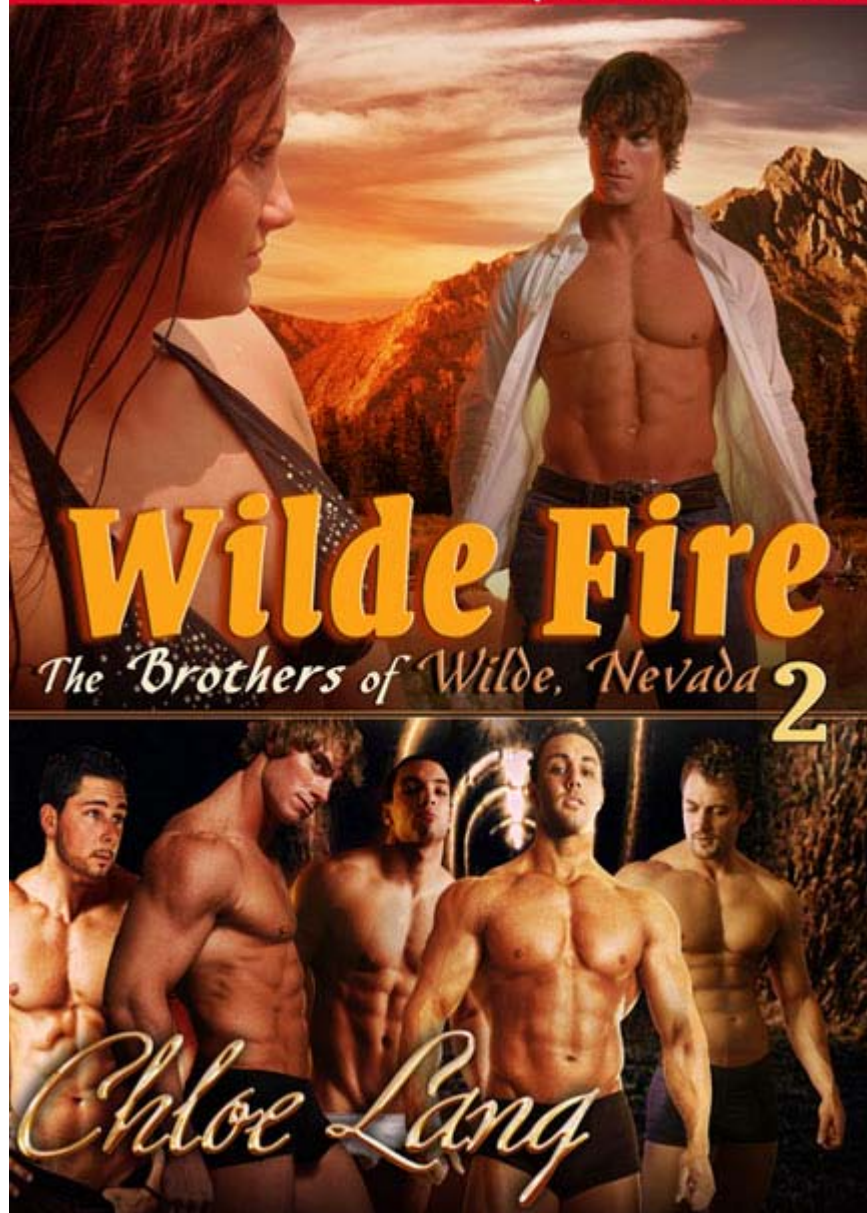


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LoveXtreme Forever



The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 2

Wilde Fire

Wilde, Nevada is proving to be more troubling than Jessie imagined, when, just as she falls for one hot cowboy, feelings also spring up for his brother Phoenix. Though it's crazy and not without risk, she can't help but welcome his possessive embrace.

Phoenix knows she's the woman for him—and his four brothers. But there are those in Wilde who want to destroy them. Phoenix must win Jessie's love, or they might lose their hearts. And their lives.

Genre: BDSM, Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Western/Cowboys

Length: 30,207 words

WILDE FIRE

The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 2

Chloe Lang

LOVEXTREME FOREVER



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DEDICATION

To my wonderful husband.

WILDE FIRE

The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 2

CHLOE LANG

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Chapter One

Hoping to find a certain sexy, head turner, Phoenix Wilde walked into Norma's Cafe. In any other town, people would think it was a trendy retro 50s-style diner with its shiny surfaces, laminate red-topped tables, booths against the front windows, and long counter with fixed round stools. But the place wasn't some recent designer's attempt to recreate the past to draw in nostalgic customers ready to pay hefty prices for the experience.

According to his granddad, the cafe hadn't changed one iota since 1956, the year Elvis's bus had shown up in town after the driver had taken a wrong turn off of the Great Basin Highway, landing them in remote Wilde, Nevada. Pappy Jack and others had watched the singer eat the special of the morning, flapjacks, which was renamed and had ever since remained on the menu as King Cakes.

As the glass door closed behind him and the little bell chimed, Phoenix spotted the curvy beauty he'd been looking for in one of the booths, and his body heated up. Everything about this woman had been permeating his thoughts for the past several days. Like an addict, he craved for another round with the one who would give him what he needed, but unfortunately the dream woman didn't look up from her coffee or laptop.

Jessica Greene. *Jessie*.

When she flipped her auburn locks out of her eyes, his desire for her overwhelmed him. Nothing on earth was as beautiful as her.

The only other customers in Norma's were his six Strong cousins, Aunt Maude's sons. The eldest of the lot motioned him over. Phoenix walked to their table by the jukebox.

"Hey, guys." He'd grown up with Tobias, Heath, Nate, Seth, and the twins, Dax and Drake, who were more like brothers than cousins. Like him, they were at home in the saddle. "I'm surprised to see you guys in town. Who's taking care of Aunt Maude's ranch?"

Heath shrugged. "Dads sent us into town for some supplies and breakfast."

"Tyrants." Nate glowered. "Even though we were up all night, getting the herd into the north pasture, they expect us back for a full day of work."

"He needs his coffee." Seth smiled. "We just ordered. How about joining us?"

"I think Phoenix has got a better offer." Heath looked over at Jessie. "She's the special investigator from the Feds?"

Phoenix nodded. Jessie was in town on the authority of the Mine Safety and Health Administration. She would be digging into the fluke accidents at Wilde Mine, Phoenix's family's business.

Tobias's eyebrows shot up. "She can't be. What happened to that old guy that worked out of Elko?"

"You mean Fred Tyler?"

"Yeah. Isn't he the one who signs off on recertification every year? Why isn't he doing the investigating?" Tobias had worked at Wilde Mine a year after graduation from high school to pay for his pilot lessons and airplane. He knew almost as much as Phoenix did about the mine.

"Fred does the normal stuff for the agency. She's a special investigator." Jessie was no airhead. Far from it. He would have to be really sharp to woo this intelligent woman, and that, too, jacked up his

desire for her.

“She can’t be over twenty.”

“Ms. Greene is twenty-five.” If his cousins had any idea Jessie was a recent virgin, they’d be on her like wolves to raw meat. Understandable, as her inexperience in the fucking department only added to his hunger for her. Best to keep his lusty cousins in the dark.

Nate gave him a dirty look. “Better not let Austin find out that you’re hanging out with the enemy.”

“Bro, it’s not just our cousin Phoenix who’s been spending time with the little lady.” Heath grinned. “Jackson spilled the beans to me that all the Wilde brothers but Austin are seeing her, trying to move things forward.”

Phoenix clenched his jaw. “My lil’ bro needs to learn to keep his mouth shut.”

Nate glared at him. “That’s stupid, even for you dime-store cowboys.”

“Not stupid at all. Believe me, I want to know more about her.” Phoenix loved razzing his cousins, especially Nate, who deserved it the most. “And you calling me a dime-store cowboy makes you look pretty dumb. You do remember who broke Demon?” When Phoenix had been fifteen, he’d been the only one of his brothers and cousins to stay in the saddle of the wild mustang.

Nate shook his head. “Luck. That’s what that was.”

“Keep telling yourself that, cuz.” Everyone knew better, even Nate. Phoenix even had a couple of buckles he’d won when he’d done the rodeo circuit for one year. As a reward for taming the beast, his dads and uncles had given him Demon. The horse was getting older, but his longtime friend still had some of his spark left in him that Phoenix had felt on that very first ride.

“Dallas and Denver in on this, really?” Tobias asked.

Phoenix didn’t want to give away too much. He could trust his cousins with his life, but when it came to love, that was another story. They’d swooped in many times on a girl who he’d been thinking

about asking out, stealing his chance away. “We’re trying to take things slow.”

“Better take it really slow.” Nate frowned. “If Austin finds out, I wouldn’t want to be you guys.”

“We can handle him.”

“What about your dads and mom? Do they know?”

“If things with Ms. Greene continue to progress down this path, we’ll tell them. Until then, keep this to yourself.”

Dax stood and patted him on the back. “It’s just like when your mom and ours came to town.”

Drake nodded. “Why settle for locals when there’s a whole world of beautiful women outside Wilde?”

“Shut up, you two.” Nate pounded his fists on the table. “Aunt Mary and Mom came here for other reasons than shutting down the mine.”

Drake shrugged. “Maybe so, but they ended up falling in love and getting married.”

Nate shook his head, clearly frustrated with his younger brothers. He turned to Phoenix. “Listen to me, cuz. I don’t own one share of the Wilde Mine, but this town depends on it, so it’s important to me. You better figure out where your loyalty really lies.”

Phoenix glared at him. “You know something I don’t? I really doubt it will come to the mine being shut down,” he said, though he wasn’t so sure. “Mind your own goddamn business, and keep your mouth shut. Got it?”

His cousin raised his hands in a sign of surrender. “Calm down. I got it. I just hope your dick doesn’t get this whole town into trouble.”

“Nate, shut up,” Dax and Drake said in unison.

Heath looked up at Phoenix. “Better get to your sweet prize. She’s been pretending not to notice you.”

Phoenix nodded and headed to the reason he was here. As he approached Jessie, her sparkling green eyes danced from him to his cousins then back to him.

She stood and held out her hand for him to shake in a businesslike manner. “Nice to see you again, Phoenix.”

Jessie’s hourglass shape was built for sin. He blatantly let his stare linger on her chest. When her lush lips turned down into the sexiest frown he’d ever seen, his dick hardened like quick-drying cement. She withdrew the offer of her hand and pointed to him then to her face, indicating he should raise his gaze.

Phoenix smiled and shrugged then went back to enjoying his visual examination of her ample breasts. He longed to lave her nipples until she was thrashing against him like the other night when he and three of his brothers had shared her.

“Men in civilized locales know something about decorum, Mr. Wilde.”

He laughed. “Aren’t you glad we’re not in any of those places?”

She rolled her eyes in a half-hearted gesture of frustration. She tilted her head down. *Is she trying to hide something from me?* Thankfully, her attempt failed. He spied the corners of her mouth curl up, thrilling him. When she looked up, the smile was gone.

In a hushed tone, she said, “Can you be more like Jackson and try to keep private matters—private?”

“You worried about those guys, Jessie?” He pointed to his cousins, who were now eating their breakfast with great enthusiasm.

“I’m worried about everyone in this town,” she whispered. “What happened with us needs to be kept between us, okay?”

“My lips are sealed.”

“Thank you.”

As she sat back down in the booth, he remembered threading his hands through her silky auburn hair, kissing her lush lips, tasting every inch of her softness, watching her green eyes shed tears of passion as she finally gave in to her orgasm. Though he’d only met her less than a week ago, bedding her only three times, no one had ever gotten to him the way she had.

He thought about what Jackson, his little brother, believed about

this incredible woman. *Maybe he is right about her. Maybe she is the one.*

A voice behind him jerked him from his thoughts. “Howdy, Phoenix.”

He turned his attention away from the beauty in the booth to the speaker. Norma’s youngest daughter, Samantha, waved at him from the other side of the counter. The nineteen-year-old flipped her long, blonde hair and smiled. Even when she’d been underage, Samantha had been a tease, making him extremely uncomfortable. No matter how much he and Jackson protested her come-ons, she never ceased. For years, she’d made it clear to them that she wanted to be the next Mrs. Wilde.

Now that Samantha was an adult, he and his brothers were free to pursue her. She was local. She knew the score about his family. Marrying her made sense, but he’d never felt much for her beyond friendship.

Phoenix tipped his hat toward Samantha. “Could you bring me a Dr. Pepper?” He never could stomach coffee, which his brothers teased him about ruthlessly.

“Sure thing, handsome.” Samantha sent a naughty wink his way that didn’t sit well with him. The woman went back into the kitchen through the swinging door.

When he turned back to Jessie, he found her staring at him.

“So, to what do I owe the pleasure?” Jessie’s voice was oddly sharp.

“Glad you’re already thinking about pleasure, angel.”

Though his dick was obviously on board to go for it with Jessie, being with her put him at odds with so much he’d always known. Jessie was an outsider. There were so many secrets that she likely wouldn’t understand. Still, he wanted her. Maybe for more than a night or two. Maybe for forever. If anyone was going to open a can of worms, might as well be him. But he’d have to take it slow and easy, even though it wasn’t really his style.

He tipped his hat then slid into the seat across from her in the booth. Next, he grabbed her hand. Warmth shot up his arm, down his torso, straight into his cock. “Mind if I join you?”

She pulled her hand free and looked nervously around the empty diner. “Would it matter if I minded?”

“Not really,” he teased. “You have something against cowboys?”

“Maybe, but apparently the waitress doesn’t.” Her full lips tantalized him, causing his blood to heat up.

“Jessie, are you jealous?”

Her cheeks turned red, pleasing him to no end. “Hardly. I am in a bit of a hurry to get to the mine today.”

He took his cell out and looked at the time. “It’s ten-thirty. Not too much of a hurry.”

She glared at him. “Whatever.”

“Sorry.” He laughed. “You’re getting into Wilde time. We don’t rush here. I’m sure DC is a lot more frantic. Out here, we like to take things slow and enjoy life.”

“I’m starting to believe that.” Jessie sighed. “You know anything about why Jackson had to leave?”

“Some. Did you order yet?”

“Yes. King Cakes.” She patted her belly and frowned. “If I keep eating like this, I’m going to gain twenty pounds.”

“You have a flawless shape, angel. I know just how to work off those calories, if you’re worried about them, though.”

She blinked then tilted her head. “You think so?”

“Know so. You remember what kind of trainer I am?”

Her mouth opened wide then snapped shut.

He leaned forward across the table. “Better than a treadmill.”

He watched Jessie bite her lip. She was so fucking sexy.

“Okay, cowboy. When I get back to DC, I’ll tell the owner of my gym about you. I’m sure she’d love to put you on her payroll.”

Jessie leaving town wasn’t something he was ready to face. His lil’ bro thought she was the woman who would be perfect for them.

Phoenix so hoped he was correct.

“I’d rather be on your payroll, angel.”

“You’re only saying that because of the skewed ratio of women to men in Wilde.”

“You noticed that?”

She nodded.

“Wilde is a bit different than the outside world.” His town continued to thrive and exist because of his family’s unconventional structure that had kept the silver mine undivided, and most locals knew and accepted the unique makeup. Hell, due to the remoteness of the mining town, some had taken up the practice of plural marriages themselves. “Surely, you’ll be in town for awhile longer.”

“Depends. At least another week. It’s my understanding that your oldest brother is running the mine.”

“Yes.”

“My records show that there are three co-presidents. There’s a Daniel Wilde, Craig Wilde, and Dillon Wilde. Your dad and two uncles?”

“Something like that.” Phoenix’s three dads and mom were the sole owners of Wilde Mine, which he and his brothers would inherit one day.

“Well, if your brother won’t see me, perhaps your father will.”

“They’re out of town. Austin is the top dog for now.” Phoenix’s oldest brother hadn’t been with Jessie like him and his other three brothers had been. Phoenix’s cousins were more right than they knew. If Austin had known that Phoenix and the others had slept with her after he’d given strict instructions to steer clear while her investigation was going on, he would’ve ripped all of them a new one. Luckily, Austin was in the dark. For now. “Why are you all business, angel? Don’t you ever take a day off? Or a night?”

She took a sip of coffee. He spotted a little tremble in her hands, but her gaze never faltered. God, the woman amazed him.

“Let’s cut the crap, cowboy. I’m not an idiot. Did Jackson tell you

to keep tabs on me?”

“Not in so many words.” He liked her directness, and his dick lengthened to the impossible, making him uncomfortable in his jeans. “Jackson was needed in Colorado. We’ve got some land outside a town called Bliss. The family is working on building a retirement home there. Our parents think it’s time to expand our holdings.”

“Why Jackson? Are you buying more livestock for the family ranch?”

“He’s got the skills they need right now. No livestock, though.”

His younger brother was full-blown cowboy, and Phoenix doubted that he’d told Jessie about what he really did for the family business. That was one thing Jackson liked to keep to himself, downplaying how smart he really was. He’d graduated from high school at sixteen, got his undergrad at nineteen, and his law degree three years ago at twenty-two. Jackson had been called away by the dads for some legal matter they required him to advise them on at the site in Colorado.

“When will your brother be back?”

“A couple of days.” Before Jackson had left, he’d called him with strict instructions to keep up the full court press with Jessie. His younger brother hated leaving, but he told him that it might be a chance for Phoenix to get to know her better.

Before ending the call, Jackson had given him his marching orders. “Spend some quality time with her, bro. In no time, you’ll know that she is the one for all of us.”

Jessie cleared her throat, pulling him back to the here and now. “You drifted off for a bit. What were you thinking about?”

“How I was going to keep you out of trouble in Wilde. It’s going to be a challenge.”

“I’m a big girl. I can take care of myself.” She sipped her coffee, wetting her mouth with the dark liquid. As long as he got his cupful directly from her lips every day, he could actually see himself learning to love coffee. Wouldn’t his brothers be surprised?

“I don’t doubt that, Jessie. But you still haven’t met with Austin,

and I think I can help you get a meeting.” Phoenix’s eldest brother had been putting Jessie off for nearly a week. So like Austin to keep his plans to himself. The guy was an uber-control freak, and Phoenix believed refusing to see her was some kind of plan to keep her off-balance.

“How can you help me see your brother?” Her green eyes sparkled. She was intrigued.

“Let me give you another tour of the mine today. I promise you’ll meet him.” He knew when his brother took his dinner and where. Austin wouldn’t like an ambush, but that didn’t matter. If Phoenix got to spend more time with Jessie, then his brother’s wrath would be worth it.

“I probably shouldn’t trust you, Phoenix.”

“Sure you should.” He reached across the laminate top of the table and squeezed Jessie’s hand. When she didn’t pull it back, potent voltage rolled up his arm, down his torso, and into his balls.

“All right. But you better deliver on your promise of me seeing Austin.”

“Oh, I’ll deliver that and more. You won’t be sorry, Jessie.”

“I’m not so sure, cowboy.”

Chapter Two

Jessie sat in the truck next to Phoenix. She'd never seen such breathtaking male beauty in her life. He could've doubled for the perfection of Michelangelo's *David*, even though he wore a cowboy hat, T-shirt, jeans, and boots. But it wasn't just his looks that got to her. His intensity and wicked ways unnerved and delighted her beyond reason. Against good judgment, she'd agreed to let him take her to the mine today. *I'm an idiot.*

He looked at her with his big hazel eyes, causing her to experience a bit of vertigo. "You look flushed, angel."

