



FINDING *HOME*



LACEY THORN

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Finding Home

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

FINDING HOME

Lacey Thorn

Chapter One

"I know that you're as unhappy as me, Andy. I can see it every time that I look in your eyes. There's no love in there for me. You pull away from me when I try to touch you. You don't return my kiss anymore. We've been engaged for a while now and yet we still haven't made love. Which would be fine if it was to make our wedding day more special. But I know that isn't the reason. We tried. We really tried, or at least I did. But I can't spend the rest of my life with a woman who shudders away from my touch instead of under it. That wouldn't be fair to either one of us. So I'm canceling the wedding. I'll take care of it all myself. Because the truth is that I've been seeing someone else, someone who does love my touch. And that isn't fair to any of us."

Andrea Michelle Ebans sat in her car in front of her mother's farm house. It had been three years since her wedding to Bryan had been canceled. She had left within hours of their conversation. And Bryan had married her sister Chloe instead. Chloe, her affectionate older sister who looked so much like their mother. Her sister was a slim 5'7" with an always perfectly coiffed blonde bob hair cut and big green eyes. She was America's picture of the beautiful woman. And honestly, most likely a perfect match for Bryan. But it had been hard to admit that back then.

Andy was built more like the women in her father's family. She stood 5'3" and was as curvy as they came. Her breasts were a large 38DD, and, although her stomach was flat, her ass was quite a handful. She had long brown hair that was prone to curls no matter how much she longed for her sister's straight hair. In fact, the only thing that they shared was their green eyes.

She had only been twenty-one three years ago when she had run from home, and this was her first trip back. Her father was ill. He wanted to see his Raggedy Andy, the name he had called Andy since she was a little girl. Her mother had called and informed her that it was her duty to come home and see her father. Her mother, Claire, had despaired of her youngest daughter long ago, choosing to spend her time and effort on Chloe, who was always the perfect lady. Andy was more likely to be outside causing trouble. She had refused to wear dresses or curb her wild ways, and eventually her mother had left her alone. Something she had always thought she wanted until she got it.

Her father, though, had always babied her. He was fond of telling her that only a dog wanted a bone. He said that a real man wanted a real woman, which is a woman with curves built for a man to embrace. When she had left, he had sent her to his sister, Carmen. Through Carmen she had learned all about what made her tick as a woman. And she was a woman, with a real woman's needs, regardless of what had failed to happen with Bryan. However, she had received quite the education in the past three years.

Andy took a deep breath and opened the car door. This was the moment that she had both looked forward to and dreaded, coming home. Her mother stood framed in the doorway. Andy was more than aware that she had always been a disappointment to her mother, and she was sure that wouldn't change. Her mother wouldn't like her sex kitten image any more than she had the tomboy one. She still wore her jeans, but now they rode low on her hips showing all of her belly, including the red ruby ring that pierced her belly button. She wore a peasant style black shirt that tied just below her full breasts and left a lot of her creamy flesh exposed above her bra. She only prayed that her mother wouldn't look hard enough to notice the faint outline of the tattoo she had on her left lower shoulder. Then again, wasn't that part of the reason she had dressed this way? If she and her mother were sniping at each other then they wouldn't have to face the bigger issues that they had been hiding from for years.

On her feet were 3" black ankle boots which matched perfectly with the cowboy hat she perched on her head. Why, it was almost a given that a girl needed a hat in Texas. She wore long gold hoops in her ears, and her hair hung in curling waves to her rear. She had almost put it up but decided at the last minute that she wanted to feel the wind blowing in it as she drove. With another weary sigh, she slammed the door to her shiny red convertible and headed to the stone walkway that led to the front porch.

She was still a good three feet away when she heard her mother's gasp of probable horror. She couldn't keep the grin from her lips.

"Why hello, Momma, it's so good to see you." Andy smiled at her mother as she came into the house. Her mother just looked at her with wide eyes trying to take in everything at once.

"Good Lord! What in the world have you done to yourself, Andrea?"

"I've grown up. I've lived. I'm very happy with my life, Momma. I'm so glad that you asked." Andrea was waiting for her mother to make a sassy comeback just like she always did. But it didn't come.

"Well, it's good to see you anyway." Claire said and for the first time Andy snapped out of her own perceptions and really took note of her mother. Claire had aged, and her once perfect hair now looked as if she ran her fingers through it constantly. She had always seemed thin, but now she was almost frail with it, as if a good wind would blow her away. It seemed that more than just Andy had changed in the last few years.

"Your father is on the back porch resting."

Andy relaxed and smiled with ease for the first time since her arrival back home. She couldn't wait to see him and tell him about how she was. He knew what Carmen was and exactly what lifestyle she led. He was the one that encouraged Andy to go to her. At the time, all he had said was that Aunt Carmen would help her find herself. She most definitely had. Still smiling at her mother, she moved through the kitchen and out the back door to the porch that wrapped around the entire house.

Her father sat on the porch swing. He looked older than she had ever imagined him looking and worn out. He was thinner and his hair was all grey now. She had only been gone for three years. It was amazing how much a person could change in that amount of time. He must have heard the screen door close, because he looked up at her before she even took a step towards him. His eyes were bright with tears and the sight of them made hers tear up as well.

"My own little Raggedy Andy. I've missed you, baby girl," Joseph said.

"Daddy," Andy hurried to him and fell into his arms on the swing. He held her close, and she was frightened by the lack of strength in his arms.

"Daddy, what's wrong? Why didn't you let Aunt Carmen and I know that you were sick?"

"I wanted you to enjoy yourself, Andy. I know what you think of this town and the people in it. I know the memories that coming back here will bring. I couldn't, no I wouldn't ask it of you unless I had to."

"Nothing is more important than you, Daddy. I would face anything for you. And this town holds no power over me now. I know who I am, and I'm okay with that."

"You look beautiful, Andy, absolutely beautiful. You remind me so much of your Aunt Carmen."

"She misses you too. I still don't understand why she wouldn't come with me."

"Carmen has more of a reason to hate this town than you do, Andy." Her mother spoke quietly from the doorway, and there was sadness in her eyes that Andy had never seen before. "Your room is ready for you. We're having company for dinner in an hour, so perhaps you would like to change."

"I already have a room in town. And I'm fine with how I'm dressed now, Momma."

"What do you mean that you have a room in town?" Her mother looked hurt at Andy's words. "You're welcome to stay here, of course. Tell me where you're booked at and I'll take care of it for you."

"No, Mother, I've already taken care of it. Aunt Carmen still owns a house here in town. Since the previous renters moved out several months ago, I plan to stay there while I'm in town. It has an office that I can use for my work."

Her mother gave another weary sigh and shook her head. "My daughter the writer. When do you plan on getting your head out of the make believe and actually living your life? You need to grow up, Andy. You should be more like your sister. She and Bryan have been married for three years now. Bryson started pre-school this year, and little Amanda Rose is just the most perfect little girl. Only two years old and already such a perfect little lady."

Oh, yes, Bryson, the child that her sister was already pregnant with when Andy was supposed to be the one marrying Bryan. Little had she known that the woman he had been seeing was her sister. But did her mother blame Chloe or even Bryan for that? No, somehow that was all Andy's fault as well. And hell, maybe it was Andy's fault. But bottom line was that her sister and Bryan seemed happy and Andy had moved on.

Andy thought of the erotic romances that she wrote under a pseudonym and grinned big. She actually made quite a good living writing full time. Her books sold quickly and well. Her mother would faint at the explicit words that she used in her writing. It would almost be worth it to tell her the truth. But her mother had never asked or taken that much of an interest in her work, and Andy certainly wasn't going to volunteer it.

She was sure that Chloe and Bryan would be there for dinner. It would be interesting to see who else her mother had invited. It was only the best of people for her mother's little

dinners. All in all, it would be a very interesting evening. She hugged her father again and murmured just loud enough for his ears alone, "Let the fun begin."

Andy stayed on the porch after her mother nagged her father to go in and clean up. She would never understand how those two had ended up together. The memories flooded through her mind as she sat in the silence of the farm. She could hear the horses in the corral just in back of the house. She had always enjoyed riding. Where her sister had been taught English saddle, Andy had often gone off bareback. Most of her childhood had been spent hiding out from her mother. She remembered following her father around the small farm asking to help. He had accepted her without question, teaching her everything he knew about horses and breeding.

Maybe that was where her sexuality really began to turn. There was nothing like watching a stallion cover a mare. The sex was raw and powerful, natural. The mare would be hobbled so that she couldn't move and cause injury to herself or the stallion. Her neck was protected against the fierce bite of the stallion. Still it was an experience. Just thinking of the wildness of sex made her pussy weep for her ex-boyfriend Jordan Mitchell.

He had been her first lover and a truly dominant man. He had taught her the incredible power of letting go and giving someone else the responsibility for your pleasure. Jordan had enjoyed tying her up and fucking her hard. He was the one who had talked her into the belly piercing. She had discovered with him her need for pain as well as pleasure. In fact, it was the slight burn of pain that brought her extreme pleasure. She enjoyed the hard spank of his hand on her ass. The way he would pinch and bite her nipples until they were red and flushed with her excitement. He had taught her the joys of anal sex. There was something animalistic about the feel of a hard cock buried deep in her snug back entrance.

When Jordan's best friend, C.J., had visited they had indulged in a ménage. It was one of the best memories she had. They had tied her face down on the bed with pillows beneath her to help keep her hips elevated. They had played for what had felt like hours before removing the pillows so that C.J. could slide under her. He had held her against his body while Jordan worked his cock deep into her tight ass. Then it had been C.J.'s turn to work his cock into her now extremely snug pussy. She remembered the exact moment that C.J. had buried his big, hard cock fully inside her. They had all groaned at the sheer pleasure. Then they had fucked her until she screamed her throat raw. It had been the best night of her life.

They had taken her twice more that night taking turns with her pussy and ass, and she had enjoyed every moment of it. Jordan had mentioned once how he would love for his brother, Jack, to be there too. Just the thought of three men at once had brought her to another orgasm. C.J., she never did learn his full name, had been gone when she awoke the next morning, and two months later Jordan had left as well.

She missed Jordan a lot. He was ten years older than she with jet black hair and dark blue eyes. He towered over her at six foot-two and, although he was an accountant, he had a great body that showed no signs of sitting behind a desk. He had made her feel feminine and desirable. He had loved her big breasts and lush ass. And she had fallen in love with him.

C.J. she had lusted for. He and Jordan had grown up together. C.J. was blond with blue eyes. He wore his hair just long enough to make one think of a Viking warrior with his powerfully built body. She wasn't sure what exactly C.J. did for a living, but it sure kept him in good shape. She had never met Jack, had no idea if he was an identical twin to Jordan or what, but the opportunity wasn't there now anyway.

It was the slamming of the door that brought Andy back to the here and now. She looked up and met the green eyes of a little boy who looked so much like Bryan that he could be none other than her nephew Bryson.

"You don't look sad to me." He said with innocent surprise and when she realised what he meant Andy burst out laughing. So they still thought she begrudged them the happiness they had found together. Then again, she had never taken the time to tell them that she was okay with how everything worked out. It would definitely be an interesting dinner.

"You must be Bryson. No I'm not the least bit sad. And I'm so happy to finally get to see my nephew."

"Daddy said that you might be uncomformitable and when I ast my mommy what it meant she said it just meant that you were sad. She wasn't happy with my daddy then. He wasn't supposed to say that in front of me. He keeps forditting that I have big ears."

Andy laughed out loud. Her nephew was very precocious. "Ummm. Well... It's very nice to meet you Bryson."

"Mommy said that I could call you Aunt Andrea. But I heard Grampy Joe call you Andy. So what do I get to call you?"

"Well, what would you like to call me?"

"I like Aunt Andy." His eyes widened when he noticed her belly ring. "That is soooo cool. How did you get that in there?"

"I had a friend do it for me."

"Did it hurt?"

"Just a little," Andy laughed as she remembered all of the margaritas consumed after her piercing and just how erotic Jordan had found it. "But it was well worth it."

"Wow. You have really big hoops in your ears too. Did that hurt?"

"No, not at all. I've had my ears pierced a long time, since I was about your age. They only hurt if they get caught on something."

"Ohhh..."

"Bryson, there you are. You need to get in the house and wash your hands for dinner. You haven't even greeted your grandmother yet."

Andy looked up at the sound of her sister Chloe's voice. There was Chloe in all her perfection. Her blonde hair was in place around her face. She had her make-up done in such a way that it brought attention to her green eyes and high cheek bones. She was wearing a pale pink summer dress that fell discreetly below her knees to about the middle of her calf. Her pale legs were covered in pale hose and her feet were adorned with pink pumps. She was the perfect picture of a wife, and Andy had never felt better in her life. She had always hated the perfection of her sister, but now as a woman, she could appreciate the effort her sister took with her appearance.

For the first time, there was no anger or jealousy when she looked at Chloe. It didn't matter that Chloe was everything that her mother and most of the town thought was perfect and wonderful. Andy had discovered who she really was, and now she felt only love for her sister. The life she had always thought that she wanted was now the one thing she was most grateful that she didn't have. She would die in the role of sedate little wife. But her sister seemed to be flourishing in it.

Andy walked to her sister and wrapped her arms around Chloe for a great big hug. "I'm so happy to see you, sis. You look fabulous as always."

Chloe was so taken by surprise that she couldn't say anything. Andy didn't know if it was the way that she was dressed, her hair, her belly piercing, or the fact that she had dared to touch and possibly muss Chloe. It was sad to realise just how much distance there was between them. And most of it was her fault. She was the one who had left, the one who had

all but ignored Chloe's calls and letters. But it had been hard then to face the fact that Bryan was happier with her sister. Now she could look back and see the truth.

Hooking her arm through Chloe's, she pulled her sister back into the kitchen with Bryson right behind them. Chloe didn't say anything to her, seeming beyond words at the moment. She shook her head and pulled her arm free of Andy's. She grabbed Bryson's hand and hustled him ahead of her out of the kitchen, down the hallway, and to the stairs, stopping to take her daughter's hand along the way.

Andy watched her sister lead the children upstairs and knew that they were heading to the play room where they would eat their dinner with Carly. Carly had been with the family since before Chloe was born. When Ms. Claire, as Carly referred to Andy's mother, had children, Carly had taken over as nurse maid and nanny. Claire was not exactly the picture of a mother. To her, children were to be seen and only heard when she wanted to listen to them, which was not that often. Children were not allowed at the table until they were fourteen. It appeared that little had changed.

Shaking her head, Andy headed to her father's den and the bar. Bryan was already there with another gentleman deep in discussion. He looked the same as always. Bryan had always seemed tall to her at 5'11", but he didn't seem all that much anymore. His blond hair was kept short and neat, and his blue eyes were so pale that they seemed dull. She thanked God once again for keeping her from marrying him. She would have been miserable, and he would have been too.

His eyes widened when she entered and headed towards the bar.

"Good, Lord, Andy is that you? What?" Bryan seemed completely startled speechless by Andy's exposed abs complete with belly ring and the amount of chest she had left exposed. Not exactly the way she used to dress.

"Why, hello Bryan. It's so nice to see you again." Andy stopped to pat him on the shoulder before heading over to the bar for a drink. "Can I get either of you anything to drink?"

Bryan's lips moved in a way that reminded her of a fish. Trying to keep from laughing at his shock, Andy focused on the other gentleman in the room. He was taller than Bryan, maybe 6'3" with sandy brown hair and gorgeous deep blue eyes. He was very muscular and looked good in a pair of casual dress pants and polo shirt. Her mouth was watering just looking at him.

"You must be Andrea. I'm Jackson Williams. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Andy laughed at the twinkle in his eyes. "Not what you expected, huh? And it's Andy, not Andrea. People who know me call me Andy."

"Well, then, Andy, how about a scotch." Jackson moved towards her across the room while she poured his drink. She poured a martini from the already made pitcher for Bryan before pouring herself vodka with cranberry. When she turned with the drinks in her hand, Jackson was right in front of her.

"Here, let me help you with that," he said, before removing his drink from her hand and then taking Bryan's as well. His body brushed against her, and she could feel her nipples tightening. She couldn't help but wonder if he had done it intentionally.

Clearing her throat she asked, "So what do you do for a living, Mr. Williams?"

"I'm a developer. My partner and I own a construction company. We buy land, develop it, and then sell it off to the highest bidder."

"Jackson," Claire moved into the room with Chloe and Joseph, looking uncomfortable in a shirt and tie, in tow. "I'm so glad that you could make it. Where is the delightful Mr. Sanders this evening, and your brother?"

"My brother is out of town for a few days on personal business, and you know how Mr. Sanders is." He looked over to Andy, "I'm afraid that he's not much of a people person."

Chloe moved over to Bryan's side while Joseph went to Andy and gave her a quick hug before moving to the bar to pour martinis for Chloe and Claire and a whisky for himself.

"Good to see you again, Jackson. How is the new club coming along?" Joseph asked.

"Very well, sir. We should be ready to reopen in a few more months."

