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Ménage Amour



Elise's Dakota Cowboys

Sabrina Sinclair

Sexual Meltdown 3

Elise's Dakota Cowboys

When a persistent dream compels twenty-seven-year-old Elise Norton to buy a ranch house in South Dakota, she knows strange forces are at work. Just why has she had the same dream night after night for the past three years?

Sybar brothers Carter, Aaron and Brady Kennedy are the owners of the ranch house that Elise buys. The eldest, Carter, planted the dream in her head in order to lure her to South Dakota. A Sybar woman is exactly what they need in order to continue their line. However, they all underestimate the sexual power a Sybar woman has over a Sybar man, and they each want her for themselves.

Can the gorgeous and sexy Kennedy brothers convince her to stay? Or will their sense of sibling rivalry drive her away?

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A Quote

“Reality is merely an illusion, although a very persistent one.”

Albert Einstein – German-born Theoretical Physicist

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SABRINA SINCLAIR

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Chapter One

Elise Norton pointed the yellow Mustang at the interchange and then hit the gas pedal. The kick down activated, and the car surged forward in an accelerative lunge before finally merging with the fast flowing freeway traffic.

The low winter sun flooded through the windshield, and she pulled the sun visor down to protect her eyes from the annoying glare. Counting from one to five in her head, she took a deep breath before slowly releasing it.

She was eight hours into her journey. In another four hours, she would arrive at her new home in Raven, South Dakota, a cattle community in the middle of nowhere.

Her friend, Sarah, had told her she was crazy to move to such a remote part of the country on her own. "Why are you doing this, Elise? You've no friends or family there. No job to go to. Something just isn't right."

Looking at things objectively, she could see that her friend had a point, but at twenty-seven, she'd been making her own decisions for a long time. She was her own woman, and she was leaving Chicago far behind her. End of conversation.

"I have to go, Sarah. I just have to go." The final words to her friend as she'd fired the car into life back in Chicago. "I'll call you as soon as I can."

As she battled the other cars for her own personal piece of freeway, she felt an overwhelming acceptance of the situation. It was almost like a cathartic experience. A letting go.

She smiled broadly and then burst into laughter. "The dream has stopped. The dream has finally stopped," she shouted out loud. Her voice resonated around the confined space of the Mustang's interior.

Up until three years ago, her life had been normal. Unexceptional, but normal. Then as if from out of nowhere, the dream had started. It was the day after her twenty-fourth birthday, and she'd been feeling her usual self. Not inordinately happy or unhappy. She'd been living her usual humdrum life with nothing very good or very bad happening in it.

The first night she'd had the dream, it left her feeling disturbed. It was an emotion she'd found hard to quantify. An uneasy thought in her head kept surfacing. She knew something just wasn't right. A portent of impending doom had washed over her. During the day she'd managed to shake the feeling of apprehension from her thoughts and had gone to bed that night happy in the belief that the dream was just that, a dream. It was nothing of any great significance, despite its absolute clarity and detail.

However, something felt distinctly odd. It was nothing she could put her finger on, but she knew it was there all the same. The apparent reality of the dream really freaked her out, more than she cared to admit. It felt more like she was observing real life. As though she'd been looking down on it, rather than her mind simply working overtime as she slept in her warm comfortable bed.

That was three years ago, and she'd had the very same dream every night since then. The same dream down to the finest detail. There were no variations of it. It was exactly the same, night after night. She'd had more than one thousand of them to be exact.

Elise pulled in for some gas. Christ, she could see her money disappearing into the bottomless pit of the Mustang's gas tank. She knew only too well that her actions in driving more than six hundred miles to South Dakota were simply not rational.

It didn't matter. She had to make this trip. An unstoppable yet benign force was pulling her to her new home. She pulled the fuel nozzle from the Mustang's gas tank before paying at the booth.

Rejoining the freeway, she suddenly broke into a nervous laugh. Fuck! This just got more and more insane the longer it went on. The film, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, entered her thoughts. The main guy in it, whose name she couldn't remember for the life of her, had this uncontrollable urge to make a huge tower. First he'd made one out of mashed potatoes, and then later, he'd made a giant model of the same tower in his living room, with soil from the garden. This crazy guy had then driven all the way to Wyoming unable to understand what the feelings were that filled his head. Well, she felt exactly the same way. Here she was, just passing over the South Dakota state line, driving toward the ranch house in her dream.

She glanced at her watch. About another half-hour or so should see her arrive in Raven, South Dakota. Her hands trembled on the Mustang's steering wheel in anticipation of things to come.

"You're one fucking crazy woman," she said out loud to herself as she struggled with her mixed emotions. Fear and elation battled for supremacy within her. The closer she got to Raven, the harder the battle raged in her head. Just a few minutes now and she would finally see the ranch house in her dream. Her pussy was soaking wet, and she had no idea why.

* * * *

"How long 'til she arrives, Carter?" Aaron could barely conceal the excitement in his voice.

“Not long now. She’s already past the South Dakota state line. Should be about twenty minutes before she gets here.”

“Are you sure she’s no idea she’s a Sybar woman? My powers just aren’t strong enough to fill in all the gaps.” His younger brother placed a hand on his shoulder. “Tell me again what she looks like, Carter?”

“How many more times do I need to tell you, Aaron? I’ve told both you and Brady over and over ’til I’m blue in the face.”

“Tell me just one more time.”

As the eldest and the only fully fledged Sybar in the Kennedy family, Carter knew that his powers were far greater than both those of Aaron and Brady, the youngest of the Kennedy brothers.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, Aaron, she’s twenty-seven, about five six, and weighs around one twenty. She’s gorgeous.”

“Go on, go on.” Carter knew that his younger brother was nursing a hard-on in his jeans. “What color are her hair and eyes?”

“Jet-black and bright blue. Exactly the same as when I told you before.”

“I’ll be twenty-five in a few months time. I’ll have my full Sybar powers. Then I won’t need to ask you any more dumbass questions.”

Carter playfully slapped his brother’s face. “Can’t come soon enough for me. Although, I’ve still got to put up with Brady’s fledgling Sybar powers for another three years yet.”

“The kid is even more excited than I am, Carter. I sent him out to check the stock grazing near Eagle Valley.” He laughed. “I’m hoping the manual labor will take his mind off the hard-on he’s been nursing for the last month. If you think I ask too many questions, just wait ’til Brady gets back.”

“Somebody mention my name?” Brady Kennedy kicked the ranch house door shut before removing his hat and banging it against his thigh. A large cloud of dust filled the air. “Are you two talking about Elise? Tell me about her, Carter. How come it took you so long to get her here?”

“Delving into a Sybar woman’s mind is not easy, Brady. Especially one who has no idea that she’s a Sybar. I’ve been invading her dreams for some three years now. Eventually, she became so suggestible to my Sybar powers that she spotted the ranch for sale in a glossy magazine. Of course, it was really all just a Sybar illusion created by me.”

Brady cupped his balls in an exaggerated movement. “I wish I could pull off those Sybar tricks like you and, to a lesser extent, Aaron. I fucking hate being the youngest. I want my full Sybar powers like you two.”

“Just as soon as you turn twenty-five, kid.”

Aaron butted in. “Thing I don’t understand is how come Elise is unaware she’s a Sybar woman? At least one of her parents has to be a Sybar, right?”

“Right, Aaron, but both her parents were killed in a car accident when she was just three. Elise lived with foster parents after that. She knows that she’s different to other women, feels different, sees things differently, but she just doesn’t know why. She’s been confused about life for years, especially the sex side of it. I know from delving deep into her thoughts and desires that she’s never had a man make her come.”

Brady whooped with delight. “Fuck, your powers are awesome, Carter. All I get is an outline of how she looks, feels, and thinks, but my powers are getting stronger every day. I can cure her. I know how to please a woman.”

Carter suddenly grabbed both his younger brothers by their throats, holding two hundred and twenty pounds of Kennedy sibling in each hand. He felt anger surge within him.

“Listen to me, you two. We all need a Sybar woman to continue the line. We have to work our combined magic on her in order to get her into our beds, but you boys need to take it slowly. Treat her right, so to speak, or she’ll turn that yellow Mustang of hers around and fuck off back to Chicago. Do I make myself clear?”

“Okay, Carter. No need to come the heavy with us.” Aaron had an embarrassed expression on his face. “Me and Brady know how much effort you put into bringing this woman here. No need to worry, we won’t fuck it up for you. We just want our fair share of her ass and pussy, that’s all. We’re both horny as hell for a genuine Sybar woman. I don’t need to tell you that regular girls can only satisfy us up to a point.”

Carter looked at his brothers. He loved them both. There was no doubt in his mind about that, but he eyed them with suspicion now. They’d shared everything together, including women. Many a time they had all fucked the same regular girl. Share and share alike was the Kennedy motto. Sometimes they would all fuck the same girl at the same time, using all her available orifices. On other occasions, they would watch each other in action. Later, they would compare technique and sexual prowess.

Something was different this time, though. He couldn’t shake the thought from his head that he wanted Elise all for himself. He didn’t feel like sharing. He guessed it was because the woman was a Sybar. This made her one very special lady.

Brady’s voice cut through his contemplation. “I can’t wait to be inside this chick, Carter. I gotta hand it to you, finding a Sybar woman is harder than finding a needle in a haystack. Respect to you.”

Brady’s Sybar powers were still very much a work in progress. At twenty-two, his illusions were unconvincing to say the least. As for delving into the mind of a Sybar female, forget it. Carter reasoned that was why he felt so possessive about Elise. Brady knew fuck all about her, other than she had tits and a cunt.

At twenty-four, middle brother Aaron was far more advanced with his Sybar powers, and up to a point, he could produce good illusions but still could not fully access Elise’s hopes, fears, and desires. He was improving every day, but he still wasn’t the complete Sybar package like himself.

For three years now, every thought that had formed in Elise's brain, he'd known about. He could easily feel her happiness and sorrow. He knew all about her time in therapy, trying to come to terms with the strange feelings running through her mind. Brain fucking her.

"Boys."

"What is it, Carter?" Brady could barely contain himself.

"She's arrived."

* * * *

Elise parked the Mustang and stilled the engine. In total silence she stared at the ranch house, her heart pounding heavily in her chest. Nestled in a copse of willow trees, the ranch house stood two stories high on level ground. The wooden wraparound porch showed signs of age with peeling paint and dislodged balustrades. Attached to one side of the house was a huge circular turret that rose one floor above the main building. With three hundred and sixty degrees of glass windows, she guessed it to be an observation deck. Above that lay a gray conical slate roof topped off with a large copper weather vane. The rooster, now discolored pale green from the elements, turned noisily in the warm breeze on its seized, rusted hinges.

Without doubt, she knew it to be the house in her dream. It was identical right down to the smallest detail. The track leading to the front door was in her dream, too, and even the three beautiful, jet-black stallions frolicking in the paddock that she had passed on the way.

She turned and looked around. Nothing, absolutely nothing, except for another ranch about a quarter mile away. She figured that the horses might belong to whoever lived there.

She breathed in a long, slow breath, experiencing the pure, clean South Dakota air. She would never have attempted such a dangerous experiment back in smoky old Chicago.

Happiness and contentment washed over her, making her soul soar at the beauty and wonder of it all. Why did she feel such euphoria? After all, she had no family or friends here, not even a job. How was she going to pay back the money she'd borrowed to buy the ranch?

Common sense told her that she had no right to be this happy. Perhaps it was a form of insanity. Either way, she didn't care. She knew that she'd made the right decision. She took the keys to the front door from her purse and held them in her hand, running her fingers over their unusual contours. Even the feel of the keys made her happy. She opened the car door and walked toward the ranch house.

Elise pushed open the door and tentatively stepped inside. It was exactly as she knew it would be. The large, empty living area made her feel slightly uneasy and apprehensive, just as it did in her dream.

Taking a deep breath to steady her nerves, she rushed across to the window and looked outside. She relaxed as she watched the three beautiful black stallions grazing in the paddock. When she realized that she'd been holding her breath for at least a minute, she began to let the air gently flow through her parted lips again. A sense of wonderment and serenity washed over her, letting her know that everything was just fine.

She turned and scanned the room. The sound of her footsteps echoed as she walked across the bare boards. The old-fashioned wallpaper peeled from the walls. It had obvious discolored marks where pictures once hung.

Another door led into the kitchen. This appeared to be in the same state of neglect as the living area. Old utility units covered the walls. Their doors hung loose on broken hinges. Who lived here before her? Why was it in such a poor state of repair?

Leading off from the kitchen was a ground floor bathroom complete with run-down fittings and a tarnished, cast-iron bath. She

peered inside the dusty tub. Several large spiders that didn't like having their privacy disturbed seemed to stare back at her.

Time to move on. Climbing the stairs, she came to an empty, dilapidated bedroom. The peeling wallpaper showed clear evidence of damp. She looked out of the window for reassurance. "Breathe," she said quietly to herself. "Just breathe."

The horses were still there. They were such beautiful and noble creatures. Once again, a warm calmness enveloped her.

A small arched door in the corner of the bedroom piqued her curiosity. Her heart beat heavily in her chest as she slowly opened it, revealing a tight spiral staircase.

Needing to know where it led, she took hold of the rickety handrail and started to climb. When the door slammed shut behind her, she was left in total darkness save for a small chink of light far above her. Panic rose within her, consuming her courage so easily.

"Oh, my, God. What am I doing in this God forsaken place?"

Chapter Two

Elise continued to climb, gripping the handrail like her life depended on it. The chink of light above her grew larger with each panicky step she took.

“Keep going. Keep going. Almost there, Elise.” She clung to any positive thoughts, willing everything to be okay.

Feeling her fears would overwhelm her, she took her hands from the rail and held them out in front of her. Solid wood made contact with her fingers, and then bright light suddenly flooded her eyes. Overwhelmed, she dropped to the floor, exhausted and frightened. As her breathing slowly returned to normal and her eyes adjusted to the light, she looked about her. Being in total darkness had really freaked her out, but now she could clearly see that she had pushed open another door at the top of the tight spiral staircase.

Irritated with herself for acting like a child, she stood and adjusted her clothes in exaggerated movements.

“You’re a grown woman, Elise. Stop acting like a baby.”

