They traveled in silence, and Lizzie closed her eyes, enjoying the music and the steady beat of the engine as the car wafted them along in style.

"We're here, honey."

Opening her eyes, she watched the Range Rover turn down a long, tree-lined stretch of road.

"The ranch is about four miles down this drive, Lizzie, but you're now officially on our land."

Looking to her left, she saw a paddock with three beautiful, jetblack stallions galloping carefree, enjoying the sunny day.

"What beautiful horses, Kyle. I used to ride a lot in England."

He leaned across her, his masculine scent invading her senses. She breathed deeply in order to capture as much of his musky manliness as she could. Now, if only she could bottle that.

"The one on the left is Ben's. The kid's a natural horseman, and cowboy," he said proudly. "The one with the white markings on his face is Jake's, and the pure black stallion, running alongside the car, is mine. He's called Caesar. He knows it's me."

She gasped. "Oh, he's just beautiful, Kyle. They are all so beautiful." She beamed with happiness.

They rounded a corner on the sweeping drive, and the ranch house came into view. Elizabeth opened her mouth to speak, but no words would come.

"Oh, Kyle, it's so—"

"Big, honey?"

"Yes, but so very beautiful, too."

As a little girl back in England, she had always dreamed of living in a big house with a handsome prince, and here was that very house, down to the smallest of detail. Even the handsome prince sat beside her.

A double-fronted, white-gabled house with steps leading to a carved oak front door arrested her senses. Large Georgian windows rounded off the imposing façade, surrounded by beautifully shaped topiary plants. The front door swung open, and two extremely attractive men stood waiting to greet her. Both dressed in tight-fitting jeans and handmade carved leather cowboy boots. Black T-shirts clung to their broad, muscular chests, emphasizing every single ripple of their six-packs.

Kyle opened the passenger door for her. She noticed he took a keen interest in her long, slender legs as she slid from the car, and found herself liking the attention. "Allow me to introduce you to these two reprobates." He laughed. "This is Jake." His brother held out his hand.

"Pleased to meet you, ma'am." His touch felt warm and masculine.

"Oh, call me Lizzie, please. Only the Queen is called ma'am in my country." She chuckled. "You don't want to make me feel old, do you?"

He was as beautiful as Kyle was, only in a different way. About the same height, but where Kyle had knicker-wetting, dark, wavy hair and blue eyes, Jake had long, fair hair and the most arresting green eyes. They were almost cat-like in appearance. Kyle gently touched her shoulder, drawing her attention to his youngest brother. Last, but certainly not least.

"This is Ben. He's the baby of the family at just twenty-one."

"Hell, Kyle, why do you always love to embarrass me in front of guests? I ain't no kid no more. Quit teasing."

Lizzie touched Ben's hand. "Hello, Ben. You look all grown up to me. Take no notice of Kyle. He's just pulling your leg."

Ben beamed her the most beautiful, sexy smile she had ever seen. Her gaze devoured the young man standing before her. His hair, much like Kyle's, was jet black and wavy. Though he had the most spectacular amber eyes, so unusual and sexy.

"Thanks, ma'am. I really like you already."

When he spoke, he moved his arms, and his muscles bunched and flexed, confirmation that this was no boy. She guessed at twenty-one his cock was always permanently hard.

She playfully touched his lips. "I like you, too, Ben. In fact, I like all of you. You've all made me feel so welcome."

Kyle deliberately cleared his throat. "I think I speak for all three of us, Lizzie, when I say that I hope you accept our job offer. We feel like you are one of us already."

Jake clapped his hands together. "I second that, bro."

"Say you'll take the job, Lizzie." Ben touched her arm. "A woman's touch is sure needed about this place." His infectious smile beamed at her.

Tears of joy welled in her eyes. "What can I say? I accept. Thank you all so very much."

Kyle put his arm around her. "Let me show you your room, Lizzie. I sure think you'll be impressed."

She followed him down the hall and then up a grand staircase. The oak banister felt smooth and substantial to her touch. As she climbed the stairs, she couldn't take her eyes off Kyle's gorgeous ass. It showed to perfection in his tight-fitting cowboy jeans. Briefly, she closed her eyes. She could feel her hands squeezing and kneading it, as she lay naked beneath him. His big, hard cock deep inside her. His hot breath on her neck, his stubble rasping against her cheek.

"This is it, honey." Then he pushed the door open.

Her jaw dropped in surprise at the most magnificent bedroom she had ever seen. She just stood and stared. Pale lilac silk covered the walls, interspersed with patterns in the deepest shade of purple. The floor lay covered with a thick cream carpet that her feet literally sunk into.

In one corner of the room, marble steps led down to an opulent sunken bath, which seemed large enough to accommodate several people, whilst in the center of the room stood the most perfect bed ever. Suspended from the ceiling, a great canopy of gold, white, and purple silk trailed luxuriously over the enormous circular mattress covered in white taffeta.

This was beyond words. Surely, it looked like a bedroom from one of her favorite romance books, *Prince Nazim's Harem*? When she'd read it, this was exactly how she'd imagined such a room to look.

Chapter Three

They talked and laughed into the evening. She had made them all a steak dinner. Jesus, those boys could eat. She guessed they used up a lot of calories riding the ranch on horseback for hours each day. None of them carried any surplus weight. They were made of man muscle and nothing else.

She took a deep breath. "I'm sorry, boys. I have to go. The last Greyhound leaves Brown Bear Depot at ten."

Ben looked at her with sadness in his eyes. "Do you really have to go, Lizzie?"

"I'll be back real soon, honey." She put on her best Southern belle accent.

Kyle picked up the keys to the Range Rover. "I'll drive you."

They drove in silence, the refined hum of the engine their only companion. It was dark now, and she could sense his presence more than ever. Perhaps it was the confined space, which enclosed them both, but she didn't believe that for a moment.

"Kyle?"

"Yes?"

"Something happened today." Her voice was barely a whisper. "I don't pretend to know what it is, or how it came about, but something magical happened. I'm strongly drawn to you and your brothers. I've only known you a few hours, but I feel connected to you all. It's weird." She laughed nervously. "But wonderful, too."

"There are things you don't know, Lizzie. Things you can't yet understand, but in time you'll know." He touched her hand. "Just go with it, honey. Don't fight it. Enjoy the moment." Lizzie smiled contentedly, her gaze taking in his handsome face as he concentrated on the road ahead. Nothing had ever felt so right before. All her expectations of life had been there at the Dexter Ranch. She sighed. Life could be good after all.

They arrived at Brown Bear Depot, and he stilled the engine.

"I'm gonna kiss you."

What happened next shocked her to her very core. Oh, sure, she'd been kissed before, but nothing in her experience had prepared her for this. As his lips captured hers, they became one. Their heartbeats and breathing seemed to synchronize exactly the moment their mouths and tongues mirrored that perfection. She could taste, feel, and experience the very essence of him.

He pulled away, leaving her gasping. "You'll miss your bus."

* * * *

Kyle parked the battered pickup truck on the drive and then staggered from it.

Jake and Ben caught him before he hit the ground. "Fuck, help me get him inside Ben, he's exhausted."

They laid him out on the bare floorboards of the ranch house.

"Get him a glass of water, Jake. He sure has gone a funny color."

Kyle waved them both away. "Just give me some fucking space. I'll be fine in a minute. I've just overdone it, that's all." He sat up and took a sip of water. "I'll be glad when you reach twenty-five, Jake, and you get your full Sybar powers. It'll take a weight off my shoulders."

"Less than a month now, Kyle."

"Producing the advert in the paper for only her to see was fine, but turning this fucking shit hole into a palace for hours on end has fucked me good and proper." He looked around their hovel disapprovingly. "Not to mention the car and the horses." Jake looked far too amused at his predicament. "Those four-legged glue pots have never been so admired in all their days. Fucking nags."

Kyle grimaced as he pulled himself to his feet. "So what did you boys think of Lizzie, then?"

Jake put his hand on his heart. "She's a lovely woman, what with that sexy English accent, beautiful black, waist-length hair, and those stunning blue eyes, and she's a Sybar. I've got to hand it to you, Kyle, you've done us proud."

Kyle jabbed Jake and Ben in the chest. "She's one hell of a woman, all right, and we gotta treat her good, or she'll leave and then we're really fucked. I don't know of another Sybar woman 'round these parts. Our future depends on her, do you understand?"

Ben looked annoyed. "No need to get heavy with us, Kyle, just because you're the oldest and your powers are the strongest. The way I see it is this. We all love her, and she loves all of us." He laughed. "We're sure gonna have a good time with this lady. Does she have any idea she's a Sybar, Kyle?"

"No."

"Does she know we're Sybars?"

"When I delved into her mind, it seems she was brought up by a foster mother. Sybar folklore was never passed down to her. She knows something is very different, but she can't put her finger on it just yet."

"When are you going to tell her the truth, big bro?"

"I'm not sure. It might be best if we tell her when the legacy comes through. We don't want to complicate matters." Kyle just hoped he kept well enough to keep the illusion going. When Jake was fully fledged, it would be a piece of cake.

* * * *

It was one in the morning as Elizabeth stepped off the Greyhound. She started to walk briskly to her apartment, some five minutes away. There was a desire she needed to satisfy...and fast.

Spending an afternoon with three of the most beautiful men she had ever seen left her with little choice in the matter.

She hurriedly pushed the front door open, then slammed it loudly behind her, probably waking most of her neighbors. This couldn't wait. She kicked off her shoes, then pulled her trousers and panties down to her ankles. Fuck, she felt sexual. Her fingers dipped into her pussy, confirming what she already knew. Christ, she was wet.

Briefly, she thought of taking her trusty vibrator from the top drawer of the bedside table, but reasoned that artificial stimulation would not be required on this occasion.

She lay on the bed, her feet resting on the floor. This was going to be mighty. She slipped two fingers under her bottom and pushed them deep into her wet pussy. The index finger of her other hand freed her clit from its delicate hood and gently teased it with slow, circular movements.

She closed her eyes and started to drift away into fantasy.

Kyle was there, she knew he would be. She could smell his masculine scent. She could feel his stubble, as his cheek caressed hers. His velvety voice telling her how much he loved her, needed her.

She could feel his weight and pressure, and when he slipped his huge cock deep inside her pussy in one smooth movement, it felt like the air had been sucked from her lungs. She opened her eyes and stared directly into his. The purest, most beautiful blue eyes she had ever seen.

He spoke then. "This is not a dream, honey. This is really happening." The lines between fantasy and reality had started to blur. Jake and Ben were there, too, their eyes on her, their hands pumping their big dicks. Ben was smiling that Ben smile, the one that filled her heart with happiness and desire. She needed him, too, and Jake. Beautiful, blond Jake, with those sexy green eyes that just consumed her with lust and desire.

Her breathing was out of control now. Her heart beat faster than she thought possible. Sweat pooled at her stomach, where Kyle's weight rested against her. "Nearly there, honey." His muscles bunched and flexed as if to emphasize the point.

Jake spoke then. "We'll all finish together, Lizzie." He pumped his cock ever more urgently.

She could feel it coming from a long way off. Like an unstoppable express train getting closer and closer. Her stomach muscles tightened as the rush continued unabated.

"Oh, God." Kyle was deeper than ever now. Ben and Jake pumped their cocks so fast their hands became a blur. She looked into Kyle's very soul as her orgasm crashed through. "Don't stop, please don't stop," she screamed as she felt him spurt deep inside her. Semen exploded across her breasts and face as Ben and Jake simultaneously released their desire for her. She had become them, and they had become part of her.

Bathed in sweat, she had never experienced such an intense climax. In fact, nothing had ever come remotely close. Realization dawned, she wanted all three of them.

Her breathing had started to return to normal, when all of a sudden, two huge thuds shook the pictures on the wall above her bed. Her eyes flew wide open.

An angry male voice shouted, "Shut the fuck up, lady. Some of us are trying to sleep."

* * * *

Jake had something on his mind and decided to share it with Kyle. "You know Lizzie is coming here on Tuesday, bro? Well, she ain't leaving again."

"What are you driving at, Jake?"

"Well, she was only here for eight hours last time, and you..." He pulled a hand through his hair, trying not to blame his brother. "I mean, we, could barely keep the fucking illusion together. We got no chance of keeping it running day in day out."

"Meaning?"

"She'll fuck off back to California." He shook his head. "Do I need to spell it out for you? Sybar women are about as rare as rocking-horse shit. Almost non-existent, in fact. Especially ones with a face and tits like Lizzie."

"She ain't gonna leave." Kyle slammed his fist on the table. "Ever. You get that, Jake?"

"Sure thing, bro, but how are we going to stop it happening? I reckon she's really into us, but she ain't stupid. As soon as her gleaming palace turns into this shit hole, she'll be back on that Greyhound, and ain't nothing gonna stop her."

Kyle ran his hands across the stubble on his chin. "I know. When this legacy comes through, we'll be home and dry. Up until then, you and I will have to work it together. You see, I've been doing some thinking. Your powers reach their full strength in less than a month, and Ben's are getting stronger with each passing day. I was really fucked last week because I had the complete illusion running the whole time she was here."