"I'm sure that it will be well worth the wait, Jackson." Claire simpered and clung to his side. "Why, everything that you touch is just destined to be magnificent."

Andy tried to hide her snort by turning it into a cough, but she was pretty sure that he knew what her response was anyway. What she hadn't wanted to do was draw her mother's attention which was exactly what she had managed to do.

"Oh, yes, have you met our other daughter Andrea? I'm afraid that she just arrived and didn't have time to change." Claire's eyes moved over Andy with firm disapproval. This was nothing new to Andy though. Maybe she should have changed for her mother, but it was too late now.

"Yes, I must say that I was hoping that this was another one of your set ups, Claire. If so, then you've made me very happy," Jackson replied while looking at Andy with a twinkle in his eyes.

Andy burst out laughing as her mother and Chloe both choked on their drinks. Bryan looked like a deer caught in head lights. It was all just too funny.

"I'm sure that was the furthest thing from my mother's mind. Rest assured that she thinks more highly of you than to set you up with the likes of me." She lowered her voice to a stage whisper. "I'm afraid that Momma wouldn't wish me on her worst enemy, Mr. Williams."

Jackson looked at her with a grin of his own. "I'm sure that couldn't be true, Andy. And it's Jackson. Trust me when I say that there is not another woman I know that I find so charming and interesting."

The heat of his eyes brought her to slow simmer. There was something about him that reminded her of Jordan, perhaps his eyes. All she knew was that her nipples were like torpedoes and her pussy was soaking. She needed to get laid bad and suddenly her options while visiting home weren't too shabby.

"I'm sure that dinner is ready." Claire quickly brought the attention back to herself. "Come Jackson, you can be my escort." With that she pulled at his arm and led everyone to the dining room.

Joseph wrapped his arm around Andy's shoulder and leant down to her ear. "Well, this should be interesting."

Chapter Two

Andy had bitten her tongue several times during dinner to keep from saying something that she shouldn't have. Jackson hadn't helped matters any by paying so much attention to her and not enough to her mother. It was akin to suicide to ignore Claire Ebans. And so, Andy was not surprised in the least when her mother stated how sorry she was that Andy had to leave so early in the evening when they had all moved back to the parlour. No, what had surprised her was when Jackson had excused himself as well and walked with her out to their cars.

"You'd better watch your step, Mr. Williams, or you'll have Momma thinking something is up," Andy turned to speak to him and found herself trapped against her car by the long length of his body, his very aroused body.

"Something is definitely up, Andy," Jackson murmured, leaning close and nipping at her bottom lip. "Question is how long it stays up." He looked deep into her eyes, and Andy knew exactly what he was asking.

"Are you asking me if you can follow me home, Mr. Williams?" Andy whispered, her voice husky with her own desire.

"Jackson," he growled in her ear before nipping the lobe between his teeth. "And yes, Andy, I'm asking if we can take this someplace and finish it." His eyes were smoldering blue flames of passion. "I want you, and I think you want me too. Is there any reason why we can't?"

Andy thought briefly of Jordan but quickly shook him out of her mind. He had left her over a year ago, and other than one brief letter stating that he had been detained longer than he expected, she hadn't heard from him. He didn't deserve any loyalty from her. "No, there's no reason," she murmured.

Jackson caught her open mouth in a deep kiss, raping the moist confines of her mouth with his tongue, nipping her lips with his teeth. Without thought, Andy wrapped her arms around his big shoulders and lifted one leg up to clamp tightly around his hip trying desperately to place her throbbing centre flush against his swollen erection. She rubbed her

sex along his rigid thigh until they both groaned and broke for air. Not exactly a position she wanted anyone in her mother's house to open up the curtains and witness.

"I want you now, Andy," Jackson grunted as he ground his turgid length harder against her belly. "How close are you?"

"Five minute drive from here," she panted. "How about you?"

"At least fifteen," he grunted and pushed her away gently then reached behind her and tugged her car door open. "Get in," he ordered her in a voice rough with need. "I'll follow you to where you're staying." He stood there while she sat in the driver's seat and fastened her belt around her. When she had reached for the keys and started the engine, he demanded her attention once more by leaning in and taking her mouth again.

When he finally pulled away, he looked into her eyes and whispered one last demand. "Drive fast."

It seemed to take forever to reach her Aunt Carmen's little bungalow, but Andy knew that it had been only minutes. Her pussy was so wet that it wouldn't surprise her if her jeans were soaked with her juices. She had been tempted to unsnap them and use her hand to ease the tension but something had stopped her. She would wait for Jackson, and she had little doubt that he would make her feel very good. She eased her car under the carport and watched as Jackson pulled his truck in behind her. She hurried out of her car and headed to the side door that would lead them into the kitchen.

Andy was just turning the knob when she felt the heat of Jackson's body behind her. They barely made it through the door before he was on her. She felt him push the door shut, and then she was pushed up against it with him leaning in and pinning her in place with his hard length. She fumbled her hands until she found the lock and flipped it.

Jackson buried his face in her throat licking and sucking at the warm fragrant skin where shoulder met the sleek line of her neck. She tasted exquisite, and he couldn't get enough of her. His hands were everywhere, kneading her flesh and revelling in the womanly curves he encountered. She had a body built for sex, and he had to have her now.

"I can't wait," he told her as he turned them towards the table. "Tell me you want it too?"

"Yes," she cried out as he found a nipple and pinched it just hard enough to make her pussy gush. "Now, Jackson," she demanded of him. "Right now."

He pushed her to the table and reached for the snap and zipper on his jeans. "Undo your pants and drop them to your knees," he ordered and Andy was more than willing to obey. She kept her eyes glued to his hands as he unfastened his own pants and shoved both them and his boxers down onto his thighs, giving her a good look at the long, thick erection that he sported just for her. She licked her lips as she took in the way it curved up towards his belly button, the tip already damp with his arousal. He could tell that she wanted to taste him, and, before he could stop her, she leant forward and closed her mouth around the flared head of his cock while she pushed her pants and thong down her hips.

"Fuck," Jackson groaned when the hot bliss of her mouth closed around him. Her tongue was like fire flicking around him while she sucked greedily at his flesh. He'd be damned if he would come for the first time in her mouth, although he would definitely empty his cum there at some point before the night was over. He pulled his cock away from her and groaned when she released it with a loud pop. Quickly he turned her around to face the table putting her back to him. "Brace your arms and bend over," he ordered.

Andy willingly complied, seeming so eager for the feel of him buried inside her, but he had more in store for her. She cried out when he gave her the first firm smack of his palm against the cheek of her ass.

"You were very bad, Andy," Jackson told her then treated the other cheek to a firm slap. "Bad girls have to take their punishment before they get their pleasure."

"Yes," Andy cried backing into the next blow that landed.

Gods, she had missed this, was hungry for it as much as she was for the hard thrust of his cock. She cried out again as he smacked her harder and thrust two big fingers into her dripping channel.

"Do you like being spanked, Andy?" Jackson's voice was smoky behind her. "Because you have an ass just made to be spanked." He brought his well lubricated fingers out of her pussy and back to the pucker of her anus. "And for fucking," he grunted as he pushed one finger into her back entrance. They both groaned at the feel of her tightening around his digit. "You've been fucked here before, haven't you Andy?" he asked her, and she thought she heard anger in his voice. "How many men have taken you here?"

"Two," Andy cried out as he smacked her ass again. Only Jordan and C. J. had ever taken her there, and she had enjoyed it tremendously.

"Before this night is over that number will be three, Andy," Jackson grunted and grabbing her hips pulling her further back from the table. "But first I want to feel your pussy on my cock." Andy heard the crackle of a wrapper as he opened a condom and rolled it on. It seemed to take forever, and she had just started to wonder if he had changed his mind when he rammed his length deep into her sex with one fierce thrust.

Andy screamed and threw her head back. This was exactly what she needed, a hard, fast fuck with a long, thick cock. And Jackson was giving it to her just as hard as he could. At the angle he was fucking her, the swollen head of his shaft was slamming against her cervix with every deep thrust. And Andy was pushing her hips back to encounter every one of them. This was what she loved, and the only other man to ever make her scream this loud had been Jordan.

Jackson couldn't slow his thrusts down. He had to take her, to dominate her and obliterate the thought of any other man from her mind. He needed to possess her. Jackson grit his teeth at that thought, wondering where the hell it had come from. He had never felt possessive of a woman before, especially one he had just met. His sexual preferences were extreme to say the least. He liked to dominate, to control his partner. He liked bondage and discipline, and he liked submissiveness, though he didn't consider himself a part of that whole BDSM lifestyle. Most importantly, Jackson liked to share. For him, there was nothing more arousing than watching a woman take a thick cock down her throat while he fucked her. Oh yeah, Jackson had plans for Andy.

Andy felt the pressure of his fingers clamped on her hips and vaguely wondered if she would have bruises. At the moment she just didn't care. Jackson Williams was fucking her just like she needed him to – hard and fast. It was delicious to feel his engorged cock riding her channel, to feel the slight sheen of perspiration coating her. The heady, musky scent of sex that filled the air around them both was intoxicating. The hard grip of his hands, the harsh rasp of his breath interspersed with grunts and groans took her breath away. She needed this. God, how she needed this. Her orgasm was so close, and when it exploded she felt like she might pass out from the pleasure.

"Yes, Jackson, yes please," Andy screamed her hands clawing for purchase on the edge of the table. "Fuck me! God yes! Fuck me so good!"

Jackson released his grip on one hip and wetting his finger in his mouth rimmed her anus again before thrusting it inside the pink pucker. One finger became two, and Andy screamed and convulsed beneath him, her pussy like a clamp around his cock as she cried out her pleasure. Jackson held out as long as he could before flooding the condom with his own release. He felt a savage need to rip the thin sheath from his pulsing sex and brand her with his seed. He had never engaged in unprotected sex but something about Andy called to him, made him want to do more than fuck her. She made him want to claim her and fill her with his seed. He wanted to brand her so no other would infringe on what was his.

Fuck! Jackson thought. Where the hell had that come from? He wasn't a relationship kind of guy. He was a "Hey baby, let's fuck and have a good time" kind of guy. He pulled his cock from Andy's snug cunt, fighting himself and the unsettling emotions that were rolling through him. He disposed of the condom, tucked and zipped, and still Andy remained bent over the table gasping for breath. He could see the slick juices on her pussy and thighs and wanted nothing more than to bury his face there and lick her clean. When his cock perked up at just that thought Jackson panicked. No way should he be ready to go again after just experiencing the best fuck of his life. Shit, he had to get the hell out of here, away from her and whatever spell she was weaving over him.

He looked at her once more and shook his head vigorously back and forth, denying what he felt compelled to do. "Thanks for the fuck, baby," he murmured, reaching for the door and unlocking and pulling it open. He gulped the fresh air like he was dying and stepped out into the cool night air. "I hope we can do this again while you're home, Andy," he added and pulled the door shut behind him. He felt a compulsion to run to his truck but kept his pace even, if a little fast. He wanted to go back in and cuddle, for Christ's sake. What the hell was the matter with him?

* * * *

What the hell was that all about? Andy wondered as she listened to the squeal of tires as Jackson left. Everything was great one minute, then it was like he couldn't get away fast

enough. *Men!* she thought with disgust as she kicked her feet, ridding herself completely of her jeans and thong. She scooped them up and headed down the hall to the bedroom she was using. She'd take a quick shower and maybe spend a little time writing before getting some sleep.

The phone rang as she was heading down the hall, so Andy backtracked the few feet and answered the portable in the kitchen.

"Hello," she murmured, wondering who could be calling this late at night.

"Hey, sweetheart," her Aunt Carmen's voice was just as warm and vibrant over the phone as it was in person. "How are you doing?"

If anyone knew how much Andy had dreaded coming back to small town hell, it was Carmen, who had left the same town behind long ago.

"Well, no blood was drawn, nothing got broken, and all my hair is still on my head," Andy told her, "So I'd say not too bad."

"Oh, chica," Carmen whispered. "How are you doing really?"

"I'm fine, Aunt Carmen. Really it wasn't so bad," Andy informed her. "I wish you could have seen the look on Mom's face when she took in my changed appearance. And I thought Bryan's eyes were going to bug out of his head," Andy laughed in memory.

"And how is Joey?" Carmen asked after her brother.

"Dad is..." Andy stopped to search for a word. "I'm not sure. We didn't get much of a chance to talk tonight. He's thinner, older. And he looks so tired."

"You let me know as soon as you know anything, Andy," Carmen warned Andy. "If I need to come back there then I'll do it."

"I didn't think that you would ever come back here," Andy stated knowing all too well the animosity that her Aunt felt for the small town. No one spoke about Carmen, it was like her aunt never even lived here before, which was highly unusual in small town America. Nothing was ever forgotten or not mentioned in small towns, especially ones that thrived on gossip like this one. Andy had asked many times what had sent her aunt running as far as she could but no one ever told her anything.

"I'll do what I have to if Joey needs me," Carmen whispered but Andy could easily hear the dread in her voice. "I have news for you as well."

"And what is that?" Andy sighed, wondering what news her aunt felt the need to share with her.

"Your Mr. Mitchell showed up looking for you," Carmen told her.

"Jordan showed up?" Andy exclaimed with surprise.

"Yes, he was adamant that he see you," Carmen told her.

"Well, I'd say that he is just a little too late for that at this point, like maybe a year too late," Andy answered sharply.

"But Andy, you said that you loved him," Carmen spoke quickly. "You said that you needed him and wanted him back. You moped for months after he left."

"Well, of course I did," Andy responded. "I was hurt. No, I was devastated. But as time went along with no word from him I just got mad."

"Uh-oh," Carmen murmured.

"What?" Andy asked. "Uh-oh what? What did you do, Aunt Carmen?"

"Well, you have to understand that I thought you wanted to see Mr. Mitchell. I thought that you were still pining for him and would love to hear from him," Carmen was rushing, which was a clear sign that she had done something that Andy wouldn't like. Still, Andy had to roll her eyes at her aunt's use of the word pining. Did anyone really say that anymore?

"Just tell me what you did, Aunt Carmen," Andy said.

"I told him..." Carmen started and stopped taking an audible gulp of courage.

"You didn't," Andy exclaimed, realising what Carmen wasn't saying. "Please tell me that you didn't tell him where I was! Where to find me!"

"Oh, Andy," Carmen sounded so upset. "I thought that I was doing what you would want me to."

"How long ago did you see him?" Andy asked.

"He was here this morning," Carmen spoke. "It seems that he had been looking for you for a few days and with me moving a few months ago it took him some time to track me down."

"Well, maybe he won't be able to find me," Andy said and closed her eyes when her aunt gave another sigh.

"I gave him directions," Carmen admitted.

"Shit!" Andy exclaimed.

"Well, I thought that I was helping you be with your true love and all," Carmen snapped, which shocked Andy. "How was I to know that you were over him and just fine? How was I to know these things if you didn't tell me? I am not a mind reader, Andrea Michelle, and I would ask that you keep that in mind."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Carmen," Andy stated softly, realising just how stressed her aunt was by all that was going on. Stressed and worried. "You're right, and I apologise. Besides, what are the odds that he'll really come all this way to find me anyway?"

"Well," Carmen started to say when Andy heard a knock at the door.

"Someone's at the door, Aunt Carmen," Andy said struggling to hold the phone between her shoulder and ear while she hurried to put her jeans back on. She pushed her thong down into her pocket and headed down the hall towards the front door.

"I'll let you go then, chica," Carmen hurried to say. "Call me tomorrow after you see your dad. Bye baby." And just like that her aunt hung up.

Just as well. The only person she could think of who would be coming to see her at this late hour was Jackson. Maybe he had a change of heart and came back to pick up where they left off. But when she looked out the peep hole, it wasn't Jackson that stood there. It was Jordan.

Chapter Three

Andy stared out the door wondering if she should answer or not. Hell, she could still smell the scent of Jackson and sex on her. The last thing she wanted was to confront Jordan at this moment.

"Open up, Andy," Jordan yelled from his spot in front of the door. "I know that you're in there, and I'm not leaving until we talk."

"Shit," Andy muttered before reaching for the lock and opening the door to confront Jordan. He looked good with his long legs encased in tight jeans and a T-shirt pulled taut across his broad chest and wide shoulders. His black hair was just a little too long, curling around the base of his neck, and Andy wanted nothing more than to clench her fingers in it and pull his mouth down so that she could devour him. When she finally made it to his eyes, she was jolted by the fire that glowed in his baby blues.

"What do you want, Jordan?" Andy asked, and there was no masking the anger in her voice. A year. It had been a year since he had walked out of her life and now he showed back up.

"I'd like to come in and talk to you, Andy," Jordan said and with a nudge of his big shoulder, he was in the door and shutting and locking it behind him. Andy stood there feeling a rush of different emotions course through her body. She had longed for the day when she would see Jordan again, planned it, dreamed of it. But never had she pictured it with her standing in front of him with another man's smell on her flesh.

Jordan seemed oblivious to her inner turmoil as he stepped up to her and ran his fingers over her hair and down her cheek. "God, how I've missed you, baby," he murmured. "I've missed you so much."