"I'm all right." She tasted the deception on her lips.

"Would you like to hear some music?" He kept one hand on the steering wheel, and one hand went to her thigh, sending a warm shiver through her body.

She considered asking him to remove his hand but didn't. Instead, she answered, "That'd be nice."

"Great. I think you'll like this." He punched some buttons on his iPod, which was connected to the stereo in his truck. The sweet sound of a piano filled the cab.

"That's not country music. And me thinking I knew you." But she didn't know much about any of the Wilde brothers. How could she? She'd only been in town for a week. Still, one thing she had discovered was the brothers really knew how to pleasure a woman. And something she'd never thought would happen in Wilde, of all places, had happened. She'd lost her virginity here.

She could never forget how wonderful Phoenix's brother Jackson had been that night. The last few days with him had been amazing.

Though spending nights with Jackson was untimely, given her current work assignment with his family's mine, she hadn't been able to refuse him access to her hotel room, or her body.

Curious, she grabbed Phoenix's iPod. "What else would I find in here?"

"Some jazz, hip-hop, alternative, heavy metal, classical, and yes, even country." He turned on the wipers as a light rain dotted the windshield. "I'm multifaceted, Jessie. Besides, your mind seems to be buzzing, so I think some soothing tunes might be best for you right now."

Phoenix was right. Yet, it wasn't about Wilde Mine's recent occurrence that had her brain in overdrive. What ruled her thoughts and made her heart pound in her chest right now was the cowboy sitting next to her.

"I guess I'm thinking about my investigation," she lied, hoping he would believe her.

"I bet."

Jessie decided to keep the conversation on business, praying it might afford her some control she desperately needed around him. "What can you tell me about the accidents?"

He shrugged. "Not much to say. Before these latest events, the mine was incident-free for over fifteen years."

"I saw that in the agency's file. Very odd that all four occurred in under a month." She decided to probe more. "What about the three accidents before I arrived?"

"I'm sure you read about those, too." His quick answer and tone told her she'd hit a nerve.

"I did, but I'd like to get your take on them." She softened her voice. "I know this is your family's business, so if this line of discussion is off limits, I understand."

His eyebrow shot up. "You're something else, Jessie. Okay. I know as much as you do. Hell, maybe less."

"Indulge me."

He squeezed her thigh. "I know a better way to do that than talking about the mine, angel."

His words and touch ignited her desires. "Please, Phoenix. Be serious."

He lifted his hand from her leg, placing it back on the wheel. "You win."

Instantly, she yearned for his touch to return. "You already know that I never lose, or have you forgotten about our game of pool at The Horseshoe Bar and Grill?" Her first night in Wilde, she and Jackson had played against Phoenix, Dallas, and Denver and had handily beaten them.

He grinned. "I won't forget. Neither will my brothers."

"So, tell me."

"The first accident happened to one of our top guys. He was working on some equipment that had been wired incorrectly. He got a shot of electricity that might've killed him if he hadn't been flung across the room from the jolt."

"I understand he's still in rehab."

The light shower ended, and Phoenix turned off the wipers. "Yep. He should get full use of his legs in a few months."

She snorted. "And the mine paid all his medical bills and gave him a nice sum of money."

He pounded the steering wheel, exposing his anger. She waited for him to yell at her, but he remained silent. His temper made her tremble. Sure, Phoenix could be gentle. He also could be very dangerous when pushed.

For what seemed an eternity, she waited for him to speak.

Clearly pissed, he finally lashed out, "You think my family was trying to buy him off? Silence him?"

"Of course not." But she wasn't really certain what to believe. Everything she'd read in the files so far made her pause. Something was off about the whole matter. "I'm sorry, Phoenix. I'm not implying anything, though I am trying to put the pieces together in

order to get to the truth. You do understand that I have a job to do here, and I will do it.”

“Sure. Just don’t jump to conclusions before you get the whole story.” His hand came back to her thigh, showing his irritation had lessened. “Every day the guy has rehab, my mom watches his kids so that his wife can go with him. My family gave him the money because we feel awful about what happened.”

She could hear the painful sincerity in his voice. “That’s wonderful of your mother. She sounds like an amazing woman.”

“She is. The other two accidents that occurred before you came to town didn’t harm anyone. There was a fire in the chow hall. We still haven’t figured out how that happened. Austin has kept it closed. He’s got a crew inspecting every inch of the area, but they’ve not found anything so far.”

“Perhaps a grease fire?”

“No way. The chief cook is a freak about cleanliness. The mine’s kitchen has always been spotless. Its floor was more sanitary than most dining room tables before the fire.”

This was a difficult case, but she was determined to discover the causes. If they were connected due to negligence by the mine’s leadership, she’d report that up to the brass at MSHA. “What about the third incident?”

“We haven’t excavated at the old mine since the 40s. That really shouldn’t be counted against us.”

“Maybe not, but a teenager did break his leg there. It’s Wilde Mine’s property, and I need to know what happened.”

“Rich is eighteen. Not really a kid. He should’ve known better.”

“I plan on talking with him. I also want to visit the old mine.”

“Suit yourself, sweetheart.” He turned the truck left, and the road got really curvy. “I don’t need to tell you about the last accident since you were there.”

“Yes, I was.” She recalled her first day at the mine. If Jackson hadn’t pushed her out of the way of the vehicle, she might’ve been

killed. She wrapped her arms around her chest, trying to shove the thought out of her mind. In its place came another memory. The one at Jackson's house where he and Phoenix had introduced her to the pleasures that two men could give a woman. When Jackson and Phoenix had later brought in Dallas and Denver... *Can't I control my thoughts?* It sure didn't seem like she could.

Well, being pampered and pleased by four men sent her to the stratosphere, and she hadn't been able to stop thinking about it. The Wilde brothers' apparent openness to sharing her in bed also seemed odd to Jessie. They were rough-and-tumble cowboys, but their actions in the bedroom had pleased and puzzled her. After those first couple of days with the brothers, she and Jackson spent time alone in and out of the bed. But when he'd left for Colorado, he'd been clear that he was okay with her spending time with Phoenix.

Likely, jealousy would soon rear its ugly head, and the adoration of four men she'd enjoyed would soon be reduced to one. That was how it should be. Much more appropriate, especially after she finished her job here. But which one of the Wilde brothers? *Jackson, of course.* But sitting next to Phoenix had her toying with sinful thoughts.

"Ridiculous." She wouldn't allow herself to come between the brothers.

"What's ridiculous, Jessie?"

"I didn't mean to say that out loud." She shook her head. "Sorry. I'm just... overloaded."

He looked over at her with troubled eyes. "The music doesn't seem to be working as I'd hoped."

"It's really nice. Please keep it on. Any chance of us hearing from Jackson?"

"He might call tonight, but for sure in the morning."

Jessie felt something amazing for Phoenix's younger brother. And with Jackson's agreement to keep things hush-hush about their intimate nights together, she thought he might have feelings for her,

too. Or was she just being foolish? The phone call a few hours ago that had Jackson leaping from the bed, dressing in a flash, and kissing her good-bye had birthed a mishmash of emotions inside her. Doubt being the most prominent. The best thing to do while Jackson was away was to focus on the investigation and to not entertain a schoolgirl crush on his brother Phoenix. *Easier said than done.*

“What else is troubling you, angel?”

“Just thinking about the driver that caused that last accident. Any news?”

“Aunt Maude told me this morning that Paul is doing great. His wife hasn’t left his bedside at the hospital.”

“Did they run a blood test?”

Phoenix frowned. “You think he was drinking on the job? That doesn’t sound like him.”

“What about drug use?”

“Paul’s a stand-up guy. No way.”

“Maybe not, but I have to rule out every possible scenario.” Time was ticking away. Her boss’s last e-mail gave her three weeks to get her initial report to his desk.

“I want to make a stop before we head up to the mine.” Phoenix shot her a wide grin, causing her to smile back at him. “It won’t take long.”

“Make sure it doesn’t. Remember, you promised to help me get a meeting with your brother.”

Thinking about Austin Wilde made her blood boil. She’d only seen his assistant Selby, a gorgeous young woman who must’ve been hired for skills other than behind the desk. It was clear to Jessie that the eldest Wilde brother was avoiding her. Who the hell did he think he was to treat her like that? She was here by mandate of MSHA. If the man kept up his shenanigans, she would lower the boom on him and issue a noncompliance form. See how much Austin Wilde liked that.

“Sweetheart, I won’t break my promise. You’ll see him today.”

Phoenix's voice was sexy and low. He looked from the road to her. "I never believed a woman like you really existed."

"Like me?"

"Smart, sexy, gorgeous, open, and determined."

Jessie stared into his hazel eyes and saw that he meant what he said. *Hot, masculine, and honest. What's a girl to do?*

His gaze went back to the road, and he drove them down a winding country route for twenty minutes. When they came to a gate, he hopped out and opened it up. Then they continued on a dirt trail for another fifteen minutes. This was far from civilization.

Her nerves started jumping. "What's this detour about, Phoenix?"

"You'll see, angel."

When they got to the top of a hill, Jessie looked down into a little glen. In the center was a small, ultramodern house. At first, with its clean lines, utilitarian styling, and stark white color, it looked to Jessie to be out of place in the valley of trees, wildflowers, and lazy creeks. But the more she studied it, the more it seemed to fit there, as if some architect-and-artist duo had labored on finding the perfect place for their masterpiece.

Phoenix parked in front of the house. At this close proximity, it didn't look stark at all. It was warm and inviting but with an edge. A shallow square pool with coy and lily pads sat to the side of the path to the metal front door. Floor-to-ceiling windows allowed anyone in the valley to see into the space, but as remote as the house was, Jessie doubted privacy was an issue except for the grazing deer she spotted on the slope behind the building.

Her nerves settled back a bit as she took in the beauty around her. "Is this your home?"

"Sure is. Would you like to see more, angel?" Phoenix looked at her intently.

Wanting to get a peek at the inside, she couldn't resist his offer. "Yes, but we need to hurry."

She didn't wait for him to open the truck door. Instead, she slid to

the right and exited the vehicle. Phoenix was out of the truck's cab and by her side in a flash. He put his arm around her shoulders. He wasn't like the men she'd known in New York or DC with their modern sense of how to treat a woman. Not Phoenix. His manner was of a former era where women were spoiled rotten, cherished, and protected. She leaned into his powerful body and released a relaxed breath.

He stated softly, "I can't wait to hear what your opinion is of my place, sweetheart."

Jessie took in the sights, sounds, and smells. Everything looked soft and dreamy with wildflowers, trees, shrubs, and visible distant snowcapped peaks of the Jarbridge Mountains. The tones that found her ear were light and harmonious with birds chirping and the tinkling of the water in the creek moving over rocks. The air smelled so clean, with the aromas of the recent misty rain that paired beautifully with Phoenix's scent of leather and forest.

"Show me."

"You got it."

Walking up to the front of the home, one had to appreciate the mastery of geometric design. Being made of glass, the front door could've been on any number of ultramodern skyscrapers in New York. Phoenix opened it and motioned her to enter.

The entire building epitomized the open-concept plan. Kitchen, living room, and bedroom flowed together into one contiguous form. Three sides of the house had floor-to-ceiling glass walls, providing an uninterrupted view of the beauty outside. The interior was simple but aesthetically pleasing.

"How do you like my house, angel?"

"Very much. It's radically different from Jackson's place." It made sense to her as a kind of extension of Phoenix's personality. So serious and intense. "You actually built this yourself?"

"I did, all fifteen hundred square feet of it."

She'd learned a few days ago from Phoenix and Jackson that the

Wilde brothers were each given some land to build on when they turned sixteen. At eighteen, they were expected to move into it, kind of a rite of passage in their family.

The two houses she'd seen so far impressed her beyond measure. Phoenix had the talent to be an architect. His choice of materials for the interior softened the place, creating a comfortable retreat. When her eye settled on three bronze sculptures, she gasped. They were lit perfectly, highlighting their unique sweeping forms. *Must have cost him a fortune.*

"Those are beautiful, Phoenix." She turned to face him.

"Thanks." He stared at the sculptures with pride.

"Where did you get them?"

"What do you mean?"

"I don't think of Wilde, Nevada, as having artists that can create something like this."

"You're wrong. My town has more to offer than you can imagine." He pointed to the one in the middle, a silver metal cube about three feet in height, width, and depth. "What do you think of that one? It's the newest in my collection."

Its form looked exquisite, perfect even, except for the jagged hole that ran through its metal core. The piece appeared evenly balanced between smooth on the exterior and rough in the interior. Clearly, the creator had shaped it with an intentional dichotomy in mind. *Amazing.*

"So who is the artist? Do they have a gallery here? I want to meet them."

He shrugged. "You're looking at him."

Her jaw dropped. "You?"

"Afraid so. Kind of a hobby of mine."

"Some hobby. It's beautiful. They all are. Does this one have a title?" Artistic talent had always been a turn-on to her. With it embodied in such a hunky cowboy, *oh, my God!*

"Flawed Box."

"I love it. You're so talented." Her heartbeats sped up and her

temperature rose. “I know some art gallery owners in Manhattan that would die to see your work. Do you have more? If you’ll let me, I’ll call—”

Phoenix grabbed her, planted his mouth on hers. His lips felt both tender and demanding. Her toes curled, and her nerve endings fired. Sure, the man could sculpt, but compared to his kiss, the pieces might as well have been uncooked macaroni glued to paper. His kiss was devastating. When his tongue shot into her mouth, heat welled up in her. Her body melted into his. The kiss went on and on, and cravings swept through her.

After what seemed an eternity, he finally freed her lips. “You’ve made my day, angel.”

Logic clawed its way to the surface of her mind. She put her hands against his chest and tried to push him away, but he held her firm. “I can’t do this.”

He looked stunned. “Why?”

“There’s lots of reasons. One, your brother. Two, there’s an obvious conflict with me and your family’s busin—”

Phoenix swallowed her protests with his mouth. His kiss sent shivers throughout her body, making her dizzy and weak. He cupped the back of her head with his large hand, tightening his hold, pulling her in closer to his chest. Much more than a kiss, this was another of his masterpieces. His tongue shot into her mouth. Her head and body seemed to spin together, whirling with want. Wicked thoughts of him naked on top of her had her nipples peaking in her bra. She felt the little nubbins brushing against her shirt, curling against his chest. Her nipples were so hard, and they had a direct line to her clit. It pulsed in her jeans, begging to be touched.

“No more talking, angel. The outside world doesn’t exist here.” He whispered wickedly, cupping her ass, causing fire to race through her. “There is no investigation. There is no mine. This is our island. You and me.”

“Phoenix, this doesn’t make any sense.” She was nuts to give in to

him, but wasn't that exactly what she desired? To surrender to him?

He kissed her again then lifted her up in his arms as if she were air. Instinctively, she wrapped her legs around his waist and her arms around his neck. Being held by him felt good and desirable—even transcendent.

“Jessie, it's time for you to experience much more. You deserve that. I want to make you feel like you've never felt before.”

She gulped. Even with the overwhelming need he'd awakened in her, a little of corner of her mind wouldn't surrender. “I know you think you do, but—”

He swept his lips over her neck, making her light-headed. “Angel, stop fighting what you want. You're too smart to refuse me. Trust me that I'm going to have you.”

As the last bit of resistance disappeared in her, she melted into his arms.

Chapter Three

Phoenix was delighted how Jessie responded to his house and sculptures, but what thrilled him more was how her body responded to his touches. She felt good in his arms.

His cock throbbed against his Levi's buttoned-fly as lust rolled into him for this amazing woman. Seeing her face flare red and her body respond to his touch drove him crazy with hunger. She was more woman than any he'd ever known. Smart, determined, and so damn unbelievably sexy. He was nuts for her. A hot brew of thoughts and emotions whirled inside him, but the most steamrolling urge he felt was to possess her.

He gazed into her green eyes, and she blinked, unable to hide her own want from him. He devoured her sweet, soft mouth once again. Kissing Jessie gave him more pleasure than he could've ever imagined. He swept his tongue over her lips and enjoyed the taste of her.

She flushed then blinked. "What about your brother?"

"What do you mean?" Phoenix licked her neck. She shivered, and he saw the gooseflesh that let him know he was getting to her. He decided to tease her a bit. "You two are an item?"

"N-No. But—"

"Shh. You don't have to lie to me. He already told me about your secret romance. Not a word from me, but you two aren't exclusive. That's not Jackson's way." *Or mine.*

"That's odd to me. Do you Wilde brothers share women often? Is that the only way you can get off?"

"Jessie, it's not what you think."

“Enlighten me.”

God, he wanted to tell her everything, but it was way too soon. A partial truth would have to suffice. “Honestly, we’re both into you. I’ve never felt like this with any other woman in my life, and I, for one, want to see where this takes us.” He walked toward the sofa with her in his arms. “Don’t you?”

“Phoenix, shouldn’t we be heading to the mine?” Her breathy tone was so sexy. She would be his, only his, for tonight.

“We’ve got plenty of time, Jessie.”

She nibbled on her bottom lip. “But what if it ends in disaster?”

“It won’t, sweetheart,” he told her, pulling her in close.

He nibbled on her earlobe. She was perfect. He placed her on the sofa in a sitting position and moved his hands down to the curve of her waist.

“Are we really doing this?” Her body was on fire, and his desire was blistering hot.

“Yes, angel.” He used his fingers to undress her bit by bit. In no time, he had her shirt off, her shoes, and then her jeans. Her passionate trembling thrilled him. Her bra and panties were pale pink and made her skin look even more delicious. Her breasts were full, and her taut nipples were evident under the fabric.

“But I’m seeing your brother.”

“We’ve covered that. Yes, you are seeing him. But we’ve shared you. Remember, he willingly shared you with me.”

“You’ve both ruined me for other men.”

“That’s the plan. I saw how much you enjoyed being with Jackson and me. You’ll have that again, I promise. Now, I want to have you to myself. I want more. I can tell that you do, too.”

“Yes, but—”

He placed his finger to her lips. So soft and moist, he couldn’t resist another kiss. He pressed his mouth to hers. Her body melted into his. God, she was so perfect. So amazing. A few nights of kissing her wouldn’t be enough for him. He’d want more. Much more.

When she was panting into his mouth, once again he lifted her up in his arms. "I'm going to have you begging me to fuck you, angel. I want to take my time. I've got a lot to teach you about making love, enjoying pleasure, losing yourself to rapture."

"You think I need to learn more about sex from you?" Jessie stiffened. She looked so adorable to him.

Was she wondering if he was turned off by her inexperience? *God, no.* The truth was her innocent shivers and sweet vulnerability fueled his hunger.

"You bet, angel." He placed her on the bed in a sitting position.

He knelt down on the floor in front of her. *God, she's gorgeous.* "My fingers will get you warmed up first." In full tilt, he removed her bra then cupped her breasts. "Everything about you is so perfect."

"No one's ever told me that before," she whispered.

"Then you haven't been running with the right people." Phoenix gently massaged her chest's soft flesh. "Women would die to have a fraction of what you have. You need to find a better group of people to hang with."

"Maybe I do." She tilted her head like a sweet kitten, causing his balls to load up.

"You're fucking wildfire, angel." He leaned down and laved her nipples.

