

Siren Publishing

LoveXtreme Forever



A man and a woman are shown from the chest up, embracing and kissing. The man is shirtless, and the woman is wearing a red top. They are in a desert setting with rocky hills and a sunset sky in the background.

Running Wilde

The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 3



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Running Wilde

Jessie learns what happens in Wilde, Nevada doesn't stay secret for long, when one of the five brothers is involved, especially when he's Dallas Wilde. With her job on the line, he's much more trouble than she needs, but she can't seem to resist.

Dallas Wilde is used to sweeping women off their feet, but since meeting Jessie, he can't stop thinking about her. He vows to do whatever necessary to possess her for himself and his brothers. As an unseen menace inches closer, Jessie finds Dallas harder and harder to resist.

NOTE! You are reading Siren's newest serialized imprint, the LoveXtreme Forever Series. This is Book 3 of 6 in the The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada collection. These books are not stand alone. Each is a continuation of the previous book and must be read in the numbered order. Each book may end on a cliffhanger but usually with a happy-for-now for the heroine and one or more men. The final book contains a happily forever after for the heroine and all her men.

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RUNNING WILDE

The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 3

Chloe Lang

LOVEXTREME FOREVER



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DEDICATION

To Juanita.

RUNNING WILDE

The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 3

CHLOE LANG

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Chapter One

Blinded, chained, and naked, Jessie Greene felt a cool breeze hit her flesh, inciting a shiver to roll through her body.

The blindfold kept her from seeing the sunset and her captors—two lust-filled men. The chains kept her from getting her clothes and running away. Never had she felt so vulnerable and anxious. Her heartbeats thudded like runaway mustangs in her chest, and sweat layered her skin like a silk sheet.

“Are you sure about this, angel?” An image of the speaker materialized in her mind, delivering his six foot four inches of cowboy hotness and rock-solid body, wavy blond hair, and big hazel eyes. *Phoenix Wilde*. Immense desire for him quaked through her entire being. Since her first night in Wilde, Nevada, her feelings for him and his brother Jackson continued to grow.

This was her second time to be restrained by one of this tree’s branches, and she loved every part of it. “I am. I want this.”

Calloused hands lifted her chin. *Dallas Wilde’s hands*.

She’d met the sun-soaked, robust hunk the same night she’d met his brothers Phoenix and Jackson. Of all the Wilde brothers, Dallas most reminded her of a modern-day John Wayne with his signature white hat. Nearly as tall as Phoenix, his massive muscles always

bulged deliciously. His cleft chin, sexy lips, and twinkling green eyes combined together to create a very handsome face. Where Phoenix looked like a Greek god cowboy, Dallas had the rugged good looks that both drew a woman close but also brought on uncontrollable trembles. Jessie was certain that a seductive danger lived just under his surface.

“Love, we know your safe word. You remember it?” Dallas’s voice was ladled with cravings, making her legs noodle-like.

Alaska. She nodded. They’d all decided on that word during their first and only threesome together. Once spoken by her, the guys promised to stop whatever they were doing. All pressure would be off. She could process why they’d pushed her too far. Once she was ready, they could all talk about it.

“Jessie, we can stop this right now. Just say the word.” Phoenix threaded her hair with his fingers.

“Look at her, bro. She wants this. Her skin is flushed. She’s chewing on her lower lip.”

“I can see that.”

At first, she’d wondered if letting Dallas join in again with her and Phoenix might be cheating. But then she’d reconsidered that if Phoenix wanted this for her, then so did she. She’d rationalized that Dallas would merely be there to assist them in sexual experimentation, and nothing more. Besides, it couldn’t be cheating if Phoenix was there, too.

“And she’s hot to the touch.” Dallas released her chin, moved around her, and cupped her ass. “I, for one, can’t get enough of her body and especially her pretty little pussy.” To her, he seemed the most truthful and open of the brothers.

She felt Dallas reach around her and cover her mound with his other hand. As her pussy’s tears soaked the cowboy’s fingers, he pulled her into his naked body. His massive cock pressed against her bottom, and she squirmed with delight.

“Me either.” Phoenix kissed her cheek. God, she hoped they

would remove the blindfold so she could drink in his male beauty.

“Exactly. We’re both hot for her, and she’s hot for us. Let’s give her something that she’ll never forget.”

Phoenix said, “She’s fucking unbelievable, but I don’t want to push her too fast.” The barely tethered passion she heard in his voice undid her.

“She’s already told us that she wants this. You and I want this, too.” Dallas’s irritation was obvious. “So why do you keep asking her the same question over and over, bro?”

“You know more about this than I do, but Jessie isn’t a trained sub. Not by a long shot. I keep asking because this is only her second time at BDSM.”

This was the same place where she’d made some discoveries a few days ago about herself, including how much she liked being dominated sexually. If this was some kind of initiation, then she was ready to prove to Phoenix she could run the gambit. *Well, at least I’m willing to give it my best shot.*

“Her inexperience is not a reason to not go through with this, Phoenix. Actually, it’s the very reason we should. Right now, we can help her uncover more about herself and what gives her pleasure. Isn’t that what you want?”

“Yes. Of course.” Phoenix continued, “But you pressured her to come here and try this out again. I need to make sure this is what she really desires.”

“I did not pressure her.” Dallas’s voice held an edge. “She’s told you that she wants to be here. Fuck. Get over yourself.”

Phoenix didn’t argue the point. “Though she jumped at the idea, she’s still very inexperienced. She may think she’s into being dominated, but who knows? Besides, why are we rushing her?”

None of this line of talk surprised Jessie. Initially, Phoenix had seemed hot for Dallas’s wicked suggestion. When she’d hesitated, he’d instantly cooled to it. In truth, she’d wanted to go back to the tree where they’d shared her before, but hadn’t said so at first. After Jessie

had silently worked out in her mind that doing so would not be cheating, she'd prodded and pleaded until Phoenix had finally warmed back up to the plan. Before he could change his mind, she'd pulled him out the door and to his truck. Dallas had taken his own truck to get some things he said they would need and had joined them only ten minutes after they'd arrived at the tree.

She longed for their combined control to take her to a place where her thoughts and actions conformed to their will. That first time at the tree she'd felt her thoughts and worries settle back, and she'd experienced incredible pleasure. She craved for them to give her that again. But was it even possible for her this time?

"I thought everyone agreed that—" Dallas abruptly stopped talking.

Jessie wondered why. Was he hiding something from her? Was Phoenix, too? If yes, what could it be? She listened to them walk several paces away from her, and her curiosity grew.

Phoenix and Dallas talked in hushed tones where she couldn't discern what they were saying to each other. *Damn*. Shortly, the brothers returned.

Though she'd tiptoed into dreamy anticipation the moment they'd arrived at the tree, now her thoughts jerked her back from the subspace. What were they keeping from her?

"Agreed to what, Dallas?" Jessie's mind spun. "Who is *everyone*?"

One of them pinched her nipples hard. "Ohh." Doubtless, the *one* was Dallas.

"Do you know why I did that, love?" Like before, Dallas would guide her on this track of dominance and submission play. Of the two cowboys, he seemed the most experienced in the protocols.

"No. I don't know."

Dallas tweaked her nipples again. "Think, love. How were you responding to us the first time here?"

"Oh, yeah... I mean, yes, Sir. I am supposed to always answer

with *Sir*, Sir.”

The tweaking stopped, and she felt the flat of Dallas’s tongue on her peaking breasts’ tips. “That’s our girl. Also, you are free to talk, but be polite. Don’t interrupt or needle. Tonight isn’t about anything but pleasure. So we want to hear you and what you’re feeling. I know that you’re not ready for a gag yet. Understand?”

A gag? Her nerves and curiosity sprung to life. Maybe Phoenix was right. She needed to take this a little slower. Sure, she’d enjoyed her first venture into BDSM, but perhaps that was only a toe-in-the-water lesson. Tonight might be a crash course. She trembled at the thought. “Yes, Sir.”

“Ready, angel?” Phoenix’s tone had changed. He was on board. She wondered what Dallas could’ve said that had him turned around completely.

Whatever it was, she was glad. “Yes, Sir.”

Dallas took the blindfold off. “Love, how are you doing?”

The sun’s last rays hit her eyes, and she blinked. The snowcapped mountains glistened white while the lower slopes were turning a deep purple as day turned to night. She could see for miles, and not a soul was in sight, save for her and these two cowboys. By her naked feet was Dallas’s suitcase that held a variety of adult toys. His face was inches from hers, and he looked serious, formidable, and so very hot.

What am I thinking? I’m already juggling two Wilde brothers and trying to deal with that. Three would be insane. “Fine, Sir. Thank you.”

Dallas smacked her ass, and the gratifying sting got her even wetter. “You’re holding back. Still, I think you’re a natural sub, love.” He kissed her, and if she hadn’t been chained to the branch above she would’ve melted to the ground. His tongue ransacked its way past her lips. The greediness in his kiss overwhelmed her. There was no *pretty-please-with-sugar-on-top* in him. Dallas took whatever he desired. And what he obviously wanted right now was her submission. Moisture poured out of her as the heat in her pussy shot

up.

Phoenix kissed her, sending warm tingles through her body. “You’re amazing, angel.”

“Thank you, Sir.” She dissolved into his tenderness and welcomed Dallas’s discipline.

Dallas stepped closer, causing a heat to spread over her skin. “Time to stretch out that sweet ass of yours, love.” He held up a blue dildo in front of her eyes. He placed it on the plastic square panel he’d put on the blanket earlier. “But first, I’ve got to get you ready for it.”

She swallowed hard. The thing looked intimidating, though it was only six inches long, unlike the two cowboys, each with at least nine inches of erect cock.

Dallas pulled out a bottle of lube from his carryall. She watched him squirt a generous amount onto his hand. “Bro, you work on keeping her hot. I’ll work on her sweet ass.”

His dirty talk sent trembles into her pussy. Still, her nervousness pushed her to ask, “Sir, I know I did this before, but what if I can’t go all the way through with this tonight?”

“Not your worry, love.” Dallas began applying the slick lube to her ass, and sublime dizziness took hold of her.

Phoenix cupped her chin with one hand and feathered her mound with the other. “I’ve got to taste your sweetness, angel. I want your pussy nice and wet.” He leaned in and pressed his lips to hers, but never stopped moving his fingers through her folds. Whether by some instinctual desire in her to obey or some magical spell he concocted with erotic touches, more moisture immediately seeped from her pussy.

When Phoenix leaned back, he looked at her as if he was entranced. Not an ounce of hesitation remained in him. Instead, all she detected from his stare was adoration—and hunger.

Dallas’s hand slathered her bottom’s tight spot with the lube, causing her head to spin with cravings. “Let’s see how she does with clamps. There’s a pair of them in the front pocket of my bag.”

Phoenix nodded and leaned down. The instant his hands left her body, she ached for their return.

“Are these what you’re talking about?” Phoenix asked, holding up two slim, silver clasps attached to little leather strips.

“Yep. They’re adjustable.” Dallas’s fingers teased her ass, melting away her uncertainty. “For now, widen them to the max for the least amount of tension. With her sweet nipples, that should work just fine.”

Phoenix nodded. When he’d finished expanding the metal devices, he held one in each hand. “Now what?”

“Fasten them to her pretty tits.”

Phoenix stepped forward and stared down at her chest. She bit her lip, waiting for the clamps to squeeze her nipples.

“Ready, angel?”

God, he was so good to her. “Yes, Sir.”

He attached the clasps to her breasts’ ends, and a burn seized her. “Ouch.”

Phoenix instantly removed the metal from her nipples, and the tiny pain stopped. “You okay, Jessie?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Mmm.” Dallas stopped working on her ass and came into her view. “Why did you take the clamps off of her, bro?”

“They hurt her.” His face clouded with doubt.

Dallas turned to her. “Love, were the clamps too painful for you to take?”

She looked back and forth from him to Phoenix. “They stung a little, Sir.”

“But were they too much for you?”

“No, Sir.”

“Why did you yelp?”

“I-I’m not sure, Sir.”

Dallas kissed her. “Stop trying so hard. All we want is for you to quiet that busy little head of yours and get to the core of your feelings.

Now, think. Why did you say *ouch*? Was it because it hurt, or was it the initial shock?”

“The initial shock, Sir.”

“How do your nipples feel right now?”

“A bit tingly.”

“Imagine how they will feel if we leave the clamps on you for five minutes.”

She squirmed.

“You want Phoenix to put them back on you?”

“Yes, Sir.” Anticipatory tingles danced inside her.

Phoenix shrugged and placed the clamps on her nipples. She bit her lip but didn’t utter a single sound. He stepped back, gazing down at her chest. The lust in his eyes added to her growing urges.

“Good, love. That’s it. We’ll only leave them on her for five minutes. That should have her tits pulsing and hot.” Dallas leaned down and covered her clasped left breast with his mouth. He sucked, and she pushed into his lips. His thumb pressed on her clit, causing her whole body to writhe and her pussy to dampen. She’d never known that she was capable of such wicked cravings. The Wilde brothers had made it clear to her that she was.

While Dallas lingered, working on her chest, Phoenix moved behind her. She felt his hands touch her shoulders and squeeze. Heat welled up in her from his fingertips. When he kissed the middle of her back, Jessie shattered into a million pieces of reckless desire.

Dallas leaned back. After he scanned her chest, he said, “Your pretty tits are swollen and pink. Perfect. That’s enough of these tonight.” He took the metal clamps off her nipples, and their throbbing burn shot up like a rocket. She could even feel the pulse of her heart in them.

“I bet you thought we forgot about the dildo, angel. We didn’t.” Phoenix spread her ass cheeks. His amazing tenderness overwhelmed her, but his demanding lust peeled back layers inside her. She wanted to please him and his brother more than take her next breath.

“That’s my bro. The more into this we get the more she’s free to let go and feel pleasure.” Dallas rubbed some cream on her chest, softening the sting. “How does this feel, love?”

“Wonderful, Sir.”

“Time for another toy, angel.” She watched Phoenix grab the dildo and the bottle of lube. He coated the sex toy with the slippery substance. Then, he went back behind her. She looked over her shoulder in time to see him, before he squatted down out of her sight.

“Ready, angel?”

“Yes, Sir.” She clenched her jaw.

“Hold it, Phoenix. She’s not relaxed.” Dallas smiled at her. Then, he devoured her lips. Every little knot of tension melted like butter. He cupped the back of her head and pressed her closer. Her world seemed to revolve around his kiss. He pulled away and gazed at her. “She’s ready now, bro.”

She felt Phoenix push the tip of the dildo into her ass. Instantly, a burn and a bit of pain shook her, but she held back her groan, knowing that would please them. Inch by inch, Phoenix moved the sex toy deeper into her. Once it was in to its extent, he began torturing her by thrusting it slowly in and out of her. With each lunge, the hurt subsided. In its place came an awakening appetite inside her. She wanted more. Needed more.

“Good girl. You’re something else.” Dallas kissed her again. But unlike before, she sensed a rashness and urgency in his lips. “Sweetheart, you’re safe with me. I’ll never let anyone or anything ever harm you. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” A delightful shiver ran up her spine.

As his brother continued stretching her ass out, Dallas cupped her chin. “I mean it. Trust me.”

Gooseflesh covered her skin, and heat rolled through her. “Okay, Dallas. I will.”

He smiled broadly. Jessie realized she’d forgotten the expected *Sir*, but she didn’t think he’d punish her for it. He seemed too pleased

by her positive response.

Inside and out, her body was aflame. When Phoenix stopped using the dildo on her ass and she felt the tip of his hard dick at her backside, she was overcome with desire.

Dallas's fixed stare made her tremble. "Phoenix, get ready to unfasten the chains."

"Got it."

Dallas placed his hands just below her ass and lifted her off the ground, facing her. "Put your legs around me, love."

She obeyed, squeezing his muscled torso.

"When Phoenix unchains you, put your arms around my neck. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Do it, Phoenix."

One arm at a time, Phoenix released her throbbing limbs. She wrapped them around Dallas as she'd been instructed. These were men not to be taken lightly, and that they wanted to be her protectors made her hold on for dear life.

"Ready, angel?" Phoenix growled from behind her.

"Yes, Sir."

He shifted forward until the head of his cock rubbed against the tightness of her ass. He kissed the back of her head and said reverently, "Jessie, I'm completely crazy about you."

Dallas lowered her a bit, and the edge of his dick rubbed against her folds and clit. "I'm gonna fill you up, love. You're good and wet for me. You want my cock inside that sweet cunt of yours?"