Andy shrugged his touch away and stepped back putting more space between them. "Must be why you've bombarded me with calls and letters since you've been gone," she glared at him. "Because you just missed me so much."

"It wasn't like that, Andy," Jordan swore. "I've been busy adjusting to things, dealing with family issues and all the crap that goes with them. But I've never forgotten you. I was always planning on coming back for you. There were just other things that I had to focus on first."

What the fuck kind of excuse was that? And what the hell had been so important that he had to focus on it instead of her? The sad thing was that she really wanted to believe him, wanted to trust that some life or death matter really had occurred. The Jordan she knew would never walk away from her, from the life they had just started building together. Confusion rolled through her in waves. She loved him and yet hated him. She wanted him and at the same time she wished he had never showed back up. Wasn't her life just peachy?

"Well, how nice for you," Andy stated, shoving her confusion aside. She would deal with her emotions later, when she was alone. "But I've moved on, Jordan. I quit waiting for you to get in touch with me a long time ago." Okay, so that was a big fat lie, but Andy was sticking to it. No way would she tell him that she had only just had sex with someone else for the first time since he left. No way would she tell him that he was the one that haunted her dreams. No way would she admit that she loved him. She wouldn't even admit that to herself. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'd like to take a shower and go to bed. I'd say it's been nice to see you again, but well...I wouldn't want to lie."

Andy moved to go around him and head back to the door and instead found herself turned and pressed between the wall beside the door and Jordan's rock hard body.

"Don't lie to me, Andy," Jordan grabbed her hands and pressed them to the wall above her head. "We had something special, and I know that you wouldn't have turned your back on that, on us. Lie to yourself all you want, Andy," he caught her eyes with his and refused to let her look away. "But don't lie to me."

He leant down and nipped her full bottom lip with his teeth, pulling and tugging on it until she opened up like he wanted her to. It was more than a kiss that he gave her. It was a possession, a statement of ownership, and, as much as she wanted to deny him, the simple truth was that she couldn't. He was everything that she wanted in a lover, and the memories of all that they had shared came flooding back to torture her. Her nipples became turgid points where they rubbed against him, and her pussy was growing wet with desire. She could feel the long, hard length of his erection against her stomach, and she knew if not for her earlier escapade with Jackson, she would already be climbing Jordan and begging him to take her.

Jackson. That one thought cleared her head and gave her the strength that she needed to pull away from Jordan's drugging kiss. How could she possibly want Jordan when she

could still smell Jackson's scent on her? She sighed, finally admitting that because no matter how great the sex with Jackson was, the bottom line was that she loved Jordan.

"Stop, Jordan," she told him pulling at her wrists until he released them. Gently she pushed him away. "I can't do this right now. It's been a year, Jordan, with no word from you." She looked at him and shook her head back and forth. "You may have always planned to come back for me but that was something that you chose not to share with me. I don't want to do this right now. I'm tired, and I'd like to shower and go to bed," she looked at Jordan and almost smiled at the gleam in his eyes. "Alone, Jordan. If you're going to be in town for a while then maybe we can get together and talk, but the truth is that I have moved on, Jordan." As of about half an hour ago but that was her business.

Jordan looked at her, and she felt like a bug under the microscope for an instant. "I'll be here, Andy. And we will talk. You may think that you've moved on, but I know better. I know you. I know that you loved me, Andy."

Andy blinked. Then she got mad. "Loved, Jordan. As in once upon a time," Andy stated as she clicked the lock and opened the door for him. "Once upon a time you were in my life. Then you went away, and I didn't hear from you." Andy could feel the tears burning the back of her eyes but she refused to shed them. Everything was catching up with her and it was too much. Coming home to face her mother and sister as well as her ex-fiancée turned brother-in-law, her meeting and having sex with Jackson, then her conversation with Aunt Carmen. Now this confrontation with Jordan. It was just too much. "Just go Jordan. I can't do this right now."

Jordan stepped through the door and let the screen close between them before turning back to face her. "I can smell your arousal, Andy. I know that you want me."

"Really, Jordan," Andy said as she inched the door closed. "And can you smell the scent of sex that fills the air? Can you smell him on me still?" Jordan's wide eyes were almost worth the confession. "Because he just left, Jordan, and if you'll excuse me I really would like to take a shower now." And with that Andy shut the door in Jordan's scowling face. It should have made her happy. But all Andy wanted to do was cry.

By the time that Andy awoke the next morning, it was almost noon. She had spent a restless night filled with nightmares and felt more exhausted now than she had when she

went to bed. She picked the phone up beside the bed and called the one person she could count on to listen to her. Serena Campbell, her best friend and the voice of reason in her life.

Though genetics had graced Serena with the body and beauty of a goddess, Serena did nothing to help it along. The woman actually tumbled out of bed in the morning looking like Jennifer Garner as Electra. She had naturally curly, long brown hair and the greenest eyes. But Serena had never used her looks, unless a case required it.

"Detective Campbell."

"Hey Serena."

"Andy, how's life in a small town?" It was just like Serena to skip the hellos and go right to the purpose.

Andy heaved a weary sigh. "Not much has changed."

"You have," Serena's voice was strong and sure and just what Andy had needed to hear. "You are not the same girl who left there. You're a woman now who knows her own mind and isn't afraid to take what she wants."

"Yeah, I keep trying to remember that."

"So I take it dinner the first night there didn't go so well."

"Mom was...well herself. My sister seemed surprised to see me dressed the way that I was, and Bryan about had a heart attack."

"And your dad?"

"He looks so much older than I remember. But it was worth everything to hear his voice and see his smile."

"Is he as sick as they led you to believe?" Serena had never believed that Andy's dad was really all that sick. She thought that it was a plot of some kind to get Andy back home. Of course Serena tended to look for that sort of stuff. It made her a good cop.

"He has been ill, and he is definitely not himself. But I'm just not sure. I think that there might be more there than I thought."

"I'll keep an eye on things here, kiddo. The house and the aunt."

"Thanks, Serena. It seems like my problems have a way of finding me. Jordan showed up today."

"Whoa. How the hell did he know where to find you?" And then before Andy could answer she added, "Carmen."

"Yeah, it seems that he paid her a visit, and she was all too willing to deliver him to me." Andy sighed and sank down further beneath the covers.

"He would have been able to find you even without her help. You know that. If a person really wanted to, they could find out anything they wanted about you." Serena sounded like she had seen her fair share of just that during her time on the force.

"I know that you're right. And I'm not mad at Aunt Carmen. I just don't know that I'm ready to deal with Jordan yet."

Serena's laugh sounded over the phone. "You can't fool me, girl. I know just how much Jordan meant to you. And I know just how bad it hurt when he walked away. Remember me? I was the one who stayed up eating cartons of ice cream with you."

"I remember. Things are just weird right now. I met someone at my mom's house at dinner last night." Andy confessed.

"And what exactly happened with this someone?" Once again Serena went right to the heart of the matter.

"He followed me back here, and we had the most amazing sex I've had in a while."

"You mean the only sex you've had since Jordan," Serena stated softly into the phone. "I'm your best friend. I know things."

"Yes, it was the first time I've been with someone since Jordan left." Andy sighed and shook her head which seemed to be just as confused today as it had been last night.

"So what's the problem? You met a guy who thrilled you enough to get nasty with him. You're not in a relationship, and you sure don't owe anything to the man who walked out on you over a year ago." Serena was always the one that cut the excess away and went to the heart of what was bothering Andy.

"I know that too. But this is a small town, and now Jordan says that he is going to be staying around for a while to talk to me." Andy closed her eyes. "Which I have to say that part of me is happy about. Then there's Jackson. And after last night I wouldn't mind seeing him again either." She groaned and opened her eyes. "Good grief, I've turned into a slut."

Serena's laugh washed through the phone line. "You're a beautiful, sexually active woman. And believe me when I say that you aren't the first woman who found herself pulled between two men. And you won't be the last either. Just play it out and see what happens. It will do Jordan good to have a little competition for a change."

"And just what do I do if I run into them both while I'm out somewhere? God forbid with my mother?" Andy was horrified at that thought.

"Ahhh...the joys of small town living," Serena's humour was dry as always. Then her hand muffled the phone, and Andy could hear her speaking with someone else. "Shit. I gotta go. Watch your back, Andy. I'll talk to you soon."

Just that quickly Serena was gone, and Andy was left holding a phone with no one on it. She had to laugh. What else could she do? She hung the phone back up and headed to the kitchen to make a pot of coffee. She was going to need it if she was going to make it through the day. She was supposed to go out to her parents' house later and that meant seeing her mom. Plus Jordan was in town looking for her, and she had just had sex with Jackson. Cripes! Could her life get any more complicated?

Someone pounded on the back door and hollered Andy's name. She pulled it open to find her former best friend Mary Jo Pulnik. In a childhood that had been anything but ideal, Mary Jo had been her confidant, her ally, and her co-conspirator in everything. Andy hadn't seen her since the day of the wedding debacle. Mary Jo looked the same as she had back then. Her long, blonde curls were still a tangled mass around her head, and her big blue eyes were as happy as ever. It was a joke that Mary Jo looked like an angel from heaven but was definitely on the devil's home team when it came to getting in trouble.

"So you decided to come back to town and not tell me?" Mary Jo pushed her way into the kitchen and turned to face Andy. "I ought to kick your ass for that. But I'm feeling generous today, so I'm going to forgive you." Her face lit up and she whooped with delight before surging forward and hugging Andy tight. Even though Mary Jo was slightly taller than her, Andy still felt huge when beside her petite friend.

"I missed you too," Andy murmured, only just realising how much. She should have kept in touch with Mary Jo. She should have done a lot of things.

"Yeah, remember that when you head back out again." Mary Jo turned and grabbed a coffee mug from the tree on the counter and poured a cup of the fresh brewed pot before turning and sitting at the table. Andy took a mug as well and joined her.

"So, written anything good lately?" Mary Jo's eyes sparkled with humour.

Andy burst out laughing. This day just might turn out all right. She smiled and thought of all the stories she and Mary Jo had plotted in their youth. She couldn't wait to share exactly what she wrote now. For the first time, it felt good to be home.

* * * *

Andy was late when she pulled into her mother's drive. Mary Jo had stayed a lot longer once she found out just what Andy had been doing. By the time she left, she'd ordered and downloaded every book Andy had written onto her flash drive to take home and read. They'd laughed and joked like old times and made plans to meet that evening at the corner pub in town that had been there probably since the town originally formed. Andy was really looking forward to it. But first she had to survive her mother again.

With a deep sigh, she left the safety of the car and headed to the porch steps. Her mother would find something to say about today's clothing choice as well. Andy had pulled on a tight pair of jeans and a knit top that was snug with a v cut in the bust line. Her worn boots were on her feet, and her hair was pulled into a high ponytail. She'd traded the big hoops for a pair of topaz gemstones. All in all, she looked like she felt, comfortable.

"Nice of you to decide to join us, Andrea," her mother said from just inside the front door. Andy could see the condemnation in her eyes as her mother took her in from head to toe. "And you dressed for the occasion as well."

"I dressed like I always do when I'm at home, mother. And this is my home, isn't it?" Andy forced the smile to her lips.

Her mother didn't utter a word, just held the door open for her. But the look on her face and in her eyes spoke loud and clear. Andy had no idea what she had ever done to make her mother feel the way that she did about her, but somewhere along the line, love and affection ceased to exist. She used to think "if only" or "what if" but those days were long behind her as well. She was who she was, and she was finally okay with that.

Just to irritate her mother some more, she leant in and gave her a smacking kiss on the cheek as she passed through the door. She thought she heard her mother sigh but wasn't sure. She could see her father sitting through the doorway at the kitchen table and hurried to him.

"Hey, Daddy." She bent low and gave him a warm and affectionate kiss on the cheek and a brief squeeze. "How are you feeling today?"

His cheeks were a little grey, and he looked like he was coming off a long night of drinking, but he smiled at her and reached up to stroke his fingers down her cheek. "I'm fine, Andy. I'm glad that you came home."

"I'll always be here when you need me, Daddy. You should know that," Andy assured her father and ignored the snort from her mother as she entered the room.

"Sit down, Andrea, and please try not to scuff the floor with your choice of shoe ware." That was her mother, all business.

"Yes ma'am." Andy saluted and almost gasped when her father smacked her on the hand.

"Don't sass your mother, young lady," he informed her in his gruff voice, but there was a twinkle in his eye, as if he had missed these moments.

She grinned at him unrepentantly and took a seat next to him. Her mother brought two cups of coffee over to the table and sat down on the other side of her husband, across the table from Andy.

"We asked you to come home for a reason, Andrea. There are some things that we need to discuss with you and, with your father's health, we thought that now would be the best time." Claire was all business as she sat at the table, and Andy wondered if her mother ever showed emotion. And she wondered, not for the first time, just how her father could stay married to such a woman.

"What is going on with your health, Daddy?" Andy asked looking at him instead of her mother.

She startled when her mother reached across the table and took her father's hand in hers, squeezing his fingers tight. But it was the look of love in her father's eyes that threw Andy the most. There was no doubt in her mind that her father loved her mother just as much today as he must have when he married her.

Once again it was Claire who answered. "Your father has been diagnosed with stage three cancer. We're fighting it, but it was pretty far gone before your father went to have it checked, and they aren't very optimistic about it. He's been taking radiation and will be starting a round of chemo next, but there are no guarantees that any of it will do any good." Claire was matter of fact and if Andy hadn't noticed the slight tremor in her mother's hand she would have wondered if she even cared.

"Cancer?" was all that Andy could get out of her suddenly constricted throat.

"Breast cancer to be precise," Claire continued. "But it has already spread to his bones at this point."

"Breast cancer," Andy felt like a parrot.

"Yes, men can develop breast cancer as well as women, but we didn't realise that and never once thought that he was developing cancer." Claire's knuckles were white where she was gripping her coffee cup and for once, for the first time in a long time, Andy felt a rush of admiration for her mother.

"What can I do?" Andy looked at her father and didn't even try to stop the tears that were flowing freely down her face.

"Be here," was all he said but they both knew what he wasn't saying. He wanted her here in case the worst happened and he didn't make it.

"For as long as you need me, for as long as it takes," Andy promised.

"Good," Claire said and rose from the table, walking over to the sink before she continued talking. "There are things that we need you to take care of. The horses have always been your father's life, and the only person that he trusts to see to them while he can't is you." Claire turned around and gave Andy another look from head to toe. "You're certainly dressed for it."

And just like that Andy was back to wishing her mother was anyone else other than the perfect Claire Ebans. She turned back to her father and took both of his hands in hers. "Of course I'll take care of them Dad, but what about Leroy? Doesn't he still work here?"

"Sure he does, Andy girl, but I need someone with my fire and blood out there. I need someone who loves the horses as much as I do. I need you to be my eyes, my ears, and my heart." He brought her fingers to his face and held them close for a moment. The sadness and defeat in his eyes were almost more than Andy could take.

"I'll do anything that I can, Daddy." She promised once more. "Until you're back on your feet again you can count on me."

Claire dropped a cup in the sink, and Andy caught the lingering sadness in her father's eyes as he stood and went to Claire. Andy stood from the table as well and headed to the back door on the other side of the kitchen.

"I'll just go check on them now and maybe take a ride while I'm here," she said to no one in particular as she slipped out the door. She needed to feel the wind in her face, needed

to disappear for a few moments in time and pretend that her parents hadn't just told her that her father was dying.

Chapter Four

Andy rode hard and fast, but this time she just couldn't outrun the demons on her heels. Tears washed her face and the wind was cool as it dried them to her cheeks. Cancer. Never had a word possessed such power and conveyed such fear straight to her heart. And the fact that her father had breast cancer just floored her. She would have never thought that a man could get that. It just went to show how uneducated she was in some areas.

She finally shook her head and pulled back on the reins. She'd given her horse Sunfire his head and he'd taken off. She was glad that he was still in the barn, that her father had kept him and not sold him off. Sunfire had always been hers, rarely letting anyone else ride him. He just seemed to know how she felt and exactly how she wanted to fly on his back. She leant down and hugged him tight around the neck being careful of the pommel that dug into her side. She'd missed him.

She was close to the edge of her dad's property, and it looked like whoever had bought the place next to it had been busy. She could see the roof of a very large house from where she rode the fence line. Plus there were several other buildings on the premises, and she had no idea what they held. But they looked new.

She was so lost in her perusal that she flinched when she heard the gallop of hooves and turned to see the rider approach from the other side. She wasn't even surprised when she saw that it was Jackson. He'd said he was fifteen minutes away and that would be about right if taking the roads from one ranch to the other.

"So you live next door, huh?" she queried, though she was sure of the answer.

"Yes, for about a year and a half now. My brother and business partner live here as well." He seemed to be checking her for ticks, his gaze was so intense.

"You all live together?" she asked. "I guess that would explain why the house looks so big."

Jackson laughed. "It's huge. We all have our own areas but share the more common rooms like the kitchen, den and all that. Makes it nice for all of us."