Jake scratched his head in confusion. "Just what the fuck are you talking about, Kyle?"

"Simple. When she's inside the ranch, I can switch off the rest of the illusion. The cars, the horses, just like turning a light off in one room, but leaving it switched on in another." Jake slapped his brother's back in congratulations. "You can do that, bro? You really are one clever fucker. I ain't got that sort of fine control just yet."

Kyle smiled. "Yeah, and you know, of course, the more we fuck her, the stronger our powers become. It's just lucky that Sybar women have an insatiable appetite for sex."

"Yeah, I know. I'm really looking forward to lying with this lady. How are we going to work it, Kyle?"

"Same as with all the other regular women we've fucked." He shrugged. "Share and share alike. Even Ben."

"Especially Ben. The kid will need lots of practice and extra portions to develop his powers. One thing's for sure, she's one classy lady, and no mistake."

Kyle grabbed him by the throat. "I know your sexual leanings, Jake. If I hear you've been treating this lady badly, you'll have me to answer to, understand? She is one real nice lady, and though we all want, and need to fuck her, we've all got to show her some real respect, too."

"I know that, Kyle, and so does Ben. We're all gonna treat her real good."

Chapter Four

Elizabeth boarded the Greyhound. She felt more alive and optimistic about the future than she had done for years. She had spoken to her best friend Jenny last night, excitedly telling her about her new direction in life.

Jenny had not responded quite as she had hoped. "Are you crazy, woman? You're telling me that you'll be living with three sex-starved cowboys in the middle of nowhere." Then she laughed hysterically. "Actually, on second thoughts, it doesn't seem like a bad idea. Be careful, Lizzie, though," she warned. "And remember, I'm always here for you, day and night."

Lizzie wasn't worried. She had a connection with them all. She couldn't explain it, but there was already a bond between them. A feeling that they were all one and the same person.

She knew without doubt that all three brothers would want to have sex with her. She was happy to oblige. She wanted them all.

They were all very different from one another. Kyle was the oldest and the most self-assured. His muscular physique and wonderful blue eyes just melted her soul every time she looked at him. Then there was Jake, more reserved and thoughtful, but she already knew that his desire for her ran deep and strong. Of course, there was Ben, lovely, lovely, Ben, just twenty-one. He had the most wonderful smile, and his innocent, effortless charm really turned her on. She would enjoy teaching him the art of love.

The Greyhound rumbled out of the Californian suburbs for the last time. She closed her eyes, and she felt at peace. Kyle would be waiting for her at Brown Bear Depot. This meant another ride in his brand-new, top-of-the-line Range Rover. Perhaps he'd even let her drive it one day soon. Jake and Ben wouldn't be there. Far too much work on the ranch for that, but she knew they'd be there to greet her by the time she and Kyle arrived at the ranch.

As the Greyhound rumbled into Brown Bear, the sun broke through the clouds for the first time that day, as if to emphasize the start of her new life.

As she alighted from the bus, she heard a familiar, sexy Southern drawl.

"I'm right here, Lizzie."

She launched herself at him then. "Kyle." She hugged him as if her life depended on him. Perhaps it did.

"Ben and Jake send their love. They'll be back at the ranch waiting for you." He smiled at her. "Want to drive the Range Rover back, hun?"

"You betcha, cowboy."

She climbed into the sumptuous leather-clad interior and gunned the engine into life. She was going to enjoy this. They drove for about twenty minutes before finally she indicated, then turned the Range Rover down the now familiar tree-lined drive. Caesar had spotted the returning car and galloped along side it just as he had last time.

"Clocked him at almost forty miles an hour the other week. He sure is a thoroughbred, Lizzie." She spun the car around on the gravel drive, stones spewing from the tires as they fought for grip.

The large front door opened, and her heart skipped a beat as Jake and Ben came into view.

She opened the car door and rushed to them both, hugging them, clinging to them, feeling their manly warmth. "God, I've missed you, boys," she whispered. She reminded herself she barely knew them, but it seemed the most natural thing in the world to say to them. Just what was it about these guys?

Ben held her tightly. "I'm sure glad you're back, Lizzie. We've all been missing you like crazy."

"We sure have," added Jake, stroking her hair and tenderly kissing her cheek.

Kyle bought her bags in from the car. "Now listen up, Lizzie. None of us boys are expecting you to start work today. We just want you to relax. Have a good look round the place. Take it easy, honey."

"And what will you three boys be doing?"

Kyle smiled. "This is a working ranch, Lizzie. There are always things to do. A storm brought down the perimeter fence yesterday. It's a three-man job to replace it, and then—"

Smiling, she touched his hand and said, "Enough, enough. I get the picture. I'll just chill out and relax, but you boys can all expect the best steak dinner you've ever had when you return."

* * * *

How wonderful it was to sit at the large oak table with the three brothers for their first evening meal together. Just a half hour ago they had all returned, covered in dust, and with huge smiles on their faces.

With appetites to match their physiques, she had dished up large plates of steak and potatoes with cornbread and gravy. As she'd served their meal, they'd taken a keen interest in her, and the sexy low-cut white blouse and black mini skirt she'd slipped on. Cooking for three hungry men was hot work, and she needed to keep as cool as possible. She smiled inwardly. If that meant raising their temperatures, and anything else for that matter, then so be it. *Why Elizabeth Miles, you're such a tease*. Ever since she could remember, she had always flirted openly around men. It just seemed second nature to her.

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Kyle spoke, "Now as it's your first day, Lizzie, all us boys will help you clear up."

"Oh, no—"

"We insist, don't we?" His other two brothers nodded in unison. They wanted to spend as much time with Lizzie as he did.

There was a real live Sybar woman in their midst, and though she may not know the reason for her actions, it was loud and clear to the Sybar male. *Come and get me*.

Kyle, as the eldest of the brothers and the only fully-fledged Sybar, was the only one who could fully read her thoughts. She didn't know why, but she wanted all three of them. The receptors in her brain had picked up on the Sybar connection. She found their presence truly irresistible.

This was the destiny of all Sybar women, and had been hard wired into them at birth. When the time came, he would love teaching her all about Sybar folklore. It had been handed down through the generations.

Just as he was about to tackle the contents of the sink, Ben pushed in front of him. "I'll do that."

He laughed out loud. "What's up, little bro, you're not usually so keen."

Ben looked annoyed with him, and Lizzie came to his rescue. "Thank you, Ben, I appreciate your help, even if your brothers don't."

Kyle watched as she pulled a hand through her gorgeous hair. "I hope you don't mind, but I feel really tired. It's been a long day. Would you boys mind if I had an early night? But don't worry, I'll be up bright and early to cook you all breakfast in the morning."

* * * *

After a hearty breakfast, she smiled as her favorite cowboys rode out. Kyle led the way on Caesar, followed by Jake and Ben on their equally beautiful black stallions. What was it about cowboys, she wondered? Perhaps it was the combination of strong thighs gripping leather saddles, along with a healthy dose of sexy man sweat. The product of many hours of physical labor. She went back inside and closed the door. Time to relax.

She wandered idly around the ranch house. Everything seemed so immaculate. It amazed her how tidy these rugged cowboys kept the place whilst doing regular twelve-hour shifts in the saddle. It hardly looked like they needed a housekeeper.

Slowly, she walked up the wide staircase. She marveled at how happy she felt. An emotion she had not been very familiar with in the two years since leaving England. It was her three sexy cowboys who made her feel this way.

She tapped the banister with her fingers. "Now what to do."

They'd all told her to relax, and that's exactly what she would do.

A warm bath followed by a nap should do nicely.

Alone in her own room, she started to fill the bath. As she undressed, her eyes noticed her figure in the full-length mirror. She'd always liked her breasts, as had all her boyfriends. Very firm and decorated with large brown nipples that were just so sensitive when they became aroused. Her pussy was kept baby smooth, just the way she liked it. It made her feel so sexy. Dipping her toe into the water, she closed her eyes and murmured, "Lovely, just lovely." Squeezing a soapy sponge, she let the water channel down her back and breasts.

She lifted her head and let the water run down her face. She felt far more relaxed now that she'd changed the direction of her life. She squeezed some shampoo into the palm of her hand and vigorously massaged it into her scalp. The soapy water running in long rivulets over her back, soothed her like a cathartic experience. A cleansing, a sense that she'd moved on.

She wished the boys were there to wash her back for her. Slowly, she started to drift away, and she slipped a finger inside her pussy.

These thoughts just wouldn't do. "Get out of the bath and dry yourself, Lizzie," she said to herself, slightly irritated by such wanton feelings.

After drying herself, she applied baby oil to her skin to keep it moist. She looked at her naked body in the full-length mirror, once more. Not bad, not bad at all, she mused. She found her own figure pleasing to look at. Above average in height, she was about five-foot eight, with long, slender legs and firm, pert breasts.

I bet you guys would be happy to have some of this, she laughed.

Ah, yes, men. Since arriving in the United States, she'd had no shortage of boyfriends. American men seemed to just love her cute English accent and delicate, refined features, but somehow goodlooking though many of them were, they left her emotionally and sexually unmoved. In summary, they did nothing for her.

She wondered why this was the case, as she had always liked men from an early age. Her mother, or should that be her foster mother, because both her parents were killed in a car crash when she was just three years old, had always asked her. *Is that another boyfriend? How many have you had this year?* Her foster mother had shaken her head and wagged a finger at her. *Elizabeth Miles, you're a right flighty piece and no mistake.*

With all this thinking about men, she lay on the bed naked and tried to relax, but her sexual thoughts would not be denied.

"Fuck it." She rose from the bed, walked over to her bedside table, and removed her vibrator from the top drawer.

She eyed the artificial orgasmatron with suspicion, and in her best attempt at a Southern drawl, laughed. "Well, you sure ain't no substitute for my three sexy cowboys, but you'll do just fine for now, darlin'. Now go to work, my little rabbit."

Lying on the bed, she pushed the vibrator briefly against her clit before sliding it fully home into her wet pussy. She knew it was no substitute for Kyle and his brothers, but she liked the way it filled her so completely and pleasured her oh-so-sensitive clitoris at the same time.

"This feels so very nice," she said as she closed her eyes and slowly began to surrender to her fantasies.

In her mind, she could see them repairing the perimeter fence. All were shirtless, their muscular, athletic bodies tanned from the sun. Ben held a fence post firmly in his grasp as Kyle and Jake each took mighty swings at it, banging it unrelentingly into the parched, dry soil. Their muscles bunched and flexed each time the hammer made contact with the stout fence post.

Kyle removed his hat and wiped the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand. Then, putting his head back, he took several large gulps of water from the canteen.

Her pussy felt so wet now. Her clit positively ached and tingled with wanton excitement.

Suddenly, she became aware of something amazing. An acute realization that what she was imagining was not a sexual fantasy created by her own mind, but a real-life incident, unfolding before her. She watched her three sexy cowboys as though she were looking at a television screen. She saw exactly what they were doing in realtime clarity.

She could feel them, see them, smell them. She was one with them, and they were one with her. Just as she knew exactly what they were doing at that precise moment, all three of them knew exactly what she was doing, too. Down to the finest detail.

Kyle replaced his hat, and in one practiced movement, he was astride Caesar.

She knew, with more certainty than she had ever felt in her whole life, that he was riding back to the ranch. Kyle was coming back for her.

Chapter Five

The thought and sight of her pleasuring herself with a vibrator had been too much for him. He knew that Jake and Ben had wanted to ride back to the ranch. They all wanted to be the first to fuck her. But as the oldest, and the one with the strongest powers, he had pulled rank. Although Jake was almost a fully-fledged Sybar himself, he was still no match for his older brother, and he knew when to back off.

Caesar was at a gallop now. Ten minutes should have him back at the ranch, and then there would be no holding back. He'd known this moment would come as soon as he'd met her off the Greyhound.

The closer he got to the ranch, the clearer her image became. She was still masturbating, her eyes closed, her legs wide open. Fuck, how he envied that sex toy at this very moment. He smiled. His hard cock would soon be replacing it, and the feeling she was experiencing at that moment would be as nothing as soon as he started fucking her.

The ranch house came into view, and Caesar started to slow. With a mere caress of the reins, he brought the stallion to a dead stop and then dismounted.

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She was acutely aware of him now. Just the stairs and the bedroom door separated them. Her pussy ached for him as he opened the front door and then started to climb the stairs.

Her pulse beat into overdrive, and she stared at the door handle of the bedroom. It started to turn. And then he was there in all his glory, strong, tall, and virile. Her fantasy was about to become reality. Minds and eyes met.

"I knew you'd come."

"It was always going to be this way. It's our destiny, Lizzie."

Her breathing was labored as she watched him with narrowed eyes. The vibrator still filled her pussy. "No Jake and Ben?"

"Their time will come."

He sat on the bed next to her. "You are just so fucking sexy, lady. I'm gonna make you moan and groan. You won't be needing this anymore. I'm here now." He pulled the rabbit from her wet folds. "It serves a purpose, I suppose, but—"

"Taste me, Kyle."