A soft moan that left her lips loaded up his balls to the max. He covered her soft mound with his left hand. With his right hand, he pinched her left nipple, rolling a little bit of flesh between his thumb and forefinger. Jessie grabbed the sheets, and she trembled. He continued to suckle her breast while his fingers felt the moisture oozing from her tight cunt. This was heaven. He wanted to pleasure her to the edge and beyond. To give her an experience that would blow her mind. No one else mattered. Not his family. Not his brothers. All that he cared for in this moment was to please Jessie. Working his way down, he licked between her breasts, down her stomach, and sent his tongue into her belly button. His thumb touched

her clit and pressed. The little ecstasy yelp that left her lips sent heat blasting through his insides.

Phoenix leaned back and looked into Jessie's eyes that were filled with passionate tears. "I'm going to taste your sweet pussy cream, angel. I'm going to lick you into a frenzy that's going to drive you mad with desire."

Her eyes fluttered closed. "Oh, God!"

Placing his hands on her hips, he began lapping up her juices. He loved laving her folds, circling her clit, and tasting her sweetness. The whimpers that escaped her mouth multiplied his craving to possess her, to dominate her, and to take her. She was his. He placed her clit between his lips and pressed. She pounded on the bed with her fists, and her pussy delivered up even more precious moisture. Her hands came down on his shoulders, and she clawed his skin. The tiger inside her was no longer chained. Still, he continued torturing her with his mouth, lapping up her hot liquid.

"Please, Phoenix. I need to come." She sounded ready to explode.

"I told you I could teach you about sex. Believe me, you're going to be begging me to let you come." He wanted to push her to the limit. She was so new, so fresh. He wanted her to experience a pleasure that she would never forget. A pleasure that he would give her. Then she would never forget him. He wanted to mark her mind with his brand.

"Please. God, I can't stand much more." Her desire was explosive. She was so close.

His hands went up to her nipples, and he pinched the pointy flesh until she gasped. "Yes, you can, angel."

"Mmm." She was aflame, thrilling him beyond belief.

Phoenix pressed a finger inside her channel. "Soon, you'll get to ride my dick. That's what you want, angel?"

"Yes. God, yes!" Her squirming and closed eyes let him know that her insides were electric and out of control.

Perfect. Phoenix fingered Jessie's soaked pussy, enjoying the feel of her current of desire. His dick lengthened to the impossible. With

his other hand, he unbuttoned his shirt and grabbed her delicate hand and placed it on his chest. “You like touching me, Jessie?”

She squirmed and opened her eyes. She didn’t seem able to speak, but she did nod her head *yes*.

“You’re really close, aren’t you?”

“Uh-huh.” Tears rolled down her cheeks.

“I want you to hold back your orgasm until I give you the signal. Understand?”

“I—I don’t know if I can do that, Phoenix.”

“Yes, you can. Trust me. If you wait, the pleasure will be so intense you won’t believe it.” He placed his hands over hers. “When I squeeze your hands, that’s when you can come.”

Jessie shivered as he kissed her thighs gently. Then he dined on her sweet cream. He circled her clit with his tongue and began spreading her pussy’s lips with his hand.

“You are so wonderfully wet, angel.” He guided his hands between her legs and under her until he touched her ass ring with the tips of his fingers. He could feel her trembling from his touches and licks. “Come for me. Come for me, now.”

Jessie sobbed as she gave in to her climax. Her entire body shook violently. “Oh, God!”

“That’s it, angel. Ride that orgasm all the way.” Phoenix pressed her clit.

Jessie pounded the mattress. Her eyes closed, and tiny wails slipped past her lips. He got on the sofa next to her and pulled her in close, enjoying her trembles.

When her orgasm began to subside, he kissed her stomach. “That was just a preliminary round, Jessie. Just a small sampling of what I will do for you.” He stood up and looked down at her. Her lips curled up into the sweetest smile. He swore there was nothing more beautiful in the world.

“But I really—”

He placed his finger on her lush lips. “Shh.” For the first time in

his life, Phoenix really believed he could walk away from his share of the family's mine for the love of one woman. *Jessie*. Hopefully it wouldn't come to that. Still, he wanted her for his own, but first, he had to win her. "We've got plenty of time to enjoy each other."

Chapter Four

Jessie watched Phoenix pull off his clothes and toss them to the floor. Though she sat on the bed, her legs shook as she couldn't help but scan his naked, muscled frame. He was overflowing with testosterone that seemed to be shooting out of him and into her.

A million thoughts rolled through her why this wasn't smart. It wasn't too late to end this now at oral sex. She crossed her arms over her chest and thought about what she could say to dissuade him. Nothing came to mind. He was like a man on a mission, with her as his target. Phoenix was the kind of man that took what he wanted. *God, isn't what he wants what I want, too?*

When he shucked his white briefs, she gasped at the sight of his erect dick. It was a massive thing, at least nine inches long, maybe more. His cock had been inside her once before, but now she wondered how she'd been able to take all of it. And by the look on his face, he meant to be inside her body again. Though she felt vulnerable and a tiny bit scared, a shiver of desire shot through her, and her pussy dampened.

"I hope you like what this cowboy has to offer." Phoenix grinned.

"Oh, really?" He must've thought her so naive. "I think you're a bit of a player."

"I've been called worse, but believe me, this isn't about a notch on my belt. You're so much more to me than that. I can't wait to feel your cunt clenching my dick."

She sobered instantly to his explicit words that worked like an oven, heating her body. "Quite impressive, not that I've seen many." Immediately, Jessie regretted revealing how inexperienced she was.

Her cheeks burned. “B—but I’ve seen more than a few.”

Phoenix cupped her chin. “What a pretty liar,” he said with lusty reverence as he stepped next to the bed. “Did you forget that I know you lost your virginity just a few days ago? Remember what was said at Jackson’s house?”

“I guess I did forget.” She covered her face with her hands. “I can only imagine what you think about that.”

“There’s nothing to be ashamed of, angel.” He pulled her hands away from her face and kissed them. “I like that you haven’t been with other men.”

Her mind spun like a top, and her pussy ached for his touch. Crazy as it was, she couldn’t deny that even though she had feelings for Jackson, she still wanted Phoenix. None of it made any sense to her, but she couldn’t help herself. He was massive and powerful, and being next to him she felt tiny and protected.

She’d been a fool to save herself for her ex, Michael, who turned out to be gay. Had all those years of being pent-up created a craving in her that couldn’t be quenched? Maybe. Whatever. Phoenix’s offer to fuck her had her insides jumping at the chance.

“God, you’ve totally wrecked me for other women.” He sat down on the bed and began kissing her neck, his mouth warm and wonderful on her skin.

Still unsure about his truthfulness, her words felt breathy on her lips. “I find that hard to believe.”

“I’m going to make all your doubt disappear.” As he continued licking around her ear, his hands begin massaging her shoulders. “I’m going to start by tasting every inch of you, Jessie.”

He pulled her down until her head hit the pillow. His hands cupped her breasts, and he kissed her deeply on the mouth. He tasted warm and full of sin. Her toes curled, and her pussy ached. It felt strange, yet right, to be so free, so open. Her norm was to be sheepish whenever naked. But not with Phoenix. Something about his demeanor, his dominance, his control soothed any doubt in her.

Phoenix looked down at her like a starving man looking at a banquet. His eyes were aflame. He leaned down and captured one of her nipples in his mouth, teething the tip until trembles took hold of her. She loved his skill at giving her pleasure. He moved to the soft flesh under her arms and licked her there, causing every nerve to fire.

“That feels amazing.” She’d never thought of that area as an erogenous zone, but then again, she’d never had sex before coming to Wilde.

“You’ve got a lot to learn, and I’m the perfect teacher, angel.” He licked her sides, which normally were ticklish, but not now. Instead, it took her higher and deeper into wantonness.

His trailing tongue and accompanying fingers moved over her thigh and between her legs to her swollen bud. Jessie arched her back off the mattress as another climax rocked inside her for release.

“I’m so close.”

Between licks, he ordered, “Come for me. I want to taste your orgasm. Give me your sweet pussy cream.”

“Y-Yes!” She surrendered to the explosive release that vibrated from her pussy and clit. The spasms from her womb rocked her body, and Phoenix’s oral probing and pressing fingers took her to a dizzy bliss.

As her shivers subsided, Phoenix crawled up beside her and began stroking her hair. “Am I a good teacher?”

“Oh, yes. I didn’t know orgasms could be so powerful.”

“Wait. Class isn’t over. I want you to suck my cock. Get it nice and slick for your hot, tight pussy.” He shifted his body until his dick was a hair’s breadth from her lips. She wanted to please him. She had some experience in the oral department, but not much. Still, she licked the head of his cock and tasted the warm saltiness. When he closed his eyes, she swallowed as much as she could take. It was massive. She could only take about half of his dick down her throat. His fingers threaded through her hair, urging her to take more. And somehow she could.

“Fucking A! That’s fantastic, Jessie.”

She bobbed up and down his shaft, hoping to reciprocate what he’d done for her.

“Hold on. I don’t want to come this way.” Phoenix touched the side of her cheek. “I want the inside of your hot, tight cunt.”

As he put on a condom on his cock, her heart started pounding hard and fast.

“I’m going to fuck you until you can’t think.” His voice deepened, and his eyes filled up with heat. “You want my dick inside your hot pussy, angel?”

Phoenix was resolute and self-assured. Nothing like her. He knew what he wanted, and he went for it. *What he wants right now—is me.* The thought made her wonderfully dizzy and warm.

She gulped but nodded.

He guided the tip of his dick to her slick mound. “Slow and hard. You’ll love it, I promise.” His hands touched the side of her shoulders.

Jessie looked into his hazel eyes then she gingerly touched his chest. It felt like a rock. A woman could feel very safe with such a powerful protector by her side.

Phoenix leaned down until his lips touched her mouth. She could never tire of kissing him. “Ready, angel?”

“Uh-huh,” she whispered.

His cock impaled into her pussy. Pressure. She tightened her inner wall around his dick.

“I feel you, Jessie. So, good.”

The sense of fullness overwhelmed her, and she closed her eyes to steady herself. Phoenix began a crawling, methodical grind in and out of her pussy. It was easy to see that his hot, lusty instinct wanted him to go fast, but he restrained himself. His control amazed her. She watched a thin layer of passionate sweat coat his body as his desire for her seemed to grow stronger and more demanding inside him. Being so wanted made her tremble with delight.

He gazed at her, continuing his assault inside her pussy. “You like it slow?”

A deep quake in her core began to claw to the surface. Another orgasm was coming. “I do if you do.”

“This isn’t about me, angel. What gives me pleasure is pleasing you. I think you want more. Tighten your pussy around my dick. That’s it. Good girl.”

“Y-Yes.” Her heart pounded wildly as he increased his pace, burying his dick inside her cunt. In and out. She bit her lip and fisted the sheets as her body screamed for release.

Phoenix’s body rocked against hers like an avalanche. Strong, powerful. Never faltering his strokes, he leaned in and kissed her once again. Everything burst into flames inside her.

“Oh, God!”

“Come for me, Jessie. Let me feel your orgasm around my dick.” His pounding went into overdrive.

“Y-Yes!” she cried aloud. Fresh tears rolled out her eyes as her climax spread deep inside her, through her...all around her.

Phoenix closed his eyes as his body tensed. “Fuck yes!” She could feel him jerk suddenly as he came.

Her body shivered uncontrollably, brought on by what he’d given her—an amazing orgasm. He rolled to her side, and then she felt his arms wrap around her. She felt her breathing soften as he continued to spoon her.

Several minutes passed without either of them saying anything. Then Phoenix whispered, “You’re incredible, Jessie.”

His words melted her like butter.

* * * *

Jessie looked over at Phoenix. He was stretched out fast asleep next to her.

She cleared her throat. “Phoenix, wake up.”

He opened his eyes and stretched. "What's up?"

"I think we better get to the mine."

"You sure you don't want to play some more?" Phoenix looked at her with a wicked grin.

As tempting as it was, she was ready to face Austin Wilde, the elusive brother. "Let's get going."

"Okay." He yawned. "Always thinking about business, aren't you?"

Jessie nodded.

Phoenix jumped out of the bed. His naked frame would make any woman drool. This was one helluva sexy man. But she needed to get back to work and back to the investigation.

"You want to take a shower, angel?" he asked.

"You never give up, do you?"

"No. But seriously, would you like one? I know I sure would."

"Yes, but I'll go after you. I want to check my messages. Make it fast."

Phoenix nodded then walked into the bathroom, leaving the door wide open. He turned back to her. "If you want to be environmentally friendly, we could save some water."

"Just hurry up, cowboy."

His smile made her warm and fuzzy inside.

After she heard the shower start, she located her phone by her clothes and briefcase that he'd stripped her of earlier. She looked at her cell and found that she'd missed two calls from her father. She'd been avoiding him since her birthday. Another five missed calls from her ex-fiancé, Michael. Two more from his new boyfriend. God, was that what her life was like back east? Yes. That was exactly how it was. Spending time in Wilde had opened her eyes to a lot of things. When she got back, things were going to be different. She'd finally tell her father the truth about what had happened between her and Michael. His disapproval was something she'd come to expect. Why run from it now? Face it head-on. Also, she couldn't wait to show

Michael how confident she'd become.

But had she really changed? She'd just slept with another Wilde brother. Yesterday, she would've sworn that Jackson was the man she wanted to spend time with in Wilde, to get to know better. Now, she couldn't deny the feeling welling up for Phoenix. Insane? *Oh, yes. I'm totally nuts.*

She dialed her father. Best to get it over with.

"This is Sam Greene, but I'm not available at this time. Please..."

Thank God. Voice mail.

When his message ended, she said, "Hi, Dad. I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to come over for Sunday dinner before I left. I'm sure Velma made something amazing." Jessie's mouth watered, remembering how delicious her father's personal chef could make food taste. "Like I mentioned in my e-mail, I'm in Nevada on a big investigation for the agency. Not sure when I'll have it wrapped up. Another week or two, for sure. I'll call you when I get back."

The urge to conclude with *I love you* at the end of a cell conversation had weakened over the years. Her dad was stern and serious. His law firm had become his surrogate family after her mother died. Though it pained her, Jessie had felt like an obligation to him more than a daughter for some time. It hadn't always been that way.

"Hey, Jessie." Phoenix's voice pulled her from her thoughts. He stood in the doorway, shamelessly showing his entire naked body. His cock was rising. "Get in here. You want to get back to your work fast. One shower for two is faster than two showers for two."

"When I first met you, I thought you were the serious brother."

"With everyone but you, I am. Now, get your hot little body in here. I promise to get you nice and clean."

She knew she shouldn't, but he made her feel more wanted than she knew possible. *What the hell, the mine isn't going anywhere.*

"Yes, sir." She sent him a mock salute and headed into the bathroom for what she expected would take longer than two showers.

Chapter Five

Jessie walked beside Phoenix to the Wilde Mine's on-site offices. She'd been to the company's in-town suites with their marble floors and mahogany furniture. What a fiasco.

The receptionist there, an elderly woman named Edna, had promised that Austin Wilde would be with Jessie shortly. The woman had ushered her to a conference room with a huge table with twelve leather chairs, then left. Several hours later and still no Austin, Edna had informed her that the eldest Wilde brother was at the mine and wouldn't be returning.

After learning about the on-site offices from Edna, she'd tried, and failed, to arrange a meeting with Austin. Selby, his secretary, had said he was working in town and to try there. This went on for days. Jessie wasn't a fool and knew the two women had been sending her on a goose chase.

Phoenix told her the suites in town were for show, unlike the ones they were about to enter. Austin worked almost exclusively at the mine from his office there.

"Angel, this could get ugly. You ready to meet my brother?" Phoenix asked.

"Beyond ready."

Several of the miners looked at them with curiosity, but none spoke to them. A couple of them frowned at Phoenix, but he acted as if he didn't notice. Jessie felt like the most hated woman in Nevada, and she bet that Phoenix looked like Judas to these men.

When she and Phoenix stepped up to the office of Austin Wilde, Selby sat at a desk by the big oak door. The woman was a tiny thing

with long, blonde hair. She shot Phoenix a big, toothy grin. “Good to see you.”

He frowned. “Cut the crap, Selby. Where is Austin?”

“In town.”

“Bullshit.”

Selby shook her head. “I know you and Dallas don’t come off your family’s ranch very often to visit us, but you should understand that kind of language is inappropriate here, Phoenix.” The woman turned to her. “Ms. Greene. How may I help you?”

Phoenix slapped his hand down on the desk, and the secretary jerked her head back around, facing him. “Austin is on his dinner break, right?”

The woman answered nervously, “Yes, but—”

Phoenix grabbed Jessie’s hand. “Let’s go.”

Selby picked up the phone.

Phoenix cursed, “Damn it! Don’t even think about it.”

She hesitated, holding the phone’s receiver in her hand. He glared at her, and she put the handset back in the cradle.

Jessie liked how Phoenix’s commanding demeanor and tone had the woman snapping to obey. She doubted even she could resist him if he ever spoke to her that way. He put his arm around her, placing his hand on her hip. Jessie felt a bit of moisture in her panties.

“You ready?” Phoenix asked.

Selby’s eyes crinkled up, and her lips turned into a jealous frown.

Jessie knew she shouldn’t be happy with being touched by Phoenix and the young woman’s response, but she was. In fact, she was thrilled. “I am.” She’d never been good at keeping secrets anyway.

It took them five minutes to find Austin Wilde’s location. The place looked like a men’s locker room. The man who’d been avoiding her for days sat on a bench alone, reading some papers while munching on a sandwich. As she and Phoenix stepped into the room, Austin looked up. Like his other brothers, he was incredibly

handsome. He wore a black shirt and jeans. Jessie spotted what looked to her like depth and fierceness in his dark eyes. His goatee made his features even more comely. He stood up, revealing a six-foot-three stature.

The seductive, intimidating man pointed to one of the benches. "Please, have a seat."

Jessie wanted to get a read on Austin, but it wasn't clear to her what the man was thinking. The only clue to his possible anger toward Phoenix bringing her unannounced was the glare he shot his younger brother.

Remaining standing, she held out her hand. "Thank you, Mr. Wilde. I've been looking forward to meeting you."

He took her hand and brought it up to his lips. "Ms. Greene, the pleasure is mine." He kissed the back of her hand, and a spark shot through her, flattening her out. He released her hand and turned to Phoenix. "I need you in the B-shaft. I'll take care of Ms. Greene."

Phoenix looked like he was going to protest but then didn't. "Jessie, just tell Selby when you're ready to leave. She'll reach me on the com, and I'll be back in a flash to take you back to your hotel."

"No need." Austin set his papers neatly on the bench next to him. "I'll have a driver take her."

Phoenix frowned. "Austin, I'm taking her. Understand?"

The older Wilde brother's eyebrow shot up. At first, Jessie thought he might punch Phoenix, but he didn't. "All right, bro."

"Perfect. Don't keep her too long. See you later, Jessie."

After Phoenix left, Jessie felt strangely uncomfortable. She wished that she'd asked him to stay.

Austin Wilde stared at her, causing butterflies to take flight in her belly. The man had a presence that was thick in the room—and unnerving. How long they remained without saying a word to one another, she wasn't sure. But the silence was deafening. Was this some kind of challenge? Well, she wasn't about to play games. She was proud of how well she'd proved herself at her job. Besides being

the youngest analyst, she was one of only two female special investigators at the agency. The backwoods cowboy's intimidation tactics needed to be dealt with right away.