"I'm sure it does," she replied thinking how that would give them privacy when they brought women home.

"You've been crying," Jackson stated. "What happened, Andy?"

"Nothing," she said automatically. She had no idea who knew about her father's cancer, and she wasn't sure that she could talk about it just yet.

"Not regretting last night, are you?" he asked with just a touch of nervousness. Andy smiled and shook her head. "No. I enjoyed it as much as you did. I was sorry to see you rush off so soon. Was I a little bit too much for you to handle?"

He laughed, but she could see the faint blush that stained his cheeks. For some reason he had felt the urge to run. Wasn't that an interesting discovery. She should be pissed, should ride away from him and not look back. The last thing she needed in her life was another man to confuse her, no matter how much he excited her as well. God, she needed help. Her father might be dying and she was lusting after not one, but two men.

"No big deal," she assured him instead. "It turned out for the best."

"Why is that?" he asked and sounded a little miffed that she didn't mind his early departure. Men and their egos. If she didn't know better, she would swear that he and Jordan were related. Lord knew they were both full of themselves and their own importance. They both walked away from her and yet still managed to show back up when she was thinking of other things. Of course, what did that say for her taste in men?

"Well, it seems that my ex boyfriend followed me here," she said wanting Jackson to know for some reason. "And he doesn't plan to leave any time soon."

"Want me to tell him otherwise?" Jackson asked her and there was a steel edge to his voice.

Though the thought of seeing the two go at it was indeed thrilling, she wouldn't do that to either one of them. Jackson didn't deserve it and though Jordan did, he would get his ass kicking from her. "No thanks, Jackson, but I appreciate the offer."

"Is he the one that made you cry?" Jackson asked softly.

"No, not really," she answered honestly. "He left me over a year ago and suddenly just turned back up in my life like no time had passed." She sighed and looked off into the distance.

"And how do you feel about that?" he questioned her.

She smiled and laughed softly. "Confused, since he showed up just minutes after we had sex."

"Ouch, not exactly good timing on his part," Jackson smiled. "Want me to help you forget about him again?"

"I'd love nothing more than to forget about everything for a while," she answered honestly.

"Follow me," he told her and started off at a slow trot along the fence line. She kept pace easily and soon found herself at a gate that she didn't remember being there before.

"When did this get here?" she asked as he reached down to open it from his side.

"Your dad and I decided to put it in when we started breeding our horses. My partner Cole is one of the best horse trainers around as well. So this gate just made sense to us all. We do a lot of work together now." Jackson shut the gate behind her and then, before she could move away, he leant in and took her mouth in a hard kiss.

"What was that for?" she finally breathed out.

"Just because I wanted to," he told her and then set off at a slow trot towards one of the buildings she had noticed.

"Where are we headed?" she asked.

"To get you relaxed," he answered with a grin. "Nervous?"

"Never," she answered tartly and grinned when he threw his head back and laughed.

"I like your style, Andy," he assured her. "I like it a lot."

"Why, thank you," she replied.

She followed him until they came to a stop in front of one of the buildings. Up close, she could see that it was done in a Mexican stucco design. Seeing that most houses favoured the wooden ranch house frame that her parents' lived in, this was a nice contrast.

He pulled the doors open for her, and she caught her breath at the oasis that was revealed. This particular building housed a huge indoor pool complete with a waterfall at one end.

"I hope that means you like it," Jackson said. "I designed it, and Cole decided on the best building to house it in. My brother helped us find the best supplies and still keep costs within our budget."

"It's heaven," she sighed as she tried to take it all in.

"Those doors to your right lead to changing rooms, both his and hers," he pointed things out to her. "And to your left along that wall are several different massage rooms. When we open this up to the public there will be at least four masseuses here at all times during operating hours. Then the entire wall along the back behind the falls is a steam room, both his and hers and a universal room for everyone."

"Wow," she told him. "This is amazing. When do you plan to open it?"

"Not for another month or so," he told her. "Not all of the facilities are ready just yet."

"I'm sorry, but what exactly is it? Is this the club you were asked about last night?"

Andy was amazed at the sheer beauty of what they had created.

"This is part of it, yes," Jackson told her. "But there are other facilities as well. A health and fitness club with women's and men's rooms available, a day spa with all the amenities, and several of the buildings house courts for various sports."

"This is incredible," she gushed. "What in the world made you want to do all this here? And how are you going to pay for it in this small town?" She looked up in shock that she had just said that. "I'm sorry that was very rude and way too personal."

"I'd say that after last night it's ok if you get a little personal, Andy," he assured her and bent close to kiss her again. This time he lingered over the kiss, gradually pulling her closer until she found herself flush against his aroused body. "And this isn't just for the town, though many of them will be able to utilise it as well. We have other plans for this facility. I'll tell you all about them later."

"Later," she breathed as he slowly released the ponytail from her hair letting it spill over his fingers.

"Much later," he answered as he pulled her with him towards a lounge that sat near the pool. "After we take a dip and cool down and relax."

"Relax," she parroted seeming to be under some spell he'd weaved in the last few minutes. "But I don't have a suit."

"Oh, Andy," he smiled as he reached for the hem of her v-neck. "We're not going to need them."

Within minutes, her clothes and boots were gone along with his. His erection was hard to miss, but he wasn't making any moves to take her just yet. But just looking at it had her mouth watering and her cunt clenching with need. He could most definitely help her relax.

"Let's get in the water, Andy," he said and took her hand to lead her to the steps that led down into the pool. The water was nice and warm, not too hot and not too cold. It felt good on her skin. She was able to walk quite far in with him before the water starting getting deep for her.

"You do swim, don't you?" he finally asked, and Andy laughed.

"It's a little late to ask me that now," she said, and with a lithe move, dove under the water and swam towards the falls. She could feel him moving under the water behind her, but he seemed content to stay there, and she wondered just what kind of view she was giving him in all her naked splendour.

They both emerged in the space just under the falls. *Glorious* was all that Andy could think. The water was splashing all around them and Andy threw her head back and let the laughter bubble out of her.

"I take it that you like it," Jackson asked.

"I love it," she enthused.

He moved his body in front of her and, before she knew it, her back was to the edge of the pool. His hands were smooth as they gripped her waist and lifted her out of the water and onto the edge of the pool.

"What are you doing?" she queried, suddenly breathless again.

"Relaxing you," he said with a wicked gleam and then, pushing her thighs wide, he slid into the space between them and lowered his head to her pussy.

Andy fell back onto her elbows and somehow her legs made their way over his shoulders. The man was good, wicked good with his tongue. His fingers were rimming her opening, and his tongue was working its way slowly from her clit down to his fingers. Andy groaned as he skimmed over her opening and headed back up to her clit. She thrust her hips towards him, but he used his other hand to keep her just where he wanted her.

Then one finger dipped inside, not fully but just enough to tease her a little more with what he had in store for her. His tongue made lazy circles around her clit, and she could feel the small bud growing and swelling with need. Slowly he tortured her, never quite giving her the touch she desired, never going as far as she wanted him to, but still managing to keep her on the razor edge. Finally she screamed in frustration and, as if that were the signal he had been waiting for, Jackson was suddenly devouring her.

His fingers plunged into her slick channel, fucking her pussy deep and hard. Not as good as his cock had been but better than just moments before. His tongue became a wicked sword flicking her clit unmercifully while his lips clamped around it and began sucking greedily. She was flying, surging into the great unknown, and she loved it. He was indeed magical, working her pussy like it was an instrument that only he was the master of.

She came with a rush and her elbows fell out from under her so that she lay flat on the surface. But Jackson just kept going, forcing her higher and higher until she lost count of the number of orgasms she'd had, until the room began to fade and she thought she just might pass out.

"Jackson," she moaned. "No more. I can't take any more."

He seemed reluctant to pull away from her flesh and even when he did remove his mouth, his fingers kept working though his movements were slower now. "But I've only begun to relax you Andy." Suddenly he was up and out of the pool beside her, lifting her into his arms. Andy was far too sated to care where he was taking her.

He moved into one of the massage rooms and grinned wickedly as he placed her up on the table so that her legs hung off the end with her pussy right there. He easily moved into place between her legs and her pussy was so saturated that his cock easily found her opening. He thrust once then twice and with a groan pulled free. She lay there in confusion as she heard him slam out of the room. Where in the hell had he gone?

Then he was back and with a rip the condom he had retrieved was on. He thrust home again and pulled her legs high so that her knees rested over his elbows as he bent forward and braced his hands beside her hips. This pushed her knees back towards her chest, but the position opened her cunt wide to his continued thrusts and the angle was perfect for her g spot. Andy cried out as he started moving faster, each thrust a little harder than the last. She had been so right when she'd said this place was heaven. Any minute she was sure that she would die and go there.

"Jackson," she cried out as she felt her orgasm coming fast.

"Just let go," he told her, panting for breath above her. "Just let go, Andy."

And she did. The orgasm started in her belly a hot ball of sensation that suddenly was rolling through her, moving outward to each of her limbs until she was tingling from head to toe. It felt like every nerve ending in her body was alive and on fire. Her body arched up of its own volition, and she could feel the inner muscles of her cunt clamp down on Jackson's cock. And then he was joining her. Her eyes flew open and focused on him, eager to consume the picture he made as he came.

His head was thrown back, his sandy brown hair still damp to his head, his gorgeous blue eyes closed tight. Water still ran in rivulets down his shoulders and chest and suddenly she could feel the drops that dripped from him to her. His arms were flexed, the muscles in

them rising against his skin as if he'd just lifted weights. And then he was gripping her ass and lifting her higher into him, pressing his cock as deep as it would go, and she could actually feel the eruption of his seed as it filled the condom that separated their flesh.

His eyes opened and found hers as he slowly lowered her body back to the table. They both still had tiny tremors going through them, after-shocks of the orgasms they had both reached together.

"Relaxed?" he panted out the question as he pulled back a bit allowing his cock to slip free of her. Andy couldn't help it. She burst out laughing. Jackson grinned down at her and collapsed so that his head rested on her belly. She reached her hands out to run her fingers through his damp hair. Any more relaxed and she'd be comatose.

Chapter Five

Andy was grinning as she and Jackson left the pool oasis behind after stopping and getting dressed. Her panties were missing, and she was pretty sure that he had planned that as well, but she was okay with it. They were still laughing and holding hands when they suddenly came upon the one sure thing, or in this case person, to ruin her day. Jordan.

"What the hell are you doing here?" he asked before throwing his glance at Jackson and then dropping to where they were still holding hands. "And why the hell are you two looking so cosy?"

Andy pulled away from Jackson and turned so that they were both to the front of her.

"Me? Just what the hell are you doing here? My hometown?" Andy demanded.

"You're the one that always refused to tell me where you were from," Jordan replied with anger. "Just 'Texas'. Well, it's a big fucking state."

"And you were so open about your family life?" They were both closed off people. She had shown him pictures of her father and her life when she was much younger. He had done the same. All the pictures of him and his brother had been when they were young. He'd said little about his mother and never spoke a word about his father.

"This is where you have been?" she demanded. "This is the other priority that you had to deal with?" God! Yet another reason to hate this stupid town. Coming back here had only managed to screw her life up once again. It appeared that some things never changed.

As she stared back and forth between the two of them, something that her mother had said clicked into place and laughter just bubbled up inside her. This was just too hysterical. Not even in her books, and some of them were pretty farfetched, would something like this happen.

Seeing both of them side by side it was so easy to see. Different hair but almost the same height, the same blue eyes, same stubborn set of the jaw. Jackson was Jordan's brother, the one that he had wanted her to meet and share her with. Well, she had met him all right, and she had definitely engaged in sex with him. Just not with Jordan present.

"He's your brother?" She looked at Jordan but pointed her finger at Jackson. "He's the one you wanted me to meet? Well, guess what? I met him. All of him. Twice now."

"You're the asshole boyfriend that left her for a year and suddenly reappeared in her life?" Jackson said, sounding guilty for some reason and making her laugh again.

"Andy, I tried to explain that," Jordan started to say but Jackson was talking at the same time.

"Andy, let's get out of here. I'll take you," Jackson's voice competed with Jordan's until she thought her head would explode.

"Just stop! Both of you just stop!" she yelled. "How is this even possible? You two don't even have the same last names?"

"Our parents divorced when we were just toddlers," Jackson stated. "Mom took Jordan and left me with Dad."

"They split you up?" she asked in shock. "Why the hell would they split brothers up? Especially twins?"

"I'm not sure they were thinking about us then," Jordan said looking at his brother. "Or much after that either."

"So why the different last names?" she wanted to know.

"Mom went back to her maiden name of Mitchell and had mine legally changed as well," Jordan said. "All with my father's blessing. He already had the first born."

"Hmmm," Jackson said. "And look how much that did for me." He shared a look with Jordan, and she had no idea what they were saying with it but something seemed to pass between them.

"Jackson Williams," she said. "So your father's name was Williams?"

"Yes," both brothers answered at once.

This was all too weird for her. She was getting a headache. It seemed to be the day for revelations, but she wasn't into discovering anything new. And that was when she heard the sound of an approaching horse and realised just how loud they all were speaking. And why was it no surprise to look up and see CJ in front of her sitting a horse as if he was born on it.

"Let me guess," she looked up at him, "CJ and Cole are one and the same?"

"At your service," he said but there was a twinkle in his eyes that made her wonder if he had known what was happening all along. If she ever found out that was the truth she just might have to kill him. "I could hear you all from the house. Everything okay here?"

Jordan and Jackson both opened their mouths to speak again but she was done. She held up her hand and after taking a deep breath, shook her head before speaking.

"I don't know what rabbit hole I've tumbled down, but I'm done for today, boys." She turned to Jackson and smiled. "I had a great time today. Thanks. It was just what I needed." Then she turned to Jordan. "We will talk. But not right now. I can't think. I can't..." she sighed suddenly feeling close to tears again. "I just can't right now."

Finally she turned to CJ, or Cole, at the moment she wasn't sure just what to call him. "Can you get me back to the gate and through to my dad's?" At his nod she turned and mounted her horse. She glanced back one last time before facing forward and riding for home. As if her life wasn't suddenly complicated enough, now she had this to add to her plate.

Jordan turned to his brother. "Were you the one at her house the other night?"

"Yes," Jackson stated simply.

Jordan shook his head and ran his fingers through his hair. "I wanted you to meet her. Hell, I'd had many a fantasy about sharing her with you. But not like this."

"What do you plan on doing?" Jackson wanted to know. He'd only just met Andy, but his brother had been out of the picture for a year. That made Andy fair game as far as he was concerned.

"I love her," Jordan said simply, tearing the rug out from under Jackson's feet without even realising it. "I'll go by later to try and talk to her and see if she'll forgive me."

Jackson nodded and turned to walk away. He had no idea why he felt like he was losing his chance for happiness.

"Jackson?" Jordan called and he turned back to face his brother once more. "Are you okay with this? I know that you and Andy have spent some time together, obviously getting to know each other fairly well. At least on some levels."

Jackson said the only thing he could. "Just good sex, little brother. Just good sex." But as he turned and walked away, a little bit of his heart felt like it closed off in his chest. And had he turned back, he would have seen that his brother noticed what he was trying so hard to hide.

With a smile playing on his lips, Jordan turned and began walking after his brother. If he could get Andy to forgive him then things might just work out for all of them. Just the way he had hoped for a year ago. Now all he had to do was get Andy to listen to him and

hope that she could forgive his stupidity. He knew he didn't deserve her but he was willing to do whatever it took to get her to give him a second chance.

Andy entered the house as quietly as possible and found her mother in the kitchen making a fresh pot of coffee. As if she had caught her in an unguarded moment, Andy suddenly saw the woman beneath the persona her mother displayed.

Claire's hair was in disarray and her hands shook as she pushed the buttons on the coffee maker. With that task completed, her mother dropped her hands to the counter and her head into her hands. Her shoulders shook though silence remained, and Andy knew her mother was crying. It was an eye opening moment for her.

"Momma," she whispered and just that quickly her mother was straightening her shoulders while keeping her back to Andy. "Momma, I'm here if you need me."

Her mother turned slowly and she could see the red rims of Claire's eyes, the tear tracks down her cheeks. They'd never been close and suddenly Andy wondered just whose fault that was. Probably both of them. Her mother's shoulders started shaking again and her face crumbled, and Andy surged across to wrap her arms around her and pull her close.

She held her while she sobbed and Andy sobbed with her. It was devastating to see this woman who she had always viewed as strength personified brought so low.

"I can't do this," Claire said as she pulled away and began walking around the kitchen touching and moving things nervously as she went. "I can't live without him. He's my whole life. I've loved him from the first moment I saw him and I don't want to even imagine a life without him."

