

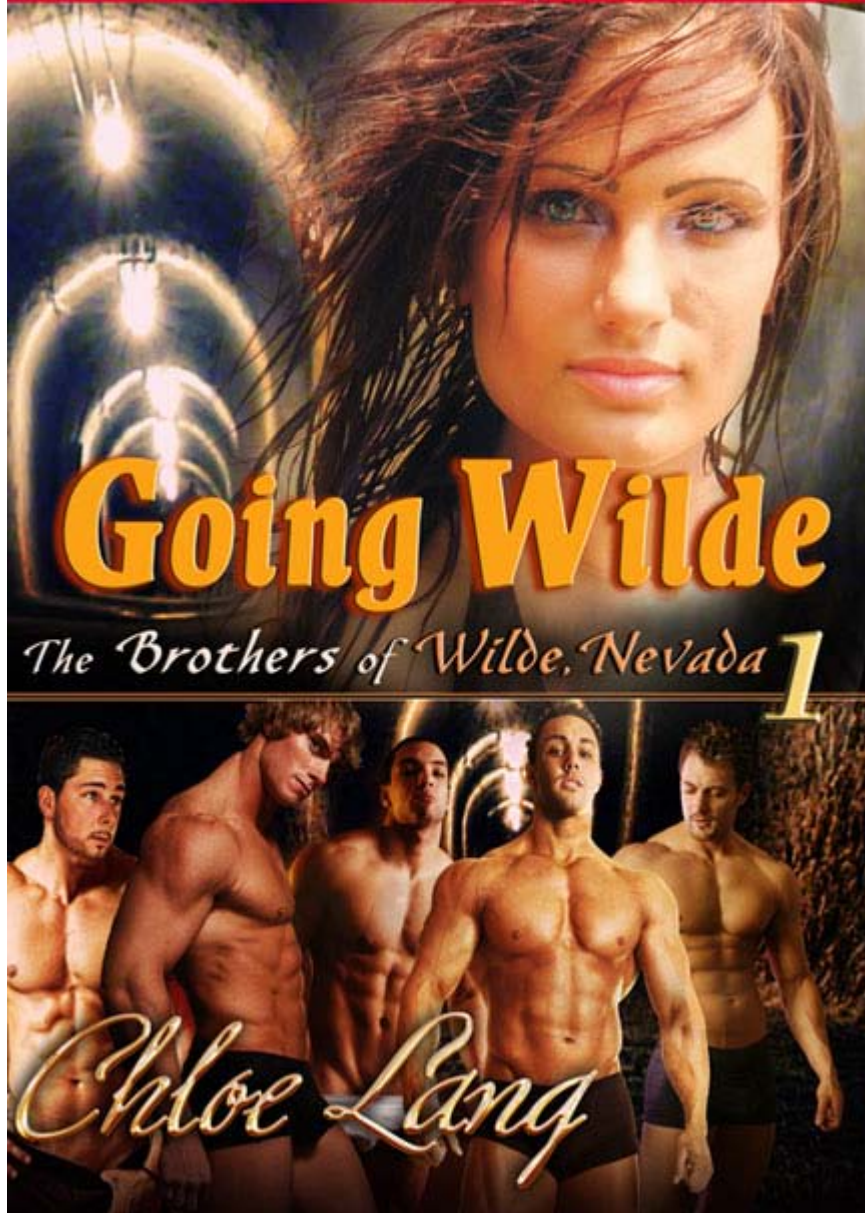
Siren Publishing

LoveXtreme Forever

Going Wilde

The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada **1**

Chloe Lang



The Brothers of Wild, Nevada 1

Going Wilde

Wilde, Nevada is remote, rugged and rough. Jessie feels like she's walked straight into the wild west, complete with some of the hottest cowboys she's ever laid eyes on. But she has a job to do and it doesn't include getting close to the Wilde brothers.

The minute Jackson Wilde sees Jessie he knows she's the one for him and his four brothers, Phoenix, Dallas, Denver, and Austin. The gorgeous city girl calls to him like no one before, but she's convinced she doesn't belong in a place like Wilde. With danger lurking around every corner, Jackson will have to prove that she's finally come home.

Genre: Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Western/Cowboys

Length: 24,360 words

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LOVEXTREME FOREVER



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DEDICATION

To the love of my life, Stephen. You helped me believe in myself.
Now, I'm a published author!

GOING WILDE

The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 1

CHLOE LANG

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Chapter One

The hotel bed looked so inviting to Jessica Green. After the day she'd had, it called to her, but she needed food in the worst way. Her stomach growled. She sighed as she looked around the little room. No sign of any room service menu. That was far too much to ask.

She stared at her reflection in the mirror. Brushing her wavy red hair, she saw only lifelessness. Typical. Even her green eyes seemed dull to her. The trip had been exhausting, and her weary face showed the miles. She added a bit of blush to her cheeks and applied some lipstick. She thought about putting on mascara, but decided that nothing was going to help her tired eyes. Turning her head side to side in front of the mirror, she reviewed her refreshed makeup. Her reflection didn't appear much better to her. Oh well, she'd never been accused of being a model. She did the best she could with what she had.

That was the story of her life. Do the best with what you have because you won't get anything more.

She grabbed her room key, and headed for the door. "Ready or not, Wilde, Nevada, here I come."

* * * *

Jessica maneuvered her way through the crowd. The Horseshoe Bar and Grill's business was booming. There wasn't an empty table in the place. The very walls of the somewhat dilapidated building seemed to pulse with raucous country music. It was dark. The only real lights she could see came from neon beer signs and the dance floor, but she could still tell this place was some sort of cowboy heaven. Every man was wearing boots, jeans, and some form of hat.

She headed to the front of the bar. To her right she caught sight of a couple kissing, their tongues tangling in a blatantly erotic way. Damn, that looked like fun. Jessica tried not to stare, but they were striking together. The man was broad and held the small female carefully. When they broke apart, Jessica sighed, and then felt her eyes widen as the broad cowboy's place was taken by another man who just as tenderly took over the kissing duties. The man who'd first kissed her stood and watched with a smile.

Holy crap! She'd fallen down a damn rabbit hole. She was Alice in Cowboyland.

She looked at the clock by the register. Two minutes after eleven. In fifty-eight minutes it would be her birthday. Of course, not everything had changed from last year. Some things seemed to stay the same.

I'll be a twenty-five-year-old virgin. Happy birthday to me.

She groaned. Last year's party had been quite different. Her now ex-fiancé had hired a band and a caterer. Fifty people had showed up to help her celebrate. That night, she'd felt on top of the world. Now, celebrating her official welcome to spinsterhood alone, she was scraping the bottom of the barrel.

Her current—and urgent—work assignment had brought her to Wilde, Nevada. *Thank God*. Her ex would've insisted on throwing her a party, and his latest *boyfriend* would've been thrilled to make sure it was an over-the-top gala. And then she would have to face what she'd been avoiding for several months, and finally confess to her dad that

her engagement had actually ended and what she was going to do with the rest of her life. She wasn't sure, so spending the night talking about it seemed like a bad idea. All she wanted to do was get something to eat, go to bed, and forget about her damn birthday.

She squeezed into an open stool at the end of a long bar. She let her hands find the brass rails that ran along the counter. It looked like it came straight off a Hollywood movie set. The scratches and indentions seemed to say the thing had weathered the real Wild West. All in all, it was a far cry from the city in which she'd spent most of her life. And, according to the receptionist at her hotel across the street, it was the only place in the town still serving food at this hour after a trip full of delays and screwups. Receptionist? Who the hell was she fooling? The woman had greeted her in a purple housecoat and curlers on her head, clutching a longneck beer. She also seemed to think Jessica's name was Hun.

As her stomach's growling grew more urgent, Jessica waved at the balding, middle-aged bartender, hoping to get his attention. The guy seemed oblivious to her presence, unlike the other men in the bar, who stood in small clusters, clearly together, all casting her lusty stares. What the devil was going on? She'd never received this much scrutiny before, but given the skewed ratio in the Horseshoe of at least four men for every one woman, it kind of made sense. Wilde, Nevada was a rough-and-tumble mining town, and likely few single women had reason to venture this far out.

Even so, if the bartender didn't acknowledge her soon, she would crawl over the counter and shake him. "What does a girl have to do to get service around here?"

"What kind of service are you interested in?" a deep male voice inquired behind her.

Jessica turned her barstool—and nearly swallowed her tongue. The cowboy wore a black hat over glossy dark hair. He sported a sexy grin framed by a five o'clock shadow over sun-washed skin that gave him a dangerous sex appeal. His tight black T-shirt clung to his

muscled chest that nearly made her gape. Well-worn Levi's and leather boots looked as rugged as the man himself. She swallowed.

His deep laugh brought her gaze back to his face. His piercing blue eyes crinkled at the corners. God, he totally knew that she'd been checking him out. Blushing furiously, she looked down at her hands, trying to find her tongue to stammer out something hopefully not embarrassing.

This man set off alarm bells in her head that outstripped the Carrie Underwood song wailing from the jukebox. He was dangerous—on every level.

Breathe easy. He's just a guy. Jessica went through a litany of hormone-busting don'ts. He was a cowboy. Don't. She liked urbane, educated men. He lived in nowhere-ville. She was a native New Yorker...Manhattan to be exact, now living in Washington, DC. Another don't. He was gorgeous. A big don't. She never got anywhere with guys like him. The ultimate don't.

That last thought cleared away her sexy thoughts.

The man settled his large hand on her shoulder. Instantly, her skin burned where he touched. With his other hand, he waved at the bartender, who suddenly came right over. Bastard didn't know the first thing about customer service. Apparently, the locals didn't like outsiders. Well, some of them. The cowboy touching her was most definitely a local.

What will the citizens of Wilde think of me once they get wind of why I'm here?

The barkeep walked over. "What can I get you, Jackson?"

Jessica liked the name. It wasn't ordinary, and *Jackson* suited the man whose hand still lingered on her shoulder.

"The usual and two shot glasses." Jackson turned back to her. "What would you like?"

Finding her voice, she said, "A menu. I'm starving."

He shrugged, his big shoulders bunching gracefully. He leaned into the bar as though he owned the Horseshoe. "This place is more

bar than *grill*. No menus. You eat meat?”

“I’m not a vegetarian, if that’s what you mean. Actually some protein would be great. I’d love some grilled chicken and maybe a spinach salad. Do you think they have feta cheese?”

One eyebrow arched up as he stared at her for a moment. He turned back to the guy behind the counter. “Burger and fries for the lady.”

She shook her head. “I don’t actually eat red meat.”

“Then unfortunately you don’t eat here, darlin’. Welcome to cattle country. We do two things well around here. We go down into a cave to mine silver and we work from sunup to sundown to produce the best cattle in the state. Actually I can think of one other thing we do well, but it’s a little early in the night to talk about that.”

She could take a wild guess at what he did well. Jackson looked like he was built for it, personified it. Was she drooling? Damn it. “Burger’s fine.”

“Excellent.” Jackson grinned, turning to the guy at the counter.

The barkeep frowned. “Grill’s been cleaned and turned off for the night. I can offer her some pretzels or peanuts.”

A high-wattage smile crossed Jackson’s face, way brighter than any neon sign. “Come on, Craig. She’s a guest in our town. And she’s a girl. Give her a break here. Tell you what, if you feed this little darlin’, I promise I will get you a seat at the high stakes poker table at Sneaky Pete’s next Wednesday.”

The bartender growled. “Fine, but only for you. If this was Austin, I would tell him to fuck himself.” The guy placed two shot glasses, a saltshaker, some sliced limes, and a full bottle of Jose Cuervo on the counter. “It may take a bit to get the grill warmed up, though.”

“No problem. We’ll get warmed up out here. And go easy on Austin. He’s been having to fuck himself ever since Sally Jo ran off to join the roller derby.” He grinned as he turned back to Jessica.

Craig snorted. “Word around town is that he broke it off with Sally Jo.”

Jackson shrugged. "Having a woman pick a pair of in-line skates over you can be hard on a man."

In her own way, Jessica knew how hard it was to be overlooked. Although in her case she had been tossed aside for a wedding planner named Lyle. Maybe all she really needed tonight was the tequila.

After the bartender headed through the swinging door behind the bar, Jackson sat on the stool next to her, and looked at her like he wished the Horseshoe had a menu and that she was on it. But he didn't make a move on her. Instead, he poured the clear liquor into the tiny glasses and then pushed one of them in front of her. "I bet you could use this."

"You must be a mind reader." She licked the back of her hand between her forefinger and thumb, grabbed the shaker, and dusted the spot with salt.

"Obviously, you've done this before."

"College." Jessica licked off the salt from her hand, downed the shot in one gulp, slammed the glass back on the counter, and then chewed on one of the limes. The tequila slid down her throat, warming her up. The completely hot—and obviously straight—man's close proximity was raising her temperature as well.

"Impressive." Jackson took his shot, sans the salt and lime. He poured another for both of them.

Jessica's belly flipped. "I—I shouldn't. I've got an appointment in the morning." She should remember she was here to work. Her career was the only important thing now.

"Pity." He stuck out his hand. "I'm Jackson."

"Yeah, I heard the bartender call you by name." She slid her hand in his and tried not to flinch at the heat that shot up her arm then raced through her body to settle right between her legs. *What the hell was that?* She cleared her throat. "I'm Jessica."

He grabbed the shot glass and held it up. "To you, Jessica. Welcome to Wilde."

His hot-eyed grin tempted her to walk on the wild side. It *was* her

birthday, after all.

“What the hell? I don’t have to drive.” She picked up her shot, clinked it against his glass, then drained its contents. “To Wilde.”

“You’re something, Jessica.” Jackson winked at her and swallowed his shot. She felt his eyes skim her breasts. That one look was nearly physical, causing her nipples to tighten in response.

His lips were moist with the remnants of the tequila. She wondered what kissing him would be like.

Like that’s ever going to happen. If I haven’t found a lover since puberty, I doubt I’m going to lasso this hot cowboy my first night in town.

He walked around to the back of the bar, and no one dared to stop him. Jackson had such an easy confidence, not to mention a whole bunch of male beauty. It was hard not to gawk.

Jackson placed a bowl of pretzels in front of her. “This ought to hold you until your burger shows up.”

She devoured several before Jackson made it back to the barstool next to her.

“You play pool?” He leaned closer, watching her with a dark, devouring stare.

That look went straight between her thighs. “Not in a long time.”

“How about we play then?” He pointed to the Horseshoe’s only pool table, where three well-built cowboys stood with stares fixed on her.

Like Jackson, these men wore cowboy hats, tight T-shirts, jeans, and boots. She wondered if they worked in the local mine, the number one employer in the town. Probably. Whether miners or ranchers, it didn’t matter—they were 150 percent male. Even from across the room, these cowboys’ broad shoulders, muscled chests, and breathtaking good looks slammed into her like heat-seeking missiles. With a wave of his hand, the tallest motioned for her and Jackson to join them. Though her body felt warm, Jessica shivered under the three men’s unwavering gazes.

It's my birthday. Why not spend it with four smoking-hot cowboys?

"I'd love to play."

Jackson grabbed the shot glasses, limes, saltshaker, and bottle, balancing them in one hand. "Let's do it."

He sent his arm around her waist, settled his hand low on her hip, and guided her through the throng to the pool table and their new opponents. With each step, her heart raced faster.

The three men stood in a row right in front of her, a mouthwatering display for her eyes to take in.

The one in the gray hat had an incredibly handsome face—and one imperfection, a scar that ran from his ear down his cheek, ending at his jawline. The scar added to his rugged good looks. She wondered what had given him the mark. Some old mining accident, perhaps? Getting him to open up to her might be helpful with her investigation of the latest mishap at the Wilde Silver Mine.