She closed her eyes, enjoying the feel of him on her pussy. Her womb clenched as she anticipated being impaled by their two cocks. Unable to hold back her want, she clawed at his neck and shoulders, urging him to take her. A tremble of delight shook her whole body as he shifted so that his dick slid into her pussy.

"Fuck, you're tight. My God!" He pushed deep into her with his cock, filling her up, stretching her channel until he hit the spot on her

interior wall that sent her reeling.

The next second, she felt Phoenix's hands on her waist. He moved her body then thrust into her ass with his dick. She'd never felt her insides so completely expanded. A twinge of hurt sparked for a split second and then morphed into rapturous tingles.

The guys didn't move but lifted her up and down just enough so that their dicks never fully left her pussy or ass. Every powerful thrust multiplied her cravings until she thought she might explode. She needed to come and prayed they'd let her.

She'd been right to agree to this. Dallas had helped her and Phoenix glimpse something shameless and astonishing, thrilling her beyond belief. Jessie licked her lips. The pain and pleasure spoke to her on a level she would've never known possible had it not been for Dallas.

He growled. "Ride us, sweetheart. Clench our cocks with your pussy and ass."

"Y-Yes, Sir." She obeyed, tightening her interior muscles on their dicks, closing her eyelids.

Phoenix roared, "Fuck, yeah. Feels so good."

"You're getting close, love?" Dallas asked, feathering his lips against her closed eyes.

She nodded. Jessie felt as if she could blast any moment.

"Wait a second longer. Can you do that for me?"

She answered shakily, "I'll t-try, Sir."

"That's my girl." He lifted her up and down on his and Phoenix's cocks. Their delicious torture went on and on. When he spoke again, his voice was low and almost inarticulate. "Scream for us, love. Let us know how bad you want to come."

"O-Ohh! Please! Let me, Sir!"

"Of course, sweetheart. Come for us. You have my permission." He shifted his hips forward so that his pubes tickled her clit.

That was all it took, and her whole being erupted like a bomb. Her womb convulsed, and overpowering trembles shook her. She pressed

her head into his chest and sobbed.

As climactic surges rolled through her like tidal waves, she felt Phoenix stiffen as he came. “My angel!”

Next, Dallas thrust into her one final time, and his eyes closed. “Fuuck!”

The potent sensations she felt kept her from opening her eyes as they gently shifted her to the blanket, placing her between them. When they immediately begin cuddling her, she found it impossible to open her eyes. Instead, she enjoyed the dreamy orgasmic sensitivity that continued to undulate inside her.

Dallas kissed her. “God, I’m nuts about you, love.”

Jessie opened her eyes wide. His gaze locked on her like a vise. She felt the heat in her cheeks that let her know she was blushing.

She’d thought that coming back to the tree with him and Phoenix would be harmless. It was supposed to be just a simple game of pleasure. She’d been wrong, and now, Dallas wanted her more than he should.

God, help her, she also wanted Dallas.

Chapter Two

Dallas glided his hands over Jessie's neck and shoulders. He loved the feel of her silky skin. His brothers, Jackson and Phoenix, were right. Jessie was the *one*, and he couldn't get enough of her. When he looked in her gorgeous green eyes, he saw his forever there. There would be no other woman for him ever again. What got to him about her wasn't just her beauty, which was flawless, or her smarts, which were awe-inspiring. No, it was her courage and commitment. She'd come to the tree with some stage fright, but still she'd come. Fuck, she was someone he could feel proud to have on his arm.

He'd been working up to being one of the resident Doms at The Masters' Chambers. That held no interest for him now that he'd found Jessie.

Time to move to the next phase of the night's plan.

"We're still working the protocols, love. Understand?" he asked.

She trembled. "Yes, Sir."

He stroked her silky auburn hair. "Why don't you turn and face my brother."

"Okay, Sir," she said meekly, and she rolled between him and Phoenix.

Now her back was against Dallas's front, and his cock lengthened to the impossible.

He watched as Phoenix kissed her. Their passion for each other was amazing, and he prayed he could win her heart as much as his brother had. As their kiss continued, Phoenix sent him a look over Jessie's shoulder that said *let's do this*.

Dallas nodded and rolled just enough to get the handcuffs from

the bag and the blindfold he'd tossed to the blanket earlier.

Phoenix asked her, "Angel, do you trust me?"

"Yes, Sir. I trust you," she answered.

"Good. It's time for some one-on-one."

"I'd like that."

"Dallas, blindfold her and cuff her."

Jessie gasped, but didn't say a word. The woman was a natural sub, and that drove him wild with lust. He placed the blindfold over her head and covered her eyes with it. Then he gently pulled Jessie's arms behind her and put the handcuffs on her. She looked incredibly sweet and deliciously voluptuous. Together he and Phoenix lifted her to her feet. They walked her to the truck, helping her in.

"Where are we going, Sir?"

"You'll see soon enough." Phoenix pulled the truck's seat belt and shoulder strap over her naked body.

"I don't want anyone to see me this way. May I have my clothes, Sir?"

"You said you trusted me. Do you, or was that a lie?" Phoenix asked.

She bit her lip. "I trust you, Sir."

"No clothes. No one will see you where you're going."

"Thank you, Sir."

"You're welcome, angel." Phoenix shut her door.

Dallas walked with Phoenix a few steps away from the truck. "Bro, she's amazing. I thought that the minute I saw her. Now, I know it."

Phoenix nodded. "God, she is. Be gentle with her. I think she's had enough of the rough stuff for one night."

"I plan on it."

"She might freak a bit at first, just take your time. She'll warm up to you. Whatever you do, don't talk about the mine or her fact-finding."

The situation with her was delicate. She was in Wilde to review

the crazy accidents that had occurred at his family's mine. The last thing Dallas wanted was for her to think he was trying to manipulate her to go light on her investigation.

"I won't."

"Remember, don't tell her about what we have in mind with her."

He bristled. Lying wasn't his forte. "I know. Stick to the plan. Stop lecturing me as if you were my older brother, okay?"

Phoenix laughed. "Sure thing. Let's hope Austin is still in the dark about all this."

"I really doubt that." Their eldest brother, Austin, was too smart to be duped for long. He'd made it really clear that he didn't want any of them trying to seduce Jessie. The dads had left him in charge of the mine, and he was taking it very seriously.

"Me either. Still, until we know he had nothing to do with Jessie's brakes being cut, we need to keep him out of the loop."

"Agreed. But, bro, I don't think he really would do anything to harm a woman. Sure, he lives his Dom role day in and day out, but he's not someone who wants to damage a woman. Besides, aren't we all pushing Jessie to get her ready to bed him?"

Phoenix shrugged. "I suppose so. That's down the road a piece from now. First, you need to win her to you. You think you can do that?"

"Oh, yes." *I'll throw out all the stops and win Jessie's heart and more.*

* * * *

Jessie's arms were behind her back and handcuffed together. The seat belt held her tight, and her bottom wiggled on the truck's seat. The night with Phoenix and Dallas had been amazing. Her body still thrummed with desire. Thankfully, there would be more. But now, it would be *one-on-one*. A part of her was relieved, but another, more wicked part of her was disappointed.

When the driver's door opened and she felt the truck shift slightly with the weight of the dreamy cowboy who entered its cab, she sighed. The other truck roared to life, and she listened to it speed away.

Dallas is gone. Probably for the best. Tonight is a sequel to my first time at the tree with Dallas. This has to be my last time with him. Sadness gripped her as she thought about that fact, but she believed that taking on two Wilde brothers was enough to deal with as it was. Adding another to the mix would be insane.

The vibration of the truck lulled her to dreaminess. Phoenix was probably taking her to his house. That would be perfect. She inhaled deeply to get a whiff of his amazing scent of leather and forest. Her jaw dropped at what her nose breathed in—musk and fresh coffee. The driver wasn't Phoenix at all.

Her heart thwacked her ribs like a sledgehammer. She wanted to scream, but couldn't find the voice. What kind of woman did he and Phoenix think she was?

She heard Dallas press the buttons on the truck's radio. A country ballad filled the cab, only adding to her anxiety and growing anger. A female sang about her cheating husband. *Cheating*. This was so much more than cheating. This was insane. Still, she couldn't find words. Had the Wilde brothers tricked her into believing she was special just to keep her from discovering what was really behind the accidents at their family mine? Her confusion kept her tears at bay, and her mouth shut. And still, Dallas drove down the road with her naked, handcuffed, and blinded.

When the truck finally came to a stop, she found her voice and her fury. "You assholes!" How could they do this to her? What kind of woman did they think she was?

"Love, settle down. Everything is going to be okay."

Like one of Pavlov's dogs, she answered shakily, "Y-Yes, Sir."
Oh, God! This is nuts. What have I gotten myself into?

"Good girl."

When she felt Dallas's calloused hand squeeze her thigh, her body jerked, and she screamed, "Alaska! Alaska! Alaska!"

Instantly she felt his hand leave her thigh.

"Okay, love. I won't touch you." His tone seemed filled with sadness and regret.

"I-I w-want these h-handcuffs a-and b-blindfold o-off."

"Of course, Jessie."

She felt him remove the handcuffs. When her hands were free, she pulled her arms around her chest. Her entire body shook violently. What kind of men were the Wilde brothers? Did they have to pass a woman around in order to get off? Once they'd all had a stab at her, was their plan to kick her to the curb? She tried to hold back her tears but failed just as Dallas removed the blindfold.

"Try to relax, Jessie. I'm not going to do anything to you."

Her hands came up to her face, and she covered her eyes. "God, I can't believe this. I'm an idiot."

"Don't say that."

"Stop telling me what to do, damn it." She lifted her head and glared at him. "Screw your protocols. They're nothing but bullshit."

"Okay. You've said your safe word." He lifted his hands up like a criminal surrounded by a SWAT team. "If you want, I can get out of the truck."

"Give me my clothes," she said through gritted teeth.

"Okay." He opened his door and left her alone in the cab for a moment.

She glanced around. They were parked in front of an amazing rock house. The place was a single-story with an exterior of rugged river rock that combined with the natural beauty around it. *Dallas's home*. She was glad no one was around to see her in her current condition, but she also wished someone was there that she could hitch a ride with back to her hotel.

Dallas returned with a satchel that he must've gotten from the bed of the truck. "Your clothes are in here." He passed it over.

She jerked it from him. "You guys are unbelievable. Don't say a word. Not now. Just don't look at me while I dress."

He nodded and turned around.

Pulling her clothes out of the bag, she noticed that they were folded neatly, not wadded up as she'd expected. *The Wilde brothers treat my clothing better than me.* She slipped on her panties then her bra. Quickly, she put on her jeans and shirt, socks, and shoes. More angry tears fell.

"Where's my cell phone?" she spat. She had no intention of letting him drive her back to the Hotel Cactus.

"On the dashboard," Dallas answered with his back still to her.

She looked up and saw it. She grabbed it up and realized her battery was dead. *Damn, I forgot to charge it last night.* "Where's your phone? I'd like to use it."

He didn't turn around. "It's in my pocket, but there isn't any service here."

"Great. Go ahead. You can face me."

Dallas whipped back to her, revealing a face full of remorse. She didn't like the control she was having over him. It didn't ring true to her nature. But the outrage boiling inside her would not be stilled.

"What kind of deviants are you and your brothers? I gave up my virginity to Jackson. I know we've all played around. You guys shared me. I thought it was just fun and games. Turns out, it's only games, and I'm the loser."

"You're not a loser, Jessie."

"This is probably about your family's mine. Austin put you up to this, right?"

"No. Nothing like that."

She clenched her jaw tight and narrowed her eyes. His met her gaze and never faltered. He didn't seem to be attempting some silent battle of wills with her. No. Instead, he looked dejected.

"Then tell me why, Dallas. Why me?"

"Because you're not like anyone I've ever known." He sounded

sincere.

"I've done it again, only this time is way worse." She thought about how foolish she'd been with her ex-fiancé Michael. He turned out to be gay. Most every woman would've seen that from a mile away. Not her. Her instincts sucked when it came to gay men. Apparently, they also sucked when it came to straight cowboys.

"Love, please. Let me explain."

"Stop calling me *love*. All right?"

"Okay."

"I'm listening, Dallas. Give me your best line of BS."

"The minute you came to town, we knew."

"Who knew what?"

"All of us, I guess. Jackson didn't hesitate. He may be the youngest, but he's also the smartest. Phoenix was on board right after that. I thought so, but was worried that you wouldn't understand what we wanted."

Her head spun. "You're talking in circles. Tell me the truth."

"Here it is. Jackson, Phoenix, and I all want a wife."

"And?"

"Not a wife each, but one wife. One to share."

She gulped. "What?"

"Haven't you noticed how things work in Wilde? You've been to the Horseshoe Bar and Grill. What have you seen there?"

Jessie recalled her first night in the small town. She'd seen the two cowboys pawing the woman, and no one seemed alarmed or shocked by their behavior save Jessie. Come to think about it, she'd seen more examples in Wilde where two or more men held on to one woman. Being a native New Yorker, she'd barely taken note of it.

"I guess I have seen what you're talking about."

"Have you ever heard of plural marriages?"

"I'm from Manhattan. I read." Honestly, she really didn't know much about such things, but she continued. "But I thought that was more of a one man several women kind of thing."

“Not here.” Dallas leaned into the cab.

“So everyone in Wilde is into this?”

“No. There’s several families with one husband and one wife.”

“Why? A religious practice of some sort?”

“No, sweetheart. It’s just been the norm here for generations. Jackson, Phoenix, and I grew up in a home with three dads and one mom. It’s what we know.”

“Oh, my God. Daniel, Craig, and Dillon Wilde are your dads?”

“Yep. Mary is our mom.”

“So, you, Phoenix, and Jackson grew up this way.” Jessie shook her head. Suddenly, it all made sense why the three guys were trying to woo her. They really did want her. Not just for a fling or a short-lived romance, but permanently. The thought flattened her out. “I don’t think I could ever...”

“That’s the reason we didn’t tell you. You’re not from here. You don’t know our ways. We thought if we could get you to fall in love with us, then we would tell you.”

“So you guys lied to me in order to cultivate my feelings for you? Great plan.”

“Can you forgive me?” He looked down. “I pushed too hard. I shouldn’t have. You weren’t ready. I should’ve known better.”

Her heart softened. All that the brothers had done for her had been done in love. How could she stay mad at any of them? She should, but she couldn’t. “I forgive you.”

Still, the idea of marrying one of them, let alone all three, had her head spinning. She had no idea how such a thing would work.

“Thank you, sweetheart. Believe me, everything I’ve done has been to make you fall in love with me.” The truth of his confession could not be denied.

The knowledge that Jackson, Phoenix, and Dallas wanted to share a wife—and they’d cast her for the role—tangled up her thoughts in threads of logic and absurdity. She even imagined for an instant how wonderful it would be not to have to choose between them. Would

such a thing be plausible for her? Not likely. Besides, how would children fit into such an arrangement? Would each of them expect her to give them a child? Her mind whirled almost painfully.

“Dallas, I don’t—”

“You don’t have to do anything, love. I know I fucked up tonight, but it won’t happen again. I promise. No matter what happens, as long as I’m here, I’ll make sure your feelings and your heart are protected.”

His words stunned her. She was captivated by his two younger brothers and was probably falling in love with them, too. Jackson’s demeanor was kind and playful. Phoenix’s was intense and wicked. Dallas’s was very different, yet just as attractive to her. Honest and stable. If he promised to protect her heart, she didn’t doubt that he would follow through. That only added to her desire for him.

“I must be completely crazy to even...” She looked at the giant cowboy, with his sexy, pleading green eyes. Tiny shivers of desire shot through her. “How does something like that kind of relationship work?”

He smiled. “Don’t think about tomorrow, Jessie. You’re strong and smart, sure. But this is a lot to take in. Just concentrate on right now. Let me earn your trust, love.”

Someday she would likely have to walk away from him and his two brothers, no matter what the consequences. “Okay, Dallas. I’m going to focus on the here and now.” She reached across the seat to the driver’s open door where he still stood and offered her hand.

He took her hand and brought it up to his lips. “Thank you, love.”

Chapter Three

Jessie released Dallas's hand and left the cab of the truck. The full moon lit the landscape, enhancing the surrounding beauty in a soft glow. Dallas came around from the other side of the vehicle. He stepped next within touching distance of her, but didn't actually touch her.

She couldn't process the plural marriage bomb he'd dropped at the moment. "Let's change the subject. Okay?"

"Sure thing." His smile returned, and the last of her anger evaporated. "We're good then."

"We're good." Her nerves calmed.

The cowboy sidled up next to her and put his arm around her. It felt really wonderful.

