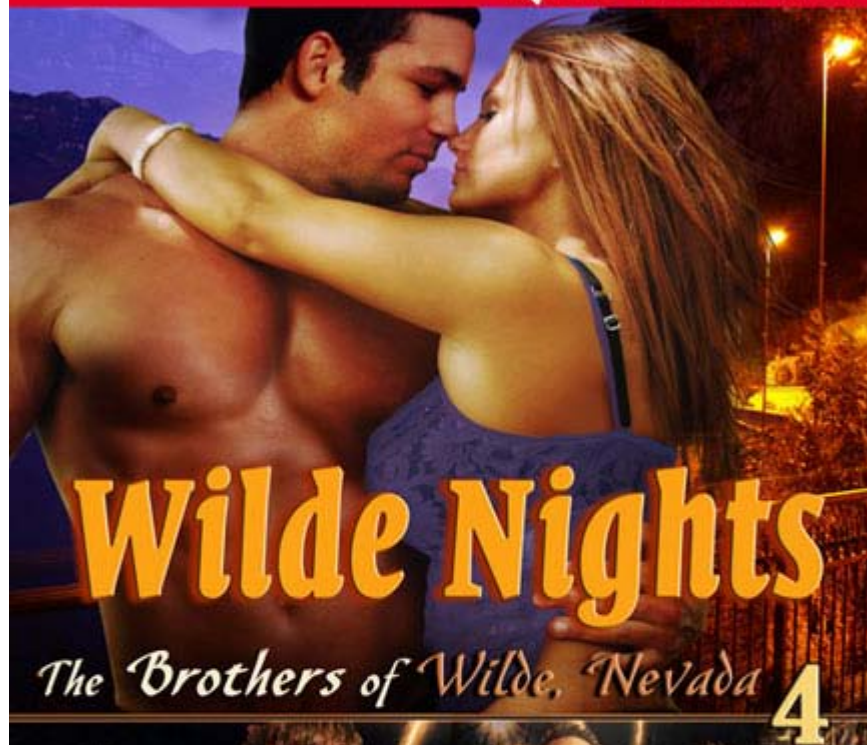


Siren Publishing

LoveXtreme Forever



Wilde Nights

The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 4



Chloe Lang

The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 4

Wilde Nights

Jessie has discovered much about herself since arriving in Wilde, Nevada, and Denver Wilde teaches her even more. When Denver introduces her to a sexual path of dark pleasures, Jessie feels herself losing her heart to him as he opens her up in ways she'd never expected.

As Denver pushes Jessie past her resistance, he is amazed at her courage and control. Falling deeper and deeper for her, he's past all his limits, and still she wants more. Will he be enough to win her for him and his brothers, or will the hidden evil in Wilde destroy their chance at love?

NOTE! You are reading Siren's newest serialized imprint, the LoveXtreme Forever Series. This is Book 4 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.

Genre: Ménage a Trois/Quatre, Western/Cowboys

Length: 26,305 words

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LOVEXTREME FOREVER



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DEDICATION

To Lana Syn. Thanks for keeping me on track with this one.

WILDE NIGHTS

The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 4

CHLOE LANG

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Chapter One

Denver Wilde placed his hand on top of hers, causing a shiver to run down Jessie's spine. His large, manly fingers made hers look so tiny and delicate. He wore a gray cowboy hat over his smooth black hair. The blue T-shirt and Levi's he sported were just snug enough to show off his mouth-watering, rock-solid muscles underneath the fabric. God, he was handsome even with the scar that ran from his ear down his cheek, ending at the line of his jaw. She considered questioning him about how he came by it but decided it was best to wait to ask after she got to know him a bit better. Besides, her mind was fixed on where they were going.

She sat next to him in his truck as they sped down the road. They were just minutes from arriving at the sex club, The Masters' Chambers, which was located twenty miles outside of Wilde, Nevada in the opposite direction of the mine.

Denver hadn't said a single word since they'd left her hotel. This was the first time she'd been alone with him, and unease and excitement took hold of her.

Her heart hammered in her chest. "How much longer?"

"Almost there." His voice rolled out his mouth like a growl from a lion.

Denver was different from his brothers. Where Jackson was fun-loving, he was much more serious. Where Phoenix skillfully worked his seduction techniques, he seemed to expect a woman to swoon. Jessie sure as hell felt like she was swooning for him already, but perhaps it was just the excitement about their destination tonight. Probably a little of both.

As Denver drove through the lot searching for a spot, she glanced over at him. She shivered. Where Dallas was an open book, this cowboy was a mystery and guarded. She really shouldn't be attracted to such a man, but damn it, she was. And that was a good thing given the reason she was with him tonight.

Denver turned left off the narrow country road through an open gate onto property clearly marked *private*. The driveway looked like a black ribbon through a narrow canyon. The jagged rock faces and curve of the road kept her from seeing any buildings or signs of life.

"Do you think there will be a crowd?"

Denver raised an eyebrow but didn't answer.

Jessie's nerves were getting the best of her. She'd actually been the one to request the trip to the club. Had that been a mistake? He'd seemed amazed at her insistence to be taken to The Masters' Chambers. Or was she misreading him? Likely. Still, she really did want to see for herself what the place was all about. She'd learned that the Wilde brothers visited the sex club from time to time, and the eldest brother nearly lived there. *I have to stop being so wishy-washy. I've come this far already. I'm not turning back now.* She nodded to herself in an effort to shore up her resolve, but her hands kept shaking in her lap.

The driveway curved and gently opened up to a well-lit parking lot that gave the answer about how busy the place would be. Around the large imposing building were vehicles common to rural Nevada, but she also spotted a fair share of Beemers, Ferraris, Maseratis, Mercedes, Porsches, and even a couple of Rolls-Royces. Like a warning sign, the sky rolled with dark clouds, hiding the moon and

stars. She stiffened. Was she making a mistake coming to The Masters' Chambers? Sure, she was more than a little intrigued, but the old proverb about curiosity killing the cat might've been worth considering.

"There sure are a lot of people here." Jessie bit her lip.

"Yep." Single word answers suited him.

She looked down at her outfit that had taken her forever to choose. The black jeans did a poor job of camouflaging her too-big hips, and the black top seemed tighter than it had been at the hotel.

"You sure I look okay for the club? Perhaps I should come back after I shed a few pounds."

He chained her with a piercing stare. After a full minute, he said, "Gorgeous."

She felt heat spread through her cheeks, her chest, and down into her pussy. *God, if he asked to spread my legs here in the parking lot, I doubt I could resist.* She shook her head to rein in her wanton thoughts.

He touched her thigh. "Ready?"

She tried to chuckle, but it came out more like a choke. Denver didn't look away. He wasn't taking that as an answer.

Trying to calm herself, she inhaled deeply and got a whiff of his scent of new leather and spice which only made her even more jittery and turned on. Denver had shared her with three of his brothers, but he'd never thrust his cock inside her. Would tonight at the club be the time he'd change all that?

Jessie gulped a big lungful of air before answering. "I think so."

"Not good enough." He cupped her chin and put his other hand on the back of her neck so she couldn't look away. "You're either ready or you're not. Which is it?"

His force of will was like unbending steel that only made her want him more. "I'm a little nervous, yes. What woman wouldn't be? I'm still not sure if I could ever win over your brother Austin or if I even want to try. But if I am ever going to understand him, I need to see

what's going on inside this club."

"Good." He leaned in and pressed his sexy mouth to hers. His tongue darted past her lips, and she began to glide to a delicious state of arousal. Her insides warmed as her nerves jumped. When he pulled back, she felt wonderfully dizzy and completely needy.

"For the rest of the night you will address me as *Sir*. You will stay next to me. You will not talk to anyone unless I give permission. If you feel like you need to leave the club, say your safe word. You are free to ask any questions you want, but only to me. Be discreet when you ask so that no one hears but me. Understand?"

Alaska was the word she'd chosen and kept since her first time at the tree. "Yes, Sir."

He smiled, and his pale, unblinking blue eyes glistened. "Excellent."

Denver got out of the truck, came around the front, and opened her door. Putting his arm around her shoulders, he guided her to the front of the building.

They walked through the two large black doors and entered a small room with slate floors, dark walls, and an oak desk with what must've been the club's receptionist. She feigned a weak smile at the man. His scowl, shaved head, muscles, and tats filling up both his arms promised to deliver swift and painful action should someone misbehave. He wore a leather vest but no shirt.

Denver nodded to the guy. "Tank."

"Wilde." The man intimidated her with his lusty steel-gray eyes. "Tourist?"

"Yes."

Tank opened a drawer and brought out some papers and a pen, sliding them over to Denver.

"Read these." Denver ordered in a domineering tone she'd heard hints of before but not full on like this. She should've been pissed by such arrogance, but instead it worked like a switch inside her body, turning on some latent desires she'd felt before.

“Yes, Sir.” Shivering, she took the papers and pen and began reading.

The title at the top told her where she stood. *Single-Visit Release*. The details were very clear. The visitor agreed to all the rules and regulations of the club. Additionally, they were required to remain with their member-escort at all times. There were other legalese sections that she quickly scanned without giving them too much attention.

“Do you understand what signing means, Jessie?” Denver asked.

A giggle at Tank’s feet startled her.

A woman knelt on the floor at the man’s feet. Jessie wasn’t sure how she’d not noticed the woman the moment they’d walked into the reception area. Likely, nerves had been the reason.

Jessie couldn’t help but stare at the woman. She wore a red latex tube top that was held together with a metal O-ring in the front of her chest and a fringed mini skirt with a wide black belt. On her wrists and ankles were shackles.

The woman winked at Jessie as if to say, “You’re about to jump down the rabbit hole, and I bet you won’t ever come back out.”

“Enough.” Tank reached out and pulled at the woman’s ear as if she were an ill-mannered child. “Slave, do you think I should punish you for that outburst to our new guest?”

The woman closed her eyes and nodded. “Yes, Master.”

Tank let go of her ear and started stroking her hair. “Sit and be quiet for now. You’ll get what you deserve soon.”

The woman’s lower lip jutted out. “Yes, Master.”

Jessie wondered if she was disappointed that he hadn’t delivered some kind of instant disciplinary action.

The bouncer looked at Denver as if to apologize. “Lani’s not normally such a bratty sub.”

Jessie’s date for the evening just shrugged.

“So, is your tourist going to sign or not, Wilde?”

Tourist? Must’ve been another term for visitor. Jessie smiled.

“Yes I am, Tank. Right? I am going to sign the papers.”

Tank looked her up and down. “Nice one you’ve got there, Wilde.”

In a flash, Denver turned her so that now she faced him. His harsh glare made her tremble. “I thought I made it clear to you in the truck that you were not to speak to anyone unless I gave you permission.” There was no hiding his anger.