He wiped her pussy juice from the sex toy with his fingers. There was plenty of it. He put them to his mouth and hungrily sucked them dry. "You sure taste good, honey. I knew you would."

"Take off your clothes, cowboy. I don't like to be kept waiting."

She watched, mesmerized, as he removed his boots and jeans. His cock strained against his underwear. "You're so big, Kyle."

He took off his hat and shirt, revealing the taut muscles of his chest and lean, V-shaped waist. "Even bigger than you think, honey." He slipped off his underpants, and she marveled at the magnificent male form before her. His hard cock stood proud. The bell end glistened in anticipation.

He lay between her legs. His prick pushed against her opening. "I gotta suck these."

She felt his teeth nibbling and biting her nipples. "I'm so sensitive there, Kyle. The thought of you inside me makes my pussy so wet."

"I know where you're really sensitive, honey. Lie on your stomach."

She could feel him gently kissing her shoulders and back. It felt divine. Kyle was all cowboy, but she could tell he had a sensitive side, too. She thought she'd spoken too soon when he bit her bottom...hard.

She winced in pain and then smiled. "You bastard, Kyle. That really hurt." And then she added, "But, I like it."

"Aw, I'm sorry, honey." He looked amused. "I know something a little more soothing." He pulled her buttock cheeks apart, and his tongue trailed down to her puckered hole, lapping at the rim. "You like this, Lizzie?"

She could feel her asshole tighten as his tongue exquisitely explored it. "Oh, God, that feels so good. No one has ever done that to me before. Don't stop."

He laughed. "Your little asshole is just so cute, honey."

He placed a finger of one hand against her clit as he simultaneously pushed two fingers of his other hand up her ass. "Oh, fuck, Kyle." The combination was so exquisite. This double penetration rocked her world. Her breathing increased. "Oh, my God. Don't stop."

"I ain't gonna, Lizzie."

Her stomach muscles tensed, and her heart seemed to stop momentarily. The whole world went into slow motion as her climax erupted, and just kept erupting. "I love you, I love you." Her only words, as her orgasm battered and bludgeoned her into submission.

She lay panting for breath. Her face still buried in the silk pillow. "That was so..." Unable to comprehend the feelings running through her, she grasped the pillow tightly in her hands. "Oh, fuck, Kyle, that was just so great."

He laughed. "My turn now."

She smiled. "Do with me as you please. You're in charge. Fuck me any way you choose."

She thought of all the politically correct Californian men she'd had sex with in the two years since leaving England. There had always been something missing. None of them had really turned her on.

Kyle was everything she'd ever wanted in a man. He'd already demonstrated to her how much he cared by seeing to her needs first. Now he would take on the role of a modern day Genghis Khan, and take what he needed as a man. No explanation would be offered or required.

She stared straight at him. "Well, cowboy."

He roughly pushed her onto her back, lifting her ass from the bed. He placed her legs over his shoulders. "I can get real deep with this position."

She felt his huge thick cock push inside her wet pussy as far as it would go. No finesse, just one brutal, masculine lunge.

"I can feel it in my stomach, Kyle. Be rough with me. Fuck me hard."

His weight pushed her down now. So much so that her legs were soon positioned either side of her face. Sweat pooled between them. His balls banged against her ass with each penetrating thrust.

"Who's in charge?"

"You are, Kyle."

He thrust deeper still. "Again."

"You are, Kyle. You feel so good."

He took her hands in his and stretched them above her head, so she was unable to move at all.

She felt completely dominated by him, both physically and emotionally. He was in complete and total control, and she loved it.

His cock was so huge. It filled her so fully it almost hurt. Her pleasure and pain threshold seemed almost to be as one. His maleness dominated her thoughts and senses. His cock went deeper still. Pure blue, unblinking eyes stared at her.

"Kyle."

Still deeper.

"Oh, fuck, Kyle. I'm so close."

Deeper still.

His control was complete now. She belonged to him. "Kyle, I'm..." She closed her eyes. Her head shook from side to side as her orgasm started. The sheer intensity and pleasure were so far beyond

anything she had experienced before that she briefly wondered if her female body would stand up to it.

"Oh, fuck, Kyle. That's so good." Her stomach muscles contracted, his male scent overwhelmed her. He held her so tightly. Her body vibrated against his as the full force of her orgasm smashed through.

Oh, sweet Jesus, what was he doing to her?

She felt him tense, then after two more penetrating strokes, he let out a deep, guttural growl, and his cum filled her wet, aching pussy.

"Oh, fuck, Lizzie. You're one hell of a woman."

The sweat ran from between their spent bodies and slowly dripped onto the purple silk sheets.

He rolled off and lay beside her, and she stretched her legs out into a more comfortable position.

They looked across at each other. A knowing look. A smile that said they'd connected in every way possible.

"Kyle?"

"Yes?"

"That was fantastic."

"Good. That's what I like to hear." He pulled her into his arms, and she nestled on his shoulder. He kissed her forehead.

"Kyle?"

"Yes?"

"Why?" She trailed her hand over his torso, defining the muscles with her fingers. His chest rose from his athletic exertions. Her mind was still unable to comprehend the feelings that ran through her.

"Why what, honey?"

"I've never known such joy when I've had sex before. Does that usually happen to you?"

He smiled at her, and kissed her lips. "When you meet the right person, anything's possible. Surely, your momma told you that?" She shook her head. "I never knew my real mother, and my foster mother always thought I had far too many boyfriends. I guess I was always looking for something. I didn't think I'd ever find it."

"Perhaps, being here with us is your destiny." He touched her nose playfully.

"Oh, Kyle, I feel you know something I don't."

"All in good time, Lizzie. All in good time."

Chapter Six

One week later

Jake and Ben sat at the breakfast table. Without making eye contact, Jake spoke. "Make some more coffee."

"Fuck you, make it yourself. I ain't your personal slave. Ask Lizzie. That's her job."

Jake looked around. He moved his head from side to side with exaggerated movements. "She ain't here. So it's your job now, little bro."

Ben rose moodily from the table and moved to the stove. "You know Kyle nailed her last week, don't you?" He laughed as he moved his hips back and forth in a sexual manner. "Boned her good and proper from what I hear."

"From what you hear?" Jake looked irritated. "Kyle ain't said nothing to me about it, so he sure as hell ain't said nothing to you. You're full of shit, Ben."

"Hell, you know what I mean, Jake. We're all Sybars. We don't need to be told. We just know." He handed his brother a fresh mug of coffee. "Anyway, it's my turn with Lizzie next."

"After me, little bro."

"Says who?"

Jake rose quickly from the table. His chair flew across the kitchen, hitting the wall. Ben took a step backwards.

"You see, it's like this, little bro." He jabbed a finger into Ben's chest. "I fuck her next." He looked annoyed. "Or I take you outside

now. Kick the crap out of you, and then I still fuck her next." He jabbed a finger at him again. "Do you understand?"

Ben backed down. "Ain't no need to be angry with me, Jake. I was just joking. Didn't mean nothing."

Jake playfully slapped his little brother's face. "We all get to fuck her on a regular basis. She just can't resist our powers, but we need to be careful to keep the illusion going. When Kyle rode back to the ranch on Caesar, the fabric of the illusion started to break down. Our Sybar powers were stretched too thinly. A few things were starting to become see-through. One or two of the smaller items disappeared entirely."

"Did Lizzie notice?"

"No, and after Kyle fucked her, his powers returned to full strength." He shook his head. "I just sure hope none of us get sick. We'll never be able to keep it all together then."

"I sure don't want her to leave, Jake. We need her."

* * * *

Staring at her reflection, Lizzie brushed her hair in the bedroom mirror. If she said so herself, it looked glossy and full of life. That was exactly how she felt since moving in with the three boys. She simply glowed with wellbeing and happiness.

Sex with Kyle had been beyond fantastic. It joined them together completely, both physically and spiritually. There was nothing that Kyle did not know about the art of lovemaking. He could be kind and considerate when required. Although on a more earthy level, she much preferred it when he just took what he wanted.

She laughed. "Oh, yeah. There was a lot of caveman in Kyle, too."

She knew Jake would be next, and she was more than happy to oblige. Whenever close to him, she would take in his male scent and devour his muscular form and his eyes. She closed her own. Just one look from those green gems and she knew he could do with her as he wished.

After Jake, Ben would come. As sure as night followed day, Ben would follow Kyle and Jake. When she closed her eyes and concentrated, she could see them all in real time, as they really were, and they could see her.

She still didn't know how this happened. She just knew it did. It was a magical connection—a bonding—that they all shared.

Ben would masturbate every few hours, thinking about what he wanted to do to her. She could clearly see him doing it in the finest detail when she attuned her mind to his. Naturally, he would be aware of her, too. This would only excite him further with the inevitable ejaculatory consequences.

She looked around her room. So beautifully furnished. Exactly as she would have decorated it herself, if money were no object. She sighed contentedly. Time to serve the boys a hearty breakfast. They'd be in the saddle for more than twelve hours today.

* * * *

Jake couldn't concentrate on the job in hand. His mind was on Lizzie. He dismounted his horse and pulled the girth strap, yanking it tight.

Right in full view of his brothers, Lizzie had given him extra helpings that morning for breakfast. *This will keep your strength up, cowboy*, she'd said leaning over him and gently brushing her breasts against his shoulder, as she'd heaped yet more bacon and eggs onto his plate. *You might need it later on*. Her little sassy smile and knowing wink were all the encouragement he needed. Now he could think of nothing else.

Kyle stopped what he was doing and looked across at him. "Fuck, Jake, you're no good to Ben and me today. Try and take your mind off pussy, bro. That open invitation she gave you this morning has sure interfered with your work" There was a certain amount of sympathy in his voice. He knew full well the effect that Lizzie could have on a man's groin.

"Sorry, Kyle. Just can't seem to think of anything else today."

Ben rode over to them, took his hat off, and then wiped the sweat from his forehead with the back of his hand. "I think he should ride back to the ranch now. The sooner he fucks Lizzie, the sooner it will be my turn. He sure ain't no fucking use to us out here today."

Kyle let out a long deep sigh then took a slug of water from the canteen. "Me and Ben's been thinking. Our Sybar powers are at full stretch today. Things are gonna break down, especially when all you can think of is pussy. We can't let Lizzie see the fabric of the illusion start to fade because she'll leave, big time." He looked exasperated. "And then we're all fucked. So you need to go back to the ranch and bone her. Help recharge the batteries, so to speak."

"Thanks, boys, much appreciated." Jake felt relief surge through his body as he turned his stallion around and headed for the ranch. He needed Lizzie so much now it hurt.

* * * *

Lizzie knew he was coming for her in much the same way she knew that Kyle was returning to the ranch the previous week. A sixth sense, perhaps, but she doubted that. It was something more profound in her view. An all-enveloping oneness with the three brothers.

She knew the boys were at the far end of their spread. It would be a good twenty minutes ride before Jake reached her. Time enough for a quick shower and a change into some sexy underwear. She was aware that Jake liked stockings and suspenders. There was plenty of evidence of that when she had linked her mind with his and delved into his fantasies. She almost blushed at the thought of being able to see part, if not all, of the boy's wants, hopes and needs. It made her feel like a voyeur, but she saw it as a gift that the three of them had given her. A gift they wanted her to use.

Pulling on the sheer black stockings, she smoothed them down with her fingers. God, she felt so womanly and sexy. She looked down at her freshly shaved pussy and then slipped a finger inside. It met with no resistance. She was wet. She was ready for his arrival.

She pulled on a pair of lacy black panties and the skimpiest halfcup bra she owned. She looked down at her breasts. Exposed large, brown nipples would be a turn-on for any man, she reasoned.

There was no need for her to look out of the window to know that Jake had just tied his horse up outside.

Chapter Seven

When Jake pushed the bedroom door open, two hundred and twenty pounds of raw muscle entered her room. His gaze devoured her, making her feel sexy as hell. He wore a wicked grin, and she knew she was in for a few surprises.

"Fuck, you look good. Your nipples are something else." He touched the bulge in his jeans, as if to emphasize the point.

She stood with her hands on her hips and smiled at him.

"I knew you'd come. I'm ready for you. Do you like the way I look?"

"Sure do." He gently touched her nose and full lips. He stared at her mouth, and all she could think of were what beautiful green eyes he had. "You only know what we allow you to know, Lizzie."

"Oh?"

He looked thoughtful. "For example, you are completely unaware that I'm pissed with you at this very moment."

She felt slightly nervous. "Why, Jake? I've done nothing to upset you that I'm aware of. I like you."

"I like you, too, Lizzie. We all like you, but you allowed Kyle to fuck you before I did, and I ain't happy about it."

Feeling a little frightened now, she said, "But he's the oldest. I thought..."

"You need to be punished, Lizzie."

"But I..."

"Turn around."

"Why, Jake? What for?"

"Turn around, I ain't gonna ask you again."

"But I need to know..."

He roughly turned her around, and placed her arms behind her back, her wrists together. "Don't move, Lizzie, do you understand?"