"Is this your house?" She pointed to the rock structure. She knew that when each of the Wilde brothers had turned sixteen they'd received land from their parents to build a house on. At eighteen, they'd been expected to move out of the family home and into their own, kind of a rite of passage in their family.

"I'd love for you to see my house, Jessie."

The two Wilde brother houses she'd seen so far were amazing. Jackson's smacked of Frank Lloyd Wright's influence with its simple lines and warm colors, blending into the scenery that surrounded it. Phoenix's was stark and ultramodern. It demanded the eye, contrasting completely from the nature around it.

Dallas's home was just as amazing as the other two, but a completely different design. With its thick rock walls, it looked much older than it could've been. A passerby would've guessed it to be

more than a century at least. Its facade was a testament to Dallas's youth. The strength and determination he must've needed to complete such an undertaking amazed Jessie. This building would last with ease beyond her lifetime and the next generation's, too.

The surrounding landscape was rough and barely touched. Trees, wildflowers, and patches of grass filled the space around the home. Off in the distance, the mountain peaks poked up into the sky as if an attempt to touch the moon. The air was clean. She looked up into the night's canopy and spotted the stars that could still be found in the moon's strongest light. There were tens of thousands of them, twinkling brightly.

Dallas stated softly, "Shall we see what you think of my home compared to Jackson's and Phoenix's?"

"Competitive?"

He laughed. "Oh, yeah."

"Then you better show me if I'm to be the judge and jury."

"I'm sure the court will rule in my favor."

She studied the exterior. It was impressive. "You should be proud, Dallas. You're quite the builder."

"Took me four years to build."

"Really? I thought you only had two years to build it until you had to move out from your parent's home?"

"That's right. I moved out at eighteen, as expected, even though it wasn't completed. I lived in a tent for almost two years until I finished it. I wanted to build something that would really last. So I settled on stone."

"Wow." It looked like a single-story fortress. "I bet it could stand anything Mother Nature might dish out. How thick are the walls?"

"Four feet. I needed the extra time to get just the right boulders."

"Amazing. You actually lived in a tent."

He laughed. "Yes, ma'am. Actually, it wasn't half bad."

Walking up to the front of the home, she noted the door's color was red. Against the gray stone, it looked striking. Dallas opened it

for her and motioned her in.

Upon entering, Jessie loved what she found. Dallas's home was a sanctuary of comfort and relaxation. In many ways, it reminded her of her father's estate in Maine where he often spent his summers. The interior of Dallas's house had a coastal sensibility. That was odd to her, since it was actually in the mountains. The walls were pale blue, and the giant, overstuffed sectional was white. The coffee table was made of bleached wood with a glass top. Around the space were little touches of yellow, green, and red in the lamps, pillows, books, and rugs. Anyone walking into this room would likely feel their shoulders sag and a calming breath slip from their mouth. That was the exact effect she'd felt the instant she'd entered.

Jessie had to admire the Wilde brothers' mother. Jackson's and Phoenix's home had been immaculate. Dallas's was no different. There wasn't a single dust bunny in Dallas's place. But his wasn't a house that would ever be featured in a magazine. He'd obviously built this place for enjoyment and relaxation, and she instantly felt at home in it.

"Well, what's your first impression of my handiwork?"

"I love it, Dallas. It's so comfortable and inviting."

Dallas smiled broadly. He seemed thrilled at her response. "Let me show you more."

"I'd like that." She leaned into his muscled frame, and he kept his arm around her back, guiding her around the place.

The kitchen had dark oak cabinets, black appliances, and granite countertops. There was no dining room or breakfast area. The only eating space was a long countertop with six barstools. She could imagine him hosting his brothers for a big meal. Dallas's casual disposition probably required guests to participate in the meal prep. Nothing formal here.

"I remodeled the kitchen last year. I know it's pretty basic. I'm not very good at the decorating. Mom helps me with that."

"Well, you're talented, and she's got a wonderful eye."

“I think she does, too. Let me show you the guest room.”

Neither Phoenix nor Jackson had guest rooms in their houses, but it made sense to her that Dallas would’ve made such an accommodation in his home. The more she thought about the cowboy, the more she could actually imagine spending more time with him. Much more time.

He took her to the door to the right in the hallway. The bed looked soft and inviting. Nothing in the space was over the top. Still, the handmade quilts, big pillows, rocking chair, and table with a simple reading lamp whispered of peace and quiet. Jessie loved to read, but her job had denied her that pleasure. How wonderful it would be to slip into some comfy clothes, grab a book and a cup of tea, and let the outside world fade away.

“I love this room. It’s my favorite so far.”

“Well, we have two more to go.” He kissed her cheek, and she didn’t object. “Let’s finish this tour.”

The bathroom departed from the rest of the space. It was more shower room than bathroom. Warm-colored stones covered the walls, the floors, and even the ceiling. The choice of metal for fixtures was brushed nickel. Two sinks, also brushed nickel, were set in a large antique buffet at a height that would put her on her tiptoes but was perfect for Dallas’s stature. Two large, framed, rectangle mirrors were hanging on the wall above the sinks.

“I wish I’d put a bath in here, now that I know how much you like to take them.”

“Don’t push it, cowboy.” She grinned. “Still, I wouldn’t mind rinsing off.”

“Now to the big finale.”

Gooseflesh popped up on her skin. “Your bedroom?”

“Right. This way.” He led her down the hall to the far door. It was open.

When she spotted his big bed, her knees went weak. *Just a quick tour, then I’ll ask him to take me back to my hotel.*

“Take a look at these, Jessie.” He pointed to the antique photographs of Wilde, Nevada’s Main Street displayed on the walls. As Jessie studied them, she came to the conclusion that the town didn’t look much different today than in the photos, except instead of trucks filling the streets, back then there were wagons.

Dallas shifted behind her, leaning down and placing his head on her shoulder. Her body temperature rose.

“Sweetheart, I have more old photos that Pappy Jack gave me. I’d love to show them to you someday.”

“I’d like that.” She continued to look at the photos, though she was having trouble focusing on them as she took a whiff of Dallas’s amazing scent.

“Well, how do I stack up to Jackson and Phoenix?”

She gulped. “What do you mean?”

“My house, love. Better? Worse? Tie?”

“It’s incredible. I love it. You can’t compare them. They are all so different. Just like you and your brothers are to each other.”

He turned her around to face him. She looked up at his green eyes. “You knock me out, Jessie.”

Dallas bent down and covered her mouth with his sexy male lips. Instinctively, she wrapped her arms around his neck. This wasn’t like at the tree where he’d kissed her like a conquering invader, giving no mercy. No, this kiss was filled with hot passion and longing. It felt to her like an urgent question that hoped to incite the right reply. He’d promised to protect her heart, and that had meant the world to her.

When his tongue shot into her mouth, dancing with her own, she answered silently with *maybe* and melted into him. Her toes curled as the kiss continued while he hoisted her up into his arms.

As Dallas threw her on the bed, she squealed. The next moment he was on top of her, covering her with his massive body. She could feel his cock growing in his jeans. He sucked on her neck, and the past and future faded out of her mind. All that was left was the here and now, and her sexy cowboy Dallas.

* * * *

Dallas wasn't ready to roll off of Jessie, enjoying the feel of her body under his. He devoured her silky neck, and his dick pulsed almost painfully behind his Levi's button-fly. "God, woman. You make me feel like I'm going insane." *Insane enough to go against my brothers and tell you the truth about our plan for you.*

The more time he spent with Jessie, the more he couldn't live without her. He'd fucked up majorly with her, whisking her away from Phoenix without her knowledge. He wouldn't fuck up again. She was far too precious to him for that.

Actually, he'd told her a partial truth about him, Phoenix, and Jackson wanting to share a wife. He'd held back the rest of the facts about the intention to win her for him and all his brothers, including Denver and Austin. Though he felt guilty, he was pretty sure if he'd told her the whole story she would've shut down completely.

Dallas decided to put those thoughts aside and take his own advice he'd given to Jessie. Focus on the now. Worked for him.

He gazed down at her, and her face flushed. "You're so beautiful, love."

"I like hearing you say that, Dallas."

"Good, because I plan on saying it a lot." He unbuttoned her top, revealing her lacy bra. She had the most incredible full breasts he'd ever seen. He loved every curve and every inch of her body. Plus, her dedication and sincerity amazed him. She was the woman of his dreams, and he silently vowed to do whatever it took to win her heart.

Crazy hunger clawed at his insides. Her blinking eyes told him that her own desires were growing. He gently kneaded her breasts through the fabric of the bra. She bit her lip and blinked.

"I've got to taste every part of you, love." He rolled to the side of her. "I need you out of those clothes. Okay?"

"Yes," she answered meekly.

“Lean up, sweetheart.”

She did, and he removed her shirt and bra. He swept his tongue over her nipples, and she gave him an inviting moan that went straight to his balls.

Next, he took off her shoes, followed by her jeans and panties. He looked down at the naked goddess with soft, pale skin stretched out in his bed for him to worship.

“Not fair, Dallas.”

“What’s not fair?”

“You’re still wearing clothing while I’m totally exposed.”

“That’s my naughty girl getting into the spirit of things.” He left the bed and shucked his clothes. “Better?”

She licked her lips. “Uh-huh.”

He got back on top of her, guiding her head back to the pillow. His core’s heat shot up as he enjoyed her body under his. They were face-to-face. With their height difference, the hard ridge of his cock pressed against her thighs. He could feel her sweet cream soaking his stomach. He pressed her mouth with his. She tasted marvelous. To him, nothing could be better than kissing the woman he loved. Jessie’s little moans pulled at his possessiveness. She was his. By God, he would prove that to her.

She nibbled on her bottom lip. “But what if all this is for naught? What if I can’t follow through for you, Jackson, and Phoenix? Am I making a mistake? You say you’ll protect my heart, but who will protect yours, Dallas?”

He pulled her close and rocked her. “Shh. Let’s both just stay in the moment. There’s only you and me, right now. Beyond these walls is nothing we have to worry about right now, love.”

“I can’t help but worry. It’s what I’ve done my whole life.”

“I believe that, sweetheart. Don’t you deserve just a little bit of time where you don’t have to?” She would be his, only his, for tonight.

“Yes.” Her breathy tone hooked him good. “I guess I do.”

“Then let me give that to you, Jessie.”

He nibbled on her perfect earlobe and moved his hands down to her waist.

“Yes, Sir.”

That response unhinged him. She’d waved the white flag. Now there was no stopping him. She felt hot to the touch, and his greediness would not be quenched until he drank up every drop she had to offer. Her libido seemed to be in full tilt with passionate trembles.

He moved his hand to her pretty cunt, and he felt her liquid coat his fingers. She was exactly how he craved her. Wet and ready. “I want you, Jessie, more than I thought possible.”

She panted, “Y-You do?”

“God, yes. I’m going lap up your pussy’s cream until you’re screaming with pleasure.” He circled her clit with his forefinger.

“G-God, please. Do it.”

He kissed his way down her amazing body until he reached her pussy. He felt her vibrate wherever he touched, and he loved having that effect on her. He forced her legs wide and immediately began lapping up her juices.

“O-Oh... I-I... please...”

That his touches were keeping her from being able to form complete sentences thrilled him. “Love, let go. Just feel.” He went back to his meal of her delicious cream.

He elevated her legs over his shoulders to get a better angle at her. He gazed down at her soaked, swollen folds, amazed at how gorgeous her pussy was. Then he cupped her ass and pulled her mound in tight to his greedy lips. A soft moan escaped her mouth, and his balls loaded up. From the corner of his eyes, he saw her fist his sheets. The moisture oozing from her tight cunt ignited his insides. He would take her to a state of bliss and pleasure. There’d been a plan with some of his brothers. That didn’t matter now to him. Nothing and no one did, save Jessie. She was his world. If tomorrow never came, he wanted

tonight to be mind-blowing for her. He captured her clit between his lips and applied a bit of pressure. Her back arched off his mattress, and she shook violently.

Her pussy provided even more sweet juice for him to drink. He released her clit and licked her swollen folds with abandon and frenzy.

He loved hearing her whimpers. Her hands released the sheets, and he felt them lock on the back of his head. She pulled his head in tight, demanding his torture. They were running wild together with overwhelming sensations, and loving it.

“Please, Sir. Let me come.”

Fuck yes! Without prodding, she’d gone instinctively to a submissive state. Training her would be so easy and amazing.

“You think you deserve to come, love?”

“Yes, Sir. Please. Too much.”

“Come for me, sweetheart. I want to taste every drop of your climax.”

He opened his mouth and covered her mound with it.

“G-God! Mmm.” Her hands left the back of his head, and she pounded the bed.

Her pussy’s dew filled his mouth, and he sucked down each sweet tear. When he felt her shivers slow, he moved her legs from his shoulders and crawled up on top of her. He kissed her trembling lips. “Love, you get to me on so many levels. I can’t wait to be inside of you. You want that, too?”

She nodded, thrilling him beyond belief.

“For now, I want to hold you. Let you ride your orgasm all the way down. Okay?”

Again, she nodded.

He decided to test the waters with her, and asked, “Would you like to try out the blindfold and handcuffs again?”

“Yes, Sir,” she breathed.

She was perfect. No matter what it took to win her heart, he would do it. *Come hell or high water, I will marry Jessica Greene.*

Chapter Four

Jessie squirmed. Dallas had just put the handcuffs on her, and her mind backed away to the dreamy space of nonresistance she'd come to crave recently.

"This time, I'm going to go really slow. You're a natural, yes. But Phoenix is right about you being a tenderfoot when it comes to this kind of sexual experience."

Actually, I'm a novice at all types of sexual experiences. "Yes, Sir."

"Let's just work on some simple things first. I don't want to be too soft on you, but I also don't want to push you past your limits. Hearing a sub shout their safe word is a lot for any Dom to take, let alone me."

"I'll try not to say it this time, Sir." But she felt it at the back of her throat, ready if she needed it.

"No. That's not the point of this, love. You say it if you need it. I'm supposed to sense what state you're in and how far you can go. You're only supposed to feel. Got it?"

She nodded.

"Now. Let's add another layer of communication for you and me. As I push you, I'm going to ask you what level you're in. Like a traffic light tells drivers how to proceed, I want you to answer with the colors. When you answer *green*, I'll know you're good to go and willing to try more. When you answer *yellow*, that tells me you're a bit unsure but I can move ahead with caution. What do you think *red* means?"

"Does it tell you to stop, Sir?"

“Yes, it does. I remain in control, but know I’ve pushed you as far as I can. Don’t use it lightly. I’ll know if you’re overusing it and will have to punish you, understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“There’s a phrase at The Masters’ Chambers called *topping from the bottom*. That means a sub is trying to control her Master through naughty tricks. Don’t do that with me, love.”

“I won’t, Sir.”

“Keep those traffic light signals in your head. Okay?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“I won’t fuck up, but if I do, you have your safe word.”

She couldn’t imagine saying that word to him again, but it did give her some comfort to move ahead with this with him.

Dallas continued his instructions. “Use it when I’ve run past the red light, whether I’ve asked what state you’re in or not.”

Suddenly, unable to speak, she nodded.

Jessie watched Dallas get the blindfold.

“What level, love?”

“Green, Sir.”

“Good girl.”

He put the blindfold on her, and she was wonderfully blind. She wondered why his sexual ways spoke to her so deeply. Perhaps being restrained and made sightless filtered out the world’s stimulation just enough for her to really feel the sensations of her own body.

Her mind swirled with reasons why having sex with Dallas wasn’t smart. If she said her safe word, it could all be over in a flash. But that wasn’t what she wanted. She couldn’t imagine marrying the three brothers, but she also couldn’t imagine living without them.

Dallas rolled her on her stomach. “Are you thinking about the past or tomorrow, love?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Mmm. We’ve got to do something about that. Your pretty little head just won’t give up control. I’m going to paddle you now to see if

we can quiet it down some. Let's start out with five whacks to that gorgeous ass that is now mine. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir." *Oh God!* Her pussy dampened.

"What state, love?"

"Green, Sir."

His first strike with his open hand to her ass stung. Her safe word whirled in her head.

"What state?"

"Green, Sir."

Another whack to her bottom pushed out a few thoughts about how foolish she was being and what trouble this might bring.

Three more smacks to her ass shattered her thoughts, pushing her into a sweet subspace similar to the one she'd felt back at the tree.

"What state, love?"

"Still green, Sir."

Jessie felt Dallas's mouth lock on hers. While he deepened his kiss, he tortured her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. Her toes curled, enjoying his dominance over her.