Andy made a muffled sound trying to cover her own sobs and her mother turned to stare at her. "I've watched him grow weaker every day. He's barely tolerating the radiation and I don't think he'll have the strength for chemo. He's losing his hair and that seems to upset him more than the disease itself." She laughed, though there was no joy in the sound. "I hold his hand. I hold his head and wipe his brow. I watch over him when he's sick and weak." She gave another sob the sound raw in its grief. "I watch him sleep just so that I know that he still breathes. And I pray. And I rage. And I swear." She shook her head vigorously back and forth. "But I don't cry. Not in front of him. I don't fall apart. I keep my head high, and my smile on my face even when it feels like it's cracking from the effort. I hold myself together when inside I'm crumbling into a million pieces." She cried softly again, her tears

flowing unchecked down her cheeks. "And I love him. With all I have, with all I am, I love him. And I grow more terrified every day of losing him." She took a deep breath and tried to gain control of herself. "I can't lose him. I can't. He's my whole world. I won't survive without him. I won't make it."

And just like that, Andy was in front of her mother and they were both sinking to the floor with their arms wrapped around each other.

"I'm here, Momma," she promised. "Lean on me for a bit. I'm here and I won't let you go."

It was long moments before either could speak again. Andy helped her mother rise and seated her at the table before turning to pour them both a cup of the fresh coffee that had brewed during the storm of emotions. She turned and sat one in front of her mother before taking the seat beside her and settling her cup on the table in front of her.

"I know that I haven't always been here for you, any of you," Andy said. "And I know that I've been a disappointment to you for most of my life, but I promise you..."

"Where on earth would you get a foolish notion like that, Andrea Michelle Ebans?" Claire said, her backbone straightening.

"Momma, it's no big deal," Andrea said. "You've always been closer to Chloe. I know that. I've never been the daughter you wanted me to be."

"Oh, Andrea," Claire leant forward and took her hands. "I'm the worst mother ever for making you feel that way. I have never been disappointed in you. Never. You have a strength and courage deep inside you that I wish I possessed."

"What?" Andrea said in shock. Her mother was the pillar of strength as far as she was concerned.

"You just never really needed me when you were a girl." Her mother smiled as she seemed to recall some scene from the past. "You always followed your daddy around like a little puppy dog. It was cute." She smiled at Andy. "He has never once regretted that I couldn't give him a son because he's always had you."

Andy felt tears fill her eyes again, and her mother reached across and took her hands in hers.

"You were always content to be with him and Chloe, she needed me. She didn't possess your strength. She was always insecure and unsure of herself."

Andy looked at her mother with shock. Her perfect older sister was insecure and unsure of herself?

"Don't look so surprised. It almost killed Chloe when she fell in love with Bryan and him with her. She wanted to be like you so badly, and then suddenly she had what was yours and she felt guilty about it." Her mother shook her head. "But you just shook him off like dust on your boots and you were gone." Her mother laughed and a smile lit her face for the first time since Andy had found her in the kitchen. "You were always the brave one. And I was so proud of you. No man who could even look at another woman while he was with you was worthy of you. And you knew that."

"But I..." Andy started to say, but her mother shook her head and interrupted.

"Deep inside you knew that. Strength, Andy, and courage beyond your years." She squeezed Andy's hands with hers. "I have never been disappointed in you. Proud as hell, but never disappointed in you. Did I want you to dress a little nicer sometimes?" She laughed. "Well, I did have two daughters after all. But I love you. And it kills me to realise that by not interfering more in your life somehow I led you to believe that I was anything but proud. You are my flesh and blood and don't think I didn't flay your sister and Bryan to within an inch of their lives after what they did. Family always comes first because when push comes to shove, they're the ones you know will be right there beside you every step of the way."

"Oh, Momma," Andy cried and slipped to her knees on the floor, wrapping her arms around her mother's waist and burying her head in her side. "I'm not strong and I'm not brave. And I need you now more than ever. I need you."

"I'm right here, Andrea," her mother whispered as she stroked her fingers through Andy's hair. "I always have been."

Andy slipped inside the door to her aunt's house and locked it behind her. She wanted, no needed, to lock the whole world outside for just a little while. Life was coming at her so fast that she was spinning in circles, growing weak and nauseous as she went. So much happening and she felt helpless to do anything.

She needed a long soak in a hot tub with plenty of candles. Maybe some soft music afterwards and an early night in bed. Part of her wanted to pick the phone up and call Serena but she wasn't ready for that yet. She wanted to call and talk to her Aunt Carmen as well, but

she definitely wasn't prepared for the emotions that conversation would pull out of either of them.

The phone rang, but she ignored it and headed straight to the bathroom to start the water running and adding a cap full of her favourite bubble bath. Leaving that, she stripped her clothes and left them piled on her bedroom floor before heading naked to the kitchen. There she pulled several candles out of the supply that Carmen always kept on hand and luckily the former tenants had as well. From there, she moved back to the almost full tub and a long, hot soak in the hot bubbly water. For just a little while she wanted to forget that anything existed outside the small room she had made her temporary oasis.

Chapter Six

Jordan stood by the side door of the house Andy was staying in and listened to the soft music that played on the other side of the door. What was she doing? What was she thinking? Would she let him in to talk to her? It had taken him most of the afternoon to figure out what he wanted to say to her, how he wanted to go about convincing her to give them another chance.

He knocked on the door and stood waiting for her to come. Finally he saw her heading down the hall towards him and was startled and a whole lot excited to see her wearing what appeared to be a very small towel. Damn, she looked good. Her hair was clipped up on top of her head, and he knew exactly how it would tumble down her back and over her chest when the clip was released. His cock began swelling in his jeans. She had always had that affect on him, since the first time they had met.

She stopped at the cabinet to the right of the door and opened it up. Curious he watched her and when she shut the cabinet with a glass in her hand and still made no move to open the door to him he knocked again.

Andy let out a shriek and the glass went flying, falling and bursting in a rain of shards on the floor. She placed her hand over her heart and focused on him before moving carefully to the back door.

"What the hell are you doing just standing outside my back door?" she demanded, looking flushed and beautiful.

"I knocked once before," he said, stepping inside quickly before she could close the door on him. "I thought you were coming to answer when you walked into the kitchen."

She automatically shut and locked the door behind him and he tried to hide his smile. He had her exactly where he wanted her now. Well, not exactly, but if things played out right, she soon would be.

"Why are you here, Jordan?" she asked, and for the first time he noticed the weariness in her eyes.

"I know I hurt you badly, Andy," he whispered reaching out to run his fingers down her cheek.

Andy closed her eyes, hiding her thoughts from him. But he had no problem hearing her whispered answer. "Yes."

It broke his heart to hear her say that, but it just about floored him when he saw the tear slip down her cheek.

"Oh, Andy," he took her into his arms and held her tight. "I would take it all back if I could. I'm a fool, an idiot, and I'll never forgive myself if I've lost the woman I love because of that."

Andy pushed back from him but he kept his arms around her, reluctant to release her fully.

"How can you speak of loving me?" she demanded tears replaced by fire. "You left one day and I didn't hear from you for a year. There are no excuses for that, Jordan. Nothing you can say, no reasons, will change that fact."

"You're right," he admitted suddenly, realising just what a huge mistake he had made. He should have called, should have gone to see her earlier. If he didn't already hate his father this moment would be reason enough. The old bastard had always wanted to destroy Jordan, though he couldn't figure what he had done to make his father hate him. And with his death—no with his conditions—he had finally managed. No calls. No contact with anyone. And for his brother Jordan he had toed the line. And maybe lost the only person in the world that he would ever love. He wouldn't care if he lost everything else in the world, all his possessions, all his money. The only thing that mattered to him was Andy. And he was terrified that he was too late. One year and his life might be meaningless. "I should have made you the most important priority in my life, and instead I just took for granted that you would be there waiting for me when it was all done. I never dreamed it would take so long. I promise you that, Andy."

"I loved you, Jordan. I waited and I waited for you," she tore him apart with the look in her eyes. "But you never came. You never called. No letters, no emails. Nothing. That is what I got from you. And that is what you made me feel like I meant to you. Nothing."

"I'm sorry will never be enough," he said. "But I am, and I vow to spend every day for the rest of our lives making it up to you if you'll only give me the chance."

"How can I trust you now Jordan?" she asked. "What makes this time any different?"

"I do," he swore. "I want you to stay here with me. I want to show you how much you mean to me every day from here on out. I want to earn your trust again, to show you that your love wasn't wasted on me. I want you Andy. I want us."

"I just don't know, Jordan," she shook her head and he could see the struggle in her eyes. "I don't know what I want right now. There is just too much going on for me to make a decision like that right now."

He nodded his head wanting to give her time but not willing to give up. "Then how about giving me tonight, Andy? To remind you of just how good we are together."

She opened her mouth to say something, but he stopped her by placing his mouth over hers and consuming her like the finest brandy he'd ever had. He'd never know if she had been willing to agree or ready to say no and send him on his way. All he knew was that the kiss took them both past a point of words.

She clung to him, reluctantly at first but then, as the passion between them grew, with a clinging frenzy that he was sure would leave her nail prints in his back and shoulders. She came alive for him, with him, and it was natural to sweep her into his arms and head blindly down the hall in search of a bedroom.

He found it and was happy to see it was lit only by the dim glow of candle light. The covers were already turned back, and he gently eased her onto the bed, making sure to dislodge the towel she wore as he did. He pulled back from the kiss and was rewarded with the smoldering look in her eyes, the fast beat of her pulse at the base of her throat and the heaving of her chest as she gasped for air. She was gorgeous, more so than he remembered.

He ran a finger down her cheek and then traced a line down her throat to where that pulse showed so clearly. Then he let his lips follow. She tasted of vanilla, a scent he remembered that she loved and indulged in often. The heat of her skin seemed to intensify the smell so that he felt surrounded by it and her. He let his tongue taste her flesh, leaving a wet path down her throat. She was warm and soft and so delicious his teeth ached for more.

His hands slipped to her breasts, pushing and squeezing the firm globes until her nipples stabbed into his palms begging for more. And he was so willing to give it. She had always had the most sensational breasts he'd ever seen. So big, and yet firm to the touch and natural. He loved the way they felt in his hands and his mouth. He moved one hand to cup her breast and bent to take the nipple into his mouth. He wrapped his lips around it, being

sure to get every bit of the areola inside, and sucked gently on it. His other hand moved so that he could fondle her other nipple with it.

She moaned and arched up to him and the gentleness left. He nipped with his teeth, sucked vigorously at her flesh and used his other hand to pinch and pull until she was thrashing beneath him. Her fingers found their way into his hair and he enjoyed the sharp tugs on his scalp as she pulled on the locks. He switched back and forth between her nipples until they were wet, red and swollen from his attentions. Then he moved down along her stomach.

He let his tongue taste, his teeth nip the sweet flesh of her abdomen before stopping and fucking her belly button with his tongue. She moaned and pulled at him, but he just continued his journey licking and sucking and nipping every inch of the way. He nuzzled the tiny patch of curls that crowned her pussy folds and inhaled deeply of the unique musk that was all Andy. There was absolutely nothing that tasted as good as Andy's pussy.

He moved her so that she lay crosswise on the bed with her legs dangling over and then dropped to his knees between her thighs. He could taste the rest of her by bending over her on the bed but this, her pussy, was to be enjoyed for a while. He spread her legs wide and ran the fingers of one hand along the inner folds opening her cunt to his view.

"So beautiful," he whispered loving the way her juices coated his fingers. He closed his eyes and just breathed her in for a moment, but he couldn't wait much longer. And the way that she was thrashing about, neither could she.

He bent to her sex and ran his tongue from her opening up to and around her clit before heading back down. He dipped his tongue barely inside her pussy and teased them both with the small shallow thrusts. He licked her folds, cleaning every bit of juice that was coating her. Then he moved back up to her clit and jabbed at it with the pointed tip of his tongue until it puckered, just begging for his touch.

But it wasn't until he heard her moan his name that he finally gave in and wrapped his lips around it and sucked the flesh with soft tugs. He pushed two fingers deep inside her cunt and twisted them around. Andy screamed and he sucked harder on her clit. He fucked her pussy with his fingers moving them quickly in and out, the knuckles of his other fingers hitting the flesh between pussy and anus.

And his woman loved it. *His woman*. He refused to believe that she wasn't still his in every way that mattered. He loved her. He'd hurt her, but he would do everything in his power to make it up to her. Everything.

He could feel her body tightening and knew that she was ready to come. He slipped a third finger inside, nipped her clitoris with the edge of his teeth and held tight while she exploded around him. He replaced his fingers with his tongue and ate all the sweet juices that she gave him. He slowed and gentled her, letting her come down from the high of the orgasm he had given her. His cock was a throbbing ache behind his zipper, and he wanted nothing more than to stand up and thrust home. But this decision had to be hers. And this time he had to hear her say yes.

Andy laid in a stupor for a moment, her whole body weak and sated. No one performed cunnilingus like Jordan. She needed to catch her breath. She needed to think again. Then he stood between her thighs, and she could see the straining bulge of his rock hard cock in his jeans. His eyes were filled with need and somehow she knew he was waiting for her to tell him it was okay. And she would. Because no matter what he'd done, she still loved him. She could hold everything against him...or she could let it go. He had come back for her. It had taken him long enough, but he had come back. And for this moment that was all she was going to care about.

She leant up on her elbows and nodded her head at him. "Fuck me, Jordan," she told him in a voice husky from the way she had screamed with pleasure just moments before. "Fuck me hard and fast until I can't feel anything but you and me."

He smiled at her and with a flick of his wrist the top button on his jeans was undone and he was slipping the zipper gingerly down over his bare skin. She loved that about him, the way he was always naked under his jeans. With other clothes he wore boxer briefs, but with his jeans he was bare. Her mouth watered as his flesh flexed forward, the tip already wet with his pre-cum.

She wanted to lick it, to suck his flesh. She wanted his taste on her tongue as hers was still on his. And that quickly, while he was still working free of the denim, she sat up and swung her legs to the side coming easily to her hands and knees on the bed.

With one hand she cupped his balls and the other she wrapped as far as she could around the thick stalk of his cock. She couldn't wait. So she leant in and bathed the head with her tongue swiping that tiny bit of his essence into her mouth and savouring it.

He groaned and she looked up and into his eyes and smiled. She was as good as he was. He'd taught her well. Taught her all the ways that she could please him with her mouth. And she knew just the way he liked to have just the head of his cock sucked while her hand stroked up and down the shaft. She remembered how much he liked it when she flicked her tongue in the tiny notch just under the head. He was very sensitive there.

She slipped him from her mouth and latched her lips around that notch and sucked. Jordan clenched his fingers in her hand and thrust against her, making her release him so that her lips slid down his cock to the swollen balls that were snug beneath. She sucked first one globe and then the other into her mouth being both gentle and rough in turns, sending the pleasure spiraling out of control in him.

Jordan tugged hard at her hair, sending tingles through her scalp as he pulled her mouth away from him.

"I'm going to fuck you now," he promised. "I'm going to take you hard and fast until you scream." He bent down to her and took her mouth in a full-on assault of a kiss. His tongue invaded and possessed, and the eroticism of tasting her own essence on his tongue almost made her orgasm. He thrust it deep into her mouth and she sucked it, welcoming the taste that filled her mouth.

Jordan returned the favour, nipping her bottom lip when she tried to regain control. Then he pulled away and she did her best to follow rising to her knees on the bed. But he just nipped her again and smiled.

"I'm going to make you scream all night long," he vowed. "Now turn around and get back on your hands and knees."

She did as he asked and then moved further onto the bed to make room for him behind her. And with no more foreplay between them he grabbed her hips, pulling her back into him and arching over her. His teeth found her shoulder just as he slipped one hand down between her thighs to guide his cock home. And then it was stars and explosions and a euphoria that coursed through her in never-ending spirals. It was hard and it was fast. It was everything she remembered and so much more.

He pounded into her wet cunt giving her no time to recover as she lost herself in the orgasms racking her body. It was like the final firework display on the Fourth of July, the one where the colours kept booming into the sky and it seemed that it would never end. That she didn't want it to end. This never ending orgasm was making her body a display of fireworks, with tiny ripples giving way to larger ones, and then going back to smaller ones in a never ending circle.

She was screaming. She had no idea for how long, she only knew that her throat ached with the cries she was making. Her back was arched, her ass high. Her hands claws in the bed-clothes. And still Jordan fucked her. He took her to heights that even they had never reached in the past. Took her there and held her there in that intense moment for what felt like forever before grasping her hips with a force that she knew would leave small bruises as he joined her.

She could feel his cock explode inside her and knew that he had somehow found the time to put a condom on, though she had no idea when. Still, she felt the heat of his release fill her and it sent small contractions rippling in her pussy again. He had given her just what she had wanted. Oblivion. And with a contented sigh she drifted down to the mattress and finally let the world fall away. She was asleep before Jordan ever left her body.

Jordan finished cleaning them up and lifted Andy to place her under the comforter and sheet before joining her there. He smiled when she automatically rolled to cuddle at his side, one hand going to his chest and one leg lifting to cover his thigh. But it was when she murmured his name that he knew he hadn't lost her yet. Only in this unguarded moment would she allow him to see that she just might still love him. And that was all the hope he needed for right now.

He wrapped his arm around her, bringing her head to rest on his shoulder before closing his eyes and joining her in slumber.