He turned to Jackson. "Who's this?"

"Jessica."

He tipped his gray hat to her, and she spied smooth black hair hugging his neck and ears. "Pleased to meet you. I'm Denver." He smiled, and his pale blue eyes glistened with a come-hither sparkle. Jessica's breath froze in her chest for a moment. Denver seemed a bit more serious than Jackson, but still looked good enough to eat.

The man to her left stepped forward. The sun-soaked, muscled creature sent her a mischievous grin. His chin had one of those inviting indentions she always loved, enhancing his already sexy appearance.

"I'm Dallas, ma'am." He removed his white hat, revealing razor-cut dark hair, and winked with twinkling green eyes. Dallas might be trouble, in a good way.

The last man paused and studied her for a moment. His intense scrutiny made her shiver. With the physique of a Greek god, he was the tallest of the lot. She knew a few artists back in New York that

would've lost their minds if such a specimen ever walked into their studios to model. When he removed his hat, she envied his blond, wavy locks. Hell, being so close to male perfection had her head spinning.

"I'm Phoenix." His hazel eyes never broke their stare, not even to blink.

"Is everyone in Wilde named after a city?" Suddenly wobbly, she put her free hand on the pool table. Jackson grabbed it and squeezed.

"No." Phoenix's face was grim. "How long do you plan on staying in Wilde?"

Jessica swallowed. "Not sure yet."

Dallas lifted a brow. "You might grow to like our little town, ma'am."

Denver grinned and nodded. "We'll do everything we can to make sure of that."

Wondering what *everything* entailed sent shivers down her spine. Wow, who knew she had such a dirty mind?

"Please, call me Jessica. Ma'am is for old ladies."

Dallas shook his head. "Sorry, but in these parts, ma'am is how gentlemen address ladies."

"You've never been called a gentleman. Why pretend now?" Jackson chuckled. "You guys want to play pool or not?"

Denver nodded. "I'm definitely game." Then he looked at his watch. "Damn, I've gotta get Becky her meds."

"Is your wife ill?"

Jackson laughed. "Becky's his horse. No wife or girlfriend for any of us."

Jessica felt her cheeks burn. Had she made the same mistake once again? If yes, she needed to get her broken gaydar fixed, and pronto. "Please tell me you guys aren't into each other."

"If I were gay, I know I could do a lot better than my ugly brothers." Dallas looked at Denver. "Call Austin. He's got nothing better to do than to play nursemaid to your horse."

“Great idea.” Denver pulled out an iPhone, started dialing, and walked to a quiet corner a few feet away.

Not so remote as not to have cell service. “You’re all brothers?”

“Yes.” Phoenix eyed her intently, scanning her body as thoroughly as an MRI machine.

Gaydar fully functional—only sexy straight men in my vicinity.

“Let me guess...Denver is the oldest?”

“We’re all old enough, but yes, he is the oldest here. Twenty-eight.” Dallas grinned. “I’m twenty-seven. Phoenix is twenty-six.” He slapped Jackson on the back. “And lil’ bro here is twenty-five.”

Being an only child, Jessica couldn’t imagine how their mother had managed—or why she’d managed—to have so many babies back to back. “Must’ve been something else at your house when you were little.”

“Sure was.” Dallas waved down a male server. “Bring us some shot glasses and another bottle of tequila.”

Jackson put his arm around her waist and rested his hand on her hip. “Have you played eight ball before?”

His possessive hold felt good to her. “Some.”

“What are we playing for?” Dallas asked.

They all turned to her, but none of them spoke.

She choked out, “For fun.”

“Yes, we are.” Jackson pulled her in tighter.

“Sounds good to me, lil’ bro,” Denver said, putting his cell away.

“Rack ’em up, Phoenix.” Jackson guided her over to a table and chairs. He placed the bottle, limes, shaker, and glasses on it, then poured two more shots.

As Phoenix set up the table for their game, Jessica’s head spun. She was being really foolish and reckless. But it was her birthday, damn it. Flirting with four sexy cowboys had lifted her spirits. She didn’t want to be sensible tonight. Wasn’t that what she’d always been? Yes, and look where that got her.

Jessica slammed her third tequila shot, shoving aside her common

sense. *When in Wilde...* “I want to break.”

“You heard the lady. Hand her a stick.”

Chapter Two

“She’ll never make that bank shot. We’re still in this,” Dallas told Phoenix and Denver, then shot her a heavenly grin. “Do your best, sexy lady.”

Jessica’s body buzzed warm from the three shots of tequila and the four brothers’ unabashed flirtations. She’d not had so much attention, ever. Back in Manhattan, only the really hot women got such treatment. She didn’t really understand these cowboys’ unrelenting come-ons. Had to be the tequila working on them or lack of women in the bar. Whatever. She wasn’t arguing.

She looked down at the table devoid of all the solids. She grinned, enjoying their shocked looks as she ran the table once again. Now, one shot to go and she’d win another game. The eight was behind the thirteen, so she didn’t have a clear shot.

“Watch and learn, boys.” She hit the cue ball against the rail for the next-to-impossible bank shot. It connected perfectly with the black sphere, sending it into the side pocket. She jumped up, thrilled with her success. “That makes three games to zero. We win!”

“Haven’t played in a long time, my ass.” Dallas shot her a wide grin.

“Great job, partner.” Jackson leaned into her, pulled her close, and kissed her hair. She took in a whiff of his scent. Leather and pine. So good.

“You, too.” She wiggled free of his grasp, stepped to the table with her half-eaten burger and the tequila. She poured two shots, leaving the others’ glasses empty. She handed Jackson his glass. “Let’s toast our victory over your brothers.”

His eyes narrowed. "Last one."

"Are you worried about me? That's so sweet." She looked at the other three brothers. "To our triumph."

She slammed the shot. Surrounded by hot men brimming with testosterone and looking like they had wicked intentions, her mind whirled, and she felt fuzzy around the edges. She liked the feeling, stupid or not. From age thirteen, Jessica had grown up fast, given what was happening at home. Even then, she only had Michael, her then-boyfriend, now ex-fiancé, to talk to. He'd always been good that way.

"She hustled all of us." Phoenix glared, then poured the tequila in his shot glass. "Even you, Jackson." He raised his glass to her, then downed it.

"Yep, she did." Grabbing her hands, Jackson dark, fixed stare flustered her. "What are we going to do about that?"

Jessica gulped. She looked at the Horseshoe's clock. One-fifteen. "Well, let me pay my part of the bill. I need to get at least a couple hours of sleep. I've got an important meeting in a few hours."

"You do?" Phoenix muttered from behind her.

Crap. She'd said too much. Keeping her arrival a surprise for the top brass of the mine was important for her investigation. The likelihood that these guys worked at the mine was high. Where else would they be employed out here? "Just meeting a few people."

"I already took care of the bill, Jessica." Dallas grinned.

"You shouldn't have done that, but thank you." She wasn't sure if it was the tequila or her twenty-five-year dry spell, but she really didn't want the evening to end. "I've had fun, guys."

Jackson coiled his arm around her waist and pulled her in tight. Being so close to him felt heavenly. "We'll make sure you get back to your room."

"The Hotel Cactus is only across the street."

His eyes darkened. "You may have street smarts for most places, but out here, a gorgeous woman like you shouldn't be walking

without an escort. No sense arguing.”

Gorgeous woman? She felt foggy, warm, and unable to argue with him. If his eyesight was compromised, who was she to tell him? She shrugged. “Okay.”

The brothers surrounded her like her own personal battalion of bodyguards, then walked her out of the Horseshoe, toward the Cactus.

When they arrived at the hotel’s front door, the woman in the housecoat looked up from her computer. Her eyes glittered with a suspicious light as she looked them over.

Jackson smiled. “Hi, Aunt Maude. Don’t let us disturb you now. You go back to updating your Facebook.”

“You and your brothers aren’t too old for me to call your mama if there’s any trouble. I think my sister could still tan your backsides if need be. Miss Greene is my guest. You boys better be nice. You hear?” Maude said with a twinkle in her eye, followed by a wink to her.

“Yes, ma’am,” Phoenix and Denver said in unison.

Dallas reached for one of the chocolate chip cookies on the glass dish on the counter.

Maude slapped the back of his hand. “Young man, those are for guests.”

He leaned across the counter and kissed the woman on the cheek. “But I love your cookies. You’re the best cook in Wilde.”

“Sweet talker. Fine. Take one.” Maude grinned and then turned to Jessica. “If these boys don’t behave, you call me, alright? I’ll change their Facebook statuses to wishing they were dead, if you know what I mean.”

Jessica relaxed, seeing the exchange between Aunt Maude and the brothers. It made sense to her that they were related since Wilde was a small town. Couldn’t be too many families in the area? There was real love between the woman and them. No doubt Maude could handle these cowboys with a single word. “I will. Thank you.”

“Good night, hun.”

“Let’s go, Miss Greene.” Jackson led her to the hotel’s staircase with the beautiful antique oak railing.

On the wall were oil paintings of landscapes and wildlife that she imagined were from the area. In other circumstances, she would’ve enjoyed taking them in, but with each step closer to her room her breaths came faster. She wondered if Jackson might want a kiss goodnight. *I sure wouldn’t mind one from him.* Once she tasted Jackson’s lips, she would say goodnight. Next, she’d rush into her hotel room and shut the door, leaving Jackson and his brothers in the hall. Finally, she could revel in the memory of being showered with such manly attention. *Like Jackson is really going to kiss me.*

When they arrived at her door, she took the key, not plastic card, and unlocked the door. She opened it and turned around. “Thank you, guys. This has been a fun night.”

Dallas stepped forward. “It sure has.” Instantly, he planted his lips against her mouth in a shocker of a kiss. She’d expected this from Jackson, but she couldn’t deny that she damn near melted at the feel of Dallas’s warm lips on her. This was no peck, but a full-on kiss, causing her toes to curl. When he stepped back, she felt blood heat up her cheeks with a flush.

Before she could get her bearings, Denver edged forward. He cradled her hips in his broad hands. His hot gaze made her tremble. “You knock my socks off, honey.”

Leaning into her, he kissed her eyes closed. Next, he took her mouth with his own. Softer than Dallas’s kiss had been, but just as possessive, it jetted tingles spread through her body.

After the last kiss ended, another began. She opened her eyes and instantly realized this one was from Phoenix. He parted his lips and his probing tongue made her delightfully lightheaded as the embrace heated her up from the inside out. He crushed her against his chest with his hand on her back, forcing her to stretch up on her tiptoes. His tongue pushed past her lips once more and swept the inside of her mouth like a conquering invader. The friction of their bodies had her

nipples peaked and throbbing. An ache grew deep inside her. For more.

When Phoenix ended their kiss, he licked her neck. “There’s a lot to learn about you, isn’t there? You’re something else.” His tone was serious, with a hint of hunger.

Next she felt Jackson’s hand on her shoulder. He turned her to face him, a question about their actions on her lips. But he cupped her chin and looked at her with worship. Suddenly, she couldn’t find her tongue.

“You’re so beautiful, Jessie,” Jackson murmured.

“I–It’s J–Jessica.” In Manhattan, she’d be considered a bit plump with average looks. Super-slim was always the pinnacle. Apparently to Jackson and his brothers, she was beautiful. That had her body buzzing and her head spinning.

“You’re *Jessie* to us.” Without another word, he covered her mouth with his own.

He molded his lips to hers, moving softly as first, but picking up the pace as he hauled her close. Suddenly, his hand lightly brushed her breast, sending a tingling sensation shooting through her body. His tongue moved along the seam of her lips. *Oh, my God! This is happening.*

She felt Jackson’s hand graze her hip as he shoved the door open. He lifted her up in his arms, and she wrapped her hands around his neck. She’d never felt so dizzy with desire in her life. At this moment, she didn’t give a damn about anything else. All of her worries and insecurities fell away as his tongue invaded and plundered her mouth. She felt feminine and wanted, something she’d always craved.

Jackson never removed his lips from hers as he toted her into the room. Footsteps told her that his brothers followed. Her heart thudded like a jackhammer in her chest, still reeling from being passed around so each could steal a kiss from her. Foolish or not, she wanted what they were offering more than words could express. Hell, she deserved it. This was her birthday.

Jackson kissed her as he carried her gently to the bed. His lips played and sucked at hers. She felt her back hit the mattress, but her mind was whirling. All that seemed to matter was the heat of his body against hers. He rolled on top of her, and she could feel the bulge of his cock through his jeans. He wanted her. They all did. *Please, let this moment go on forever.* She threaded her hands in his hair, enjoying the softness she found there. She could feel the other brothers' eyes on them, watching intently. Somewhere in the back of her mind she knew she should protest, but the attention just caused her clit to swell and her pussy to dampen. Though nervousness rocked inside of her, it now had a dance partner—desire.

“That is so fucking hot, you two.” Phoenix’s voice sounded more like a growl than words. Since he was the closest to her and Jackson, she was able to catch a glimpse of his hazel eyes. They were burning with passion, and her temperature rose.

Jackson released her lips, now swollen and throbbing from their overwhelming kiss. “Jessie, tell us what you want.”

Jessica was beginning to like the sound of the nickname he’d given her, especially the passionate way he said it. She squirmed under him as need clawed deep inside her body. “This is crazy to me. I don’t really know what I want. I just know I want to be here with you.”

“No problem.” He grinned, his eyes sparkling with intent. “We’ll take care of you. Don’t worry about anything, sweetheart.”

Not worry? She tried to focus her muddled thoughts on something logical that would help her get her footing back, like asking them to leave. When he wasn’t actively touching her, reality crashed back in. What was she doing? But then Jackson started undressing her, and her mind went blank. Deliberately, he unbuttoned her shirt. Her body shook lightly as his fingers traced the skin just outside her bra.

“God, she’s so gorgeous.” Phoenix said, his voice thick with desire. “I bet her skin is so soft.”

“Oh, she’s silky and smooth.” Jackson’s words sizzled to her

nipples.

She looked to Phoenix, Dallas, and Denver, all standing by the bed, totally transfixed. Their eyes were focused on one thing and one thing only—her.

Jessie had never felt as beautiful as she did right now, and she savored their unanimous adoration of her. When Jackson's thumb pressed on her right nipple through the fabric of her bra, she let out a little, passionate hiss.

His eyes caught hers. The intensity she found there captivated her. "You like me touching you, darlin'?"

Jessie felt like she was floating. "U—uh—huh." It was all she could manage. Everything seemed centered on the touch of his hand on her breast.

She heard clothes being shucked by their audience. *Warning: naked cowboys in my room. What should I do about that? Tell them to go, scream for Maude, or keep on enjoying their kisses...*

Unable to focus, her mind became fuzzy and her body got tingly. But when Jackson unclasped her bra and helped her out of it, her complete attention locked in on him.

He planted a kiss on her mouth and then leaned back, staring at her chest. "Your breasts are fucking unbelievable." His hands covered her mounds, and he began gently kneading her flesh. Goose bumps popped on her skin, and her pussy got even wetter.

She felt her shoes being removed. Two hands on each foot massaged away the remaining hesitation. This was heavenly, and she wanted to take the ride through every passion-filled mile...all the way to the end of the line. Jackson rolled off of her.

Her eyes followed him off the bed. She felt the loss of his heat, his weight. "What?"

He pressed a finger to her lips. "Shh. I want to feel you against me. I want to touch you, Jessie, every inch of you. Nothing between us."

"Yes. Please." She wanted that more than she wanted her next

breath. How had she gone so long with the feel of him?