"Mr. Wilde, I think we better set the ground rules."

He stood up and placed his large hands on her shoulders. Jessie felt electricity shoot down her arms and body from his warm touch. *What the hell?* She stood up.

"Have a seat."

"Excuse me? You want to have our first meeting here? Wouldn't your office be more suited for that?"

"Sit down!"

Austin Wilde's tone was more forceful and sexy than she'd ever heard from any other man before in her life. She swallowed and fell back into the chair, unable to refuse.

He looked at her like a scientist studying a specimen. After a long pause, he spoke. "Interesting."

Shaking, she said, "I-I'm not sure this is the way we should get started."

"I think this is exactly how we should get started, Ms. Greene." Austin unabashedly ogled her body.

What is it about these Wilde brothers and their wicked stares? When he finished, his gaze moved to her eyes, holding her like a vise. "You may not believe this, but like you, I want to discover the facts of these accidents."

A shiver rolled down her spine. "I sure hope that is true, Mr. Wilde...or shall I call you Austin?"

"Mr. Wilde is fine, Jessie."

She was blowing it. He was making her understand that he was in the driver's seat, not her. That was exactly what she didn't want or need. But the more he talked with his demanding tone, the more he leered at her with those sexy dark eyes, the more nervous she became. *Not good at all.* If she was going to have half a chance of succeeding with her investigation, she needed to get a grip on herself. She had a

job to do, damn it.

“I think I’d rather call you Austin.”

“Suit yourself, Ms. Greene.”

So that was how he was going to play it. Fine. “So you say that you really want to get to the truth of all these accidents?”

He nodded.

“I find that hard to believe. Especially given how much you have been avoiding me.”

“I’m a busy man. I have a full schedule. I understand why you would think coming unannounced would help you uncover something in your investigation. You must also understand that since I was unaware of your arrival. I could not drop everything to babysit you.”

“Babysit?”

“Perhaps a poor choice of word. Would *entertain* be a better choice? Since you seem a bit overly sensitive, I’ll be careful what words I choose going forward. Anyway, I needed some time to get my calendar cleared, so I could spend more time with you. That’s been done. I’m all yours.”

Anger filled her up. This guy was arrogant, demanding, a pain in the ass...and insanely all she could think about was what he might be like in bed. *No. I have a job to do.* “Mr. Wilde, I think we’re getting off on the wrong foot. But you do need to understand one thing. If I find any infraction that I deem serious enough to merit closure of the mine, I will do my duty to make sure no one else gets hurt.”

Austin’s face grew dark, and his eyes narrowed. “My job is to make sure that the miners whose families depend on this place staying open continue to earn a living.”

“Even if that means some of them might get hurt, or worse—killed.”

He slammed his fist into one of the lockers, causing her to gasp. Still, when he spoke, his voice was steady and controlled. “Ms. Greene, I’m certain you will not find any infraction that points to something lacking in our policies and procedures at Wilde Mine.”

She shivered. The man was so intense. And so sexy. “I’m here to make sure it’s safe. Do you agree with me that something is odd about the accidents? Wilde Mine has been free of incidents for years. Now, there’s several in a month. Even I was nearly injured in one just a few days ago.”

His hands curled into fists. She’d hit a nerve. Good.

“I apologize for that. You do understand that the driver of the machinery had an episode with his heart?”

“Yes. How is he?”

“I checked with the doctor this morning. He says that Paul should be going home sometime tomorrow.” For the first time, Jessie spotted a softer emotion on this stoic man’s face. It was relief.

“I’m glad to hear that he’s doing well.”

“What do you need to help you speed your investigation along, Ms. Greene? The quicker you get through it, the quicker you can get home.”

“Well, I’d like to look into the files around the areas where the initial accidents occurred. Then, I’d like to read the reports that were filed by the supervisors that were on site.”

He stood up and gathered up his papers and the remainder of his meal. “Follow me.” Without waiting for her, Austin walked out of the locker room.

Jessie leapt to her feet and trailed him. *He’s got me hopping like a trained pup.*

When she finally caught up to Austin, he was standing in front of his secretary’s desk.

“Yes, sir?” Selby asked.

“Whatever Ms. Greene needs, make sure she gets it. Understand?”

The woman looked up at him with stars in her eyes. “Sure thing. Mr. Winters has called three times. Said it’s urgent.”

“Bankers think everything is urgent. Fine. I’ll call him. I’d like some coffee.”

Selby nodded. “I’ll make some fresh for you, sir.”

“It’s going to be a long night. I’ll need you to stay late, too.” Austin wasn’t asking the woman, he was commanding her. Arrogant. Chauvinistic. Asshole. *Steamy*.

“Yes, sir.” Clearly, Selby was totally smitten by the man and didn’t mind his dominating nature. Austin seemed to like her mooning gaze on him, too.

Jessie suspected there was a lot more than just business going on between these two. Well, she wasn’t some airhead girl from this small town that didn’t know a thing or two about dealing with jerks. There were more than one or two at work that had tried to go toe-to-toe with her. They’d lost.

She decided to push him. “If you really mean that, Mr. Wilde, I would like one thing from now on.”

“Of course I meant it. What do you want?”

“I’d like to have better access to you.”

The corners of his mouth turned up, warming her entire body. “Interesting request, Jessie.”

She felt all her skin burn from embarrassment. “I—I mean I would like to be able to meet with you on a regular basis and not have to go through your gatekeeper.”

Selby stood up and folded her arms over her chest. “That’s not how it works here, Ms. Greene. If you want to see him, you’ll have to deal with me.”

Austin kept staring at Jessie, until nervousness had her wringing her hands. Without turning to his secretary, he ordered, “Sit down, Selby.”

The woman slammed back into her chair, frowning.

“Good.” He smiled, and everything went woozy inside Jessie. “I’d like to spend more time with you, too.”

Jessie needed to clear her head. *Think about work. Think about the investigation.* It helped, and her mind snapped back to the here and now. “Trust me, Mr. Wilde. My investigation will get to the bottom of these accidents.”

“I like your tenacity. My mind was on a bottom, too, though a very different one.” He looked at her as if he could read her thoughts.

Her insides felt like popcorn, and Austin was the microwave. “So, I’m ready to get started right away.”

“You’re going to be trouble. I think I need to reconsider how to handle your visit to Wilde, Ms. Greene. Perhaps I’ve been going about this all wrong.”

Chapter Six

Jessie sat alone in one of the outside buildings that doubled as a kind of waiting room for the mine, talking on her cell phone to her ex.

Michael had called her twenty minutes ago, and she hadn't been able to get him off the phone. She tried to sound relaxed and calm, but her insides were still quaking from her meeting with Austin Wilde. The guy had pushed all her buttons, even some she didn't know she had. It was like he knew what she was thinking and was planning what to do next to keep her jumping.

She must make sure when they met again that Austin knew she wasn't a pushover. *With him, I just might be. Damn it!* Well, better to fake confidence than to let him see her unnerved like she was now.

"What are you worried about, Michael?"

Phoenix had promised to take her back to the Hotel Cactus, and she expected him to be back any moment. She wanted to be off the phone before the sexy cowboy showed.

"Plenty, Jessica. You up and leave DC without a word to me. What if I had headed down there and found your apartment empty?"

Michael didn't work. He lived off a massive trust fund from his grandparents. More carefree than anyone else she knew, he jetted around the globe, enjoying the upper tier parties with other elite Peter Pans.

"I'm fine. It's my job."

"When are you going to stop being silly? All you need to do is give in to your dad, and your trust fund opens up to you. You could come to Belize with me next week."

Michael had never seemed to understand her desire to work, to

hold a job. Her trust fund wasn't quite as large as his, but big enough so that she'd never have to work should she choose. Her father managed her money and made it very clear that if she wanted to have a job, it would be with his firm. When she hadn't applied to law school, he'd told her how displeased he was at her decision. Then her father had frozen her monies.

"You know I'm not going to cave to my father. He thinks he knows what's best for me, but he doesn't. I'm proud of what I've done, and no matter what he says or does, I'm going down the path of my choosing, not his."

"You've always stuck to your guns, Jessica. You're really something else. I couldn't have done what you did. How long did you work at that restaurant as a waitress?"

"You know, dummy. The entire time I was in college." With her part-time job and some student loans, she'd paid for her undergrad and then her engineering degree. It had been the first time she'd ever gone against her father's wishes. As hard as it had been, it had felt liberating. But now the distance between her and her father seemed limitless.

"Remember the time I almost got you fired there?"

"How can I forget? You came in with the entire cast of that off-Broadway show wearing lampshades on your heads. You made such a fool of yourself. What did that end up costing you?"

"Ten grand for the damages, I think."

"You almost got me fired."

"You sound different. I know something is up. You can't lie to me, Jessica. I always can tell. So fess up."

On the night Michael had told her that he was gay, she pushed down her own feelings. He needed her. She supposed they had always been friends, more than lovers. Obviously. They fooled around, sure. But his refusal to have intercourse, claiming he wanted to wait until their honeymoon, should have been clue enough. But it hadn't. He was so sweet, tender, and doting. He lived across the hall from her

from grade three on. He'd been the one she turned to when she learned her mother had cancer. During that time her father had instructed her that she had to have a brave face. She was never allowed to cry in their home. It had been Michael who let her cry on his shoulder. He knew her better than anyone.

"I don't know where to start." Could she really tell him the truth? What would he think about her having sex with not one but four sexy cowboys?

"So you're in this itty-bitty town working on an investigation at some mine. Start there."

"I've met some interesting people."

"Tell me about these people. Who are they?"

"They're brothers. Cowboys."

"Are you serious? Naughty girl! Did you go to bed with one of them?" Michael's tone was a mix of doubts and amusement.

"Not that it's any of your business, but I did."

"You didn't?" The shock in his voice pleased her.

"Believe it or not."

"A little fling with a broad shoulder cowboy... tell me more."

"It might be more than just a fling."

"I knew you'd fall for the first person you finally went to bed with. Trust me, doll, there will be others."

His words pissed her off, and she blurted out, "By the way, I didn't just go to bed with one of them, I went to bed with four of them."

"What!"

She immediately regretted her confession. "I'm just teasing," she said, hoping he would buy it.

"No, you're not." He sounded worried. "Jessica, this isn't like you. In fact, this could be dangerous. Who are these guys?"

"Just some guys that I met the first night I got to Wilde."

"You're not telling me everything." His tone was sharp.

"Michael, I know you mean well. You always do. But I'm a big

girl.”

“You’re also my best friend. Be reasonable. You’re inexperienced about these kinds of things.”

“Not anymore. We’re not engaged anymore, so I’m free to do what I want, and it’s none of your business.” Silence. She wished she hadn’t sounded so terse. Michael meant well, and she did care deeply for him. “I didn’t mean that the way it sounded.”

“It’s okay. I deserve that and a lot more. But, Jessica, I don’t want you to get hurt. Does your dad know where you’re at?”

“Going for the jugular, are you?”

“No. Just wondering. He left me a voice mail yesterday. You know he never calls me. Said he was worried about you.”

“Please, don’t call him back. I’ll take care of it.”

“You have to tell him about us. There are too many people that know. He’s going to find out that we’re not together anymore. It’s been almost a year.”

God, she didn’t want to face the nightmare right now. All she wanted to do was get through this investigation. She felt the knots in her shoulder tighten. “I will tell my father, but in my own time. When it’s right.”

“Okay. I’ll do whatever you want.”

“At least another two weeks, probably three.”

“I’ve always wanted to see the Wild West. Maybe I should come out. Make sure you’re okay. My pilot is out ill, so I would have to fly commercial. Yuck.”

“Michael, don’t you dare come here. You would hate it, and I know your boyfriend would hate it even more.”

Michael choked out, “Well, he’s not in the picture anymore.”

“I’m so sorry. Are you okay?”

“I’m dealing. Perhaps meeting some hot cowboys might lift my mood.” He laughed.

“You’re a devil. Just stay put, and leave the cowboys to me. I’ll call you in a couple of days.”

“You better.”

“I promise.”

Phoenix walked into the waiting room and sent her a big grin.

“Lovya, Jessica.”

She didn’t want to say it back with Phoenix listening. “Me, too. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Doll, when—”

She hit the end button. “Hey.”

“You ready to go, angel?”

“I am.”

Chapter Seven

Jessie sat in her bed and held her cell to her ear, listening to Jackson.

“Darlin’, I really miss you.” Hearing his voice sent amazing chills through her.

“I miss you, too.” She’d only known him a little over a week, and yet she already hated being apart from him.

“Another day or two, and I should be back in Wilde. How’s the investigation going?”

“Slower than I’d like. Your brother Austin is something else.”

He laughed. “I’m sure you’ll warm up to him in time.”

“I’m not sure about that, and I doubt he’ll ever warm up to me. Are your dad and uncles with you in Colorado?”

“Uncles?” He sounded puzzled. “I believe that they’re on their ranch.”

“I thought you were with Wilde Mine’s three co-presidents. Daniel, Craig, and Dillon Wilde.”

“Ah. Yes, they’re here.”

“Which one is your dad?”

“Let’s not talk about my family right now.”

“Okay.” Jessie wondered if her question had hit a sensitive subject with Jackson. Did he have an issue with his dad that he wasn’t ready to share?

“Besides, I’d rather talk about us, darlin’.”

She felt a shiver shoot through her body at his word *us*.

“What are you wearing right now?”

She looked down at her clothing. She considered lying, but didn’t.

“Bra and panties.”

“Fuck yes. I can see your hot body in my head. What color are they?”

“White.”

“Are they lacy like your pink ones?”

“Yes.” Something stirred in her core.

“Excellent, sweetheart. When I come back, I want you wearing nothing at all. Understand?”

“Yes.” Her body warmed up. “I’m not sure I can get off this way, Jackson. I’ve tried it a couple of times, and it’s never worked for me.”

“You’ve never tried it with me, sweetheart. I think you’ll enjoy this.”

“I’ll try.” Getting into the spirit of things, she asked, “What about you, cowboy? What do you have on?”

“That’s my girl. Love it. I’m on my bed and stretched out stroking my cock, thinking about what I want to do to you the moment I see you again. I’ve been hard for you the whole time I’ve been away. I just have to taste that pretty pussy.”

“Mmm.” His explicit language had her trembling with desire.

“I want to take care of you, darlin’, and get you addicted to the pleasure I can give you. The instant I get to your hotel room, I’m going to rip off your clothes and run my hands over every part of your body.”

She recalled how amazing his touch was, and she felt dampness from her pussy. The wickedness of listening to him talk dirty on the phone was working to get her insides clenching for more.

“You’re the sexiest woman I’ve ever laid eyes on. The first thing I’m going to do is to kiss you until you think you’re going to pass out.”

Jessie chewed on her lower lip, imagining his mouth pressing there. “Uh-huh.”

“Then I’m going to suck on your neck, feeling your pulse quicken.”

Even on the phone, Jackson's virility worked to get her hot and bothered.

"Oh, sweetheart. Your skin tastes amazing."

Closing her eyes, she put her free hand up to her neck where he promised to kiss her.

"I'm going to spend some time on your flawless breasts. Fuck, I love them."

Jessie moved her hand down to her chest, remembering how his callous hands felt on her skin.

"I will suck on those pretty little nipples until you think you'll go mad."

She touched her bits of flesh with her fingers, pretending they were his lips.

"You still with me, darlin'?"

"Y-yes." Then she moaned as she tweaked her nipple.

"Sweetheart, I'm on fire for you. Fuck."

Her breaths came faster and faster as she played with her chest. "W-what next, J-Jackson? Don't stop talking. Please."

"I'm going to lick every inch of your body until you beg me to take you. But I will hold back until I'm certain you're insane with cravings. You'll cry out for me to take you, and still, I won't enter your tight, pretty cunt."

"T-take me. Please." She moved her hands over her belly and thighs.

"Not yet. Not until you're clawing my back, thinking you can't take another second of my wicked teasing."

"G-God!" She leaned back into her pillow, writhing on the bed.

"Tell me, Jessie. Are you good and wet for me?"

She touched her mound and found she was. "Uh-huh."

Jackson's breathing was erratic and labored, but he continued his dirty talk, thrilling her beyond reason. "I'm going to lap up every drop of your sweet cream."

"G-God! I-I'm close." Her fingers splayed through her swollen

pussy.

“Good girl. Touch your clit, now. Think of me.”

She obeyed and pressed on the bundle of nerves. An image of Jackson on top of her, plundering her insides with his cock whirled in her mind. She could almost feel his weight on top of her. She clutched her cell, and continued flattening out her clit.

“*Fuck!*” Jackson yelled through the phone.

Everything inside her went kablooey, detonating every cell in her body. Her womb convulsed and carnal sensations took her on a ride. Her body shook like a leaf in the wind, and she screamed her lover’s name over and over. “Jackson! Jackson! Jackson!”

* * * *

“Sweetheart, are you awake?” Jackson whispered.

Jessie stirred. Her cell was still to her ear. The orgasm had sent her to the moon and back, and she’d drifted off as the last of the climatic vibrations weakened. Who knew phone sex could be so amazing? “I am. How long have I been out?”

“Thirty minutes.”

“You didn’t hang up?”

“No, sweetheart. I wanted to say goodnight.” That he’d waited made her feel so special.

“That’s sweet.”

“Darlin’, I’m really glad you’re spending time with Phoenix.”

She stiffened. “You are?” Did Jackson have any sincere feelings for her at all?

“Yes.”

None of what he said made sense. “I don’t understand how. Surely, you know your brother wants more from me than just a dinner partner. Don’t I mean something to you more than a cheap thrill?” Angry tears welled up in her eyelids.

“Jessie, of course you do.”

“Then why are you willing to let me be with a guy who clearly has more in mind with me than being a chaperone?”

“It’s not what you think.”

“Really? I’m listening.”

“Know this, I love you. Are you enjoying being with us?”

“Yes, but—”

“But nothing. It’s pleasurable for you. Just go with it.”

“Perhaps you say that to all the women you guys share.”

“I’ve never said that to any woman. You’re the one and only.”

Could he be telling the truth? Jessie longed to confess her love to him, too, but she was scared. If she did, she wondered if he would eventually crush her heart. So, she remained silent.

“You deserve to know everything, but it’s too much to share over the phone. Do you trust me?”

God help her, she did. “I guess so.”

“Then just go with it. You’ve been denied so much pleasure your whole life. You’re in Wilde now. We specialize in pleasure. Let go. If I believed that anything would displease you, I would stop it. But I know better. Nothing short of happiness is what you deserve. Phoenix has only your best interest in mind, I promise. No matter what happens, you will always be mine.”

“I want to believe that. I really do.”

“Trust me, darlin’, you will.”

* * * *

Phoenix’s cell rang, pulling him from sleep. “Hello.”

“We have to tell Jessie the truth about our family.” Jackson’s voice sounded anxious.

“Lil’ bro, we can’t tell her. She’s just not ready.” He looked at the clock. Two thirty-five in the morning.

“I just got off the phone with her. She’s not stupid.”

Phoenix nodded. “Boy, do I know that.”