She felt her cheeks burn. “Yes, Sir. You did.”

“Don’t forget again. Sign the papers and we go in. If you don’t, we leave. This is your last chance.”

The smart thing to do would be to turn around and head to his truck, hell, maybe even the right thing. Didn’t matter. She wanted to see inside, needed to see. And refusing him wasn’t something she wanted to try. Jessie scrawled her name on the signature page.

Denver nodded, took the papers from her, and gave them to Tank.

The Masters’ Chambers gatekeeper asked him, “What keys do you need?”

“Just the main key.”

Tank pushed the key forward.

Denver took it and guided her to the door behind the desk. The woman on the floor didn’t look up, but Jessie noticed her lick her lips.

There’s no turning back now. Well, not unless I say my safe word. That settled Jessie’s nerves a bit.

Her cowboy guide unlocked the door, and they entered a twisting hallway. He pulled the door closed behind them and put his arm back around her. “Let me show you what The Masters’ Chambers is all about.”

As they moved forward, the dark, sensual music bouncing off the walls grew louder. The erotic scream from a female from behind another door they were approaching had Jessie jumping, but it didn’t seem to have any impact on Denver.

She trembled, and he halted their progression forward.

In an assuring tone, he said, “We don’t have to do this tonight.”

“Please, Sir. I want to see for myself what’s going on.”

“God, you’re something else. Fine. But the second I think you’ve seen enough, we’re leaving. Understand?”

His possessiveness and command comforted her. She leaned into him and answered, “Yes, Sir.”

He opened the door and pulled her in even tighter. They walked forward side by side. Her eyes widened in amazement at the first thing she saw.

A man was wielding a whip. He was on a large stage with a naked woman chained to a trapeze bar above her head. She was gagged and blindfolded. There were a group of ten men and women sitting in folding chairs looking intently at what was occurring on the stage.

“Sugar, that’s a demonstration by one of the resident Doms.” Denver’s words were just loud enough for her alone to hear in the clatter of the club.

The instructor lovingly kissed the woman on the cheek, and then turned back to the audience. “Any Master who wants to incorporate the single tail with a sub must practice very diligently before attempting to use it.”

Jessie whispered, “Sir, where are all these people from? There are more people in here than can possibly live in Wilde.”

“It’s the second biggest money maker next to the mine around here. Members come from everywhere. We’ve even had people from around the globe, including dignitaries.”

That shocked her. “Who owns the club?”

Denver’s face darkened.

Her gut clenched. She knew her mistake was not addressing him with his title. “I mean, who owns the club, Sir?”

A faint smile creased his cheek. “You’re a fast learner, sugar. Actually, Austin founded the place five years ago. Dads put up the funds, but he paid it back to them in less than eighteen months. It’s been making money ever since.”

Though she’d only met Austin once, she believed that he’d likely

built the club less for the money and more for his own use. She looked around for the eldest Wilde brother but didn't find him. She was glad. She needed Denver's training before attempting time with Austin.

Jessie leaned into Denver. "Sir, please show me more."

He nodded and led her to the right, to smaller platforms that looked like minisets for a play. One looked like a doctor's exam room. The other could've passed for a medieval dungeon.

"These are used by members for public demonstrations and training." He pointed to the trio in the medical scene. Two women in skintight black latex paddled a naked man on the exam table. "Does that surprise you, sugar?"

"Yes, Sir. A bit." Jessie's pussy dampened when she saw the look of pure pleasure on the man's face as the women continued slapping his ass with the rubber club.

"Dominance comes in both genders as does submission."

"Do you ever like women to be dominant in the bedroom, Sir?" she asked, hoping he didn't.

"Not my thing, but there's all kinds of kink tried between these walls. As long as protocols are followed, the club doesn't give a damn what happens between consenting adults. Neither do I."

As if on cue, they came to the next stage where an interracial gay couple was getting ready for some play. She was intrigued and stood watching them for several minutes. The white guy wore a collar and black shorts, but nothing else. He was on his knees. The black man wore leather boots, blue jeans, and a black T-shirt with one word in white lettering. "Dom." Both were sexy as hell.

Denver's gaze didn't leave her. "Master Burke and Ray, his sub."

A small crowd gathered for the demo that the two gay men were about to give. Ready to see more, she looked up at Denver, imploring him to continue the tour.

He nodded and led her away.

"What's that for, Sir?" she asked, pointing to a cage in the center

of the room.

“Do you see the people dressed in white?”

She spotted two massive men wearing all white, who looked like they could lift a bull over their heads with one hand. “Yes, Sir. I see them.”

“We call them angels. They’re the club’s bouncers. Every Dom who is a member here agrees to submit to the rules. If they don’t and an angel witnesses an infraction, the offending member is sent to the cage if the violation is not too egregious. If it is, they can be banned from the club for a week, a month, a year, or even for life, depending how serious the offense is.”

“That happens?”

“Rarely. To become a member requires some hurdles to clear. Most have been through training provided by senior club members or resident Doms. Some come through references.”

“So, someone can’t just walk in here and start whipping on a girl.”

He laughed. “Jessie, The Masters’ Chambers is very exclusive. We like our place. No one is going to fuck it up. If they try, they won’t be welcome here again.”

He guided her through another hallway. There were several closed doors on both walls. On each door was a number. Jessie thought about trying one of the handles, but she was sure they were all locked. Tank had asked Denver if he needed any other keys, but he’d declined. Did Denver mean to splay her out on one of the stages for everyone to see? Fear and a stabbing heat shot thorough her. Even with the powerful need awakened inside her, she wasn’t sure she would be ready for that.

A door on the left opened, and a man walked out wearing a brown uniform. On the lapel in black letters were the words “Dog Catcher.” In his right hand he had a large net. In his left hand he held a leash that was attached to a woman dressed as a...*dog*? Jessie’s jaw dropped.

The man tugged at the leash. “Wilde.”

“Jones.”

When the odd couple were out of earshot, Jessie asked, “What were they doing, Sir?”

“Puppy play.” He moved her forward to the large room past the hallway of doors.

She took a hard breath. *What the hell have I gotten myself into?* “Sir, I—I couldn’t—”

He laughed. “We’ll never do anything like that, sugar. Again, not my style.”

As Denver continued the tour of the club, Jessie was amazed at how large it really was. This second public room was more like a nightclub, though the people on the dance floor were doing a lot more than dancing. The lasers shot through the room, and the music blaring from hidden speakers vibrated against Jessie’s skin. In one corner, a naked woman had two men scrubbing her with wash clothes in a fully exposed shower. A crowd stood around the half wall taking in the steam the three created.

In the opposite corner, a man placed clamps on the nipples of another nude female who was chained to the wooden X. Unable to look away, Jessie watched him shove a dildo into her pussy. The woman’s lusty scream could be heard over the music for a moment. Jessie squirmed, wondering how the woman felt being so controlled and exposed. Her mind twirled that single thought like a quarter in a gambler’s fingers. *What would it feel like to submit to Denver on one of the club’s stages?* The more she toyed with the idea, the more her insides melted with arousal.

“So, what else do you have in store for me, Sir?” she asked shakily.

“Don’t you worry about that.”

She looked around the room. The women were exceptional. Great figures. She couldn’t compete with them. Perhaps Denver liked sharing her with his brothers, but now that he was alone with her, he didn’t care to move things forward. Was he only pacifying her with

this tour?

As if reading her mind, he grabbed her hand and placed it on his crotch. She felt his cock swelling under the leather. “You’re perfect. Don’t doubt that.”

She bit her lip. “Could I have a drink, Sir? I think I need some courage.”

He put his arm around her shoulders and pulled her in tight. “You don’t need courage. You’ve got buckets full of that. Also, there’s no liquor on premises. Juice and water only.”

“That seems odd.”

“Not really, sweetheart. Strict rules are enforced about conduct here. No drugs. No alcohol. Everyone is here willingly. Besides, dominance and submission is about getting to a state where your mind and body merge. Awareness is a key component.”

“I think I’ve got a lot to learn.”

“You do. And I’m glad to be your teacher.”

“Then may I have some water, Sir?”

One of the club’s male angels walked by and looked at her and Denver, and then he raised an eyebrow before moving on.

“What was that about, Sir?”

“You’re the first tourist I’ve ever brought to the club.”

“What’s a tourist? The guy at the front called me that earlier.”

“Someone who is a guest of the club but is only here to observe.”

Instantly disappointed, Jessie pushed her lower lip out. “B—but—”

“You’re not ready for the stage, sugar. Not tonight. But I do have plans for you later.”

“Please, Sir.”

In clear view of the couple just passing them, Denver pinched her nipples through her shirt. She closed her eyes, enjoying the tiny sting. Her pussy ached, soaking her panties.

He released her bits of flesh and pulled her in tight. “I’m in charge. Don’t forget that, Jessie.”

* * * *

The damning photos would work perfectly, though the person uploading the images to a laptop wished there had been one with the woman and Austin Wilde, too. No luck.

The final photo popped up on the screen. It was Denver Wilde kissing the bitch in the parking lot of The Masters' Chambers. There were other snapshots of the cunt embracing other Wilde brothers.

With the other photos from the whore's first night with them that had been copied from the hijacked camera of a clueless Jackson, there was enough.

Time to turn up the heat on special investigator Jessica Greene.

Chapter Two

“We’re here,” Denver stated flatly.

Jessie opened her eyes and gasped. Through the truck’s windshield she saw a two-story white neoclassic home with a portico held up by six columns that went the full length of the front of the building. Four enormous six-paned windows, two on each side, flanked the double-door entrance.

The ride from the club had lulled her to sleep. She’d leaned into the sexy cowboy dreaming about the experience at the club. Now, she was fully awake and amazed by the beauty before her.

“Your home is amazing. I can’t believe you built this.”

“Sure did, sugar.”

“It’s so big. How did you do it?” Jessie knew that all the Wilde brothers built their own homes. They started the building when they were only sixteen. Once they turned eighteen, they were required to move into the place of their own making.

“When I decide to do something or have something, I don’t let anything or anyone stop me.”

Denver fascinated Jessie. His quiet confidence and strength got to her on a deep level. The more time she spent with him the more she felt changed. “May I see inside, Sir?”

“Sure, Jessie. I want to know what you think of my place.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

He kissed her cheek. “Outside the club you may call me Denver, unless I decide to run you through some training. I’m not twenty-four-seven.”

The idea of being instructed by this cowboy excited her. “Okay,

Denver.”