"Yes, Jake." Her heart began beating frantically in her chest. Jake made her feel incredibly sexy and more than a little frightened.

He pulled a length of rope from his jean pocket "This is my hoggin' rope. It's what we use to stop a calf getting hurt whilst branding." He roughly bound her wrists together with it, making a satisfied grunt as he pulled it taut.

Lizzie tested the restraint. Although it didn't hurt, it was tight against her skin. She swallowed hard, as anticipation flooded her body. Jake excited her in a different way to his brother Kyle. He seemed more dangerous, and she knew his desires leaned towards the darker side of sex.

He turned and dragged a chair to the center of the room and then sat down on it. "Come here."

"But, Jake. I—"

"Stand here, I ain't asking you, I'm telling you."

She went and stood by him, her legs trembling in anticipation.

"I know exactly what emotions you're feeling at this very moment." He stared at her. Intimidating her. "Fear and excitement in equal measure."

In one smooth movement he pulled her bound body across his knees. Her head almost hitting the floor, her ass rising high in front of him.

An acceptance washed over her then, calming her. She knew what was coming next. Jake yanked at her panties, pulling them to her knees, where they bunched and snagged. A second harder tug pulled them to her ankles, and then past her high heels. He covered his mouth and nose with them, breathing in deeply, before putting them in his jean pocket.

"Mmm, fuck, you smell so good."

She yelped like a whipped dog, as the first stinging slap connected with her ass. Followed by another, then another, in quick succession. Wincing with pain, she closed her eyes, as the spanking continued. She was being disciplined, something that had never happened to her in all her twenty-four years. With her arms bound behind her, it was impossible to resist.

Jake escalated matters. He forced his other hand under her stomach, pushing it down to connect with her exposed clit, gently finger fucking her. Her eyes flew wide open. Each subsequent spank rocked her body, forcing her engorged nub into repeated contact with his probing fingers.

The words, "Oh, fuck," tore from her lips.

Jake gave a whoop of delight. "Goddamn it, Lizzie, you sure have the sweetest wet cunt." He pulled his finger from her, and hungrily sucked her juices, before placing it against her pussy once more.

He continued with the spanking. She could feel his hard prick, pushing against her every time he slapped her bare ass. Its length and thickness obvious.

Then a new emotion started to show itself. Pleasure, yes that was it, unmistakable pleasure. The combination of pain and pleasure seemed to be balancing each other out. The undeniable pain she experienced as Jake slapped her reddened ass, became beautifully complimented by the exquisite sexual high, every time her engorged clit made contact with his teasing fingers.

Jake looked down at her. "It ain't all bad, Lizzie. I know exactly what you're thinking. You're really turned on by this whuppin'."

She knew he was right, too. Her cries of pain had morphed into moans of ecstasy. Her blood flowed faster. Her cunny soaked his fingers, her nipples hardened. Reality started to slip away from her, to be replaced with a surreal fantasy. Everything started to blur, and became unclear. It didn't feel like a spanking anymore. She was acutely aware now of the immense physical and spiritual presence of the three brothers. All four of them were on the same sexual plateau. Joined both physically and emotionally. She was fully aware they were all witnessing her humiliation, though only Jake was present.

Lizzie had the feeling that all of them were fucking her together. Still tied at the wrists, she felt certain that Jake was deep inside her pussy, and that both Kyle and Ben were fucking her ass and tits.

Just when she thought it couldn't get any better, the brothers blew her mind again. She felt mind fucked, pussy fucked, and ass fucked all at the same time. Her climax destroyed any previous idea of how good sex could be. Her clit throbbed and pulsed itself into major meltdown, as she bucked and jerked involuntarily across Jake's knees, and then she was done. Her breathing slowly returned to normal. She briefly closed her eyes, until reality came back into focus.

As Lizzie lay over Jake's lap, she became aware of his fingers tenderly teasing through her hair. It comforted her, and made her feel safe.

She feared that when she stood her legs would buckle. A direct result of adrenaline and the embers of the most crushing orgasm she had ever experienced.

* * * *

He let her up, her humiliation complete. His gaze hungrily took in her full, creamy breasts, spilling over the small, sexy bra that she wore. The dark half-moon crescents of her areola were clearly visible. Her bottom and her face both burned red with embarrassment. He had put her in her place, no ifs, no buts.

"Do you have anything to say for yourself, Lizzie?"

Her hands still tied behind her back, she stood by his chair. "I'm sorry, Jake."

"Sorry for what?"

"I'm sorry that I needed to be punished."

He smiled then gently kissed her lips. "That's okay. All is forgiven. I had to delve deep into your box of fantasies to find that one. You've been hankering after a spanking ever since you were seventeen."

She laughed out loud. "That was just so sexy, Jake. I was just so frightened, but really turned on at the same time. When I was a student at art college, I had a wonderful teacher called Mr. Carmicheal. When he was assessing my work, he used to sit very close to me, so close I could actually smell him. He was about thirty-five, and had the most beautiful green eyes like yours, but he was also very strict. I used to fantasize about him, taking my knickers down, and putting me across his knee. I used to masturbate over him doing it." She suddenly burst into laughter. "One day my mother came home early and caught me pleasuring myself. I was lying on my stomach, stroking my clit, and moaning out loud. All of a sudden I became aware that she had entered the room. It was just so embarrassing." She stared at him for a moment. "You bastard, you just brought that memory back to me. I hadn't thought of it for ages. Thank you." Then she smiled and touched his face.

He turned her around and looked down at her recently punished ass. "Ah, so red. I'm sorry, Lizzie. Let me kiss it better. Touch your toes." She did as he commanded and waited expectantly. He looked at her bound wrists. He was so fucking hard it hurt.

He gently kissed her bottom. "Your ass is just so cute. It's almost perfect." He smoothed his hands over her reddened butt, tenderly soothing the inflamed flesh, letting his fingers skim over her cute little puckered hole. "I want to take you up the ass."

"How big are you, Jake? It all depends if..." Her words trailed away as he unbuttoned his jeans and underwear and dropped them to the floor.

"I'm the biggest of the three of us." He felt proud as he looked down at his huge cock. "I see you look lost for words, Lizzie, but don't worry, darlin', it'll slip in just fine with some lube. The female ass has a way of accommodating such things. Mother Nature sees to that." Pre-cum glistened on his bell end. Best not think too deeply about what he was going to do with her in the next few minutes. Otherwise, he'd be spilling his seed all over her cute little ass. Rather than inside it.

"Wait here a minute."

He went to the bathroom, and returned with a tub of lube. "This will do the trick."

He could see that she looked both apprehensive and excited. Her pupils were dilated, her breathing heavy, and he had no doubt that her cunt was soaking wet. She was ready for him.

"I'll just get your vibro out the drawer, Lizzie."

"Why-how do you know where I keep-"

He interrupted her. "I know everything about you. All three of us do. We ain't got no secrets from each other."

He took the rabbit from her bedside drawer.

"Now just bend over that comfy-looking armchair in the corner." He took some lube from the tub and rubbed it on his cock, trying to keep his thoughts as blank as possible, so as not to shoot his load.

Fuck, she looked like a wet dream, all compliant, and bound for his pleasure. With her long, slim legs straight, and her body bent over the chair. Her ass tipped up for his inspection. He rubbed his hand into her ass crease, and she moaned with pleasure.

He kicked her legs further apart, spreading them wide for his personal enjoyment. "You look so fucking sexy like this, Lizzie."

He then fingered her little puckered hole, pushing the lube around the rim, and then inside. Fuck, she was tight. "Relax."

He pushed a finger into her anus. Then worked the muscles of her ass. "That's it, baby, just relax. I'm gonna use two fingers now. Okay?"

"Yes." Her answer soft and distant, turned him on even more, as he pushed the lube into her ass hole using two of his fingers. This was going to be monumental. He packed in yet more lube. Then pressed three fingers into her tight little ass. She whimpered as he stretched her back channel apart, but he knew it turned her on as much as it turned him on.

"You ready for me?"

"Yes, Jake." Her voice was barely a whisper.

He steadied himself, and then in one smooth, effortless movement, he seated himself up to the hilt. She gasped.

"Oh, Jake, that feels so good. I feel so full."

"Full of my big cowboy dick, darlin'."

He switched on the sex toy and then placed the whirling tip against her engorged clit. He then started pumping his thick shaft deep inside her, almost completely pulling out before pumping it back in again.

He closed his eyes. "You are just something else, Lizzie. You feel so tight. Fuck, you feel good, girl."

"You're so big, Jake. You're so deep," was all she could say as he pounded his meat into her over and over again.

He knew the vibro stimulating her sexy little clit would help. The combination of his cowboy cock up her ass and the magic rabbit doing its stuff would send her over the top. He knew she would come like never before.

"Oh, Jake."

"Yes, darlin'?"

"Oh, Jake. I'm so close now. I'm gonna..."

She was ready. He pushed the sex toy against her cunt. Initially it met with resistance and then sunk deep inside her wet pussy. Ten inches of cowboy dick up her ass and seven inches of tireless vibro inside her would prove irresistible.

She screamed out loud. "Please, Jake. Keep going, keep going. Keep fucking me, cowboy." Her words breathy as her climax shattered through and battered her into submission.

"Now me, Lizzie."

An unstoppable force surged up his shaft as he connected with her on every level. This was something else. This felt right. This was his destiny.

His cum filled her cute little ass, and then they both collapsed, covered in sweat. His body lay over hers, spent and exhausted.

They stayed in this position for a good ten minutes until he finally removed his muscular weight from her back.

He gently kissed her cheek. "Thank you, Lizzie. Thank you so very much. Wait there just a minute."

"I couldn't move even if I wanted to."

He cleaned himself up in the bathroom, then returned and untied her hands. He pulled her into his arms, and then carried her to her bed. "You okay, darlin'?"

She smiled a sexy, contented smile as he lowered her onto the purple silk sheets. "I've never felt better, Jake. What it is with you Dexter boys, anyway?" She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him down beside her. "Did you take lessons or something, because you certainly know how to take care of a woman?"

"You enjoyed it then?"

She giggled. "If having the most wonderful orgasm ever is enjoying myself, then yes, in spades."

"Good, I'm glad." He stroked the hair from her eyes and caressed her flushed cheeks. "It will keep getting better, too." The more they fucked together, the stronger the bond would become. She thought sex was good now. Just wait until they all melded at the same time. It would be mighty.

She touched his lips. "Why do I have the feeling that you three brothers know something I don't?"

Fuck, he wanted to explain it all to her there and then. Her destiny, and how she was meant to be with her own kind. Their kind. Only this illusion had stitched them all up good and proper. He couldn't come clean until Kyle, Ben, and himself had the means to make everything right. Lizzie deserved the truth, but there was no way he could tell her yet.

He kissed her lips. "We just know that you're one precious lady, Lizzie. That's all."

Chapter Eight

Elizabeth placed the large meat dish on the table. The beef was so tender. It was almost falling apart. She loved these times with the three brothers. They were able to talk, relax, and just enjoy each other's company. Her attraction to them grew stronger by the day, and although they had not revealed all of their secrets to her, she was in no doubt that she was a very special part of all their lives.

"I've made Yorkshire pudding, too," she said proudly, "and before you ask, I'll have you know I made them myself. Everyone has Yorkshire pudding with roast beef in England."

They all gave her a round of applause and then a kiss on the cheek.

Kyle cleared his throat. "A toast to our lovely Lizzie. What did we do before you came?" He raised a bottle of beer. "What would we do without you?"

Four bottles of Bud clinked together. "To Lizzie."

She stood up and took a bow.

"Speech," said Ben, banging his knife and fork on the table.

Tears of joy, rolled down her cheeks. "I came over from England to live the American dream, but it didn't quite work out." She dabbed her eyes. "I was very unhappy living in a seedy one-roomed apartment in California. So unhappy, in fact, I was thinking of throwing the towel in and going back to England." She laughed, a genuinely happy laugh. "And then I saw the advertisement in the local newspaper, and I felt like it had been put in just for me. "My time with you three boys," she looked about her surroundings, "in this beautiful ranch, and with all your lovely possessions, has been the happiest time of my life.

"I know there are things I don't understand yet, but I don't intend to worry about them. I'm just going to live and enjoy each day as it comes, with my three favorite cowboys."

They cheered and clapped as she sat down. At this point in time, contentment filled her heart, whatever the future may bring.

She playfully berated them then. "Now eat your roast beef and Yorkshire pudding before it goes cold."

"Sure thing, ma'am," they all replied.

She felt like she was living in Utopia. Here she was, sharing English roast beef with three sexy cowboys. Her gaze connected with Kyle and Jake, and she became acutely aware that they were both accessing her deepest thoughts and desires.

She blushed profusely as she realized that Kyle was reliving the dominant spanking his brother Jake had given her, and the subsequent fucking of her ass with his eager prick. He smiled at her, embarrassing her, but making her pussy go wet at the same time.

"More beef, Lizzie? Can I give you more beef?" His eyes twinkled mischievously.