“I can’t keep this up. Plus, she’s pushing for answers. She’s too smart. She’ll figure out the whole story all by herself in time.”

“That’s very true, but we need to wait a bit longer before we come completely clean.” It was hard for Phoenix to keep anything from Jessie, but he knew it was for the best. “There’s more to her story than we know. Someone hurt her really bad. If we unload the whole thing about our family on her, she’ll bolt.”

“And if we keep the truth from her, she’ll also bolt,” Jackson argued.

“Listen, if the plan is going to work, we have to make sure she’s ready to hear us out. Jessie is amazing, but even she needs to warm up to the idea of marrying five brothers. Plus, we have to get her ready for Austin. Dallas and I plan on taking her up to his tree.”

“I wish I could be there. Go easy on her, Phoenix. I’m not sure she’ll be up for that.”

“Dallas thinks she will. So does Denver. You and I have only dabbled that way.”

“More than dabbled, bro. I’ve been to The Masters’ Chamber.”

Phoenix laughed. “Only once or twice. We stuck out like sore thumbs.”

“Dallas knows his way around the club, but he’s pretty new to the scene, too.”

“Yes, but he’s into it. He was even thinking about trying to pass the test to be one of the club Doms before he met Jessie. I think he’s reconsidering that now with her in the picture.”

“I sure hope so. Well, I really wish Denver were going to be there at Austin’s tree with you guys. He isn’t as serious about it as our big bro, but he knows his stuff.”

“Well, the dads want him up there with you to take a look at the site.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“So, we’re good about waiting to tell Jessie?”

“Okay, but keep me up to date. I should be home in the next few

days.”

“Will do.”

* * * *

Jessie stood up from the hotel’s only sofa in the lobby when Phoenix walked in the door. He’d brought her back to the hotel over an hour ago with the promise of a nice dinner. She’d agreed, under a little protest, wondering if being seen in town with him might stir up trouble. But she was hungry and really wanted to clear her head, believing a nice meal might do the trick. He’d promised to take her somewhere away from the prying eyes of the citizens of Wilde.

As he walked over to her, he waved at Maude, who sat behind the counter. She wore a green muumuu and typed frantically on a laptop.

“You working all night again, Aunt Maude?” Jackson asked.

The woman nodded. “Where are you taking Ms. Greene?”

“I’m not telling. You’d have it posted on Facebook before we were out the door. Besides, we don’t want people knowing our business.”

“You mean all the time you’re spending together?”

Jessie felt a chill cover her body. “Maude, it’s not what you think,” she lied. But it was exactly what the woman thought, and Jessie knew it, too.

“Hun, it’s none of my business. You’re my guest. That’s all I know.” Maude winked. “Besides, you two look great together.”

Jessie felt her shoulders relax. “Thank you.”

“Go have fun, kids.”

“We will.” Phoenix turned to her and grabbed her hand. Warmth shot up her arm and through her body. “You ready to go?” Every word that came out of his sexy mouth warmed Jessie up. His strength and vigor was evident in every syllable.

“Yes, I am.” She looked back at Maude, who was staring intently at the laptop screen. Then she turned to face Phoenix. “Do you mind

if we don't hold hands outside?"

He released her hand, and she instantly missed his touch. "I mind, but if that's what you want, I'll consent until we're in my truck."

She nodded, knowing how foolish it was to agree to his demand but wanting to submit to him with all her heart. "Okay."

"Follow me, angel."

They walked out of the hotel and headed to his truck parked across the street.

The sun hung low in the sky. She was glad to be out from under the mine and in the open. When they got to his truck, Phoenix opened the door for her. He was a rugged cowboy, a talented artist, and a wicked lover. But he was also a gentleman. *I might as well throw in the towel. No woman can resist this man, at least not one like me.* Holding back anything from him would be out of reach of her skill.

She hopped up into his truck. She watched him walk back to the driver's door. He opened it and got in the cab.

"You don't have to sit so far away." He patted the middle of the bench seat, urging her to move closer. "I want to have you within easy touching distance."

"Someone might see." Jessie looked around the street. There were only a few people out, and none were looking at them, thank God. That could change in a flash if she moved to the center of the cab. "We have to keep things quiet. You will do that for me, won't you?"

His eyes narrowed, giving her a sinking feeling. Finally, he nodded. "I will."

She felt the weight of her worry lift. "Thank you, cowboy."

"But the second we get out of town, I want you next to me. No arguments, understand?"

"Yes." She wanted to be near him, too. More than wanted...craved. "Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise. I hope you're hungry, Jessie."

She realized she hadn't eaten in several hours. "I am. Starving actually."

“Good. I’ve got something special in mind for you.”

When they passed Carlotta’s Liquor Store and Tarot Card Reading Room, Jessie moved next to Phoenix. She closed her eyes and leaned her head into his chest. His body felt good and sturdy—male.

Phoenix clicked on his iPod connected to the radio. A country ballad filled the cab of the truck, and Jessie hummed with the tune. She began to relax. The day had been harrowing. Some food and a little rest was what she needed.

After about fifteen minutes of driving on a dirt road, they came up the hill, where a large oak tree stood alone. Phoenix parked the truck a few steps away from the tree. To one side of the oak, a large blue blanket cloaked the ground. In the middle of the covering was a wicker basket surrounded by some pillows.

“Phoenix, you did this?” she asked as they stepped out of the truck.

He smiled. “I thought you might enjoy a private picnic more than a busy restaurant. I have crackers, fruit, cheeses, and a bottle of Chardonnay.”

She wrapped her arms around his neck. “It’s perfect.”

He hugged her tight. Then they settled down on the blanket to enjoy the feast he had prepared for her. It was an excellent meal. Sliced apples, strawberries, blueberries, bananas, Gouda cheese, and more. The wine tasted fresh and sweet on her lips. After consuming about half the contents of the basket, she settled back, satiated.

Phoenix stared at her in a way that caused butterflies to flutter in her belly. “So, what did you think of Austin?”

“He was...a bit intense.”

Phoenix stroked her hair. “It’s a good description of him.”

“Has he always been this way?”

Her cowboy kissed her cheek, and she began to feel warm and fuzzy. “Jessie, let’s talk about Austin another time.” His lips pressed against her ear as his hands wandered over her body.

“But you’re the one who brought him up.”

“God, you’re one smart cookie. Guilty. I did bring him up, but let’s not think about the mine, my brother, or anything else. Right now, I just want to focus on you, angel.” He started stroking her hair. “This feel good?”

It did. She held up her hands in surrender. “All right, cowboy. What do you have in mind?”

He kissed her cheek. “I think you know, Jessie.” His hands cupped her breasts over her shirt, and he began massaging until her nipples throbbed. His lips grazed her neck, sending a rocket of heat down to her core. This man knew how to bring out sensations in her.

“Maybe, but that doesn’t mean we should,” she protested.

“Oh, yes. We should. We will.” Phoenix licked her neck and continued gently kneading her chest. “You like this, angel?”

“Very much.” She giggled. The breeze was warm and felt good against her skin. As he stripped her of her blouse and bra, Jessie felt a wicked delight at being exposed outdoors. Thankfully, there wasn’t a soul within several miles of them anywhere. They were secluded and wonderfully alone. Phoenix sucked on her breasts until her nipples peaked and ached. Desire welled up inside her like an inferno. His tongue circled her nipple then he captured the bit of flesh between his teeth. Jessie let out an involuntary yelp. The tiny bit of pain erupted into an amazing, intense pleasure. He bathed her chest until she was pounding the blanket with her fist.

He came up from his meal of her. As he fixed his gaze on her, she saw his eyes sparkle. “You’re amazing, Jessie. Beautiful. Intelligent. I find it hard to believe that you remained a virgin for so long. Men must have been clamoring for you.”

Jessie tensed. She pushed him away.

He frowned. “I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“You didn’t. It’s just that I’m a bit sensitive about that topic.”

“Why?” The softness of his tone undid her.

How could she hold back the truth about Michael? “I was engaged. He turned out to be gay. I should’ve known, but I was a

fool.”

Phoenix pulled her close and squeezed. “Angel, you’re no fool. I’m sure you had your reasons. Besides, if he never told you, how could you have known?”

“He never wanted to go all the way, Phoenix. Sure, he took a blowjob from me from time to time, and he would finger my pussy. But he never wanted to have sex. That should’ve been my first clue.”

“Sweetheart, I’m glad you saved yourself, even if it was for the wrong guy. If you hadn’t, every red-blooded male you ran into would’ve tried to get you between the sheets. I like that you’ve only been with me and my brothers. You’re the sexiest, most intelligent, amazing woman I know.”

He kissed her, and her past faded out of her mind. She didn’t care about Manhattan, Michael, her job, or anything. Phoenix wanted her, completely. That was all that mattered to her at this moment.

He unbuttoned her jeans and had her out of her bra and panties, totally naked for all of nature to see. He kissed her belly button until want burned from his lips through her soaked pussy. His hands touched every part of her body except between her legs. It was as if he was saving the best for last. But with every graze of his fingertips over her skin, her body went higher and higher, hotter and hotter. Even breathing was becoming difficult and labored, sounding more like shallow gasping. Her pussy ached to be filled by his cock.

She took in a lungful of air and slowly turned to Phoenix. His stare lingered on her breasts, causing little tiny trembles to come to life inside her. The ache in her core grew like an inferno.

“Angel, you’re fucking unbelievable.” His voice was husky, laden with want.

Jessie felt helpless against the desire that pulled inside her pussy. She craved for him to plunder her, unable to resist the internal onslaught as Phoenix gently pinned her shoulders to the blanket with his large hands.

“Angel, you’re fucking unbelievable.” His eyes were full of lust.

Phoenix pressed his mouth to hers, plundering it with his tongue. His kiss shouted that he meant to possess her, and she parted her lips, signaling sweet surrender. She closed her eyes, feeling the kiss down into her very center. Instantly, moisture poured out of her pussy, soaking her silky panties.

When their kiss ended, he threaded his fingers in her hair, stroking ever so tenderly.

"I'm not sure about this, Phoenix." As much as she wanted him right now, confusion took hold of her. She'd started down a slippery slope her first night in Wilde. Was it too late to hit the brakes?

"But I am sure about how I feel about you, Jessie." He leaned down and began nibbling on her neck.

With his free hand, he massaged her chest, causing her nipples to peak more. "What if someone comes upon us?"

"Who in the hell would that be? And if they did, they would see one gorgeous woman and one very lucky man. No loss, no foul."

Jessie looked deep into Phoenix's eyes. There was no refusing the passion in them. But she had to try. "I feel odd about this."

"Why?" He lifted an eyebrow.

"What would Jackson think?"

"You've got to let that go. Did he sound jealous on the phone?"

"No."

His lips turned up into a wicked grin. "Angel, he would be thrilled that I was giving you pleasure. You have to believe that. You don't think it's an exclusive arrangement between you and him?"

"Not really." The only promise Jackson had made to her was to keep their relationship secret. But would he really understand her giving in to Phoenix's advances? Probably. Phoenix knew him better than she did. "But they way you guys share women... it's so unusual. Am I just the latest flavor of the month?"

"Hardly. When I look in your eyes I see my destiny, my forever."

She gulped. "Should I trust a cowboy-artist who sounds a lot like a poet, too? I'm probably being played, but I'm too inexperienced to

know.”

“I’m not playing you. I swear. Don’t worry, angel. I’ll make sure to keep my hands on the wheel. You just enjoy the ride.”

Anticipating what he was about to do to her, a shiver ran up her spine. He pressed his index finger to her lips and then trailed down her chin, down her throat between her breasts, down her stomach, circling her belly button, and down until it hit her clit. Her pussy clenched. Being exposed outdoors and being touched by him evaporated every care or concern. All she wanted was for him to never stop.

“Listen to me, Jessie. I’m gonna make you want this more than you can imagine. I will take my time. Anticipation enhances the pleasure.” With every syllable, his fingers pressed on different parts of her body—her clit, her folds, her nipples, the soft tissue under her arms. The feel of his muscular body against hers brought on a flood of emotions. She licked her lips, feeling a hunger to be possessed by him. Fire rolled through her, searing all doubt and resistance.

Phoenix’s breath warmed her neck. Her body vibrated hot, unable to be still. He stood up and stripped off his clothes, exposing every inch of his sexy, muscled body for her eyes to enjoy. Looking up at him, he looked like a conqueror from antiquity ready to take his spoils. In a flash, he was back next to her, placing his hands on her waist. He gently urged her on her side to face him. His hazel eyes burned with lust.

A bit of nervousness took hold of her, so she placed her hands against his chest, hoping to slow things down and get a bit of clarity.

“I’m here for you, angel.” He smiled, causing her to tremble. “You look good in this light.”

The sun was dipping down below the horizon. His skin looked like bronze. She wanted to taste his beautiful lips again. “So do you.”

He moved his hand to her thigh and began caressing her skin. She watched his other hand pull out a little foil package from the front pocket of his discarded jeans. He ripped it open and released the

contraceptive it held. He then rolled the condom down his erect dick.

Her heart hammered in her chest, and her nerve endings fired like machine guns.

Chapter Eight

Phoenix cupped Jessie's chin, pulled her close, and pressed his lips against hers. Need flooded into him as her fingernails scratched the back of his neck. He plunged his tongue into her wet, soft mouth. Tasting her lips had his dick lengthening and his balls loading up. No woman had ever impacted him like Jessie. She'd captured his every waking thought. He wanted her more and more. If possession was nine-tenths of the law, he planned on using that to his advantage when it came to her. There was no other woman for him, save her.

She moaned into his mouth, letting him know she was really enjoying their outdoor lovemaking. Sure, he was the one with all the experience, but everything he'd done before her paled to what he'd enjoyed with her. Experienced or not, Jessie was the sexiest woman he'd ever been with.

He latched on to her breasts with his hands and began caressing them gently.

"That feels good." Her head tilted back.

Phoenix leaned down and sucked hard on her left nipple, making her sigh.

He slid his hand down her naked abdomen. "Spread your legs wide for me, angel."

She bit her lip, then parted her legs.

"Your pussy is so beautiful, Jessie. You getting wet for me?"

Her eyes widened, and she nodded.

"Let me make sure you're telling the truth." He kissed his way down her soft breasts, circling both of her taut nipples. Farther down, he went to her stomach, lingering at her navel. He loved feeling her

shiver against his lips. “You want me to taste your cream, angel?”

“Uh-huh.” She closed her eyes and fisted the blanket.

He moved his hands to her thighs and parted her legs more. Leaning down, he kissed her mound, enjoying the taste of her juices on his lips. Moving to her little hood, he tongued it lightly.

“G-God!”

Capturing her clit between his lips, he moved a finger into her slick channel, rubbing the spot high and inside her front wall. Her skin flushed with heat, and her lips quivered. Her channel tightened around his finger like a vise.

“You want to come for me, don’t you?”

“Y-Yes,” she panted.

He shot his tongue deep into her slit, and he tasted her hot liquid.

Feeling her arch her back off the blanket and wrap her legs around his head, his lust multiplied. Lapping up her cream, he felt her writhe against his mouth, pressing into him with an urgency that thrilled him beyond anything he’d ever felt before.

“Y-Yes!” she yelled.

Her pleasure was his reward, and it had his cock expanded and stretched to the limit. Phoenix pulled Jessie’s legs off of his head and climbed up her torso until his dick touched her wet, swollen folds.

He gazed into her eyes. “I’m going to fill your sweet, tight cunt with my dick until you’re screaming my name and begging for more.”

She blinked. “Oh, God.”

Feeling her writhing under him had him hot with lust. He moved the tip of his dick just inside her cunt. “You’re so fucking tight. God, so good.”

“Ohhh...”

“Here’s some more of my cock for you to clench with your pussy.” Phoenix moved another inch in, knowing the slow going would drive her mad.

“Y-Yes, G-God!”

“Want some more of me inside you, angel?”

“Yes. Oh, yes. I want all of it.”

“I know you do, but going slow is going to blow your mind.” As much as he wanted to drill into her with his entire shaft, he didn’t. He wanted to give her the most pleasure he could deliver. So, he pushed about half his cock into her insides, providing an amazing result. Jessie writhed under him. He could feel her cunt clamp around his cock. “Yes, Jessie. Take hold of me inside you.”

No longer able to curb his hunger, he gave his lust free rein. He filled her pussy up with his dick, plunging into her all the way. Then he began moving in and out of her body, one hungry thrust after another.

Her fingernails sank into his shoulders. His need to let go consumed him. No more holding back.

“Phoenix! Yess!”

He loved hearing her voice, especially when she was coming with his name on her lips. He watched as her mouth opened and tears streamed from her eyes. He could feel her convulsing against him as her orgasm rocketed through her.

Seeing her in such ecstasy was too much for him to continue to delay coming. Like an explosion, he thrust forward and shot into her.

“That was amazing, Phoenix.” She continued to shiver, and he pulled her in tight to him. She closed her eyes. He loved everything about her. Now, he knew that his youngest brother was right. Jessie was *the one* for him and his brothers.

Phoenix heard Dallas’s truck approaching. With her eyes still closed, Jessie sighed, seemingly unaware they were no longer alone. Clearly, she wasn’t asleep, but she wasn’t fully awake either.

Dallas, Denver, and Austin would come to know that Jessie was the woman for all of them. Dallas and Denver were already leaning that way, having been with her a couple of times. Austin would be the hardest to convince. He’d always said that the brothers would never be able to find a woman that would take to his bedroom tastes. Like his other brothers, Phoenix believed that once they married, Austin

would one day leave Wilde forever.

That would kill them all. The plan was to get Jessie trained in the ways of sex, including Austin's style of sexual roles of dominant and submissive, or as his elder brother dubbed it, D/s. Phoenix had played at it but wasn't really versed. Though not as skilled as Austin, Denver had some talent in that department but couldn't make tonight's *lesson*. Dallas knew some about BDSM and had eagerly agreed to meet him at Austin's special tree to introduce Jessie to another side of sex. Phoenix looked up at the two metal rings attached to the large branch.

Suddenly, Jessie sat up. "I hear a truck."

"Yes, angel. Someone is coming for you."

Chapter Nine

Jessie's gut rolled like a carnival ride, twisting and turning. A truck was fast approaching the naughty picnic she and Phoenix had been enjoying. She tried to grab her clothes, but he held her tight. "What are you doing? Let me have my things."

"No. You're going to like what we have planned for you, angel." He kissed her hair.

"I doubt that." Outdoor sex in this remote spot with Phoenix had been amazing, but now they weren't going to be alone. Her voice shook in her throat. "Who's coming?"

"You'll see."

When the big Ford Super Duty pulled up and came to a stop, she saw Dallas inside the cab wearing a cat's-got-the-mouse grin.

Nervousness spread through her, accompanied by strong desire. There was no sense in denying that she liked having more than one man at a time. She did. But how long would opportunity come knocking? *Not forever*. She'd hoped if she scratched the itch enough, the desire would disappear, or at the very least it would fade. So far it hadn't.

Many more of these kinds of sexual escapades would likely end in heartache for her. *Time for me to get real*.

Dallas got out of his truck and tossed his signature white cowboy hat in the seat of the cab. He reached in and pulled out what looked like a suitcase. Then he went to the bed of his truck, grabbing a mini ladder in his other hand. His dark, razor-cut hair gave him a dangerous appeal. As he stepped forward carrying the items, his green-eyed stare captured her gaze. He looked massive and hot-

blooded. Near him she felt small and vulnerable.