He opened the door and motioned her inside. The interior entryway had a large stairway that led up to a landing. The walls were big and broad and, like the outside, were white. All the trim was fluted and terminated at the corners into gorgeous square blocks that were carved in bold relief. The rooms were not isolated, but opened into each other. To the left was a dining room, formal but inviting. To the right was a large living room that was composed of straight, severe lines with heavy detail. Symmetry prevailed throughout. Every window and door was organized in pairs. The maker of this house had a meticulous eye. If she had to describe the feel of the place in a single word, it would have been “stately.” The dining room and the living room had matching fireplaces with black marble surrounds and bulky mantles that could be seen from the entryway. A large mirror hung over the dining room mantle, and a large painting of three men and a woman hung over the living room mantle.

Jessie thought she recognized Mrs. Wilde’s sweet smile and bright eyes. “Are those your parents when they were younger?”

“Yes. Pappy Jack commissioned it as a wedding gift. When I moved here, Mom gave it to me. There’s more to see.”

“And I want to see it, too. Lead on, Sir.”

He grinned. “Come on, sugar.”

The rest of the downstairs matched the front part of the house in its beauty and style. The kitchen, half bath, and guest bedroom were impressive. When they went upstairs, she was stunned to find the room at the top of the stairs filled with drums, guitars, mics with stands, and two keyboards.

“You’re a musician?”

“I’ve been called one once or twice. A couple of my cousins and I like to have a jam session every once in awhile.”

“What kind of music?”

“All kinds. Metal. Jazz. Rock. Alternative.”

“What do you play?”

“Guitar, mainly. Keyboard and drums some.”

“You Wilde brothers never cease to amaze me. I want to hear something.”

He pointed to the lone sofa. “Sit.”

She saluted. “Yes, Sir.”

Denver strapped on a black electric guitar and plugged it in to an amp. He stepped up to one of the microphones. He started with Guns N’ Roses’s “Sweet Child of Mine” and bowled her over. He didn’t just play guitar. He sang, and his voice melted her like butter. For over thirty minutes he performed a solo concert just for her, covering the Red Hot Chili Peppers, Chris Daughtry, Green Day, Third Eye Blind, and more. Each lyric got her vibrating with desire. The last tune, Bon Jovi’s song about strangers becoming lovers, undid her. Her panties were completely soaked.

Denver clicked the mic off and unplugged the guitar, but his gaze never left her. She shivered at the intensity of his stare. He didn’t say a word but lifted her up in his arms. She leaned into his chest. Her body had been buzzing all night, and now, the cowboy would quench her thirst.

He carried her into his bedroom. Unlike the other rooms, this was much less formal. The bed was massive and comfy looking. He placed her on the bed and stripped her clothing off her body. She looked up at the man, and a tingle shot through her, recalling the gift of music he’d given her. Methodically, he removed his clothes and placed them neatly by the bed. His muscles made her mouth water. She believed that his stomach’s six-pack had come not from some gym but from time in the mine and on the ranch. Hard labor never looked sexier on any man.

He crawled up on top of her, and she could feel his long, hard cock slide against her pussy’s folds. A gasp left her mouth. He brushed the hair away from her face. Was she crazy to even consider the Wilde brothers’ suggestion of a permanent relationship? She’d fallen for three of them, and now, she was losing herself to another

one. Denver. God, she needed his touch, despite how insane it might be.

He moved to the side, and she instantly missed the feel of his dick against her pussy. Thankfully, he pressed it into her thigh, as if to remind her of what was to come. One of his hands traced her jaw, and the other skimmed over her pebbling nipples. Urges exploded inside her. He wanted her, and that was enough. For now.

“Thank you, Denver.”

He squeezed her nipple, and a sweet dizziness took hold of her. He commanded, “Call me *Sir*.”

She inhaled deeply, surrendering to his control. “Yes, Sir.”

His rough hand slid down the flat of her stomach. “You ready for your lesson, sugar?”

Completely turned on and ready to surrender, she nodded.

His fingers danced over her skin, raising gooseflesh all over her. He moved his hand down and down until he reached her clit, igniting a fire inside her depths.

“Thank you, Sir.” Wickedly, she silently let her lips mouth his name.

“I saw that, sugar. I think you meant for me to see that, didn’t you?”

She lied, “No, Sir.”

“Naughty girl. You must be punished for not being honest with me.” He rolled her on her stomach and slapped her ass with his open hand.

The little sting felt wonderful. His power and skill called to her. Three more slaps to her ass had her damp with desire. He guided her so that now they were facing each other, and he kissed her like a man branding his property. The demand on his lips could not be missed. He wasn’t asking for her submission. He was demanding it, expecting it, and would not rest until he got it. When his tongue danced with hers, her body got soft and hot at the same time. Her toes curled, and her body quaked.

He leaned down and sucked on her breast, and her back arched off the bed.

Denver suddenly pulled away, his commanding gaze holding her still. “Jessie, you’re mine. Every inch of you is mine. Your silky hair.” He threaded his hands through her locks. “Your lush lips.” He kissed her, and she thought she might swoon. “Your delicious breasts.” He dove down and sucked on each of them. “That pretty, tight cunt is mine.” He circled her clit with his thumb, causing a groan to escape past her lips.

Her body warmed with a need to surrender and to be filled by this cowboy.

“Sweetheart, you don’t come.” His deep, hungry voice rocked her insides. “Not until I say. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” Hoping to tempt him, she spread her legs a little wider.

He growled. “Nice try, but you’re not running this rodeo, sugar. I am. Grab my cock.”

She obeyed instantly, desiring to please him. His shaft vibrated in her hand.

“Stroke me good.”

She gripped his cock and pumped fast. “Like this, Sir.”

“Perfect.” His low tone let her know that she was pleasing him.

He licked her neck, and tingles shot down her spine. She moved her thumb over the head of his dick and felt the pre-slickness oozing from the tip.

“Enough.” He forced her hand off his dick and then dove down between her thighs.

He lifted her legs and draped them over his shoulders. Next, he cupped her ass. He sent his hot breath across her pussy’s flesh, causing her to violently shake with desire. Finally, his hungry mouth lapped at her swollen, wet folds, making her crazed with even more wantonness. When his tongue touched her clit, she lost it and began pounding the bed with her fists. He spread her ass cheeks with his hands, and then teased her backside entrance.

He bathed her pussy with his tongue until the room began to spin.

“P–Please, Sir. I need to come!”

From between her legs, she heard him say, “Not yet. You can hold on a little longer.”

“I d–don’t think I–I...” The edge of release clawed at her insides.

“You can and you will. Don’t disobey me.”

His words fortified her somehow, and she held on. “Yes, Sir.”

Denver removed her legs from his shoulders, and put on a condom. Then he moved up her body. His dick was once again pressing against her pussy, and she loved it.

“God, you’re something, sugar. You want me inside you?”

This cowboy knew how to make her squirm, and she enjoyed every second of it. “Yes, Sir.”

“You’ve earned it.” He sent his dick into her pussy, filling her channel to the max, possessing her completely. When he was all the way in, he began pumping his cock into her over and over.

Jessie bit her lip, holding back the gasps. She shook violently as he pounded faster and faster into her pussy.

“Such a tight cunt.” His eyes were wide and intense.

Her channel vibrated, squeezing his stabbing cock. This wasn’t like any time before. This was primal and explosive. He made it that way. Pushing her to hold back her orgasm was taking her to new heights of sexual pleasure she’d not known possible. He’d done that for her, and that made her crave him all the more.

Her juices stirred inside her, and she prayed he would let her have her release. He’d stirred up such passion in her that if he didn’t allow her soon, she thought she might lose her mind.

He seemed to be able to read her mind when he said, “Sugar, you want to come now?”

She nodded. The crashing waves inside her rose higher and higher.

“Then do it. Come for me.”

Her orgasm exploded like fireworks. “Y–Yes, Sir!”

Everything shook inside her, and she had to nearly fight for air. Denver had made a meal out of her, and she loved serving him.

Chapter Three

“I’ll be back in at seven, sweetheart.” Denver smiled in the hallway outside Jessie’s hotel room.

She was still buzzing from spending last night in his embrace. After a little prodding by her before they left his house, he’d sung several songs with hard-rock roots and dirty electric guitar riffs. Such talent amazed and magnetized her.

“I’ll be ready.”

They were going back to The Masters’ Chambers tonight. He’d bought her an outfit that he wanted her to wear. The plaid skirt and white top made her wonder if he had some kind of role-playing in mind for her. She’d asked if this evening’s activities at the sex club were more than just a tour. He’d refused to answer, but told her to wait and see.

Denver leaned in and kissed her. This cowboy devastated her in the best of ways. “I’m proud of you, sugar.”

I surrender, Sir. “Thank you, Denver.”

He closed the door, leaving her alone in her hotel room. Another Wilde brother, Denver the musician, had taken her on a ride that hit every passionate button inside her. Why was she falling so hard and so quickly for not just one but four men? Next time she saw her dad, she’d have to ask him if insanity ran in the family.

Her stomach growled, demanding attention. She had plenty of time to get ready for tonight. A meal from Norma’s Cafe was exactly what she needed.

She left her room and headed to the cafe.

When she walked in, the place was empty. She heard a crash in

the back and a female scream. Without pausing, Jessie ran through the door into the kitchen. What she saw shocked her.

Paul King, the man who was driving the equipment that almost killed her the first day at the mine, had Samantha pinned against a stainless steel prep counter.

“What the hell is going on here?” Jessie screamed.

Paul turned his gaze to her. “You.”

“Leave her alone!” Samantha yelled. “She’s got nothing to do with this.”

He snorted. “You know she’s got everything to do with this, Sam.”

Jessie tried to sound brave even though her heartbeats were pounding in her chest. “Let her go, Mr. King.”

“If you know what’s good for you, Miss Greene, you’ll get out of Wilde.”

“Fuck you, Paul.” Samantha kneed him in the balls. He doubled over, and his hands that had been on her shoulders shot to his groin. He stumbled backward.

Samantha ran to Jessie’s side and grabbed her hand. “Get out of my restaurant, Paul. I am not interested in you. Get that through your thick skull. Besides, you’re married.” Jessie’s eyes widened when she saw the woman pick up a large knife from the counter.

“Please, Paul. Leave,” Jessie begged.

He coughed several times.

“You heard her. Leave.” Samantha’s tone didn’t falter. She meant business, and if he pushed her, Jessie was pretty sure she’d run him through with the blade.

Paul didn’t say another word, but left through the back door to the alley.

Samantha let go of Jessie’s hand but not the knife. Oddly, she seemed completely calm, though Jessie’s entire body seemed to be vibrating from the close call.

“He’s gone, Sam. Are you okay?”

She nodded, and put down the knife. "Thank God you came in when you did."

Jessie put her arms around her. "What the hell was up with him?"

"I'm okay." Samantha gently pushed her away and shook her head. "Did you know he's married?"

"Yes. I heard about his wife visiting him in the hospital after the accident."