When she glanced around, she realized she was in a perfectly circular room, about twelve feet in diameter. The tower. It stood at the very top of the ranch house, giving three hundred and sixty degree views of the surrounding countryside. It looked like an observation deck of some sort. A large, brass Victorian telescope on a tripod stood in the center of the room, confirming her thoughts. From up here, she’d be able to observe the beautiful black stallions and the ranch house at the end of the track without being seen. There was something about that ranch house. She stared at it, watching the chimney smoke lazily upward in a homely style.

Three loud knocks shattered the quiet of the South Dakota countryside, and Elise put a hand to her chest in surprise. Three more loud knocks rapidly filled the observation deck with sound. Realizing that someone was at the front door, she rushed down the tight spiral staircase and back into the bedroom, noting that it didn't feel anything like as frightening or intimidating as it had a few minutes ago. She ran down the second staircase and back into the large open-plan living area. Anticipation filled her mind.

Peering through the window, she saw the back of a tall, well-built man. Another two rasping knocks resonated against the timber. When she opened the door, the stranger's hand stilled in mid-air, ready to knock once more.

"Yes?" she sounded flustered even to her own ears.

"Howdy, ma'am." He lifted his hat momentarily from his head. "My name is Carter. Carter Kennedy. I live just over the way there." He pointed to the ranch house some quarter mile or so down the track. The one she was strangely drawn to. "I hope that I haven't disturbed you, ma'am, but we saw the Mustang parked out front and figured you were moving into the old place."

"We?"

He removed his hat, revealing a full head of collar-length, jet-black hair. "Yes, me and my brothers, ma'am. We'll be your closest neighbors. There's no one else within ten miles or so. You'll need to drive to Clarksville to see other people or if you need supplies."

She was aware that her breathing was still labored. Surely running down two flights of stairs and opening a door shouldn't make her heart beat so fast. Or was it the presence of this stranger who seemed familiar to her? She had no idea why.

Standing about six three, she guessed he weighed about two twenty. His bright blue eyes seemed knowing, as if they could see into her very soul. Aged about thirty, she couldn't help but notice his fine physique. His chest, broad and manly, gently rose and fell in a relaxed way. She took a long, slow, deep breath to control herself.

This guy was so unlike any other man she'd ever met. His whole persona exuded confidence and sex.

She held out her hand, aware that it was shaking. "Elise Norton, from Chicago." When he took her hand in his, she felt his masculine warmth seep into her. His closeness made her breathe deeply so as to take in his scent. She felt like she knew that sexy aroma. Fuck, just who was this guy? There was something familiar about him. Something so—

"This used to be my Uncle Seth's place. He left it to Aaron, Brady, and myself when he passed on. He's been under the ground some five years now. That's why the place is in need of a lick of paint."

"So I bought the ranch from you, Mr. Kennedy?" She realized that he still held her hand, and for some strange reason, she was reluctant to pull away.

"You sure did, ma'am." He smiled. "Say, listen, how about I stop calling you ma'am, and you stop calling me Mr. Kennedy?" She stared, transfixed as his smile became a roguish grin. She breathed in, and suddenly the spell was broken.

"You've got a deal, Carter."

"Why thank you, Elise."

Once again, she had the distinct feeling that somehow, in some way, or could that be some other life, she knew this beautiful man. Had she met him before? She sensed that he knew her, too. Knew her very well, but how was that possible? Looking into his sexy blue eyes once more, she was unable to stop herself from blurting out the words.

"I've absolutely no idea why I bought this place, Carter. I don't know why I'm even here."

"I know you're confused, Elise," he gently kissed her lips, "but don't worry. It will all become clear in time."

When their lips touched, some of the essence of Carter Kennedy seeped into her. She had been kissed many times, but she had never

once sensed a man's physical presence in the way she sensed Carter's. She held his handsome head in her hands, feeling the masculine stubble beneath her fingertips. Breathing in his man scent, she kissed him back.

"It's crazy, Carter, but I think you know why I had to come here."

He smiled as he stroked a hand through her hair before tucking a stray tendril behind her ear.

"You're already catching on, Elise. We've never met before I knocked on your door, but I've known you for some three years now." He kissed her lips again. "And you've known me, too. You're just not fully aware of it, that's all."

She wiped away a tear. "I'm just so confused, Carter. The logical part of my brain tells me that I've never set eyes on you before, and that I must be a crazy woman to let you kiss me within a few minutes of us meeting. But another part of me thinks you're the reason I'm here. The reason I bought the ranch." She put her head in her hands. "I think I'm going crazy."

"You're not going crazy, Elise. Believe me."

"A few months ago when I went to the dentist, I was idly flicking through an assortment of glossy magazines. That's when I saw it."

"Go on," he urged.

"I was scanning the real estate section when I saw the ranch house from a dream I'd been having. I was so excited. All the other patients stared at me. They probably wondered just who the crazy woman was in their midst."

"I became so agitated that I rushed from the surgery without even waiting for my appointment."

Carter smiled, and she wondered if he thought she was making it all up. "You see, everything was exactly the same as the ranch house in the dream. The same windows, doors, curtains, even the chimney and the track leading to the front door were the same. I knew it had to be this one because the design is so unique. It's a one-off."

“It is. This house was designed by my grandfather over a hundred years ago.”

Elise continued, “The next couple of days seemed to pass in a surreal blur as I feverishly tried to obtain the necessary finance. The auction was cash only. I knew what I was doing was a form of mental insanity, but I just had to own this ranch house.

“Eventually, I secured the money from a dubious loan shark. He’s holding me to ransom with his extortionate interest charges.”

“Look, Elise. We’ll make an arrangement. I don’t want you beholden to a loan shark.”

The thought of what might happen to her if she failed to make a payment made her shudder. These guys were not the types to follow protracted legal protocol in order to get their money. No, sir, a menacing call late at night with some of the boys was more their style. Even this chilling thought had not been enough to make her stop her crazy actions. Friends had tried to reason with her, make her see the error and downright stupidity of her ways, but it had all been to no avail.

“That was three weeks ago. I went to the auction on my own and purchased the ranch house unseen. One hundred and seventy thousand bucks and I hadn’t even seen the place. How crazy am I?”

“Believe me, honey, you’re as sane as I am. There are just things you don’t know.”

“What things, Carter? Tell me. I need to know.” Frustration made the words leave her lips in a garbled rush. “Something is just not right.”

“Look, Elise, you can’t stay here. The place is damp, and there’s no electricity or water supply.” He lifted her chin, forcing her to stare into his eyes. “And there are rats the size of coyotes here, too.”

She laughed, as much in relief as desperation. “What are you saying, Carter? Are you inviting me to spend the night with you and your brothers?” She shook her head in disbelief. “What are their names again?”

“Aaron and Brady. Don’t worry, honey. You’ll be quite safe. I give you my word as a gentleman. I know how to keep those boys in line.”

She felt like she was living in a surreal fantasy. Any moment now and she’d wake up in her warm bed in Chicago. Surely it was crazy to spend the night with three cowboy brothers she’d never met before on a ranch in the middle of South Dakota? The sane part of her brain told her it was not safe to do so. She felt like she was losing her mind, but she heard herself say, “Okay, Carter, thank you.”

Carter wiped away the tear that trickled down her cheek. “My brothers and I will explain everything in more detail later.” He looked at his watch. “Take a little time to compose yourself, honey. I’ll be back to pick you up at seven.”

* * * *

Brady opened the front door of the ranch house and let his brother in. “Is she coming here, Carter? My Sybar powers aren’t strong enough to read all your thoughts yet.”

“Yeah, she’s coming, kiddo.”

“Do we get to...?” He paused momentarily. “You know.”

Carter guessed that Brady’s lack of tact and maturity would improve with age, but he thought he’d give his youngest brother a helping hand.

“Brady.”

“Yeah, Carter?”

A powerful punch to his stomach made Brady drop to the floor, doubling up in pain. Carter grabbed his younger sibling by the collar. He thrust his face close to Brady’s.

“Now you listen and listen good, boy. If you say one word or do one thing to upset this lady, then you’ll have me to answer to. Get it?”

Brady averted his eyes. “I get it, Carter. I’m just so fucking horny, that’s all.”

Carter roughly pushed his younger sibling away, making him fall backward onto the floor. He then turned to look at Aaron. "The same goes for you." He knew that Aaron would not be as easy to intimidate as Brady.

"I hear you, Carter, but don't go getting any ideas about keeping this woman all to yourself. We're all Sybars, and we all need a Sybar woman."

Carter figured that Aaron was now old enough to start delving into his thoughts. He guessed that he would not be too happy if he knew that he was trying to keep Elise all for himself. The closer Aaron got to his twenty-fifth birthday and to gaining his full Sybar powers, the more unwilling he had become to back down in a confrontation.

Chapter Three

Brady caught himself checking the wall clock for the third time in ten minutes. He could feel his whole body almost vibrating with anticipation of things to come. Carter had it easy. He was a well-established, mature Sybar male at the peak of his powers. He knew everything about Elise, what made her tick, her hopes and fears, and even her deepest sexual fantasies. He really envied Carter and, to a lesser extent, Aaron. His powers would soon reach maturity. His birthday and introduction to full Sybar manhood was only a couple of months away.

He looked at the clock again. “Hmm, ten minutes to go.” In a few minutes, Carter would leave the ranch house and drive the pickup the quarter mile or so to Elise’s place. He combed his hair in the mirror, wanting to look his best for the arrival of the first Sybar woman he’d ever seen. He knew that he needed to be on his best behavior. He was in no doubt that if he stepped out of line, Carter would beat the crap out of him.

Fuck, he really hated being the baby of the Kennedy clan. As soon as his Sybar powers became stronger, he’d confront Carter instead of backing down. He’d stand up to him just like Aaron was starting to do. He figured that Carter could be a real cunt when he wanted to. Well, his older brother had better enjoy it while he could because pretty soon now, he and Aaron would not be letting Carter have things all his own way.

He watched Carter pull his boots on and straighten his hat. “Right then, boys, time to go. In ten minutes, I’ll be back, so be on your best behavior, all right?”

Brady could feel Carter's laser stare burning into him. "Right, Carter." He knew his answer came across as weak.

"And you, Aaron."

"I hear you, Carter. No need to play the fucking big brother with me. Just go and get her."

Brady briefly closed his eyes, trying to use his fledgling Sybar powers to get an image of Elise. He could see that she was tall and very beautiful, but the details were sketchy. Several times he'd tried to delve deep into her thoughts, but at present, the Sybar mind meld was beyond him.

He heard Carter gun the pickup into life, glad that he'd finally gone.

He turned to Aaron. "Carter is getting right on my fucking nerves. If he tries to push that 'I'm in charge routine' of his while Elise is here, I'll deck him."

He was surprised when Aaron threw his head back and laughed out loud.

"Are you crazy, Brady? Carter has been a right prick lately, I'll grant you that, but he can read every thought that both you and I own. There's nothing we can hide from him. You can bet your ass he'll know before you throw the first punch that you're gonna do it."

"Yeah, well, one day he'll push me too far, Aaron."

His brother placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. "It's different with me, Brady. My Sybar powers are getting close to maturity, and although Carter can read the inside of my head like a book, it's getting so I can read a lot of his thoughts, too."

He watched as Aaron dragged a hand through his hair in irritation. "And I'm not happy with some of the things I've found."

"Like what?"

"Well, I'm not entirely sure that Carter wants to share Elise with us. I get the distinct feeling that he wants to keep her all to himself."

Brady could feel his blood boil. “You sure about that? Us three boys have always shared our women before. There’s never been any jealousy between us.”

“Yeah, but this one’s a Sybar woman, kiddo. Normal Kennedy rules might not apply.”

* * * *

“Will they like me, Carter?”

“They’ll love you, honey.”

“I feel I know them, too. Not as well as I know you, but I can sense them.”

“That’s normal.”

“Normal. Why is it normal? This whole thing is crazy. Just thirty-six hours ago I was in Chicago. And now I’m here in Raven, thinking of spending the night with three strange men.”

“It’ll all become clear, Elise. Stay there.”

She watched, transfixed, as the most beautiful man she’d ever seen jumped from the driver’s seat before walking around to open her door.

“Allow me, ma’am.”

She playfully tapped his nose as she slipped from the pickup. She gasped when she felt his strong arms around her waist.

“Why thank you, kind sir. I’m nervous, Carter, but I feel I’m doing the right thing. How crazy is that?” She felt a certain acceptance of the situation as he firmly guided her toward the ranch house.

He pushed open the door, and two pairs of the most gorgeous blue eyes she’d ever seen stared right back at her.

Carter stroked a stray hair away from her face. “No need to be scared, honey, believe me. I know how odd things seem to you right now, but you’ll soon feel like it’s the most natural thing in the world to be here with me and my brothers.”

She felt a strange yet exciting warmth run through her body as she spoke to the older-looking brother. "Hi, I'm Elise." She could feel his skin against hers as he took her hand.

"Howdy, ma'am. I'm Aaron Kennedy, and it sure is a pleasure to meet you. I already know a lot about you."

"You do?" My God, what a beautiful man, was the first thought that came into her head. Like Carter, he stood about six three and weighed about two twenty. He had the same piercing blue eyes that reached into the very depths of her soul, too. Instead of the jet-black hair of his older brother, Aaron had the most wonderful, flaxen hair she'd ever seen in her entire life. It fell to his collar just as Carter's did. His deep, masculine voice washed over her, making her vagina moisten. When she looked into his eyes, she guessed that he knew full well that she was sexually aroused. Fuck, guess he damned. This beautiful guy knew for sure. She wondered if he might be of Scandinavian origin. Perhaps from Norway or Sweden, a genuine Viking. She felt herself blush profusely. She could imagine this gorgeous guy throwing her over his shoulder before having his wicked way with her.

When he spoke again, his sexy baritone voice comforted her. She knew then that this guy could only be prime, home-produced American beef. "We'll all get on just fine together, Elise. You'll see."

"Thank you, Aaron. I know we will. I'm not sure why, but—"

Carter interrupted her. "I'd like you to meet my youngest brother, Brady. He's the baby of the Kennedy clan."

She watched Brady's beaming face drop with the humiliation of Carter's words.

Taking the youngest brother's hand, she stared into the most beautiful blue eyes for the third time that day. "Hi, Brady."