But was she playing with fire? Dallas had a dangerous side that attracted and terrified her. Sure, the cowboy was a force of nature that had her body buzzing, but what about the consequences? What happened when people found out she was dating not one, not two, but three men? Dating? No, this was much more than that.

"Jessie, get out of your head. I'm sure that you are rolling through what might or might not happen. Stop it and just let go."

Dallas could see so deeply into her that he made her tremble. Being so open to him both pleased and troubled her.

Nibbling on her ear, he whispered, "My pretty, little, smart girl. You're not listening to me. I said *stop thinking*. Do you think you deserve more whacks to that lovely ass?"

"Yes, Sir."

"What state?"

"Green, Sir." Her nipples were peaking, and her pussy was soaked

just at the thought of the wonderful slaps to come.

As he lifted off of her, Dallas brushed her nipples with his fingers. A flood of heat shot through her down to her pussy.

“Love, listen to me. I need you out of your head. All those thoughts are holding you back from experiencing ultimate pleasure. So I’m going to give you ten spanks. These will be harder. I’m going to never hit your pretty ass in the same place. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Sir.” She bit the sheets, readying herself for what was to come.

As promised, his slaps were harder, delivering stings and burns that demanded her full attention. All other thoughts went AWOL. With each strike in a new place, a peaceful dizziness spread through her. Her mind seemed at rest, though her body was working in overdrive with a myriad of sensations.

“That’s good, love. Your ass is such a pretty pink. What state?”

She was proud to answer, “Green, Sir.”

“Perfect, love. You’re unbelievable.” He rolled her onto her side.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Keep following my instructions and you will climax tonight like you’ve never climaxed before.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Don’t come until I give you permission. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl.” Dallas reached under her and pressed on her clit, awakening a deep ache in her pussy. “Ride it, sweetheart.”

He applied more pressure, and the world seemed to spin as sensations engulfed every cell inside her.

Oh, God!

The pressure ended. “What state?”

“Green, Sir.”

“Excellent.” She felt him caress her ass and back with his calloused hands, soothing her. Immediately, her ache for his intimate touch grew. Her body vibrated desire. She shifted her ass towards

him, hoping to tempt him.

“You have much to learn. I’m in charge, love. Not you.” Dallas began paddling her ass again.

One smack. Two.

Her mind dropped more fully into the subspace she craved. She chewed on her lip, attempting to hold back her tears, not that his slaps harmed her. No, they overwhelmed her. He’d told her that he wanted her to feel—to really feel. To get her to reach a state of mindless pleasure that she would never forget. That he was so willing to do that for her amazed Jessie. Four. Five. She slipped even deeper into the illusory plane. She’d never felt so quiet and calm.

“What state, love?”

Heavenly. “I’m green, Sir.”

He slapped her ass a sixth and seventh time. “Then let go, sweetheart. Stop holding back.”

His permission unhinged her, and her tears fell, dampening his sheets.

“Good girl.” Once again, he applied more cream.

When he stopped, she felt him roll her to her side and press on her aching folds. His mouth touched her lips, and his kiss brought her to the edge of orgasm. But just as she thought she couldn’t hold back, he stopped touching her, kissing her, torturing her...

As each ache receded back a bit, Dallas would press somewhere else on her body that would enhance and expand her own wicked appetites.

“Don’t come, love. Hold back.”

“I’m trying, Sir.” Still wearing the blindfold, she brought up an image of the sexy cowboy in her mind.

“I know you are. You’re doing great. What state?”

Hot vibrations spanned every part of her body. “Green.”

“Good girl. I can’t wait to fill your hot pussy with my dick.” Dallas’s voice seemed to come from a primal place inside him.

A delicious shiver shot up and down her spine. She craved to

submit to his dominance. "Please, Sir. Fill me up."

"You want me to fuck you, love?" His fingers lightly pressed on her clit again. Her breathing and heartbeats sped up.

Tears of pleasure swelled in her eyes. "Yes, Sir!"

"Sweet submission. God, you're awesome. What Dom wouldn't be totally into you? If you want me to fuck you, you have to earn it."

"Yes, Sir."

"Will you make me proud, sweetheart?"

She nodded, though her heart raced at what might be coming next.

"Good girl." He removed the handcuffs, but not the blindfold. "I want you to slick up my dick with your sweet mouth. Can you do that for me?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Let's get your blood flowing." He massaged her hands, wrists, and arms. "How does that feel?"

Dizzily, she answered, "Good, Sir."

Dallas moved her into a sitting position on the bed. "Open your mouth, love."

She felt the tip of his dick graze her lips. The taste and texture of the head of his cock thrilled her. She used her tongue to explore his massive cock's hard ridge.

"Mmm. Love that, sweetheart. So good."

She wanted to please him, make him proud of her.

"That's it. Good. Now, swallow my dick."

She obeyed, tightening her lips around his cock, sucking with all her might.

Dallas slammed his dick deeper into the back of her throat. His hands fisted her hair. Clearly he wanted her to surrender full control.

Her own want burned inside her, her skin tingling, her channel constricting in need. She moved her tongue to the tiny slit of the head of his cock.

"That's really a great job you're doing on my dick, sweetheart." He pulled out of her mouth. "That's enough prep. I want to get inside

you. Do you want that, love?”

“Yes, Sir. I want you in me.”

“Are we green?”

She nodded.

He removed the blindfold, and his gaze whipped her into submission. “Relax, Jessie.” His voice sounded full of craving, but he stopped and held her tight, petting her.

A little moan left Jessie’s lips that sounded to her almost like humming.

“You never cease to amaze me, sweetheart. You’re so delicate and soft. I could get used to having you in my arms.”

His words filled her up with a feeling of happiness and excitement.

He gently directed her back to the pillow. He climbed on top of her and positioned his dick at her pussy. He nibbled her ear. Her need grew again.

He entered in one long thrust. Sensations burned her as he filled her channel up. When he hit the spot on her inner wall, she thought she might pass out.

“Look at me,” Dallas commanded.

The hunger that Jessie saw on his face caused her temperature to burn hot like the sun. “Take me, love. Push into me.”

She shifted her hips up into his onslaught. She’d never felt so full and ready to explode. The deeper his dick went, the more her desire grew. Like before, she slipped into the subspace of his making. She craved being totally dominated by him and would gladly give him whatever he asked of her. She trusted his promise to protect her heart.

“God, yes. Jessie...” He thrust in and out of her pussy like a thundering giant. His plunges lengthened. “You’re so tight. Clench my dick with your pussy.”

She heeded his command and gripped his cock with her channel. As Dallas’s frenzy grew, her own approaching climax clawed at her for release.

Her head spun, and her body ached. She couldn't last much longer. "Please, Sir. I need to come."

His need seemed ever so close, too. Why wasn't he sending them both into a heavenly state of release?

Dallas rose to his knees and pulled her up to him. He grabbed the back of her head and tugged her hair. His heavy breaths spread over her. "Turn around for me, love."

"Yes, Sir." She twisted around, and he guided her with his large hands into a position that let her know he meant to take her from behind.

"How are you feeling, love?"

"Green, so very green."

She wanted him more now than ever, and she felt her pussy pulsate as the thought of him ramming her from behind sent her into a state of frenzy and dizziness.

"Oh, sweetheart, you are so good. You're so beautiful." His hands went up and down her back. "So soft. I want you so bad. You can't even begin to imagine how much." And with that he pulled her hair just tight enough that she arched towards him as he thrust into her sodden folds.

With every thrust, he pulled her hair just a bit harder, and Jessie pushed against him to feel every inch of his cock inside her. Her groans vibrated on her lips as he continued his onslaught into her pussy. The sensation was more than she could handle. Need rocked her insides, and she knew she couldn't last much longer. Her moans morphed into a little scream as he continued to stab her pussy with his massive, hard cock.

"P-Please..." she begged.

No permission came. He only fucked her harder. He grabbed her hip with one hand as he held on to her hair, pounding her aching pussy without abate.

"Say my name, love."

"Dallas."

“Fuck yes! Come for me, Jessie.”

“Y-yes, Dallas. Y-yes, S-Sir.” Her orgasm shook her entire body like an earthquake. She melded into him as he thrust deep into her and seated his cock in her pussy.

“Ahh! Fuuck!”

She could feel his dick pulsing inside her, and she trembled. Her climax continued with hot waves of pleasure.

Slowly, her release settled back, and her breathing eased up. Dallas pulled her up, placing her back to his chest. She turned her face toward him and pressed his lips lightly to hers. “What state, love?”

“Green, Sir. Only green.”

* * * *

Upon entering Norma’s Cafe, Dallas spotted all but one of his brothers in the booth farthest from the glass door. Though customers sat at several tables in the place, his brothers had wisely chosen the most vacant part of the cafe. Only one other table back there had customers, and that was out of earshot.

Dallas beelined it for his brothers.

“Hey, Dallas.” Luke Bronte worked at the front gate at his family’s mine. “How’s it going? Haven’t seen you at the site in a long time.”

“Going great. Denver’s mare delivered a pretty little foal the other night. The vet’s meds worked this time, and she was able to carry her baby full-term.”

“That’s great. You should drop by the mine. The guys love seeing you there. Your dads, too.”

Dallas was the only one of his brothers to never have worked at the mine. “You know me, Luke. I’m happy to let Austin run the mine.”

Luke laughed. “Well, dropping in doesn’t mean you have to apply for a job.”

“That’s true. I’ll try. See you later.”

Dallas’s passion had always been animals, even when he was really young. The dads had relented under pressure of his mom to let him forgo crawling down the mine and keep working on the ranch.

Three of his cousins sat at the counter. Tobias waved at him, while the twins, Dax and Drake, continued eating their breakfast.

Dallas waved back, but didn’t walk over. He needed to talk to his brothers about what he’d shared with Jessie.

When Dallas got to their booth, he slid in next to Denver. Jackson and Denver sat across from each other, drinking coffee. Phoenix sat across from Denver with his morning Dr. Pepper in front of him.

Jackson spoke first. “Where’s Jessie?”

“At The Cactus, lil’ bro. Brought her to town early this morning. She wanted a bath. You know I only have a shower.”

“And you left her alone, knowing someone’s out to get her?” Phoenix snapped.

“She’s fine. Aunt Maude is at the desk and promised to call me if anyone, no matter who it is, came into the hotel. No one should be coming in until later, so I’ve got about ten minutes before I need to be back.”

Denver ate a piece of bacon. “So what’s the emergency you called us about, Dallas?”

“I told Jessie the truth.”

Phoenix slammed the table. “Damn it. I knew you were going to do that.”

“I’m glad he did.” Jackson nodded. “With all the cards on the table, she’s bound to warm up to the idea.”

“There’s more.” Dallas looked at Phoenix. “She was freaked when we left Austin’s tree and realized she wasn’t with you. She screamed her safe word before I could even get her in my house.”

Denver whipped his head around. “Not good, bro.”

“I know.”

“Damn.” Phoenix closed his eyes. “I should’ve known not to push

her so hard.”

“It wasn’t you. I was the one doing the pushing. I thought I was a big bad Dom. Turns out I’m a fuckup. It won’t happen again. We even did a little light round at my place, and I kept checking in with her almost minute by minute to make sure I wasn’t pushing too hard.”

“Don’t be so hard on yourself.” Denver picked up another piece of bacon from his plate. “You’ve only been at this domination business for a year. I know you’ve got good instincts. I’ve seen you in action at the club.”

“Normally, I do. Yes. But with Jessie, all bets are off. I was able to calm her down after I ’fessed up. Though floored by the idea, she eventually seemed a bit intrigued. I’m telling you, we’ve got to go slow with her or we will lose her.”

“Losing her is not an option,” Jackson growled.

“I agree. She’s the only woman for me.”

Phoenix smiled. “Dallas, you’re lost to her, just like Jackson and me?”

“Yes, I am.”

Denver finished off his last piece of bacon and then asked calmly, “How did she react to the truth about our family?”

“Actually, I didn’t tell her everything. You might even say I misled her.”

Jackson frowned. “That doesn’t sound like you.”

“Didn’t feel right either, lil’ bro. I feel really guilty about it.”

Phoenix asked, “So what did you tell her?”

“That you, Jackson, and I were looking for a wife.”

“That’s true though, bro.” Denver sipped his coffee.

“Yes, but I didn’t say a word about you or that we were trying to get her ready for Austin. She knows nothing about the requirement about inheriting the mine. I also didn’t tell her that we’d learned that her brakes had been cut.”

Samantha walked over with a pot of coffee. “You cowboys need a warm-up?”

"I'm fine, Sam." Denver covered his cup with his hand.

Jackson shook his head. "Me, too."

The saucy girl pursed her lips. "What about you, Phoenix? More soda?"

"I'm good."

She asked, "Dallas, you need a menu?"

"No. I know what I want. I'd like two sausage, egg, and cheese burritos and two OJs to go."

Samantha put her hand on her hip. "Well, I'm so thrilled to know that."

"Know what?" Dallas asked.

"The Wilde brothers have finally found their future wife." The nineteen-year-old smiled broadly. "I'm so happy for you."

Denver glared at her. "Samantha, don't bullshit us. What do you know?"

"Mmm. Putting on the Dom here at my mom's. Boy, I'd love to play sub to you, Denver Wilde."

Denver's eyes narrowed. "I. Said. What. Do. You. Know?"

Samantha trembled, and the pot of coffee shook in her hand. "Okay. Okay. Don't get mad. It's not what I know—it's what the whole town knows. You guys having been spending a lot of time with Ms. Greene. Well, all but Austin."

"Fuck." Jackson gripped his fork like a weapon.

"I'm sorry, guys." Samantha shook her head. "I didn't mean anything by it. I really am happy for you and hope it works out."

"Seriously?" Phoenix asked. "You expect Jackson and me to believe that?"

Dallas recalled how nervous and uneasy a few years ago his two younger brothers had been around Samantha. Even underage, she'd tried to get them to go to bed with her. It never would've happened. His brothers weren't that stupid. It took Dallas and Denver talking with Norma, her mother, to get Samantha to finally back off.

"I'm not that little girl anymore, Phoenix. Call it a crush. I'm

grown up now. I've changed. I wish you could see that."

Norma walked up next to Samantha. "Hey, boys. You're enjoying your breakfast?"

"Yes, ma'am," they all answered in unison.

"I'm glad. How's your mom?"

Denver answered, "She's great."

"That's wonderful. Well, I hope you don't mind, but I need Samantha to fix the computer. She's such a wiz at it. We even use it for our phone, now. What's it called, kiddo?"

"Skype."

"That's it. Now, get back there and fix our computer so that the orders don't back up. I'll take care of these boys."

"Yes, ma'am." Samantha shrugged then headed back to the diner's kitchen.

When she was out of earshot, Norma leaned down. "Guys, your new girl needs some friends in Wilde. Samantha is a good girl and would be able to help her navigate our crazy town."

"I guess everyone does know our business." Jackson shook his head.

"Pretty much. But Ms. Greene needs some friends in Wilde. Everyone isn't really thrilled for the real reason she's here in town."

"Like who?" Dallas asked.

"I don't know. Almost everyone. Even your brother Austin. If she shuts the mine down nobody gets paid. That doesn't set well with folks."

"She'll do the right thing. We don't want anyone to get hurt."

"I know you don't. Just don't be quick to push someone away like Samantha who could actually befriend your new woman."

After Norma left, Dallas said, "We're fucked. How the hell can we protect Jessie when nearly everyone is gunning for her? Who could've been behind cutting her brake lines?"

Jackson answered, "Our eldest brother, for one."

"So you and Phoenix found something out?" Denver asked.

Jackson nodded.

“We did.” Phoenix shook his head. “When Selby left for lunch, I took a look at Austin’s calendar. He’s met with our local bank president, Malcolm Winters, several times in the past week.”

“Strange, but it could be mine business.”

Phoenix shook his head. “You think our parents would ever go to Malcolm for even one penny? You know the dads don’t trust him.”

“No, I guess not.”

“When I asked Malcolm to tell me about what Austin and he were meeting about, he got really cagey.” Jackson’s frustration over what he’d learned showed on his face. “Told me to ask Austin about it.”

“Fuck.” Denver closed his eyes.

“What did you find out about Jessie’s car?”

“Nothing. But someone sent this confidential Wilde Mine memo to my PO box.” Denver pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket. Unfolding it, he passed it to Dallas.

Dallas couldn’t believe his eyes. The memo was signed by Austin instructing the supervisors to fudge the numbers they reported. Dallas wasn’t familiar with any items mentioned, but it was clear that his eldest brother wanted to limit purchasing new safety equipment in the mine to below required standards to save money.