"Fucking asshole. He has come on strong in the past but nothing like this."

That news shocked Jessie. "This has happened before? Have you told anyone about it?"

"No. This is a small town. Something like that gets out, and tongues start wagging."

"Well, I'm telling the Wilde brothers. They need to know."

"No, Jessie. Please don't. I think after slamming my knee into his nuts, he won't be coming back again. Besides, I think if you told Austin, he might kill him. There is bad blood between those two."

Jessie thought that odd. "What kind of bad blood?"

"When Austin was around ten years old, Paul, Malcolm Winters, and a few other boys took him out by the Old Mine. They tied him to a tree and left him." Samantha sighed. "It took three nights and days for the authorities to find him. He was dehydrated, starving, and half out of his mind."

"Oh my God." Though she'd spent little time with Austin, her heart ached for him. "What happened to the boys that did that to him?"

"Nothing. Austin never blew the whistle on them."

"How do you know about this? You probably weren't even born yet."

"Paul told me on one of his rants about how he was going to win me over. He threatened to tie me to a tree like he'd done with Austin until I finally submitted to him."

"Bastard!"

“That’s the right word for him.”

“He’s gotten away with too much, Sam. He’s dangerous, and you need to expose him.”

“Please. No. You don’t know Wilde like I do. I know what I’m doing. Please don’t tell the brothers. I beg you.”

Reluctantly, Jessie nodded. “Okay. But you have to promise me that if he calls you or anything else, you will let me know.”

“I promise. I don’t think he’ll be coming around after today.” Samantha laughed. “Did you see his face after I busted his balls? Priceless.”

Jessie smiled. “You got him good. I just hope he got the message.”

“He did. Sure, today he went overboard, but he really is pretty harmless.”

“Does his wife know about any of this?”

“No. She’s so sweet, but a bit of an airhead.”

The back door opened, and Jessie jumped. She looked back at Samantha, who was again wielding the knife.

A guy dressed in a brown uniform walked in. He was holding a clipboard. “Hi, Sam. Where’s your mom?”

“She had to go to Elko.” Sam put the knife back on the counter. “I thought you weren’t going to be here until late.”

“This is the new time for the delivery. Crap. I need your mom’s signature to unload your order.”

“No prob. Give me your papers.”

The man handed her the clipboard.

“Here’s the only place you need her signature?” Samantha pointed to the paper.

“Yep. You know how to sign her name?” He raised an eyebrow. “It’s gotta be perfect, Sam. I could get in real trouble from the boss if the home office notices.”

“Trust me.” Samantha went to a desk in the far corner with a computer, a fax machine, a scanner, and a phone. Jessie watched her

place the paper on the glass of the scanner and punch the green button. Samantha then typed on the computer and brought up the digitized copy of the sheet. She clicked on some folders on the desktop. And in less than five seconds she had pasted a digital copy of her mother's signature on the bottom line of the invoice. She hit Print. And five seconds later a copy of the paper with Norma's signature appeared.

Sam handed the sheet to him. "That work for you?"

"Sure does. I'll get started right away." The guy exited the kitchen.

Jessie was amazed. "You are a whiz at the computer, aren't you?"

Samantha shrugged. "Hey, did you come here to talk to me or were you wanting something to eat?"

Jessie nodded. "I'm starving. But I would love for you to eat with me."

"Sounds great. How about King Cakes?"

"I shouldn't."

"No one should, but why not?"

* * * *

In one of the VIP rooms of The Masters' Chambers, Denver sat in a chair, gazing at Jessie on the small stage next to the paddling bench. The little white blouse and silky bra he'd chosen for her to wear tonight could not hold back her peaking nipples. The plaid skirt he'd bought for her rose high on her thigh, causing his pulse to pound hard through his veins. Even the white sneakers he made her wear were decided on by him to add to her feeling of innocence. She looked so appetizing, a multicourse meal for him to devour.

"Strip," Denver instructed Jessie, watching the passionate shivers she presented for his enjoyment.

He was impressed by how quickly she obeyed, though her body shook visibly. She folded the clothes in little piles by the bench on the

tiny elevated stage. This was her second visit to The Masters' Chambers, and he was satisfied that she was ready for her first training session.

Even before they'd entered during her first trip the club, it had taken every ounce of willpower not to take her on the spot until she screamed and clawed his back. Her emotions and thoughts were easy for him to detect. Her shallow breaths and flush skin told him volumes. She wanted to be dominated, controlled, and pleased. He was more than willing to be the one who delivered just that for her. He'd never been so completely obsessed with a woman, but Jessie wasn't like any other woman. She was peerless.

Jessie was down to her bra and panties, trembling. She hesitated, looked at the door, and then back at him with her gorgeous wide eyes. His cock lengthened in his jeans, and his balls loaded up just at her innocent, delicate beauty. Her curves and silky skin called him to action.

"Why did you stop undressing, sugar?"

She trembled. "Sir, is anyone else coming in here, or are we going to be alone the whole time?"

"Don't worry about that. I've asked a few members to come in and watch, but they'll come after I think you're ready for an audience. Understand?"

She bit her lip, showing how excited she was at the prospect of being put on display. "Yes, Sir."

The little exhibitionist inside her was about to be let out, and that thrilled him. That's what he loved about the club and the BDSM lifestyle. Jessie would've never been able to let go and experience that. It wasn't in her to be the driver in such things. She needed a firm, assuring hand to guide her to a safe space. A place she could open up and really feel.

Her arousal wafted through the room like a hot fog. Even though a novice, she obeyed beautifully. The more he'd learned about her, the more he believed her excitement and pleasure needed dominance and

the sting of his choosing.

From the moment of their kiss in his truck, he knew what an amazing sub she would be. Jessie got to him with her curiosity, courage, and innocence. That only added to his desire for her. Though he wanted everyone to know she was his, he'd opted for the more private setting for this first round of training. When he did bring her out to the big stage, he wanted everyone to see how amazing she was.

Still, he would get her prepared for a perfect demonstration for his eldest brother on the main stage. Knowing Austin would never cut Jessie's brake lines or cause the other accidents, he expected proof would present itself soon. Once it did, he'd set the time for Jessie's naughty exhibition.

At the moment, they were alone in the VIP room he'd chosen. Not for long. VIP rooms were by invitation only. He knew Jessie wasn't ready for a main stage. Not yet, but soon.

Every primal instinct inside him screamed for him to jump on the stage with her, pull her lush body tight against his, and fill her pretty pussy up with his hungry cock. Seeing the little wet spot on her pink panties nearly crumbled his willpower to dust—nearly. "Remove your underwear, love."

She closed her eyes and nodded. He knew the little nod was more for her than for him, but he would let that slide. Slowly, her trembling hand removed the last bits of clothing. The flawless symmetry of her naked body hypnotized him. Her silky, auburn locks cascaded down to the pale skin of her shoulders. Her breasts were perfectly shaped. Her berry nipples were colored a pretty pink. He moved his gaze down and saw she had covered her pussy with both her hands.

"Open your eyes and clasp your hands behind your back, love."

"Yes, Sir," she whispered, and then did as instructed, jutting out her breasts even more.

Denver left his chair and sauntered next to her. Never had he needed more self-control with a woman before. Everything about Jessie tantalized him to forget the training, but she needed this. Hell,

so did he. Besides, wasn't he also supposed to try to get her ready for Austin, Mr. Twenty-Four-Seven? Yes. But could he ever really turn her over to his eldest brother?

It had all sounded so logical, a perfect plan, but after only two days alone with her, Denver wasn't so sure.

He leaned down and nuzzled her neck, inhaling her jasmine and citrus fragrance. "You're doing great, sugar."

"Thank you, Sir."

Denver thought about how Austin might respond to Jessie's naiveté. He'd known three of Austin's former subs. They were very experienced in the life, and even then, they had failed to keep his brother's attention for long. Austin made sure the discarded subs were handed off to appropriate Doms, but still, Denver had seen them when Austin came to the club. His brother had left his emotional mark on them, and if given the chance, all of them would've dropped their current Doms for another go with Austin. It'd been years since Austin had taken a sub on for himself. Denver wasn't sure why, but he guessed it was because Austin didn't want to hurt another woman.

Maybe, or maybe Austin just didn't want to deal with the trouble of handing a sub off. Still, Austin didn't miss a beat when it came to having a round with a sexy woman. He was in hot demand to train subs at the club and elsewhere. *Well, I can worry about what Austin will do later and whether or not I'll turn her over to him. Right now, I have my own sexy sub to train.*

Denver threaded his hands through her hair. He looked into her eyes and watched her blink. He could feel her nervousness and excitement growing in concert together. *Perfect.*

He leaned in and brushed his lips against her ear. "Before the others come in, you need to understand some things. You've been through a round or two with Dallas, right?"

"Yes, Sir."

"This will be different."

As Jessie studied the canes, crops, and paddles he'd brought and

placed on the table by the bench, her eyes froze on the black single-tail whip there.

Denver grinned. She wasn't ready for it, but its presence, just as he'd known it would, worked to keep her on edge and guessing. He wasn't certain she'd respond to the sting the whip would deliver, but when she was ready to give it a try, he would eventually test her to find out if she might. But not here, and not now. If she didn't take to the whip, then he would know that she could never be turned over to Austin. His brother was infamous of using a variety of whips in his sessions.

Denver moved his hands to cup her breasts. She didn't move an inch, but he could see the gooseflesh cover the top of her skin. Her mounds were soft and full. He rubbed her nipples with his thumbs, working to raise the warmth inside her. "Nice chest, love."

The corners of her mouth curved up slightly. "Thank you, Sir."

The door opened, and she gasped. They now had their audience.

* * * *

Jessie watched as Jackson, Phoenix, and Dallas, her other lovers, marched in and took seats. Though a bit relieved, she was also somewhat disappointed. She asked Denver, "This is our entire audience?"

He pinched her nipples, causing a tingle to shoot down into her pussy. "Didn't you forget something, sub?"

Her heart pounded with anxiety as the pressure of his thumb and index finger didn't let up. "Um...Right. I forgot to say 'Sir.'" She was quickly coming to think of him as more than just Denver, but as "Sir."

Sir nodded and released her tiny bits of flesh. He leaned down and gave each nipple a lick, delivering wonderful sensations to each breast.

"Close your eyes, sub."

"Yes, Sir." And she did.

“Keep them closed until I say.”

“Yes, Sir.”

His fingers moved over her slowly and methodically as if inspecting every millimeter of her body. In a strange way, his large hands on her made her feel safe, protected. She sensed him move behind her. She heard a couple of clicks and felt something close around her wrists. *Oh God!* She heard the door open, and two more men walked in. She’d never seen them before. They were wearing white, so she thought they must be the club’s angels, bouncers who enforced the rules.