She looked down at where Dallas and Denver, free from clothes, worked out every bit of tightness in her thighs, ankles, and feet. Everywhere they touched she felt sparks of heat. Their bodies were perfectly muscled and beautifully tan. What made her catch her breath was seeing their hardness between their legs, evidence of their desire for her. God, they were huge. She'd never felt so wanted in all her life.

She looked over at Phoenix, his body perfect in the low light of the room. His piercing gaze hypnotized her. He stepped closer to the bed, causing a shiver of excitement to shoot through her.

When Jessie heard Jackson removing the last of his clothes, she turned her head to him. Like his brothers, he was stiff with lust. He crawled back into the bed next to her, his dick pressing into her thigh. "Tonight is only about you and your pleasure." The quiet calm of his voice demanded her obedience.

She realized that she was the only one still clothed, except for her chest. In a strange way, that made her feel more vulnerable and exposed. "I—I am pretty nervous."

"You leave everything to us, darlin'." When Jackson licked the tip of her left breast's nipple, warm shivers shook her to the core.

Phoenix crawled next to her on the other side and began suckling her right breast. Sparks fired from every nerve ending. A deep ache mushroomed in her pussy. She'd become quite adept at masturbation over the years of her ex refusing to go the distance, and she started to move her hands to her clit.

"No, Jessie." Jackson grinned, pushing her hand back. He brought it to his lips, but she understood that she wasn't to touch herself again. "We want to take care of you. You don't have to do a thing but let go. Understand?"

"Yes." She felt like her body was floating to the ceiling. She'd never done a drug in her life, but she couldn't imagine they were more addictive than the feeling of being loved by these amazing men.

“Good girl.” He lowered his head back to her breast. She felt his teeth graze her nipple, and then he bit down gently. She gasped as her left nipple became a pulsing peak.

Phoenix nuzzled her neck and gently caressed the breast he’d claimed. Hot waves rolled through her, and she bit her lip, trying to stay above the surface. When Dallas’s and Denver’s hands massaged her feet and thighs, a purring vibration escaped her throat.

Jackson traced a finger over her lips. “Guys, let’s unwrap this lovely present.”

Four sets of hands had her out of her clothes in a flash. She looked at the cowboys, scanning her body. Being naked and exposed caused her to tremble. She closed her eyes tight. Did they see the flaws she saw every day in the mirror?

“I love how pretty and soft your feet are, honey.” Denver choked out.

“You should feel her legs, bro.” Dallas tenderly kneaded her calves. “Sugar, you’ve got the most velvety legs I’ve ever touched.” He leaned down and kissed her where his hands had just been rubbing.

“Take a look at her breasts, guys. Fucking unbelievable.” Phoenix began threading her hair with his fingers. “Damn, even her silky locks are out-of-this-world.”

“Head to toe, and everything in between, Jessie is perfection.” Jackson’s words were filled with reverence and fire.

“You guys need glasses.” She brought her hands up to her eyes. Tears rolled free. Was this how they really saw her? Their faces said yes, and she’d never felt more attractive.

Jackson grabbed her wrist. “Stop.” She opened her eyes to see his, dark and serious. “I don’t know who made you ever believe that you weren’t beautiful, but forget them. You’re the most ravishing woman I’ve ever seen.”

Phoenix smiled. “Same here.”

Dallas and Denver nodded their buoyant concurrence.

Tears rolled from her eyes. “Thank you so much. You’ve just made this the best birthday ever.”

“Today’s your birthday, darlin’?” Jackson’s eyebrow shot up.

“Yes.”

“Then I have the perfect present for you, Jessie.” His tone drove more need into her than she knew was possible. “I can’t wait to taste you.” His fingers lightly touched her breasts. Then he slowly trailed them down her stomach to her clit, grazing her there.

His touch sent her back arching off the bed, and the immensity of her desire overwhelmed all thought and reason.

Jackson gazed at her pussy like a worthy devotee. “You like that, don’t you, sweetheart?”

“Feels amazing.” She moved her hands over his muscled chest. She couldn’t believe her brazenness, but her craving wouldn’t be silenced as Jackson continued pressing her clit.

“Trying to take the reins again. Don’t. I have them.” Jackson moved his fingers through her wet folds, causing her to fist the sheets. “I’ll make sure you’re totally satisfied. Let me love you.”

He moved down the bed between her legs until she could feel his hot breath on her pussy.

“Darlin’, your sweet cunt is a work of art.” Then Jackson dove down, and when his tongue grazed her clit, she arched into his touch.

Dallas and Denver licked her legs, causing tingles to fire inside her. Phoenix worked over her chest with his mouth and hands. He pinched her nipples into tiny bits of aching flesh, causing her desire to expand. She’d had one orgasm in her life by stimulating her clit with her hand, but this was so much more than masturbation, and she longed for the looming climax. Jackson’s tongue pierced her slit, sending heat bolts deep into her pussy. Uncontrollably, her head rolled from side to side.

Jackson nipped at the insides of her thighs. “Your cream tastes wonderful, darlin’. So good.” Then his head went back down, and she felt his tongue glide through her folds once again.

“God, yes!” Her toes curled, and she wrapped her legs around Jackson’s head. She pounded the bed with her fists. This was too much. More than she’d imagined. “P—please...” *Fuck me. Please.*

“Shh. Enjoy.” Phoenix leaned into her, nailing her mouth silent with his sexy lips. He kissed her with a fury of man ravenous and unrestrained. Everything inside her went topsy-turvy. When his tongue shot past her lips, she soared into Nirvana.

Her pussy clenched against Jackson’s oral assault. She loved the feel of his hands on her hips, pulling her in closer. “Ohhh!”

Jackson’s continual licks at her throbbing, swollen clit pushed her into an uncontrollable frenzy until tears streamed from her eyes.

Phoenix whispered in her ear, “You look so sexy.” Suddenly, his voice deepened. “I can’t wait for my turn to taste your sweet cream from your pretty little cunt. You like your pussy being tasted, angel?”

She wanted to answer to him that she loved it, but only was able to hiss a response as Dallas guided her onto her side, and began kissing and licking the most intimate part of her bottom. The sensation was dark, forbidden, and utterly mind-blowing.

Even with the shuffling on the bed, Jackson never missed a beat with his fingers and tongue on her pussy, and her ache grew and burned hotter.

“Widen your legs for Jackson, Jessie.” Denver wasn’t asking, he was commanding. Something deep inside her responded to his manner, and she spread her legs as far as she could.

Suddenly, Jackson laved her clit. Everything spun. The bed. The room. The world. When he captured her clit between his lips, all she could do was scream. Tremors shook her inside and out. Ablaze with white heat, she felt her womb clench, again and again, as the most unbelievable orgasm flattened her out.

“O-Oh, God!” Her mind whirled. Her body buzzed and radiated to a dizzy state of pleasure and release. She’d never imagined that oral sex could be so intense. What would a man’s cock inside her pussy feel like? The thought scared and excited her.

Slowly, her heartbeats and breaths slowed. Fatigue swept over her, part from the tequila, part from the lack of rest, but mostly because of the intensity of the orgasm these cowboys had given her.

She'd come this far, and thought she might be ready to give up her virginity. But exhaustion took hold of her before she could tell them she wanted more.

Before nodding off completely, she heard Jackson say, "Happy birthday, Jessie."

Chapter Three

Jessie's eyelids fluttered open, and then her mouth formed a perfect O that pleased Jackson beyond measure.

"Good morning, Jessie." She looked so beautiful. "How are you feeling?"

His brothers had left the hotel room after she'd fallen asleep, leaving her all to himself. Besides being the most adorable and sexiest woman he'd ever seen, she had courage and smarts that mesmerized him. The consummate package. Her silky red hair, green eyes, pouty lips, soft curves, and full breasts couldn't have been more perfect. Forgoing sleep the entire night, he'd relished the feel of her body. How he needed to fill her up with his cock until she was screaming his name, but that might have to come later. Giving her pleasure had been a thrill, but she had been too drunk for more. He wanted her full consent when he took her again and again...and before his brothers did the same.

"A little fuzzy, but fine." She pulled the sheet up, covering her breasts. "We spent the night together?"

"Yes." He touched her shoulder and watched her cheeks redden. "Cuervo can sneak up on a person and rip their guts apart. I wanted to make sure you were okay."

There was one difficult hurdle he'd have to get over if he had a chance at the future he really wanted. What would she think of him once she learned the truth that he was a member of the Wilde family, one of the owners of the mine she was investigating? By now, his brothers would've reported back to Austin, who'd sent Jackson and his other brothers to spy on the special investigator from the Mine

Safety and Health Administration. But the instant Jackson had seen Jessie at the Horseshoe he'd been a goner.

She blinked. "I can't believe I did that. We just met. I'm really embarrassed."

"Why? You had fun, didn't you?" Jackson never understood the shame surrounding sex outside of Wilde. Adults having sex with each other was natural. There was no place for morning regrets in his mind.

"Yes, but that is not the point."

"What is the point, Jessie?" Best to tread softly here. She seemed skittish. Telling her that he was a Wilde would have to wait for a better time, when she felt more comfortable with him and he could fully explain.

He expected Austin would be pissed once he learned how the night had gone down. Being the youngest of the five Wilde brothers, Jackson was very familiar with being on his eldest brother's bad side. So be it. He wanted Jessie. Austin would just have to deal with it.

"I shouldn't have." She lifted the sheet and looked down at her body.

Her reaction puzzled him. "Are you okay, sweetheart?"

She lowered the sheet. "Did we... um, go all the way?"

Ah, she's worried whether we had safe sex or not. He brushed her hair out of her eyes. "No. You fell asleep."

Jackson had never believed in the notion that one could fall in love in an instant, reckoning it took time and lots of intimacy to foster such an emotion. But something mind-blowing had taken hold of him the moment he saw Jessie at the Horseshoe. Later, in her room, watching her writhe with the pleasure he'd given her, he'd become a full-fledged believer in *love at first sight*.

"Oh." She looked at her hands, then back at him. "I'm sorry about that. Too much tequila, I guess. I've been out of college for awhile."

Hunger burned inside him, urging him to act. "Don't be sorry, Jessie. You were amazing." He nibbled on her neck, loving the sweet taste of her soft skin. He wanted to possess her. Besides, it wasn't like

he'd lied to her. A guilty omission might be wrong, but it was necessary. After he'd won her heart, he would tell her everything.

"Give me a second." Jessie rolled out of the bed, and headed to the bathroom.

"Don't be long, darlin'."

She grinned, then shut the door.

Though he'd only just met her, Jackson imagined she'd not take well to his unusual upbringing or his idea of marriage. *Well, not a first, but in time she might.*

He wanted what his parents had. His whole life he'd seen the adoration his three dads had for his mom. Her constant smile spoke volumes of how much she loved them.

Jackson heard Jessie start the shower, and his mind drifted to some wonderful memories.

His childhood had been one of laughter and joy. Even his grandparents had such a marriage, though now Pappy Jack was the only one still alive. In fact, Jackson's ancestors had settled the town and had engaged in plural marriages over one hundred years ago, partly because there'd been few women, and partly because they'd wanted to keep Wilde Mine's heirs in a single family generation after generation. Unlike other mining towns that had boomed into existence one moment and vanished the next, Wilde had survived because of his family's marriage practices.

Though several families in town were like his, some had marriages that were more typical of the outside world. The difference was that in Wilde people didn't judge the makeup of families as long as they were good citizens.

Could Jessie acclimate to his town? To him? Hunger for her filled him up. He walked to the bathroom door and checked the handle. *Locked. Damn it!*

He called to her through the door, "If you want someone to wash your back, I'm happy to do it."

Jessie's muffled response came back to him. "Thanks, but I can

get clean all by myself. Patience, cowboy. I won't be long."

A few more minutes seemed like an eternity to him. He wanted her with him right now. Though knowing to choose her might likely pit him against his family, he surrendered to the spell she'd put him under, imagining a life with her by his side.

Just like his brothers, when he'd turned eighteen, his dads and mom told him that he and his brothers would have to marry the same woman to inherit the mine. His parents had made it clear that whatever he finally decided, they would support his decision. He thought that strange, as he'd always imagined his future would be much like the dads and mom, sharing one amazing woman with his brothers. His parents had gone on to say that if he or any of his brothers didn't agree to that, they would receive cash for the value of their share, though it would come in payments over ten years. Jackson knew that would be a hardship on the mine, as one of Pappy Jack's brothers had opted out of their family's arrangement many years ago. The mine had nearly folded after the exit of Pappy Jack's brother and the three million dollars he cashed in from his share.

Jackson heard the shower cut off. Knowing Jessie was about to come out of the bathroom, his heart started to thud in his chest and his balls loaded up. "Hurry up, darlin'."

From behind the closed door, she said, "Hold your horses. I'll be out in a minute."

Screw her schedule and appointment. I want her. I pray my brothers will want her, too.

His last thought slid him back into his memories he'd been mulling over.

Realizing that their parents had discussed the special terms about the mine with Jackson, his four brothers had their own meeting with him. They'd told Jackson of their secret pact with each other. If any one of them decided to not marry the same woman, that brother would agree to take some money, enough to make a comfortable life, but the majority of his share would be divided equally between the remaining

brothers.

Austin had always made it clear he would leave Wilde someday, letting go of his share of the mine forever. Jackson hated that. He couldn't imagine not being in the same family as Austin. Sure, they would be brothers, but once Austin started a separate family...things would change. Jackson had sworn to the same pact with the rest of his brothers. From that night, he'd been looking for the right woman, the one that would appeal to all of them, including Austin. Though Jackson had been with more women than he could count searching for *the one*, he'd never found her...until he met Jessie.

The bathroom door opened, revealing the woman of his dreams. One white towel was wrapped around her head, and the other covered her body, barely. She looked like a goddess.

"You take my breath away, darlin'."

She smiled. "Thank you. I think you're really handsome, cowboy."

He stood up, and stepped next to her. She bit her lip as he removed her towel, then tossed it to the floor. "God, I love your curves."

Her reddening cheeks made his dick hard. "I could lose a pound or two."

"Don't you dare, Jessie. You know what I want right now?" He moved his hand to her breasts and then feathered her lips with his mouth.

Her lips quivered against his. "W-what, Jackson?"

"I want to fill up your pretty, little pussy with my dick. I have condoms." He pointed to the nightstand, where he'd placed three of them while she slept.

"Jackson, I'm not sure we should—"

He kissed her, silencing her. A little moan escaped her lips. His dick jerked, and his balls loaded up. God, he loved touching her. Time to claim her. Jessie would be his from now on. And he hoped that soon, she'd belong to the rest of the Wilde brothers as well.

* * * *

Jessica's body buzzed from the caresses of Jackson's large, calloused hands. She liked his touch. She'd been really foolish last night. Still, she enjoyed the sensations he brought out in her body. But it was more than that, she realized. He could've fucked her whether she was awake or not, sober or drunk...but he hadn't. Instead, he stayed the night to make sure she was okay. It was probably silly and naive of her, but the fact touched her.

"Last night was really great, Jackson."

She wanted to blame her brazenness on the tequila shots, but she couldn't. Having Jackson's and his brothers' full attention had thrilled her completely. *Wow, who knew I could be so wicked?* Now that she realized he'd only considered her needs, forgoing his own, she craved more, and wanted to give back to him.

"Jessie, just see what I have in store for you this morning. Last night is going to pale in comparison. I have to get inside your incredible body."

She looked into his blue eyes. There was goodness inside him. He smiled, and a deep ache burned inside her. She wanted Jackson to take her. Sure she could wait, but why? His rough edges, lusty nature, and thoughtfulness pulled her to surrender. She had never felt this way with any man, including her ex. Jackson made her feel beautiful, wanted, protected, and very feminine.

Her body began to tremble. *Yes. This is the moment. It's perfect. He's perfect. No more waiting.* "I want you to make love to me, too."