"Howdy, ma'am." His face came back to life, lifting her spirits with the most infectious smile imaginable. He stood a little shorter than his two older brothers, but she guessed he was still six one or six two and weighed about two hundred pounds. His face was not as

rugged and mature as Carter's. She figured he was about ten years younger. With his jet-black hair, he was so beautiful she could not resist the urge to lean forward on tiptoe and gently kiss his lips.

"Oh, my God. I'm so sorry." She covered her mouth with embarrassment. "I hardly know you. Please, you all need to tell me what's happening. Why am I here in Raven? Why am I here in this ranch house with three men I've just met?" She held her head in her hands, before bracing herself against the nearest chair for support. "Please help me. You know why I'm here."

Carter threw another log on the open fire, making it spit with contentment.

"Sit next to me, honey, and I'll explain everything." She could feel his warmth as they sat together on the sofa, their hips touching, joining them together.

Aaron and Brady sat in armchairs opposite. Their penetrating gaze ever present, holding her enthralled with its intensity.

"Would you like a drink first?" Carter's voice comforted her. It exuded confidence, letting her know she was in safe hands. "Us Kennedy's are partial to a drop of bourbon."

"No, just explain things to me, Carter." She rested her head on his broad shoulder, feeling completely at ease.

He caressed her cheek. "Okay, honey, I'll begin. Feel free to stop me any time you like."

"Get on with it, Carter. The lady is waiting." Aaron's voice urged his brother on.

As Carter started to speak, she felt a beautiful feeling of serenity, an acceptance wash over her.

"Tell me about myself, Carter. Tell me why I'm here. I—"

Brady laughed out loud. "Yeah, Elise doesn't know that she's a—"

"Keep quiet, Brady. You don't know enough to tell Elise the whole story. Leave it to me." There was irritation in Carter's voice.

She felt his arm around her waist, pulling her closer. She looked deep into his bright blue eyes once more. "What am I, Carter?"

"You're a Sybar, honey, the same as us." He tenderly kissed her lips. "That most alluring rare and wonderful thing, a Sybar woman."

"A Sybar woman? I'm more confused than ever." Was he serious? "What the hell is a Sybar?"

"It's a long story. Basically, we are a very rare strain of the human race. Folklore tells us that we're the product of humans who mated with extraterrestrials. A male Sybar can read the mind of a female Sybar and also produce beautiful illusions, giving her great happiness and contentment."

"Really," she murmured. "For what purpose?"

"For all sorts of reasons, Elise, but mainly for mating. The male Sybar can give a female Sybar unlimited sexual pleasure, something she simply cannot achieve with a regular human."

She swallowed hard. Did they want to mate with her? Was that what this was all about?

"How can I be a...a Sybar? Surely I would know about this?"

"Your mother was a Sybar woman, but as you and I both know, she died in a car crash when you were just three years old. The local authorities placed you with a foster family. They were totally unaware of your momma's special powers, handed down to her by her momma."

Elise listened intently. Her senses sharpened. How could they possibly know that? Were they really able to read her thoughts, hopes, and desires? She looked at all three of them. They seemed genuinely sincere. Perhaps she should just hear them out. There was clearly a connection between them. "I always knew I was different. For years I just thought I was odd. I felt like a misfit, but all the time I was really a Sybar?"

"That's right, honey. You've been having a dream. The same dream for the last three years."

"Well, I told you that when I first met you."

“I created your dream, knowing only a genuine Sybar woman would be receptive to it.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Then how do I know that your dream would always start with a bird’s-eye view over open farmland? This would continue for some twenty minutes. You felt like a huge bird of prey flying effortlessly above the ground, covering hills, towns, and arid desert. Sometimes you’d fly lower to take a closer look. People and wild horses would scatter in panic.” Carter stared at her, daring her to say otherwise.

Elise could only stare back in disbelief. This was exactly how her dream panned out. As she flew higher once again, a ranch house would come into view—the ranch she had just bought. It was of a highly unusual design, unique even. It had a long track leading directly to the front door. As she swooped lower, she would see three beautiful black stallions in an adjacent paddock. She so wanted to stop and stroke them, but her dream took her further down the track, right up to and through the open front door of the ranch house.

Here the sheer speed of her dream stopped abruptly. She would then find herself in a large, totally empty room. Panic and fear of the unknown gripped the very core of her being. Her stomach would tighten, and she thought she would vomit. When she looked out of the window, she saw the three beautiful stallions, and then a sense of serenity, a delicious calmness, would wash over her, reassuring her that everything would be fine.

“Tell me something else. You could have just made a lucky guess.”

“Okay then, honey, how about this. After six months of having the exact same dream, you decided to seek help from Simone Vespucci, a dream specialist.”

Simone Vespucci had been a big help to her during the nine months that she’d confided in her. Although technically unqualified, Simone had a feel for the human condition. No amount of medical

diplomas and hours spent trawling through professional textbooks could make up for her in built understanding of human nature.

Simone had used hypnotism as a tool to delve deep into her soul, regressing her back to early childhood, forever searching for a reason for her dream. The same dream night after night for the last three years. She had found nothing.

Naturally, sex had come into the equation. Elise knew she would have to discuss her deepest, most intimate fantasies with Simone. It had helped that Simone was a woman, so at least her most personal sexual details did not make her blush too profusely when they finally spilled from her.

After nine months, both she and Simone had decided that nothing more could be gained by continuing the dream therapy. So, she had stopped seeing the friendly Parisian dream lady and decided that she would probably just have to live with her recurring dream for the rest of her natural life.

She shook her head in disbelief. "How do you know such things, Carter?" She could feel him gently stroking her cheek as his velvet voice soothed her some more.

"You've never felt quite right, have you, Elise? You've always had the feeling that things were not as they should be. Something that you could never quite figure out."

The elation and wellbeing she'd felt only moments before disappeared like a puff of smoke. Fear and trepidation took its place. Just what was going on here? Immediately, her sense of self-preservation took control. These guys had lured her to a remote ranch in South Dakota. What were they going to do now? Wide-eyed, she stared at Carter, trying hard not to panic. Did they know she was scared? She guessed they did. She guessed they knew everything about her.

"Yes. This is all very well, Carter, but anyone could say that to me. You may have found out about the dream therapist some other

way.” A sudden thought chilled her to the bone. “Have you been stalking me?”

Carter threw his head back and laughed then looked across at his brothers. “That’s just about the funniest thing I’ve heard in a long time, boys. Whoa now, Elise. Slow down. I’m telling you the truth.”

“I’m not a stupid woman, Carter. Now tell me something that no one else could know. If you’re a Sybar, tell me what I’m thinking now at this precise moment in time.”

“You’re scared, and you feel like running away.”

Her voice choked out. “Tell me something else that isn’t obvious by looking at me.”

“You’ve never been happy with your boyfriends, always wanting more than they could offer you.”

“Yes.” Being unable to achieve orgasm had always rankled with Elise. Try as she might, she had never been able to have the “Oh, my God, fucking hell” climax that everyone else seemed to be having. At twenty-seven, she’d had five sexual partners, all men. None of them had ever been able to make her come, regardless of whether they used their cocks, fingers, or tongues. The result was always the same. She felt nothing for any of her boyfriends.

She’d briefly flirted with the idea that perhaps she was really a lesbian, but deep down, she knew that this was untrue. Women just didn’t do it for her, and she was glad they didn’t.

“You’ve never been happy with what men can offer you sexually.”

“No, Carter. Men have always disappointed me, and I have always disappointed them.”

“Which is why you’ve never had a man make you come. One of your boyfriends even tried sex toys to make you orgasm, and you still couldn’t come. Am I right?”

“Yes.” My God, they really could read her thoughts. Carter placed both of his hands gently on her head, and she felt the beautiful calmness return. She sighed and rested her head against his shoulder

once more. She felt like she was slipping into a twilight zone. She was falling into a surreal world created by the Kennedy brothers. Once again, it felt perfectly natural for her to be sitting next to a roaring open fire. Her head rested on the shoulder of a drop-dead-gorgeous guy, discussing intimate details of her private life. His scent, so unusual and intoxicating, invaded her senses. She could feel the presence of Aaron and Brady, too, delving into her psyche. Their unique scent, so very different from any other man she'd ever met, slowly seeped into her.

"I've never been able to make myself come, either, Carter."

"I know, honey. We all know."

The words spilled from her lips so effortlessly. She felt no embarrassment. It felt totally natural. "I don't feel like a real woman, Carter, if I can't climax."

"I know, Elise. I know everything about you."

She lifted her head from his shoulder and looked around. After taking in the glorious, open fire, she then turned her gaze to the two men opposite.

"Aaron, Brady, you're both so beautiful. I need to tell you just how beautiful you are." She burst out laughing. "I feel so wonderful. I need to tell you." She turned to Carter, and kissed his mouth, licking his teeth with her tongue. "You, too, Carter. You are just so beautiful. I ache for you all. Is it your Sybar powers making me feel this good?"

"Sure is, honey. Enjoy the feeling. There's plenty more where that came from."

"So you boys really created my dream for me?"

"You're catching on real fast, Elise."

"You created the advertisement in the magazine for the sale of your Uncle's ranch, too?"

"Right again, honey. Keep going."

"You knew I would come. All three of you knew that I would end up here in front of this beautiful fire tonight."

"Yes."

“It was always going to happen. It was my destiny, right?”

“Right again.”

She rose from the sofa, stretching her arms lazily above her head like she had just woken from a long restful sleep. Walking across to Aaron, she ran her hands through his beautiful blond locks, letting his hair fall through her fingers before kissing him passionately on the mouth.”

Unable to stop herself, the words slipped from her lips. “You’re so special, Aaron.”

“You, too, Elise.”

She felt him cup her breasts, and her pussy moistened further.

“Your turn, Brady.” She teased, and sat on his lap, feeling his potent erection beneath her. “You’re really special, too, babe.” She ground her ass against his hard cock, feeling totally uninhibited. She guessed it was their combined Sybar powers that made her feel this way.

She turned to Carter. “So in the grand scheme of things, this is how it’s meant to turn out?”

“Yes, Elise, as soon as I knocked on your door, you instinctively knew it was your destiny to be with me.”

Aaron butted in angrily. “Don’t you go forgetting me and Brady. We’re Sybars, too, and need Elise just as much as you do, Carter.”

“Slip of the tongue, Aaron.”

“I hope so, for your sake, Carter. You may be a full-fledged Sybar and have powers that Brady and I haven’t got yet, but we’re not gonna put up with any more of this shit. Isn’t that right, Brady?”

“Fucking too right, I’m with you on this one, Aaron.”

She held her hands up in front of her, a sign of conciliation, noting the angry looks that Aaron and Brady exchanged with Carter.

“Listen, boys. Finding you here, bringing us all together, has been a wonderful experience for me. You have helped me by answering so many questions. I felt these doubts were going to rob me of my sanity.” She took a deep breath then released it slowly, the air making

her lips quiver as she expelled it. "But please don't talk about me as though I'm not here. If you fight over me, I'll return to Chicago, and I really don't want to do that.

"You are three lovely men, and I now know as a Sybar woman, it is my destiny to be with you. All of you."

Brady went to speak, but she stopped him dead in his tracks by placing a finger to his lips. "Shhh, I feel a connection to you all. I need you all. Just as you all need me. I'm a Sybar woman. You are Sybar men, so let's not fight. Let's make love instead. I know it has to happen."

* * * *

Carter eyed his younger brothers with a newfound suspicion. He knew a challenge was coming from Aaron, and he knew that Brady was going to back him up, too. It was inevitable. He could read both of their thoughts clearly. This gave him an advantage because Aaron only had a limited insight into what he was thinking. Brady, because of his lack of Sybar maturity, had hardly any at all.

He figured he knew Elise much better than they did and had made a far stronger Sybar bond with her. He admired her courage and tenacity. She was a brave woman, risking everything to travel all the way to South Dakota completely on her own. So strong was the urge to follow her dream, she'd left behind family and friends. He knew what he felt for Elise, and it was far more than just lust. It was love. He stared at Aaron again. His brother seemed unafraid to hold his gaze. Yeah, well, fuck him. He was in no mood for sharing Elise with anyone, at least not without a fight.

Carter figured he was now in dangerous territory. He glanced across at Aaron and Brady and saw them both stony faced and angry. He didn't feel much brotherly love himself at the moment. He had a much stronger connection with Elise than either of them. He'd put in most of the work needed to bring her here. They may have helped, but

he reasoned that he could have linked with Elise all on his own, without any contribution from his younger siblings.

He took in a deep breath, savoring her beautiful Sybar scent. Aaron and Brady just didn't have the deep chemical connection he had with Elise. He wanted her, needed her, and he knew at this precise moment in time that he loved her.

He looked across at Aaron once more. Fuck brotherly love, for now. He didn't want to share Elise. He'd deal with the consequences of his actions later.

Elise's eyes were hooded now, almost closed. She looked totally relaxed. Perfectly at ease. She was drunk on male Sybar mind melding. His mind melding and his alone. He knew from reading Aaron and Brady's thoughts that they were not helping him in any way with their limited Sybar powers. In fact, Aaron was doing quite the opposite, trying desperately to turn Elise away from his older brother. He knew then that Aaron wanted Elise for himself.

"You're not strong enough yet, Aaron. Back off. She's mine."

He stroked a hand into Elise's hair, gently pulling a stray tendril from the corner of her mouth.

"You're so beautiful, Elise. I love you. Lie down here in front of this relaxing log fire."

"It's so lovely and warm, Carter. You're such a beautiful man."

His cock hardened as she kissed his mouth, licking his lips with her beautiful, sensual tongue.

Aaron was incandescent with rage. Carter could feel his brother's anger pulsing through him. He'd never known Aaron to display such fury before. The power a Sybar woman could exert over a Sybar man was simply breathtaking. It could make the strongest of guys do crazy things.

For a brief moment, he thought that Aaron and Brady would challenge him right then and there, but he figured that fortune favored the brave. He just hoped his brothers would think better of it. A challenge now could really distress Elise. Distress her enough to

climb right back into that yellow Mustang of hers and return to Chicago.

His eyes connected with Aaron's again, taunting him. "That's right, honey. Lie down here, let the fire warm you. I'm going to undress you now, and then I'm going to make love to you."

He pulled the boots and socks from her feet before unbuttoning her jeans and pulling them from her compliant body.