Sir’s lips brushed her ears. “Shh. You will always be safe with me.”

Though she wanted to believe him, her gasping lungs and pounding heart weren’t quite on board with the idea. Had she been foolish to go this far? Her safe word silently worked to the back of her lips.

Sir’s attention went to the two men she didn’t know. “Guys, I know I said I wanted you here tonight, but I can tell my sub isn’t ready for strangers to watch yet. You mind?”

Sir had called her *my sub*. Tingles spread through her body, but she couldn’t give in to them. Not with the two strange men in the room.

“Shame,” one of them said, and then they both stood up and walked out.

When the door closed, leaving only the Wilde brothers and her in the room, she sighed.

“You see, sweetheart. Your reactions tell me all I need to know. You need to trust me on that. I wanted to push you, but not past your limits.” His hands never stopped traveling over her body even as he spoke. “Do you understand?”

New sensations, warm and explosive, flooded inside her. “Yes, Sir.” Had she disappointed him and his brothers? “I’m sorry.” Tears welled up in her eyes. She felt like a wimp and a failure.

“Nothing to be sorry for, sugar.” He guided her to the bench that was slightly higher at one end than the other. “Let me worry about how far to take you. That’s my job. I’ll sense when I’m pushing too hard, too fast. Asking Q and Davis to come in was my way to find out where you were. You’ll be on the main stage before you know it, driving all the men crazy with lust and the women crazy with envy.”

She wasn’t sure about that last statement about her ever being ready for the main stage, but she did believe he would know whenever he’d reached her limit. He must. She definitely didn’t know her own boundaries. Thankfully, Sir seemed to be able to read her mind.

He ordered, “Bend over. That’s it.”

In a flash, she was face down on the narrow bench with her head at the lower end and her breasts hanging down either side. She realized her ass was high enough for the audience of her sexy cowboys to see. Also, she could move her head enough to get a view of them. The wrist cuffs he’d placed on her were secured to the bench. He moved to her legs and fastened them with other cuffs. Then he attached them to the bench as well. She tested each arm and leg by pulling on the restraints. They didn’t budge. She was completely immobile.

Jessie could hear the other Wilde brothers’ hot breathing, and that made her warm and dizzy.

Suddenly, an image of Austin spun her mind around, and her belly did a somersault. How would she be responding if he’d been invited to the room to watch her training? Wasn’t that why she’d agreed to let Denver put her through the ropes? She knew the score about the Wilde family’s plural marriage. She’d talked with their grandfather and their mother and learned even more. The family’s generational norm was all brothers married the same woman. The current brothers were expected to do the same, one day. Three of the five of them had made it clear they wanted her to be that woman. Sir seemed to be following suit, too. God, she knew she wanted him to feel that way

about her. Jessie loved his possessiveness and self-assuredness. It comforted her, relaxed her, and drew her in deeper to him. His amazing singing was such a dichotomy to how he carried himself here at the club, yet in a way it fit. He was talented behind the mic and also in front of a chained woman.

But what about Austin? Would he ever want someone like her? Not if she couldn't let even angels watch her while Sir train—

Sir's open hand hit her bottom, delivering a sting. Her legs jerked, and hot pain jolted her from her thoughts. Unable to move her head enough to see Sir, she looked at Jackson, Phoenix, and Dallas. Their sinful stares were fixed on her.

"You've drifted off from me, sub." Sir kneaded her ass. "That displeases me."

"I'm sorry, Sir."

"I need you out of that head of yours. I want you to feel. To really feel. Let go, sugar."

Another slap. Her arms and legs jerked from the impact of his hand, and a burn seared her backside.

"What do you think, Master Dallas? The round paddle?" Sir asked.

Outside the club, Denver would only refer to his brothers by name or nickname. Inside, she'd learned, things were more formal and had a protocol. Once you left the reception area, the game was on. Titles were to be upheld. There was a sensibility that Jessie liked about—

Wham! Her bottom burned.

"Stay with me, love. Too much in your head."

She took a deep breath to steady herself and to hold back the looming tears. "Yes, Sir."

"Good girl."

"Master Denver, I think the eight-inch round paddle would do nicely on her pretty little ass." Dallas's voice was deep and lusty, thrilling her down to her toes.

Sir came into her view, walking in front of the bench. He went to

the table, and she watched him select the paddle Dallas had described. Her heart jackhammered inside her chest, and she feared what was about to come...but she also craved it. She was in her head, like Sir had said she was, analyzing everything and everyone. Too much. She wanted rest and release from her spinning thoughts.

Sir came back and bent down. He placed the paddle in front of her face. "See this."

Jessie nodded.

"Kiss it."

She did. It was made of some type of rubber material and felt a bit cool on her lips.

"This is going to send you to a space of absolute arousal, love."

Meekly, she asked, "Sir, how many times will you strike me with it?"

He laughed. "Just enough, sugar. No more. No less. Leave the count to me."

"Yes, Sir."

Sir went out of her peripheral sight. She bit her lip, anticipating what was about to hit her flesh. It didn't come. Instead, she felt his lips kissing the small of her back. She relaxed and let out a long sigh. Then the whack of the paddle hit her ass. The sting went clear into her clit. Another slap. And another. Sir never hit the same spot on her twice. Every inch of her bottom stung and ached, yet strangely, each smack made her body hotter, her mind softer, and her pussy wetter. Another blow sent her to the moon and back. Her body arched off the flatness of the bench, and instinctively she ground her clit into the bench's hardness.

Then the paddle stopped coming down on her ass.

"Jackson, is this woman yours?" Sir asked.

"Yes. She's mine."

"Come up here, take this paddle, and give her three strokes on her gorgeous ass."

"Gladly."

Jackson came up to the stage. He stroked her hair. “You look so beautiful, darlin’.”

The next instant she felt three quick strikes, softer than the ones Sir had delivered but still with a nice sting.

The man who had brought her into womanhood said, “I love you, Jessie.”

“Jackson, I love you, too.” Tears leaked from her eyes. This was too much. Too intense. “Please, Sir. I’m not sure I can take much more.”

“You can take more. Trust me.”

If he believed she could, then damn it, she would. “Yes, Sir.”

“Phoenix, you’re up to bat.” Sir’s tone was still very even, but to her it did sound deeper in his chest.

The next cowboy leapt to her side. He kissed her cheek. “I can’t wait to make you my wife, angel. I love you.”

“I love you, too.”

Phoenix delivered three more slaps to her ass from the paddle, making her incredibly dizzy and even more wanton. She sobbed, not from the stings they were delivering but from something else, some other sensation deep inside her that was clawing to be freed.

“Master Dallas,” Sir called to the last brother in the room.

“I never knew I could love someone so much, sweetheart.” Dallas rubbed her neck. “You knock me out. I’m nuts for you. You know that, right?”

Jessie choked out, “Yes, Master Dallas. I do.”

“Fuck. Master Denver, how the hell have you gotten her to this state so quickly? Seeing her so submissive has got my dick hard as a rock.”

“Experience is how. Now, give her the message she’s yours.”

“Yep. I will. What state are you in, Jessie?”

“Green, Master Dallas. I’m green.”

“You’re beyond amazing, love.” Then Dallas delivered three whacks to her ass that curled her toes and had her biting her lip. She

had almost screamed at the burn of the last smack but had incredibly held it back.

“My turn, again,” Sir informed. “You’re mine, love. All mine. Trust me.”

Wham! She yelped at the smarting that spread out from the impact on the bottom of her ass’s left cheek. She ground her clit into the bench, and her pussy leaked liquid desire.

“Trust me, love.” She felt the paddle hit the uppermost part of her right cheek.

She groaned and became really woozy.

“Trust me, Jessie.” The paddle hit both cheeks in the middle of her ass.

She whimpered and closed her eyes at the burn and ache she felt. Her bottom’s nerve endings were sparking like exposed live wires. She’d never been so wet or turned on in her life. They wanted her. No, they’d claimed her. The men didn’t ask for permission. They took what was theirs. *I’m theirs, and they are mine.* How could she deny them anything? She couldn’t.

“You did amazing, love.” Sir’s tone was gentle.

Jessie felt the cuffs being removed and several hands caressing her bottom so gently. A slick salve was being applied to her ass. It felt cooling and wonderful. Suddenly, Sir lifted her up in his arms. She looked up into his pale blue eyes. The other brothers went back to their seats, resuming their roles as audience. “Sir, let’s give your brothers a show.”

He frowned. “You’ve done good, but you’ve got more to learn, sub.”

Trembles made her voice shake. “Sir, did I do something wrong?”

“Yes, you did. You’re trying to take charge.”

She shook her head, hoping to convince him otherwise. “No, Sir. I’m not. I promise.”

“Really? Didn’t you just tell me to give my brothers a show?”

“Yes, but—”

“But nothing.”

He placed her feet on the ground and brought his hands to the curve in her waist. Her legs felt really wobbly, but he held her steady. “Sir, I didn’t mean that.”

“I know, sugar. In here, you must let me hold the reins. I decide if there is a show or a no-show, not you. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” She blinked back the tears that threatened to fall. “I won’t do it again. I promise.”

“Yes, you will. That’s okay, sweetheart. It’s all part of it. Learning to trust. Learning to let go. It’s a lifelong process, not a destination. But I can’t let your indiscretion slide. You do get that?”

“Yes, Sir.” Silently, she prayed he wouldn’t spank her more. Her ass hurt, and she didn’t think she could take more torture there.

“Let’s see how that sweet mouth of yours feels on my dick. Get on your knees, sub.” Without hesitation, he dropped his jeans to his ankles, and his long, thick dick jutted out. The whole scene was wickedly delicious.

Jessie dropped to her knees and waited, though she was ready to show Sir she did really understand.

“Good girl. Cup my balls.”

She did. They felt heavy and full.

Sir guided the tip of his dick to her mouth and held it to her lips. “Show me you’ve learned your lesson and earned my reward.”

Eager to please him, she licked the tip of his cock. It tasted salty with pre-cum. She felt his hands in her hair and could hear his brothers’ heavy breathing from their chairs. The whole thing made her marvelously muddled. She went up and down his shaft, swallowing in an attempt to hear his approval.

“Great. Amazing. Love, you’re—Fuck! That’s so good,” Sir said, as if reading her mind. He cupped her chin. “That’s enough. I’ve got to get inside your pussy. Correction—*my pussy*. Understand, sub?”

She did. “Yes, Sir.”

Sir pulled a condom out of his pocket, freed it from its wrapper,

and rolled it down his dick. "I've not enjoyed the feel of that pretty, little cunt around my cock. Time to fix that, right now."

A manic need for him to be inside her body took hold of her. "P— Please, Sir."