He passed it to Phoenix. Phoenix read it then handed it over to Jackson.

When Jackson finished reading it, Denver took it back.

They all sat there for a few minutes, trying to process what they’d learned.

Denver spoke up. “This doesn’t mean Austin’s gunning for Jessie. It only means he’s trying to impress the dads. They’ve left him in charge of the mine for the past several months. This isn’t the first time. I think it’s their way of trying to keep him in the fold. We all know he plans on leaving someday.”

“I promise you one thing, Denver.” Jackson spoke through gritted teeth. “If Austin does turn out to be the one who is responsible for

Jessie's brakes being cut, he's going to learn that his little brother has a whole bunch of hell to deliver to him."

Dallas added, "And I'll be right beside you, lil' bro."

Phoenix nodded. "Me, too."

"Let's not jump the gun here. We need more facts." Denver's quiet logic had always impressed Dallas. Normally, Denver could calm any of his brothers down whenever one or more of them flew off the handle. Not this time. Not with Jessie in danger.

Dallas tasted the rage on his lips. "Then let's get the facts. I say we confront our brother."

"Won't work, bro. You know him." Denver's tone was so even. "Let me keep working on trying to find out who could've cut her brakes. Phoenix, you get closer to Selby."

"I can do that."

"Great, I think Selby is sweet on you. Shouldn't be too hard. Find out what you can about Austin."

"I'm on it."

Denver continued, "Jackson, you work the Malcolm angle. You're a lawyer. Scare the hell out of the prick."

"Gladly. And if that doesn't work, I'll pound his head into the ground until he talks."

"That's my lil' bro." Denver laughed. "Dallas, you're still up to bat to make sure Jessie stays safe."

"Happy to do it." He vowed that not a hair on her head would be harmed.

"Guys, don't you think it would be best to not share more with Jessie until we know who's behind this?"

Phoenix and Jackson nodded.

Until Dallas and his brothers knew who wanted Jessie out of the picture, he would keep the full truth from Jessie, even though he hated it.

* * * *

Dallas walked through the door of the Hotel Cactus and entered its lobby.

Aunt Maude looked up and put down the phone's receiver she was holding. "I was just about to call you." She shook her head as if she'd just seen the Devil himself.

"What's wrong?"

Just then, Jessie rushed down the stairs. Her makeup had run down her face. She must've been crying.

The moment their eyes locked, she yelled, "You! Liar!"

"That's what's wrong, nephew. Someone called her and told her about your family. The whole thing."

"Who the hell would do that?"

"Don't know. She just rang me from her room and asked me if it was true. I had to tell her. She deserved to know."

Fuck!

"You're an asshole, Dallas. All you Wilde brothers are assholes. Were all of you in on this? Even Austin?"

"No. He didn't know."

His aunt shook her head. "Let me give you two some space."

"Please, Maude. Stay. Everyone else in Wilde seems to know what's going on in my bed."

"No, hon. Not everybody. If you need me, I'll be in the back."

Maude walked through the door behind the hotel's reception desk.

Jessie glared at him. "Go figure. The brother I've not slept with nor have any intention of ever sleeping with is the only honest one of the bunch."

"He called you?"

"No. I don't know who the man was that called me. Doesn't matter. Austin has made it really clear how he feels about me. I'm a professional nuisance to him. That's all. At least he's been honest."

"Please, you don't understand."

"I understand plenty. I might've been duped into trusting you, and

when you did finally throw me over to Denver, I might've fallen for it. If three, why not four. But Austin is a man I would never go for. Ever."

"You don't know that, love."

"Stop calling me that."

"All right. Whatever you say. Let's go to your room and talk about it."

"Alaska. That mean anything to you, cowboy? Let me say it again in case you didn't hear. Alaska."

He hated that she was using her safe word against him like a weapon. "It doesn't quite work that way, Jessie."

"It does now. You didn't protect my heart, cowboy. You broke it."

Knowing his deception had crushed her flat felt like being thrown down an elevator shaft. She just had to give him a chance to fix everything. "Jessie, there's more to this than you know."

"I know plenty. Besides, you're good at holding important facts back from me. How can I ever trust you not to do it again? Right. I can't."

"What can I do?"

"You've done enough. I'm in town for at least another two weeks. I'd appreciate it if you left me the hell alone. Tell your other brothers in on this deception to do the same." She turned and headed up the stairs, not looking back.

His half truths and omissions had pushed the woman of his dreams out of his reach.

Fuck!

Chapter Five

Jessie looked at her cell. No calls. She'd left several messages for Michael, but he hadn't called back. She needed someone to talk to, and he was the only one she could trust. It had been twelve hours since she'd left her room and told Dallas to shove off. A few hours later, the three liars had shown up at her door and pounded like maniacs. She'd called the front desk and talked to Maude. Jessie heard her in the hallway, telling them to get lost or she would call the sheriff. Their aunt then told them something about screwing up their chance. Then nothing. Not a knock or phone call.

Sure, it made sense that they hadn't told her immediately about their family's odd arrangement and that they were interested in making her the shared bride. But when exactly were they going to drop the bomb? And what about Austin? There was no way she could go there. Not with him.

She needed a distraction to take her mind off of her aching heart. After reading fifty e-mails from DC, she shut her laptop. She thought about going to the Horseshoe, but that would only remind her of her first night with the Wilde brothers. She didn't have an appetite, so Norma's was out. *What about the local casino?* That might do the trick. She dressed and headed down the stairs. A few hands of blackjack and some free drinks would suit her just fine.

When she got to the lobby, her heart sunk.

Damn it.

Dallas stood by the front desk like some kind of sentry. "Jessie, talk to me."

"I've already said what I wanted to say." She headed for the door,

glaring at him to dare try to stop her.

“Where are you going?” He stepped in front of her, blocking her path.

“None of your business, cowboy. Get out of my way, please.”

Disappointment filled his eyes. “There’s something you need to know.”

“Really? More lies.”

“No.” His stare was intense and repentant. “I’m done lying to you.”

She believed him, but it wasn’t enough to soften her heart. “Good for you, but it’s too late.” Even with the dose of anger that pulsed hot inside Jessie, she couldn’t believe her time with the brothers was over. But it had to be. She couldn’t give them any more chances even as much as she really wanted to.

“I deserve that.”

“That and more.”

“I agree. Anyway, you remember the day your brakes went out on Suicide Hill?”

“Of course.”

“Someone cut your brake lines. It wasn’t an accident.”

Her jaw dropped. “How do you know that?”

“We took your rental to a mechanic. It was obvious.”

Her heart raced and fear revved up her pulse. “Who would want to do that?”

“You’ve got an enemy in Wilde. There’s at least a dozen or more that come to mind.”

“Whatever. This is too much.” Her hands trembled. “How many lies are you going to tell me?”

“I told you, I’m done with lies.” He reached for her, but she stepped back.

“No, Dallas. Don’t.”

“Okay. But I can’t let you go out alone, Jessie. Not knowing that. You have to understand that.”

“It’s a free country. Follow me, if you like. Just don’t talk to me. Don’t touch me. If you do, I will scream my head off until the law shows up.” She hated how mean her tone sounded, but Dallas’s betrayal wounded her so much that she couldn’t help but lash out at him.

She walked out the door of the Hotel Cactus onto Main Street. As Dallas had promised her, he followed.

Sneaky Pete’s Casino was just to the right of Norma’s Cafe. There weren’t any vehicles moving on the streets of Wilde at the moment, so she crossed the street, heading straight for the distraction she needed.

Walking into the casino, Jessie realized it wasn’t like any of the casinos in Atlantic City she’d visited. Sneaky Pete’s had only ten slot machines on the back wall, one crap table near the bar, one blackjack table, and one poker table. Nothing else. Well, her game was blackjack. When she got to the table, she recognized the man sitting there playing. He worked at the front desk of the Hotel Cactus, and she’d seen him there a few times.

He looked up. “Hello, Ms. Greene.”

“Hi.” She wracked her brain for his name.

“I’m Kyle.”

“Sorry. I forgot.”

“No problem. Blackjack player?”

“I’ve played a few times. Nothing serious though.” She looked over her shoulder and saw Dallas glaring. *Good*. “Mind if I join you.”

“I’d love it. But I have to warn you that this dealer is not very lucky for me. I’m down half my stash already, and I’ve only been here an hour.”

“I’ll take my chances.” Jessie sat down to the left of Kyle and threw three twenties on the table.

The cowboy smiled at her. “Maybe a cutie like you will turn my luck around tonight.”

Kyle was handsome and charming, but she was done with

cowboys, especially ones from this town. “Don’t bet on it.”

The dealer pushed some chips in front of her.

Before he could deal, two women sat on the other side of her. One was Austin Wilde’s personal assistant, Selby. The other woman worked at the cafe.

They took the chairs next to her, with the waitress taking the one closest to Jessie. “Hello, Ms. Greene. How’s the investigation going?”

“I’m still working on it. Your name’s *Samantha*, right?”

The young woman smiled broadly. “Yes it is, Ms. Greene.”

“Please, call me Jessica.” She’d never been really good with women, but right now she wanted a female buddy more than she’d ever wanted one before.

“I can do that. But I thought your name was Jessie?”

“No. Why would you think that?” The Wilde brothers called her that. She’d even begun to think of herself as a *Jessie*. Now, it was time to return to her old persona. Taking back her real name and letting the nickname die would be a perfect step to accomplishing just that.

“I heard Jackson call you by that one day at the diner.”

The dealer, a nice-looking middle-aged man, frowned. “Samantha, you’re not twenty-one.”

Samantha produced a license. “This says I am. Besides, I’ve played here before. There’s no Nevada Gaming Control agents in town. What’s the harm?”

He glanced at Jessie then back at Samantha. “Doesn’t matter, kid. You can’t play.”

The girl laughed and turned to Jessie. “He’s worried that you’ll rat him out if he lets me play because you work for a federal agency. You don’t care, do you?”

“Not really. That’s not my jurisdiction. Besides, I’m off duty tonight.”

“Thank you.” Samantha batted her eyes, daring the man to refuse her.

He huffed and then shuffled the cards.

Selby leaned over. "By the way, you might want to steer clear of Kyle. He's a major player."

"Why would you say that, Selby?" he asked.

"Because it's true. You broke my sister's heart, mister. And I know another half dozen women in town who you've done the same thing to."

Kyle's cell phone rang, and he looked at its screen. "Excuse me. Jessie. It was wonderful seeing you again."

She turned her head and smiled so Dallas would see. "Same here."

Kyle walked away. "Hello, this is..."

As he walked to the door, she saw Dallas stop him. The two exchanged some words but weren't loud enough for her to hear. Still, it was clear they weren't sharing pleasantries. Dallas shoved Kyle, who came back at him and pushed him. An elderly man was next to them in a flash, pointing to the door. They both nodded and left the casino.

"Pete took care of your two boyfriends," Selby said.

Jessie looked back to the two women, who were ignoring the blackjack dealer. Instead, their gazes were locked on the door that Dallas and Kyle had walked through.

"Who do you think will win in that matchup, Sam?"

"Dallas. He's got more brawn than Kyle will ever have."

"They're not my boyfriends." Jessie turned her attention to the dealer.

"Ladies, are you playing or not?"

"I am," Samantha answered. She put a five-dollar chip in front of her.

Selby put her bet on the table and chimed in. "Me, too."

Samantha turned to Jessie. "How about you?"

Jessie took one of her chips and put it on the felt. "I'm in."

The dealer nodded and dealt the cards. After several rounds of play, Jessie was down about twenty bucks. She looked at Samantha's

pile of chips. They'd grown quite a bit. Selby's was about the same.

"I'm done." Samantha cashed in her chips. "How about you girls? I could use a drink."

Selby nodded and pushed her chips toward the dealer, who exchanged them for cash.

Jessie considered joining them, but thought it might be best to return to her room. When she looked over her shoulder and saw Dallas walk back into the casino, she changed her mind. A little female companionship was exactly what she needed right now.

"I'd love to." Jessie pushed her chips forward, and the dealer gave her twenty-two dollars back.

The three of them went to the bar. Samantha flirted with the bartender, and he didn't hesitate to serve her. Three tequila shots later, Jessie was feeling warm and a bit better.

"Jessie, it's nice to get to know you outside of work." Selby downed her fourth shot. "You're not half bad."

"You either. Off the record, how is it working for Austin Wilde?"

"Awful. Amazing. Crazy. Wonderful."

Samantha frowned. "If you ask me, he's a total jerk."

Jessie took her fourth shot of tequila. "I agree with Sam, here. He's an asshole."

"You two just don't know him like I do."

Jessie answered, "I know him well enough. He's the kind of guy that breaks one woman's heart before breakfast, another after lunch, and still another during dinner."

Dallas walked up behind her. "Jessie, have you eaten anything today?"

She stood up and felt the liquor go to her head. "None of your business, Mr. Wilde."

"Maybe not, but drinking tequila on an empty stomach is a recipe for disaster." He placed his hand on her shoulder.

Jessie jerked free of his touch. "No. You are. Get lost."

Samantha stood up next to her. "Dallas, leave her to us. We'll take

care of her.”

“Neither of you are in shape to take care of anyone. I should call your mother, Samantha.”

The woman put her hands on her hips and frowned. “This poor girl doesn’t have a friend in town. I don’t know what you did to her to get her so mad, but she might want to talk to someone about it.”

Jessie nodded and folded her arms over her chest.

Selby got on the other side of her. “Dallas, did you punch Kyle?” There was glee in her voice.

He didn’t answer, but Jessie thought he might’ve. She knew she shouldn’t hope for him to be jealous, but she did.

“You don’t need another drink to talk. No more, Jessie.” His tone didn’t leave room for negotiation.

She shrugged. “Fine. Now, can you play bodyguard back at the corner you came from? This is girls’ night out. No men allowed.”

“Especially not any Wilde brothers.” Samantha laughed, and Selby joined in.

His face darkened. Without another word, he walked away.

I’m being such a bitch to him. Sure, he’d held back the truth. Maybe he deserved it, too. Still something inside her screamed to forgive him even though she knew that would be idiotic.

“I bet we could sneak another round without Mr. Overprotective seeing us,” Samantha whispered.

“I don’t think Dallas misses much.” Jessie shook her head. “No more for me.”

“You’re really into him?” Samantha asked.

“I guess I am.”

“You do know the score about the Wilde brothers, Jessie?” Selby asked. “It’s a bit different.”

“I know. Dallas confessed some of it. I got a call from a guy earlier today that filled me in on the rest.”

Selby asked, “Who was he?”

“Don’t know. He didn’t let me ask any questions before he hung

up. It's just so strange to me."

Samantha shrugged. "Probably some disgruntled miner who wants you out of town."

"Does everyone in town know I've been spending time with the Wilde brothers?"

Samantha shrugged.

Selby answered, "Most do."

"Damn." Not only did Jessie feel like a fool, now all her credibility was gone.

Samantha put her arm around Jessie's shoulders. "You poor thing. Those brothers sure do know how to hurt a woman."

"Yes, they do."

* * * *

At four in the morning, Jessie crawled into her hotel bed, still feeling the effects of the tequila. Though Dallas had offered to walk her back to the hotel, she'd let her two new gal pals do it.

Jessie wasn't quite ready to let Dallas off the hook, but she was close after talking with Samantha and Selby. Each of them came from similar families as the Wilde brothers. Samantha's mother had two husbands and Selby's had four. When they talked about it, she actually started seeing the logic in such an arrangement.

She looked up at the ceiling of her room. How could she even consider marrying the brothers? Sure, she had fallen for Jackson, Phoenix, and Dallas. But she barely knew Denver. And what about Austin? Every time she thought about him, her anxiety grew. Her meeting with him had gone terribly. He had a dominating demeanor that unhinged her. No. It could never work.

Buzz. Buzz.

The sound came from her cell phone. *Where is it?* She'd been in such a rush earlier that she'd forgotten to take her cell to the casino.

It was on the desk by the window. Jessie crawled off the bed and

grabbed it up.

The caller ID told her that she definitely did want to answer it.

“Hey, Michael.” Her tongue felt thick from the tequila.

“Jessica? Where the hell have you been?”

“At th-the c-casino.”

“You’re drunk?”

She giggled. “I guess so.”

“Well, Wilde seems to be having a real impact on you.”

“It certainly is.”

“So, what about the cowboys you told me about? How’s that going?”

She wasn’t sure if it was the tequila or that she was so tired, but she told him the whole story about the Wilde brothers and what the cowboys wanted from her.

“Wow, Jessica. I travel the world for craziness, and you find it in rural Nevada.”