"You're so fucking beautiful, Elise." He lifted her foot to his mouth, kissing and licking each toe individually. "I love your feet. They're just so perfect."

"That's wonderful, Carter. My feet are so sensitive."

"I know, honey. I know everything about you."

Aaron and Brady watched, transfixed. He could detect anger and arousal in equal measure when he accessed their thoughts, but they wouldn't challenge him now, of that he felt sure.

He whispered in her ear then, "I'm going to take off your T-shirt and bra now, and then I'm gonna—"

"Lick my nipples and breasts, Carter. Worship them. Adore them. My cunny is so wet. Whatever you're doing to me just feels so right."

Pulling the T-shirt over her head, he noticed that she offered no resistance. Her face was a picture of serene happiness and contentment. He undid the front-fastening bra, letting her breasts bounce free.

"You're breasts are so beautiful. I adore them, honey, and your nipples are perfect when aroused. That's just for me, huh?"

"Only for you, Carter. You mean everything to me."

He dipped his head, kissing, sucking, and occasionally teasing her large, brown pebbled nips with his teeth. The feminine moans that tore from her lips aroused him further.

"Feel the warmth of the fire against your body, Elise. Listen to the crackling of the wood as it spits and hisses. Isn't it just wonderful?"

"Yes, it's so romantic. It makes me feel so sexy being here with you boys." Her voice had a serene, dreamlike quality to it.

“I’m going to take your panties off now, and then I’m gonna worship your wet pussy. I know that’s what you want me to do. I can read every thought and desire in your head.”

“Please, Carter, don’t tease me.”

He pulled the skimpy panties from her body, noticing that she trembled slightly as he did so. He lifted his head and spoke to Aaron and Brady.

“This is my woman, but as we’re brothers, I’ll allow you to watch.”

“I want Aaron and Brady to watch, Carter. I love them, too.”

“Yeah, that’s right, honey. Just not as much as you love me.”

His breathing quickened as his eyes feasted on her beautiful vagina. “Oh, honey.” It was completely smooth, baby smooth. “It just looks so goddamn fuckable.” He could see her labia glistening with her feminine arousal. “I gotta taste this.”

He lifted her legs by her heels, and pulled them backward, lifting her ass and cunt from the floor, to display her wanton, womanly beauty.

“Brady, hold her legs back. Gently, boy, this is one special lady.” He knew that by choosing Brady, he was pissing Aaron off even more. Brady did as he was ordered, all thoughts of a mutiny with Aaron on hold for now. He sat kneeling behind Elise’s head, holding a foot in each hand. “Open her legs a little wider, Brady.”

He dipped his head and licked her from puckered hole to clit in one smooth, practiced movement, using his fingers to separate her beautiful sexual nub from its protective hood. He felt her hands fist into his hair, tugging at it, pulling it hard with sexual arousal.

“Carter, that’s so exquisite. My clit is so sensitive.”

“Sensitive and very wet, honey. You taste divine, exactly as a Sybar woman should. I adore you.”

Plunging one, two, and then three fingers into her feminine wetness, he continued to lick her clit with his tongue.

"I love you, Carter. I love you all." He could feel her hips writhing beneath him. "Please keep loving me, Carter. I need you to love me."

The heat from the wood fire toasted the one side of his face as he continued to lick and finger-fuck her.

"She sure is enjoying this, Carter." Brady smiled, his cock now rock hard in his tight jeans and evident for all to see.

Carter licked a finger for lubrication and then teased her puckered hole with it. He gently eased it up to the first knuckle in her oh-so-gorgeous ass. He felt her jolt slightly with the contact before starting to enjoy the sensation.

"No man has ever touched me there before. It's divine." She twisted her head from side to side, clearly enjoying this new experience. "It makes me feel so sexy."

"You're gonna make her come, Carter." Brady murmured eagerly. He immediately shut up again when Aaron stared angrily at him.

"Carter, please." She moaned out loud. Her body pulsed and vibrated with desire. A warm glow decorated her belly and breasts. It was the combination of her sexual arousal and the heat from the open fire.

"I'm almost there."

"I love you, honey."

"Carter, please. I'm almost there."

His tongue continued to adore her clit, his fingers still enjoying her ass and cunt.

"Dear, God—please."

Carter lifted his head briefly from her feminine wetness. "Let it happen, Elise. Just let it happen."

An orgasmic moan came from deep within her. Carter felt her pull his hair harder still, forcing his head into her wet, aroused vagina.

"Please."

Her legs struggled against Brady's tight hold.

"Please—oh, my God. Dear, God, please."

Her head shook from side to side. "Please." Her eyes rolled backward. Her tongue feverishly licked her lips. Her moans of sexual ecstasy excited Carter and Brady further. Their rock-hard cocks twitched to attention inside their jeans. Carter knew that Aaron was aroused, too. Not that he'd admit to it considering the anger he felt.

He looked up momentarily and marveled at her beautiful face as she surrendered to her first ever orgasm. Its intensity was such that he feared she might black out. Carter loved this woman. Such feminine beauty moved him deeply.

* * * *

Elise panted, her mind in a Sybar-induced, dreamlike state. Her lips remained slightly parted until her breathing returned to normal.

A sense of beauty and wellbeing overwhelmed her. A feeling of euphoria and sexual contentment enveloped her. Carter had given her something wonderful. It was a gift he'd wanted to give a Sybar woman all his adult life.

She sighed a contented, happy sigh and idly stroked her fingers through her hair. Her legs were still firmly held in place by Brady. Pulled right back, they lifted her anus and vagina from the floor, exposing her most intimate sexual parts for Carter and his brothers to see. She was so happy she found herself unable to stifle a girlish giggle that slipped from her lips. Here she lay, completely naked, with the three most gorgeous men she'd ever seen. The roaring wood fire lit up the room with a subdued, flickering light. It all felt totally natural. She simply adored the Sybar powers that Carter and his brothers could create. She loved the way they made her feel.

She looked up at Brady's smiling face. His warm, sensual voice washed over her. "You're so lovely, Elise, so beautiful."

"You, too, Brady." She reached out and gently stroked her fingers against his smooth, youthful face. The feel of his skin and his wonderful Sybar aroma delighted her senses.

Even Aaron looked happy. He smiled at her, a genuinely warm smile. Elise was well aware that there was unfinished business between him and Carter. However, she wouldn't let this one little problem spoil the most marvelous and mind-blowing day of her entire life.

She heard the metal-on-metal noise of Carter undoing his belt buckle. "I'm going to enjoy you now, Elise. Enjoy your body and your mind. Enjoy you the way only a Sybar man can enjoy a Sybar woman."

She watched through hooded eyes as he lowered his jeans to his thighs. His huge, ridged cock sprung free as he did so.

"Your penis is so beautiful, Carter. I love the thick, blue veins. It makes you look so manly and powerful. Please...can I touch you?"

"Yes."

She reached down between her legs and gently stroked his cock. "You're so big, cowboy. My fingers won't meet. I worship your prick."

She stared, mesmerized, at Carter's man meat in her hand. She gently pulled the foreskin back and watched as he briefly closed his eyes.

"Fuck, Elise, your touch feels so good. You're one hell of a lovely Sybar woman."

He flicked his gaze to his brother. "Keep holding her legs, Brady, but make sure you're gentle with this lady, or you'll have me to answer to." His dominant tone came across as an instruction, not a request.

She took a deep breath as he filled her sopping cunt with one athletic lunge. She loved this guy and knew at this precise moment, as a Sybar woman, her life lay with Carter Kennedy and his brothers.

"I love the feel of your cock deep inside me, Carter. I'm so full. It's wonderful, just wonderful."

This was nothing like sex with a regular man. Carter's whole being, the very essence of him, his taste, his smell, the feel of his huge

cock filling her wet cunt assaulted her senses. Her lips parted, and she closed her eyes as he thrust deep inside her wanton pussy once more.

“You like that, don’t you, honey?”

“I adore it, Carter. I adore you. I love the feel of your weight lying on top of me.” She briefly closed her eyes. The mere thought of two hundred and twenty pounds of taut, muscled, Sybar cowboy made her cunt moisten even more. She started to slip into euphoria, a Utopia, which she knew was created by Carter Kennedy.

Opening her eyes again, her senses were arrested by his dominant blue gaze as he repeatedly thrust his cock deep inside her.

“I love you, Carter.”

“I love you, too, Elise.”

Brady lowered his head between her pulled back legs and kissed her passionately on the lips. She was a little surprised that Carter allowed his brother to act in such a way. Her newfound Sybar intuition reasoned that Carter did not see his youngest sibling as a threat.

Glancing across to her left, she noted that Aaron remained seated on the sofa. She clearly saw his huge cock pressed against the inside of his jeans. Although obviously sexually aroused, he made no attempt to engage with Carter, Brady, or herself. She sensed he was both angry and turned on in equal measure, biding his time, keeping his powder dry until the inevitable confrontation between Carter and him kicked off.

Her sense of the surreal deepened. Carter’s Sybar scent became stronger, his thrusts deeper.

“I love the way you fuck me.”

Brady’s sensitive blue eyes captivated her when she looked up into them. His Sybar scent was strong, too, but subtly different from the pheromones that Carter secreted. Powerful? Yes. Potent? Certainly, but he didn’t quite have the alpha male predator scent of Carter. He needed time to mature into full Sybar manhood before he possessed such qualities.

The whole box of tricks excited her in a way she'd never experienced before. The room seemed to fade away, except for the roaring log fire that warmed her body. It crackled and spit, a life force in itself.

"Please."

"She's nearly there, Carter," Brady excitedly exclaimed.

"Watch and learn, little brother."

She felt Carter invade her puckered hole with a finger as he continued to fuck her cunt. His blue eyes were unblinking and looked deep within her. She knew he could read and understand every thought and desire in her head. A faint, knowing smile appeared on his lips.

"Please, Carter."

"You like?" He went deeper still.

"Please, Carter."

With his cock still embedded deep inside her wet pussy, he suddenly stood, taking her with him as he did so. The top half of her body became a huge arch. Her shoulders and head rested against the floor. His hands gripped her buttocks as her legs fell behind him.

"Oh, God. My dear God."

She felt Brady feverishly kissing her face and breasts. He sucked, bit, and teased her nipples as her body twitched, bucked, and writhed in front of the dancing flames from the fire. Her orgasm shattered any preconceived ideas of how good fucking could feel. She looked deep into Carter's eyes as his speed and urgency increased. His beautiful face contorted, ready for his unstoppable release.

"Please."

Her orgasm brain-fucked her again. Endorphins exploded and popped in her head, increasing her sensation of wellbeing and euphoria.

Carter's fingernails dug into her ass as he finally let go and filled her cunt with his goodness.

"Fuck, Elise."

And then it finally subsided. This was the most wonderful and intense sexual experience of her life. She watched in awe as, still standing, Carter took in large gulps of air to fill his lungs once more. The muscles of his arms and shoulders bunched and flexed as his strong, work-roughened hands tightly gripped her butt.

Brady kissed her tenderly on the lips. He stared into her eyes.

“My brother will take care of you, Elise. He loves you. We all do.”

Elise knew then that the threat to Carter’s supremacy would come from Aaron and Aaron alone.

She watched as Carter leaned forward and tenderly kissed her bellybutton before laying her horizontal in front of the crackling logs and flickering flames.

“You’re really something else, lady. So very perfect.”

“You’re so very perfect, too.” She lovingly touched his face as he kissed her lips.

Brady smiled at her. “I’ll make us all a hot cup of coffee.”

* * * *

Aaron eyed Carter over the rim of his coffee cup. There was no way in the world he was going to let the actions of his older brother pass unchallenged.

He’d been humiliated by Carter, who’d dismissed him as a man of little or no consequence. He’d had to watch Carter fuck this beautiful Sybar woman right in front of him. He’d been unable to challenge him because he knew that Elise’s Sybar powers were still new to her, and if he’d spooked her by confronting Carter, she’d have become frightened. He had no doubt that she would have jumped in that sporty car of hers and returned to Chicago.

Naturally, he was well aware that as a full-fledged Sybar, Carter could read his every thought and knew what was coming next. It frustrated him immensely that he could only delve into Carter’s

thoughts to a certain extent and therefore had to second-guess many of the future actions of his older sibling.

He looked across at Brady. The little prick was laughing, sharing a joke with Carter and Elise. He'd hoped that after the kid's brave talk about decking Carter, he would support him in the battle against his dominance. He took in a slow, deep breath, knowing full well that just wasn't going to happen. He could read young Brady's thoughts as if he were a book. He took another sip of coffee. Such a shame really. The two of them working together would have had a much better chance against a full-strength Sybar such as Carter.

Still, fuck Brady, he'd take Carter on all by himself, whatever the outcome. He was only a month or so away from reaching his full Sybar powers. He was ready to challenge his older brother.

Carter was a clever Sybar. He'd allowed Brady to participate in the first fucking of Elise. By doing so, he'd made the kid feel important, and made sure he was an ally, not an enemy.

He grunted with indignation. Brady was too immature and stupid to know he was being played for a sucker.

He glanced across at Carter only to find him already staring back. This time, he was determined to hold his older brother's gaze. He may have backed down in the past but never again. Blood may well be thicker than water, and brothers will always be brothers, but at this precise moment in time, he wanted to rip Carter a new asshole. He wanted to hurt him real bad.

Aaron's fury rose further as a faint smile reached Carter's lips. The fucker was taunting him now. He watched as he kissed Elise on the cheek, stroking a hand through her beautiful, jet-black locks as he did so.

"You need to go back to your place for a while, honey. Aaron and I have things to discuss. Man talk."

Aaron noticed that Carter stared intently at him as he spoke.

“Surely you’re not serious, Carter? The place needs completely redecorating. There are no carpets, just bare boards and spiders the size of dinner plates in the bath. It—”

Carter cut her short. “You know I mentioned the powers of illusion a *full-fledged* Sybar man can create, honey.” Aaron noticed he emphasized the words full-fledged in order to piss him off further and, of course, to try to intimidate him.

“Yes.”

“Well, Elise, there’s a beautiful Sybar illusion waiting just for you a quarter mile down the track. You’ll be amazed at what you’ll find there.”

“I’m intrigued. If it’s anything like the sex we’ve just had, it will be out of this world.”