He lifted her up to a standing position. "First, I need a taste." He leaned over slightly, and then he threaded his fingers through her pussy's saturated ruffles. An array of heat jetted through her body. When he pressed on her clit with his thumb, Jessie sucked in a heavy, wanton breath. Every conscious thought about what and who was outside this room fled from her mind. Nothing mattered. Just now. Just here. Just Sir and his brothers.

She watched as Sir brought his hand up to his lips.

He sucked on her juices that coated his fingers. "Perfect. *My pussy tastes delicious.*"

Fiery trembles shook her entire body. She loved his lascivious talk. His tone and words worked hypnotically to suspend her, a surreal space of his making. He'd created it and brought her to it. Jessie could've never reached it alone.

Suddenly, he hoisted her up into his arms. "To steady yourself, put your legs around my waist and your arms around my neck."

"Yes, Sir." She did as he'd instructed.

Slowly, he guided the tip of his dick to the sensitive puckers of her pussy. "You hold on, love. Let me do the work. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

She felt his thick dick part her slit as he lowered her down millimeter by erotic millimeter. Sensations fired in her like massive cannons as his cock split her in two, filling every space inside her pussy. The more she took of his dick, the more her need swelled and her clit throbbed.

Finally, the incredible, torturous lowering of her pussy onto his dick came to an end. His dick filled her completely, and her pussy shivered around his shaft. Though she held onto him with her arms and legs, it was Sir's strength that was keeping her secure, guiding his

dick in and out of her, taking her to a new edge of pleasure beyond what she'd known until now. She felt helpless and wonderful, adding to her surrender to him and the uncontrollable sensations inside her. Each time he lowered her pussy down onto his hard dick, her hunger exploded as Sir stretched her out even more. She nipped at his chest as his continued onslaught drove her to the verge of insanity. She clawed the back of his neck and screamed as she came hard. Her entire body shuddered, with the center of the quake coming from deep inside her pussy where he filled her up. Her womb convulsed as he stabbed her in a final long, possessive stroke. Then she felt his cock jerk against the inner walls of her pussy as he came inside her.

Her body went limp, and her arms fell to her side. She would've fallen, too, if Sir hadn't been holding her. He gently lifted her body, and his dick left her channel. She immediately missed the feel of him inside her. Sir squeezed her tight and kissed her hair. He went to the bench and sat down, shifting her body so that she was now sitting on his lap. "Thank you, Jessie. You've pleased me very much."

Sudden applause from the three brothers made her turn to them. Master Denver had given them a show, and she'd been the star attraction. Her men made her feel adored and beautiful, something she'd never known before coming to Wilde, Nevada.

Denver brushed her hair out of her eyes. He looked at his brothers. "She's had enough for tonight."

"Agreed," Jackson chimed in.

Phoenix stood up. "Enjoy your time with Denver, okay?"

"I will."

"We'll see you soon," he added and headed to the door.

"That we will," Dallas agreed, and followed him.

Jackson lingered, his gaze unmoving from her face.

"You coming, lil' bro?" Phoenix asked.

"Yep. I love you, darlin'."

"I love you, too, Jackson."

He smiled broadly and went to the door where Phoenix and Dallas

were waiting. Her three cowboys stared at her before leaving her alone with Denver. It felt strange, but she knew this was the plan all along. Get to know Denver, and let him get to know her. Jessie was already enamored with Denver, and she believed that he was feeling more for her, too.

Denver slid her to the bench and off his lap. He stood and quickly disposed of the condom.

When he sat back down next to her, she shot her fingers up to the scar on his face. His eyes narrowed.

She jerked her hand back. "I'm sorry, Sir."

He shook his head. "Don't be. You're wondering about my scar and how I got it?"

"Yes, Sir."

He let out a long breath. "I'm not ready to tell you about that. Maybe someday."

Of the four brothers she'd been with, he was the most guarded and hard to read. Was he really interested in her? Could he see her as his wife someday? And there was still the question about Austin. Had he been responsible for her brake lines being cut? If so, she didn't even have an icicle's chance in hell to reconcile the brothers with him, and they'd never agree to let him join them in marrying her some day. That thought had her shivering.

"That pretty little head of yours is going to get you into trouble, sugar. Where did you go?"

"Thinking about the mine and my investigation."

"And?" God, he could read her mind.

"I was thinking about Austin."

"Let us worry about him, okay?"

"May I be candid, Sir?"

"Candid, yes. Sassy, no."

"Yes, Sir. I can't be the reason you and the others cut ties with him. He's your brother."

"If he's behind your brake lines being cut, then he'll get what he

deserves.”

“Austin is intense, I get it, and his ways may be—”

“Over the top.”

She nodded. “But, if he did do the unthinkable, it was a misguided love for the mine and your family. What if he only meant to scare me?”

“Jackson and Phoenix think Austin could do such a thing. I don’t, but we have to find proof, either way.”

“What if we never do, Sir?”

Denver grinned. “Jessie, I know one thing. You’re going to be the death of me.”

Chapter Four

Denver knew he was in trouble the moment he and Jessie entered Pappy Jack's hospital room. The old man was sitting up in bed with an IV in his left arm, shuffling cards on his meal tray.

Jackson sat on the end of the bed with several dollar bills in front him. "Darlin', I'm so glad to see you."

Pappy Jack looked up and smiled broadly. "Well, if it isn't sweet, little Jessie. I'm so glad to have you come visit me in this sorry excuse for a hospital. Maybe you can talk some sense into the sawbones's head that I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself. Besides, with the nurses coming in at all hours, how's a man going to get any rest."

It pleased Denver that his granddad liked Jessie.

"I would've thought that you'd like the nurses' visits," she teased.

Pappy Jack laughed then patted the bed for her to sit.

She sat on the bed, leaned down, and kissed the old man's cheek.

"You look a lot better than the last time I saw you."

"A mine explosion is nothing to me. I've seen much worse."

"I bet you have."

"How's my grandson over there treating you?" Pappy Jack pointed at Denver.

"He's great."

The old man grinned. "Yes, he is. Not like my namesake here, who is letting me win instead of really trying. Boy, that's a form of cheating, you know?"

Jackson shook his head. "I thought cheating was when you won by breaking the rules."

Jackson and Pappy Jack had always been really close. Denver knew the old man liked having Jackson come every day even if he grumbled about it. There wasn't anyone like their granddad. He was one of a kind, and they'd almost lost him to the explosion. Sabotage in Wilde, Nevada? Denver would've never believed it, but it was true. "You need anything, Pappy Jack?" he asked.

"A bottle or two. You could sneak one in here, son."

"You're a devil," Jessie laughed. "You need to get well and back on your feet so you can leave. Drinking now would only delay that."

The old man snorted then looked back and forth from Denver to Jackson. "Boys, you don't have a chance with this one."

Jackson smiled. "That's for sure, Pappy Jack."

"Yep." Denver squeezed Jessie's hand. "No doubt at all."

"Boys, do you mind if I have five minutes alone with Ms. Greene?"

Denver didn't like the idea at all. He'd spent every waking and sleeping moment within inches of her. She needed his protection, and damn it, he needed to be the one protecting her.

"Son, don't worry." His grandfather's voice was softer than he'd ever heard it. "Just step outside the door for a minute. No one comes in or out, understand?"

"Yes, sir." Denver thought about asking what he was planning on talking about with her in private but then thought better of it. He didn't need to know, and he trusted the old man as much as his dads. What Denver did know was that though Pappy Jack's room was on the second floor of the hospital. He'd already surmised that the potential for someone to climb up and get through the window did exist. That kept him from moving into the hospital hallway.

"Denver, I'll be fine. Promise."

"Son, I saw you looking at the window. If by some slim chance an asshole tries to break into my room, he reached under his pillow and pulled out a .45 pistol. 'I've got Dependable Smoke Pole.'"

Jessie's jaw dropped. "You've got a gun in the hospital?"

Pappy Jack laughed. "Figured that out all on your own did you, city girl?"

The look in her eyes showed shock. "How did you get that in here?"

"I'd rather not say." But his eyes jumped to Jackson, then back to Jessie.

She whirled on Denver's youngest brother. "You brought him that?"

Jackson looked as guilty as a kid with his hand in the cookie jar. "You need to understand something before you pass judgment, darlin'."

"Enlighten me."

Jackson opened his mouth as if to speak but then shut it. Denver loved Jessie's power over his brother.

"What are you grinning about, Denver?" she asked. "You think this is funny? I bet you would've brought Pappy Jack a weapon, too. All of you Wilde brothers are a mystery to me. What in hell does he need a gun for here?"

"I'm smiling because my grandfather looks good. And you need to be careful with your tone, sugar."

"Oh." She looked down, repentant. Her head popped back up, and she cocked up one eyebrow. "Well, would you have delivered a gun to Pappy Jack or not?"

"You're way too much, Jessie. Maybe. I don't know."

"That's BS. You know, but you're just not telling me."

"No. Not true. My mind is busy at the moment."

"On what?"

"Nothing to trouble that pretty little head of yours with. Just business stuff. Keep pushing me and you might get yourself into trouble. Understand?"

Jessie glared at him with a sweet defiance that called to him to tear down. Before he could whisk her away to a nearby supply closet to begin, she turned to Jackson. "So, cowboy, fill me in on why you

brought a gun to your grandfather while he's recovering from the Old Mine's explosion."

As Jackson began his tale of Pappy Jack's gun delivery, Denver rubbed his chin, contemplating his reactions to Jessie. Had he actually been grinning? Damn, he needed to stay guarded or Jessie could, and probably would, top him from the bottom. They weren't in play here, so she could call him by his name or anything else she wanted. Still, if he and his brothers were able to clear Austin from being a conspirator for the cut brake line and Old Mine explosion, she needed to be more subdued in public. Austin was twenty-four-seven. Denver decided that he would run Jessie through a twenty-four-hour exercise and see how she took to it.

He watched her turn her gaze to Pappy Jack. "All that true that Jackson said?"

"Every word," his grandfather answered. "Every word."

"You can't sleep without a gun under your pillow?"

Jackson gathered up the cards on the bed. "Neither can I, darlin'."

She turned to Denver. He shrugged. "Guilty."

"There's a gun under your pillow?"

"Yes, sugar. There is. This isn't New York or DC. This is rural Nevada."

"Amen, son." Pappy Jack nodded. "We protect what is ours by any means."

She asked, "Don't you mean *deadly means*?"

His grandfather answered, "If necessary, Jessie. Yes, we do."

"And what is in this hospital room to protect, Pappy Jack? The bed? The IV? I thought you didn't give a damn about this place. If someone wants to ransack it or steal from it, why not let them?"

The old man opened his mouth then shut it tight. Denver had never seen his grandfather be stumped with a comeback. Then Pappy Jack howled with laughter.