“It is crazy? A woman marrying so many men?”

“Maybe. Most would say so. But who cares what others think. I don’t. Not anymore.”

“I’m glad you finally decided to be yourself, Michael.”

“Me, too. You should do the same. Stop worrying about what others think and go with your gut. Let me ask this. Do you love them?”

She sighed. “I think I am falling in love with at least three of them.”

“What about the other two cowboys?”

“I don’t know. Denver, maybe, though he’s pretty intense at times. Austin scares me.”

“Doll, you deserve happiness. Why not just see where this takes you?”

“You really think so?”

“Sure. Besides, I want to be there when your dad gets the wedding invitations.”

Jessie laughed. “You’re awful.” He always knew how to cheer her up.

“Listen to Dallas. He told you to stay in the *here and now*. I think he’s right. Now, you go to sleep. I have a feeling you’re going to be quite hungover tomorrow.”

“I don’t have hangovers, remember?”

“I remember. Night, doll.”

“Night, Michael.”

Chapter Six

Norma's Cafe was filled to the brim. Jessie saw the line of customers that continued out the door. The aroma of King Cakes, bacon, and fresh coffee deliciously filled the air.

"Thanks." Jessie nodded at Samantha as she refilled her cup.

"How about another stack?"

Jessie had enjoyed spending time with Samantha and Selby at Sneaky Pete's Casino. They'd told her a lot about the Wilde brothers and their family she'd not known. "I don't think I could eat another bite."

Samantha grinned. "King Cakes can become addictive."

Jessie patted her belly. "You're telling me."

"You should try our biscuits and gravy. They're to die for. And our waffles are as big as a table."

"Hush. As it is already, I'm going to have to eat only bread and water starting the instant I get back to DC."

Samantha smiled. "Hey, why don't we go to the Horseshoe tonight?"

Jessie looked over at the booth where Dallas sat staring. She didn't believe the strange family makeup of the Wilde family could work when it came to her. Still, she was ready to let her cowboy off the hook. He'd suffered enough. Dallas had been honest with her—up to a point. And how could he have told her the entire truth? Any sane woman would've been out of town the second she'd learned about the Wilde brothers' needs.

"No. While I'd love to, I have to get up in the morning early. I found out that to get to the old line you have to go on horseback."

“Or motorcycle,” Samantha informed. “Well that’s a shame. I thought I might introduce you to some men in town who were more along the one-on-one variety.”

Jessie sighed. “I’m not sure I could ever go back to the norm after being with the Wilde brothers.”

“Suit yourself. Would’ve been fun.”

“Maybe next time, Samantha.”

“Sure thing.” The woman winked, turned, and went to another table to take their order.

Well, best to get this over with right now. I’ve been bitchy to him long enough. Jessie slid out of the booth and walked over to Dallas’s table.

“Mind if I join you?” she asked.

Dallas smiled broadly, his relief evident on his face. “Please, have a seat.”

She took a deep breath. This was going to be awkward. “I need your help.”

“Anything. You know that.”

“I need to go to the old mine. I understand the only way there is by horseback or motorcycle.”

He shook his head. “It would be difficult to get to the mine by motorcycle. The old creek washed out last spring.”

“Will you help me?”

“Love, I would do anything for you.”

Jessie felt tingles spread through her body. She reached across the table and took Dallas’s hand in hers. “I want you to know I’m not mad at you. Actually, I kind of understand why you did what you did. But no more lies, Dallas.”

“Agreed.”

“But you have to know that this is all new to me. I’m not sure if I can really be what you want me to be.”

He squeezed her hand. “Sweetheart, you already are. I know there’s a lot to take in. My family is...not like others. I want you to

know one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“If a plural marriage isn’t something that you can wrap your head around, I’d like you to consider a more traditional proposal. If you’ll have me, I’d like to be your one and only.”

Her heart slammed in her chest. She couldn’t believe her ears. “If I understand what Selby and Samantha told me, if you don’t share a wife with your other brothers, you lose your inheritance. Is that right?”

Dallas shrugged.

My God, would he really do that for me? Somehow she knew he would. “Well, let’s just take it one day at a time. Stick to the here and now, as someone pretty smart told me one time.”

“Love, we’re good?”

“Green, Sir. We’re green.”

A familiar voice came from behind her. “Jessica!”

She whirled around and saw Michael pushing his way through the line of customers.

“I can’t believe you’re here,” she said loudly, hoping he could hear above the din.

She grinned, knowing that what he was wearing had likely never been seen in this small mining town ever before. Actually, she doubted purple jeans and silver shirts had been seen since the seventies. Even his sunglasses were massive, pointing back to the disco era. Jessie jumped from Dallas’s booth. Her ex-fiancé walked over and gave her a big hug. She melted into his embrace. Gay, yes, but Michael had muscles to spare. He was tall, too. Six-three. Being held by him felt good and peacefully familiar.

Dallas stood and glared at him. “I think that’s enough. Get your paws off of her, now.”

“He’s my friend. Don’t be jealous.”

Michael’s eyebrows went up, but he didn’t let go. “Wow, Jessica. You really did trade up.”

Dallas grabbed Michael's shoulder. "I said let her go."

Jessie could tell he wasn't kidding. His face was clouded with rage. She looked at Michael. Per his norm, he wasn't going to take orders from Dallas or anyone else.

"Michael, please."

Her ex grabbed Dallas's wrist and not so gently removed it from his shoulder. All the while, keeping one arm around her. "Cowboy, if it's a pissing match you want, I'm game. Of course, I'd prefer a kissing match."

Dallas swung his fists, but Michael ducked, avoiding his jab. Then Michael landed a punch in Dallas's gut, and another at the side of his face. Dallas rubbed his jaw then landed two blows that put Michael on the floor.

"What the hell are you two doing!" Jessie looked around the diner. Customers were staring, but none moved to stop them. In fact, they looked more amused than surprised, as if this was an everyday occurrence in Wilde. "I can't believe this." She snapped, "Dallas, this is Michael. My ex-fiancé." She turned to Michael on the floor. He was smiling. "Michael, you'll never change."

He stood up, and held out his hand to Dallas. "That last left hook was amazing. I'm sure I could have two black guys in the morning. Oh... I mean two black eyes."

Michael's joke seemed to unhinge Dallas's anger. Then the cowboy laughed. "Pleased to meet you, Michael."

"The pleasure is mine, cowboy. Boy, I'm going to have to get back to my boxing classes at the gym."

Dallas shrugged. "You should thank your coach. You landed some tough punches."

"Thanks, I'll let him know. By the way, I've never seen Jessica looking more beautiful. I think you're the one to blame for that."

"I sure hope so."

The two men shook hands like they were long lost buddies. Male bonding was so screwy to her.

“Michael, why are you here?”

He grabbed her hand, but this time Dallas didn’t seem annoyed. “After our talk last night, I had to come see for myself. This is some town. There are more yummy men per capita in this backwater town than any other place I’ve been to in the world. I might have to buy a vacation home here.”

Dallas snorted. “There’s some guys in town who swing your way that I’m sure would be glad to show you around, buddy.”

Jessie shook her head and sent him a mocking glare. “Stop teasing Michael. Besides, he could never live in a place without a gay bar.”

“He wouldn’t have to.” The cowboy patted Michael on the shoulder. “It’s called Phase Three.”

“Cool,” her ex said. “You know a good real estate agent, Dallas?”

Jessie laughed. She was thrilled that they were hitting it off.

* * * *

Dallas had left moments ago to get the gear ready for the trip to the old mine, leaving Jessie alone with Michael. She was glad.

Michael was staying in another room at the hotel. The Hotel Cactus was nice, but it wasn’t the five-star accommodations her ex normally stayed at. She wondered what he thought about the place. Still, he was a pretty good sport about such things. Besides, he’d come to Wilde to make sure she was okay. He’d proven time after time that he would endure a plethora of inconveniences if it meant rescuing her. She loved him for that.

She and Michael sat in the hotel lobby, sipping the iced tea that Maude had brought them.

“How long are you here for, Michael?”

“Tonight only, but I could cancel my plans if you need me to stay.”

“Don’t do that. You can see I’m okay.”

“So I talked to your dad yesterday.” Michael rubbed his jaw.

Jessie tensed. "What did he have to say?"

Michael shrugged. "You know your dad. He didn't say much. Just wondered where you were and how *we* were doing."

"I know where you're going with this. But I'm just not ready to tell him."

"Jessica, this is crazy. It's clear that you have a chance at a life in this town."

"You really think I have a chance with Dallas and his brothers?" she asked.

"Why not? I know it's not traditional. But who gives a damn. Look at me. I screwed up not only my life but much of yours by trying to be what everyone else wanted me to be. I should've just been true to myself. There are at least four of the five brothers that you're interested in. If the others look anything like Dallas, I'm not surprised."

"You are so pushing it." She threw an ice cube at him.

Michael laughed. "I like what I am seeing in you. You are more alive than I've ever known you to be. You're taking risks. You can't stop smiling. Hell, you're even glowing."

"You're quite the liar. I just don't know. You've only met one of them."

"Tell me. I want to know more."

Jessie smiled. He knew more about her than anyone on the planet. She honestly loved him. "Well, Jackson is the youngest."

"Right. He's the one that took your virginity." Michael grinned wickedly.

"Unlike you, Mr. Let's-wait-until-we-get-married."

Michael's smile evaporated. He took her hand and said, "I'm really sorry about that. You deserved better from me."

She kissed his cheek. "Honey, you did the best you could. The closet is a terrible place. Besides, I guess it was worth waiting for. Who knows? I might've hit the jackpot here in Wilde."

"That's my girl." He nodded. "Seriously, are these guys being

good to you?”

“Yes, they are. Very good to me.”

* * * *

Dallas waited in the lobby for Jessica to come down from her room. He looked at the clock above the reception desk and realized they would have to leave pretty quickly if they were going to make it to the Old Mine and back before dark.

He looked up and saw Jessie standing at the top of the stairs. She looked amazing. He couldn't get enough of her. Her hips swayed from side to side ever so slightly, tempting him. God, he was happy that she'd forgiven him.

“Hi, Dallas. Sorry I kept you waiting.” Jessie smiled, making him instantly hard.

“Don't worry about it. You're worth the wait, period.”

She blushed, and that pleased him. Jessie was the most delicate and sweet woman he'd ever known.

“So, are we ready to go?” she asked.

Dallas walked over to her. He pulled her in tight and kissed her, enjoying the taste of her full lips.

Dallas was through playing the gentleman. If she didn't want to marry his other brothers, as much as that would hurt his family, then so be it. But he was never letting her go ever.

“I've got the horses out back, sweetheart. Shall we?”

She giggled. “I guess you go play boss in the morning, too?”

“It's my nature.” He put his arm around her and guided her out the door.

When they got to the horses, she surprised him. With clear know-how, she hoisted herself up in the saddle. “Jessie, you ride?”

“My dad had me enrolled in some jumping classes. Sure, the saddles differ, but the horses are about the same area, so let's hit the gas.”

* * * *

They were halfway to the mine when the clouds began to darken. The storm was gathering. Dallas knew they must find shelter, and quick.

“Follow me, love. We have a chance to keep from getting soaked if we hurry.”

“We’re not gonna make it to the old mine today, are we?” She looked up at the sky.

“Depends. This could be a quick storm. Typical for around here. If it blows over, we might make it. But it will be tough riding in the mud.”

“Where are you taking us?”

“To my granddad’s cabin. But we better hurry.”

“Lead the way, cowboy.”

They arrived at his grandfather’s cabin totally drenched. Pappy Jack told them to go inside and dry off and he would take care of the horses. Dallas guided Jessie inside. She looked gorgeous in the light coming from the fireplace. He prayed the rains wouldn’t stop but would continue all night. Spending the night with her here, or anywhere, is exactly what he wanted.

He put his arms around Jessie, hoping to warm her enough to stop her trembles. “I think we’re here for the night, love.”

“You’re right about that.” The old cowboy placed his hat on the hook by the door. “This is likely to go on until midnight. Son, introduce me to the lady.”

“This is Jessie Green. Jessie, this is my granddad, Pappy Jack.”

She stepped forward and offered her hand. “Pleased to meet you.”

His granddad took her hand and brought it up to his lips, placing a gentleman’s kiss on the back of her hand. He leaned up, releasing her hand. “The pleasure is mine, little lady. Now, about your clothes. We need to get them dried out. Jessie, I think you would fit in one of my

wife's outfits. Dallas, you're too big for any of my clothes, so you're going to have to wear a towel."

"You just love embarrassing me, don't you?"

The old man laughed. "That I do, son. That I do. Go get some towels for Jessie. Get one for yourself, too. You know where they are?"

"Yes, sir. I do." Dallas went to the only bathroom in the place. It was pretty spacious and even had a tub. Pappy Jack had it put in right after he and his brothers married Dallas's grandmother. He took out four big towels from the cabinet and went back to the main room of the cabin.

Dallas handed three of the towels to Jessie.

"Thank you."

"We'll give you some privacy to change clothes. My bedroom is right through that door, hon. My wife's things are in the closet to the right of the bed. Put on anything you like. Probably a bit old-fashioned, but it should do until your clothes are dried."

"Thank you, Pappy Jack."

"You're welcome, darlin'. It's nice having a woman here again."

Jessie walked over to him. "Do you mind if I give you a hug?"

"Mind? I'd be hurt if you didn't."

Dallas watched her grab on to his granddad, and he put his arms around her. When they let go of each other, Dallas would've sworn that he saw the tough codger wipe his eyes.

Jessie smiled and kissed his granddad's cheek. Then she went to the bedroom, shutting the door behind her.

"That one is a keeper, son." Pappy Jack patted him on the back.

"Yes, she is."

"How about some coffee to warm you up, son?"

"Whiskey would work faster."

His granddad nodded. "That it would. Hard to believe, but I just happen to have some handy. Shuck those clothes and put them on your grandma's rocker by the fireplace. They're going to take awhile

to dry.”

After downing a couple of shots of liquor, the cold inside Dallas faded. Pappy Jack poured two more shots, but before they could drink them, Jessie returned. She’d chosen one of Gran’s dresses that fell just below the knee. It was pale blue, and the V-neck dipped just enough for him to get a glimpse of her cleavage. His cock made a tent out of the towel he wore. He looked over at Pappy Jack. The old man was wiping his eyes, and tears were streaming from them. It startled Dallas. He’d only seen his granddad cry once. That was at Gran’s funeral.

Pappy Jack choked. “I’m sorry, young lady. I’ve become a woman in my old age. It’s just...seeing you in Carol’s dress... Well, it took me back. I apologize.”

“I’m sorry if this upset you.” Jessie’s concern was evident on her face. “Let me take these off. A towel will work just fine for me.”

“No, hon. I’m okay now. You keep them on.”

Dallas choked, “I miss Gran, too.”

“I know you do, son.”

Jessie took the chair at the table between Dallas and Pappy Jack. “Tell me about her. I’m sure she was an incredible woman.”

His granddad nodded. “Swept me and my brothers off our feet, she did.”

“Was she from Wilde?”

“Nope. Her kin were from Maine. They weren’t too happy with my brothers and me, but they eventually warmed up to us.”

“So did she have a tough time warming up to the idea of marrying more than one man?”

Dallas was glad that Jessie was asking this question. He hoped it meant that she was considering what he and his brothers wanted.

“I think I better get the good stuff out for this kind of conversation. You like whiskey, Jessie?”

“Don’t know. I’ve drunk vodka, tequila, and gin, before. Never tried any dark liquors.”

“Well, let me introduce you to Mr. Glenlivet 1959. He makes angels sing and devils weep. For us, he just might deliver a bit of good cheer.”

“I think I’ll like him.” She smiled.

Pappy Jack filled up three glasses with the good stuff.

“Mmm. That’s good.” Jessie licked her lips. “I might get used to Mr. Glenlivet.”

“I’m glad you like it.” His granddad took another drink from his glass. “You asked me about my wife, little lady. There’s a lot to tell.”

“I’d love to hear about her, Pappy Jack.”

He put his hand over hers. “Then you shall.” The old man closed his eyes, as if to transport back to the past. “I’d just finished my tour of duty in southeast Asia. My two brothers, Tom and Will, met me in San Fran.”

Dallas missed Pappy Tom and Pappy Will. They’d taken him and his brothers on weeklong fishing and hunting trips when he was a kid.

Pappy Jack continued, “Tom and I wanted to leave early the next day. Will convinced us to stay an extra day. He thought we deserved a boys’ night out. Well, a day turned into a month after we met Carol.”

“Sounds romantic.”