The idea of Kyle and Jake dominating her sexually really turned her on. She tried to blank their thoughts, but their combined powers were far too strong for her.

"I've had more than enough meat, thank you." She smiled back, teasing him.

Jake touched Ben on the shoulder. "Me and Kyle want you to fix the perimeter fence after dinner, little bro."

Ben shrugged his brother's hand away. "I ain't fucking stupid. I know what you're both thinking. Same as you know what I'm thinking. You two just want me out of the way, so you can fuck Lizzie."

Kyle placed his fork on his plate. A satisfied, full belly smile on his lips. "Your turn is soon, Ben. Just hang on in there a little longer."

"Fuck you, Kyle. Fuck you, Jake." He stood abruptly, pushing his chair backwards. It scraped annoyingly on the tiled floor.

He gave both his brothers one final '*fuck you*' look, before leaving the kitchen and slamming the door behind him.

Jake dragged a hand through his hair. "The kid's really pissed, Kyle. He's horny as fuck."

Lizzie touched a finger to both Kyle and Jake's lips. "Shh, I love all of you boys, but I'm not quite ready for all three of you at the same time, just yet."

Kyle gently caressed her face. "Forget about clearing the table, darlin'. Me and Jake have got you filling our thoughts. Have you ever been fucked by two brothers at the same time before?"

"No, but there's something about you boys, so I'll make an exception."

"Jake, get Lizzie's vibro from upstairs. Between us, we'll make this a night to remember."

"Sure thing, Kyle."

She could read their dreams and desires so clearly now. They were in charge, and would dominate her as they saw fit. She closed her eyes and recalled the spanking Jake had administered. With two Dexter boys in total control, this should be epic.

"You like being tied up, don't you, darlin'? Ain't no point denying it. Me and Jake can see into your soul."

"You bastard. You know I do." She could feel her breathing start to quicken again. Her pussy dripped in anticipation of things to come.

Jake returned with the vibrator. "It ain't a substitute for what I'm packing, Lizzie, but it'll sure add to the fun." His wicked smile held her entranced until Kyle spoke.

"Hold her arms, Jake." Kyle's tone of voice suggested he was the dominant brother.

Jake held both her arms behind her back, with one large cowboy hand.

Kyle's face looked serious as he stared directly at her. "Right then, lady. Be in no doubt that we're in charge." He walked over to the wall and winched the cast iron ceiling pot rack down to chest level.

"You got your hoggin' rope handy, Kyle?"

"Ain't never without it, bro."

"Here's mine." He handed his brother a small length of rope. "Tie her tight. Don't want her running away, now do we?"

She felt powerless to resist, as Kyle roughly tied her hands about three feet apart to the pot rack with hoggin' rope. "Ain't no escape now, darlin'—understand?"

"Please don't, Kyle—I'm begging you—please don't." Her heart beat frantically in her chest, at the thought of being totally at their mercy.

"Ain't no use protesting. I know you love it. I can read your thoughts, and boy, you sure are into bondage, lady." He stared intently at her. "Besides, you ain't the one in control. Hoist her up, Jake."

Jake whooped with delight, as he started to raise the pot rack. The pulley system lifted her arms and body until just the tips of her toes kept her in contact with the floor.

Kyle and Jake stood back and admired their new trophy.

"Ain't that just about the prettiest thing a man can ever see, Jake?" "Sure is, bro."

Stretched taut, she let her head fall back, her long black hair trailing to her waist. She had fully accepted her fate, whatever that may be. Her pussy pooled relentlessly into her panties. Fuck, she had never felt so turned on. She simply loved being dominated.

Kyle stood in front of her and yanked at the neckline of her Tshirt, forcibly ripping it from her body. He paused for a moment, admiring the ample swell of her breasts, before ripping her bra from

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her, too. The strap gave a loud snap, as the clasp shattered. Out of control, her whole body vibrated with desire.

"Fuck, you have great tits, Lizzie." Jake reached around and fondled her breasts, groaning slightly as he did so. His rough hands grazed her nipples.

"Suck them, boys."

Jake sucked hungrily on her left areola. Kyle joined in, mirroring his brother on her right nipple.

She wanted to tease her hands through their hair, but the restraints around her wrists held her firmly in place. She arched enjoying the delicious sensations they gave her as they suckled possessively on her breasts.

"Suck them harder. Bite them." She put her head back, and closed her eyes. Her pussy juices flooded her panties.

Kyle released her tortured peak, and then knelt in front of her. He roughly ripped the skirt from her body. The flimsy material tore noisily as he did so.

She took great satisfaction as he gazed at her skimpy panties, which were soaked through with her feminine wetness. "Fuck, woman, you're beautiful, but these need to come off. You do it, bro."

Jake ripped her panties down to reveal her smooth cunt. Using his thumbs, he pushed her soaking pussy lips apart and buried his tongue deep inside her, tasting her womanly juices. Her whole body arched once more as she pulled at her restraints. There was no escaping their onslaught on her body. Once satisfied, he pulled his head away then wiped her glistening sexual arousal from his face.

"Fuck, Kyle, this lady tastes good."

She felt something hard push against her puckered hole, and then heard Kyle's calming voice. "Just relax, honey. I've put plenty of lube on it. It'll go in just fine."

"Oh, fuck, Kyle." She closed her eyes as she felt him push the vibrator deep into her ass before switching it on. "Oh, Kyle."

"Lick her cunt again, Jake, while the vibro fucks her ass."

Jake dropped his head once more, savoring her soaking pussy. "I ain't never known a woman be as wet as this one, Kyle."

Her knees started to tremble, as Jake's magic tongue invaded her cunny, she could feel her body go into meltdown, as Kyle repeatedly pushed the vibro deep into her oh-so-sensitive anus.

Kyle put his other hand on her breast, pulling and stretching her nipple. The exquisite pain made her pant in desperation. Then he whispered in her ear, "Do it, darlin', come for us."

"Oh, boys," her breathy words. "Oh, dear God, boys. What are you doing to me?"

Closer now.

Almost there now, closer,

The combination of Jake cleaning her pussy out with his tongue, and Kyle pushing the vibro deep into her puckered hole, finally forced her into sensory overload. Her knees buckled, and she would have fallen to the floor had her weight not been held by her restraints. Her mind gave into the exquisite pleasure, as her orgasm slammed through.

"Please, please, please." Her only words as her whole body arched like a bowstring and convulsed against Jake's mouth. He feverishly lapped at her swollen clit as her moans of pleasure subsided into breathlessness.

Kyle pulled the vibro from her ass and threw it to one side. "Ain't no need for you any more. Now it's time for the real thing."

Unable to comprehend the all-enveloping climax she'd just had, she tried to regain a little composure. "Okay, you two." She panted breathlessly. "Here I am, naked as nature intended, and you guys are still fully clothed. Strip, cowboys, let's see what you've got."

Kyle slapped her bare ass, making her yelp. Jake did the same, getting a similar response.

"This little lady sure has some spunk, Kyle, but I think we can let her have her way on this one."

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She watched mesmerized as both brothers removed their T-shirts, revealing their hard torsos, with muscle layered upon muscle. Her breath caught in her throat. God her cowboys were beautiful.

When they lowered their faded jeans and exposed their hardridged cocks, glistening with pre-cum, she couldn't help but sigh inwardly. Fuck, these boys were even bigger than she remembered. More like eleven inches a piece. She knew from experience, that her fingers would not meet up, should she get to hold one again. This was every girls dream combination, huge in girth and length.

"Make sure you put plenty of lube on that beast of yours, Jake. Lizzie is one special woman, and we don't want to hurt her cute little ass."

"I'm gonna lube her ass, too, bro. So it'll slip in smooth as silk."

Kyle moved in front of her then. She felt his unblinking blue gaze burning into her soul. He kissed her passionately. "It's gonna be real lovely, darlin', taking you together." He stroked her arms, moving down her breasts, until she arched towards him. She wanted them so much now it hurt.

She became aware of Jake's lubed cock, pressing at the entrance to her ass. He pulled her cheeks apart, then rubbed the cold lube deep inside her anus.

"I ain't hurting you, am I, Lizzie?"

"No, Jake. It feels lovely."

"Let's do this together, bro." The breath was knocked from her lungs as Kyle lifted her by her thighs. He entered her in one almighty thrust at exactly the same time as Jake pushed his cock deep into her lubed anus. All eleven inches of them filled her completely.

"Kyle, Jake...I love you. Fuck me hard."

Kyle's blue eyes bewitched her. "We both love you, too, Lizzie. You mean everything to us."

Jake reached around and pleasured her clit as both he and Kyle pounded their meat relentlessly into her. His other hand teased her nipple, pulling it taut, stimulating her, making her pussy flood even more.

Sandwiched between them, she closed her eyes and gave into the sexual ecstasy that was Kyle and Jake Dexter. Their heat enveloped her until she couldn't comprehend where one brother finished and another began

"Please keep doing it that way." Her voice now barely a whisper.

The closeness of their sexy male scent assailed her senses. Their all-embracing masculinity dominated and controlled her every action and emotion. She opened her mouth wide so Kyle could lick her lips, teeth and tongue, as she surrendered completely to them both.

"Please."

The sensation of their two huge pricks, filling her cunny and ass so entirely, made her moan in ecstasy. Their bell ends almost touched as they reached their deepest point inside her. In complete meltdown, her body tightened around them.

"Please."

"She's almost there, Jake. Let's both fuck this lady deeper and harder."

Kyle's words sent her past the point of no return, and her climax shattered through. Her head shook violently, and her hands vibrated uncontrollably against the shackles.

Kyle's tongue filled her mouth, and she bit down hard, unable to control the reflex action, as her orgasm head butted her and brain fucked her into total submission. Just when she thought she was done, the brothers made one final delicious lunge into her pussy and ass as they exploded their hot seed deep inside her.

Immediately her body writhed with a convulsion so powerful she thought she would expire. Her whimpers of satisfaction earned her the sweetest of caresses as they both stroked her face and neck.

"That was beautiful," she whispered, still held intimately between them.

"Sure was, darlin'." Kyle kissed her lips as he gently lowered her to the floor.

"You're one hell of a woman, Lizzie, make no mistake." Jake kissed her neck then pulled himself from her ass. He reached above her and untied her hands. She fell into Kyle's arms.

"Now we're all gonna go and relax in your bath. It's big enough for all three of us."

Chapter Nine

Ben had been having trouble sleeping lately. Every time he closed his eyes, he could see Lizzie. Beautiful, sexy Lizzie. Not only could he see her, but he could smell her, too. When he walked past her in the kitchen, he would pause so as to be able to take in her feminine scent. He loved her hair and beautiful blue eyes. He loved everything about her.

He was twenty-one, and he needed to be inside her.

Masturbation had become something of an obsession with him. Since she had arrived at the ranch, he would pull himself off four, five, sometimes even six times a day so he could just stop thinking about her for a few minutes. Only then could he concentrate on his work around the ranch.

Kyle and Jake had both noticed that his mind was not on the job in hand and would rib him mercilessly about his low status as a Sybar virgin.

Lost your Sybar cherry yet? Kyle's words would taunt him.

Go fuck yourself, Kyle, would be his reply.

He felt a growing resentment towards his older brothers. He hated the way they both treated him as if he were a kid. He was a man and wanted to be treated as such. Why did he always have to be the last to get all the good things in life? The last to fuck Lizzie. Yeah, that was the thing that pissed him off more than just about anything else. Kyle and Jake had both sampled all that Lizzie had to offer. They were men of experience and maturity. He just had to guess what it would be like to hear Lizzie moan his name.

Oh, Ben, Ben, Ben. Don't stop, Ben. I need you so much.

He shook himself from his sexual thoughts. Fuck, he was hard again. He needed to speak with Lizzie.

* * * *

She was in the kitchen clearing the table when Ben walked in. She could tell immediately that he had something on his mind. His apprehensive expression said it all.

"I need to talk to you, Lizzie."

"What about, sugar?" She gave him a knowing smile.

"I think you know."

Of course she knew. Their minds had been attuned on many occasions. She was just a little surprised at how long it had taken him to pluck up the courage to talk to her.

She decided to put him at his ease. She touched his cheek then gently kissed his lips. "Kyle and Jake are driving over to Blackfish tonight to get some supplies. It's a hundred and fifty mile round trip." She paused, not taking her eyes from his. "They'll be gone for about three hours."

He looked elated, then suddenly his demeanor changed. "They are just so much more experienced than me, Lizzie. I just don't want to be a disappointment to you."

She hugged him reassuringly. "You could never be a disappointment, Ben. Do you hear what I'm telling you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"They're leaving at about five. Come to my room then." She knew her invitation had made his cock go hard.

"Sure thing, ma'am."

She started to walk away. Pausing briefly, she stopped and turned to him. She smiled and wagged a finger in mock anger.

"One last thing, Ben. Don't call me ma'am."

* * * *

He stood at the front door as Kyle and Jake maneuvered the Range Rover out of the driveway.

"Don't do anything I wouldn't do, little brother." Jake leaned out the passenger door window and patted him on the back before they both sped away in a cloud of tire smoke and dust. He waited to make sure they had really gone.