His hands glided down her sides like feathers, tickling ever so slightly where he touched. His mouth pressed against hers. She parted her lips, and his tongue swept into her. Kissing had never been so awesome in her entire life. Her body warmed just from his kiss, and she felt desire roll through her for more, much more.

Jackson ended the kiss, only to shift down so that his incredible

lips grazed her breast. A shiver shot from where his hot breath hit her nipples. When he licked her tip, she felt moistness flow from her pussy.

“Darlin’, I love this. Heaven to me would be giving you pleasure morning, noon, and night.” Tingles shot into her body from where his fingers touched her sides.

Her breath caught in her chest. *I have to tell him I’m still a virgin.* She knew it wouldn’t be right not to let him know. He might not want to go through with it, but she had to give him that choice.

She choked out, “Jackson, there’s something I need to tell you before we make love.”

His finger came up to her mouth, urging her to silence. “Not now, darlin’. We can talk later. I’m sure there’s a lot we both want to say to one another. Now is for enjoyment, pleasure...”

“B–But, I’m not experienced.” Much easier to say than *I’m a virgin.*

His face softened, and he grabbed her hands. “It doesn’t matter how much experience you have or haven’t had. I just want to touch you, darlin’. Make you feel good. Will you let me do that?”

Jessie threw her arms around his neck. Who knew that chivalry was alive and well in Wilde. “Yes. Please.”

“Perfect. This is our first time together, and I want to make it unforgettable for you.” His thumb brushed against her clit, making her wondrously woozy. “That’s it, sweetheart. I’m gonna get your pussy good and wet.”

While Jackson’s one hand worked over her mound, his other massaged her breast, creating a circuit of sparks from each place he touched her. Her back arched up from the bed, but before she could reach orgasm, his hands left her body.

“Not yet, Jessie. I want you to be delirious to come.” He sent a digit into her pussy, and she felt heat well up inside her. She’d used a vibrator before on her clit, but his finger was evoking something very different from her body.

“You’re really tight, sweetheart.” He smiled, and her world spun wonderfully.

I need to tell him the truth. But all she could summon was a moan.

“Darlin’, let’s see what happens when I add another finger into that pretty little pussy of yours.”

When he put another finger inside her, she felt a burning stretch and a tinge of hurt. She wondered how she’d ever be able to take his huge dick inside her pussy. She reached up and touched his muscled chest with her fingertips. He felt like steel. His fingers kept thrusting in and out of her, over and over. Deep...then deeper. This went on for what seemed like eternity, driving her mad with desire. Nothing else mattered. She craved to take the final plunge and let him ravish her fully. His light pinches on her nipples, his nibbling on her neck, his fingers inside her pussy, his tenderness and soft whispers...all worked together to stoke a blaze in her that both thrilled and terrified.

Without a word, Jackson positioned his head between her legs. His tongue danced through her pussy’s folds, and she felt more liquid seep from her slit. Her legs shot up around his neck, urging him to go on. He did, thank God. Jackson kept raising the stakes, teasing her clit for a second, then backing off before she could get relief. Over and over, he pushed her higher.

“Please,” she breathed. “I can’t take much more.” Spinning in the haze he’d created, she knew that she needed Jackson to be her first.

He looked up from between her legs, grinning wickedly. “You can, and you will. I plan on spending a lot of time tasting your sweet cream, Jessie.” With that, he dove back down on her pussy, laving her into a complete frenzy. His hands cupped her ass cheeks. Suddenly, his lips captured her clit, pressing until she trembled uncontrollably. Fisting the sheets, she arched up into his greedy mouth.

Electricity fired through every vein, every muscle, every inch of her skin. The orgasm blasted through her, and her muscles jerked violently. Tears streamed from her eyes.

“You’re ready to take my cock?” Jackson’s tone held both

deviousness and hunger.

“Y–Yes.” Her head spun as he circled her clit with a finger, but never touching it. She tried to shift her hips so that she could feel his touch on her bundle of nerves, but he’d move teasingly before his finger would hit it. “Now.”

He growled. “I’ve got to get inside that tight pussy, sweetheart.”

Oh, God! Here it comes. “Y–Yes. Please.”

He grabbed one of the condoms and had his massive cock sheathed in a flash. “Darlin’, you’ve got me burning with lust for you. I so want to drive into you fast and furious, but you’re way too tight for that. I’ve got to stretch you out slow and easy, sweetheart. I’m going to take my time. Besides, I want to make this last as long as possible. Understand?”

All she could muster was a nod to answer him. She bit her lip, yearning for him to be inside her so badly she thought she might lose her mind.

Jackson rolled on top of her, and she could feel the tip of his dick on her soaked folds. “You’re fucking incredible, Jessie.” His words amazed her and made her want him more. “I’m so glad you’re here with me now.”

She closed her eyes, savoring the moment and his words.

Jackson started to thrust into her, then suddenly stopped. She opened her eyes and found him staring down at her with a look of amazement on his face. *He knows.*

“P–Please, take me, Jackson.”

He nodded, kissed her lips, and then drove into her pussy, piercing her virgin flesh, filling her beyond what she thought possible.

She closed her eyes tight against the sharp pain and felt tears sting her eyes and then stream down her cheeks. Her head spun wildly.

“Sweetheart, I–I hope I didn’t hurt you.” His face was cloudy with concern.

“It’s o–okay. I–I’m fine. Just don’t move.” She bit her lip. He’d stretched her insides wide.

He nodded. "Take your time, Jessie."

After a bit, the pain subsided, and all that remained was a deluge of need she'd never known.

She wanted him to go even deeper. Instinctively, her legs wrapped around his waist, urging him to take her completely. Her hands shot up to his shoulders, and she raked his skin with her nails. Waves of desire crashed frantically inside her body.

Jackson growled into her mouth, and she felt him place his hands on her waist, pushing himself deeper into her before he began a slow, steady rhythm. Soon, every nerve ending buzzed to life inside her. Her breaths had morphed into panting, coming faster and faster. Responding intuitively to his thrusts, she clenched down on his dick with her pussy.

"I can tell you're getting close, sweetheart." Jackson's low tone caused more tears to stream out of her eyes. He looked like a hungry lion, and she felt like his willing prey. "Does it feel good? Do you like my dick inside you?"

Her clit throbbed. "Y-Yes."

Jackson's strokes sped up, filling her up totally. His fixed stare mesmerized her. She dug her nails into his shoulders as the beginning of her release rumbled deep inside her.

"Fuck." His word sounded more like a desperate breath.

Jessie felt his cock hit a spot inside her pussy, over and over, igniting her orgasm to an explosion that blasted every cell in her body to white-hot.

His eyes shut. "I-I'm coming."

Her mind reeled with such strong emotions and her insides flared with such intensity, she thought she might faint. Suddenly, she screamed as Jackson gave her the most amazing, intense climax she'd ever felt or imagined.

Her body began shivering violently. Remaining inside her, Jackson rolled to his side and pulled her into him, wrapping his arms around her.

“Darlin’, what’s wrong? Are you all right?”

Breathlessly, she tried to speak. “I—I should’ve told you—”

“Shh.” Jackson pulled her close, wrapping his arms around her. “You gave me the most awesome honor. I’m fucking blown away. Are you okay?”

“Yes.” Her body continued to shake uncontrollably, as her climax subsided slowly. “In fact, I feel amazing.”

“I don’t know what to say, except thank you for giving me this precious gift.”

She kissed him. “Thank you.”

“I’ve never wanted someone more in my entire life.” Jackson kissed her hair. “You overwhelm me, Jessie.”

“I feel the same way.”

She snuggled into him. The wait had been worth it. Jackson had made her first time perfect.

Chapter Four

Jackson kept holding Jessie. He'd never been with a virgin before, and that he'd been her first triggered something very primitive inside him. She was his. Though earlier he'd guessed that she would be perfect for him, now he knew it to his very core.

"I want to take another shower, Jackson. Also, I've got to replace these sheets."

"Don't worry about it, sweetheart. I'll dispose of them. I also know where Aunt Maude houses the clean linens."

"Thank you." She leaned up and tenderly kissed him.

"Let me take you to breakfast. My treat for your birthday. The diner's King Cakes are awesome."

"I forgot I told you it was my birthday." She smiled. "What are King cakes?"

"Flapjacks, but no one calls them that here. Does warm syrup, whipped butter, a side of bacon, and hot coffee tempt you?"

"Sounds yummy." Then she looked at the clock. "Damn it. I'm going to be late."

His gut clenched. The ruse would be up soon, and then what would she think of him? She might get angry at first, but after having shared such an intimate moment together, surely she wouldn't stay mad. "Let me go get you a breakfast burrito. You can eat it on the way to the mine."

She tilted her head. "How did you know that I was going to the mine? I never said anything about that last night."

He was walking a fine line. "Everyone knows, Jessie. This is a small town."

Her mouth curled up into the prettiest smile, and she shrugged. “So much for surprising the mine's top brass.”

“Once they get a look at you, they’ll be really surprised.” *Especiallly Austin.* “Get ready. I'll be back in a flash. I'll drive you.”

“Thanks, but I have a rental car. I'll be fine.”

“You sure like to argue, don't you?”

“Do you think because you’re my first you get to be bossy with me?” She giggled.

“Yep. Especiallly in between the sheets, sweetheart.” He hopped out of bed and started putting on his clothes. “Enjoy your shower. I'll take you via a secret shortcut that’ll save you ten minutes, maybe more.”

She nodded, sitting up on the bed. Twisting around, her feet hit the floor. She stood up, giving his eyes a feast of her gorgeous naked behind. “I really like a spicy breakfast.”

“Me, too. Two sausage, egg, and cheese burritos with hot jalapeno peppers.”

“That sounds divine.” She sauntered into the bathroom, her perfect ass bouncing with each step. “Don’t be long, Jackson.”

“I won’t.” Being away from Jessie one second longer than necessary wasn’t something he would ever tolerate. Not today. Not tomorrow. Not ever.

* * * *

Jackson crossed Main Street and beelined to Norma’s Diner. He would bet Jessica would love their breakfast burritos. He pushed the glass door open, and the little bell above jingled.

Norma’s décor hadn’t changed in five decades. Two rows of booths ran the length of the place with a narrow path between them that Norma herself, her daughters, and now even her granddaughters could navigate with more plates than humanly possible. The pass-through to the kitchen was opposite the front of the diner where the

manual cash register sat on the counter. Jackson loved the delicious smells that always filled the place.

The diner was unusually empty, except for one booth with three of his favorite people. Aunt Maude sat between her husbands, Greg and Grant Strong. Jackson had heard the story a dozen times how she'd followed her little sister, Jackson's mom, to Wilde to try to beat some sense into her about how nuts it would be to marry his dads. She'd always finish the tale with a big grin and a final thought. "Didn't work out quite the way I'd planned. Now, I'm stuck with these two washed-up cowboys."

"Get over here, boy," Uncle Greg ordered.

"Yes, sir."

Jackson stepped up to the table but didn't sit down. The three were sipping on coffee. Uncle Grant sat by Aunt Maude with his arm around her. Her other husband held her hand from across the table.

"We were about to order." Uncle Greg shifted over in the booth and patted the seat. "Why don't you join us?"

Jackson's aunt tilted her head toward him. "I don't think our nephew has time to eat with us, hun. I believe someone is waiting for a delivery of food. That right?"

"Are you some kind of mind reader now, Aunt Maude? Carlotta is going to be pissed that you're moving in on her business."

"Just one of my many gifts. Even so, I'll leave the fortune telling to Carlotta."

Grant leaned into her and kissed her cheek. "And so many gifts, too."

"Stop it." She giggled like a schoolgirl. "Jackson, I know how you are. That sweet girl is not from Wilde. She doesn't know what a rascal you are. You've left enough broken hearts in this town."

Uncle Greg grinned. "Not just Wilde. Hell, the whole county."

"You forgot that girl from Vegas," Uncle Grant chimed in. "I'd say all of Nevada."

The two men chuckled, until they both saw their wife was

frowning at them. They were instantly quieted.

She fixed Jackson with a stern stare. "If you're still into sowing oats, do it with local girls who know what they're getting into. Leave Miss Greene alone."

He wanted to tell Aunt Maude that he knew Jessie was *the one*, but he couldn't. First, he needed to talk to his brothers. Well, at least all but Austin.

Jackson felt a hand come down on his shoulder and squeeze painfully tight. He turned to find the last person he wanted to see this morning.

Austin's eyes were dark and narrowed. "What the hell were you thinking? I told you to check out the new investigator, not screw her. As dumb as you can be at times, even I wouldn't have guessed you could've fucked up so badly."

"Austin, mind your tongue." Aunt Maude's tone was sharper than Jackson had heard in years.

"Don't talk about Jessie like that, Austin, or so help me—"

"The dads left me in charge of the mine. I won't back off. Think, Jackson. She has the authority to shut the mine down if she deems it necessary. Don't you get it? We've been virtually incident free until last week. Now, we have three freak accidents in four days straight. This is a shit storm, and you're sleeping with the enemy."

"She's not our enemy."

"Boys, that's enough. Seems to me you've got something to work out." Uncle Grant motioned to the door. "Take it outside. I don't want your aunt's breakfast spoiled by some argument between two of our favorite nephews."

"I have an order to place for Jessie before I leave." Jackson waved Samantha, Norma's youngest daughter, over. Then he turned to Austin. "I'll meet you outside."

"Make sure you do. I have much more to say about this matter." Austin turned around and bolted out the door, just as Samantha stepped next to Jackson.

“What’s up with Austin? He’s more gloomy than normal, even for him.” Norma’s daughter had become quite the beauty since graduating high school. She placed her hip against his. Nineteen and quite the tease. Normally, he enjoyed her flirtations, but something about it now made him uncomfortable, knowing Jessie was waiting for him at the Hotel Cactus, he supposed.

He shuffled a couple of steps away from Samantha. “I’d like to get two sausage, egg, and cheese breakfast burritos and two cups of coffee.”

She scribbled down the order. “That for here, handsome?”

“Nope. To go, please.”

“I’ll have it for you in a flash.” Samantha sent him a naughty wink, then headed to the kitchen.

“Jackson Wilde, what is up with you and Miss Greene?” Aunt Maude asked softly.

“I have to talk to my brothers about that before I can say.”

“Uh-huh.” Her lips curled up into a wonderful smile. “I think I’m getting the picture pretty clear.”

“Can you fill me in then, honey?” Uncle Grant asked.

“Later, sweetheart. Go talk to Austin. That one will need some convincing.”

Jackson nodded and walked to face his eldest brother’s wrath. Aunt Maude was right about Austin. How in the hell would he ever be convinced that Jessie was the woman for him and his brothers? He needed to talk to Phoenix. Closest in age to Jackson, he had a better handle on how to deal with the other brothers, in particular Austin.

When Jackson stepped outside, Austin wasn’t alone. Thankfully, Phoenix stood next to him. No doubt, Austin had already grilled him about what had happened.

“Spill it, lil’ brother.” Austin looked as if he were ready to explode. Both his hands were curled into fists.

During Jackson’s teen years, his brother had punched him on several occasions for well-deserved infractions. The worst had been

when Jackson had secretly smoked one of the dads' pipes and had set an entire field of alfalfa on fire. Looking at Austin, Jackson thought his eldest brother was even angrier with him now.

Jackson took a deep breath, then began. "Jessie is amazing. I didn't mean for anything to happen, but it did."

"What the fuck do you mean by that? I know your rep. Love 'em and leave 'em, Jackson. You should've kept your dick in your pants. This is too important for you to get a cheap thrill from a big-town hussy."