“You won’t be disappointed, honey. I can promise you that. Brady, walk Elise back to her place then come straight back here. Do you understand?”

“Sure thing, Carter.”

* * * *

Brady linked his arm through Elise’s as they started to walk the quarter mile to her ranch house. His cock was still rock hard. Being on his own with this beautiful Sybar woman filled him with joy. He felt he could be himself and just relax without worrying about answering to Carter and Aaron.

He’d wanted to join Aaron against his eldest brother, but when he thought about taking on Carter and the consequences that would follow, he felt that discretion was the better part of valor.

Aaron was going to be really pissed with him now. It would be just Carter and him in a showdown. Brady knew full well that eventually it would end up with at least one of his older brothers being battered to a pulp. Yeah, well, fuck Aaron. If he had to answer

to one of them, then he'd rather it be Carter. The thought of displeasing a full-fledged Sybar just didn't bear thinking about.

He longed to be just that bit older, a little closer to full-Sybar manhood. Then he'd be on equal terms with Carter and Aaron. Perhaps then they'd stop treating him like a kid. He was a grown man. He was twenty-two-years-old for fuck's sake.

Elise's femininity and Sybar scent made him go lightheaded as he walked with her. He wanted to tell her how much he loved her and needed her. How much he wanted to feel his body on top of hers and fill her wet pussy with his huge cock. He may be an inch or so shorter than Carter and Aaron and weigh some twenty pounds less, but he was proud about the size of his prick. It was easily a match for his older siblings.

"You're so lovely, Elise."

She smiled at him, and he knew that he loved her so much it hurt. "Thank you, Brady. I really love you, too. I love all of you, boys. I can't wait to see the Sybar illusion Carter has created at my ranch house."

The genuine smile Brady enjoyed suddenly disappeared from his eyes. She'd said it so nonchalantly, *the illusion that Carter created*. Fuck Carter. Reaching Sybar manhood couldn't come too soon for him. He longed to say to her, "Forget Carter and Aaron. I'm here now." Fuck them. Fuck them both. But he knew he couldn't. As a full-fledged Sybar, Carter could read every thought, desire, and emotion in his head. So he knew he'd be in real trouble if he spoke his mind.

It hadn't always been this way. As brothers, they'd shared everything. Clothes, cars, and of course women. Many were the times the three of them had fucked the same girl at the same time in front of the big open log fire. The very same fire that Carter had fucked Elise in front of.

Their brotherly Sybar love meant that many a local farm girl had squealed with delight when they'd fucked her together. He knew that

many of the girls' fathers were not happy with how their daughters had been used as a sexual vessel, but not one of them had ever come right out and said it. The Kennedy brothers were too intimidating and mysterious for anyone to have the guts to confront them.

But then Elise had come into their lives, and that bastard Carter had pulled rank. From out of nowhere, the arrogant prick had changed the rules. So strong was the pull of a genuine Sybar woman that Carter was in no mood for sharing. He wanted Elise all for himself. Sure, he'd let him have a little taster of Elise, but he guessed that was as much as Carter was willing to share.

He sighed resignedly. Well, it would all come to a head very soon now. Aaron was just a short time away from full-Sybar manhood, and this time he would not back down in a confrontation with Carter.

He gently squeezed Elise's delicate, feminine hand.

"We're here, Elise. I'll let you look around on your own. It's time I got back home."

Brady turned quickly and began walking back down the track. He didn't trust himself to stay in her company another second. Any longer in her presence and he'd want to take her all for his own, fuck her senseless right there and then. This was something he hadn't anticipated. The sheer pull of this beautiful, sensual, Sybar woman had shattered the once unbreakable bond between him and his brothers. He didn't know if they'd ever be able to repair the rift.

* * * *

Elise pushed the door of the ranch house open. As she closed it behind her, she took a deep breath. Her nostrils were immediately filled with the scent of freshly cut flowers.

Carter really was some sort of magician. The unmistakable smell of honeysuckle and roses, her favorite flowers, filled her soul with joy and wellbeing.

She wasn't surprised though. Carter could read her thoughts and desires as easily as reading a newspaper. He knew exactly what she liked. Exactly what filled her with happiness.

The words, "Oh, Carter, Carter, my beautiful Carter," slipped from her lips.

The floor was covered with a thick pile carpet finished in gold. The exact color she would have chosen for herself. Designer furniture adorned the living area, all exactly to her taste. She touched the sofa. Her hand sank deep into its luxurious softness. Sitting down, she reveled in its comfort.

"And this is all a Sybar illusion?" She laughed out loud, amazed at the magical images Carter could create. It stunned her to realize that not only could his Sybar power produce visual illusions but also illusions of smell, touch, and even taste.

She walked up the beautifully carpeted stairs to the bedroom. The last time she was here, its undecorated starkness and bare boards gave her a feeling of uneasiness. But not this time. A beautiful king size bed dominated the room. In the center a large bouquet of flowers rested on it.

"Oh, Carter, boys. How do you work such miracles?" She took the small card that came with the flowers and held it to her heart, closing her eyes briefly as she did so. Breathing deeply, she could smell Carter's Sybar scent on it, so beautiful and masculine.

The card read:

Beautiful flowers for a beautiful lady. Loving you always and forever.

Carter.

"I'm so very glad I'm here with you, boys," she said in a whisper. Leaving Chicago had been the biggest and most frightening move of her life, but she was so happy she'd taken her courage in both hands and faced her fears head on.

From the bedroom, Elise opened the door leading to the spiral staircase that wound its way to the very top of the house. Memories resurfaced the last time she was here. So scared had she been of the unknown, undiluted fear had almost made her flee in panic. But things were different now. As she climbed the stairs, she sang to herself. When she pushed open the door at the top, her eyes were once again assaulted by bright light. This time she laughed in pure delight. The Victorian brass telescope was there as before, only now it gleamed and shined, polished to an immaculate mirror finish.

Unlike before, beautiful carpet covered the floor, and a large, leather buttoned Captain's chair invited her to sit down and look through the spyglass. She gently touched the telescope before spinning it exuberantly around on its tripod, laughing as she did so. Life was good.

Elise sat heavily in the leather chair, feeling full of happiness and contentment. Surely, no woman had the right to feel such fulfillment? Putting her eye to the spyglass, she surveyed the outside world. The beautiful South Dakota countryside came into focus. Such life affirming colors delighted her eyes. The grass looked greener and the sky seemed bluer than she remembered. No doubt a consequence of meeting her cowboy brothers.

Swiveling the telescope on its tripod, Brady came into view. Standing alone, hands on his hips, he looked a little pensive. She smiled as she examined his beautiful, youthful face. Hmm, more worried than pensive perhaps. Were Carter and Aaron there, too? Tilting the spyglass on its tripod brought them into sharp focus. They stood toe to toe, their noses almost touching. Their beautiful faces contorted with anger and rage.

She felt her happiness drain away, ebbing from her body with each breath she took. "Oh, no, please God, no. This is all because of me. I know it is." She could read their thoughts clearly now. She knew they were allowing her to do so. Anger surged through her body. She could feel it as though it was her own, but it wasn't. The

brothers were letting her experience the hatred they felt toward each other at this precise moment in time.

Brady and Aaron's anger was directed toward Carter, and he sent it straight back to them, big time. She shouted at the top of her voice, "You have to share boys. Don't you understand?" Tears ran down her cheeks as she sobbed uncontrollably. "I love you. I love you all, but you have to learn to share."

She knew then that the sexual power a Sybar woman could exert over a Sybar man was almost limitless. She also realized they were acting out of character because of her presence. Before she'd arrived, they'd shared everything together, especially women. But she was a Sybar woman, that most rare of creatures, and she was aware that they all wanted and needed her more than life itself. She also recognized that none of them were in the mood for sharing, least of all a full-fledged Sybar such as Carter. He wanted the lion's share, and that meant he wanted her all for himself.

In blind panic, she pushed out of the Captain's chair and ran back down the spiral staircase that led to her bedroom. She had to stop them. She had to make them see sense.

* * * *

"I won't be backing down, Carter. We need to sort this out once and for all." Aaron knew that Carter could read his every emotion, but he really didn't give a fuck anymore. He'd come to the point of no return.

"You're no match for me, Aaron. I'm a full-fledged Sybar. Brother or no brother, you're a fucking dead man."

Without warning, Aaron felt Carter's forehead connect with his nose, splattering it. He instinctively raised his hand to check the damage. Blood ran freely from it, trickling down his forearm before dripping into the South Dakota dust.

Carter bared his teeth. “Yeah, you didn’t see that one coming, did you? You’re not in my league. Elise is mine.”

A knee to the groin, followed by a clubbing left hook, sent Aaron crashing to the ground. “There’s plenty more where that came from.”

“Fuck you, Carter.” He grabbed his older sibling’s boot as he raised it, ready to kick him in the head. He twisted it as he did so, catching the full-fledged Sybar off balance, sending him sprawling into the parched earth. Seizing his opportunity, he rose quickly, kicked Carter’s legs apart with a booted foot, and buried a steel toecap into his unprotected testicles. He took great satisfaction as his older brother doubled up in pain from the savage impact.

Sensing victory, Brady spoke, “You’ve got him now. Finish him.”

Aaron knew he’d made a big mistake by turning to Brady when he’d spoken. A punch from behind to his kidneys, courtesy of Carter, dropped him to his knees. Badly winded, he felt Carter take his head in both hands before brutally kneeling him fully in the face. A primal grunt came from Carter’s lips as he did so. He looked directly at Brady then.

“You might want to revise your opinion, little brother.” He raised his right hand, his fist clenched in anger, ready to finish Aaron.

“Stop, stop. Stop it. Do you hear me? Stop it.” Elise’s feminine voice surprised him. “You’re going to kill him, Carter. Look, look at him. He’s your brother.” She slapped his face hard. “No more, do you hear me? No more.”

* * * *

She knelt down and cradled Aaron’s head in her hands. “Are you all right, Aaron? Speak to me.”

She felt him push her away. “Quit fussin’, woman. I’m fine. It was just a lucky punch, that’s all. He caught me when I wasn’t looking.”

“You’re bleeding. I think your nose is broken. Let me help you.”

"It's nothing, Elise. Carter punches like a girl. If he hadn't hit me when my back was turned, I'd have finished the bastard."

"Fuck you, Aaron." Carter's angry voice broke through. "If it hadn't been for Elise appealing to my better nature, you'd be six feet under by now. Let's finish this once and for all. The winner gets Elise for keeps."

Aaron started to stand, holding a hand to the small of his back as he did so. "You're on, Carter. To the death."

Elise rounded on them both. Her face heated with rage. "How dare you." She poked them both in the chest with a finger. "How dare you both think that I'm nothing more than a trophy to be won by one or other of you. I will not be disrespected in this way." Her hand shook, and her whole body trembled, a consequence of the adrenaline surging through it. "If you two start fighting again, then I'm leaving. Do you hear me? Leaving! I'll return to Chicago." Tears ran down her cheeks. "I simply can't bear to see you boys at each other's throats. I love all of you, and we all need each other." She continued, "Brady seems to be the only one of you who has any sense."

"She's right, boys. We've got everything right here." Brady's voice was calm and measured, and his newfound maturity surprised Elise. "The most beautiful Sybar woman in the whole wide world. All we gotta do is learn to share. We always used to share everything, Carter. You know that."

"Yeah, well, Elise is a Sybar woman. Normal rules don't apply." Carter looked indignant.

"Then she leaves us all and goes back to Chicago. Is that what you want?" Brady was insistent.

Aaron dusted himself down with one hand, holding the other to his nose, trying to stem the flow of blood. "The kid's right. As I see it, everything comes down to alternatives. We all love Elise, but either we learn to share and enjoy her together, or she disappears out of our lives forever." He took a deep breath. "Speaking for myself, I don't want a life without her in it. What do you say, Carter?"

“All right, all right.” Carter held his hands up, a sign of compromise. “I’m mostly to blame. I should never have let things get this bad.” He shook his head wearily. “Fuck, woman, the power you have over us is just awesome. We all want and need you so badly. It makes us want to tear each other’s throats out.”

She stroked a hand down his cheek, reveling in the feel of his manly stubble. “So you’ll share. We’re all Sybars, Carter. We all need each other.” She melted into his embrace when he gently kissed her head.

“Yeah, okay, anything for you, Elise. I love you too much to let you leave. We all do.” He looked across at Aaron and Brady and held out his arms. “Come here, boys.”

The four of them huddled together as a single unit. She could feel their Sybar senses combine, warming her soul. They made her feel safe, happy, and wanted.

“I love you, boys. I love all of you.”

* * * *

Carter knew that he needed to compromise if he wanted Elise to stay. He’d underestimated the lure of a genuine Sybar woman and the power that she had over the male Sybar. He knew himself to be a regular, honest guy, a cowboy at heart and, yet he’d come within a hair’s breadth of killing his brother. He loved Aaron and Brady, as they loved him.

Elise had bewitched them all with her Sybar scent and femininity. He was under no illusion. Aaron would not have thought twice about sending him into the next world during their fight, either.

Well, that was all ancient history now. Elise had restored sanity to the Kennedy household. The ultimatum she had given them had been a wakeup call. Her angry words, “*If you two start fighting again, then I’m leaving. I’ll return to Chicago,*” had really hit home and brought

him back to reality. Fuck, he'd been just seconds away from hurting Aaron real bad.

Strangely, the more he thought about it now, the happier he felt about sharing her with his brothers. He shook his head in disbelief. What a crazy fucking world. He'd gone from beating the shit out of Aaron to being more than happy to share Elise in just a few minutes.

He looked across at her. Elise was tending to Aaron, gently dabbing her handkerchief against his bloodied nose. Her jet-black hair blew gently in the breeze, wafting her sweet Sybar scent toward him. He loved her so much. They all did.

Brady was standing close to her, too. He knew that his youngest brother was deeply attracted to this Sybar woman. Reading Brady's thoughts, he knew the kid could barely contain his love and lust for Elise. He decided to make the ultimate sacrifice.

"Listen up, I'm gonna rest for a while. My balls have swollen up like a ripe watermelon." He squeezed Aaron's shoulder. "You caught me just right, bro. Steel-toe caps and happy sacks just don't mix." He laughed. They all laughed, breaking the tension. "You two boys take Elise back to the ranch and look after her. I'm just gonna relax out here in the sun for an hour or so. Recharge my batteries."