“Wasn’t at first. Will fell for her instantly. Tom and I took a bit longer.”

Jessie took a sip of her whiskey. “You said she was from Maine. What was she doing in San Francisco?”

“Attending Stanford.”

“I didn’t know Gran went to college.”

“Actually got her degree in biology there, son.”

“You like your women smart, Pappy Jack?” Jessie teased.

“Only one. And she was incredibly so. Tom knew she was the one for us by the third day. Me, I’m pretty slow.”

“Wasn’t love at first sight?” she asked.

“Probably. I just fought it. I was worried she wouldn’t understand our ways. But she did come around, though it took some convincing.”

“No woman could resist you.” She grabbed his granddad’s hand. “I’m sure Carol was a very lucky woman to have three men to love her.”

“We were the lucky ones.” Pappy Jack downed his whiskey. “Tom died in ’90 and Will in ’97. Carol asked to move here after they died. I built this, you know.”

“I’ve learned all Wilde boys have to build their own house by the time they turn eighteen.”

“That’s true. Turns boys into men like it did to my grandson here.”

“I think it works really well.” Jessie gazed at Dallas.

His cock pushed the towel up another inch, though neither of them could see since his chair was scooted up under the table.

“Yes, he’s grown up into quite the man. I’m proud of you, son.”

“I’m proud of you, Pappy Jack.”

“You should be. I’m great, you know.” The old man grinned.

“You are.”

“I haven’t talked about this in years. Young lady, I’m glad you’re here. Carol always told me I kept things bottled up. She didn’t think that was good for me.”

“It’s not. I’m glad to be here with you.”

“You’re a bit like her, Jessie.”

“I hope so. She must’ve been someone very special to have landed your heart.”

“She was.” Pappy Jack’s voice cracked. “She taught me so much about living.”

Tears were streaming down Jessie’s face, and before Dallas could get to her, Pappy Jack put his arms around her. “Thank you, child. I needed this more than you know.”

She wiped her eyes. “So did I.”

His granddad held his glass up. “To Carol.”

Dallas and Jessie clinked their glasses to his.

“Now, if you kids don’t mind. I’m going to head out to the barn

with this bottle to be alone with my thoughts. I'll see you in the morning."

Jessie stood and kissed his cheek. "Goodnight, Pappy Jack."

She'd gotten his granddad to open up in a way he'd never seen before. Tonight, Dallas fell even deeper in love with her. If his Pappys were able to convince his Gran to choose the Wilde way, then by God, Dallas and his brothers would find a way to convince Jessie.

Chapter Seven

Pappy Jack's stories about his wife and brothers melted Jessie's heart. The Wilde family way had worked for Dallas's grandmother. Jessie imagined that a lifetime of love and devotion from three Wilde men must've been heavenly. *Could it be the same for me with this generation's Wilde men?*

Jessie sighed, looking around at the mementos and photos that filled the cabin, revealing so much about Pappy Jack's history. *Settle down, girl, and don't get carried away.* She decided that it would be best to take things slow when it came to the Wilde brothers. There was no way she could wrap her head around such a marriage right now—if ever. Besides, she didn't know Denver very well, and Austin not at all.

Dallas stood up, dropping his towel to the floor. His cock was fully erect, causing her jaw to drop and her body to heat up. "Love, you're mine tonight."

He wasn't asking. He was taking, and that got her instantly wet.

"If we do this—"

"There's no *if* about it," he interrupted. "I'm going to be inside your sweet pussy tonight."

She shivered with desire, but continued, "Sex with you doesn't mean I'm saying I will be able to do what your Pappy's wife did."

"Sweetheart, we'll cross that bridge when we come to it. Right now, I want you. There's nothing you can do or say that changes that. God, Jessie, you will be the death of me."

She grinned. "A big cowboy like you can't be afraid of a little woman like me, can you?"

"I'm too smart not to be." His voice changed from gentle to commanding. "Tonight, my rules. Understand?"

A warm jolt shot down her spine. "Yes, Sir."

"What state are you in?" he asked, with lust on every syllable.

"Green, Sir."

"Good. Strip for me."

"Yes, Sir."

She took her time, hoping to give him a good show.

When she slipped the last piece of clothing off, he said through heavy breaths, "God, you look so amazing."

She felt beautiful under his constant gaze.

"You're the sexiest, most adorable woman I've ever seen. But you've been very bad."

"I have, Sir?"

"Oh, yes. You said your safe word at the hotel to piss me off and push me away. Isn't that true?"

She closed her eyes, remembering how she'd hurt him. "Yes, Sir. I'm so sorry."

"I know you are, love. But you've got to learn to trust me. Now that you've heard how it can be in my family, you understand. If I had told you then, you would've bolted. Right?"

She said meekly, "Probably."

"Trust is hard for you. I can tell. But I will have your trust. Believe me."

His tone sent tingles over her skin. "Yes, Sir."

"Get on your knees."

She instantly obeyed, hoping to please him.

"You've got so much courage. I've never seen anything like it. You're smart, too."

She loved his words of adoration, and the command in his tone peeled back her layers. "Thank you, Sir."

"There will be no more holding back from me. Understand?"

She gulped, excited to find out what he had in store for her. "Yes,

Sir.”

“Your silky red hair is mine. Your sexy green eyes are mine. Your pouty lips and soft curves are mine, too. Pinch your nipples, love.”

She did, imagining it was his teeth biting down, delivering the sweet sting.

“Whose gorgeous tits are those?”

“Yours, Sir.”

“Damn right, they are. Finger your pussy, love.”

She moved her hands down to her mound, discovering how soaked she’d become in the past few minutes.

“Whose pretty cunt is that?”

“Yours, Sir.”

“Fuck, yes. That’s my pussy. Touch it, get it nice and wet.”

His dirty talk had her nipples peaking and her body shaking. She threaded her fingers against her swollen pussy’s lips. She needed him inside her in the worst way. If he didn’t take her soon, she thought she might even scream. Once he took her, he would know she was submitting to his dominance.

“What state?”

“Green, Sir.”

“Get my hot little mouth over here, love. But stay on your knees.”

“Yes, Sir.” She shuffled her way to him as instructed.

“Closer. That’s it. I want my cock sucked on right now.”

She nodded and swallowed the head of his dick.

“Ah, yes. That’s the ticket. Suck me good, love. I won’t reduce your punishment you deserve, but you will please me.”

She went up and down his shaft until her jaw began to ache.

“Yes. I love getting head from you.” He touched her shoulder, and she felt her cheeks warm. “Keep going. Excellent.”

“Mmm.” She loved earning his praise. Emboldened, she doubled her effort and cupped his balls.

“That’s my girl. Fuck. That feels so good.”

There was no shame here, only primal heat. This was no place for

regrets.

“Yes. God, that is awesome. Keep devouring my cock, love.”

His orders made her feel more comfortable, more desired. She loved his forcefulness and hunger. Her nerve endings fired in rapid succession. Would all the waiting she’d done for Michael end up working in her favor? The Wilde brothers seemed glad she’d not been with any men prior to coming to town.

“That’s enough, love. Stop.”

She pulled her mouth off his cock and heard the popping sound at the last moment. Hunger burned inside her.

“Good girl. I’ve got to get you back to the tree.”

“Please, Sir. Yes, Sir.” She’d discovered much there, but was certain there was more to know.

Dallas nibbled on her neck, and she loved the feel of the flat of his tongue on her skin. She wanted to surrender to him. No longer did she care that they’d all lied to her. Let them continue winning her heart. Someday, she would tell him everything. Every worry. Every dream. Every secret.

“You take my breath away, love.”

She smiled. “Thank you, Sir. You take mine away, too.”

“What state?”

“Green, Sir. I’m green.”

Dallas stood up and walked next to her.

She bit her lip as he rubbed her ass. “God, I love your curves. You know what I want right now?”

“No, Sir. I don’t.”

He walked around her like a man on a mission. As he touched her chest, ass, and pussy, her body began to pulse and pulse. Dallas moved his hands back to her breasts, and then he cupped her chin. “On your feet, Jessie.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Once she was standing next to him, she felt him feather her lips with his.

Her lips quivered against his. “Mmm.”

“I want to fill up *my* pussy. I have condoms.” He pointed to the nightstand by the bed. “Get them.”

“Yes, Sir.” She went to the nightstand. “How many, Sir?”

“Wicked child. Let’s start with a couple, for now. If we need more, we know where they are.”

She brought the two wrapped condoms to him and held them out to him like a supplicant.

He took the packages and kissed her. A little moan escaped her lips as he glided down her sides with his hands. “I don’t have my toy box here, love. You still have to be punished before I fuck you.”

Her entire body trembled and warmed. “Okay, Sir.”

“Damn right, okay. Go find a wooden spoon in the kitchen. Once found, bring it to me. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” She hurried into the kitchen and found what he’d sent her for. She knelt down in front of him and held the spoon up. “This is for you, Sir.”

He didn’t answer but took it from her. Then he cupped her chin, bent down, and kissed her. She parted her lips, and his tongue swept into her. She loved his kisses. Though he had kissed her tenderly before, there was none of that here. This was more hardcore I-want-you-right-now kissing.

Desire rolled through her for more, much more.

Dallas ended the kiss. “Bend over, love. Grab your ankles.”

A shiver shot up her spine. Her nipples peaked, and her pussy dampened as she complied with his last commands. She squeezed her ankles, bracing for the first blow.

“Can you tell me why you deserve this punishment, love?”

“I didn’t trust you, Sir.”

“Right. Will you ever distrust me again?”

“Never, Sir.” The words felt true and genuine to her.

Slap.

Tears welled up from the smarts that first spank delivered.

Slap. She swallowed hard, still holding back the tears.

Slap. He never seemed to strike her the same place twice. Her bottom burned, and the tears came down. She had no desire to say her safe word. Her mind drifted into a nirvanic place. The smarts Dallas delivered to her backside eased away her guilt for hurting him. He deserved better from her. She would give it to him.

“Don’t ever push me away again, love.”

“I won’t, Sir.”

“What state?”

She felt amazing, hot, and so wanton. “Green, Sir.”

“Stand up, love.”

She released her ankles and stood.

“Let’s take this to the bedroom.”

She nodded.

“Follow me, love. Bring *my* pussy to me.” Dallas didn’t wait, but headed down the hall to the bedroom.

Jessie ran after her cowboy.

When she entered the bedroom, he shut the door and hoisted her up. She threw her arms around his neck. Tingles shot into her body from where his hands and arms touched her skin. Her breath caught in her chest when she saw his dangerous gaze. There was no denying him anything.

“I’m going to fill up that wet pussy with my dick. I want to brand tonight on your brain so that you never forget that you’re mine. You always will be mine, love.”

His words made her wondrously woozy. “Yes, Sir.”

Dallas tossed her to the bed then pounced on top of her. Immediately, his fingers shot to her breasts, kneading them gently. When he moved his right hand down to her pussy and circled her clit with his forefinger, her back arched away from the mattress, but before she climaxed, he stopped touching her.

“Not yet, love.”

“Y-Yes, Sir.”

“That’s my girl.” He sent a finger into her pussy, and she felt heat well up inside her. “I can’t get over how tight *my* pussy is.” He licked her nipples, and she touched his muscled chest with her fingertips.

His thumb hit her clit, and she yelped. “What state, love?”

“Green. Very green, Sir.”

“Good.” Dallas smiled. Then he simultaneously pinched her nipples and nibbled on her neck, setting her ablaze with want. Sensations shot through her that she couldn’t describe, but oh, boy, she could feel.

Dallas shifted down between her legs. He hit her clit with the tip of his tongue. Her pussy flooded. He moved her legs over his shoulders and continued his oral storm, marching through her folds like an army. Her heartbeats pounded faster and faster.

“Please, Sir,” she breathed.

He lifted his head. “Say my name, love.”

“Dallas. Your name is Dallas, Sir.”

“Fuck yes. Give me your sweet cream, love.” He dove back down, and she felt him devour her pussy. She felt his hands on her bottom. She fisted the sheets, hoping to hold back her climax until he gave her permission to come.

“I-I am c-close, S-Sir.”

“Come for me, love. Scream my name.”

Suddenly, he sucked on her clit, and the pleasure and ache pushed her over the edge. “Dallas! Y-Yes, Sir!”

She pounded the bed as the pulses in her pussy burned like lava. She felt like a live wire, with electrons sparking every molecule in her body. She shook from head to toe.

“I’ve got to get inside *my* pussy while you’re still riding that climax I gave you.”

“Oh, God.”

He donned a condom on his massive cock. She bit her lip, yearning for him to be inside her so badly she thought she might lose her mind.

Jessie felt Dallas move up her body and place the hard edge of his dick on her soaked pussy. She closed her eyes, lavishing in the quakes rocking inside her.

Dallas thrust into her, and sparks fired. It was almost too much. Almost.

“P-Please, Sir. Take what’s yours.”

“Fuck yes! Love, you’re fantastic.” He kissed her and then drilled into her pussy with abandon. She shot her hands up to his shoulders and clawed at him to not stop. Never stop. Dizzy and hot, she met every one of his thrusts by pushing up into him, welcoming his conquest.

A deluge of need she’d never known rolled through her. Now, her orgasm seemed to be picking up steam, taking her higher and higher. Waves of desire crashed frantically inside her body.

Dallas’s eyes never closed. His stare held her hostage. She moaned as he continued thrusting into her with his monstrous cock. She panted as if running a marathon.

“Say my name again.” Dallas growled.

“Dallas, Sir. You’re Dallas.”

“You’re mine, Jessie. Don’t forget. Don’t ever forget.” His breaths hit her like hot branding irons, stoking her fire inside and out.

Dallas’s strokes pounded deeper and harder, filling her up totally. Another release rumbled deep inside her.

“Fuuck!” His one syllable told her she’d done well. “Come for me, love. Can you do that for me?”

“Y-Yes, Sir.” Her body answered his command, and her womb’s spasms threatened her consciousness.

His eyes shut. “I-I’m coming.”

Jessie’s channel pulsed with such intensity she had to scream. “Yesss! Yesss! Yesss!”

Sensations shook her violently. How could she not trust this cowboy? He knew what it took to deliver such immense pleasure for her to enjoy. She needed him.

Dallas kissed her. "Thank you, love. You did great."

She melted into him. "I'm sorry for being so mean to you back at the hotel and in the casino."

"Shh. That's done with. Time to move on."

"Yes, Sir."

"Just *Dallas*, now, sweetheart."

"Okay." She touched his dimpled chin. "Dallas, I didn't know I would ever want someone so much. I'm not sure I can be a woman like your gran was."

Dallas kissed her forehead. "Just be yourself, Jessie. That's all I want. That's what we all want. You don't worry about the Wilde way. Let us work that out for you."

Jessie snuggled into her cowboy. "Dallas, please find a way to convince me."

"Trust me, love."

* * * *

Dallas woke first. He and Pappy Jack got the horses saddled. Jessie smiled broadly when she'd learned that his granddad was coming with them to the Old Mine.

It took them about two hours to get there. The gate that the teenager had climbed over was still intact. All the signs were posted.

"Looks good here. No violations that I can see." Jessie put away her notepad in her satchel. "I'd like to take a look inside. See where the accident occurred."

"Best to let this old miner take a look first, child. Once I deem it safe, I'll come get you."

She frowned.

"He's right, Jessie." Dallas turned to his granddad. "I'm coming with you."

"Son, you know horses and cattle better than anyone in the state, but you're about as green as it gets when it comes to mining. No, you

stay here with sweet Jessie. I'll be back in five minutes." His granddad didn't wait for an answer, and then he unlocked the gate.

"Stubborn much?" Dallas mockingly asked.

Jessie smiled. "Runs in the family, I hear."

Pappy Jack walked through the gate and disappeared into the mine.

Dallas couldn't resist and grabbed Jessie for a quick kiss. Her lips were soft but still swollen from their lovemaking the previous night. If his granddad hadn't come with them, Dallas would've had her on the ground this very moment.

"Your grandfather will be back any minute. Don't you think you should let me go?"

Dallas shook his head. "I'm never letting you go. Trust me."

"I'm getting there. Why don't we head into the mine now? I'm a mining engineer for heaven's sakes."

"Okay. Pappy Jack won't like it, but—"

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Dallas pulled Jessie to the ground as the dust from the explosion poured out of the entrance of the cave.

"Pappy Jack!" Jessie screamed.

* * * *

Two people crouched behind a large boulder on a nearby hill, watching the duo at the mouth of the Old Mine.

"Fuck," the person looking through binoculars said.

The other one asked, "What happened? Let me see."

"You fucked it up, sweetheart."