Rage poured into Jackson, and he charged Austin, slamming him against his pickup. "Fuck you! Never talk about Jessie that way."

Phoenix grabbed him from behind. "Settle down, lil' bro. Austin hasn't met her. Besides, you know him."

"Let him go, Phoenix. Let's see if he can take me." Austin glared at him. "You want to punch me, Jackson. Well, take your best shot, because that's all you'll get."

Denver and Dallas pulled up in one of the mine's trucks. They hopped out. "What the hell's going on?" Dallas shouted.

"I'll tell you exactly what's going on." Austin growled. "You guys fucked up by going back to Miss Greene's room. And Jackson took the cake by spending the night with her. Phoenix tells me that none of you told her that you were part of the Wilde family. That right?"

"True." Denver stepped between Jackson and Austin. "She's quite the woman."

Austin rolled his eyes. "Stars in your eyes, too."

"You haven't met her." Jackson's pulse backed down. "You don't know."

"Lil' bro, I can see that you think you can woo her to take the leap into our family's unusual marriage arrangement."

"What?" Denver turned to Jackson. "You're that gone on her?"

Jackson nodded. Not the way he wanted the discussion to go down, but he was glad it was out in the open now.

“Miss Greene is great and all, but she’s not from around here.” Dallas shook his head.

Phoenix added, loosening his hold on him, “From what I saw last night, she’s not very experienced, either.”

Austin stepped up, and put his hand on Jackson’s shoulder. “A fool’s dream.” Then he smiled. “Fine. But do your charming after she finishes her investigation of the mine. I’ve left a message for her at the hotel that I’ve set up a tour for her with one of the supervisors. I’ll see her the next day in my office. I just hope I can clean up the mess you all have created before the dads get back.”

“You will, big bro. You always do.” Jackson loved Austin. He’d always idolized him. Once he met Jessie, Austin would know that she was for all of them, just like he did.

Chapter Five

Jessica looked at the clock. He should've been back by now. Then she checked herself. Grinning, she realized that time and schedules might be quite different in Wilde than Manhattan and DC. Still, she needed to get to the mine. That was why she was here.

She hummed one of her favorite songs as she finished putting on the last of her makeup. She'd never felt so alive in her whole life. Jackson had been amazing, perfect even. When she thought about the cowboy who had given her the best birthday present ever, little tingles spread through her body. She even imagined him coming to visit her back east, showing him off to Michael and her other friends. *God, that would be so great.*

"Slow down, Jessica. You're not a teenager. It was only one night," she said aloud, looking at herself in the mirror for a final once-over, and smiled. For the first time, she felt beautiful. She prayed for many more nights with Jackson.

Jessica decided to go to the lobby and wait for her sexy cowboy. They could eat on the way to the mine. She grabbed her laptop, cell, and purse and left the room she would always remember as the place she had her first time with a man. And what a man!

She was disappointed when she got to the lobby and someone else was at the reception desk other than Maude.

"Miss Greene?" The guy was good-looking and quite tall. Six-six, at least. He wore a cowboy hat, T-shirt, jeans, and boots, Wilde's usual attire for men, she was learning. He had a name badge that read *Kyle*.

"Yes." She stepped up to the counter.

“I have a message from Austin Wilde for you.” He slid an envelope over to her with her name on it.

Damn. They know I’m here. “Thank you.”

She opened it up. It was on the Wilde Mine’s stationery.

Dear Ms. Greene,

I’m looking forward to meeting you. I wish I had been made aware of your arrival, as I would’ve been able to clear my calendar. Unfortunately, my schedule today is fully booked. I have arranged a tour for you with one of our supervisors.

I’ll be happy to meet with you tomorrow morning at 7:30 a.m. to discuss what we can provide that will aid in your investigation. As you know, Wilde Mine has been incident free for many years. I am certain you will find during your brief time here that we take the safety of our employees very seriously.

Looking forward to meeting you.

Sincerely,

Austin Wilde

Senior Lead & General Manager

Wilde Mining Enterprises

Jessica felt her temperature rise from the tone of Mr. Wilde’s letter. Such arrogance. Who the hell did he think he was? She should’ve been used to this kind of treatment, but she wasn’t. Her youth and gender typically did cause a bit of a shocked reaction from mining personnel whenever she showed up. Still, she’d earned her job at MSHA by working long hours and making a difference. Her boss, the Deputy Director, seemed pleased with her performance, and had given her this assignment to get her out of headquarters in Virginia and into the field. If successful here, she might get to stay in the field and could move up her G.S pay grade significantly. If unsuccessful,

she'd be back at her desk at headquarters, shuffling paperwork once again.

Well, Jackson would have to forgive her. She had to get to the mine ASAP. *I'll leave a message for him that we can meet up later.* "Kyle, do you know a guy named Jackson? He's Maude's nephew."

"Sure do. I know all the Wilde brothers."

"What?" Jessica's blood turned icy cold, and her heart sunk to her toes. "J-Jackson's last name is really Wilde?"

"Yup. Here he comes now, Miss Greene." Kyle pointed behind her.

She turned just in time to see Jackson coming through the hotel's front door, holding a sack and grinning.

"You asshole!" Fury raced through her like lightning.

His smile evaporated. "Hold on, Jessie."

"My name is Jessica!" Her mind was aflame, verging on insanity.

"Okay." The look of guilt on his face told her all she needed to know. She'd been played.

"I'm such an easy mark. You happy with yourself, cowboy?"

"Let me explain. It's not what you think."

"Not what I think? Really? Are you, or are you not, a member of the Wilde family?"

He placed the sack on the counter and held up his hands like a criminal surrounded by the law.

"Don't you come one step closer to me." Jessica felt his treachery in every fiber of her being. *How could I've been so brainless?*

Jackson turned to Kyle. "Give us a minute, buddy."

"No, Kyle. Stay." Jessica felt the acid in her throat. Angry tears of betrayal stung her eyes. She fought them back. *Jackson will not see me cry, damn it.* "I need a witness."

"What the hell's going on?" Kyle placed his hands on the counter and glared at Jackson.

"None of your fucking business, that's what. Get lost."

"Not until Miss Greene says so."

“Thank you, Kyle. At least some men in Wilde can be trusted.”

“Him?” Jackson pointed at Kyle. “Not on your life.”

“I think I’ll be the judge of that. If you’ve got something to say to me, say it.” She folded her arms over her chest. “I’m in a hurry to go to your family’s mine. Oh, but you know that already.”

“Let’s talk on the way, Jessie.”

“Stop calling me that. You’re crazy if you think I’m getting in a vehicle with you.”

“Okay. Just listen. Yes, I knew who you were the moment I saw you. We were only supposed to keep tabs on you. But when I saw you, something amazing happened. Nothing like that has ever happened to me before. It’s not about the mine. It’s about you and me. I think we made a connection last night and definitely this morning. If you’re truthful with yourself, you know it, too.”

“Truthful? Ha! Let me tell you something, Mr. Wilde. I have a job to do, and that’s exactly what I will do. If I find even the slightest infraction surrounding the recent accidents at your mine, you’ll be getting the full extent of penalties that I have authority to hand down, up to and including shutting your mine down until it is brought up to safety standards I deem necessary.”

He reached out, as if to grab her hand.

“Don’t touch me.”

Jackson stepped back. “Okay. I got it. But please believe me. What happened between us had nothing to do with the mine.”

“Since this is a small town, it may be hard to avoid you, but I will do my best. Do me a favor, and do the same.”

“I can’t, Jessie.” His face looked dejected, as if he were actually telling the truth. But how could she believe him when he’d been so deceptive? She couldn’t.

Kyle reached across the counter and grabbed Jackson’s forearm. “Listen to the little lady, buddy.”

“Screw you.” Jackson jerked his arm free. “You don’t know anything about her.”

“Neither do you, Mr. Wilde. Leave me the hell alone.”

* * * *

Jessica knew her eyes were swollen when she pulled up to the security shack at the front gate of the Wilde Mine. After leaving the hotel, she'd driven to a rest stop and cried her eyes out. What a fool she'd been. Once again, she'd proven that she had horrible instincts when it came to men. Michael turned out to be gay. Jackson had ulterior motives for fucking her. With this track record, her next lover would turn out to be some homicidal maniac.

Next time? No way. She was through with men.

All she had was her job now, and it was in dire jeopardy. If her boss ever found out about what had happened with Jackson and his brothers, she'd be on her way to the unemployment line the next instant.

She rolled down the window and looked at the guard, who was smiling broadly. Another hot male. *God, are all the men in Wilde good-looking? A woman doesn't have a chance here.*

“Hello. Miss Greene?”

“Yes.” She held up her identification for him to inspect.

“Welcome to Wilde Mine. I'm Luke Bronte. We've been expecting you.”

“So I've heard.”

“Please, park by that blue truck. Your tour guide just arrived a few minutes before you. I'll let him know you're here.”

“Thank you.”

The metal gate opened slowly, and she parked where he'd indicated. She took a deep breath, and reminded herself that she was a professional. She had a job to do, and damn it, she was going to do it. *If I don't think about Jackson, I can get through this.*

She stepped out of her car, carrying her laptop case with her.

A familiar voice greeted her. “Hi, Jessie.”

She looked up into the hazel eyes of Phoenix.

“Mr. Wilde, call me Miss Greene, please.” Like Jackson, he must’ve known who she was the moment they’d met. *Asshole!*

“So formal? Naw. Too late for that. We’ve seen each other naked.”

Jessica felt her cheeks burn. His grin let her know they’d turned red, too. “Whatever. Like I told your brother, I’m here to do my job. Nothing that happened last night changes that.”

“I know. But you should know that you did one humdinger on my lil’ bro. I’ve never seen him like this. Can’t blame him.” Phoenix flagrantly scanned her body. “You are something else, Jessie.”

Her body’s automatic warming to his lusty scrutiny unnerved her. She needed to get a hold of herself. “I’m supposed to take a tour of the mine. Can you take me to my guide, please?”

“You’re looking at him, angel.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope.”

“You’re a supervisor here.”

He tilted his head. “Not really. My parents thought it better if I worked on our ranch than the mine.”

“Is Austin your brother, too? I got a note from him saying a supervisor would be giving me a tour.”

“He’s the oldest of us five. While our dads are off, he’s the one in charge.”

Dads? Did they have different fathers? “Fine. Then I should do as he instructed. I would rather get my tour from a knowledgeable supervisor. Where is one?”

“Woman, you sure have a mouth on you. Sexy, too. God, your lips are so tempting.”

“Phoenix, focus. A supervisor, please.”

“Sweetheart, it’s me or no one.”

“Fine. Do you know your way around the mine?”

“Since I was five. Let’s get you outfitted.”

* * * *

Standing in one of the wide crosscut tunnels in the mine, Jessica nodded to herself. Wilde Mine produced tons of silver and other semiprecious metals every year, and still its safety standards exceeded the required minimums by a long shot. In fact, she wouldn't be surprised if it had been the safest mine in North America, minus the recent accidents. *Something just doesn't add up.*

"Well, you've seen the whole shooting match." Instead of a cowboy hat, Phoenix wore a yellow hard hat, just like she was wearing. He looked damn sexy in it, too. "Any thoughts, Jessie?"

"I've got a lot more to look over before I can say." She heard footsteps, echoing off the walls of the tunnel. Someone was headed their way. The tour had calmed her down. Work was always like that for her. Whenever her personal life went haywire, she'd drown herself in her job.

"I'm sure you'll find the mine isn't at fault in any of the accidents."

The approaching person was getting closer.

"Trying to put a bug in my ear for the company line? Don't even think about it." The footsteps ended. She looked up and spotted the last person she wanted to see today. "Stop."

Jackson shook his head. "Jessie, please. We can't leave it this way."

"That's exactly how we will leave it. I may have had poor judgment last night and this morning with you. I promise that won't happen again." She turned back to Phoenix. "I'm ready to go to the surface."

The ground vibrated as a conveyor vehicle headed into the tunnel. She stepped back to the wall, when suddenly the operator slumped onto the wheel. The giant machine jerked straight for her. Jackson leapt to her, and slammed her to the ground out of the way. Her head

and back banged against the floor, sending sharp pain up and down her spine.

“Fuck!” Jackson yelled.

She saw that his leg had been lacerated by a piece of the vehicle’s metal. “Jackson, don’t move.”

Phoenix rushed to them, his eyes wide. “Lil’ bro, you okay?”

“Yes. Jessie, are you hurt?”

“No. I’m fine.”

Jackson rolled off of her. “Check on the driver.”

Phoenix nodded, and moved to the unconscious man. She watched Phoenix put his fingers to the driver’s neck. “He’s got a pulse.”

“Thank God.” Jessica turned to Jackson. His leg was bleeding. “Where’s the closest emergency kit?”

“Far wall.”

“The com there, too?”

“Yes.”

Jessica got the kit and rushed back to Jackson. He was sitting up.

“I’m all right, Jessie. Really.”

“Shut up, and let me do my job.”

Several mining personnel had shown up. The driver was still unconscious. Jessica looked at the scene. If Jackson hadn’t pushed her to the ground, she could’ve been impaled or crushed by the vehicle. She reached for Jackson’s hand, and a violent spasm shot up her back. Dizziness overtook her, and the tunnel seemed to spin.

Jackson stood up and put his arm around her waist. “Hang on, sweetheart.”

Phoenix got on the other side of her. “Let’s get her to the doc.”

Then, she passed out.

Chapter Six

Jessie woke up. It was night, and she realized that she wasn't in the mine any longer. Instead, she was in a truck between Jackson and Phoenix. The vehicle's headlights revealed that they were headed down a dirt road.

Holding the steering wheel, Phoenix looked over. "Looks like our girl is finally awake."

Jackson squeezed her hand. "Jessie, you took quite a tumble. How do you feel?"

She jerked her hand free. "What's going on? Where are you taking me?"

Phoenix patted her thigh. "Remember Doc said to check her pupils."

"Right." Jackson cupped her chin. "Open your eyes wide for me, sweetheart."

"Answer my question first." She felt groggy and very disoriented.

"Good enough. They look normal, bro." He released her chin. "You passed out. Doc checked you over and said the only thing we had to worry about was a concussion. He didn't think you had one, but you can't be alone for awhile. So, we're taking you to my place."

"No. No way. Take me to the hotel."

"We will. But Doc thought it best to get some food in you, and my house is closest to the mine."

"We're here," Phoenix announced. "Château Jackson, if you please."

The truck stopped. She looked out the windshield to what looked to be a mini-Frank Lloyd Wright masterpiece. A sloping roof, clean

lines, broad porch, and long windows created something that looked as if it belonged in nature.

"I never would've expected something like this out here. This is amazing."

Jackson smiled. "Thank you. I'm very proud of it. I think it's the best of the lot."

"What do you mean?"

Phoenix smirked. "He thinks this dump is better than our brothers' places or mine. Once you see my house, you'll know he's crazy. I'm a much better builder than he is."

She turned to Jackson. "You built this?" Awe for his skill filled her up.

"With my own two hands. I've lived here for seven years. At sixteen, we each got to pick out a piece of land to build on. Our parents kicked us out of the big house when each of us turned eighteen. They said it built character. Well, after two years and a lot of hard work, this was the result. My house."

"It's beautiful."

He smiled broadly. "Want to see inside?"

"Yes." She couldn't help herself. Jackson's creativity and talent amazed her.

She got out of the truck with the help of Jackson's steadying hands. He put his arm around her waist. Since her legs felt wobbly, she appreciated his help. Then they all stepped up to the front porch, complete with a swing built for two. She could imagine how wonderful it would be to sit there listening to the birds and watching the sun go down.