He was allowing his two younger siblings to read his thoughts. The meaning of his words was not lost on them. They knew that Carter wanted them both to enjoy Elise together. To Sybar fuck her. It was his way of making peace.

"You sure about this, Carter?" Brady looked slightly concerned.

"Yeah, I'm sure. You three get on your way and have a great time." He playfully slapped Brady's face. "Remember, I'm a full-fledged Sybar. I'll be able to see and experience everything that goes on, anyway.

He watched Elise wipe away a tear. He'd allowed her to access his emotions, too. She stood on tiptoe and passionately kissed him on the lips.

“You’re a good man, Carter Kennedy. Do you hear me? You’re a good man.”

“And you’re a fine woman, Elise. You let me know if either of these boys gives you any trouble.”

* * * *

Elise pushed open the door to the ranch house. “It feels strange without Carter here, but I know he wanted it this way.”

“He’s gone up in my estimation, Elise.” Aaron’s voice was calm and yet slightly sad. “Carter’s as tough as they come. There’s nothing wrong with him. I respect him for what he’s done.”

“Me, too, Aaron, but now that we’re all willing to share, we can all be one big, happy family again.”

Elise stared, mesmerized at the open fire crackling and spitting in the grate. “Upstairs, I think, boys. Time to show me your bedroom.”

“Allow me, honey.” Her breath sharpened as Aaron picked her up and started to carry her upstairs. Brady was one step behind them. She couldn’t resist stroking her hands into Aaron’s blond locks and staring into his unblinking blue gaze as he effortlessly climbed the stairs.

Placing her on the bed, she could feel the three of them join together. Aaron and Brady started to use their Sybar powers to delve into her emotions. Although, individually, their Sybar presence was not as powerful as Carter’s, together it was strong enough to please her immensely. The sensation of wellbeing and a deep, sexual longing flooded through her body.

In a soft, dreamlike voice she spoke, “You’ve been wanting to show me your cocks since I first came here. Well, boys, now’s your chance. Drop ‘em cowboys. Let’s see what you’ve got.”

She could feel their Sybar thoughts synchronize. It was a meeting of minds that they allowed her to share. Watching, mesmerized, she felt her lips part slightly in an appreciative gasp as they both lowered their faded jeans to their thighs.

These guys were clearly not shy about showing their veined manhood to her, and for good reason, too. Their man meat stood proud and erect against their taut, rippled stomachs. She guessed that Aaron was a good nine inches and thick with it. Little brother Brady was perhaps half an inch longer and had a little more girth, too. She smiled inwardly. Brady may well be the baby of the Kennedy clan, but he certainly didn't come off second best when it came to a who's-got-the-biggest-cock competition.

She sat on the edge of the bed and looked up into Brady's innocent yet piercing blue gaze. The faint, self-satisfied smile on his face, said it all. "I'm a man, not a boy."

Instinctively, she reached out and curled her fingers around their cocks. She'd been right. Her fingers just about circled Aaron's well-above-average-sized penis. However, young Brady was a different matter altogether. A gap of an inch or so showed between her fingers and thumb.

"You like doing things together, don't you, boys?" She pleased their cocks simultaneously, pulling their foreskins back to reveal their glistening, potent tips. She repeated her actions over and over again. Moist man lube appeared on their bell ends as she stroked them.

She looked up into their unblinking blue gazes and smiling faces. She was teasing them now. "Oh, look, boys," she pulled back their foreskins once again, "now you see it, now you don't. Now you see it, now you don't. Now you see it, now you don't." She giggled.

Aaron stroked a hand through her hair, his eyes closed. "Naughty girl. You're such a fucking prick tease, Elise. It's time you had a taste."

"Your Sybar wish is my command, Master." She threw her head back and laughed before taking his penis into her mouth. Elise took him all the way in until she felt him against the back of her throat. She just adored his musky male scent and salty taste. It heightened her arousal even more when he fisted his hands into her hair.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Elise. You're one hell of a woman."

She took his twitching length from her mouth, noting the slightly annoyed expression on his face as she did so.

“Share and share alike, Aaron. It’s Brady’s turn now.” She took Brady’s slightly larger prick into her mouth. His taste and scent was subtly different from that of his older brother. The Sybar scent he secreted was not quite as strong as Aaron’s. Whatever the difference, she adored his prick and the way it felt in her mouth. As she took him right back, her cunny moistened further. Fuck, these guys were beautiful.

She took Brady’s throbbing penis from her mouth and then stared into his eyes. She could feel their combined Sybar mind melding telling her exactly what they wanted her to do. Words were not necessary.

“Oh, boys, you’re so naughty, but if that’s what turns you on, then I’m happy to oblige.”

She gently tapped their noses with her index finger, a sign of playful admonishment.

“You’ll have to stand closer together.” She watched them move slightly. “That’s it, closer, until your hips touch.” She thought it was a nice gesture when Aaron placed a protective arm around Brady’s shoulders.

“You’re cocks are beautiful, really beautiful.” She stared up once more into their mesmerizing eyes. “Right then, I’ll continue, shall I?” She pulled the tips of their huge cocks together until they touched, their manly secretions mixing. It would be a tight squeeze, but it was something she longed to do. She heard them both moan as she took their cocks into her mouth. If Brady had been any larger, it would have been impossible, but if she opened her mouth wide, it was just about feasible.

This was even better than sucking their cocks individually. Their combined size, scent, and taste overwhelmed her senses. Their twitching tips only added to her arousal.

She could sense they wanted her to cup and squeeze their balls, too, and she was more than willing to comply. The leathery skin of their testicles was a delight to touch, and in complete contrast to the stretched skin of their smooth, hard cocks.

Four masculine hands fisted into her hair. Occasionally, they would stroke the side of her face and neck. Their combined caress felt like an exquisite expression of their love for her.

They melded into a single unit. Each of them was able to read the others thoughts and desires. Without words, they told her, *We want to spill our seed into your sexy little mouth together.*

Her tongue tormented their touching bell ends once more. The very essence of Aaron and Brady Kennedy teased and delighted her senses. It made her feel so close to them, wishing never to be apart from them.

They thrust harder into her mouth. Two Sybar brothers in perfect harmony. Their orgasm was close, very close. Just sexual moans came from their lips now, but their Sybar thoughts were leaving her in no doubt that these men loved and worshipped her.

She bit down very gently, slightly restricting the in and out movement of their cocks, holding the surge of semen in their balls.

Biting slightly harder, the pressure built until their combined, silent Sybar thoughts spoke, *Now, Elise. Now.*

Relieving the pressure, she allowed her bite to relax slightly and was instantly rewarded with the warm sensation of two huge cocks flooding the back of her throat with their cum. Her tongue lapped up the masculine flavor of her two Sybar cowboys, reveling in the power she had over them.

Their bodies vibrated against her as their knees buckled in an almost uncontrollable spasm that made them moan out loud. Their hands twisted into her hair so hard it hurt. She enjoyed the exquisite pain. The satisfaction it gave her felt immense, because of the satisfaction it gave them.

Then finally, they dropped to their knees. Their faces were now level with hers. Their beautiful blue eyes were still closed, and their breathing was ragged and heavy.

She couldn't resist holding their heads together between her hands. "Aaron, Brady, I love you so much it hurts."

The three of them lay together on the bed for the next hour, happy in each other's company. From the penis-shaped bulges in Aaron's and Brady's jeans, she guessed they would be ready to pleasure her together soon. She closed her eyes and drifted into peaceful sleep. It would not be long. She was content to wait.

* * * *

Three hours later

Aaron stretched his arms above his head, and his eyes flickered open. It was time. He gave Brady a poke. "Wake up, cowboy."

He watched his little brother rouse himself with a big yawn before wiping the sleep from his eyes. "That's better. Just enough shut eye to refill my balls. Fuck, I feel horny."

They both gently kissed Elise on the cheek, enjoying the little feminine sigh she made as she awoke. "Is it time, boys?"

"It sure is, Elise. Brady and I need you. We really love you, honey."

Aaron just loved everything about Elise. He was so glad that he'd stood up to Carter earlier in the day. He'd willingly die for this woman, any Sybar male would, Brady and Carter included. It was hard to pinpoint exactly what turned him on so much about her, but he figured it was probably those little feminine gestures she made. Simple things like the way she would smile or hold a glass. The way her beautiful, raven-black hair moved when she turned her head. Yeah, the little things. He breathed deeply, filling his lungs with her

scent. She was secreting strong female Sybar pheromones now. He knew she was ready for sex.

“Brady and I need to see you naked, Elise.”

“I know, boys.”

Aaron watched, mesmerized, as she rose from the bed and started to remove her clothes. He knew she was taunting them both as she finally slipped her panties off and unclipped her bra, holding their gaze as she did so.

“Like what you see, boys?”

“You’re so beautiful, Elise.” Brady had already pulled his jeans and T-shirt off. He looked down at his erection. “Look, see what you’ve gone and done.”

Aaron removed his jeans and T-shirt, too. His voice was slightly shaky, even to his own ears. “Me, too. You’ve made my prick go rock hard again.”

They both moved from the bed and cuddled her. Aaron in front, Brady behind her. Aaron whispered in her ear, “Cowboy sandwich, honey. Close your eyes and enjoy.”

He slipped his fingers between her legs. “She’s so wet, Brady.” He licked them clean. “Fuck, this woman tastes good. She’s ready. Elise wants you to take her from behind, Brady. I can read her thoughts clear as day. You’ll need the lube.”

“I want you to watch though, Aaron. It really turns me on when you watch. Then it’s your turn, and Brady can watch.”

She knelt on all fours. “I hope that lube is not too cold.”

He watched his younger brother use two fingers to scoop some lube from the jar. He gently rubbed it against the rim of her anus, slowly working the lube inside her. She bucked slightly with the contact.

“Nearly done, Elise. Just a little more so it doesn’t hurt you. I’m the biggest of the Kennedy clan.”

“It’s just a little cold, that’s all, Brady. My butt is incredibly sensitive.”

“Good girl, all done.” He lowered his head and kissed her butt cheeks. “I adore you, Elise. We all do.”

Aaron watched his brother kneel between her legs, holding his erect penis in one hand. He guided it toward her sexy anal opening. Her eyes flew wide open as Brady slid his cock deep inside her ass in one smooth movement.

Aaron’s cock hardened further as she turned to him, those sexy lips of hers slightly parted.

“Watch, Aaron. I need you to watch.” Her words turned him on so much. He moved a hand to his cock, pleasuring it.

Brady was in full flow now, holding her hips as he thrust deep inside her ass. His eyes were almost closed.

“Elise, you feel so good.”

“You, too, Brady. Be rough with my nips when you come inside me.”

“Sure thing, baby.”

Aaron watched as his kid brother lay across her back, taking a breast in each hand.

“Squeeze them, stretch them, Brady.”

“You like this, honey?”

“Yes.”

“And this?”

“Oh, yes.”

“And this?” He teased and tormented her hardened nubs.

“Please, Brady.”

Aaron watched as Brady gave one final stroke. His features contorting with pleasure, biting her shoulder as he came. Elise looked so beautiful beneath his brother as she twitched and bucked in the throes of orgasm. Her lips parted, her breathing out of control as she let go and surrendered to her climax. He marveled at just how sexy Elise looked. Her beauty astonished him.

Aaron took his hand from his cock, not wishing to climax yet. Heavy breathing filled the room as Brady's spent body lay over Elise. Their faces were just starting to form into a satisfied smile.

He smiled, too. Now it was his turn.

* * * *

Elise stared into his unblinking blue gaze as he lay with her. "I love you, Aaron." She licked an index finger and gently ran it over his lips, laughing as he nipped at it with his teeth. She playfully scolded him. "Naughty, boy." She became more serious. "It's time, Aaron. I want you deep inside me."

"Tell me exactly what you want, honey. Your beautiful voice makes me so horny."

"I want your big cock deep inside my wet cunt."

He tapped her nose playfully. "Say please, Elise."

"Please."

She turned her head and looked at Brady. "Make sure you watch. It turns me on to know you can see everything." She noticed his cock was hard again. It was one of the most attractive things about a young man of twenty-two. She guessed that Brady was always in a permanent state of sexual arousal. "You can pleasure yourself while you watch, if you want to."

She felt Aaron slide inside her, tightly squeezing her ass as he entered her. He was very nearly a full-fledged Sybar, and as such, could easily create happiness and wellbeing in her psyche. His scent was so strong and alpha male that she craved his warmth and domination of her body and mind. She felt him nuzzling her nips, licking and biting them, making her moan with sexual pleasure. His confident, deep thrusts invaded her cunt as he did so.

She fisted her hands into his hair, yanking it so hard his mouth was pulled from her pebbled nubs.

"Harder, faster. Do you hear me, cowboy?"

His thrusts became more urgent and insistent. This time she could feel him feverishly lick her teeth and lips before biting her nipples hard.

“Yes, like that, exactly like that.” It all started to morph into a surreal dream. She was aware of Aaron’s big cock invading her wet pussy, and when she looked to her left, she could clearly see beautiful Brady smiling at her, enjoying the show. She knew it was Aaron’s Sybar powers that created such feelings of elation within her.

“I love you so much, Aaron. I just have to tell you.” His emotional and physical presence intoxicated her, making it hard to think straight. “I love you so much.”

“Shh, I know, honey. Nearly there. I love you, too.” He gently stroked a hand into her hair.

“But I need to tell you, Aaron, I—Dear God.” And then it happened. Her orgasm smashed through. Her whole body twitched and bucked under Aaron’s. Her fingernails clawed at the sensitive skin on his back.

“Dear, God. This can’t be real.”

“It is. It’s truly happening, babe.” She felt his cock drive even deeper inside her.

“Brady, hold her feet.”

She arched uncontrollably beneath this beautiful man. Brady pressed her ankles against the floor, holding her firm as her climax surged relentlessly through her body.

“Tighter, Brady. She’s almost done.” She felt an undeniable urge to push a finger up his ass as she watched him through hooded eyes. His body pulsed against hers as he finally ejaculated inside her.

* * * *

One month later

Carter turned the rib eye one more time and then unceremoniously dropped it on Brady's plate. "Eat."

Now that he and his brothers were on good terms again, he'd decided to make them all a steak dinner. He looked at Aaron, Brady, and Elise seated at the table, and he felt a certain pride that things had turned out for the best.