"Not possible. You heard the explosion."

"Yes. But Ms. Greene wasn't in the mine."

"She got out? I don't understand. I placed the dynamite like you said I should. The trip wires were undetectable."

"Pappy Jack went in without her. Probably best that it didn't

happen. Dallas might've gone in with her, even though he hates mines. I think he's got a touch of claustrophobia, but he's too proud to admit it."

"So, what now?"

"Don't worry about it, kid. Apparently, I've got to step up my game when it comes to Jessica Greene."

Chapter Eight

“That’s about it.” Jessie sat in the waiting room in the hospital in Elko. She, Dallas, and Wilde’s sheriff were the only ones there. Her eyes were nearly swollen shut from crying.

She and Dallas had recovered a very battered and broken Pappy Jack from the mine. He was conscious, but just barely. They’d gotten him on his horse, and Dallas hopped up on the animal behind his granddad, keeping him from falling off the saddle. It took them four hours to get back to Wilde. Luckily, the mine’s physician was eating his lunch at the Horseshoe and was able to stabilize Pappy Jack until the Elko ambulance arrived. She and Dallas had followed the emergency vehicle back to the hospital in his truck.

“Thanks, Ms. Greene. If you think of anything else, just call me.” Though Sheriff Aubrey Lewis looked to be at least seventy, Jessie thought few men would be brave enough to mess with him.

“I will.”

“Have you thought about going back to DC until we solve this? I’m sure you have friends and family there that might want to make sure you’re okay.”

On the way to the hospital, Michael had called from the airport in Vegas to check on her and say goodbye. When she’d told him what had happened, he’d offered to come back. She’d thanked him but told him she was in good hands.

“Sheriff, if I leave, whoever did this wins. I’m staying put. Besides, I’ve got a job to do.” Jessie knew her investigation had been more at the back of her mind lately. She needed to change that even though she’d rather be spending more time with the Wilde brothers.

Well, all but one of them anyway.

"I suppose so, but this isn't just safety violations, Ms. Greene. We've just moved past your scope and into my jurisdiction. You understand that?"

"I do. If I find anything out while I'm working my investigation, I'll let you know."

"Make sure you do that. Please be careful and stick with this one." He pointed at Dallas. "Or one of his brothers."

"Like we'd let her out of our sight, Sheriff."

The man glared at Dallas. "And if you or your brothers don't come to me with cut brake lines or anything suspicious like that ever again, I'll bust your heads together and throw you all in jail. Got it?"

"Yes, sir. I got it."

"Good." The sheriff touched Dallas's shoulder. "How are your parents holding up with all this?"

"Just got word to them. Dads and Mom are on their way with my brothers. They should all be here any minute."

"Well, I've got to get on this case right away. Chin up, cowboy."

"Yes, sir. Chin up."

The sheriff tipped his hat to Jessie then left the waiting room.

She leaned into Dallas, not knowing what else to do to comfort him.

He stood up. "Love, there's a vending machine one floor down. Would you like something to drink?"

A doctor walked into the waiting room. "Jackson Wilde's family?"

"That's us." Dallas motioned Jessie to his side. "He's our granddad."

Jackson is named after his grandfather. She braced for the news about Pappy Jack.

The doctor nodded. "It went really well. We were able to remove all the shrapnel. There was no damage to any organs. We sewed up several lacerations and had to set a fracture in his forearm. He'll be in

a cast for several weeks, but with his heart and stamina... I doubt we'll keep him in the hospital more than a few days."

Dallas shook the doctor's hand. "Thank you. That's great news."

"When can we see him?" Jessie asked.

"He should be out of recovery shortly. Check with the nurse's station to see what room he goes to." The doctor nodded then walked down the hall.

Jessie squeezed Dallas's hand. "He's going to be okay."

Dallas sighed a big whoosh of relief.

Just then, the other Wilde brothers, Jackson, Phoenix, Denver, and Austin walked into the waiting room. Their looks were somber and pensive.

"He's okay," Dallas announced.

Three men and a woman entered.

"Mom, Pappy Jack is doing great. We just talked to the doctor." Dallas and the others surrounded their mother. She was a beautiful woman.

Mrs. Wilde closed her eyes. "Thank God."

Jessie thought about trying to slip away. This was a family thing, and she felt like an intruder.

"This must be Jessie." The tallest of the three men walked up to her. He offered her his hand. "I'm Daniel Wilde."

She shook his hand. "Pleased to meet you."

"These two idiots are my brothers, Dillon and Craig."

"Hi."

They tipped their hats.

Craig Wilde said, "Nice to finally meet you, Jessie."

"Ditto," Dillon Wilde added.

"*Ditto?* You're kidding?" Craig smiled.

"I'm a man of few words."

Daniel raised an eyebrow. "Unless you've had too many beers." He pointed at Mrs. Wilde. "And this is Mary, our wife."

The woman smiled. "Jessie, I think you and I should have a talk

very soon.”

“I think you’re right, Mrs. Wilde.”

Chapter Nine

Jessie sat in her hotel room with four of the five Wilde brothers sitting on her bed. The one missing was on all their minds, including hers.

Phoenix shook his head. “Austin just can’t be the one behind all of this.”

“I agree,” Dallas chimed in. “He would never hurt any of us.”

“But what if he didn’t know that anyone was going with Jessie to the Old Mine?” Jackson asked. “What if he thought she was going alone?”

“He’s not one to leave out an angle.” Denver rubbed his chin. “Sure, she could’ve gone there by herself. If Austin is behind this, he’s operating in way that’s not like him.”

“Guys, isn’t it obvious what we need to do?”

“No,” Jackson said.

The other three just shrugged.

She asked, “You all want him to share a wife with you, right?”

“That’s our hope,” Denver answered.

“Well, then we have to clear him of all suspicion. You know, innocent until proven guilty.”

Denver’s eyes narrowed. “How do we do that, little one?”

“Keep investigating. Ask questions. Make observations. The truth won’t be hidden long. We’ll get to whoever is behind this. We’re a team.”

“I like the sound of that.” Phoenix smiled.

“Me, too, bro.” Jackson nodded.

“As Dad Dillon always says, *ditto*.” The corners of Denver’s lips

curled up, intriguing her. She hadn't seen him smile much.

"Stop pushing her, guys." Dallas's tone was very serious. "Love, are you talking about us all working to find out who injured Pappy Jack, or do you mean more when you say that we're a team?"

She put her hands on her hips. "I want to find out who tried to kill me, yes."

"And?" Denver prodded forcefully.

"Let's see where that takes us."

Jackson patted the bed. "How about taking your hot body straight to this bed?"

"I walked into that one, didn't I?" Jessie's excitement rose.

"Yes, you did. And I'm really happy about that, too."

Dallas stood up. "Love, you need to know something."

"What?"

"If we do clear Austin of this, and I think we will, I'd like you to consider spending time with him."

"I would consider it, but I don't think he's really into women like me."

Dallas grinned. "Like you? Beautiful. Submissive. Smart. Courageous. You hit all his check marks."

Still sitting on the bed, Denver shook his head. "Bro, she's probably right. I think she's got great instincts." He motioned her forward. When she stepped up to him, he smiled. "These three are head over heels for you, Jessie. I've only spent a little time with you myself, and I can't get you out of my mind. But what we're hoping for is a lot to ask of you."

"I know about your family, Denver."

"You know the big picture, but you don't know the ins and outs. Austin is our brother. I can't imagine him not being part of my family, sharing a wife. But that's what's going to happen if you aren't able to meet his sexual needs."

"What are they?"

"Well, I know you've been to his tree."

“His tree? I thought...”

“Yep. What you experienced there was just a little taste of what he wants from a partner. Dallas has learned some about being a Dom in the past year. I know some more. Austin is a Master. He never shuts it off. He’s been through so many women, you can’t even imagine. None of them can maintain his interest.”

“So I don’t have a chance with him?” Her heart sunk, which surprised her a bit. Had she been trying to fool herself into believing she didn’t want to be with Austin? Well, her heart apparently knew better.

One of Denver’s eyebrows rose. “I think you do. You just need to be ready for him when he comes for you.”

“And how do I do that?”

He rubbed his chin, touching the long scar on his handsome face. “Wow, you floor me, Jessie. No wonder my brothers think you’re the woman for us.”

“Thank you, but you haven’t answered my question, Denver.”

“From what I’ve heard from Dallas and Phoenix, you’re a natural submissive.”

She put her hands on her hips. “Really? Your brothers have big mouths.”

“Sassy. God, I love you.” Dallas hugged her tight. “Jessie, I’m not sure you could be as hard core as Austin, but maybe. Still, this kind of sex does suit you.”

Denver studied her with his eyes for several seconds. Then he said, “I could train you. Take you to The Masters’ Chambers and show you what the scene is all about. If it doesn’t work for you, then we’ll know.”

She thought about it. Austin did frighten her, but she hadn’t been able to get him out of her head ever since meeting him. Besides, hearing Denver’s offer to train her had her pulse racing and her temperature rising.

“Okay. How do we start?”

“Sugar, you’re like a little, hungry kitten mewling for cream.” Denver laughed heartily, causing her to grin. “Even though this won’t be a training session tonight, I want you to call my brothers and me *Sir*. Got it?” Denver’s commanding voice warmed her up.

“Yes, Sir.”

He pulled her into his lap and gave her a serious kiss.

Jessie got light-headed. When their kiss ended, Jackson lifted her off of Denver’s lap and devoured her lips with his mouth. Tingles ran wildly over her skin.

Before she could catch her breath, Jackson stepped aside for Phoenix. His mouth covered hers, and her ache grew.

“Love, what state?” Dallas asked.

“Green, Sir.”

Phoenix passed her to Dallas, and he kissed her like a starving man and she was a seven-course meal. His tongue invaded her mouth, and she sucked on its tip.

Dallas guided her back to Denver, who again kissed her until her arms and legs felt like noodles.

When Denver removed his lips, her eyes had trouble focusing. “Such a delicate sub. I better be careful with you, or I’m going to be in real trouble.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

Then he turned her to Jackson, and he covered her mouth with his manly lips once again until her body spun with heat.

Next came Phoenix to claim her lips, and then Dallas delivered a devastating kiss. Finally, Denver stepped up for another turn at her mouth. His possessive kiss thrilled her beyond measure.

Her lips ached and swelled as they kept passing her back and forth, kissing her into a state of utter delirium. Taking a deep breath, she started to tell them to stop, but Dallas’s tongue bathed the soft area of her neck and her ability to think vanished.

She was burning with want. How could she be so turned on? Four hot cowboys was the *how*. Just like her second time with these four

men, soft music filled the room from an iPod connected to two portable speakers.

The brothers removed all of her clothes. While each brother took a turn to strip their own clothes, the others didn't hesitate to heat her up with their cowboy lips and fingers. In no time she saw what they had planned for her. Four hard dicks let her know what she was in store for.

Dallas hoisted her up into his arms. "What state, love?"

"Green."

"Good girl."

He gently placed her on the bed and pressed his lips to her mouth. Her body quivered, and her toes curled.

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

"Sugar, you're so fucking hot." Denver looked like a man either hypnotized or drugged. "That's the prettiest pussy I've ever seen."

Jackson moved his hand up between her legs. He pressed on her clit, and she felt an electric shock shoot through her body. The more he rubbed her pussy, the more insane with lust she became. "I can't wait to taste your sweet cream."

Dallas cupped her chin. "You ready for more?"

She nodded.

Dallas looked at Jackson. "Take a taste of her."

When Jackson's tongue circled her clit, her ache burned in her. She got even wetter.

"That's my girl. Drown me with your cream." Jackson lapped at her pussy.

While Dallas kissed her, Phoenix and Denver began sucking on her nipples.

Four male mouths were making a meal of her. She moaned into Dallas's kiss. Her nipples throbbed until she thought she couldn't bear it anymore.

Suddenly, Jackson reached under her and applied lube to her ass.

All but Jackson and Denver put on condoms, and Jessie felt the edge of her approaching orgasm.

“What state, love?”

Lost and loving it. “Green.”

“You know we’re going to fuck you. All of us together.”

“Yes, Sir.” Her mind, normally racing through a litany of conflicting thoughts and emotions, relaxed back to how her body was responding to her sexy cowboys’ words and touches.

“Still green?”

She nodded.

“Let’s roll this beauty over, bros. Onto her stomach.”

Facedown, she felt eight hands massaging her back, shoulders, neck, and ass. Dallas began stretching her ass out. Sure, she’d enjoyed sex with the brothers, but she still had a lot to learn. After several minutes of him preparing her, Dallas got on top of her and pierced her ass with his hard dick. The pain backed down almost instantly. And soon she was stretched out and enjoying the ride.

Dallas rolled with Jessie to the side and then onto his back, while keeping his dick deeply seated inside of her until she was facing the ceiling. Phoenix crawled on top of her and filled up her pussy with his dick. Her insides were full with cowboy cock.

Jackson positioned his cock at her lips.

“What state?” Dallas’s voice was more guttural than she’d heard before.

“Green, Sir.”

Denver commanded, “Grab my cock, sub.”

“Yes, Sir.” She reached out and fisted his cock.

“That’s right, pump it.”

“Darlin’, I want your mouth on my cock.”

“Yes, sir.” She first tasted the tip of his dick.

“Good girl. Open your pretty mouth, darlin’. Let me in.” Jackson slowly slid his cock down her throat.

Pleasure seared her depths while Dallas fucked her ass, Phoenix

fucked her pussy, Jackson fucked her mouth, and Denver fucked her hand. Their kisses, touches, and thrusts seemed planned and orchestrated. In fact, it almost felt like a dance to Jessie. As one pulled his cock out of her body, another dove deep back in.

"I'm going to c-come." Dallas shoved his dick to the hilt in her ass.

Jackson hit the back of her throat with his cock. "Yes!" His cum shot down her throat, and she swallowed every drop. He pulled back and gasped for air, clearly trying to compose himself.

Phoenix's gaze undid her. He didn't say a word, but plowed into her pussy like a madman. When he came, his entire body stiffened, but he only uttered a single sound. "Ahh."

Denver's hand went to the back of her head. "Sub, put your mouth on my dick." His dark, commanding tone vibrated her whole body. She loved how his voice made her feel.

Without hesitation, Jessie did as she was told. Denver drove his engorged cock into her mouth. "Good little sub. Fuck, I'm going to love training you." Then she felt his dick jolt, and he sent his seed deep down her throat. "God. Yes."

Dallas whispered in her ear, "Come for us, love."

"Y-yesss!" Pleasure erupted deep inside her, and her womb clenched, unclenched, and clenched again. Over and over. Her body felt like soft clay, and they were the sculptors.

Her four cowboys surrounded her like a fortress. They would protect her. They would keep her safe. She trembled for several minutes before the shivers began to ease.

Denver kissed her. "You were incredible, Jessie."

"When are you taking me to The Masters' Chambers?" she asked.

"Tomorrow."

"I'd like to go, too." Jackson kissed her stomach.

"Lil' bro, another time." Denver's eyes were locked in on her. "You guys had time alone with Jessie. I want my time, too. I want her to get to know me better. And I want to do the same with her."

Jackson left the bed. "Sure, Denver. But don't think you can keep her all to yourself for too long."

"Angel, are you hungry?" Phoenix asked.

Her stomach growled an answer. "Famished."

"Why don't we all go to Norma's and get something to eat?"

She grinned. "Anything but King Cakes. I've had them four times this week."

"Have you tried the Jack Nicholson prime rib?" Jackson asked.

"Don't tell me that he's been here, too?"

They all nodded.

"Well, I need to clean up first."

"How about we give you a bath like we did once before?" Denver grabbed her hand.

She squeezed his back. "That would only delay us another hour or more. You remember what happened after that bath?"

"Food can wait, sub." He smiled wickedly.

"Works for me," Phoenix chimed in.

"Me, too." Jackson nodded.

"You'd give up food for me, guys?"

Dallas rubbed her shoulders. "For you, that and so much more, my love."

"*Our* love." Jackson kissed her forehead. "You're the woman of our dreams, Jessie."

She was falling hard, and she didn't want to brace herself for a fall. *Foolish or not, I'm staying in the here and now.* Tomorrow would come soon enough. "Okay. If you cowboys want to bathe me, why should I stop you?"

"Silly, sub. Like you could stop us." Denver kissed her hair.

Dallas asked, "What state, love?"

"Green, Sir. So very green."

End of Book 3: Running Wilde

**To be continued in
Book 4: Wilde Nights**

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.

Please visit [Chloe Lang's website](http://www.chloelang.com) at www.chloelang.com.

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