Jackson opened the door and motioned her inside. She stepped in, and he turned on a light. A beautiful living room welcomed her. It didn't look like the home of a single man. Everything was so neat and orderly. Not a speck of dust could be seen on any surface, including the gorgeous oak floors. On the wall to the left, a large stone fireplace filled the space, perfect for cold winter nights. One comfy leather sofa

faced it. Two upholstered chairs flanked the sofa. Instead of a coffee table, Jackson's living room had end tables positioned between each arm of the sofa and the chairs, creating a u-shape seating area. On the floor in front of the sofa was a white plush rug. It looked so soft and inviting, she could see herself stretched out with a glass of wine, staring up into a roaring fire. Straight ahead was the kitchen, open to the living room. It had a raised bar, maple cabinets, granite countertops, and stainless steel appliances. To the right were two doors. One was closed, and the other was open. Through the one ajar, she could see a large bed with a blue spread.

She gulped. Was that what Jackson had in mind? Take her to bed again? Maybe he hadn't been lying to her after all about being attracted to her. Or was this all just more of his attempt to influence her investigation?

"Jessie, would you like a bath?" Jackson asked, his tone so tender and sweet.

She inspected herself and found she was covered in muck from the fall at the mine. "Yes." Instantly, she regretted what she'd said. *Here I go again, ready to shed my clothes at the drop of his cowboy hat.* "But I might wait until I get back to my hotel."

"That's ridiculous, darlin'. More than getting the mine's dust off you, I'm sure that you'll feel much better after a bath."

"Jackson, you got something to eat?" Phoenix walked into the kitchen and opened one of the cabinet doors. "I think Jessie could use some food on her stomach."

"I've got stuff to make a grilled cheese sandwich. I also think there's a can of tomato soup in the pantry. That's about it." Jackson put his arm around her waist and led her to the closed door. He opened it, walking her into a pristine white bathroom with a pedestal sink, toilet, tall cabinet, and a claw-foot tub with a showerhead and curtain. "Sit on the toilet seat, Jessie."

Unable to muster an argument, she complied.

He used an old-fashioned stopper on a chain to plug up the drain,

then he turned the two faucets. “How hot do you like your bathwater, sweetheart?”

“Pretty hot.”

Jackson nodded and made an adjustment to the mix of hot and cold. She could see the steam floating on the rising water. He stood up. “Let me help you undress.”

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.” She folded her arms over her chest.

“Stop arguing. You’re exhausted. If you fall and bust your head in my bathroom, my insurance premiums will go up.” Jackson started undressing her by unbuttoning her blouse. “I’m not taking you back to town looking like you fell down a mine shaft. Besides, I want to wash your clothes for you while you bathe.”

She nodded her consent.

In a flash, he had her completely devoid of clothing. Naked, she trembled. Though her body was overly fatigued, she still felt a spark of desire in her core.

Jackson stared down at her and smiled. “Jessie, you are so beautiful.”

By his tone, she knew that he had been telling her the truth that morning about having real feelings for her. How could she stay angry with him? Appropriate or not, she liked his attention. What woman wouldn’t from such a sexy cowboy? She spotted the tear in his jeans and the dark stain. “I forgot you were hurt.” He’d been heroic with her in the mine.

“Just a scratch, sweetheart. Doc looked me over, too. Doesn’t even need stitches.”

Relief filled her up. “I’m a little cold. Can I get in the tub now, General Jackson?”

He nodded and lifted her up in his arms.

“I can walk, you know.” But she liked being held, leaning into his muscular chest.

He didn’t answer, and lowered her gently into the hot water.

“How’s the temperature, Jessie?”

“Perfect.” She felt her aches began to melt away. “Thank you.”

Jackson smiled. “I don’t take baths, Jessie. I don’t have anything like bath salts or oils or whatever you women use.” He pointed to the metal caddy hanging on the lip of the tub. It held soap, shampoo, and conditioner. “Will those work for you?”

“Of course. They’ll be fine.”

He went to the cabinet and pulled out a white towel and washcloth. He placed them within easy reach for her. “Take all the time you need. I suck in the kitchen, but Phoenix is quite the chef. He can make a gourmet meal out of just about anything.”

“I’m not really hungry.”

“Darlin’, you haven’t eaten a bite all day.”

She’d forgotten about that. The sack he’d brought that morning probably still held the uneaten burritos. Her stomach growled.

Jackson pointed to the robe hanging from the hook on the back of the bathroom door. “Until I get your clothes dried, you can wear this.”

God, she could get used to this treatment. “Thank you.”

He leaned down and kissed the top of her head. “I’m just glad you’re okay, Jessie.”

“You know I will have to investigate the accident that happened today along with the others.”

“Sweetheart, you do your job. I expect you to. You and me...let’s keep *us* separate from the mine. Seriously, I’ll help you in any way I can. If you find infractions, so be it.”

“What will your brother Austin think about that?”

“Doesn’t matter.”

“We’ll see.”

“Jessie, I’m sorry I didn’t tell you who I was at the Horseshoe.” His face showed honest repentance. “Please, forgive me.”

She couldn’t stay mad at him with those puppy dog eyes. “Okay. But we need to keep what happened at the hotel a secret.”

“Absolutely. Now, enjoy your bath.” He stepped through the door.

"I'm going to leave the door cracked open just a bit. If you need me, just holler, okay?"

"I think I yelled enough this morning, don't you?"

"I deserved it, sweetheart. Just let me know if you need anything."

She brought her hand up to her forehead in a mock salute.

He nodded and, as promised, pulled the door to not quite closed.

Jessica closed her eyes and let herself drift off. She'd never been treated like a queen until Jackson.

* * * *

A deep male voice and a knock on the door woke her. "Jessie?"

For a moment, she had to get her bearings. Where was she? A house not far from Wilde...in a bedroom. The voice was Jackson's, the man who had been her first real lover.

"You awake, sweetheart?" he said, walking into the bedroom.

How long had she been out? After her bath, he'd brought her an amazing meal that Phoenix had prepared. His brother's concoction of a salad of mixed greens, grapes, nuts, and grated cheese topped off with vinaigrette thrilled her taste buds to no end. After her meal, Jackson had insisted that she stretch out on his bed to rest.

"Yes, I'm awake." Suddenly, she remembered that she'd taken her laptop to the mine. Had she left it there? Stupid mistake. She sat up in the bed and pulled the robe tight around her body.

"You okay? You seem tense."

"Do you know where my laptop is?"

"We must've left it in the mine's infirmary. I can call and find out."

"Do that." She'd screwed up again. What would her boss think if he knew she was in the bed of one of the owners of the mine? Sure, Jackson was telling the truth about how he felt about her. Did that change how inappropriate this was? No. "Where are my clothes?"

"They're almost dry. Darlin', what's wrong?" He sat on the bed

and grabbed her hand.

She jerked it away. “Nothing. I just shouldn’t be here.”

Phoenix walked in. “Why not?”

“Given what I’m in Wilde to do and who you both are, it’s not proper.”

“Jessie, I don’t give a damn about what’s proper and what’s not.”

Jackson cupped her chin. “Don’t you understand that?”

“It doesn’t matter.” She kept her voice from shaking, though anxiety ripped at her insides. “It is what it is.”

Phoenix shook his head. “Lil’ bro, I’ve had about as much of this as I can stand. She wants you. That’s clear.” His demanding and sure tone rocked through her nerve endings like an avalanche. “She’s just conflicted, and I know how to get her past that.”

Oh, God! “What if I don’t want to get past it?”

“Oh, you do want to.” Phoenix lifted her up in his arms in a single swoop. “You need to stop denying yourself the pleasure my brother wants to give you.”

Tingles shot down into her pussy. How could she be so turned on by him with Jackson sitting there watching them? But she was. “I bet you want to fuck me, too. Why don’t you tell him that?”

“He already knows. Best not to tempt me, angel.” Phoenix’s fixed stare on her showed the voracious hunger he had for her.”

Yes, Phoenix had joined in last night to pleasure her, but that was before Jackson had made love to her and confessed his affection. The stakes had been raised, and she expected Jackson to be angry with his brother for his blatant sexual advances. But when she looked at him, he wasn’t jealous—he was hot with carnality.

“So, what are you going to do to me?” She felt an ache growing inside her to be ravished.

“Whatever it takes, Jessie.” Phoenix grinned.

There was no resistance to such strength of will. “Well, we’re in the right room for it.”

“Not here. This is too mundane, too predictable. I want you out of

your comfort zone. I want you to be surprised, dripping with desire, begging for more from my brother.” Somehow Phoenix was able to strip her of the robe in mere seconds while still holding on to her. “And I want him to stop holding back, too. Sure, you don’t have much experience, but you are all woman. He needs to unleash himself on you full throttle.”

Her heart thudded like a hammer in her chest, but refusal wasn’t in her. She wanted this, more than she knew possible.

“Strip, lil’ bro. Then come into the living room. I’ll have this sexy dish revved up and ready for you.” Phoenix didn’t wait for a reply, but carried her into the other room.

He sat down in the chair, moving her in his lap to face away from him in a kind of reverse cowgirl position. “You are so fucking hot. There’s so much about you that makes a man crazy with desire.”

Jessica could feel Phoenix’s cock through his jeans against her ass. It was hard as a rock. His knees came between her legs until they dangled on the outside of his thighs. When the warm air hit her pussy, moisture seeped out of her slit. Her clit began to ache and throb.

“My brother’s going to lap up that sweet cream of yours until you think you’re going to go insane.”

Next, Phoenix fanned out his legs, causing hers to go even wider. Then he crooked his arms into hers, pulling back until her body was spread-eagle and immobile.

She felt him sweep her neck with his tongue.

“Your skin tastes so good, sweetheart. You’re something else.”

Her head swam in a warm haze of desire.

Jackson stood at the bedroom door. His naked body added to her already growing hunger. His cock stood up at attention, as if ready for battle.

“Dinner is served.” Phoenix laughed lustily. “No more asking for permission, bro. Take what is yours.”

She wished she could squeeze her thighs together to try to rein in her desire, but he was having none of that.

Jackson hesitated. “She’s not experienced. Until last night, she was a virgin.”

“What?” Phoenix’s hold faltered, but then returned firm. “I knew she didn’t have much time in between the sheets, but I didn’t expect that.”

“So, you see why I’ve been gentle with her.”

“Fuck that talk. She’s a woman. She has needs.” Phoenix bit tenderly down on her earlobe. He released the little bit of flesh, then whispered, “You want Jackson, don’t you, Jessie?”

His words hit a nerve, juicing up her insides. “Yes.”

Jackson was between her legs in a flash. He looked at her pussy as if he’d found the mother lode. She could feel his hot breath skate across her folds. More wetness oozed out of her pussy. He looked up, his eyes sparkling with want and abandon. Then his tongue touched her mound like a writhing velvet glove that never stilled. Heat and vibrations mixed together deep inside her channel. Her clit swelled and throbbed. Unable to control herself, she wiggled violently, but Phoenix held her tight.

“You like Jackson lapping up your sweet little cunt’s cream?” His tone was deep and throaty.

“Mmm.” She bit her lip against the onslaught of quakes erupting in her body.

Jackson’s hands shot up above his head, latching on to her chest. Gently he massaged her breasts, causing her nipples to pulse and harden. As he continued licking her pussy like a man dying of thirst, she could feel Phoenix grinding up into her ass through his jeans. Sparks fired through her core. A primitive hunger gnawed at her insides.

When Jackson pressed on her clit with his tongue, tiny explosions of warmth and tingles filled up her body. A moan slipped from her lips.

“Get ready, sweetheart. I’m going to spread you even wider for Jackson.”

When he did, she got an even better feel of Phoenix's cock against her ass. What little movement she could muster, she used to push back into him.

"So, you want to explore more wickedness. Be a good girl, and you just might get to."

Her body vibrated, due to her anxiety. Or was it desire? Did he mean anal sex? "I'm not ready for that, Phoenix."

"You're ready for that and so much more, angel. You'll see. Now, stop thinking and keep enjoying." His mouth feathered her shoulder. "Understand?"

"Yes."

"Good girl."

Jackson added his fingers to his oral invasion between her legs, using them as marching soldiers across her aching pussy's folds. Then, with his incredibly skilled lips and tongue, he tormented her clit. A frenzy of heat and sparks sprang from her pussy throughout her body, inside and out. Dizzy with desire, she shuddered.

Phoenix's dry humping intensified and sped up. "Fuck, you two are so hot."

The tag-team, tasty torture went on and on. Her logical mind crumbled into a million pieces, leaving only unwavering desire. When Jackson tenderly captured her clit between his teeth, her orgasm detonated.

She screamed as every inch of her, inside and out, vibrated. Waves of pleasure washed over her, and still Jackson held her clit tight. Crazy with lust, she writhed against the bonds of Phoenix's arms and legs. She didn't want to be free of him, but she was unable to keep still with the climax burning wildly inside her. No matter. Phoenix never lost his hold on her.

Jackson moved up her body with his tongue and licked his way up to her greedy mouth. He fed her lips with a devastating kiss that had her toes and fingers curling. Phoenix released her arms, and she flung them around Jackson's neck. She felt cherished and adored. What

could be better?

When their kiss ended, Jackson's face looked lusty hot. "Let's move this into the bedroom, sweetheart."

Chapter Seven

Jackson placed Jessie on the bed while Phoenix undressed. She seemed ready for the first leg of the crazy carnival ride. He prayed the eventual destination of this roller coaster was her clothed in white inside Pete's chapel surrounded by him and his brothers.

But he couldn't tell her about what he had planned for her and his brothers. Not yet. Way too soon. She needed to fall in love with each and every one of his brothers, and they needed to fall in love with her.

She looked like a reclining goddess on his bed, ready for worship. Jackson squeezed her hands gently, and he felt warmth shoot up his arm.

"You want to share me with your brother?" She looked both confused and excited.

"I want you to have pleasure beyond what you can imagine." Desire for her fired through him. "Trust us."

"I'll try."

Her gentleness and delicacy held him captive. Pleasing her for the rest of his life was all that mattered to him now.

Phoenix reached over and stroked her hair. "You'll do great, Jessie."

She smiled and tilted her head toward his brother. That pleased him. If he could get Phoenix on board, then the others would be easier. Clearly, Phoenix was falling for her, just like him.

Jessie blinked. "I'm confused at how you two are going to share me?"

"Leave everything to us, sweetheart." Jackson crawled in next to her, and Phoenix did the same on the other side of the bed,

sandwiching her between them.

Jackson traced her side and saw her flesh pop up where he touched. His brother descended onto her breast, and she bit her lip. Thinking that was a great idea, Jackson swallowed Jessie's other breast, and a little gasp escaped her mouth. He guided his fingers down until they touched the cream pooling from her pussy. He could hear Phoenix suck on her chest, and that only made his cock even harder.

Jackson cupped her chin and guided her mouth to his. She tasted sweet and warm. He pressed his tongue against her lips, demanding entrance. A wonderful rush blasted through him.

When he ended the kiss, he looked at her delicate hand, threading Phoenix's hair while he laved her nipple. Hot lust raged inside him. He pressed her swollen clit, and she let out a sweet moan. The scent of her cream wafting up from between her legs increased his madness.

"Jessie, tell me if you like Phoenix teething your taut nipple."

"I-I love it." Her breathing sped up and became shallow.

Jackson's need for her blistered like lava. The more he saw her filled with pleasure, the more he wanted to give to her. He kissed the side of her neck.

Phoenix leaned up from his meal of her chest. "I've got to taste her sweetness." His brother shifted down on the bed and, without hesitation, began sampling her juices.

Jessie's back arched off the bed, and her hands fisted the sheets. Jackson tweaked her nipples, and watched her shudder. "Let's get her between us, Phoenix."

"Gotcha." Phoenix rolled off the bed.