"I'm never going to eat all this, Carter." Elise laughed. "It must weigh about forty-eight ounces." She cut two-thirds of the steak away and gave it to Brady. "There you go, sweetie." She blew him a kiss.

He'd surprised himself at how easy sharing Elise with his brothers had been. Now he really didn't mind at all. In fact, his cock hardened at the mere thought of all three of them pleasuring her together. Yeah, life was good again. Just like it was in the old days, when they'd share everything. Sharing the most perfect Sybar woman in the world would be mind bending, both for himself and his brothers. It would be a privilege for all three of them to mate with her and produce fine Sybar offspring.

It was their destiny.

He took a swig of his Bud and then held the bottle up. "To Elise, the most beautiful woman in the whole wide world." His bottle clinked against that of his brothers. "We love and respect you, lady."

He watched a tear slowly meander down her cheek. "I love you, too, boys. I love you all so much it hurts." She jerkily wiped the tear away with the back of her hand. "You're embarrassing me now. I really must do this juicy steak justice." He watched her daintily put a piece of meat in her mouth and chew it. "Mmm, so lovely and tender, Carter. I'd never have guessed you were such a great cook."

Brady laughed. "He's not normally, Elise. He usually cremates rather than creates. He just got lucky this time. Isn't that right, Aaron?"

Aaron didn't answer, and Elise touched his shoulder. "Aaron, are you okay, babe? You don't look so good."

“To tell you the truth, Elise, I don’t feel too good.” He roughly massaged his neck in obvious discomfort. “In fact, I feel like shit.”

“You may be coming down with something,” Brady joked.

“I don’t think so.” He laughed, but he didn’t convince.

She was concerned now. “You’re deathly pale, Aaron. You need to get to bed.”

Carter realized Elise was talking sense. He knew what troubled Aaron. Five years ago, he’d been through the same thing. Aaron looked terrible.

“I’m gonna take your advice, Elise.” He tried to stand but found it difficult. “What the fuck’s the matter with me? I’ve never been sick a day in my life.” He put his hands on Brady’s shoulders for support and rose shakily from the table. Immediately his body crashed to the floor, taking several dinner plates and a couple of bottles of beer with him.

Elise screamed and then rushed to Aaron’s side. Her voice trembled as she spoke. “Aaron, Aaron, talk to me.” She turned to Carter, fear in her eyes. “You’ve got to help him, Carter. He’s unconscious, and I don’t think he’s breathing. Don’t let him die, please. Don’t let him die.”

He knew she was on the verge of blind panic, and he needed to calm her. “Elise.” His voice was controlled and measured. He held her head in his hands, making her look at him. “Elise, it’s serious, but I give you my word he’s not going to die.”

“But, Carter, I’m so frightened. He looks such a strange color. I couldn’t bear it, if—”

“Look at me, Elise.” He stared deep into her eyes, calming her with his thoughts, which he allowed her to access. “Everything is going to be fine.”

He turned to Brady. “Take her home and stay with her until she calms down. Do you understand, Brady?”

“Sure I do, but I—”

“No buts. Just do as I ask.”

He stroked a hand into her hair and tenderly kissed her cheek. "I'll call you when it's time, Elise."

After watching Brady lead a sobbing Elise away, he lifted Aaron from the floor. He laid his younger sibling over his shoulder. He felt his knees protest as he hauled two hundred and twenty pounds of Kennedy up the stairs.

"You'll be just fine," he said as he flipped Aaron's unconscious body onto the bed.

Aaron's body twitched and jerked involuntarily, but his eyes remained closed. Carter knew he was going through unimaginable physical and mental torture. Placing a hand to his brother's forehead, he figured that he was already starting to burn up.

"You gotta be strong, Aaron. Two or three days of hell, and you'll be just fine." He hoped his brother would survive *Shraika*, the final initiation into Sybar manhood, but he also knew about half of all Sybar males didn't. He'd told Elise he'd be okay in the hope of calming her down, but he didn't really know the outcome. No one did. The stresses going through Aaron's body and mind at this very moment were immense.

Stripping Aaron of his clothes, he noticed the large, red welts forming on his chest and legs, a classic sign that *Shraika* was taking hold of him.

"There's not a doctor in the world that can help you now," he whispered, knowing that Aaron's life was in the lap of the gods.

He heard Brady's booted feet on the stairs. "How is he, Carter? Is it *Shraika*? I was in Montana when you went through it."

"Yeah, Aaron and I thought you were too young to witness it. You were just a kid, so we sent you to stay with Cousin Karl for a week."

"Will he live?"

Carter placed a protective hand on Brady's shoulder. "He's got a fifty-fifty chance, but Aaron's a Kennedy and as tough as they fucking come. I think he'll make it."

“Yeah, Aaron’s no quitter. What’s going through his head? What’s with all the twitching and moaning coming from him?”

“His mind is in complete turmoil right now. None of his thoughts make any sense. He’s right in the middle of one motherfucker of a nightmare. One that just refuses to quit for two days and two nights.”

“And then?”

“He becomes a full-fledged Sybar like me. Able to read the thoughts and desires of female Sybars and also produce fantastic illusions that will make him irresistible to them.”

“And what if he’s not able to fight his demons?” Brady looked worried.

“He dies. It’s as simple as that. The physical and emotional powers of *Shraika* can overwhelm some Sybar males.”

“Yeah, but not Aaron, right?”

“Yeah, not Aaron.” He could see the concern in Brady’s eyes. He could tell he was worried for Aaron and worried about going through *Shraika* himself.

“How’s Elise coping?”

Brady forced a smile. “Well, you know women. She was in floods of tears, but I calmed her down eventually. I assured her everything would be okay. I told her you’d handle things.”

“You didn’t let on how serious this might be?”

“No. I guessed it was *Shraika*, but I wasn’t quite sure myself until I got back here.”

“Good boy. I can read her emotions clearly. She knows not to come back until I call her.”

“So how do we help him through this, Carter?”

“We don’t. It’s Aaron’s battle, one he has to fight on his own. There are some scary fucking demons living inside his head at the moment.” He shrugged. “If he faces and confronts them, then he gets to live.”

“And if he runs away?”

"He dies, but Aaron's never run away from a fight in his whole life, and he's not about to start now."

"His face is starting to puff up, too, Carter."

"Yeah, he'll look like he's done fifteen rounds with King Kong by the time this is all over. This always happens with *Shraika*. It kicks your ass both mentally and physically."

Carter could read Brady's emotions clearly. "I know you're real scared."

Brady stared back, his pupils dilated with fear. "A little, I guess, but like you say, us Kennedy boys are as hard as they come." He laughed nervously. "I'll kick the crap out of this *Shraika* when my time comes."

They both became silent, watching Aaron's unconscious body convulse and jerk as he fought to defeat his *Shraika* demons.

"Just a little water to wet his lips, and that's all we can do apart from wait, Brady." He pulled a chair up to Aaron's bedside. "I'll take first watch. You go and get some sleep. You're gonna need it. You can take over from me in the morning."

* * * *

Twelve hours later

Brady saw Carter jolt awake as he pushed the bedroom door noisily open. "I've made you some breakfast, eggs and coffee. How's Aaron this morning?"

Carter wiped the sleep from his eyes. "He was fitful, did a lot of moaning and groaning. I didn't get much shuteye myself."

"His face is even more puffy today, Carter."

"Yeah, his *Shraika* is probably as bad as it gets now." Carter placed a hand to Aaron's forehead. "If he can get through the next few hours, I figure he'll be okay."

"I fucking hope so." Brady's stomach churned at the thought of having to go through *Shraika* himself, three years from now. His powerful older brother lay tossing and turning in the bed, sweat pouring from him. Truth be known, *Shraika* scared the shit out of him, although he tried hard not to let Carter read his thoughts. He laughed nervously. "He never saw it coming, did he?"

"No, usually *Shraika* shows itself on a Sybar male's twenty-fifth birthday, but occasionally it comes a little earlier." He touched Brady's shoulder. "This is what happened to Aaron. The poor bastard had no warning, so no time to prepare himself for the onslaught."

"I'll try and be ready when it's my time."

"Ready or not, Brady, *Shraika* will fuck with your mind and body like you wouldn't believe, but it's necessary for you to go through it in order to become a full-fledged Sybar."

"Do you think I'm strong enough?" Brady wanted his approval.

"You're a Kennedy, just like me and Aaron. You're strong enough."

Carter stretched his arms above his head. "I'm gonna leave you in charge for a couple of hours. Just give Aaron a little water now and again. That's all we can do." He pulled back the covers, revealing the reddened welts on Aaron's chest and legs. "Look at these. They're so much angrier than they were yesterday."

"They'll go back down again after *Shraika*, right?"

When Carter smiled at him, he knew everything would be just fine. "Sure, little bro, they'll disappear in time." He rose from the chair. "I'll eat my eggs downstairs. Call me if you need me."

Brady sat heavily in the still warm chair vacated by Carter and stared at Aaron. Jesus Christ, he looked ill, but at least his breathing had become slightly more regular. He'd deal with Aaron himself now. There was no way he'd be asking Carter for help every time Aaron bucked, twitched, or moaned out loud.

He pulled the covers more tightly around his brother, noting they were soaked through with perspiration. "Yeah, that's right, Aaron. Sweat the fucker out."

He felt a calmness come over him then. An acceptance that he could deal with this debilitating initiation into Sybar manhood. He held his head high and spoke out loud. "Fuck you, *Shraika*. Bring it on. Let's see what you've got."

At that moment, Brady Kennedy stopped being Carter and Aaron's kid brother. Now he was simply Brady Kennedy, one of the Kennedy brothers and a man to be reckoned with.

It was only when Carter shook him awake that Brady realized he'd done a full twenty-four-hour stint, looking after Aaron.

"I could have taken over from you earlier, but I figured you wanted to do this on your own."

"Yeah, I'm fine. Seeing Aaron go through *Shraika* has got me thinking. It's made me finally grow up."

Carter put his arm around Brady's shoulder, a smile on his face. "I'm proud of you, Brady. Real proud." He looked across at Aaron. "How's he been?"

"He's not burning up anymore, I checked, and he's stopped all that weird twitching and moaning shit, too."

"Good news." Carter pulled the sheets back. "These welts are much better. They're not as raised and angry as they were yesterday. He's gonna pull through."

Brady could feel a tear start to form, but he stopped it dead in its tracks. "Aaron always was a tough fucker. I knew he'd make it." He was serious for a moment. "Don't you go telling him I was concerned about him. Do you hear me?"

Carter threw his head back and roared with laughter. "When he opens his eyes, he's gonna have his full Sybar powers. He'll know everything you've got going on in your head. Just like I do."

Brady laughed. "Oh, shit. Yeah, you're right."

“He’ll come round in an hour or so, but he won’t be none too sociable for a while after that.”

“How will he feel, Carter?”

“Like he’s just recovering from the mother of all hangovers, times ten.” He turned to leave. “I’m going to go and get Elise now. She can lay her warm, feminine body over Aaron’s. He’ll like that.”

* * * *

Three hours later

Aaron was groggy but sitting up in bed when Elise pushed the door open. So great was her need to see him, she’d left Carter several steps behind her on the stairs.

“Oh, baby, my poor baby.” She couldn’t stop herself running to Aaron and clinging to him like her life depended on it. “Carter’s told me everything. Are you okay?” She kissed his cheeks relentlessly, so pleased to find him alive. When she noticed how puffy his face was, she added, “Oh, baby, I’m so sorry. I’m not hurting you, am I?”

“I’m fine, Elise. Just fine. I just need a day or two to recover properly.” He reached for the glass of water on the bedside table. “Fuck, I’m thirsty. *Shraika* really dehydrates a man.”

“You’re so brave, Aaron.” She held a protective hand under his glass. “Careful, baby, or you’ll spill it.”

She thought Aaron looked a little embarrassed by her attention when he said, “I’m fine, Elise, honest.”

Carter couldn’t resist mocking her actions. “Oh, Aaron, you’re so brave. Here let me help with the water, honey.” Both he and Brady doubled up with laughter.

Aaron gave them both the finger. “Fuck you, Carter, and you, Brady. I’ve just been to hell and back.”

Carter touched him on the shoulder. "Funny thing is, Aaron, I was just telling Brady here that *Shraika* is no worse than a head cold. Isn't that right, Brady?"

"Yeah, sure thing. You told me Aaron was making a fuss over nothing. You said he was being a real fucking girly about the whole thing." They both burst into sidesplitting laughter again.

Aaron took another sip of water. "I didn't know it was *Shraika* to begin with." He laughed, and then clutched his chest, wincing with pain. "I just thought it was Carter's cooking."

They all laughed except Carter, who looked a little pissed. "Fuck you, Aaron."

Aaron continued, "But when the demons started to mess with my head, I knew it was *Shraika* all right." He looked at Carter. "You know what I'm saying?"

"Yeah, I know, Aaron. I've never experienced fear like it, before or since. I've told Brady what to expect when his time comes."

Elise wondered how different he would be now he'd become a full-fledged alpha Sybar. His scent was stronger, there was no doubt about that. He now had the same predator smell that Carter had. What else was new? She gently kissed his lips. "What do you feel now, Aaron? What's different?"

"Well, Elise, it's early days yet. My body has been well and truly butt-fucked by this *Shraika*, but, yeah, I do feel different."

"How, baby?"

"I feel more confident. In fact, I can feel it oozing out of me. I just didn't feel quite as sure of myself before I experienced *Shraika*. No wonder Carter was so confident of kicking my ass when we fought. After *Shraika*, a man feels he can do just about anything."

"And can you read my thoughts and desires more clearly, baby?"

"Yep, I can read every emotion in your head. Carter's and Brady's, too. It makes me feel so incredibly powerful. Carter and I are equals now."

She put her arm around Brady. He looked a little left out. “Your time is soon, and remember I love you all equally. I don’t have any favorites.”

She turned to Carter. “We need to let him rest a little now. I’ll make him some hot, homemade chicken soup, and he’ll be back to his old self in no time.” She shooed them both from the room and then lay on the bed next to Aaron. “Tell me more about *Shraika*, babe.”