Chapter Seven

Andy woke alone in her bed and wanted to scream in frustration. The bastard had left her again. What was it with her? And how the hell could she feel something for a man that didn't know how to stay? She remembered exactly what she had experienced with Jordan last night. Heaven. She still loved him. But she wasn't comforted at that revelation like she should have been and not just because he had pulled another disappearing act. Because she felt the beginnings of something with Jackson as well? Now what was she supposed to do? It wasn't like she could have them both. She groaned and rose from the bed to head for the kitchen and started coffee before hitting the shower. She needed both this morning.

Today was the day that she intended to talk to her sister about what had transpired between them. They were older now and, truth be told, Andy thought they would need each other in the days and weeks to come. For their mother and father and for each other as well. It was time that they officially put the past behind them and move into the future. All of them.

She filled the pot with water and put a filter in and measured out the coffee. Once she turned it on, she noticed the note on the table from Jordan.

Last night was perfection. I know that you may still need time to forgive me and I don't blame you. But I also know that last night wouldn't have been all that it was if there wasn't still some love inside you for me. I love you too. I've never stopped though I never showed it as I should. I've never had anyone in my life like you and instead of showing you I put you on the back-burner taking for granted that you would stay there waiting for me. I was wrong, so wrong. You are better than I deserve and I know it. But I'm hoping that you won't feel that way.

Meet me at the pool house where we bumped into each other at two this afternoon so we can talk. There are things I want to share with you. Things I think you need to know. I'll be waiting. I hope that you won't keep me waiting like I did you.

Jordan

PS I took your spare key so that I could lock the back door when I left. Meet me and I'll give it back if you want.

Andy couldn't stop the laugh that bubbled out of her. He took the key to ensure that she would come. That was just so Jordan. And she would meet him there. She wouldn't keep him waiting on her. Her need for vengeance was a thing of the past. They did need to talk and she would be honest with him about what she was feeling, both for him and for his brother. She owed them both no less than that.

But first she needed that shower and some coffee so that she could face the rest of her day. Her first stop would be her sister's house. She'd put this confrontation off for far too long. Then maybe if they could mend some fences they could both go see their parents together. Her father had another radiation treatment this morning, and she was anxious to see how he fared after her mother had shared that his body didn't seem to be handling it well so far. It was long past time the women of this family banded together. Which meant that she would have to find time at some point today to call her Aunt Carmen as well.

She'd managed to stay long enough for the coffee to have brewed, so she poured a cup before heading to the bathroom and a long, hot shower. Any way you looked at it, today was going to be a hell of a day.

Chloe looked surprised to see Andy on the other side of her door, but she did hold it open and invite her in. Andy took that as a good sign. Besides, this was the beginning of a new time for them, a time of friendship and finally becoming the sisters they should have always been.

"Come on in and have a seat," Chloe said, but Andy could sense the nerves and tension in her sister and it made her sad. How had they got to this point?

Andy made a snap decision and reached out to grab her sister's hand. "Where are the kids today?"

Chloe looked at her and shook her head. "Bryson is at preschool and Amanda is at playgroup. I have to pick them both up in another hour and a half. Why?"

Andy grabbed her sister's purse with the other hand and pulled them towards the door. "Come for a ride with me. We need to get out for a bit and talk."

Chloe looked unsure for a moment and then asked, "Are you driving the convertible?"

Andy laughed. "Absolutely." Then she reached into her pocket and gave the keys to Chloe. "You drive."

Chloe looked surprised but took the keys and her purse from Andy. Her sister was laughing when they walked out the door. "Where are we headed?"

"Wherever you want to," Andy said as they hopped in the car and buckled in. "I just want to clear things up, and I thought maybe a drive and fresh air were just what we needed."

Chloe sighed and turned the key, starting the car with a low purr. "I don't know what to say, Andy. I am sorry for what Bryan and I did to you, but..." she took a deep breath and pulled away from the kerb. "But I love him and our kids and it's hard to be sorry for the happiness that we've found. But I would have done anything not to hurt you. I love you, little sis."

"Then don't be sorry," Andy said simply. Chloe glanced over at her before focusing on the road once more. "I mean it, Chloe. Don't be. Just be happy and know that not marrying Bryan was what was best for me."

"What?" Chloe sounded surprised.

"Honestly, it was." Andy reiterated. "He and I were never meant to be together and, fortunately, he was man enough to realise it and prevent us both from making a huge mistake."

"But he shouldn't have been seeing someone behind your back," Chloe said as she pulled into the city park and shut the car off. Andy could see her gathering her courage before she turned to face her. "He shouldn't have been seeing me."

"No, he shouldn't have," Andy agreed. "But he did and that is that."

"What?" Chloe said again and Andy laughed.

"You both did it and nothing I do or say will change anything. And quite honestly I wouldn't want to. What happened was the best for all of us," Andy admitted to herself as well as to her sister. "Perhaps we could have all handled it better but that is beside the point at this time. It happened. Everyone is happy with their lives, and it is time we all put it behind us and moved on." Andy sighed and shook her head. "I shouldn't have ignored you for so long, shouldn't have been as surprised as I was back then. Everything was as much my fault as it was anyone else's. It just took me some time to realise that."

Chloe looked like she was going to cry. "Are you happy Andy? You left and I didn't hear from you and I was so scared."

Andy reached out and took her sister's hands in hers. "What were you scared of?"

"That I had lost my little sister forever," Chloe whispered and a tear streaked down her cheek.

Andy pulled her in for a hug and squeezed her tight. "I was mad. I'll admit that I didn't handle things well." They pulled apart, and she looked her sister in the eyes making sure that there would be no more doubt or uncertainty between them. "But I am happy, with myself and what I have accomplished since I left here. And you will always be my big sister." She grabbed Chloe's hand again and held it tight. "And no matter what life throws at us, I'll always love you."

"Oh, Andy," Chloe murmured, and pulling Andy close, she hugged her and cried.

Andy held her as the tears flowed and wasn't ashamed to shed a few of her own. When they were both finally done, she was surprised to see that no one was out in the park today. "How much time do we have left before you have to get the kids?"

Chloe glanced down at her watch. "About half an hour."

Andy opened her car door and smiled. "Race you to the swings." She took off laughing as she listened to her sister scrambling to follow her.

"Damn it, Andy," Chloe hollered. "That's cheating."

"Yeah, I learned it from my older sister," Andy called.

Chloe's laughter hooted out as they reached the swings. "That was a low blow," Chloe said.

"Yeah, I learned that all by myself." Andy stated with a smirk.

It took Chloe a minute to get the innuendo, then they were both laughing again as they swung higher and higher in the sky. It was good to finally put the past where it belonged. In the past. And it was good to be with her sister again. With their father sick, they needed each other and their mom needed them. Family. When it came right down to it, family was the most important thing in the world.

Andy was surprised that her parents still weren't home. How long did these radiation treatments take? She'd have to ask a lot of questions and let her parents know that she wanted to be more involved. She still needed to call Aunt Carmen and let her know exactly what they were facing. But first she needed to find out how her dad had fared with today's treatment. So many questions and she felt helpless with no answers.

She went to the barn and saddled Sunfire up. It was close enough to the time to meet Jordan. She'd go for a nice long ride and then head that way. Maybe the wind in her hair and the sense of utter freedom that filled her when she rode wild and free would help her clear her mind enough to figure out that part of her life as well. Should she give Jordan another shot? Or should she see where things might go with Jackson? Or should she just move on without either of them in her life? Her stomach knotted at that thought and her pussy clenched.

She gave Sunfire her head and just let her run. The wind blew over her and there was an erotic sensation to the muscle of the horse as it moved under her. God, she had missed this. Not even her convertible could compete with riding horseback. She tried to let her mind just go blank but that was a useless endeavour. She'd never been real good at yoga either for just that reason. She found it impossible to shut her mind off. Of course, that was one of the reasons why she was such a successful writer. Her mind was always plotting and planning whether in reality or fiction. It didn't shut off.

By the time she headed towards her meeting with Jordan, she still hadn't reached any decisions. She'd just see what he had to say and take it from there. What other choice did she have? She rode to the gate and slipped over, heading towards where Jackson had taken her. She groundtied Sunfire and headed to the door where she could see a piece of paper taped to it and fluttering in the soft breeze.

Andy,

Go inside and enjoy the pool. Suit is optional. I put one out for you but I wouldn't mind if you decided not to wear it. I'll join you soon...

J

Suit optional. Andy snorted with laughter. How like Jordan. She slipped inside, tucking the note into the front pocket of her jeans. The lights were low, and the clear water of the pool looked perfect after her ride. She slipped free of her clothes and left them in a jumble by one of the many lounge chairs and glided naked into the water. It felt sinful and delicious. And made her think of her time here with Jackson.

She swam leisurely for a bit before heading towards the falls and letting it spill over her nude body. Here was another erotic sensation. The water was warm and felt heavenly as it caressed every inch of her exposed skin. And yet the skin below the water was just as

seduced by the rippling as the water fell and merged. She closed her eyes and leaned her head back arching her neck and relaxing into it. Like hands, fingers stroking over her flesh, enticing and awakening her nerve endings. She was so lost in the moment that she almost drowned when hands grabbed her and she opened her mouth to scream, inhaling water instead.

Her eyes flew open and latched onto the site of an equally naked Jordan in the water with her.

"I didn't hear you," she choked out and wanted to hit him when he just grinned and laughed.

"Well, that was obvious when you tried to scream." He grasped her around the waist and propelled them backward and out of the falls towards the back edge of the pool. With an ease that still managed to awe her, Jordan lifted her and sat her on the edge so that her legs dangled in the water with him between them. "Take a few deep breaths and settle down."

"Yeah," she said doing just what he said until she felt a little less water-logged. "What do you think you're doing?"

What he was doing was spreading her thighs wider and placing his mouth on her inner thigh. She groaned and leaned back on her arms keeping her eyes on what he was doing. And what he was doing was torture. His tongue licked and explored everywhere around where she wanted him. And his wicked grin said that he knew it.

"Jordan," she murmured, "quit torturing me."

"And what is it that you want?" he questioned, though they both knew where she wanted his mouth.

She reached down with one hand and spread the wet lips of her pussy for him. The engorged bud of her clit seemed to pulse and throb with hungry need. "Right here," she said. "I need you right here."

Jordan groaned and leant forward taking the bud between his lips and lashing it with his tongue. She cried out and moved her hand to grasp his hair instead. Her hips jerked and thrust towards his wicked tongue and mouth, and he was more than willing to please at this point. Fingers entered her pussy, fucking her while his mouth continued its assault on her clitoris.

This was what she needed to clear her mind, what she needed to banish the often never ending thoughts that tumbled through her head. So close, she was so close to orgasm when

Jordan bit down gently on her clit and threw her over in a rush of ecstasy. No gradual build up, just the instant explosions that rippled through her body.

She collapsed onto the concrete, her legs limp in the water as Jordan continued to lick slowly on her pussy. His fingers were gentle and easy but still moving within her.

"Is this why you invited me to meet you at the pool?" Jackson's voice cut through the daze surrounding Andy and had her sitting up straight and trying to close her legs. "You wanted me to see how much Andy wanted to be with you?"

Jordan stayed between her thighs keeping them wide, his fingers still stroking, though he did look up at his brother. "No. I wanted you to join us here."

"What?" Andy whispered but her voice was drowned out by Jackson's much louder bellow of the same word.

Jordan looked up at Andy and smiled softly. "I know that you've been going back and forth in your head on which of us to give a shot."

"How in the world could you know that?" Andy shot back.

"Because I know you," he placed a kiss on the inside of her thigh. "I know how you work, how you think."

"Really?" she queried. "And where was this knowledge when you disappeared for a year?"

Jordan shook his head. "I can't change what I did. I can't go back and undo the past year. But I love you and I will never make a mistake like that again. That I promise."

"This is all touching," Jackson said with a bite in his tone, "but that still doesn't explain why I'm here."

"Because Andy doesn't have to choose between us," Jordan said and waited until they were both looking at him before continuing. "She can have us both."

"What are you saying?" Andy whispered glancing back and forth between the two men.

"Jackson and I have shared a number of women in our lives," he admitted holding her gaze with his. "And the sex is always better for us when we do."

Jackson sighed, and Andy glanced back at him. He nodded as if confirming what Jordan had said.

"Jackson was busy when Cole came to visit," Jordan said. "But if you'll remember, I stated how much I wished he was there."

"Yes," Andy whispered remembering that encounter quite well. It was very clear in her memory.

"You remember how much you enjoyed being with two men at once?" Jordan murmured against her thigh. "Remember the pleasure you felt?"

"Yes," she murmured once more.

"Think of having that every day for the rest of your life," he said.

"What are you saying Jordan?" she asked. "What exactly are you asking me here?"

"I'm asking you to stay, at least for a while, and see where things might go for all of us." He finally moved so that he could sit on the edge beside her. His cock was rock hard and standing at attention along his rippled abdomen.

"You just decided this?" she asked. "You obviously didn't discuss this with Jackson." She glanced at Jackson, and he shook his head.

"No, he didn't talk to me," Jackson admitted, then surprised her by adding, "but I can't say that I disagree with him." He came over and sat down on her other side but kept his feet out of the water as he was still fully dressed, including jeans and boots.

"So you're okay with this?" she queried. "With the three of us just seeing where things go?"

"I'm okay with us being together and tapping into the potential of what could be in store for us," he ran his finger down her shoulder to her nipple and flicked it. "I'm open to finally finding a woman who isn't ashamed to be with two men."

"I wouldn't be ashamed if that was the choice I made," Andy stated.

"This is a small town," Jordan said.

"People will notice the way we both look at you and touch you," Jackson added. "Because neither of us will be able to hold back."

"I grew up in this small town," Andy stated. "I know almost everyone in it and none of them scare me."

"So what do we do?" Jordan asked.

"That is entirely up to Andy," Jackson said.

Andy shook her head. What the hell should she do? But then, hadn't she been fretting over which brother to choose? Hadn't she secretly wished that she could keep them both? Maybe you should be careful what you wish for. One thing was sure though. She was more

than willing to take them up on what they were offering her and seeing exactly where this all led.

“What about Cole or CJ or whatever you call him?”

“What about him?” Jackson asked.

She looked at Jordan. “I’ve been with him before. Are you going to want to include him in this?”

“No,” Jackson said. “If we start this, then it is not casual like your encounter with CJ was. This is more. And it will only be between the three of us.”

She glanced back at Jordan to see him nod his head in agreement. “Only the three of us from this point on.”

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes. This was it. One of those moments where whatever decision you made would define the rest of your life. She opened her eyes and said the only thing she could.

“Yes.”

Chapter Eight

Andy didn't know what she expected when she accepted their offer, but it wasn't the weighty silence that she received. Had she given the wrong answer? She felt like she'd just flunked some test they'd given her.

"What?" she finally asked feeling as if her vocabulary had shrunk to that one word. "Isn't that the answer you wanted me to give?"

"Yes," both men said at once as they stood to their feet on either side of her. Each reached down for one of her hands and eased her up to stand between them.

"This is what I have dreamed of," Jordan said. "Since the first moment that I met you I've wondered if you would be the one to fulfil this fantasy of ours."

"More than a fantasy," Jackson added, cupping her face and leaning low to place a soft kiss on her lips. "This is what we have searched for, a woman who was willing to take both of us as her lovers and not feel embarrassed."

"Yes," she breathed, pulling him back down for a deeper exploration of mouths and teeth and tongues. This was what she wanted, what she needed right now. Him. Them. The three of them together for the first time. The first of many she hoped.

He broke from the kiss slowly, and she was pulled back against Jordan, his hands coming around to cup her breasts. While he fondled and played with her nipples, Jackson began stripping in front of her.

His grin was sexy as hell. "It seems that I'm a little overdressed for this party," he said with a twinkle in his blue eyes.

She enjoyed the slight differences in the two men, brothers, twins. Jackson was slightly taller, his hair a sandy brown as opposed to the lush black of Jordan. But their builds were similar, and their eyes were the same velvety blue. She couldn't imagine being with two more gorgeous specimens of the male race. She was one lucky woman.

Finally Jackson was naked in front of her. Jordan's cock was a steady throb against her back and now Jackson's was just in front of her. She reached for it, bending slightly at the waist to grasp it in her hand. Both men groaned and her sigh filled the air. She had Jackson in

a firm grip and Jordan had bent his knees behind her, aligning his cock perfectly along the seam of her ass, rubbing it up and down there.

She licked over the crest of Jackson's cock while her hand continued to stroke and explore along the shaft. He tasted so good. She let her tongue glide all over the head and teased the sensitive notch just below the mushroom shaped top. His hands clenched in her hair and she reveled in the slight sting along her scalp. She wrapped her lips around and sucked him in, taking as much of him as she could, leaving her hand to stroke the remaining inches.

He seemed to enjoy what she was doing. His eyes were closed, his teeth gritted behind his open lips. She could see the veins in his neck, felt the flex of power as his hands clenched tighter in her hair.