She pleaded, "Phoenix, I want to get dressed."

"I'm not ready to let you go." He stroked her neck with the flat of his tongue.

"Looks like you two had some fun. Mind if I join in?" Dallas asked.

She turned to Phoenix. "He's kidding, right?"

"No."

"So you guys are really into this tag-team thing. I can only imagine how many times you've done this sort of activity together." The idea of these two being with other women didn't sit well with her.

She felt Phoenix pull her in tighter. "What happened before doesn't matter. I don't care about your past. You shouldn't care about ours."

"It's our job to make sure she doesn't, bro. Let's get started. She's going to love this."

"There's no need to rush her, Dallas."

"True. We need to tell her what to expect. Set some ground rules." Dallas sat the suitcase down. "Besides, I've got to set some things up before we begin."

She swallowed hard. "What things?"

"That's not your worry, sweetheart." Phoenix's commanding tone undid her, detonating hot bombs throughout her body.

Dallas pulled two chains with metal clamps on each of their ends out of the suitcase. She watched him open up the ladder under a large branch of the tree. He clamped the chains to two metal rings that were permanently attached to the oak. She hadn't noticed the rings before. The chains hung loose, and Dallas folded up the ladder, returning to the suitcase.

"Guys, this is nuts."

Phoenix cupped her chin. "Jessie, relax."

"Hard to do knowing you mean to restrain me." She clenched her

jaw.

“Angel, have I led you wrong? Haven’t you enjoyed everything we’ve done?”

“Yes, but—”

“But nothing. You’re a woman with needs. You kept yourself for a man who didn’t want you. Tonight, you have two that desire you very much. I want you to experience every side of sex that can give you pleasure. This might work for you. It might not. But how will you know if you don’t try?”

More items came out of Dallas’s suitcase onto the blanket by her feet. Dildos. Vibrators. Lubricant. Condoms. And several things Jessie didn’t recognize.

“I’m not sure about this.”

Dallas knelt down on the other side of Phoenix. “You will be. Phoenix is new to this, too, so I’ll be your primary guide. First, you need a safe word. Have you heard about that before?”

“I’m from Manhattan. Of course, I have.” Some of Michael’s friends she’d met recently were into the gay leather scene. They’d been happy to tell her all about their lifestyle. She’d been more than a bit intrigued by it. Now, she figured the rules must be similar in the heterosexual world of domination and bondage.

“Sassy. I like. But you’re going to get into trouble if you give us too much lip, love.” Dallas stood up. “This is going to be really fun for all of us, but especially you, Jessie.”

“I haven’t agreed to anything yet.”

Dallas held what looked like wristbands in his hands, but there was a metal ring attached to them. “There’s one thing we do agree on.”

She tried to frown, but couldn’t. “What’s that?”

“We all want you dripping with desire, right?”

Phoenix kissed her cheek then shot her a lusty grin. “I know I do.”

Her pussy got really damp, and the last of her defiance ducked out. *One more scratch from these wicked brothers surely will be*

enough to hold me for the rest of my life. “So, what do I have to do?” If tonight didn’t alleviate her growing unconventional urges, so be it. She would learn to resist.

Dallas nodded. “Good girl. We’ll instruct you. First, stand up.”

Phoenix helped her to her feet, keeping his hands on her waist. “I promise we will keep you safe. No matter what.”

Newborn tingles danced inside her. She’d only come to realize her desire for more than one man at a time. Now they were tempting her with some dominance play. Could she really respond to what they were offering?

Dallas placed cuffs on both her wrists. “Let’s establish your safe word. It needs to be something we all will remember, no matter what is going on. It can’t be sexual in any way. Also, don’t pick a word you would use often. *No* is not a good word for this, neither is *stop*. Do you have something in mind, or do you want me to choose a word for you?”

“Sure. How about *Alaska*?” Something that said cold and freezing. Made sense to her.

“Good choice, Jessie. Phoenix, you got it?”

“Yes.”

“Great. Jessie, if you say the safe word, we stop whatever we’re doing. We will remove any restraints or toys. Phoenix and I will stop everything. You take whatever time you need to process what happened. When you’re comfortable to talk about what went wrong, we will listen. If you don’t feel like talking about it, we won’t pressure you.”

“So the safe word will always work, no matter what?”

“Yes. Our job is to push you to find your limit, but not beyond it. We do this by observing your responses to what we do to you. For instance...” Dallas reached out and pinched both her nipples hard.

Jessie winced and thought about testing him with her safe word but didn’t. She knew he wasn’t lying, and just knowing she could halt everything with one word took away her apprehension. Besides, she

wanted to find her limits with these two sexy cowboys. She wasn't sure how far she could go, but she was excited to find out. The Wilde brothers were opening her up to a whole new range of sexual possibilities.

The sting of his hold on her breasts' nubbins had her chewing on her lip. Desire began to spring from the ache.

Dallas released her, and she could feel her pulse throbbing in her nipples.

"How did I do?"

"Good, love." Dallas's stare mesmerized her.

"You're a fast learner, angel." Phoenix slid his hand down her back.

Gooseflesh popped up on her skin and warmth shot through her core. "Do I get an A?"

Dallas grabbed her hands. "You're being really flippant. I think you need a spanking. Don't you?"

She shrugged but secretly hoped to feel his hand on her naked backside.

He frowned. "From now until we say the session is over, answer us with *yes* or *no*, followed by *Sir*. Understand?"

She decided to go the gambit with them on this. "Yes, Sir."

"Excellent. Phoenix, is she nice and wet for us?"

Phoenix's hand covered her mound. "Sure is. She's amazing."

The anticipation of being naked with both of them kept her from breathing calmly. She felt completely turned on.

Phoenix whispered in her ear. "You're sure about this?"

Jessie's insides pulsed violently. "I want it."

Instantly, Dallas pulled her to the dangling chains. Before she could protest, he lifted her wrists and attached the cuffs. Though she could move enough to bend her elbows a bit, her arms remained above her head.

Dallas bent down so that she was face-to-face with him. "What did you do wrong, love?"

Her heart thudded in her chest. *I did something wrong? What?*
“I’m not sure.”

He moved behind her and landed his palm on her ass. The sting instantly focused her attention and also reached her in a deep place of desire.

“You forgot to say *Sir*, love.”

“Yes, Sir. I’m sorry, Sir.”

“Don’t talk unless given permission.”

Jessie obeyed him and didn’t speak.

“Look, Phoenix. Isn’t she beautiful this way?”

“Fuck, yeah. She’s gorgeous.”

A tremble of delight shook her whole body.

Dallas touched her legs lightly with his fingertips. “I’m going to get your mind quieted, love. That’s what paralyzes you. I want you totally spent from pleasure until you collapse from exhaustion.”

Jessie felt her breath catch in her chest and her pulse race as Dallas raked his nails over her backside.

Dallas’s hand came around from behind and he cupped her breasts. He pinched her nipples, which were still throbbing from his earlier treatment. “Gotta get you good and wet for me and Phoenix.” Then his hand curved between her legs and under her body, caressing her mound. His fingers pressed in her swollen folds. “I want you blindfolded.”

“I’m not—”

Dallas covered her mouth with his hand. “Naughty, love. No talking unless spoken to. That earned you a nice spanking. Now, I sense hesitation about the blindfold. Don’t worry. I want to control your stimulus to enhance your experience. Do you trust me about that, love?”

Every time he called her *love*, her body quaked with joy. “Yes, Sir.”

“Now you’re getting into it. Excellent.” Dallas produced a blindfold from his jean pocket and placed it over her eyes.

“Can you see anything, Jessie?”

“No.” The sting of his open hand on her ass smarted but got her to attention. “I mean, no, Sir!”

“That’s our girl. Phoenix, hand me that paddle.”

Paddle? She braced herself for what was to come with her safe word ready on her tongue.

“How many whacks are you going to give her?” Phoenix’s concern was evident in his tone. That pleased her so much.

“She’s too smart to let her know. This will work better if she doesn’t know. Bit by bit, she’ll stop counting, stop thinking, and start enjoying.”

“I don’t know about that.” Phoenix sounded confused.

“Trust me, bro. I know what I’m doing.” Dallas’s mouth brushed against her ear. “No climaxing until we say so. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” The words felt honest and sincere on her lips. She wasn’t acting, playing a part. This was real, and she loved it.

“I have a question for her.” Phoenix’s voice was filled with hunger.

“Jessie, whatever my brother or I command, you will obey?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And you will answer any questions from us?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Ask away, bro.”

Phoenix kissed her neck. “Jessie, I’m okay with this as long as you are really enjoying yourself. Are you?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Brace yourself, love.” Dallas chewed on her ear. “I’ve got more smacks to deliver on your gorgeous ass.”

Oh, God! The expectancy of what he was about to do sent shivers rocketing through her. Jessie bit her lip, readying herself for his punishment.

“I can’t wait to turn those fleshy mounds a pretty pink.” Dallas continued his torturous words. “She wants it bad, Phoenix.”

It sounded to her as if Dallas was removing his clothes. God, she wanted to see his naked body. Still, she was able to bring an image of his massive muscles to her mind. Dallas's slaps came down on her buttocks deliberately, one after another. Her safe word danced behind her lips, but she held it back. She wanted to prove to them how strong she was, how brave. Her body heated with every smack, and her mind drifted to a quiet place.

"Fuck, you're awesome, love."

Phoenix stated, "Told you, bro."

She felt what she knew to be Phoenix's hands gently massage her chest. Liquid spilled out of her pussy.

"You want more, love?"

She needed to feel the sting again. "Yes, Sir. Please, Sir."

He paddled her ass, one cheek at a time, hitting a different spot on each cheek. She felt the rush of blood to her face as he replaced the paddle with his hand.

"You have the perfect ass, Jessie." Dallas's voice deepened with hunger.

"Everything about her is perfect." Phoenix kissed her.

"Kisses should come later," Dallas instructed.

"Right. I forgot. But look at her lips. You can't blame me."

"Hell no. Besides, this is just lesson one. We can let some things slide with this sexy vixen."

She loved them talking about her, loved the feeling of her bare backside exposed for these men. Her clit swelled. Her mind whirled in a wonderful, blissful place.

"Phoenix, your turn to punish this naughty girl. We've got to let her know who is boss."

Her stomach flip-flopped. Would he do it? She hoped so.

"Don't you think she's had enough of that?"

"Love, do you want my brother to spank you?"

"Y-Yes, Sir!"

"Okay, then." Phoenix's tone lowered to a steamy level.

“Whatever she wants, I’m happy to give.”

“Excellent, bro. She’s up for it. Aren’t you, love?” Dallas’s fingers grazed her clit, melting her to the core.

“Yes, Sir!” She needed the pain to focus her mind.

“Good girl.”

Her body buzzed with heat. Then she felt the smack on her ass, conveying another splendid sting. Tears of passion flew from her eyes from Phoenix’s wonderful strikes.

The burning that had begun from the spankings spread out through her body. A sweet subspace seized her. After a half dozen smacks, the paddling ended.

Dallas’s tone deepened with heat. “Let’s take her to the edge, bro.”

Phoenix massaged her bottom, while kissing her back. Dallas pressed on her clit. Her body shook as her climax took hold of her.

“Jessie, now! Come for me and Phoenix.”

Her clit swelled, and dizziness shook her. She thrust forward into Dallas’s fingers on her clit, shaking the chains that held her. Her womb quaked, and a jolt shot through her as she gave in to her orgasm.

She felt like a wet noodle. The brothers removed her blindfold. She saw that they’d lit a kerosene lantern while she’d been unable to see, which bathed the area in light. Both cowboys were naked with long, condom-sheathed cocks standing at attention.

“Love, I’m going to apply some salve to your sweet ass. Okay?”

“Yes, Sir.”

The lotion he applied felt warm and soothing. Though odd, she knew she would gladly tolerate more spankings from Dallas if she’d get to feel his loving, tender touch afterward.

“Let’s get your arms down, too.” Dallas removed one chain while Phoenix did the same with the other. “That’s it, bro. Now, massage her arm. Get the blood flowing again.”

Phoenix rubbed her arm until it was nice and warm. “Let’s move

back to the blanket.”

Dallas finished massaging her other arm. “Good idea.”

In a split second, they had her on the blanket between them. Both men worked her over with their hands, heating her up all over again. Their dicks hardened against her thighs.

Phoenix faced her. “God, you’re so beautiful.”

Dallas was behind her, skimming his hands up and down her back. She felt him apply lubricant to her ass ring.

Phoenix pushed her legs wide then fingered her into a frenzy. She fisted the blanket as their treatment drove her to the edge. He latched his mouth on to her nipples. Jessie closed her eyes as the men took her higher and higher. Dallas and Phoenix found her desirable. They wanted her. And she wanted them.

“I’m going to fuck your gorgeous ass, love. Bro, you going to get into her pretty pussy?”

“You bet, I am.”

Dallas moved down until his lips kissed her ass’s entrance, and then his tongue explored until she thought she might faint. Soon he was applying more lube and probing her with his fingers. The more he stretched her, the more Jessie craved to have both their dicks inside her.

Dallas took one of the vibrators, a blue one, and turned it on. She listened to its hypnotic buzzing. He placed it between her ass cheeks. The pulsation of the thing heated her up and drove her mad. When he pushed it into her ass, she tensed. Her insides burned and stretched.

“Shh. I’m going to go slow. Don’t worry. You can take this. Right?”

“Yes, Sir.” He moved the wicked device in and out of her, inching forward into her depths bit by bit. Soon her hurt faded and her desire grew. As she took most of the toy, she licked her lips. Her head lolled from side to side as she moaned.

“I’m gotta get inside her, Dallas.”

“You ready for him, love?”

She panted, “Y-yes, Sir.”

Phoenix drove his cock into her pussy, filling her up completely. He pumped in and out of her channel. He rolled onto his back, pulling her along the way, keeping his cock secured inside her.

Dallas removed the vibrator. “Didn’t that feel good?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He moved into position to take her from behind. “You ready for my cock, love?”

She felt the tip of his dick at her backside.

“Yes, Sir.”

Without waiting, he pushed his cock into her ass. There was pain, but it faded away after a bit, leaving Jessie with extreme desire. In no time, the Wilde brothers moved in and out of her body, filling her up.

Their invasion caused her hips to move instinctively. Need seized her entire being. The more they plundered her pussy and ass with their cocks, the more overwhelmed she became from the wild sensations galloping through her core.

She loved how she felt, loved them being inside her. Loved their domination of her.

Dallas continued sending his dick into her backside, while Phoenix worked over her pussy with his.

“I’m about to come,” Dallas growled from behind.

Phoenix breathed fast. “Me, too. Jessie, I want you to come, right now.”

“Y-Yes, Sir!” Her climax came like a lightning bolt that sparked every nerve ending to fire.

Both Phoenix and Dallas shot their loads.

Jessie quaked for several minutes with her slowly fading orgasm. The men rolled back on their sides with her in between. She looked at Phoenix, his eyes half-lidded with lust, his body glistening from his sexual heat. He’d helped her along the path of discovery. How had he known she would respond? The man stunned her. In no time at all, she’d fallen head over heels for him.

Chapter Ten

Jessie stood inside Carlotta's waiting for the fortune-teller and liquor store owner to emerge from behind the beaded door. She'd come to depend on the woman for her wine and advice. Phoenix had turned her life upside down and sideways. She needed perspective, and fast. She hadn't been able to reach Michael and doubted he would be unbiased in his recommendations. Carlotta was her best and only choice in Wilde.

Jessie patted the statue of Buddha that sat on the counter. "You think I'm crazy, right? Of course you do. Talking to inanimate objects. Who wouldn't?"

She was beginning to enjoy the trancelike music and the smell of burning incense in the place. She hit the antique brass counter bell again. *Where is Carlotta?*

The fortune-teller parted the beads and stepped up to the counter. In her mid-sixties, she wore a long, flowing white dress. Her black, wavy hair hung to her shoulders. The woman was a character, but very endearing.

"Jessica, I was expecting you. I hope I didn't keep you waiting too long. I was talking with my daughter on da phone."

"Don't worry about it. I haven't been here but a few minutes." Jessie was surprised she wasn't wearing the turban like the first time she'd met the woman.

Carlotta took out a pack of cigarettes from under the counter. She lit one of the nail coffins with the large lighter that sat next to the ashtray by the register. "More wine? Or are you here for a reading?"

"Both. I need both."

“Becoming a believer. Dat’s excellent.” She smashed the single-puffed cigarette into the ashtray. “First, da reading. Then da vine. Follow me, my dear.”

Jessie felt silly. Was she really stooping to this to figure out what was going on with her and the Wilde brothers? “Maybe I should take a rain check on the reading, Carlotta.”

“No. You need dis reading. I sense it.” The woman grabbed her hand and closed her eyes. Carlotta’s lips vibrated ever so slightly. Her eyes opened. “Not ready for da crystal yet, but da cards vill suffice.”

“Okay. You’re the expert.”

They walked through the beads into the room Jessie had visited before. This time, she studied the multicolored fabrics draping the walls and every other surface. They were silk and looked to be pretty expensive. In the center of the room was the small table.

“Dhere, my dear.” Carlotta pointed to one of the folding chairs at the table.

Jessie sat. The fortune-teller fell into the large, black leather wingback chair on the opposite side of the table. A small, ancient wooden cabinet was behind the woman that Jessie hadn’t noticed before. She opened one of its drawers and pulled out the tarot deck.

“Tell me vhat you vant to know, Jessica.”

She was tempted to tell her about the time she’d been spending with Phoenix and the other Wilde brothers, but she didn’t. She liked Carlotta, but didn’t want to be a part of small-town gossip, especially given her investigation was still going on. “I want to know if I’m on the wrong track, both professionally and personally.”

“Excellent inquiry for da spirits.”

“Glad to hear it.” Jessie smiled.

“Let’s see vhat da spirits tell us.” As before, Carlotta shuffled the cards several times. She patted the deck and created three piles on the table.

“I know. Don’t touch. Just point.”

The sweet soothsayer grinned. “Fast learner.”

She pointed to the deck to the left.

“You sure? Dis is the vone?”

Jessie closed her eyes. It would be great if the cards and Carlotta really could tell her what to do. Her mind whirled.

“Take your time, my dear. Make sure.”

Phoenix’s face appeared in her mind, then Jackson’s. “I just don’t know.”

“Breathe. You’re very close to knowing da vone.”

“The one on the right. That’s it.”

“Good girl. You know, I dink you’ve got a bit of da gift yourself.”

“Yeah, right.”

“Skeptics often do, you know. Okay. I tink dhree-card spread for you dis time.”

“I’m ready.” Jessie sat on the edge of her seat as Carlotta turned over three cards and placed them on the table.

“Dis shows da arc of da past, present, and future around vhat you’re curious about, my dear.” She pointed to the first card. “Dis is da Five of Cups.”

“Since it’s upside down, that means something?”

“Very fast learner indeed. Yes. Vhen reversed, it means you’ve accepted a loss. You’re trying to move on from some sadness and grief dat has held you back. Often, it means a broken relationship, but in your case, I see more. A parent, perhaps?”

Jessie’s jaw dropped, and she looked around the room, wondering if a ghost was about to show up.