Jackson roared and pounded the rolling table. Jessie's former irritation about seeing the gun clearly evaporated, and she cracked up.

Denver couldn't help but bust out himself. It felt so good to laugh. For a moment, all was right with in the world.

A nurse ran in. They all stopped laughing. Denver watched his grandfather deftly put the gun back under his pillow before the woman spotted it.

The nurse frowned. "You need to keep it down in here."

Pappy Jack nodded, and then they all died laughing.

"Well, I never." She turned on her heels and left the room.

The old man whooped and snorted. When he got his breath back, Denver's granddad said, "Now, they'll finally let me go home, I bet."

"I bet you're right, Pappy Jack." Jessie smiled. She looked so beautiful.

Denver knew this was a moment he'd relive and tell his children about, along with the night he'd sung to their mother at his house for the first time. He wanted many more moments with Jessie. The brief amusement dried up inside him at the thought of the unknown killer stalking her. It was time, by whatever means necessary, to smoke him out of his hole, whoever he was.

* * * *

The pictures were attached to the email. The person at the laptop clicked on "Send," and the message was delivered to the two intended recipients.

"Now, Jessica Greene, let's see you wiggle out of this."

The message read:

I think you'll find the photos of Ms. Greene very enlightening. She's been very busy in Wilde, Nevada, but not for the reasons you think. I would suggest you do something about the mess she's creating here. We are a small community, and this kind of behavior won't go unnoticed.

*Sincerely,
A Concerned Citizen*

Chapter Five

Denver looked at Jessie in his tub. He'd lit candles, put the bath salts, soaps, shampoos, and oils he'd purchased for her today within easy reach, and then set up some music to play from his iPod dock. The tunes were soft jazz, which he'd learned she loved. So did he. The first selection began to play. Light vocals, a sax, snare drum, and piano softly vibrated the air.

He leaned down and kissed her. Her lips trembled slightly against his.

"You got everything you need, sugar?"

"Yes. Thank you, Denver."

"My pleasure."

"When are we going back to the club?"

He wasn't sure. Had he been foolish to take her there? What if the killer had been there? He could easily surmise that she was staying with him. "I'm not sure. Soon, though."

"I think I could let others watch now."

"I think you could, too."

"I just needed my first time there to be with you guys."

"I know. You did great. Now, relax. I'll be back to check on you." Thankfully, his bathroom had no windows and only one door. No one could get to her without passing him.

"Yes, Sir." She giggled, and he sensed his forever in that sweet little sound.

"Good girl."

When Denver exited the bath, he closed the door behind him. He didn't want her to hear the conversation he was about to have.

He sat in the big leather chair that gave him a clear view to the bathroom's door. He opened up his laptop and logged into Skype. He clicked on Phoenix's icon first.

The image of Phoenix popped on the screen. "Hey. We all here?"

"Nope. You're first." Denver clicked on Jackson's icon next. The ringing sound went on and on. "Where the hell is he? I told you guys nine-thirty for this video conference, didn't I?"

Phoenix answered, "Yes, you did."

"Fuck." He clicked Jackson's icon again, and the ringing stopped. "Hopefully, Dallas is around."

Dallas answered immediately. "Jessie's out of earshot?"

"Taking a bath."

"I think this is smart to talk this way, bro. Good idea. If we all came over there with our intel, she'd want to know everything. Sub or not, she's not a pushover about these kind of things."

"True, bro." Phoenix nodded.

Denver agreed. A ringing sound and Jackson's icon popped up on the upper left part of his screen. He clicked it. "About time, lil' bro."

"Sorry, guys. I'm at the mansion. Brought Pappy Jack here instead of his place at mom's insistence. Granddad didn't like that, but couldn't figure out how to persuade mom otherwise."

"So? That fucking doesn't fly, Jackson. The woman you love is in trouble, and you're making excuses for being late. You should've been here like the rest of us." Denver's aggravation grew. He loved his youngest brother, but sometimes his carefree ways pissed him off. "There's Internet service at the mansion."

"Hey, I'm here. And, yes, there's service here, but that storm jacked up the parents' wireless router the other night. It took me longer than I thought it would to get it reset and up and running again."

Denver felt bad that he'd jumped down Jackson's throat. "Sorry. I'm on edge knowing someone is still out there who wants to harm Jessie."

"It's okay, bro. Me, too." Jackson's face darkened. "We all want to find out who's responsible for the explosion and the brake lines."

"So, what have you found out?" Denver asked.

Dallas spoke first. "Rich, the teenager who broke his leg in the Old Mine, works as a mechanic at the gas station. It's only a block from Jessie's hotel, so he'd have time and the know-how."

Jackson shook his head. "Circumstantial. What would be his motive to do it? I'd think the kid would want to let Jessie do her job just in case she could uncover some infraction by the mine. That way he'd get out of hot water for climbing over the fence onto clearly marked private property."

Dallas shrugged. "I know. Just trying to fill out the list of possible suspects."

"Keep digging." Denver looked at the door of the bathroom. "What have we learned about the explosion?"

Phoenix frowned. "I'm checking the inventories of explosives at the mine, but so far nothing. I think your house is the safest place to keep her for now with its basement and surveillance cameras."

"Oh yeah. Besides, I've checked. No sign anyone has been within a mile of my place but me and Jessie."

"Bro, you didn't leave her alone?" Jackson asked. "That wouldn't be safe."

"Chill, lil' bro. I took her around the entire perimeter of the house on a ruse of showing her my property. What I was actually doing was looking for planted dynamite."

"She bought it?" Dallas asked.

"Yes."

"You're a better liar than me."

Phoenix snorted. "Everyone's a better liar than you."

Denver continued, "There's a problem. Jessie does have a job here. I've been able to keep her away from the mine for a few days, but she's made it clear tonight that she plans on getting back to work on her investigation in the morning. Without going completely Dom

on her, she's going back."

"Shit." Dallas's eyes narrowed.

"My sentiments exactly."

"Well, I can meet you both at the mine," Phoenix offered. "I think she needs at least two of us with her in public from now on."

"Agreed. I know we thought taking her to the club might give us a lead on who might be after her, but I'm not willing to take her back there until we have the killer."

"Yep. You're right, bro." Jackson's head turned. "Hold on. Mom's knocking on the door." His picture disappeared.

Denver heard his mother's voice. "Jackson, dinner will be ready in thirty minutes."

"I'm not hungry," his little brother answered. "Thanks though."

"You staying here tonight?" she asked.

"No. I'm finishing up some work, and then I'll head home."

"Suit yourself. I'll fix a plate for you to take with you for later."

"Okay, Mom. Thanks."

Jackson's video popped back up. "I think Mom knows we're up to something. That's the fifth time she's come up."

"She would be fine with everything we're doing, less one." Denver hated to ask, but he had to. "What did you find out about Austin?"

Jackson's face darkened. "He has been meeting with Malcolm, in fact, several times. He's also moved a big chunk of the club's money to a new account in Las Vegas."

"Vegas? That doesn't make sense." Denver's gut tightened.

"Neither does that memo with his signature," Dallas pointed out.

"I have a possible answer for that mystery, boys." Jessie's tone was sharp.

Denver jerked his head around. He'd gotten so focused on what his brothers were telling him that he hadn't heard her leave the bathroom and come down the hall. Her hair was wrapped up in a towel and her body was covered in his robe that was way too long for

her and touched the floor.

Well, too late to try to fool her now. “Come.” He motioned her forward and shifted the laptop so she could see the images of his brothers.

Jessie moved next to the chair. “So, you guys were going to hold out on me. Nice.” She was pissed, and he couldn’t really blame her.

“Darlin’, we don’t want you to get too deep into this. There’s a killer on the loose who is gunning for you. Leave this to us.”

“You said you had an answer about the memo, sugar.” Denver fixed her with his best Dom stare, daring her to refuse to answer.

She folded her arms over her chest. “Now you want my help? That requires a two-way street, guys.”

There was a long pause, and then Dallas spoke. “I think she deserves to know.”

“Me, too,” Phoenix concurred.

“Okay.” Jackson nodded.

Denver didn’t like where this was going, but he couldn’t figure a way out of this mess. “We tell her only if she agrees not to do anything stupid.”

“Done,” she answered.

“And if she promises to let us take the lead on this.”

“I promise.”

“And she won’t fight us when we say something needs to be done to make sure she’s safe.”

“Like what, Denver?”

“Like telling you to stay away from the mine.”

She sat on the arm of the chair. He inhaled her scent. “Not possible. My boss needs input from my investigation. I’m not willing to jeopardize my career here.”

Phoenix snapped, “You won’t need a career after we’re married.”

“Slow down, cowboy. I love you, but I’m not the kind of woman who doesn’t have a mind of her own.”

“You can say that again.” Denver chuckled.

Jessie frowned. “Seriously, let’s table any discussion of me leaving my career to be barefoot and pregnant in your kitchen.”

Denver liked the image she was creating in his mind. “Okay. For now. But at least two of us will be with you whenever you’re at the mine.”

“I can handle that.”

“And you will stay with one of us from now on at all times.”

“Denver, are you proposing?”

“You’re too much, Jessie.” He would propose to her, but when he could do it right. Now wasn’t that time.

“Have no doubt, angel. You will marry us.”

“Well, we’re not engaged yet. I promised to give you all a chance. I will. But Austin is part of the equation.”

Denver growled, “Unless we find out he’s behind all of this.”

“Okay. Show me yours, and I’ll show you mine.”

He had other ideas of what that game would be, but that had to come later. If she knew something that might be helpful, he wanted to know it, too. In fifteen minutes, he and his brothers had shared what they’d found out about the cut brake line, the explosion, the memo, Austin’s meetings...everything.

“So, we really don’t know much,” she said.

“What about the memo, honey?” Dallas asked.

“The original is lost. I asked myself *why*. If Austin didn’t create the memo, then who did, and how did they do it?”

“Go on,” Denver prodded.

“It would be easy enough to get a scan of your brother’s signature off another document and then paste it into a memo of your choosing. Then all you have to do is print or make a digital copy of it, and presto, you have a valid document to lower the mine’s standards below the agency-acceptable safety guidelines.”

Jackson rubbed his chin. “That makes sense.”

“Our girl is really smart.” Phoenix smiled.

“Sure is,” Dallas agreed.

“It doesn’t completely clear Austin, but it does leave more than a shadow of doubt in my mind.” Jackson was in his lawyer mode.

“Guys, please don’t leave me in the dark anymore.”

“If you do what you promised, we won’t.”

Denver squeezed Jessie’s hand. “We keep digging until we find out who is behind everything.”

* * * *

Jessie worked through another pile of Wilde Mine’s files.