Jackson did the same, on the other side.

Using their hands they guided her to the middle of the bed up on her knees. Phoenix leaned over from his side, placed his hands on her waist, and then swooped down between her legs to dine on her soaked little cunt.

Jackson placed his hands on her perfect, round buttocks, and

spread them apart.

Breathlessly, Jessie said, “If y–you’re thinking a–about taking me from b–behind, I–I’m not sure I can.”

Looking at her pink ring, his desire to be in her sweet ass felt like a ravenous beast inside him. Nothing would hold him back. “Sweetheart, this is the crash course. You’re way past vanilla sex. I know you’ll love it. Leave everything to me.” He licked her backside entrance, and as he knew she would, she squirmed. *God, she’s something else.*

He and Phoenix bathed her pussy and bottom’s intimate spot over and over...until she wept as another orgasm seized her. Then she screamed.

As her shivers backed off, he and Phoenix donned condoms. Jackson grabbed the lube from his side table and began applying a generous amount to Jessie’s ass’s oval entrance. Phoenix stretched out on the bed with his dick jutting straight out.

Jackson flipped Jessie face-first on top of his brother so that his cock was positioned to enter her tight pussy. He watched as Phoenix guided his dick into her depths. Hunger leapt up inside him as he watched her take all of his brother’s cock. Soon, the two were in sync with their thrusts.

“God, you’re so wet and tight.” Phoenix’s words told Jackson that he was a goner for her, too.

As his brother continued pummeling Jessie with his cock, Jackson pressed a finger against her lubed-up backside entrance. “You’re going to feel a bit of pain, sweetheart. Just breathe through it, and you will feel amazing pleasure. I promise.”

Jackson pushed past her tightness, and she let out a tiny yelp. Phoenix halted his movements into her.

“I–I’m okay. I’m breathing.”

“Good girl. Now relax your muscles. You can do it.”

“I’m trying.”

“Right now, you’re too fucking tight to take me, darlin’. I want

inside you, but I don't want to hurt you."

Her eyes closed, then opened. She smiled, "I'm doing it."

"Yes, you are." Jackson loved feeling her insides contracting around his finger. He went in and out, stretching her for his dick. He added another finger. She jerked a bit, but then immediately went back to sliding up and down Phoenix's cock. Once he had her ready and writhing for more, he moved up her back and placed the tip of his cock at her bottom's entry.

"Jessie, take a deep breath for me."

Instantly, she obeyed.

"Hold it. Good. Now let it out slow...don't stop." When he thought she was about halfway through the exhalation, he pushed past the fleshy barrier. He heard her let out the last lungful of air in a single whoosh.

"It's too much."

Though every instinct inside him pushed him to slam into her, he withheld. She needed him to guide her, so he didn't move an inch. He didn't want to cause her undo pain. "Breathe, sweetheart. That's it. Good."

"Oh, my God. You're both inside me."

If Jackson hadn't been so hot with lust, he would've smiled. "You ready for more?"

"Sure she is." Phoenix began a slow motion into her.

"Y-Yes..." Jessie's pants added fuel to Jackson's searing need.

He moved into her tight ass in steady, long strokes, going deeper with each pass. The room spun, and he felt her clench his cock with her insides. He kissed the back of her head and kept driving into her.

In and out.

She moaned and thrashed under him. "Oh, God."

He and Phoenix synchronized their strokes, and Jessie's frenzy seemed to go off the charts.

His body burned like the sun with each thrust into her gorgeous body. He reached around and cupped her ample breasts. Sharing the

woman he loved with Phoenix staggered him.

“You like taking Jackson in your pretty little ass?” his brother asked.

“Y—yes.”

“I bet he loves it, too. I know I love being inside your tight pussy.”

“You got that right, bro. You’re safe, sweetheart. Let go. Give yourself over to us.”

Her body rocked between him and Phoenix, and he felt her muscles in her ass contract around his dick.

Jackson wanted to speak but could only muster a tortured groan. The moment was too intense for words. Jessie belonged to them. They were claiming her with every thrust and lick.

She tugged at his Phoenix’s hair. She trembled violently. She cried and screamed. As Jackson’s own orgasm pounded for release, she let out a whimper of pleasure that shot him to the moon as he came and came.

* * * *

Standing with Jackson by her rental car in the Wilde Mine’s parking lot, Jessica’s heart fluttered. This cowboy had changed everything. The midday sun lit him perfectly. With his hat and western wear, he looked so manly it made her giddy.

Jackson leaned in and kissed her. “Sorry about your laptop. I’m sure it will show up. The team knows to get it to you as soon as it’s found. You sure you don’t want me to tag along?”

She was. The last two nights had been a whirlwind, and she needed to catch her breath. “I’ve got a lot of work to do today and tomorrow. I feel fine. If that changes, I promise to call the doctor.”

“Okay. I want to take you to dinner in Elko. They have a great Chinese restaurant there I think you’d like.”

“I love Chinese. Not tonight though. I need to sleep, Jackson.

Tomorrow night.”

“Okay. I’ll be in the lobby at six tomorrow. Takes about an hour to get there from here.”

She wanted to ask if Phoenix would be joining them, but didn’t. Last night’s sexual romp had just happened. Even though she’d loved being with both of them, she doubted there would ever be another opportunity like this one again. The little sparks she felt for Phoenix had to be only offshoots from what she felt for Jackson. What else could it have been?

As she drove off the mine’s property, she looked in her rearview and saw the cowboy she’d been dreaming about waving goodbye.

Her mind was a flurry with conflicting thoughts and ideas. What she needed to calm herself down was a couple of glasses of red wine. She didn’t want to visit the Horseshoe Bar and Grill alone. Besides, she guessed its fare likely ran only along the beer and hard liquor variety. No mixers. If she ever got a chance to order a cosmo from Craig, the Horseshoe’s bartender, he’d probably look at her like she had three heads.

Luckily, just as Jessica passed Wilde’s city limits sign, she spotted a place that would work to fill her needs. She drove the car in front of Carlotta’s Liquor Store and Tarot Card Reading Room. She grinned. Wilde was like no other place on earth.

She got out of the car and headed to the door of Carlotta’s. Once inside, trancelike music filled her ears. Except for the four statues of Buddha, the beads hanging in the doorway behind the counter, and the smell of burning incense, it seemed typical for a liquor store. Four large display coolers held several brands of domestic and import beers. Several metal shelves filled the place with a wide variety of liquor and wine.

Jessica found a familiar California red and walked up to the empty counter. An antique brass counter bell was next to the cash register. Impatient to get to her hotel room, she rang it twice and placed the bottle on the counter.

Parting the hanging beads, a woman entered from the back doorway. She wore a long, flowing, yellow dress, red belt, and garish jewelry. Her fake fingernails were painted bright pink. An unlit cigarette hung from her mouth. On top of her wavy black hair was a white turban with a large crystal stone centered in front. Jessica guessed her to be in her mid-sixties.

“Hello, my dear. I am Carlotta Angelina Bianca Sollomovici. Velcome to my abode.” Her voice sounded eastern European, though probably just an act. Still, it was nice and sweet like a wind chime in a light breeze. “You’re new to Vilde, no?”

Normally, her New York edge would’ve kicked in by such an intrusive question, but with Carlotta it didn’t. “Yes. I got here a few days ago. Do you take credit cards?”

“Ah. A voman speeding to business before talk vill find herself without anyone to listen.” Carlotta closed her eyes and held up her hand. “How long has it been since you’ve had a reading, my dear?”

“Umm.” Jessica remembered the time when she and Michael had gotten their palms read as a lark. “Five years ago, I think.”

“I sense da voman vas a charlatan. Am I right?” Carlotta opened her eyes. “And you a nonbeliever in da invisible. Shame on dat voman. Come vith me.”

Jessica liked Carlotta, but she really wanted to lock herself away in her room, call Michael, crawl into bed, and pray someone found her laptop before she had to call her boss. “I’m kind of in a hurry.”

“Not true. Vhat you seek can be found in da cards. On da house, my dear. Comes vith da purchase of da vine.”

Jessica shrugged. “What the hell.” She followed Carlotta through the beads into a room draped in fabrics of every color. In the center was a small table covered in a blue cloth that went all the way down the sides to the floor. Closest to the beaded door were two metal folding chairs. On the opposite side was a large black leather wingback chair. On the table was a deck of cards.

Carlotta motioned for her to sit in one of the metal chairs, as she

took a seat in the wingback. “Your name is... Jessica Greene.”

“How do you know that?” She sat down hard, a bit freaked out.

“Gotcha.” The woman smiled broadly. “I’m a friend of Maude’s.”

She sighed. “Ah.”

“You really are blocked, Jessica. Vorst case I’ve seen in a very long time. Let’s see vhat da spirits tell us.” Carlotta shuffled the cards several times. She patted the deck and created three piles on the table. “Dat’s got it. Don’t touch. Just point to da vone dat you are most drawn to, my dear.”

Before Jessie could stop herself, she blurted out, “What? No crystal ball?” Then she covered her mouth, embarrassed at the insult she’d spoken aloud.

Carlotta’s hearty laugh instantly gave her relief. “I got vone, but I don’t tink it vould like you very much. Unbelief is harder on da crystals dan da cards.”

“I’m sorry. I just don’t really get this kind of thing.”

“Not many people do. Doesn’t mean dat it isn’t true, Jessica.”

“I guess.” She pointed to the deck in the middle. “How about that one?”

“Okay. I tink five-card spread for you. Da first is your distant past. Da second is your near past. Da one in da middle is now. Da fourth is your near future. Da last is your distant future. Simple as dat.” Carlotta turned over five cards in a row on the table. “Mmm. Interesting.”

Jessica decided to get into the spirit of things. “What do you see?”

“Your distant past is represented by da Seven of Swords. It’s reversed, vich means you felt trapped in a hopeless situation but vere unable to vithdraw. You vere deceived by someone close to you, vere you not?”

Michael’s face floated in the back of her mind. “I was.”

“You still care for dis vone, but I sense dat you have unresolved pain.”

“No. We’re good friends. It’s cool.”

“Dat’s not vhat the next card shows. Da Ace of Swords is also reversed. It means defeat. You came to Vilde dejected and sad.”

“Maybe I did. Things have been tough.”

“And here is your present. Da Lovers. Human love is a mystery and full of its own challenges.”

“Boy, do I know that.”

“Dat’s the truth.” Carlotta closed her eyes. Her finger came down on the fourth card. “Listen to me, Jessica. Be on guard. Dis is da Five of Pentacles in your near future. It’s reversed. Someone vishes you harm.”

Austin Wilde, I bet. “I will. Thank you.”

Carlotta took Jessica’s hands. “See dis?” She tilted her head toward the last card. “It is da best outcome. Your distant future. Da Star means new hopes and vonder. You vill find inspiration, courage, and so much more, my dear. Your dark days vill end. Your future is full of light and love.”

She smirked. “I’m glad to know that things will get better for me in the distant future.”

“Get past da danger around you. Love and trust yourself again. You’re so much more dan you know. Do dat, and your distant future might be just around da corner instead of years from now. Only da invisible knows for sure.”

“I sure hope so. Thank you, Carlotta.”

The woman smiled, and released Jessie’s hands. “Let me get your vine for you, my dear.”

Chapter Eight

The four of the Wilde brothers, Jackson, Phoenix, Dallas, and Denver, sat at a table in the middle of Sneaky Pete's Casino, playing poker.

Jackson bet fifty dollars, expecting his two aces in his hand and the one on the table would finally have him winning a nice pot.

"Raise fifty." Dallas moved the chips into the center of the table. Likely, he either had a pair of fours or a pair of jacks. He never stayed in a pot unless he had a strong hand. Too bad for him, Jackson had the best hand at present.

"Call," Denver announced, and added to the growing pot.

"I'm out." Phoenix leaned back, looking at Jackson with a wide smile.

Sneaky Pete's wasn't like the bigger casinos in Vegas or Reno. It was more of a local watering hole than anything else. Still, the place was really quiet for ten at night. Only four of the ten slot machines had customers. The craps table was empty. No one sat at the bar. A couple of Jackson's cousins, Tobias and Nate Strong, were the only people playing at the blackjack table.

Pete himself was the Wilde brothers' dealer tonight. He laid down the three-card flop, revealing the ace of hearts, the four of spades, and the jack of hearts.

Jackson thought about raising on top of Dallas's, but with two opponents still in, he decided to slow play. "Call."

Pete looked at his watch. "Boys, this has to be the last hand for now. I've got a wedding in fifteen minutes to conduct."

"No problem." Jackson nodded.

Pete, aka Sneaky Pete Buchman, had opened the casino and chapel next door fifty years ago. The old man was Wilde's only minister, which suited everyone in town, including Jackson.

Pete turned the next card over. It was the three of clubs.

"A hundred." Jackson pushed in more chips.

Dallas didn't hesitate. "Call."

"That's all for me. I'm out." Denver grabbed up his remaining chips. "I've lost sixty bucks tonight. Not bad for me."

"Not at all, bro." Phoenix had doubled his chips in the two hours they'd been playing. He turned to Jackson. "One down. One to go."

Jackson loved poker night with his brothers. He rarely won. With Austin, the best player of them, absent, tonight would be different. "We'll see."

Pete turned over the river card. It was the queen of hearts.

"Another hundred." Jackson expected Dallas to fold with that bet.

He didn't. "Raise. Five hundred."

"You're kidding."

"Nope."

Jackson studied his face. Could he actually have a flush or straight? That would mean he'd been betting on blue sky, and that wasn't like Dallas. Or could he finally be trying to bluff? Austin was always on him to change his play, but Dallas never had. With their eldest brother not at the table, Jackson suspected Dallas had finally done it.

"I'm calling your bluff, Dallas." Jackson pushed in the rest of his chips, then he flipped over his cards. "Triple aces."

Dallas stood up and shouted. "A royal flush!" He flipped his two cards over to reveal the king and jack of hearts.

Jackson couldn't believe his eyes. Second place in a round of poker meant you went home poorer. "Shit."

"Way to go, Dallas. You're the second person to get one here. Your Pappy Jack got dealt one back in the summer of seventy-seven. Your picture will go up next to his behind the bar. I'll take it later."

Pete stood up. "I've got two grooms and their bride waiting on me." Then he marched to the exit.

Phoenix came up behind Jackson and patted him on the back. "Lil' bro, the queen of hearts lost you that pot. Fitting, don't you think?"

"Shut up." Jackson smiled. "I'll buy the first round."

He needed more time to plead his case to his brothers. He'd told them during their poker game that he believed Jessie would be the perfect wife for them, but Dallas and Denver remained hesitant to the notion. Phoenix hadn't said a word, but stared at him intently. Jackson wasn't sure if he was on board or not with his idea, but he hoped so. Phoenix had sure been game to get Jessie in bed.

Jackson and his brothers went up to the casino's bar, ordered drinks, then sat at an empty table.

"Guys, she's the one."

"So you've been saying." Denver downed a tequila shot. "She's really gorgeous and seems nice and all, but she's not from here."

"Neither was Mom."

Dallas put his hand on Jackson's shoulder. "That's different, lil' bro."

"Why?" Jackson's frustration whirled inside him. If his brothers didn't want Jessie as a shared wife, so be it. He'd opt out of his portion of the mine and start a life with her by himself. Still, he had to try to convince them. "Our parents are in love. It worked out for them. It can work for us, too."

"That was a long time ago. Outsiders don't understand our ways."

"Bullshit. That's a cop-out. Jessie is smart. All she needs is some persuading."

Phoenix glared at him. "She's also a recent virgin, whose cherry you popped. You really think she'll go for marrying five men?"

"I didn't say it would be easy, but she will be worth it."