“Relax, my dear. Only my guides are vith us now. No vone else. Let’s move on.”

“Yes.” She sighed. “Let’s.”

“Da middle card is vhat you vish to uncover. Dis is a very good card. Da King of Swords. Its very essence is air. Dink of a cloudless blue sky. Vhat you seek, you already know.”

“But I don’t. I’m confused.”

“Child, da King here says you are surrounded by men of action

and determination. Men with such devotion dat is incorruptible. You know dis already, but doubt.”

Images of the Wilde brothers swam in her head, sometimes wearing cowboy hats, sometimes wearing nothing at all. “Go on.”

“Mmm. Jessica, dis card is troubling. Da critical element approaching.”

“It’s reversed.”

“Yes. If it vasn’t, da Seven of Wands would be a card revealing something very different dan it does here.”

“What do you see?”

“Failure. Great challenges met with cowardice. Embarrassment. Danger. I’m so sorry, my dear.” Carlotta scooped up the cards and put them back into the cabinet.

Jessica tensed. Maybe she was becoming a believer. She’d screwed up royally. Once her boss got wind of who she’d been spending time with in Wilde, embarrassment would be the least of her troubles. “Thank you.”

“Da cards only show vhat the current path leads to. You may change da course, and da outcome might be different.”

“That’s exactly what I plan on doing. Now, I think I’m going to need two bottles of wine tonight.”

* * * *

Jessie looked again at the document she’d pulled from the file at the mine. She compared the signature with others she’d seen of Austin Wilde’s. It matched. Sure, the guy was arrogant, but she still found it hard to believe he would issue instructions to limit safety equipment in the mine to below required standards to save money. But the evidence was in her hands. A single memo with his signature.

She took a photo of it with her cell then attached a digital copy of it to the draft e-mail she was working on to update her boss about her investigation.

An hour later, all she had were three sentences:

Still working on the investigation at Wilde Mine. Attached is one piece of evidence that is pretty damaging for the management. I'll keep looking for clues that will shed more light on the accidents.

It just didn't make sense to her. Or was she just trying to fool herself? Could she be afraid of what would happen once the other Wilde brothers found out that her investigation was pointing to Austin as being responsible for the accidents at the mine? Things would never be the same. Still, something seemed fishy about this whole affair, and the eldest Wilde brother did seem capable of pretty dangerous actions.

"I've got three weeks to find out the real truth." She detached the copy of the memo. *I'll send that another time.* She deleted one sentence from her draft message to her boss. The e-mail now read:

Still working on the investigation at Wilde Mine. I'll keep looking for clues that will shed more light on the accidents.

She took a deep breath, and then pressed the *enter* key.

* * * *

Phoenix watched his mom whirl around the massive kitchen from counter to counter like a well-trained dancer.

Mary Wilde loved to cook, and this room was her favorite domain in the family's mansion. Even still, she wasn't a woman who only doted on her husbands. She had a mind of her own with modern sensibilities he'd seen time and again. She had a way with his dads that was dazzling to behold.

Her blue eyes sparkled. "I'm so glad to have at least one of my sons in this old house."

"I'm glad I came." He'd lived at the mansion until he turned eighteen and moved into his own home. So many wonderful childhood memories.

His mom placed some fresh chocolate chip cookies and a glass of milk on the table in front of him. He took a bite, relishing the sweet taste of his mother's baking.

"Tell your other brothers to pay a visit on me, will you?"

He took a sip of the cold milk. "I promise I will."

She patted him on the back and smiled. She'd turned fifty-seven on her last birthday, but she could've passed for forty. There wasn't one gray strand in her long dark hair. He'd gotten his hazel colored eyes from her.

She sat down beside him at the kitchen table. "So, tell me all about her?"

"Who?"

"Don't be coy with me. I recognize a man in love when I see one."

Was it that obvious? "You don't know her."

"I didn't think so. Sis told me about Ms. Greene."

"Maude Strong can't keep a secret to save her life."

"Don't talk about your aunt that way, young man. She sent me a message on Facebook."

"I hope she didn't post it to your wall. Nobody can keep anything private in this town."

"Well, at least not from your old mom and Aunt Maude. Don't worry. It was a direct message. So, how are your brothers taking to Jessie?"

"We have to keep a bridle on Jackson, or he would put a ring on her finger today. I can tell that Dallas is slowly falling for her, too. Denver needs to spend more time with her."

"And Austin?"

"You know him, Mom. He's made it pretty clear that he won't likely follow the family's norm."

If the plan to get Jessie up-to-speed and ready for Austin didn't pan out, Phoenix expected his eldest brother would leave Wilde forever.

"You better not give up on him." Her eyes welled up. "You hear me?"

"Yes, ma'am. I won't give up on him." He prayed that Jessie might reach through Austin's hard shell as she'd done with him. With her, anything seemed possible. "Mom, please don't cry."

She dotted her eyes with a tissue. "Tell me about her, son. What does she know about our family?"

"Not much. She knows we own the mine, but that's about it."

"Things can't stay that way. She needs to know about our practice of plural marriages."

"You didn't. Not at first." He finished the last cookie and drained the milk from the glass.

She laughed. "That's true. Your dads kept me in the dark for more than a month. I guess you'll know when the time is right. But don't wait too long to tell her. She's got a right to the truth."

"We'll tell her. Don't worry about that."

"Good." His mom stood up and took his plate and glass back into the kitchen.

"Mom, I don't need any more."

"Nonsense. I know you, kiddo. You want more." She filled his glass with more milk and came back to the table with it and another plate of cookies. "Do you love her, Phoenix?"

"I think so."

"What do you like about her?"

"Everything. She's like no one I've ever met before. When I'm not with her, I can't stop thinking about her."

"Sounds like love to me. Do you think she'll be open to marrying you boys? It's a lot to take in for an outsider, I know. It was for me."

"I'm not sure what Jessie will think when she finds out the truth, Mom. But if she won't have the rest but will have me, I'm going to

marry her.”

She grabbed his hand. “You’d let go of your share in the mine?”

“Yes.”

Phoenix felt his mother squeeze his hand. “Son, you don’t need to think about what it is you feel for Ms. Greene any longer. Listen to your mom. You’re a man in love from the top of your head to the bottom of your feet.”

“You’re right. I am.”

* * * *

“Jessica, thank you for agreeing to have dinner with me.” Malcolm Winters, Wilde’s local bank president, smiled at Jessie. He was very handsome, but out of place in rural Nevada. Mr. Winters was way too put together and stylish for the town. He could’ve been a male cover model. Most men here were rough around the edges and wore boots, jeans, and cowboy hats. That didn’t fit Mr. Winters at all.

She’d hesitated to join him but had relented when he said that he had information about the mine she might find useful.

“Thank you for the invitation. This is a nice place.” She looked around the Chinese restaurant with its many statues of dragons and large fish tank by the cash register. Only four tables had customers sitting at them, and that included theirs. “One question.”

“Yes?”

“Why are we eating in Elko and not Wilde?”

“Wilde doesn’t have Asian food, which I’m a big fan of. And I want to be away from prying eyes and eavesdropping ears.”

“You said you have some information for me.”

“Yes, I did. But before I turn it over, will you tell me what you’ve found so far in your investigation.”

“Nothing I can share with you, Mr. Winters.”

“Please. Call me Malcolm.” He sat down his chopsticks and motioned a waiter to come over.

“Fine. Malcolm, my investigation is confidential. Once I report back to the agency, it may or may not be available for the public to review.”

The waiter stepped up.

Malcolm turned to the man. “More hot tea, please.”

“Yes, sir. Very good.” The waiter bowed then walked through a swinging door into the restaurant’s kitchen.

“I’m so much more than John Q. Public in Wilde, Jessica.”

“That may be true, but I’m not at liberty to share anything with you.”

“I see.”

“So, will you be sharing something with me or not?”

“Of course. I only ask because I’m very interested in the mine’s state. It is an integral part of the community.”

“I agree. That’s why I take my job very seriously.”

“I believe that. And I’m sure the time that you’re spending with the Wilde brothers is strictly professional. But unfortunately, there are others who aren’t as discerning as I.”

Jessie’s gut clenched. He knew about Phoenix and the other brothers. This was going from bad to worse at one hundred miles an hour. “I don’t have time to consider small-town gossip, Mr. Winters.”

“True. I just wanted to make you aware of the perception of some of the citizens of Wilde. I wouldn’t want anything to reflect on you badly, especially at the agency.”

Jessie stood up. “Thank you. I need to get back to Wilde. I’ve got a big day tomorrow.”

“You didn’t finish your noodles.” He tilted his head to the side.

Asshole! “I’d like to get to the hotel before dark.”

“Of course. I understand. Well, be safe.”

She walked deliberately out the restaurant to her rental car. Was it too late to fix the mess she’d made of everything and save her job? She hoped so. But what she had to do to fix it she dreaded.

Chapter Eleven

Phoenix pounded his fists on the table at Norma's Cafe, causing their breakfast plates to jump. "What the hell does that mean, Jessie?"

"Lower your voice, Mr. Wilde." He watched her eyes scan the empty diner once again. She was as cagey as a cornered she-wolf.

"We're the only ones here, damn it. Stop looking around and talk to me."

"Fine. I can't see you anymore." Her voice shook, as did her hands. "I shouldn't have let things go so far. It just doesn't look good."

"Fuck that. I don't give a damn what people think, and neither should you."

She shook her head. "You're wrong. I must. I have a job to do, and us seeing each other outside of the mine isn't good."

"I think you're right."

Jessie frowned. "You do?"

"Yes. It isn't good at all. It's fucking great. I care about you, angel. I think you feel the same for me." Admitting it aloud to her felt good. But this wasn't how he wanted to profess his love for her. "Why would you throw all of that away when we're just really getting to know each other? For a job? I'll get you another job."

"So you do want me to blow this investigation? Is that what this whole thing is about?"

"Of course not. Stop being foolish."

"So now I'm foolish." Jessie stood up, her face dark with anger. "Mr. Wilde, it has been eye-opening."

Phoenix wrapped his hands around her wrists. He could feel her

pulse under his fingertips. "Sit down. Please."

"Fine." She sat and folded her arms over her chest. "What else is there to say?"

"A lot. What's got you twisted up so much? We were doing fine. No one knows we're seeing each other."

She tilted her head to the side slightly. "Not no one."

"Who knows?"

"The bank president."

"Buttoned-up Malley? How the hell would he know?"

"I have no idea, but Mr. Malcolm Winters does know quite a bit."

"So what? We can worry about that some other time if we have to." Phoenix silently vowed to make sure the next time he saw Malcolm the guy would get a piece of his mind and his fists.

"I have to worry about it now, Phoenix. My job is important to me. You've got to understand that. Please, don't make this harder on me than it already is."

"My parents own the mine, not me. That's got to account for something." He felt like he was grasping at straws with her. What he really wanted was to throw her over his shoulder, take her back to the tree they'd had the picnic at, chain her up, and then spank her sweet ass until she promised never to threaten to leave him again. That was exactly what he would do if she didn't change her tune pretty fast.

"They're your family, Phoenix. Think."

"Most mines have stockholders, and many of them have children. You've heard of six degrees of separation?"

"Yes, but this isn't the same."

"Of course it is, angel."

"Stop calling me that. Please." She stood up. "I'm going to the mine now."

"Let me take you."

"Are you dense? I told you that I can't do this anymore."

"You mean too much to me."

"If you really care about me, then please, leave me alone." She

bolted from the booth and out the door.

Phoenix followed her. He wasn't giving up on the woman he loved.

* * * *

Jessie cried as she drove past Carlotta's. She'd never wanted to hurt anyone. She couldn't blame Phoenix or his brothers. This was all her fault. She could've said no that very first night. But she hadn't. Now, not only was her heart breaking, she'd seen the pain on Phoenix's face when she'd told him she couldn't see him again.

She needed a friend right now, so she grabbed her cell. Michael would listen. Whenever she'd needed him to cry with during the last months of her mother's life, he'd been there, holding her and rocking her. He wasn't her fiancé any longer, but he was still her friend, and she needed him now. She hit the speed dial, and the *No Service Available* message popped up on the screen.

"Damn it!" She'd try again later.

She kept one hand on the steering wheel and got a tissue to dry her eyes with the other. "I must look like a mess. I'll have to fix this before I see Austin." She looked in the rearview mirror and spotted Phoenix's truck coming up from behind her. A shiver shot down her spine. She just couldn't face him now. In time, he'd realize she was right about cutting things off. She pressed harder on the accelerator, watching the odometer hit eighty and Phoenix's truck fall back. *Good.*

When she topped the first hill and started down the twisted mountain road, she took her foot off the pedal and moved it to the brake to slow her speed. Her foot went to the floor. She had no brakes.

"Oh, no!" Her breath caught in her chest.

The needle hit ninety, ninety-five. This road was treacherous at much slower speeds with all its S-curves and drop-offs. At this speed, it was deadly. Her heart thudded in her chest, and she held her breath.

She pumped the brakes, praying they would engage. Nothing. Holding the steering wheel with both hands with a death grip, she took the first curve. Thankfully, there wasn't any traffic coming the other way as she swerved into the opposite lane. The odometer now read one hundred five.

This is how I die.

Another curve, and she heard the tires hit the gravel next to the guardrail. Her heart slammed against her ribs. She didn't look to her left or right, knowing that both directions were at least five hundred foot drops to rocks below. Then she remembered that just up ahead the road dipped with its most drastic elevation change. Phoenix had called it Suicide Hill. All her blood went icy cold as dread took over.

She pumped on the brake pedal like a wild woman. Once the car started down the hill, she was a goner. Her speed would move to an uncontrollable level, not that this was much better.

Out of the corner of her eye, Jessie saw Phoenix's truck pass her. He then moved in front of her, slowing his speed. Their bumpers hit, and the steering wheel jerked in her hand, but she held it steady. Another bump and the two vehicles were locked together. His brake lights were high enough for her to see, and he held them steady, reducing their runaway speed slowly. By the time they hit the bottom of the hill, her car had stopped.

"I made it. I'm not dead." Jessie couldn't unclench her hands from the steering wheel. She let out a blast of air from her lungs, and then she inhaled deeply and slumped over the steering wheel, enjoying the tears of relief streaming from her eyes.

Phoenix opened her door and touched her leg. "A-Are you hurt, Jessie?" The panic in his voice got her fingers to uncurl from around the steering wheel.

"I-I'm o-okay." She wrapped her arms around his neck and sobbed. "T-Thank you."

Softly, he said, "Shh. Be still now, angel." He unbuckled her seat belt and hoisted her out of the car. He didn't set her down on the

ground but kept her in his arms. He squeezed her tight, kissing her entire face.

She leaned her head into his chest. “The b-brakes...no b-brakes.”

“It’s okay, Jessie. You’re okay, now.”

“You saved me. I’d be at the bottom of the drop if you hadn’t followed me.”

“Don’t think about that. Together, we got your car stopped. You used your head when I got in front of you and kept the car steady. Because you’re as smart as you are, everything is okay.”

For how long Jessie kept shaking and he kept holding her, she didn’t know. She only wanted him to not stop. Ever.

* * * *

Phoenix walked back into Jackson’s living room. His brothers—Dallas and Denver—looked up at him. “Jessie is still asleep.”

Dallas raised his hand. “I’ll check on her next, bro.”

“Sure. Check on her in about fifteen minutes.”

The front door opened wide, and Jackson rushed in. “Where is she?”

“In your bed, bro. She’s okay.” Phoenix was glad to see his lil’ brother. They all needed to figure things out fast. “Try not to wake her, but go see for yourself.”

Jackson went down the hall.

Phoenix turned to Denver. “So, what did you find out about her brakes?”

“I think I should wait for Jackson before I tell you.”

That didn’t sound good. Seeing her car speeding down Suicide Hill had filled Phoenix with unbelievable panic and dread. He’d acted completely on instinct when he’d sped ahead of her out-of-control car. His only thought was that he had to save her. If he failed, then he wanted to die along with the woman he loved.

Jackson returned, shaking his head. “I should’ve been here. This

wouldn't have happened if I'd stayed with her."

Denver stood up. "I don't think it would've mattered. Take a seat, bro."

Jackson sat down.

Phoenix didn't like how serious Denver was being. "What did you find?"

"Jessie's brake line was cut and all the fluid drained out."

Rage filled Phoenix. Someone's face was going to meet his fists firsthand. "Who did it?"

Denver shook his head. "I don't know. But someone doesn't like Jessie being in town enough to try to scare her. I'm not sure whoever is behind this wanted more than that. If she'd been going the posted speed, the worst might have been a fender bender."

"That's bullshit, Denver." Jackson's eyes closed tight. "She could've been killed. You know the people in this town. There's more than a dozen, maybe more, who would commit murder to get what they wanted."

Dallas's face darkened. "A couple of names come to mind. Samantha has been acting really odd lately."

Denver rubbed his chin. "But do you really think she's capable of killing?"

"Who knows? And then there's Paul's cousin, Frank."

"He's worked at the mine for twelve years. I know he's a bit odd, but he doesn't seem the killer type to me. Why would he do such a thing?"

"Jessie is investigating the mine. His cousin nearly killed her. Maybe Frank thinks it would get the heat off of him."

Jackson sat silent, his eyes closed.

Phoenix knew he was working through suspects just like he was. "Jackson, who do you think would have it in for Jessie?"

"We're all dancing around the prime suspect, and you know it."

"I don't know." Phoenix shook his head. "Who?"

Jackson stood. "Who has the most to gain with her out of the

way?”

Denver shrugged. “I’m not following.”

Dallas added, “Me either.”

“Jackson, just tell us.” Phoenix’s own frustration was wearing thin.

“Use your heads. I’m thinking of Austin.”

Phoenix’s heart pounded loud. His brother’s logic made sense. Austin was intense and capable of a lot of things, but murder? “I think you’re wrong.”

“And if I’m not?”

Denver shook his head. “Lil’ bro, I hope you’re wrong, but if Austin was only trying to scare her and things got out of hand—”

“That’s enough. He’s our brother.” Phoenix tried to find a flaw in his brother’s reasoning but couldn’t. “We need proof.”

Denver started pacing. “Asking him point-blank won’t work.”

“Austin doesn’t need to know what happened today.” Dallas wrung his hands. “If he did have something to do with it, he’d be expecting to hear something.”

“Good idea.” Denver nodded. “I’ll get her car in the shop, and play it off as routine.”

“Are we really thinking our brother could’ve done this?” Dallas asked.

Phoenix prayed they were all wrong, but Austin was dangerous and secretive. Who knew what was possible with him? “I’ll tell you one thing, whoever did this to the woman I plan on marrying will get a whole pile of ass-kicking shit that I’ll be delivering in person.”

Jackson turned to him. “Not without me, you don’t. Wait...you’re on board to marry her?”

Phoenix confessed, “I’m totally gone for Jessie.”

Jackson smiled. “Welcome to the club.”

“She’s the woman of my dreams, lil’ bro. If she’ll have me, I will marry her.”

“I hope she has all of us.”

“That may take some doing. She’s still in the dark about our family.” Dallas’s lips curled up. “I have to admit, there’s something about Jessie that gets to me, too. The way she handled herself at Austin’s tree blew me away.”