He took the stairs two at a time. He had three hours, three marvelous fucking hours with the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He was going to enjoy every last minute of it.

He pushed a stray hair into place, composed himself for a moment, and then lightly tapped three times on the bedroom door.

"Come in, Ben."

He pushed the door open. She was naked. His mouth dropped open. He went to speak, but no words would come out.

* * * *

"Do you like what you see, cowboy?"

She knew he was young, and would not be able to hold his cum in his balls for long. Best empty them now. Then he would be able to give her total satisfaction without it all being over too quickly.

"Fuck, you look good, Lizzie."

"I know I do. Now drop your pants, and be quick about it."

He undid his jeans and dropped them to his knees. She noticed his hard dick straining against his underwear, and with some satisfaction, noted his size.

Kneeling down, she released it. Pre-cum glistened on the tip. She looked up at him, their eyes and thoughts connecting.

"You're not a kid anymore, Ben. You're a man." She gently caressed his huge bell end. "A real man."

She took his length in her mouth then, taking it really deep. His thick tip pushed against the back of her throat. She could feel it twitching. His balls would soon be empty.

He started to fuck her mouth, pushing it in deep and then withdrawing it before roughly shoving it back in again.

She had put on some bright red lipstick. She knew it was his favorite. The red color made a mark on his cock as he repeatedly slid in and out of her mouth.

"You're so beautiful, Lizzie."

She knew he was close to shooting his load. His breathing had become erratic. His strokes grew shorter and quicker. She grabbed his ass, pulling him into her.

"Oh, fuck, I'm gonna..."

His hands fisted into her hair, tugging at it, hurting her...almost there. Then, after an extra-deep thrust, he withdrew it from her mouth completely and pressed it against her face.

"Lizzie, I'm—"

Hot cum spurted from his cock in two or three arced fountains, covering her cheeks and chin, and dripping down onto her breasts.

"Oh, Lizzie."

He relaxed his hold on her hair as his breathing returned to normal.

"Fuck, that was good. Thanks, Lizzie."

She swallowed the cum that dripped into her mouth and then wiped the rest away with a Kleenex. "You're welcome, cowboy. Real welcome."

He pulled his pants back up and then turned to leave.

"And just where do you think you're going, cowboy? You've got five minutes to replenish your reserves. I need to be satisfied." Her tone of voice demanded his attention. "Strip. Take everything off."

He grinned. "Yes, ma'am."

She lay on the bed then. Her legs open, her fingers idly caressed her clit. "I'm waiting." She knew his powers of recovery would be amazing. That was the great thing about a young man of twenty-one. His large cock twitched briefly before becoming fully hard once more.

"Just fuck me hard, Ben. No need for any subtleties. Let me have it caveman style."

He lay on top of her then, and in one rough movement, he entered her fully. His amber eyes connected with her. Their thinking became as one.

She pushed a finger up his asshole, making him grunt with pleasure. "I know you like that."

It seemed to spur him on, and he started to pound his length into her.

"Suck my nipples, cowboy...hard."

He nuzzled hungrily on her large brown nips, groaning slightly as he did so.

"Bite them."

Her nipples were so sensitive. They stood erect and proud. "That's it, harder. Bite them again."

He held her hands above her head as he continued to pound into her. Sweat pooled where their stomachs touched.

She loved his youthful, unsophisticated urgency. Here he was on top of her. No finesse whatsoever. Just a beautiful young man with a huge cock, fucking her senseless. And those eyes of his.

She closed her own, inhaling his musky maleness. Her breathing grew erratic. Her pussy dripped its wetness every time his hard cock slid inside her.

"Bite my nipples harder."

"I'll hurt you."

"You won't."

His teeth gnawed on her prominent peaks, and she let out a whimper of satisfaction. "That feels so good, Ben."

He kissed her passionately as his relentless pounding of her body continued. She knew they were both close, and when her orgasm started, it was like a huge, unstoppable force that simply would not be denied. Every muscle tensed in her body as it smashed through her psyche. It was here, it was now. It mind-fucked her in its intensity.

Her fingers clawed at his back, drawing blood, and her teeth savagely bit his bottom lip, making that bleed, too.

The monumental force of her climax made her reassess just how good fucking could be. She felt him tense as he spurted his cum deep inside her.

"Oh, fuck, Lizzie." His only words as his spent body collapsed on top of her.

He rolled onto his side and pulled her into his arms.

"Mmm, Ben, you make me feel so sexy."

"I do?"

"Yes, cowboy. You do." She rubbed her thumb over his swollen lower lip. "You boys are something else." She kissed him. "Tell me about your family, Ben. I never knew my real parents because they died in a car crash when I was very young."

"That's too bad, Lizzie, though family's aren't all they're cracked up to be. We ain't seen our own father for nearly five years now. Fell out with him over him wanting us to go into the family oil business, and us wanting to run a ranch. Damn cut us right out of his life altogether now."

Lizzie could sense the hurt and betrayal in Ben's voice, and she squeezed his hand. "I'm sorry, Ben. Maybe I've put too much importance on families, having never really belonged to one myself."

He nestled her onto his shoulder, and began caressing her hair with his fingers. "We can trace our family line all the way back to Russia."

"You can?"

"Yeah, some great, great, great, great grandfather came from a remote part of the old USSR."

"You say your father's in oil. Is that how you can afford such a beautiful ranch as this, Ben?"

He opened his mouth to speak, and then closed it again, and she felt she may have overstepped the mark. "I'm sorry, Ben I didn't mean to pry."

"It's, okay, Lizzie. It's just a bit complicated, that's all."

* * * *

They had just finished dressing when Kyle and Jake returned. Ben went downstairs to help them unload the supplies they had brought back from Blackfish.

"Did you get everything, Kyle?"

"I think so, little bro. Listen, can you bring the supplies inside? Me and Jake feel like shit."

"You coming down with something?"

Kyle nodded. He looked deathly pale. "They say there's some fucking virus going about. Whatever it is, both me and Jake have got it real bad."

Ben had the sudden thought that all hell was about to break loose. "What about the illusion, Kyle? Can we keep it going if you and Jake get sick real bad?"

"I'm not sure, little bro."

"Oh, fuck. I gotta bad feeling about this, Kyle."

Chapter Ten

The insistent, repetitive noise from Lizzie's alarm clock woke her from the erotic dream she was having. Her three cowboy lovers were all there enjoying her body at the same time.

She bludgeoned the alarm clock into silence, noting the time—six in the morning. Must get the boys their breakfast. They had a long day in the saddle ahead of them and would not return to the ranch before sundown.

As her eyes adjusted to the morning light, she immediately became aware that something was not quite right. She closed her eyes and then opened them again. The beautiful wallpaper in her room appeared tattered and peeling. Its vibrant colors now looked pale and washed out.

Just how had that happened overnight?

She looked around her bedroom. Pictures had vanished, and bare boards had replaced the luxurious deep pile carpet.

This was surreal. Was she losing her mind? Yes, she must be going crazy. Icy fear controlled her thoughts. It would be impossible for all of this to happen while she slept.

Oh, my, God. Dear God, what is happening to me?

In panic, she ran to the landing. Once again, bare floorboards and peeling paint and wallpaper filled her vision. The beautiful carved oak banister decorating the elegant stairs had vanished. A rough, brokendown hand rail taking its place.

She pushed open a bedroom door and was surprised to find Kyle, Jake, and Ben all fast asleep in three dilapidated wooden beds. Shafts of daylight sliced through broken shutters. "Wake up. Wake up. Something is wrong." Her whole body trembled. Her voice dripped with panic.

Ben was the first to rouse himself. He rubbed his eyes and casually looked around the bare, empty room.

"The fabric of the illusion has broken down. We're really fucked, now. You'll have to tell her the truth, Kyle."

She stood rooted to the spot in disbelief. "What are you talking about? What truth? How can you boys not notice what has happened to the ranch? Are you all blind?"

"Kyle and Jake have been real sick during the night, Lizzie. Their Sybar powers ain't been strong enough to hold the illusion together."

Feeling restless and agitated, she rounded on him. "Sybar powers? Illusions? Just what the fuck are you talking about, Ben?" She felt shell-shocked.

Kyle pulled himself into a sitting position. He looked like shit. "I'm sorry, Lizzie. This is not how it was meant to be, but with me and Jake sick, we were unable to stop it happening." He stared at her. "Thing is, Lizzie. We are all Sybars." He pointed to Ben and Jake. "And you, honey, are a Sybar woman."

Disoriented by the whole surreal episode, she answered, "I'm a Sybar woman? You are Sybar Men? Are you shittin' me?"

Kyle continued, "Our type are very rare. Only about one hundred Sybar women in the whole world." He smiled at her then. "You are one very special lady, Lizzie. We can read each other's thoughts. You must have noticed there is something special and unique between us."

"Yes, but I didn't know quite what it was. I just knew it was wonderful."

"You see, Lizzie, a Sybar man is able to delve into a Sybar woman's fantasies and produce an illusion so fantastic that she believes it to be real." He shrugged his shoulders. "Simple, really. We find out your dreams and fantasies, and then make them come true." "Hold on. Hold on. What are you telling me, you bastards? Are you telling me that you have deceived me into thinking that this rundown hillbilly shack is a wonderful ranch?"

"We read your mind and produced exactly what you wanted to see. It is the purpose of Sybar men to create an irresistible nest to entice and keep the Sybar woman happy." He looked sad then and averted his gaze from her. "Only, it ain't real, Lizzie."

"And what about your three beautiful black stallions? Do you even own any horses?"

"Yep, sure do, Lizzie, but they ain't no stallions. Just three halfdead nags. Likely to be turned into glue before the fall."

"And the beautiful Range Rover, in my favorite color?" she asked resignedly.

"A beat-up Chevy pickup worth about a hundred bucks tops."

Anger spilled from her then, and she started to cry. "I gave up my life to be with you three. I thought I had found Utopia, but you have all just lied to me." She turned and looked about her. "Just look at this shithole. Do you really think I'm going to stay here a minute longer?" Her voice became very quiet, almost a whisper. "Why did you all trick me into coming here in the first place? You've all used me."

She watched them all avert their gaze, knowing full well that she told the truth.

Jake spoke then. "We need you, Lizzie, to continue the Sybar line. We needed a Sybar woman. And they ain't easy to find. It's your destiny to be with us."

"Like hell it is," she screamed at them all.

"Lizzie, since you've been here, we've all grown to love you."

"You all have a strange way of showing it." She dragged a hand through her hair in irritation. "How do I know that you're all not just an illusion yourselves? Just how bad do you all think I'd feel if you all turned out to be ninety-eight pound weaklings, or a bunch of fat guys with body odor?" Ben piped up then. "No need to worry yourself on that score, ma'am. We can provide illusions for animals and inanimate objects, like the house, car, and horses, but we can't change our own appearance." He laughed out loud. "What you see is what you get with us. Three horny cowboys, who sure do adore you."

She still loved them all, despite the lies and deceptions, but she couldn't let them get away with this. "I'll pack my bags."

"Kyle, you'll have to tell her about the legacy. Tell her we can make this all real. Real and permanent. No more illusions except for mind-blowing sex." Jake's voice sounded urgent, until he collapsed back on the bed in fits of coughing.

Kyle stretched out and gently caressed her hand. His eyes delving into her soul. "We had a legacy left us by an uncle. We may have jumped the gun a little by producing the illusion, but we can make this all real for you, as soon as we get out hands on the money. None of us boys want you to leave, Lizzie. You're a Sybar, just as we are. We need and love you just as you need and love us. Just give us fortyeight hours, 'til we are all back on our feet again, and then we can talk this through calmly."

"Don't lie to me again, Kyle." She wasn't convinced, but the look that all three of them gave her left her in no doubt that they all loved and adored her.

"Okay, forty-eight hours only, but you won't get me to change my mind." Watching Kyle and Jake suffering with a high temperature, sore throat, and hacking cough brought out the maternal instinct in her.

"I'll look after you both until you recover, and then I'm going to leave. Do you understand, Kyle?"

His sad eyes stared back at her. "Yes, Lizzie."

"And you, Jake?"

"Yes, Lizzie, but we all want you to stay. You know that?"

* * * *

Lizzie spent the next two days attending to their needs. She loved them all, despite the sorcery and lies.

As time went by, their strength and vigor started to return. Both Kyle and Jake left their sick beds. She was secretly pleased at their newfound sense of wellbeing and purpose.

She noticed that the fabric of the illusion had started to reappear. The ranch house was returning to its former glory. Carpets magically materialized. Pale colors started to become vibrant once more. She wanted to feel her heart fill with happiness again, but instead all she felt was sadness, and disappointment. She had left her rundown apartment in California to make a better life for herself, and she thought she had found it with her three cowboy lovers. Instead, all that was left was smoke and mirrors. Just a sham. She felt deceived. The crazy thing was, that for all their magic tricks and deception, she just loved them all, and she knew they loved her, too.