And the entire time Jordan was rubbing on her ass. His cock was now sliding between the cheeks, and it was an erotic torture that was driving her mad. She couldn't wait to feel them inside her. There was just nothing to compare to the sensations that a woman experienced when she took two men inside her body at once. One hard cock buried deep into her pussy and the other throbbing as it filled her ass. Each rubbing against the other, stroking both sides of the wall of her vaginal floor. It was torture. It was bliss. It was raw and carnal sex at its very best.

She cried out as Jackson tugged her head from his cock. She didn't want to stop tasting him, wanted to suck him until he filled her mouth with his cum. But he wanted something different, and she was more than willing to agree when he spoke.

"I want to fuck you," Jackson grunted. "I want to feel that hot little ass my brother is rubbing against. I want to slide my cock inside and feel all that heat burning me alive."

She moaned in anticipation. She wanted it too, right here, right now.

Jordan pulled away from her and she thought for a moment that she might fall, her legs were so shaky with lust. But he took her hand, nodding as Jackson pulled her towards one of the rooms along the side. This one was a dressing room of sorts, fully equipped with the armless loungers that she had seen in magazines before. The one he led her to was covered in blue velvet. It made her think of their eyes. He bent and retrieved a bag, and she realised just how well he did know her. He'd already been sure enough of her agreement to have a bag of supplies on hand.

She didn't utter a word of protest as he removed several condoms and a tube of lubricant. This was a beginning for them. This was their first exploration as a couple, or trio as the case may be. It made her belly quiver with nervous excitement. It was almost like being a virgin all over again. Only she knew just what to expect and just how incredible it was going to make her feel.

Jordan lay down on the chaise lounge and plucked one of the condoms up. It was further foreplay to watch him roll it onto his erection before reaching out to tug her towards him. She went willingly placing her knees just outside of his legs and walking on them up his body until she hovered just over that glorious cock.

His hands reached out and took her hips, gliding her a little further up his body until her knees were just above his hips. Then slowly he guided her down so that his cock nudged her opening and held her there. He wouldn't let her sink further on to him but kept them both right there on the edge for what felt like forever but was probably only seconds. Then he was easing her down until he filled her pussy with every delicious inch of rock hard cock.

She wanted to start riding him, take him hard and fast, but he wouldn't allow her to. He held her firmly in place while she sensed Jackson moving into place behind her. Jordan wrapped his arms around her and pulled her down so that she lay on top of him, her knees still bent at his sides. She felt him move his legs down to brace his feet on the floor leaving space for Jackson to move into place behind her.

Her back cheeks were spread, and she felt the cold tip of the lubricant bottle against her as Jackson squeezed some out. Cool, well lubricated fingers replaced the tube and began to work the slick substance around and inside her anus. Two fingers pushed inside and begin to stretch and prepare her. Jordan groaned with her, and she wondered how it must feel along his cock where it rested inside separated only by a thin membrane. From the sounds he was making, it must be pretty damn good. She knew it was for her.

Then the fingers were gone and she felt the swollen head of his cock pressing against her opening. She took a deep breath and pressed back and into him as he pressed forward. Her gasp filled the air as Jackson's cock popped inside, pressing through the tight ring of muscles just inside and filling her ass. She could feel the brush of his balls on the curve of her ass cheeks, his hips flush with her.

This was the ultimate beginning of pure pleasure for a woman. She felt for those who had never had the opportunity or the courage to try a true ménage. The fullness she felt, the

pleasure/pain of two cocks vying for her full attention was an experience to be cherished. And when they began to move... Well, there was nothing quite like the sensations that racked her body as nerves not only came alive but screamed from the attention. This was the ultimate sexual experience.

And it was all the better because of the trust she was starting to feel for the two men she was with. And the love that was beginning. It was still new and fragile, but there. That was the true key to relaxing and really enjoying the moment. There had to be emotion in order for her to give herself over to such a pleasurable experience. The way the cocks rubbed together with just a small barrier of flesh between them was erotic as hell. Her breath was coming in small pants as they began a counter rhythm that had one pushing deeper while the other pulled almost free. The burn, the bite of pain and the almost unbearable ecstasy that filled her with each stroke had a scream building in her throat.

And then they stroked together, each filling her as one. The burn was more intense, the pain a sharper bite, and the pleasure had her screaming with orgasm within the first dozen thrusts. She bucked between them, reaching back with one hand to clamp onto Jackson's thigh while lowering her head and biting down on Jordan's chest. Her teeth clamped on the muscle just above his nipple and somewhat muffled her keening cries of pleasure.

And still they took her, still they thrust hard and fast into her body. Her orgasm stayed strong, making her feel as if she were melting from the inside out. And just when she thought she would die from the overload of wicked bliss that suffused her, she felt Jordan come. He slammed deep inside her pussy and held there as he filled the condom he wore. She could feel every spurt as her cunt continued to spasm around him. And from the look on his face, so could he.

Jackson was the last to come, continuing to fuck her ass until finally his cry filled the air and he joined them. His cock was deep, so fucking deep in her ass that she shook her head back and forth against Jordan's chest. Pleasure rocked her again, triggering another series of tiny orgasmic ripples through her pussy that had another shot of cum spurting from Jordan. And the heat of Jackson's release seemed to burn through the condom that he wore.

Boneless. That was how she felt. As if a small breeze would have the ability to just carry her away. She collapsed between them, fully resting her weight on Jordan while Jackson seemed to try his best to not do the same behind her.

She gave a small cry and a shudder went through her when Jackson pulled free of her ass what felt like long moments later. She felt him leave the chaise but didn't have the energy to even move. She should say something, tell them how much she had enjoyed the moment, how much she wanted this relationship they were trying to make work. But everything was gone. Her mind, her body, her voice. And all she could do was snuggle closer to the chest she was lying on, close her eyes and let sleep claim her. Later...she would tell them later.

Jordan looked down at Andy asleep in his arms and wanted nothing more than to stay here with her for the rest of the day. But he had a conference call with some of their investors in another hour, and he needed to be, at minimum, dressed and at the house. At best, he should shower and do his best to clean up his current appearance as a well fucked man.

And that was just what he was. Very well fucked. Andy was everything he wanted in a woman. She was the only one that he felt could live with both him and Jackson and still stand on her own two feet. She wouldn't give in to them. Hell, she would probably fight them on more than one thing on a daily basis. He was looking forward to it.

He looked over and watched Jackson return. From the look of him and the clean smell of the spa soap that was in all the showers, Jordan figured his brother had taken the time to clean up.

"Trade me places?" Jordan asked and wasn't surprised to see his brother's wicked grin.

"Always," Jackson said.

"Try and let her sleep for a bit if you can," Jordan said as he cautiously slid out from under Andy. She murmured softly in her sleep but went immediately into Jackson's arms when he joined her on the lounge.

"Hand me that towel, would you?" Jackson said, and Jordan turned to grab one of the numerous large bath style towels they'd purchased.

Jackson pulled it up over both of them and closed his eyes.

"Better stay awake," Jordan warned him with a laugh that had Jackson opening up his eyes and looking at him. "Those chairs aren't made for sleeping. You might just wind up falling and landing on your ass if you're not careful."

Jackson glanced down at the hard floor then back up at his brother. "Point taken, little brother." He slipped his feet down onto the floor and sat up with Andy secure in his arms.

"Where you going?" Jordan queried.

"To the office," Jackson said as he stood with his prize. "And the really long, deep couch that we have in there."

Jordan laughed softly as he gathered stuff so that he could head back to the house. He'd give anything to be able to stay here with them. But there would be plenty of other opportunities for him to do just that. He couldn't stop grinning like a fool. He was the luckiest man alive. Andy had not only given him another chance but had been open to the concept of entering into a relationship with two men. She was definitely a one of a kind woman. He had wanted to get in touch with her so many times over the last year but circumstances had prevented it. Now, he vowed that nothing would stand between them again.

Andy woke slowly. At some point they had moved her into a different room and she was snuggled on a very comfortable couch. She sat up hugging her covering close. It was comfy and soft and when she glanced at it she almost laughed to see that it was a bath towel and not the throw she thought it was.

"I see that you are finally awake," Jackson's voice sounded softly in the room and she looked over to see him behind a desk across the room. He rose and walked towards her joining her on the sofa and pulling her into him before dipping his head and giving her a soft gentle kiss.

"Did I sleep very long?" she queried.

"No," he smiled as he leant back and pulled her so that her head was on his chest. "Just about an hour."

"Hmmm...." She was more than content to lay right here but knew that she needed to get back to her parents' house and see if they were home from the hospital yet. She needed to know how this treatment had gone, needed to see for herself how her dad was.

"I need to get dressed and head out," she told Jackson, rubbing one hand lazily against him.

"There's a shower you can use here if you want." When she glanced up at him he laughed. "Alone, I promise."

"That sounds nice," she agreed.

"Do you have a minute first?" he asked, and she wondered if this was why he had stayed with her, and why Jordan was gone.

"Of course," she said and sat up next to him her legs tucked under her and everything still covered with the towel. She might just have to take this one home with her.

"It's about Jordan," Jackson stated. "About the year he was gone."

Andy shook her head. "I've forgiven him for that."

"Have you?" Jackson asked searching her eyes and probably seeing things she couldn't hide. "I don't think so. But I think you might understand once I tell you what I have to say."

"Why you? Why not Jordan?" she asked.

"Because he won't tell you. Call it pride or whatever you like, but you should know him well enough to know that he doesn't believe in excuses, not even from himself."

"I know that," she said shaking her head. "But what do we have if he can't even tell me the truth?" And Jordan would have to talk to her. She would never be able to put it fully behind them until he did. She could and would love him, but that year would always stand between them. The truth was that she did know him. He could be hard on people but he was even harder on himself. She could only believe that when the time was right Jordan would have this conversation with her.

She nodded and kept her eyes on Jackson somehow sensing that what he said next was important.

"Our father died," Jackson started and Andy interrupted.

"I'm so sorry," she said, thinking automatically of how hard it would hit her when she lost her father.

"No big loss," Jackson assured her with a shrug. "He was an asshole all his life. He took me just so that our mom couldn't have both of us, but wouldn't keep Jordan so that I would know what it was to lose someone close to me."

"I don't even know what to say to that," Andy admitted. "I can't imagine separating children at such a young age, especially twins."

"That didn't matter to him. He only wanted me because he was hoping to raise me to be just like him." Jackson looked away for a moment. "And maybe he succeeded in some areas. But even he couldn't break the bond between Jordan and me. And he knew it. So he left us one more big surprise."

"What could he have possibly done? I've seen you two together. I don't see anything between you that would make me think that there was animosity of any kind there." Andy

could see the tension in Jackson's shoulders and knew that whatever it was Jackson was still blaming himself for it.

"There was a condition placed in Dad's will. Everything, the entirety of his estate went to me. All of it to me. With the condition that Jordan gave up his life for one year and stayed with me." He glanced up at her and there was such anguish in his eyes. "No contact with anyone outside of this house. No phone calls, no letters. He was very specific about what Jordan was and wasn't allowed to do." He shook his head and closed his eyes. "I'd stuck with the old man through everything because he said it would all be mine when he was gone. I should have known that the rotten bastard wouldn't make it that easy."

"So that was why," she whispered.

"Yeah," Jackson agreed. "He stayed for me. He did nothing but talk about you the entire year. Hoping you were okay, that you hadn't forgotten about him. That you might be waiting there for him when it was all over." Jackson grabbed her hands and squeezed them in his. "I swear to you that had I known just what he was giving up, I would have come for you myself. I swear, Andy."

Andy shook her head and felt a tear slide down her cheek. It was senseless what these two men had been put through by a father that should have loved them. "No. Jordan did exactly what he should have, and I love him all the more knowing that. I would never have respected him had he walked away from you when you needed him most."

Jackson shook his head, but she could tell that he didn't forgive himself.

"And I wouldn't feel for you like I do had you negated the gift he was giving to you by coming for me." He looked up at her and she smiled softly at him, reaching out to cup her fingers on his jaw. "What happened was meant to be. You have to believe in that. And it was never your fault."

"I wanted the estate to help build all this," Jackson said, holding his hands wide to encompass what they had managed to get under-way on the ranch. "But I would have found another way."

"No," she said again. "It was meant to be this way. And I came here exactly when I was supposed to. And if you keep letting this get to you then you have finally let the bastard who sired you win." Jackson looked at her with surprise and she just nodded her head up and down at him. "Perhaps he always knew that Jordan would do this for you, but he knew that you would never forgive yourself for him doing it."

“Well, fuck me,” Jackson murmured, and she laughed as she saw it click in his eyes.

“Don’t carry his guilt, Jackson,” she said. “Let him take it all to hell with him.” Jackson shook his head and she sensed that he was lost in personal thoughts at the moment. She wanted to kiss him, to hug him tight. She might not love him the way she did Jordan, but she was close. Very close.

She eased up from the couch, not even surprised when he didn’t seem to notice. She’d just go take her shower and leave him with his thoughts. She hoped he would do what she said though and quit blaming himself for what his father had done.

Chapter Nine

Andy had slipped quietly from the building when she was done finding Sunfire and headed back towards the gate that would take her back to her parents' house. She had so many things going through her head, but they all disappeared when she saw that her mother's car was finally back. She passed Sunfire off to one of the hands, something she never did, and rushed towards the house.

"Mom?" she called as she entered through the kitchen. "Mom? Dad?"

She heard a door shut upstairs and then her mother was gliding down the stairs. Her face was red and Andy could see the tear tracks that stained her face.

"What? What happened?" she asked as fear gripped her body.

"Let's sit down in the kitchen, Andy," Claire said. "Chloe is on the way."

"But Dad?" Andy began, but Claire just shook her head and headed over to the coffee pot to start it brewing.

"Carly is sitting with him right now." She glanced at Andy and a wan smile touched her lips. "He's resting right now which is what he needs."

"How..." Andy started again and her mother shook her head and held a hand up.

"Not yet, Andy," Claire stated. "I'll go over everything when your sister gets here. I don't think I can go through this more than once. Just wait a few moments."

Andy stood and walked over to her mother and wrapped her arms around Claire. They stood there and just held each other while the coffee brewed and the clock ticked. Andy was terrified of what her mother had to tell her. She sensed that it wasn't going to be what she wanted to hear.

The door opened behind them, and Andy turned to see that her sister was there. Chloe looked as scared as she felt, and she was glad that they had finally healed the relationship between them. She had a feeling that they were all going to need each other more than ever in the months to come.

Claire opened her eyes and patted Andy on the back, pushing away and pointing Andy to the table while she turned to take mugs down from the cabinet. "Have a seat, girls, while I pour the coffee."

Andy didn't think she could drink it, but she understood her mother's need to make it anyway. She accepted her mug with a smile and took a small sip just as her sister did. Claire sat down and though she held a mug in her hand she didn't seem to notice. Andy reached out and eased the cup from her mother's fingers and placed it on the table.

"We're both here now, Momma," she whispered, gaining her mom's attention.

Claire smiled softly and took a deep breath. Andy could see the effort it was taking for her mother to hold it together, and it sent a greater surge of fear through her.

"What is it, Mom?" Chloe asked softly, reaching out to grip one of their mother's hands while sliding her other over to Andy.

Andy took it gratefully in hers and clasped her mom's free hand just as tight. Claire seemed to focus on the sight of her two daughters holding hands for a moment and a smile touched her lips.

"It's good to see that you two have managed to work things out," she whispered. "Because we're going to need you both to get through these next few weeks or months." She looked up at them and took another deep breath that hitched in the middle on a sob that Claire refused to release. "The doctors aren't sure right now just how much time your dad had left."

"What are you saying?" Andy asked her eyes wide and her breath catching in her throat. "There are so many options out there. Trial drugs and other things."

Claire just shook her head. "Your father can't tolerate the radiation. He has burns on his skin. He is sick, so sick and that isn't how he wants to spend the last bit of his life." She nodded her head at her daughters as they shook theirs. "It is his right to decide what he wants to put himself through. And no one will take that choice away from him."

Andy couldn't seem to stop shaking her head. In fact it felt like her whole body was shaking. What was her mother saying? What were they doing?

"Your father is entering into hospice," Claire said, and Andy didn't know if her mother was shaking or if she was shaking her mother where she still held her hand so tightly.

"Hospice?" Chloe asked.

"It is a way for him to die with dignity in his own home, surrounded by the people and things that mean so much to him. It is what he wants," she looked up at glanced back and forth between her daughters. "He wants this. He needs this. To be with us and to be at home in his room when the end comes."

"What about pain?" Andy asked. "Will he be suffering a lot?"

"No. They will manage his pain right up to the end," Claire promised.

"And will we be limited on how much time we can spend with him?" Chloe asked.

"No," Claire said with another smile. "That is another reason to go with hospice. There are no visiting hours to restrict our time with him. He'll have a nurse who will come check on him as well as help us. We can call her when we need to, and she will answer any questions that we have."

They clung to each other as they all dealt with just what this meant. Their dad, husband, grandfather was dying. Death could come quickly or gradually over the days, weeks and months to come. Somehow they would all have to find the courage to face what the future held, a way to put on a brave face for the man who meant so much to them.