Suddenly, Denver stopped pacing. “So we keep working the plan we came up with at Pete’s? Each of us getting to know her better? Pushing her boundaries? Getting her ready for Austin.”

Phoenix believed Dallas and Denver were falling for Jessie, too.

“Only if he’s innocent of cutting her brakes,” Jackson said.

“Yes,” Phoenix agreed.

“Shouldn’t we come clean to her about how our family works?” Dallas asked. “I don’t like lying.”

He was the most open and honest of Phoenix’s brothers, a polar opposite in that respect to Austin. “Not yet. It’s a lot to take in for one so innocent as her. Also, we shouldn’t tell her until we find out who is behind cutting her brake line.”

Chapter Twelve

Jessie woke up in a warm bed. She recognized the male voices in the other room. Phoenix, Jackson, Dallas, and Denver. Her heart had finally settled back into a normal rhythm after her runaway car incident. She'd never made it to the mine, but so be it. This was the second time she'd almost gotten injured or killed in Wilde, Nevada. Both times, a Wilde brother had saved her life.

She didn't care about the consequences for seeing the Wilde brothers anymore, especially Phoenix and Jackson. There was no rule or code at the agency that said she couldn't spend time with them. Maybe her time with the brothers wouldn't last forever, but she did want to be with them as much as she could.

The door opened, and she sat up. "Jackson."

He rushed next to her on the bed and hugged her. "Darlin', I'm so sorry."

"About what?" She saw his eyes well up, but no tear fell.

"I shouldn't have left you."

"Stop it. This isn't your fault. It was an accident. My brakes failed. That's all. Besides, Phoenix rescued me. I guess I owe you both."

"Angel, you don't owe me anything." Phoenix walked into the room, followed by Dallas and Denver. "That you're safe and sound is payment enough."

"Jessie, you really are okay?" Dallas asked. He was so sweet.

"I am."

Jackson kissed her. She parted her lips, letting his tongue access her mouth. Shivers stretched out over her skin. The anxiety of the

early event faded as she felt Phoenix move behind her and begin rubbing her shoulders.

“Jessie, you’re so fucking perfect.” Dallas’s deep, lusty voice warmed her up.

This was going downhill in a good way. She wanted to experience the four brothers again. Let them wash away all her thoughts about her close calls. They knew how to take her to a place free of fear and doubt. A place where there was only pleasure.

Her pulse raced as Dallas sat on the bed next to Phoenix. His hands shot around her, cupping her breasts. “You’re beautiful, sweetheart.”

Normally, she thought of herself as average, but around these cowboys, she felt special. They looked at her in ways that clearly showed they held her up to runway model status. “They say beauty is in the eye of the beholder. I guess all your eyes need glasses.”

“Don’t ever say that.” Denver’s tone was forceful and strained. “We’re not blind, but maybe you are. Honey, you’re dazzling. When you look in the mirror, I want you to see the truth of what you look like. A sexy, stunning woman that makes men’s heads turn and women’s jealousy rise.”

“I’ll try.”

“Smart girl.” Phoenix cupped her chin and turned her to face him. He devoured her lips with his mouth. If they gave out degrees for kissing, he would have his doctorate. Her toes remained curled even when their kiss broke.

Before she could catch her breath, Denver sat down beside Jackson. Even if she wanted to, which she didn’t, Jessie couldn’t escape the brothers, two on each side of her like a fence.

Denver leaned in and kissed her. His kiss was the most demanding of the four. Strong and powerful. He wasn’t a man who asked for permission to do something—he took it. His tongue swept through her mouth like a champion claiming the field. He deepened their kiss, and her body felt deliciously warm. She was burning with want.

Next, Dallas kissed her. She'd been kissed more times in Wilde than her whole life before. No wonder she was so turned on.

"I want to see you out of your clothes, darlin'." Jackson shot her a wicked grin, causing her pussy to dampen.

"Lil' bro, you read my mind." Phoenix cradled her face, while the other three had her out of her clothes in a flash. Her body quivered violently as eight hands massaged every knot in every one of her muscles away.

Each of them stripped their own clothes from their muscled bodies. She gasped at the sight of their hard cocks. Phoenix and Jackson rolled out condoms over their shafts.

Denver licked her neck. "I can't wait to taste your sweet pussy cream, sugar."

Phoenix covered her mound with his big hand. "She's nice and wet for us." An electric shock shot down her spine when his thumb pressed on her clit for a moment. When he removed it, her urges to be touched fired like rockets.

"You're ready for us, darlin'?" Jackson pinched her nipples between his thumb and forefinger. She loved his touch.

"I think so," she whispered.

Phoenix's hands rested on her hips. "We're all here to give you pleasure."

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

The cowboys stretched her out on the bed and continued caressing her into a frenzy of desire.

"I've got to taste her now. I can't wait any longer." Dallas dove between her legs. When she felt his tongue circle her clit, she felt a quake deep in her womb.

"Oh, God! So good!" she screamed out as Dallas pressed her nub between his lips, teasing the tip with his tongue.

Jessie fisted the sheets as two cowboy mouths latched on to her two aching nipples. She looked at the tops of Jackson and Denver's

heads as they kissed and laved her chest like hungry animals.

Phoenix moved so that his mouth was sliding up and down her neck, finally finding her lips. Then he planted a toe-curling kiss on her. Her pussy dripped as she enjoyed four male mouths on her body, sending her to the moon. So many people in one bed should've been awkward, but the brothers made it seem like a synchronized dance with her in center stage—the star attraction.

Phoenix moved behind her, and she felt him applying lube to her ass ring. She didn't have a single ounce of will to resist any of them. She wanted what they offered.

Jackson came up from his meal of her chest and kissed her, sweeping his greedy tongue into her mouth. Denver continued teething her nipple as Dallas used his fingers to part her lips and tease her clit. Heat blasted through her body like an uncontrollable forest fire.

She whimpered as Phoenix's finger stretched out her ass's entrance. All her thoughts had morphed into sizzling sensations and wild emotions. Nothing else remained. No fear. No doubt. No shame. These men made her feel beautiful and treasured.

"Lil' bro, can you see her eyes?" Dallas looked at Jackson and stepped aside. "I think she's ready for your dick."

Jackson crawled on top of her, his massive dick pressing against her wet mound. "I can't wait to fill up your pretty pussy, angel."

Jessie bit her lip. He'd only been gone a few days, but she'd missed him so much. The welcome back felt so right. He thrust his dick inside her channel. She felt dizzy and wild. Jackson pulled out of her and flipped on his back. Her wetness covered his shaft.

"Guys, help her climb on." His words sounded throaty. "I love feeling your sweet cunt around my cock, sweetheart."

Dallas and Denver guided her into an excellent position to take Jackson's dick into her pussy. She impaled herself on him and let out an involuntary moan. He shoved up into her, and she took every inch of him.

“Time for me to get inside your tight ass, angel.” Phoenix crawled up her legs until the tip of his dick pressed at her ass ring, and then he pushed into her. Pain shot through but didn’t last more than a second, replaced by want and heat.

Once again, her cowboys were inside her. There was no denying it. She was totally addicted to being fucked by two men.

Denver moved to the side, until his dick was in kissing distance of her mouth. “Suck me, sugar.”

She jutted out her tongue and licked the head of his cock, while Jackson and Phoenix moved their dicks in and out of her.

She opened her mouth and took the head of his cock down her throat. He fed her his dick a little at a time. She remembered to breathe through her nose. Hot sensations rolled through her, feeling the three cowboy cocks inside her body.

She felt Dallas grab her hand and place it on his shaft. “Fist me, love. Make me come.” His hand stroked her hair, and she pumped him for all she was worth. “That’s perfect.”

“I’m going to come!” Denver shouted. Jessie sucked with wild abandon. She wanted every drop of him.

Jackson and Phoenix said in unison, “Yes!”

“Me, too!” Dallas growled.

If she hadn’t been gagged by Denver’s cock, she would’ve screamed through the orgasm that edged to the point of near pain, blowing through her like a hot hurricane. As her climax continued to flatten her out, the Wilde brothers each came, one after the other.

First, Jackson. His body went rigid. “F-Fuck!”

Then, Phoenix. “God, yes!”

Next, Denver, who sent his liquid down her throat but didn’t utter a sound until the last moment, when he sighed a gush of air.

Finally, Dallas came. “Holy hell!” His seed shot out his dick and covered her hand and arm.

Her body turned to a soft noodle between Jackson and Phoenix. Nowhere else on earth could feel more right.

* * * *

“Phoenix, wake up.” Jackson’s voice jolted Jessie awake.

Phoenix kissed her hair. “Go back to sleep, angel. It’s really early.” He sat up beside her. “What’s up, lil’ bro?”

She looked at Jackson, fully dressed and standing in the doorway. His face showed concern. “Bro, Dallas called. It’s Demon.”

“Got it.” Phoenix’s demeanor changed instantly, filling her with worry. In a flash, he was out of the bed, pulling on clothes.

“Demon?” She left the bed and started dressing.

“My horse.” Phoenix placed his cowboy hat on his head. “You don’t need to come, angel. This won’t be pretty.”

Jessie put her hands on her hips and sent him a look she hoped he would understand that she meant business. “I’m coming.”

* * * *

Holding a glass of water, Jessie walked back into the barn. When she, Jackson, and Phoenix had arrived at Wilde Ranch’s headquarters, she’d been amazed. The place was impressive. She’d counted seven large buildings. This wasn’t some ranchette. This was big business. But she didn’t have the inclination to take it all in, especially given what was going on tonight. Twenty minutes ago, the vet had left, shaking his head.

When she reached the stall at the back of the barn, she found Phoenix and Demon just as she’d left them, on the ground. Phoenix looked up and gave her a weak smile. The horse’s breathing was shallower than before.

She choked back her tears. *It won’t be long now.*

She held out the glass to Phoenix and said, “Drink. I’m not asking.”

“Yes, ma’am.” He took the glass with one hand, continuing to

stroke the incredible animal on the floor of the stall with the other. She'd never seen such sweet devotion in her entire life. The cowboy was a caregiver through and through.

Demon's coat was a gorgeous steel-gray color with a darker mane and tail. His head looked regal on top of a lovely, long neck. All the Wilde brothers, including Austin, had visited the stall. Even their cousins, the Strong brothers, had dropped by to check on the amazing creature and Phoenix.

She'd listened to the stories each had about the mustang and how a young Phoenix had bested all of them and tamed Demon.

Around midnight, Phoenix had asked everyone else to leave him and her alone with the horse. Though it was tough to see him silently suffering, she was glad to be with him.

"What time is it, angel?"

"Three a.m."

"Why don't you go to the bunkhouse and crawl in next to Jackson? When he wakes up, he can take you back to your hotel. Who knows how long this will take?"

"I'm not leaving you alone."

He sighed. "Thanks."

"Tell me more about Demon. What kind of horse is he?"

Phoenix brightened up. "With me and children, Demon has a wonderful personality and excellent ground manners—with everyone else, not so much. He's well started under saddle and is very willing to work. We've had some good times."

"I bet you have. I don't know much about horses, but he looks massive."

"He's a whopping seventeen hands. You should've seen him with Dallas's purebreds. It's like they knew they better not mess with him." He leaned down to Demon's ear. "You're one big, tough badass, aren't you, boy?"

She leaned into Phoenix's arm. "You can cry, you know."

He straightened up and turned to her. "Why would I do that?"

"I know it's not manly, but this is really painful for you. No one is here, and I won't tell. It's okay."

Phoenix laughed. "You're something else, Jessica Greene."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not a crier. Sure, my insides are breaking, but me bawling in front of Demon? Not happening." He patted his horse's neck. "This guy has more grit than anyone I know. I thought we'd have a couple more years together, but this sudden bout of colic isn't something he can recover from. He's had a good life. He's been a great companion. Me crying would discount all that."

Phoenix's logic didn't make sense to her, but somehow it did to him. She wondered if she would ever understand him, but it didn't matter. Watching him with Demon had washed over her like warm bathwater. She'd been looking for him her whole life. A man with boundless strength and compassion. Someone she could imagine spending much more time with. Seeing two Wilde brothers at the same time kind of made sense to her now. Crazy or not, the rightness of the thought took hold of her.

Phoenix cupped her chin then kissed her gently. When he leaned back, she looked for tears but found none. The man was a rock.

Demon's throat rattled loudly with his labored breathing.

"It's okay, boy."

"Poor thing." She stroked Demon's neck, choking back her tears.

"I'm glad you're here with me, Jessie. It makes it easier."

"Me, too." She squeezed his hand and cried for the cowboy and his horse.

* * * *

Looking through binoculars, a lone figure watched the Wilde brothers move the body of Demon out of the barn and onto a trailer. The electrocution of the beast had gone undetected by the vet, just as suspected. A sense of satisfaction filled up the person. Phoenix Wilde

and his brothers would pay even more. This was only the first deposit.

The MSHA investigator clung to Phoenix like a leech. The plan with the bitch's car hadn't worked out. The next plan was foolproof.

Jessica Greene would be out of the picture soon, and the next phase could get underway.

* * * *

Jessie woke and found a naked Phoenix leaning up on his elbow and staring down at her.

He smiled. "Hi, angel."

"Hey, cowboy." She still wore the towel she'd taken from Jackson's bathroom cabinet after her shower and wrapped it around her body.

"You look like a goddess."

She threaded her hands through her damp hair. "I doubt that."

He tenderly kissed her, and her heartbeat thundered in her chest. "Jessie, that you stayed with me through the night while Demon passed away... Well, there's no words."

She touched his cheek. "None are needed." Phoenix had lost his old friend, and she sensed his grief was deep. But he still had never shed a tear. A man's man.

"Jackson is right. You're beyond divine."

"I wasn't the only one there with you. All your brothers came by. Even Austin. Your cousins, too. There are many people who care about you."

"I know. Dallas and Denver took care of digging Demon's grave with the backhoe so I wouldn't have to worry about it. There's no way a man could have better brothers or friends."

She, Jackson, Denver, and Dallas had listened to him say a few words at his old companion's final resting place. The Wilde brothers had been strangely somber, but none present had cried for the loss of Demon save her. After a ton of tears from her eyes, they'd all gone

back to Jackson's house for drinks. The sting of Phoenix's grief had seemed to soften as his brothers' stories of the old horse had him laughing and smiling.

After Dallas and Denver had left to tow her car to the auto repair shop in Elko, she'd been exhausted. At the suggestion of Phoenix, she'd taken a shower and stretched out for a quick nap in Jackson's bedroom.

She asked, "Where's Jackson?"

"He's in the kitchen, trying his hand at scrambled eggs and bacon. Surely he won't mess that up." Phoenix rolled out a condom on his cock. "Angel, I'm hungry for something else. How about you?"

"Famished. But shouldn't you be the one in kitchen? You've got the skill."

"He'll never learn unless he tries. Besides, I wanted to be here when you woke." He licked her neck, and hot sensations shot through her as he removed her towel. "I'm pretty skilled in this room, too."

"Yes, you are."

He gazed at her chest as if it were made of diamonds. "Fuck. It doesn't matter how many times I see your beautiful tits. I still am overwhelmed by their perfection."

"A woman could get very used to this very quickly, you know."

"I'm counting on that, sweetheart." He gently massaged her breasts, and she chewed on her lip as a warm current of desire expanded inside her.

He bent down and swallowed one nipple. Her pulse and her breathing quickened.

"Oh, Phoenix." Her words came out breathy and shaky.

"I love when you say my name. You are so wonderful, sweetheart." He crawled on top of her, and she loved feeling pinned by his handsome cowboy. "You are mine."

He shoved his cock into her pussy, stretching her out, filling her up. Right now, she belonged here with him. As he hammered in and out of her, unrelenting sensations took her over. She'd come to Wilde

a virgin, but now she was a woman with a plethora of desires. Her passions pushed her on. She clawed his shoulders as her ache multiplied again and again. And still he plundered her.

Unlike before, he was silent and intense. His lovemaking said more to her than all those before. He seemed to be using his thrusts to claim her, brand her.

A searing heat shot through her, and she clawed the sheet. Her back arched up from the bed. Her clit throbbed as he pounded into her channel like a madman.

On the brink of insanity herself, Jessie screamed, "God, yes!"

His thrusts lengthened and came harder.

Every fiber of her being became a single network of sensations that reached all the way to her clit, pulling her over the edge into the deep pool of explosive pleasure that blew her mind and her body. Screaming his name felt so right on her lips.

Phoenix pounded into her pussy again and again. Then he pressed into her a final powerful stroke as if he meant to meld with her into a single being. No shout. No words. Just a silent intensity paired with his release.

Overwhelmed, she trembled. This time with Phoenix had been much more than sex. This time had meant something more.

He stroked her hair for a time until her shivers subsided.

"I have something to tell you."

"Okay?"

"You're stuck with me. I don't ever want to hear you say that you don't want to see me again. Screw Malcolm Winters. He's nobody."

"B-But—"

"No. Listen. We'll keep things quiet. Your car is going in the shop. You'll need a driver. That makes sense, right?"

"Sure, but—"

"Your driver is me. That's final. The town doesn't need to know anymore that that. Understand?"

She liked how dominating and protective he was being. "Yes,

Sir.”

“I’m not leaving you alone again. I could’ve lost you yesterday.”

“You didn’t. You saved me, cowboy.”

“Jessie, I love you.”

Her jaw dropped. She should’ve expected that, but didn’t. Sure, it seemed so honest and right. “We haven’t known each other that long.”

“Doesn’t matter. I guess I fell in love with you that first night. I didn’t know it at the time, but I do now. Every moment I’m with you, I fall deeper and deeper in love.”

“Phoenix, you’re so sweet.”

“Tough on the outside, warm and gooey on the inside. That’s what our mom always said about him.” Jackson walked in, carrying two plates.

“Lil bro, you need to learn to keep your mouth shut,” Phoenix warned lightly.

“You gonna make me, bro?” Jackson turned to her. “I love you, too, Jessie.”

She closed her eyes. “Please, don’t make me choose?”

Phoenix kissed her. “Never.”

Her eyes opened. “I don’t understand.”

“Do you enjoy being with us?” Jackson asked.

“Yes. But—”

“That’s enough for now, isn’t it?” Phoenix asked.

“I guess so.”

Jackson smiled. “You trust us, don’t you?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Good. For now, let’s eat. I think Jackson may have actually not fucked up this breakfast.”

“Asshole!” Jackson punched him in the shoulder then grinned.

Jessie laughed. “I think I’m falling for you guys, too.”

“Just wait, angel. We’ve only begun to earn your love.”

His words sent her straight to heaven.

End of Book 2: Wilde Fire

**To be continued in
Book 3: Running Wilde**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Chloe Lang began devouring romance novels during summers between college semesters as a respite to the rigors of her studies. Soon, her lifelong addiction was born, and to this day, she typically reads three or four books every week.

For years, the very shy Chloe tried her hand at writing romance stories, but shared them with no one. After many months of prodding by an author friend, Sophie Oak, she finally relented and let Sophie read one. As the prodding turned to gentle shoves, Chloe ultimately did submit something to Siren-BookStrand. The thrill of a life happened for her when she got the word that her book would be published.

Chloe's family consists of a wonderful man she's been married to for twelve years and a precious daughter.

Also by Chloe Lang

Siren LoveXtreme: *Playing the Field*

Siren LoveXtreme Forever: The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 1:
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