When she'd looked out of the window an hour ago, the dented and rusting Chevy pickup had stood on the drive, but now the gleaming new Range Rover had taken its place and in her favorite color, too. The fabric of the illusion was once more complete.

* * * *

Kyle came up behind her and lovingly circled his arms around her waist, putting his head close to hers, he breathed in deeply. She knew he would try to convince her to stay.

"It don't have to be a Range Rover, honey. It can be anything you want. A Porsche, or a maybe a Ferrari. Your wish is my command. I can make it happen."

She sighed. "But it's not real, Kyle."

"Reality is overrated, Lizzie. Please don't leave, because if you do, your reality will be a sad, lonely existence in a one-room apartment in California. That ain't no life for a woman like you. You're a Sybar and need to be with your own kind."

"I know you're right, and I love being here with all of you boys, but I'm a proud woman, and I refuse to live in an illusion. I want to live in a beautiful reality, which you boys can't provide." She looked at him, a tear rolling down her cheek. He wiped it away with his thumb.

"Listen, Lizzie, darlin'. In two months time we'll receive a check for five million dollars from Uncle Cody's estate. Uncle Cody was an oil man through and through as was Pops. He was one real successful dude, but sadly, him and Pops fell out over an oil deal, back in the seventies when they were both young men. I remember seeing Uncle Cody as a little kid, but after a while Pops stopped us seeing him." He shook his head in disbelief. "I guess Uncle Cody must have had a soft spot for us boys, leaving us that money. I remember him as a great guy, a high flyer just like Pops. It's a shame they were never on speaking terms again. About five years ago, us three boys fell out with Pops, too. He wanted us to join his successful oil company. Dexter Oils. Me, Ben, and Jake wanted to stay as cowboys running this ranch. That's what we're best at. Pops ain't spoke to none of us since we turned him down. Pretty fucking sure he's cut us out of his will, too. I guess Uncle Cody wanted to put one over on his brother." He pulled a letter from his jean pocket. "This is from our attorney explaining that we get the money in just two months time."

She took the letter from his grasp and read it. "How do I know this is real, and not just another one of your illusions?"

He touched her face. "Trust me, Lizzie, please."

"I love you, Kyle, and I really want to, but—" He kissed her passionately then. "We need just three things in this life, Lizzie. Our inheritance." He kissed her cheek gently. "Good health. You'll make sure we have that, and lots of sex with a certain Sybar woman."

She laughed. "You're kidding about the third part...right?"

"Nope. Our Sybar powers of illusion are greatly enhanced when we connect both physically and emotionally with a Sybar woman. One we all love and respect." He lovingly cupped her head in his hands. "You know we all have a meeting of both mind and body, a connection together." He caressed his thumb over her bottom lip. "You know how fucking great the sex was with all three of us?"

"But sex isn't everything, Kyle. As a woman, I need trust, too." She touched his face. "I need to know that what I experience with you three boys is real. Not some sort of magician's trick."

Kyle held her close. She knew he was trying to convince her otherwise. But she had to stay strong. She couldn't be weak.

"The love is real, Lizzie. We all love you. We all love you deeply." He looked so sincere, she had to turn away.

She put her head back. Closed her eyes, and then screamed out loud in frustration. "Oh—I don't know what to believe anymore. I don't know what's real and what's not." Overwhelmed by raw emotion, she started to sob uncontrollably. "I love all three of you so bad it hurts, but—"

"Lizzie." He tried to comfort her. "Please."

Using every last ounce of her courage, she pushed him away. "I'm going back to California, Kyle. I can't go on like this."

A pained expression showed on his face, but she wouldn't give in.

"Jake and Ben will be real pissed if I let you go, Lizzie."

With her mind made up, a calm acceptance washed over her. "I'm catching the afternoon Greyhound out of Brown Bear. I want you to drive me there." She started to cry again, big teardrops flowed freely down her cheeks. Wiping them jerkily away with the back of her hand, she continued, "No need to tell Ben and Jake. It's best if they just find me gone when they get back."

"Don't you think that's unfair, honey? They love you, too. They adore you."

"I don't want to hurt any of you, but what you boys did was deceitful."

"Change your mind, Lizzie, please."

"No."

They drove in silence. The battered Chevy pickup grumbling and creaking as its worn-out suspension bucked and pitched on the poor road surface. She'd insisted that he use it.

There was so much that she wanted to say. She desperately wanted to tell him how much she loved him. Loved all of them. She took a deep breath.

Be strong Lizzie. It's better this way.

The bus depot at Brown Bear came into view, and her heart sank further. A cold numbress washed over her. Was she making the biggest mistake of her life?

Kyle brought the battered pickup to a halt. "Lizzie, I—"

She put a finger to his lips before replacing it with the most meaningful kiss possible. A kiss full of desire, love, and everything good in the world.

"Lizzie."

She pulled away from him, opened the door, and walked away. She didn't look back.

Chapter Eleven

Kyle parked the battered pickup truck outside the ranch house. Ben and Jake were waiting for him.

"What's going on, Kyle? Me and Ben can tell that you're blocking our Sybar connections."

"Nothing." Kyle tried to push past his two younger brothers. He didn't need a showdown right now. Not when he was hurting so much inside. He hadn't realized how much he cared for Lizzie, and he just wanted to be on his own. Jake and Ben blocked his way.

"Something's wrong, Kyle. Something's not right." He felt a stabbing pain as Jake poked a finger angrily into his chest.

His brother Jake's Sybar powers were almost fully developed, and he could not hide everything from him. In just a few weeks time, Jake would turn twenty-five and would have to go through 'Shraika'.

Kyle looked down at his brother's booted feet blocking his way.

"Are you boys gonna let me through, or am I gonna have to take you apart with my bare hands?" Anger had started to burn within him, and he would lash out if push came to shove.

"Where's Lizzie, Kyle?" Ben looked like he was going to back Jake up on this one. That was all he needed. His two brothers wanting to rip his fucking head from his shoulders. He decided to come clean.

"Lizzie's gone. Fucked off, back to California."

"Tell me you're joking, Kyle." There was menace in Jake's voice, and he could see his hands clenched into fists.

"Nope. I took her to Brown Bear, to pick up the Greyhound back to Los Angeles."

Ben looked horrified. "And you just let her go? You cunt. The most wonderful Sybar woman in the whole world, and you just let her go?"

Kyle put his hand on Ben's shoulder, in an effort to explain. "I had to let her go, little bro. She couldn't handle the deception." He could see that Ben was close to tears. "Ain't nothing I could do about it."

Without warning, Kyle doubled up in pain, as Jake smashed a mighty fist into his face, followed almost immediately by a booted foot slamming between his legs courtesy of Ben.

Creased in two, he heard Jake's accusing voice. "You fucking cunt, Kyle. You let this happen. If you'd let us know, we could have stopped her leaving. Me and Ben should tear you apart."

Kyle pulled himself upright from the kneeling position he found himself in. He wiped fresh blood from his mouth with the back of his hand. "Time to face reality, boys. Lizzie's her own woman. We can't stop her from leaving. You're really making me pissed now. We don't own her whatever you think, and we can't make her stay if she's unhappy. We fucked up big time. I take most of the responsibility because I'm the eldest. I knew we should have waited until Uncle Cody's legacy had come through, but I thought we'd all be able to maintain the Sybar illusion until then. I was wrong."

"But you just let her go, Kyle. Now we'll never see her again, and me and Jake ain't fucking happy about that."

Kyle placed a hand on his heart. "Whatever you boys do to me, you can't make me feel worse than I already do. A part of me is missing. I love her, and I'm going to get her back. Only this time it will be the right way. So you two are either with me or against me, because it ain't over, yet. We all need her."

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Lizzie sighed as she ate a sandwich in her motel room. It had been almost three months since she had left Kyle, Jake and Ben at the ranch, and she missed them all terribly. She knew that they missed her, too. They were still allowing her to access their thoughts and emotions. They wanted her back, desperately.

She'd taken a job as a supermarket cashier as soon as she had returned to California. She was now living out of a suitcase, in a seedy motel, just outside of Long Beach. The money from her poorly paid job meant that there was little or nothing left to live on.

Lizzie glanced at her reflection in the cracked mirror above the sink. Her eyes looked dead, her hair, lank and lifeless. She was so unhappy that she started to cry.

After a lengthy telephone conversation with her best friend, Jenny, she'd decided to throw in the towel and return to England. All the hurt and deception would be left behind, and she could start again. She forced a smile, an unconvincing smile. Maybe even get married and start a family.

Her life had fallen into a depressing routine now. After work, she would return to her rundown room and hide away from the world. She would eat a TV dinner before going to bed and crying herself to sleep.

God, she missed those boys. She could see them all so clearly when she closed her eyes. Oh, yes, she took a deep breath, remembering, Ben's smile and laugh, Jake's gorgeous green eyes, and Kyle's strength and touch. She opened her eyes before berating herself. *This has to stop, Lizzie*. It's all just an illusion, girl. *Wise up*.

She brushed her hair, trying to cheer herself up. The love was real. She loved them and they adored her, and the sex. She briefly closed her eyes again. The sex had been beyond fantastic. Mind blowing even.

However, she'd been right to leave them. She couldn't live an illusion. She had to live in reality. Right, or wrong, one thing she knew for sure, she had been so happy, living in her Sybar illusion, and so unhappy with her life now.

Her thoughts drifted to Uncle Cody's legacy of five million dollars. If only it was true.

* * * *

Lizzie idly flicked through a glossy magazine, her mind on other things. An hour from now she would be boarding a seven-forty-seven, along with about three hundred other passengers. It would whisk her across the Atlantic Ocean, taking her home. To England.

She had not been aware of the boys delving into her thoughts for a week or so now, and they had stopped allowing her to access their thoughts, too. They had finally given up and moved on. Looking for another Sybar woman to mate with, no doubt.

She wiped a tear from her eye. She felt so incredibly sad and bereft. God, how she'd loved those three Dexter brothers. They were all very different, but she had, still did, love them all equally. She consoled herself that it was better this way. She was strong enough to move on without them.

As she looked around at the other passengers, something strange started to happen. They seemed to be moving in super slow motion, and although she could clearly see their mouths opening and closing, no sound could be heard.

This was weird. She shook her head, trying to regain normality, but still the image persisted. She was at a busy international airport, but all she heard was silence, utter silence.

Then it happened.

An undeniably loud Sybar male thought filled her head. It ain't over, honey. We've made everything right. So, I'm coming to get you.

Kyle was coming for her.

Suddenly all the noise returned. The airport became a heady mix of excited talking and laughter once more, as the passengers waited eagerly for their flights to be called. Throwing the magazine down, she leaped to her feet. Her hands raised high and wide in pure delight.

"Kyle is coming for me," she shouted at the top of her voice. "He loves me. He loves me."

People stopped talking in mid sentence and looked dumbstruck at her. No doubt hoping they wouldn't be seated next to the crazy English woman on their flight home.

Such happiness filled her heart now. She was immune to people around her.

"All three of the Dexter boys love me, and I love all of them," she shouted.

Kyle was clearly visible to her now. He was driving toward the airport. His Sybar scent so strong and powerful. She guessed that Kyle, Jake, and Ben were all working together, so potent was the image they had planted in her mind. Excitement started to overwhelm her, and she paced up and down like a caged wild animal, looking expectantly at the airport entrance.

His image grew stronger.

In real time clarity she saw that he was now walking across the parking lot. Any second now and he would be with her. She watched mesmerized as the automatic entrance doors swished open. Her heart beat so fast, she could barely contain her exuberance.

Six-foot-three-inches and two hundred and twenty pounds of physical male perfection strode towards her. This cowboy, her cowboy, looked so fucking sexy. His unblinking blue gaze captured her heart.

"Kyle, my Kyle." She rushed to him, hurling herself into his arms.

His muscular strength absorbed the explosion that was Lizzie Miles before twirling her around, protecting her, loving her.

She held onto him so tightly, never wanting to let him go. Drinking in his Sybar scent, an elixir of happiness.

When his eyes connected with hers, she melted into his embrace. "I sure have missed you, darlin'. All us boys have. You're coming home with me, where you belong. No arguments, right?" He kissed her passionately on the lips, making her, his.

"Right, Kyle."

Like the scene from her favorite movie, *An Officer and a Gentleman*, he scooped her into his strong arms, and walked purposefully towards the exit. She lifted the black Stetson from his head, and placed it on her own, completing the wonderful feeling of wellbeing.

She watched the automatic door obediently open as Kyle carried her outside. All her feelings of loss and worry seemed to disappear with each effortless step he made. Her weight had no effect on the forward progress of his muscular body.

"Won't be long now, darlin'. I'll soon get you home." He smiled down at her.

"I'm so happy, Kyle. I feel fit to burst." She gently stroked his face, enjoying the day-old stubble on his manly chin.

"Ben and Jake are waiting for you, too, darlin'."

She glanced across the parking lot, and then reality suddenly head butted her from her wide-awake dream.

"Put me down, you bastard."

"Why, what's the matter, honey?" He looked concerned.