“It fucks with a Sybar male’s head. The demons trick you. First they deceive you, they let you experience such beauty, love, and happiness, and then,” he clicked his fingers together, “like turning a switch on, they fuck your mind with such overwhelming fear that you want to run away and hide. I have never felt such paralyzing terror before.”

She held his hand. “But you didn’t run, did you, Aaron?”

“Hell no, Elise. I’m a Kennedy. You know that. Us boys have never run away from anything in our lives. That’s why I pulled through. Some Sybar males are not strong enough to defeat their *Shraika* demons.” He turned his palms upward. “So they die, simple as that. I feel I could move mountains now.” He placed a hand between her legs. “Honey.”

“Yes, Aaron?”

“I can’t wait to fuck you now I’m a full-fledged Sybar.”

She knew he was allowing her to read his thoughts. She could clearly see a visual image of his hard-on beneath the sheets.”

“Jesus, Aaron, you’re hard already—”

“I know.”

She smiled and took his hand from between her legs. “I look forward to it, but chicken soup and bed rest first.”

* * * *

One week later

Elise had just enjoyed the most wonderful erotic dream ever. She was fully aware that Carter and Aaron had created it for her. A gift

from them, letting her know how much they loved her. Now that two of the brothers had fully developed Sybar powers, they could create such wonderful happiness within her at will.

She stretched her arms above her head. She knew her face wore a delighted smile. Total relaxation and contentment made her sigh out loud.

“Oh, boys, how do you create such magic?”

Lazily, she opened her eyes. She was greeted with the most perfect azure blue sky. There was not a cloud in sight. She giggled uncontrollably. “You naughty men. You’ve been delving into my fantasies again. This one’s my favorite.”

She’d expected to be snuggled up warm in bed when she awoke. However, it was obvious that Carter and Aaron were working together to create a beautiful Sybar illusion, just for her.

Lifting her head slightly and looking around, she became aware that she was floating on a raft in a beautiful blue lagoon. The sea lapped gently against it. She couldn’t resist dipping a hand into the warm, tropical water and then watched, mesmerized, as it dripped from her fingers. The words, “Real, so real,” whispered from her lips. She felt euphoric. She gently traced her hands down her body, feeling her breasts, stomach, and pussy as she did so. She was naked.

Carter’s masculine voice caught her slightly off guard. “You didn’t think you’d be on your own, honey, did you?”

In a dreamy voice, she heard herself reply, “Are Aaron and Brady here, too?”

“Of course, honey. It was always going to be the three of us together. You know that.”

She became aware that she was gently pleasuring her clit as he spoke. “I need to see you all.”

They stood in front of her. Their taut, muscled bodies glistened with perspiration. “The suns real hot, Elise.” Brady’s youthful face smiled back at her. They were all completely naked, and she adored

their potent masculinity. She breathed deeply, reveling in their strong Sybar scent. Their ridged cocks stood proud and erect.

“There’s no way off this raft, Elise. Just water for a thousand miles or more.” Aaron’s voice relaxed her. “We’ve got all the time in the world. We may as well enjoy each other.”

“Yes, I’d like that.” Was this all a fantasy, or was it real? She just couldn’t tell anymore. Did it matter? No. Here she was with the three most potently sexual men in the world, and she was going to enjoy all they had to offer.

Carter knelt between her legs. She still pleased her clit, and he stilled her hand with his. “This is our job, Elise.” He turned to Brady. “This is how you pleasure a woman.” He uncovered her clit from its protective hood, before taking it in his mouth, and gently teasing it with his teeth and tongue.

She couldn’t resist fisting her hand into his hair as he tasted her. “Carter, please.”

He freed her hands from his hair. “You like that, don’t you, Elise? Your turn now, Brady. I’ve shown you how it’s done. You need to learn for yourself.”

He let Brady take his place. “Like this, Carter?” She felt his tongue lick her from ass to clit in one smooth movement.

“Dear, God.” She felt so turned on. Carter was teaching Brady like a master teaches his apprentice. He was so youthful and inexperienced that the whole thing excited her beyond words. He lifted her butt from the raft so he could tongue her pussy better.

Brady briefly pulled away from her cunt and then looked at her. His beautiful, young face was covered in her glistening arousal. “Am I doing okay, Elise?” His head dropped once more.

“Oh, Brady.” His infectious enthusiasm really turned her on. “You’re so lovely.”

She pushed his head further into her sopping pussy while idly dangling her other hand in the warm, tropical waters.

Carter had taught his younger sibling well. Brady's teasing tongue pleased her clit so beautifully. She felt filled with joy.

"Brady." She felt herself surrender to the Sybar illusion created by the brothers. The sun overhead warmed her face. The ocean breeze relaxed her senses. She had never felt more alive. She had never felt more like a woman.

He pushed two fingers into her soaking channel, pleasuring her further.

"Brady."

The fingers of his other hand touched her anus, gently stroking the puckered flesh.

"That's it, Brady. You learn fast." Carter smoothed her hair as he spoke. "She's almost there."

She couldn't resist reaching out for Carter's penis as Brady's insistent tongue pushed her over the edge. An unstoppable climax surged through her body. "I love you so much, Brady."

His teasing mouth mind-fucked her again and again as her vagina pulsed and vibrated against his beautiful, young face.

Carter's words brought her back to some sort of reality. "Fuck, Elise, don't squeeze so hard, your nails sure are sharp." He looked down at her hand gripping his cock before smiling at her and gently stroking her face. "Now Aaron and I get to fuck you, honey. Kneel on all fours."

"I'm gonna take her ass this time, Carter." Aaron was now a full-fledged Sybar. He didn't have to ask for Carter's permission any more. She felt him kneel behind her and put his hand between her legs. He pulled her feminine juices backward, rubbing them over and into her butt hole. "This is the sort of lube I like, honey."

She felt his predator Sybar breath on her neck and his hands gripped her hips. She moaned out loud as he speared his prick deep inside her with one smooth but slightly brutal movement.

"You like that, don't you, Elise?"

"Yes."

Aaron took hold of her by the shoulders, pulling them both backward until she lay on top of him. "I love it like this. I can get nice and deep." He motioned to Carter. "What are you waiting for, cowboy?" She knew that Carter didn't need to be asked twice, and she watched, mesmerized, as he knelt between their legs. Carter removed Aaron's hand from her pussy.

"No more finger-fucking. This belongs to me now."

She felt the air leave her lungs as Carter penetrated her pussy. His unblinking blue gaze never left hers as he entered her with an athletic push that seated him fully to the hilt.

She couldn't resist saying the words, "I love you, Carter. I really love you," as he filled her so completely.

"I love you, too, Elise." His simple yet heartfelt message made her soul overflow with wellbeing.

"I have to kiss you, Carter." She couldn't resist showering his beautiful manly face, licking and kissing it like a woman possessed. Perhaps she was. The stubble on his cheeks rasped against her face as she devoured the two hundred and twenty pound Sybar God, whose delicious weight lay over her. The combined alpha scent of Carter and Aaron intoxicated her. "I love you both."

They began to synchronize their thrusting, using their Sybar powers to match their speed exactly. The exquisite feeling as the tips of their cocks almost touched each other excited her enormously. Their potent bell ends were only kept apart by the merest slither of her feminine flesh.

Brady wanted to join in the fun, too. His Sybar powers were limited, but she picked up on that. She pulled him next to her and took his large penis into her mouth. This is how she wanted things to be. The four of them together, joined as a single unit. She took Brady right back, teasing him with her lips and tongue, pleasuring his young manhood that twitched and jerked appreciatively in her mouth.

"I love you, Elise," she heard him say. He gently stroked the side of her face, smiling at her. Such simple words of affection meant everything to her.

Carter and Aaron were becoming more urgent in their lovemaking now. Their synchronized fucking continued unabated, getting faster and deeper with each successive stroke. Carter's gaze held her captive as he fucked her. He leaned forward, taking a nipple into his mouth, and sucked hungrily like a man possessed.

He moved to her other nipple, teasing and tormenting it in equal measure. Her emotions of pain and pleasure perfectly mixed.

He looked up. "Brady, I'm almost done here. Save your seed. You need to take over."

His words excited her. "Carter, please." She dug her fingernails deep into his back then clawed them down to his waist. "Please."

She watched his face contort as he gave one final stroke. His climax exactly mirrored hers.

"Carter." She feverishly kissed his face and lips as her orgasm slammed into her psyche. The surge of semen filled her pussy. She knew he was marking her as his for life.

As he pulled from her, his Sybar scent overwhelmed her once more. The manly sweat from his exertions dripped onto her breasts and belly.

Brady was eager to take his older brother's place and quickly settled himself between her legs.

She just couldn't help loving Brady. His naïve, innocent charm warmed her heart. His penetrating blue gaze held her attention. When he entered her, she became fully aware that this was no boy. His large cock filled her cunt, and he immediately started to pump away with seemingly unlimited enthusiasm. Just like Carter, his rhythm and speed became perfectly synchronized with Aaron. She couldn't help but gently stroke her hand into Brady's lovely dark hair as he dropped his head and took a nipple into his mouth.

"I love you, Brady."

His lovemaking lacked the sophistication and polish of Aaron and Carter. But his inexperience only made her love him more.

“Brady.”

He lifted his head from her breast and kissed her passionately on the lips.

“I love you so much, Elise. I adore you.”

“Aaron, Brady, I’m close.” Illusion and reality started to blur at the edges. Deep down, she knew the whole thing wasn’t real, but—she could feel the water lapping against the raft, and when she trailed her fingers over the edge, she felt its warmth and wetness. The sky above her was still the most wonderful azure blue she’d ever seen. The heat from the sun caressed her body.

The words, “It’s real. It’s real. All of it’s real,” spilled from her lips.

In a trance, she heard Aaron’s masculine voice. “She’s right on the edge, Brady.” She felt an exquisite pleasure start to pulse deep inside her.

“Dear God.”

“It’s happening, little bro.”

“Dear God.”

Her stomach muscles contracted as the most brutal yet wonderful climax battered her body into submission. The erotic sensation continued for what seemed like forever before abating slightly, only to mind-fuck her once again with undiluted intensity.

Aaron and Brady’s cocks twitched inside her ass and cunt one final time as they ejaculated together. An animalistic growl tore from their lips as the last drop of semen spilled from them. Brady bit her shoulder hard as he came. His hot breath fanned against her, adding to her feeling of sexual euphoria.

Elise slowly opened her eyes and looked at her surroundings. She was in Carter’s bedroom back at the ranch house. Glancing at the clock on the bedside table, she figured she’d been asleep for about three hours. It was hard to tell exactly. The power of the Sybar

illusions created by Carter and Aaron meant that real time was hard to quantify.

She heard the door swing open as Carter entered the room. He was naked. "Here, drink this, honey. I've made it especially for you. It's hot and strong, just the way you like it."

She took a deep breath, enjoying the wonderful aroma of the freshly ground coffee.

"Mmm, lovely. Caffeine." She took a sip of the steaming beverage. "That was some illusion, Carter." She couldn't resist tracing her fingertips over his sensual lips. "It was just wonderful. Thank you."

He laughed. "Anything for you, Elise honey. Now that Aaron is a full-fledged Sybar, we can probe into your mind even further than before. We can recreate your deepest fantasies and desires whenever we want to." He looked down at his cock. "Fuck, the beast is ready to go again. Where would you like us boys to take you this time?"

* * * *

Six months later

Elise relaxed back in the chair and casually observed the three men in her life devouring breakfast. They had a busy day ahead of them and needed huge amounts of eggs, bacon, and strong coffee to keep them going. She lazily stretched her arms above her head, totally contented with her new life. Occasionally, her men would look across at her as they shoveled down yet more protein. It was little more than a fleeting glance, but it was enough to let her know that each and every one of them loved her more than life itself. She couldn't resist the temptation to smile back. "More coffee, boys?"

Little more than seven months ago, she'd been living in Chicago, totally oblivious to how her life was about to change. The

irrepressible life force that was Carter, Aaron, and Brady Kennedy had yet to show itself.

She poured them all a refill. “Hot and strong just the way you boys like it.”

They were all very different, but she loved them all equally. Carter, the eldest, was one hundred percent alpha male. He was all man, and every time he caressed her, he made her feel like a woman. He’d even sorted out the money she’d borrowed to buy the ranch. The loan sharks had been paid back. It had been a relief to have the worry lifted from her shoulders. Then of course there was Aaron, beautiful, flaxen-haired Aaron. She giggled inwardly. She’d thought him to be of Scandinavian origin when they’d first met, a real Viking. It had been a privilege to see him conquer his *Shraika* demons and come out the other side a full-fledged Sybar. What is it they say about astronauts and fighter pilots? Made of the right stuff. Yeah, that was it. Well, Aaron was certainly made of the right stuff. The way he’d stood up to Carter when they’d all been going through their ridiculous I-ain’t-sharing-Elise-with-anyone-else phase had proved that. She breathed in deeply. The episode had been unfortunate, but she felt proud that she’d been able to bring sanity and brotherly love back to the Kennedy clan. It was all ancient history now.

Last, but definitely not least, there was Brady. Beautiful Brady. He’d yet to reach full Sybar manhood. He needed to defeat the *Shraika* demons first. She touched his cheek. He was a Kennedy. He’d be just fine. Like his brothers, he was powerful and courageous. He’d kick ass when the time came. His unassuming charm just made him so attractive to her. She loved his uninhibited lovemaking.

As one, they rose from the breakfast table, their chairs scraping noisily on the tiled kitchen floor. Carter put his arm around her. His velvety voice let her know everything was just perfect.

“We’ve all got to love you and leave you now, honey. It’s a busy day. We should be finished by about nine.”

She kissed his cheek, placing a hand on her belly as she did so. "I have something to tell you all when you return."

Carter put his arm around her shoulder and then kissed her forehead. "Elise, honey. You can't hide anything from us. We already know you're having our baby. We've been waiting for you to tell us for the last week or so."

They all circled her then, holding her close, making her feel like the most wanted woman on earth.

She kissed their cheeks one by one. The dream she'd had for three years had finally come true. She realized now she'd been seeing the future with her three wonderful cowboy brothers. This had always been her destiny. "Thank you. You've made my dreams come true."

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

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

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

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

Also by Sabrina Sinclair

Sexual Meltdown 1: *Her Arizona Cowboy Brothers*

Sexual Meltdown 2: *Her Texas Cowboy Brothers*

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