"A virgin?" Dallas absently staked up his chips on the table. "I knew it."

“You’re such a liar, bro.” Denver shook his head. “None of us did.”

“She is quite amazing.” Phoenix’s tone softened.

Dallas barked. “Come on. You left with us the other night. When did you have time to fuck her?”

“Me and Jackson took her back to his place after the accident at the mine.”

“I can see it in your eyes, Phoenix. You’re into her, too. Not as much as Jackson yet, but still true.” Denver rubbed his chin. “If Jackson’s right about Jessie—”

“But what about Austin?” Dallas asked. “His plan has always been to leave once the four of us find a wife. Is that what we want? To lose our brother?”

“No.” Phoenix downed a tequila shot. “He’ll never go for the likes of Jessie. Not with what he likes in the bedroom.”

The truth Phoenix shared sunk Jackson’s hope. Austin visited BDSM clubs in Reno, Vegas, and even L.A. on a regular basis. Hell, he’d built a *playroom* in his house complete with a bench, straps, paddles, whips, and more.

“Jackson, you really want her?” Denver asked.

“With all my heart.”

“Okay. I think I have an idea that could win Austin over, but it is going to take awhile. In the meantime, I suggest each of us get to know Miss Greene better.”

Denver had restored Jackson’s faith in the possible. No matter what means it took to win Jessie’s heart, that’s what he would do.

* * * *

Jessica exited the car, holding the bottle of wine she’d gotten from Carlotta. She headed for the front door of the Hotel Cactus, anxious for a bath and alone time.

A man walked up to her. He didn’t wear the typical dress for men

in Wilde. Instead, he wore a suit and tie and carried a large case. He could've easily fit right into Manhattan's mainstream as one of its stylish, good-looking males. In this remote town, he looked out of place. "Miss Greene." His smile was broad and inviting.

"Yes?" She tensed. This was Wilde, Nevada after all.

"I'm Malcolm Winters." He extended his hand to her.

She shook his hand. "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Winters."

"Malcolm, please. I have something for you." He opened his case and produced something she was thrilled to see.

"My laptop! Thank you." She took it from him. "You work at the mine?"

"Oh, no." His eyebrow shot up. "I'm president of the bank. One of my security guards also works at the mine from time to time. He found it and brought it to me."

That puzzled her. "Why didn't he just turn it in to a supervisor at the mine?"

"The man is a little off. He trusts me. Anyway, it's back in its proper owner's hands. No fault. No foul."

Jessie sighed. She wouldn't have to call the boss now. "I can't tell you how grateful I am, Malcolm."

"No need. I know your job is a hard one. I heard about your accident at the mine."

"Word travels fast around here. I'm fine."

"But you could've been really hurt. What a shame about Paul's heart condition."

"Paul?"

"The driver that almost hit you. It was his heart, apparently."

"Is he all right?"

"He is. With rest and rehab, he'll be good as new." Mr. Winters motioned to the front of the hotel. "May I escort you inside the hotel to the lobby?"

"Certainly." His formal manner didn't put her off, but instead eased her anxiety. "I'm so glad the driver is going to be okay."

“Aren’t you sweet. Maybe too sweet, I’m afraid.”

She tensed. “What do you mean?”

“We citizens of Wilde believe in our mine, Miss Greene. The last thing we want is for another accident to occur due to carelessness and oversight.”

Jessie bristled. “I can assure you, Mr. Winters, I am a professional. I’m here to make sure Wilde Mine is safe.”

The man nodded, opening the hotel’s door for her. “Excellent. Let me know if there is anything I can do to help you.”

Jessie walked into the lobby, and turned back to him. “Thank you, but I’ve got it covered.”

Chapter Nine

Jessica sipped her wine. She'd finished reading her last e-mail. The Deputy Director was giving her free rein. Whatever time or resources she needed in her investigation of the Wilde Mine, he would approve it. It seemed that back at headquarters no one was the wiser about her spending time with Jackson Wilde and his brothers. That pleased her.

Though she wasn't breaking any rule or code by seeing Jackson, it would be best to cancel dinner with him tomorrow night, but she just couldn't bring herself to. And why did she also keep thinking about Phoenix? She'd always thought of herself as a one-man woman. Dating two guys at the same time didn't really ever occur to her. And two brothers? Nuts.

A knock on the door tore her from her thoughts. She took her pepper spray out of her purse. "Who is it?"

"Jackson."

This was going downhill fast. She unlocked the door, expecting only Jackson. What she found was four Wilde brothers, Jackson, Phoenix, Dallas, and Denver, each holding something behind their back. The latter three marched in, then sat on the bed.

She put her hands on her hips. "Make yourselves at home, guys."

"We will, sweetheart." Jackson's deep, lusty tone warmed her up. He placed an arm around her waist and pulled her into a thrilling kiss.

Jessie felt her pulse race. When the kiss ended, Jackson brought out four red roses he'd been holding behind his back. "These are for you, beautiful."

"I don't have anything to put these in." She brought them up to

her nose, inhaling the sweet fragrance. *I wonder why four?* Of course, one for each brother. “I guess I could use the ice bucket.”

Jackson took the bucket to the sink and filled it up with water.

“Smart woman.” Phoenix came up behind Jessie and turned her to face him. He held a bottle of wine. He pulled her in tight, devouring her lips with his mouth. *God, the man knows how to kiss.* Tingles spread over her skin like wildfire.

Before she could catch her breath, Phoenix produced a crystal wineglass from the pocket of his leather jacket. “This is for you, sweetheart.” He grinned, then in a flash uncorked the bottle and filled her glass.

Jessie thought it was time to awaken her sleeping sanity. Taking a deep breath, she started to tell him to stop, but his tongue swept the soft area of her neck and her ability to string two coherent words together.

She noticed Dallas was placing lit candles around the room. When he finished, he approached her. Like his brother Phoenix, Dallas began kissing the other side of her neck. She closed her eyes, trying to find a defense to the men, but found none. She was burning with want. Had Wilde, Nevada, changed her from a twenty-five-year-old virgin to a naughty woman? How could she be so turned on? But she couldn’t deny that she was.

When Jessie heard soft, sensual music filling the room, she opened her eyes and saw Denver placing an iPod with two portable speakers on the nightstand.

When Denver looked up at her, she saw his lips curl up into a wicked grin. He walked over and cupped her chin. “Lil’ bro, don’t you think it’s time to unwrap this pretty little present?”

Jackson stepped up beside Denver. “Yes, I do.”

Under his watchful eyes, his three brothers unbuttoned, unzipped, and stripped away all Jessie’s clothes, leaving her standing naked in the middle of the room. Before she could think, Jackson lifted her up into his arms and carried her lovingly to the bath that the sneaky

cowboy had filled with bubbles. He gently lowered her into the warm water.

Jackson pressed his hot, searing lips to her mouth. Her body quivered violently, despite the warmth of the bath.

Phoenix began massaging her calves, kneading out the tightness in her muscles. She loved the feel of his calloused hands on her skin.

Jackson held her hand, as Dallas and Denver edged forward.

Dallas took a cloth and washed her, starting with her shoulders and arms before moving to her breasts. He spent more time on her chest than anywhere else.

Denver took another cloth and shoved it below the water's surface. She felt him press it against her pussy. "I can't wait to taste you, sweet and clean, honey." An electric shock shot down her spine, as he rubbed her into a craze.

The brothers washed, rubbed, and massaged every inch of her body. They lit a fire in her that would not be quenched until they gave her what she craved.

"She's ready." Jackson pulled her out of the water and wrapped her up in the hotel's plush, white towel. He carried her to the bed and placed her on it. Then, he cupped her chin and gently guided her to face Phoenix, Dallas, and Denver. "My brothers are here for you." He licked her neck, and her cheeks warmed. "To give you pleasure." He pinched her nipple, causing her to moan. "What happened at my place wasn't a fluke, Jessie."

Her mind went wonderfully blank. No worries. No fears. Just want.

She heard Phoenix say, "That looks so hot. Jessie, you are so gorgeous."

She closed her eyes, as Jackson whispered, "I care about you, Jessie. There's so much I want to share with you, to show you, to teach you, to discover with you."

Jessie felt another set of hands on her, moving up and down her legs and grazing her pussy's edge for just a second. She opened her

eyes to find a naked Dallas smiling up at her. She wanted to beg him to touch her, but words were hard to find.

“Bro, taste her cream,” Jackson ordered. “She’s so hot and sweet.”

When Dallas’s tongue hit her clit, a crazy desire rocked her. His skillful licks fermented her pussy, and more moisture poured out of her.

Phoenix and Denver had shucked their clothes, too. Their hands moved over her naked body, firing her nerve endings. Only Jackson remained dressed, though the desire and caring she saw in his eyes made this crazy moment so perfect, so right.

More orders came from him. “Phoenix, take a nipple. Denver, take the other one.”

With the three mouths on her breasts and pussy, her whole body burned with cravings. When she felt Jackson’s finger reaching under her, lubing up her backside entrance, she wanted to come so bad she thought she would burst.

Phoenix came up from his meal of her chest and kissed her, sweeping his greedy tongue into her mouth. Denver continued laving her nipple, and Dallas teathed her clit. She felt the edge of her looming climax.

“Stop. She’s really close.” God, Jackson could read her so easily, and that actually pleased her.

The three brothers removed their tongues, but kept their hands on her.

“Dallas, get on the bed next to her. I know you’re going to love shoving your cock up her pussy.”

“You bet I am.” Dallas jumped on the bed. He donned a condom on his hard cock. She felt his muscled frame touching her side, causing her to tremble. “Sugar, you okay?”

She nodded.

“Jessie, you look so hot. I gotta capture this.” Jackson’s tone was deep and lusty. She watched him snap a couple pictures of her from his cell. That he wanted to have photos of her thrilled Jessie. “Dallas,

roll her on top of you.”

As Dallas moved her on top of him, his big cock filled up her pussy. She sucked in a roomful of air as his dick filled up her channel. He pumped up into her pussy a few strokes, before she heard Jackson bark another command.

“Denver, put on a condom. You get to take her from behind.”

“Can’t wait to get inside that sweet little ass.” She felt Denver crawl up her legs until the tip of his dick pressed at her bottom’s intimate spot, then he pushed into her.

Jessica bit her lip hard. Two cocks stretched her insides wide. Like before, she felt totally full and possessed. She turned to see Jackson. His eyes were lidded with heat and hunger, yet he still remained dressed. This show was all for him, and that he was enjoying it overwhelmed her and made her dizzy.

“Phoenix, you want her hot mouth on your dick, milking your seed?”

“Fuck, yeah.” He moved to the head of the bed. The tip of his cock hit her lips. “Lick the tip of my dick, Jessie.”

She obeyed, feeling a deep hot shudder in her core. Her tongue tasted the slickness oozing from the slit of his cock.

“Good girl. Open your pretty mouth, angel. Now, I want you to take the head of my dick in your mouth. Mmm. Perfect. I’m going to feed you more of the shaft. Breathe through your nose, nice and slow. God, yes.”

Phoenix slowly slid the rest of his cock down her throat. The realization that three men filled her body up with their cocks thrilled her. Denver drilled into her ass, burning pleasure into her depths until she was trembling. Dallas fucked her pussy with a fervor that surprised her.

In and out. Their invasion stretched her insides out, filling her to the impossible. She gripped the sheets, groaning with every slow torturous thrust. A tremble rocked its way from deep inside her pussy through the rest of her body.

Denver and Dallas's timing of their strokes was flawless. As one pulled his cock out of her body, the other plunged deep back into her, driving her mad with desire.

Phoenix threaded her hair as he fucked her mouth. As he hit the back of her throat, she looked over at Jackson. His unwavering, hungry stare and the dicks filling her up lit several fuses inside her. The first fired little bursts of shivers. Next came flares of heat.

"I'm going to c-come." Dallas shoved his dick to the hilt in her pussy, then he came.

Denver didn't say a word, but plowed into her ass, shooting his seed.

Phoenix shouted, "Yes!" His cum shot down her throat, and she swallowed every drop.

As she continued swallowing Phoenix with her mouth, Dallas with her pussy, Denver with her ass, and Jackson with her eyes, a barrage of pleasure detonated through her. Every cell combusted. Every breath reverberated. No word existed for what they'd given her or how she felt.

Then she let go, giving into the most intense release that violently shook her core, causing her to scream and scream and scream.

Later, as her climax backed away a bit, all she could manage was little whimpers and lots of tears as Jackson and his brothers covered her completely with their bodies like blanket made of cowboys.

Chapter Ten

Jackson enjoyed watching Jessie's passionate trembles.

Phoenix kissed her. "You were incredible, angel."

Her green eyes sparkled like emeralds. "I was?"

"More than you know, honey." Denver grabbed her hand.

"Sugar, you are marvelous." Dallas's openness and honesty were legendary in Wilde. "I've never been with a woman like you before."

Jackson was pleased that his brothers were falling for her, too. Sure, it would take time to get them completely on board with the idea of her as their wife, but he knew they eventually would. Austin might be a little harder to convince, but Jackson wasn't giving up on him.

"Isn't it about time that you guys get going?" He wanted to be alone with her.

"Right." Phoenix left the bed and began dressing. Denver and Dallas did the same.

Jackson sat on the side of the bed and kissed Jessie's hair. "How do you feel, sweetheart?"

She tilted her head into his chest. "I feel amazing."

Each of his brothers stole one last kiss from her. Then, without a word, they left.

* * * *

In shadow, a lone figure watched three of the Wilde brothers leave the Hotel Cactus. Phoenix's, Dallas's, and Denver's broad smiles made it clear that they'd just fucked the investigator from MSHA

The youngest brother was still with the bitch. *Fuck!*

Before the exiting trio could catch a glimpse, the frustrated individual walked down the alley between Norma's and Sneaky Pete's.

Circumstances had not gone as expected.

The cunning person took a deep, calming breath. Time to turn up the heat and get Jessica Greene out of the picture—for good. Slowly, an idea formed that would accomplish just that, and deliver much more.

* * * *

Jackson held Jessie close for several minutes before she spoke to him. "Tell me something."

"Anything." He squeezed her hand.

She blinked. "Why did you share me with your brothers again?"

He wanted to tell her everything, but knew the entire truth would only send her packing. It would be best to tell her part of the truth. For now. "I sensed that it would please you. Did it?"

Her cheeks flamed red. "Oh, yes. Very much."

"God, you have no idea how beautiful you are, and that only makes you even more special to me. You knock me out, darlin. You're honest and smart. I've got to spend more time with you."

Her lush lips turned up into a sweet smile. "Until I'm done with my investigation at the mine, we must keep quiet about us. Can you tell your brothers that?"

"Mum's the word. I promise."

"I meet your brother Austin tomorrow."

"Jessie, I think we shouldn't let on to him, either. Not just yet."

"I trust you, Jackson."

Her words floored him. "I love you, Jessie."

"I've only known you for a couple of days, but I think..."

"Sweetheart, you don't have to say anything until you're sure."

“I’m sure that right now, I love you more than anyone I’ve ever known.”

He kissed the woman who was his to win, to protect, and to one day marry.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Chloe Lang began devouring romance novels during summers between college semesters as a respite to the rigors of her studies. Soon, her lifelong addiction was born, and to this day, she typically reads three or four books every week.

For years, the very shy Chloe tried her hand at writing romance stories, but shared them with no one. After many months of prodding by an author friend, Sophie Oak, she finally relented and let Sophie read one. As the prodding turned to gentle shoves, Chloe ultimately did submit something to Siren-BookStrand. The thrill of a life happened for her when she got the word that her book would be published.

Chloe's family consists of a wonderful man she's been married to for twelve years and a precious daughter.



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