"You know full well what's wrong, cowboy. I told you no more Sybar illusions. I have to live in the real world, the same as any other woman." She pointed at the Range Rover in her favorite color. "You, bastard. I won't allow you to trick me again."

He put her down, an amused expression on his face. "Honey, will you just hear me out?"

"No. Have you boys learned nothing? Why do you think I'm at an airport, waiting to fly back to England?"

Kyle put his head back and roared with laughter. "But, honey—"

"Don't you honey me." She went to slap him, but he caught her hand, stilling it in mid air, before covering her mouth with his. She pulled away from his embrace. "You can't get around me that easily, Kyle."

Chapter Twelve

"It's real, Lizzie, and it belongs to you. All the documents are in your name."

"But, Kyle." She felt shell shocked by it all.

"Cost me one hundred and thirty thousand bucks, what with that special paint job, and all the extras."

"Tell me it's the truth, Kyle?" Her voice pleaded, wishing it to be so.

"Yep, darlin'. It's true all right. I love you, all three of us boys love you. This ain't no Sybar illusion."

"I want to believe you, but..."

She watched as he caught the attention of a passing family. A man, woman, and two young children loaded down with holiday luggage.

"Excuse me, sir. I wonder if you could assist me." He took a deep breath before explaining. "I've just purchased this fine vehicle for this little lady here." He put his arm possessively around her waist. "The only problem is that she sure ain't too hot on vehicle recognition. I keep telling her that this vehicle here is a top of the line Range Rover, but for some reason, the little lady here thinks it's a beat up Chevy pickup in white."

The man laughed out loud. "Well, I can put the lady's mind at ease, mister. It's a Range Rover right enough, and it's not white, it's purple. Just right for the lady.

He slapped Kyle on the back before moving on. "That's one beautiful automobile you have there, mister."

As they moved away, Lizzie could hear the little boy say, "Pops, that pretty lady's not too smart is she? Even I know that's a Range Rover, and I'm only seven."

"Kyle." Lizzie melted into his embrace, never wishing to let him go. Had her dream finally come true?

"Yes, darlin'?"

"Let's go home."

He laughed. "Okay, honey, but you drive, it's your car.

She smiled as he opened the driver's door for her and helped her inside.

"Now you make yourself comfortable, darlin'."

She adjusted the rear-view mirror and electric seat to accommodate her smaller frame before gunning the engine into life. She breathed in his masculine scent as he seated himself next to her.

"So all that talk about Uncle Cody was true then? I'm so sorry I didn't believe you, Kyle."

"Ain't nothing to be sorry about, Lizzie. That's all in the past now."

"What about the ranch?" She pushed the stick into 'D' and floored the throttle.

"It looks the same as when you first visited." He kissed her cheek. "You'll love it, honey."

She looked across at his beautiful face. A face she loved. "But is it real, Kyle, or a Sybar illusion?"

"It's as real as you and me, honey. When Uncle Cody's legacy came through, we had the old ranch demolished. In the last three months we've had a new one built to fulfill your Sybar desires." He stroked his hand along her thigh, a promise of things to come. "It's real, Lizzie. Built especially for you, exactly the way you like it."

"I love you, Kyle. I love all you boys. I'm so glad we're all together again." A sense of relief washed over her.

"Jake and Ben will be waiting for you."

"I know, I can feel their Sybar presence." She threw her head back and laughed out loud. "Naughty boys."

* * * *

As the ranch house came into view, he heard her sigh. "It all looks so beautiful, Kyle. I know we'll all be so happy living here."

"We sure will, darlin'." Satisfaction settled in his stomach, as he saw the look of pure happiness light up her face. It was all in such marked contrast to three months earlier, when she'd left. The sadness evident then, had made him resolve to put everything right.

All three of them had worked their butts off, organizing the design and building of the new ranch house. It was an exact replica of Lizzie's dreams and desires.

There were still a few items that needed attending to, but when they'd realized Lizzie had been about to return to England, they had immediately sprung into action.

Now all the hard work had paid off. Lizzie was back where she belonged, with the three of them.

Jake and Ben rushed out to meet her as her new car came to a halt. They all held her close, loving her completely.

Ben whooped with delight. "I just knew you'd come back, Lizzie. Even when everything seemed lost. I knew you'd come home to us."

Jake kissed her cheek. "All four of us can go riding tomorrow. I'll make us all a picnic."

"Not on those nags." She laughed, as she wiped a tear from her eye.

"Nope. Those glue pots have gone for good. Gave them away to the local nag sanctuary. They'll be happily chewin' grass 'til they drop."

Kyle placed his arm around her and guided her into the house. "We have four thoroughbred black stallions now. There's one for each of us. Yours is called Phoenix, and he's a real beauty." Her eyes were huge and glassy as he showed her around. "It's just as you wanted it, Lizzie. We know you'll be very happy here."

* * * *

Jake's voice carried up the stairs. "You ready, darlin'? The picnic is packed, and us boys are all waiting for you."

Lizzie grabbed her bag, and rushed down to them. To be here, in Arizona, with her three beautiful cowboy lovers, made her happy, fit to burst.

Three beautiful black stallions headed down the well-worn track, which led to a private section of riverbank. Lizzie sat astride Caesar, with Kyle sitting close behind her, holding the reins in his masculine grip.

"You know what's going to happen when we reach Deer Creek, Lizzie?" His voice dripped with sensuality.

"We're having a picnic," she said, deliberately coyly.

"And then?"

"You're all going to fuck the ass off me, and any other available orifice you boys can find."

He smiled. "Just to make sure you know what you're letting yourself in for."

"I'm a Sybar woman. I always knew deep down that this moment would come." She licked her lips provocatively. "And I'm looking forward to it."

After about thirty minutes in the saddle, they arrived at Deer Creek, a beautifully picturesque piece of riverbank covered with lush, green grass. A spectacular waterfall and rock pool took her breath away, as did the lofty mountains rising majestically in the distance.

It was such a beautiful day, and she was going to enjoy the spectacular Arizona scenery to the full. Perfect, just perfect.

They all dismounted then tethered the stallions. She breathed in the beautiful fresh air, feeling invigorated and alive. "What now, boys?" she asked mischievously.

Ben piped up then. "We all want to see you naked, Lizzie." "Oh, do you now?"

Jake's green eyes burned into her soul. "We sure do."

She went to each of them then and roughly squeezed the bulge in their jeans. "Hmm, I don't think I'm going to be disappointed with what you boys have to offer. You see, it goes like this. I'm in charge now. It's payback time for all this grief you caused when your Sybar powers went tits up. So, I'm telling you all now. Strip, cowboys—do you understand me?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Good. I'm glad that's clear. Now let's see what you boys have brought to the picnic." She liked this game.

Her eyes greedily took in every detail as all three removed their hats and shirts to reveal their taut, muscular chests and lean, flat stomachs. She sighed inwardly. No fat, no gristle, just honed man meat, and plenty of it.

"And the rest, boys. I'm waiting."

They discarded their boots, jeans, and underwear, their eyes never leaving hers, until all three of them stood before her, naked and magnificent.

Their huge cocks stood proud. Their tips glistening with man juice, lying taut against their rippled stomachs.

"Oh, my dear God," she said out loud. "You boys are just so..." Her words drifted away.

She slowly unbuttoned her blouse to reveal her breasts and large, brown nipples. "I know you boys like these." To a man, their hands went to their big dicks, pumping them in anticipation of things to come.

"And this." She dropped her jeans to the floor, and then lowered her panties to her knees before removing them both completely. "I feel sure that you boys like my silky cunt." She stroked it gently and then slid a finger inside. Her eyes lifted to meet their gaze. "See how lovely and smooth it is."

"Oh, fuck, Lizzie, we all need to be inside you." Kyle's voice was urgent and demanding. "Take a look behind you, honey."

She turned to see the largest, most luxurious bed she had ever seen. It was even more spectacular than the one in her bedroom. She laughed out loud. "Oh, you boys are just so clever. I know I said no more Sybar illusions, but that bed looks so damned comfortable."

"Plenty of room for all of us on there," said Ben.

As one, they came across to her then and gently led her to the bed. She was acutely aware of their combined presence, though she was well able to distinguish their different manly scents.

Six hands, thirty fingers started to intimately explore her body. Jake's silken touch spread like a warm glow across her back and shoulders. His fingers ran down across her ass and then gently pleasured her sensitive little puckered hole.

Kyle explored her breasts, nipples, and pussy, which seemed to moisten uncontrollably with the slightest touch.

"My clit is on fire," she murmured.

Ben's smiling face beamed at her in that gentle, innocent way that only he could. His sensitive kisses rained down on her face, lips, and neck.

"I love you. We all love you, Lizzie," he whispered in her ear whilst gently biting her lobe.

She knew how they wanted her. There was no need for them to explain. They were as one. She knelt on all fours, gazing up into Kyle and Ben's eyes as Jake kneeled behind her and seated himself to the hilt in her ass. The sweetest and tightest of invasions made her gasp, and her lips parted slightly in appreciation.

"That feels so good, Jake."

His hands gripped her hips as he pumped his length inside her anus.

She stared wantonly at Kyle and Ben. "You like watching, don't you, boys?" Their hands eagerly wanked their dicks, knowing it would soon be their turn.

Then in one fluid movement, Jake pulled them both backward so that she lay on top of him, his cock still pounding away inside her tight ass. His fingers reached around and circled her clit.

"Not so fast, Jake." Kyle moved his brother's hand away and then knelt between their legs. He looked at her wanton body.

"Fuck my cunt, Kyle...please."

He slipped three fingers into her wet pussy to check she was ready for him, then pulled them out and replaced them with his cock.

"Oh, fuck, boys, I feel so lovely and full." She was aware of the two older brother's cocks deep inside her. Their potent tips separated by just a few millimeters of her feminine flesh. Kyle leaned forward and took one of her nipples in his mouth and sucked it hard.

"You like it, don't you, Lizzie, being fucked in both holes by two brothers."

She looked into his eyes. "You know I do. You know I love you all."

Then she became aware of Ben in her peripheral vision, kneeling to one side of them. "Lizzie, this is from me." She lifted her head slightly and took his throbbing cock into her mouth, sucking and licking and teasing his horny young shaft with practiced ease.

He closed his eyes. "Oh, fuck, Lizzie. You just keep doing that. I ain't never gonna ask you to stop."

At this point, she felt herself move into a surreal twilight world. Her sense of smell, touch, and vision became heightened and aroused to a level she had never experienced before. Her emotions seemed to go into overdrive as their cocks moved deeper and deeper into her mouth, pussy, and ass. She was a part of them, and they were a part of her. She wanted to speak, but Ben's huge cock filled her mouth. Words had no meaning now, just the feeling of unlimited pleasure, happiness, and sexual excitement.

Her breathing quickened, as her mind and body hurtled toward orgasm. Her climax would be unstoppable.

Kyle spoke then, breathy labored words as sweat poured from his muscular body. "We're all gonna do this together, right, boys?" He thrust deeper and faster then, as did Jake.

Ben's cock fucked her face with ever-increasing urgency. His hands roughly pleasured her breasts and nipples.

The sheer energy provided by her three cowboy lovers made her whole body vibrate itself into meltdown.

Her orgasm smashed through with such intensity, she thought the sheer energy of it would kill her. It was at least three times as powerful as usual. Her body writhed in ecstasy, trying to find even deeper penetration and satisfaction. Her mouth sucked hungrily on Ben's huge cock, and then it happened. She was mind-fucked as well as body-fucked. She could hear both Jake and Kyle groan as they pumped their cum into her pussy and ass.

She swallowed repeatedly as she tried to drink the seed that filled her mouth from Ben's cock, and then her orgasm mind-fucked her again. Just when she thought it was starting to abate. It blew her mind once more. The latent heat from her cowboy lovers burnt itself into her very being, until finally, they were all done.

Ben pulled his cock from her mouth and lay back, laughing. "You just fucked our brains out, Lizzie."

Kyle pulled his still-hard cock from her aching pussy and then fell to the side, exhausted.

Jake unhooked himself from her ass as she rolled off him.

They all lay there panting, spent, and breathless.

She looked around at her cowboy lovers. "Well, boys, was I any good?"

She stood and started to dress herself. Kyle, Jake, and Ben rose naked from the bed and encircled her, holding her tight against them, protecting her.

Kyle spoke then, his voice barely a whisper. "We all love you, Lizzie. You know that, don't you?"

Their combined scent and masculinity overwhelmed her. She felt cocooned by them. She had never been so happy in all her life.

"I love you, too, boys, and I always will." She sighed contentedly. "Let's eat."

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sabrina Sinclair was born in the city of London, England. She works as a senior executive in the marketing sector, and finds writing erotic novels the perfect antidote after a long stressful day at the office.

Sabrina lives in an apartment overlooking the River Thames, with excellent views of the Houses of Parliament, and Big Ben.

When she is not writing, she enjoys painting landscapes, the opera, photography, and dining out with her friends and family.

Sabrina is in her early thirties and is currently single. She lives with her two beautiful Dobermans, called Romulus and Remus.



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