"I have to make a call," Andy said but couldn't seem to make herself move from the table.

"I've already called Carmen," Claire said softly. "She'll be here sometime this evening." She looked at Andy, and Andy could see the deep sorrow in her mother's eyes. "She'll probably want to stay at her house, Andy. But I'm hoping to convince her to stay here at the house for a while."

Andy shook her head. Whatever it was that had kept her Aunt from coming home was being put aside while they all banded together to deal with this new hand that fate had dealt them.

"I'll make sure the room is ready for her," Andy said.

"You could move in here for now as well," her mother said.

Andy shook her head and smiled softly as she thought of Jordan and Jackson. They were going to be getting their wish a little sooner than she had planned. "I'll be staying somewhere close by. Very close."

Claire smiled. "I'm not sure that I want to know right now just where you'll be." Andy could tell that her mother had an idea already. "I just want you to be happy, honey. That is all I have ever wanted for both of my daughters. Happiness and love."

Andy left her chair and knelt beside her mother's. Chloe did the same on the other side, and as one they wrapped their arms around each other and held tight as tears flowed and hearts broke. Cancer, that vicious disease that attacked so indiscriminately, was claiming another soul. And another family was falling apart as they lost the fight to survive.

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger. Those were the words that kept going through Andy's mind. As well as knowledge that with every ending there came a beginning. She was losing her dad, but she was gaining Jordan and Jackson. Not a trade. But a gift nonetheless. One she was more grateful for every moment she packed.

It hadn't taken long. She hadn't brought that much with her. So within a half hour, she had her things back in the cases and ready to transfer to her car and then to the ranch where her two men were. Maybe she should have called and warned them that she was heading over for good. But honestly, she was anticipating the look on their faces when she showed up on their doorstep. It was the one bright spot in her day right now.

She was just checking to make sure that there was nothing left in the fridge that would spoil when the back door opened and her Aunt Carmen entered the room. With a cry, she was across the room and in her aunt's arms. They held tight, both crying and shaking. This was not the reunion that Andy thought they would eventually have.

"I'm so glad that you're here, Aunt Carmen," Andy whispered as they finally broke apart and moved towards the kitchen table.

"Of course I'm here, Andrea," Carmen said looking all around her. Andy wondered just how long it had been since her Aunt had been back to this place.

"Too long," Carmen said as if answering Andy's thoughts. "I've been running away from here for way too long. It was time for me to come home anyway. I have my own ghosts to lay to rest."

"I'm here if you need me," Andy told her.

"I'll be fine, chica," Carmen said. "But we can lean on each other. How is Joseph?"

"He was still sleeping when I left. But I gather that Mom went over everything with you. The cancer? And the decision to stop treatment and enter hospice?"

"Yes," Carmen nodded and her eyes filled with fresh tears. "Of course he would want to stay strong as long as he can. Cancer can be such a vicious bitch."

"Yes, it can," Andy agreed.

Carmen glanced at the cases that Andy had set out.

"I've cleared my stuff out so that you can stay here if you want," Andy told her.

"Andy where will you be?" Carmen asked her. "At your parents' house?"

"No," Andy said, and Carmen narrowed her eyes and looked at her hard.

"Then where will you be?" Carmen asked.

"Aunt Carmen, I'm a big girl," Andy started. "I'm going to be staying at the ranch that borders Dad's. Close enough that I'll be able to get there very quickly when I need to."

"And who lives next door, Andy?" Carmen wanted to know. Her aunt was like a pit-bull. Andy shook her head and laughed.

"If you must know, it's where Jordan has been for the last year," Andy stated. "With his brother."

"So you and Jordan are back together?" Carmen looked delighted at the thought.

"Well, yes," Andy agreed glad that she could talk to her aunt about anything. "But it is a little more complicated than that."

"What do you mean complicated?" Carmen demanded, going right into protective mode. "This is what you want? To be with Jordan?"

"Yes, absolutely," Andy confirmed. "But I'm also with his brother Jackson. We're kind of all together."

"A ménage? With brothers?" Carmen's grin turned wicked. "Andy, you bad girl!"

"Aunt Carmen," Andy laughed. "Even better, they are twins."

"A man identical to Jordan? Oh, you lucky girl," Carmen sighed.

"No, not identical twins," Andy said. "But just as fantastic. You'll meet Jackson. I'm just not sure how Mom and Dad and Chloe will deal with all this on top of everything else."

"Ah, so you don't plan on hiding this," Carmen commented with a nod.

"No," Andy confirmed. "I'm done hiding, running, and denying. I'm looking forward to seeing where this ménage relationship might lead. I still love Jordan, and I'm almost there with Jackson as well."

"Oh, Andy," Carmen reached across and took Andy's hands in hers. "I'm so happy for you. At least there is a lining in this black cloud."

"Aunt Carmen, I want you to know that I am here if you ever need anyone to talk to," Andy told her squeezing her aunt's hands with hers. "I don't know why you have stayed away from here, what your ghosts are. But I'm here if and when you need me."

"Thank you, chica. I know that," Carmen sighed. "But some things can only be dealt with on your own."

Andy nodded and just held tight to her aunt's hands. Whatever it was, it had kept her aunt away for long enough. But she had no doubts that they would all band together as a family and be there for each other. Aunt Carmen might feel that she needed to deal with it on her own, but she would definitely not be alone.

Andy wasn't surprised to see both Jordan and Jackson head towards her car when she pulled up. They'd had to let her in at the gate. Who had a guard at their gate in this part of Texas? Must have to do with the club they were building. She was just lucky that she was let right in with no questions asked. It was kind of nice. The hunk on duty had called her ma'am and tipped his hat at her. Living here would have more perks than she imagined.

And two of them were heading her way right now.

Jackson opened her car door and held his hand out to help her exit the car. How chivalrous of him. It made her smile and wonder what other little surprises she would notice as their relationship grew.

"We were just plotting on how to get you out here, and here you are, right on our doorstep," Jordan said with that slow, easy smile of his. When she thought of what he had done for his brother, it made her heart glad. He was a good man, better than even she had imagined.

She stepped forward, wrapping her arms around Jordan and hugging him tight.

"What was that for?" he asked, hugging her back. "Not that I'm complaining. I just want to make sure that I keep doing it."

She grinned up at him. "Don't worry," she assured him. "You will."

She turned back to Jackson and pulled him close too so that she was sandwiched between the two men. "Hmmm..." she murmured. "My favourite position."

Both men laughed, and she could definitely feel the excitement building behind their zippers. She couldn't wait to get inside and build it even higher. She'd never seen the actual house. That would be interesting.

"Where does Cole live?" she asked making them laugh again.

"In the building over there," Jackson said pointing in front of her towards a one story house that sat back a little further. As she looked, she noticed the drive continued around to

Cole's house before circling around to the other buildings. Yes, it was going to be nice to live here.

She tossed her keys to Jordan, and he had to release his hold on her to catch them.

"What is this for?" he asked.

"My bags are in the back," she said as she turned to snuggle closer to Jackson's chest. "I'm here to stay for a while."

"Hopefully forever," Jackson whispered against her hair.

"Hopefully," she agreed and went willingly when Jackson turned and took her hand to lead her towards the door to what would now be her home.

"I'll just take Andy in and show her around," Jackson threw over his shoulder at Jordan.

"Make sure that's all you do without me," Jordan yelled, and Andy felt her laughter building up again.

The house was beautiful. Jackson led her around showing her the spacious kitchen with the small, comfy table as well as the formal dining room. There were offices downstairs as well as a room for their cook, a lovely little man that she was told she would meet in the morning, making her wonder what she would be doing for dinner. She hoped they planned on feeding her.

The rest was a blur until he took her up the stairs and to the bedroom they would all be using. It looked like they had both just started moving their stuff in as well, and Jordan was already there, her cases on the floor in front of one of the many closets. There were three of them, all walk-ins, and if she wasn't mistaken that last door led to a master bath that looked heavenly from where she stood. But she would have to check it out later as it seemed they had something else planned first.

Jackson's hands were already working on removing her clothes. She stared across at Jordan watching him remove his clothing as he watched Jackson remove hers. There was something about watching Jordan while feeling Jackson's hands on her that made her even hotter and wetter.

"I can see your nipples from here," Jordan told her. "Are you wet?"

"Yes," she whispered, and then cried out as Jackson bent low to slide a finger through her slit.

"Hell, yeah," he moaned. "She's slick and ready." He slid that same finger around to her anus and rimmed it. "And we'll just make sure that she's ready for everything."

She groaned and held tight to his shoulders while he did just that. His finger moved back and forth from her wet cunt to her ass as he lubricated her with her own juices. She was shaking with need when he finally stood to lead her towards the bed that Jordan must have been preparing as Jackson prepared her.

The lube and condoms laid out in easy access on the table beside the bed. And the bed was monstrous. She'd never seen one this large before. It looked bigger than king sized. More than big enough for the three of them to do whatever they wanted.

Jordan stood beside it and stopped her when she would have moved onto it.

"Let Jackson get on first," he told her, running his hands up and down her arms. His fingers were whisper soft and his lips were even softer where he bent and brushed them along her throat. She felt those strong fingers rub across her nipples and cried out with need. She wanted him to pinch them, to bite them, to suck them deep into his mouth. She wanted that sharp edge that would push her closer to her own edge of surrender.

Jackson must have been ready because Jordan moved away and turned her so that she faced the bed where Jackson waited. She climbed on and straddled his legs, moving up until her wet cunt grazed the tip of his bobbing erection. He braced one hand on her hip to hold her up and with the other guided his cock through her slit, coating the condom that covered him with her juices.

Finally he held it up, placing the head at her opening and nudging it slightly inside. The hand on her hip eased its hold and helped her slide down his length until they rested flush against one another. His sheathed cock was so deep inside, her cunt so full of him that it was all she could do not to start riding. She wanted to fuck, right now, but she knew it would be all the better if she waited for Jordan to fill her ass with his cock. It had been too long since she'd had him there.

And he didn't keep her waiting long. She felt him move onto the bed with them and groaned in anticipation. Jackson ran his hands from her hips up to her shoulders and pulled her down to him. He took her mouth, ravishing it as he would her pussy soon. His kiss consumed her, stroked the flames burning inside her higher and higher until she felt she might incinerate.

Then Jordan was there, nudging his cock against her anus. His fingers were slick as he parted her cheeks and rimmed her with the slick lubricant he'd applied to himself. He didn't enter her though, just stroked over and around her opening. She knew just what he was going to do. He was going to fill her with one hard thrust, forcing his entire length inside with no slow beginning. And she was ready, eager, and oh so willing to take him just like that.

"Now," she screamed when she felt she couldn't take it a single moment longer. And Jordan didn't disappoint. He rammed home making her buck and scream between them at the fiery burn that shot through her ass.

Jordan's hands grasped her waist and pulled her up so that she had to brace her hands beside Jackson. Her legs were so wide that she felt like a wishbone but Jackson had spread his legs to make room for Jordan's. Her breasts swung above Jackson and he tilted his head to catch one turgid nipple in his mouth and bite down. She screamed, the pleasure of the pain filling her and igniting like fire in her veins. This was sex at its best, most carnal form. Making love would come later, both as a threesome and as a couple with each man. But for now, this was what she needed. A reaffirmation that she was alive and well. And somehow they knew it.

Jordan leant over her back and latched his teeth onto her shoulder biting down just hard enough for her to feel it, but not hard enough to break the skin. Jackson was sucking her nipple hard, using teeth and tongue to torture her and send her higher. He had one hand pinching and pulling at her other nipple, and the other was between their bodies, finger just brushing against her straining clit.

"Yes," the word left her mouth in a rush of air, though she would have screamed it if she had the breath. She was there on the brink, just waiting for that one last something to send her spiraling into bliss.

But they held back as if they knew, slowing their strokes, changing their bites into soft sucks and gentle licks.

"No," she cried, straining to buck between them. But they held her firmly in place. She shook her head back and forth, incoherent sounds leaving her mouth as she begged them.

Movement picked up so that both cocks were thrusting hard again. Jordan sucked so hard at her shoulder that she knew he would leave a mark that would redden and bruise

later. But she didn't care. Jackson licked and sucked from one nipple to the other, his thumb making slow circles over her clit. She needed more, wanted more from him.

She could feel her orgasm building once more, and this time it was even more intense, more powerful than it would have been the first time. Building and building, one layer on top of another until her entire body seemed to feel like a volcano on the cusp of blowing. Her blood was like molten lava and her womb was the furnace feeding the flames.

It started slow, a bubbling in her core that had her shuddering and shaking as it moved through her veins to her arms and legs. Her fingers felt numb, her toes tingling. Even her scalp seemed to tingle and glow. Jackson bit down, pressed his thumb hard on her clit and she screamed.

Fire. It was inside her, flowing over her, consuming her in a pleasure so intense that she truly thought she might die. She vaguely heard her men cry out as they joined her, felt the heat of their releases inside the condoms that kept them from filling her. Her vision blurred, her mouth grew dry and she felt as if her lungs actually stopped working for a moment. And then she melted, arms and legs no longer able to support her, as she collapsed onto Jackson. The darkness claimed her as she passed out, a small smile still curving her lips.

It was much later that she crept from the bed and followed the dim glow to the balcony and Jordan. She walked up behind him and slipped her arms around him laying her head against his back.

"What are you doing up?" he queried, pulling her around to the front of him.

"I felt you leave," she said and kissed his chest. He tasted of sweat and sex and she wanted to lick him from head to toe.

He squeezed her tight for a moment and she felt him shudder. "I'm so sorry, Andy. For everything that I put you through. If I could have been with you, I would have. I would have given up anything for you. But it wasn't my choice."

"You had to help Jackson," she whispered.

He pulled back and his startled eyes met hers. "How? Jackson." He answered his own question.

"Yeah," she shook her head. "He told me everything. And I understand, Jordan."

"I hated leaving you. It almost killed me to not contact you." He pulled her close again. "I've never been so scared."

"Scared?" she asked.

"Of losing you. Of you never being able to forgive me. Of you finding someone else while I was gone and unable to contact you." He shuddered again and this time she was the one to squeeze him tight. "You can't imagine the possibilities that went through my mind."

"I love you, Jordan. Even when I didn't want to, I did." She could admit it now.

"I love you too," he whispered. "I thank God every day that you are in my life, that you chose to stay in it."

"I love you," she stated again, those three words all the answer she needed to give.

"I will do everything in my power to make sure that you never regret being with me, with both of us," he vowed.

"Just don't ever leave me again," she said.

"Never," he whispered. "Never will I willingly leave you again."

She smiled and buried her face in his chest. Home. She was finally home.

Jackson listened from his spot in the bedroom. He finally had everything he'd ever wanted in his life. A relationship with his twin brother and a woman that they both loved and could love them both as well. For the first time in a long time, happiness was more than a concept. It was his reality. With a smile he headed back to bed secure in the knowledge that they'd join him soon.

Epilogue

Two months and four days later

The four women stood hand in hand beside the gravesite long after everyone else had left. None of them could find the strength to walk away. The workers had moved away to give them time alone before lowering the coffin of Joseph Michael Ebans into the ground.

Death had come quicker than they had thought, and yet he had lasted longer than the doctors had predicted. He had passed just as he had wanted, in his home, in the room he had shared with his wife since their marriage. And his family had been with him right up to the last breath. No one but him would know what it meant to see the four most important women in his life together, whole and strong. No one would truly know the peace it had given him.

Now they stood, a unit, unbreakable. And it made him smile as he watched them. He may no longer be a man among them, but he would forever be watching over them. Chloe was stronger than she thought. He was proud of the mother and wife she had become. And Andy, she was finally coming into her own. He glanced over to the men that stood waiting. Brian, Chloe's husband, and Jordan and Jackson, Andy's men. He had no doubts that eventually they would have children and strengthen the bond they had already made.

Then there was his sister, Carmen, who was finally home where she belonged. She had let a man run her out of this town once. He looked at the sheriff who stood with the others, the man who had never stopped loving her. He hoped that she would finally accept that what had happened hadn't been her fault and move on with her life. She deserved a love like he had been lucky enough to find with Claire.

Finally, his gaze rested on his wife. Her tear stained face. She stood with one daughter on each side, tall and strong even in her grief. He hadn't wanted to leave her, had hung on as long as he could simply for her. But he did have to leave. His time was done, but Claire still had more to accomplish before she could join him. And, though she might not believe it now, there was yet another love out there for her. It would come to her when the time was right.

He took one more look at his family, his pride and joy. Then he walked away, at peace and ready to go to his new home.

About the Author

Lacey Thorn spends her days in small town Indiana the proud mother of three. When she is not busy with one of them she can be found typing away on her computer keyboard or burying her nose in a good book. Like every woman she knows just how chaotic life can be and how appealing that great escape can look.

So toss aside the stress and tension of the never ending to do list. For now sit back, relax, and enjoy the ride with Lacey. It's your world...unlaced.

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