Like a bodyguard, Denver sat in a chair by the door of the office that Austin’s secretary, Selby, had secured for her. She glanced over at him. He was texting away on his cell. She didn’t have to guess to whom. His brothers, of course. They were frantically working every lead and theory. They wanted to get to her would-be killer before he got to her.

Jessie actually liked that Denver was there with her. He made her feel safe and protected. *Well, best to get back to work then.* She opened another file then jumped when she heard Denver.

“Who are you, and why are you here?” He was standing with his fist curled and ready for whatever came.

“Pardon me?” the man asked.

Jessie immediately recognized the person Denver was questioning. His hair was thinning and gray. His eyes were bright blue. He wore a dark suit and carried a briefcase. *Oh God!* “Denver, let me introduce you to Mr. Lee Carpenter, my boss and deputy chief of MSHA.”

Denver uncurled his fists and offered his hand to her boss. Mr. Carpenter, normally very cordial, didn’t take it.

“Would you excuse us, Mr. Wilde?” her boss asked in a curt tone she’d never heard from him before.

At Mr. Carpenter’s fiftieth birthday party a few months ago, he’d been so great to everyone, including the bitchy waitstaff who didn’t

even try to provide even half-hearted customer service. Everyone else at the party didn't want to leave a tip. Not Lee. He went into a long diatribe about how he worked his way through Columbia University to get his law degree waiting tables. Her father had gotten his law degree there, too, but he'd done it on his parents' dime, not by waiting tables. Well, not only did the birthday boy and his partygoers give a tip, they gave a very generous one usually reserved for the stellar service.

"Mr. Wilde, I'd like to be alone with Jessie if you don't mind."

Denver didn't budge. This was headed to a train wreck really fast.

"Please, Denver. Like I said, this is my boss."

"I mind, but okay. I'll be just outside the doorway."

"Please close it behind you, Mr. Wilde."

"Not happening, Lee. If you're afraid of what I might hear, whisper."

After Denver left the office, Mr. Carpenter pulled up the chair to the desk that Denver had been sitting in.

"Why are you here, boss?" she asked.

"I've told you to call me Lee. Isn't it about time you started, Jessica?"

She'd never seen him like this before. Was he angry with her? "Have I done something wrong?"

"I need to show you something before I answer." He opened his case and pulled out a file. "I got these from someone who called themselves 'Concerned Citizen.'"

He slid the folder and its contents over to her.

She opened it up. The first thing she saw was a picture of Denver kissing her in the parking lot of The Masters' Chambers. Her heart sank low in her chest.

Her career was over.

This was a complete disaster.

There were more photos. Most were kissing, hugging, or some other expression of fondness. One photo was of her and Jackson at the

Horseshoe. A couple more were of her and Phoenix at Norma's diner. Several photos were of her and Dallas holding hands. There were some from her first night... *Oh God! No!*

Twenty-two photos filled up the folder.

Her throat was totally dry, and her heart raced in her chest. She'd been caught red-handed in the cowboy cookie jar. She squeaked out, "You looked at all these?"

"No. Just a couple of them." Lee's voice was soft but very scary. "The man who refused to shut the door behind him, he's a Wilde?"

"Yes." She bet that he'd only seen the less explicit photos since those were thankfully on the bottom of the pile.

"And the other men, Jessica?"

"They're all brothers." No sense lying now to the man who'd given her the job at the agency. More than that, he'd been the one who had mentored her and pushed her up the ladder. Now that was over.

"Tell me how this happened, Jessica."

"Why go through this, Lee? Just fire me already and put me out of my misery."

"Fire you?" Her boss looked as stunned as she felt. "I have no intention of doing anything remotely like that."

A big blast of air slipped past her lips as relief filled her up. Still, he'd have to do something. "Censure?"

"No. I don't like what you're doing with the Wilde family, but there's nothing in the agency's employee policy that says you can't date an owner of a mine."

She knew he had every right to fire her, but he wasn't. It didn't really make sense, but she was glad. "They're actually not owners. They are heirs."

"Doesn't change anything one way or the other."

"It doesn't?" she asked.

"No. Not in my mind. I'm worried about you, kiddo." She always liked when he'd called her that, but not today. "You're in over your

head here.”

“With the mine or the guys?”

“Off the record, both.”

“What are you saying, Lee? There’s more to this than the photos.”

“I talked with everyone that had worked this mine over the past ten years. Wilde, Nevada is notorious for wild nights, if you know what I mean.”

She did. “What does that have to do with me and the Wilde brothers?”

“Don’t kid yourself, Jessica. These guys aren’t novices when it comes to seducing women, and I’m afraid you’re going to get hurt.”

“I can take care of myself.”

“What if they’re trying to get you into bed in order to influence your investigation of their family mine?”

The thought had crossed her mind in the beginning, but now, after all the time she’d spent with them, she knew better. “Lee, can we change the subject?”

Her boss shook his head. “I’ve overstepped.”

“Some, but you are the boss. I still have a job?”

“As long as I’m at the agency, you do. And I’m not going anywhere. Don’t ever worry about that.”

“Thank you. That’s good to know, but I’m a worrier by nature, Lee.”

He smiled. “I’ve seen that firsthand.”

Jessie didn’t like that he knew about the guys, but knowing her boss wasn’t here to fire her allowed her shoulders to sag and her jaw to unclench. She shoved the file back over to him.

“Keep the photos, Jessica. I don’t need them.” He pushed the folder to her.

“Thank you. How long are you here?”

“A couple of days. I want to see if I can help you get this one down the tracks. You still refusing to leave until the investigation is complete?”

“That’s right.”

“Okay, but I want you out of here as soon as possible.”

The idea of leaving Wilde wasn’t something she wanted to think about right now. “I’ll be done very soon, I’m sure.”

“That is what I want to hear.” Lee grinned. “I’m starving. Do they have anything good here to eat?”

“Let me introduce you to Wilde’s famous King Cakes.”

Chapter Six

“What are you thinking about, sugar?” Denver asked.

Jessie sat in his living room with her mind spinning. “Besides you being rude to my boss? I shouldn’t be surprised. You’re a Neanderthal cowboy, simple as that.”

She thought about listing his latest offenses, like making her leave her boss at Norma’s the instant she’d finished her meal. He’d claimed later that the cafe was too exposed to let her stay. She thought an ugly green-eyed monster had likely clawed its way free from Denver’s insides. He might’ve gotten confused by the affection she and her boss had for each other. Besides, he was double her age. Not boyfriend material. He was more like an older uncle to her.

Denver hadn’t taken the news about the photos well. In fact, he’d exploded. He’d called Jackson, who had no idea that his camera was missing, but it was. Denver had cussed a blue streak into his cell before ending the call with Jackson. Then he’d punched a hole in one of the walls of his living room.

“I promise you, we’ll get that camera back, sweetheart.”

“I hope so. I’d like to get rid of this file.”

“Hand it over. I’ll toss it in the fireplace.”

She did, and in no time, the file and its contents were ashes.

A text came in on her cell, capturing her full attention. It was from Michael, and the message had Jessie dialing his number instantly.

911. Call me.

“Jessica, thank God.” Michael’s voice was unusually shaken.

“What’s wrong?”

“Your dad is coming to Wilde.”

“What!”

“He called me about some pictures he got today.”

“Oh my God.” She squeezed her eyes shut, praying to wake up from this nightmare.

Denver wrapped his arms around her. “What’s wrong, Jessie?”

She cried, “My dad is coming here.”

* * * *

Jessie’s phone call with her ex had lasted only a few minutes, but her demeanor had changed abruptly. She went deep into herself, cutting herself off from not just the memory of some hurt but also from her emotions. She stared straight ahead, clearly not seeing anything in front of her.

Denver knew that such a mode wasn’t productive or good for her. So, he pressed, “Tell me what trouble you and your dad are having.”

“I don’t want to talk about it.” Her voice was totally flat and lifeless.

“Sweetheart, talk to me. Tell me what’s wrong.”

“I will. I promise.”

A part of him wanted to order her to strip and to force her to open up, but he knew that wasn’t what she needed right now. Denver pulled her in close and squeezed, giving her what she did need at this moment. She leaned into his chest, and her tears fell. Her pain was deep.

When she seemed cried out, he gently nudged, “Why is your dad coming here?”

“He got the same pictures as my boss.”

“Shit.”

She laughed weakly. “Nothing describes my situation better. I know it’s possible that the photos may have been sent from the man who wants me out of town. Well, he might be getting his wish. I can’t take this anymore. It’s too much.”

Denver lifted Jessie up in his arms as more sobs rolled out of her. She was overwhelmed and needed only tenderness. If it took all night, he would hold her this way until she was calm.

“My dad was my hero when I was young. He was fun and warm, not like he is now.”

“How is he now?”

“Distant. Cold. When he looks at me, I’m not even sure he loves me anymore.”

Asshole. “When did he change?”

“Before my mother lost her battle to cancer, I saw the change. I was ten, I think. Mom was doing another round of chemo, and he was so wonderful to her and to me. Then one day, it was like he just shut down.”

“Tell me about that day, sweetheart.”

“Mom was having a really bad day. My room was across the hall from theirs. It was late. I heard their door open and Dad walk out. There wasn’t anything strange about that. It happened so many times. The chemo would get the best of her, and me and Dad would work together to help her. When I walked in the room, she held out her arms to me. She was crying. I went to her and accidentally knocked over some of the pain medications off her nightstand. One of the bottles that held the strongest was in liquid form. It broke. When Dad came back in the room he glared at me in a way I’d never seen before. It broke my heart.” A new round of tears fell. “He didn’t say a word, just picked up the phone and c-called the d-doctor. Told them Mom n-needed r-refills.”

Denver waited. His own heart broke for her, yet he could understand how a man could shut down when the woman of his dreams was dying before his eyes. He bet that night was when her dad had finally realized there was nothing he could do to save her mother—his wife.

Jessie’s voice was shaking, but she continued, “That night, he moved out of his and my mom’s bedroom and into a guest room. He

was like night and day after that. He stopped talking to me, asking about my day, holding me...”

Her entire body shook violently as Denver continued to cradle her. *So many tears.* His chest was soaked with them.

Jessie was at the very core of her deep hurt, and he could feel the pain flooding out of her. Though everything inside him wanted to fix things and tell her to shut the suffering off, he knew she needed this. As much as it killed him to see her so distraught, he wouldn't stop her from going through this.

“I felt all alone. My mother was so sick. I thought I was the one to blame, like I'd done something wrong. After my mother died, it was like I was an orphan. He wasn't the same dad. He was someone else. Living with him was so difficult. If it hadn't been for Michael, I think I would've died, too. I sure wanted to.”

And then, her body sagged into Denver's, and he pulled her in tight.

She choked out, “It got worse when my dad found out that I wasn't interested in going to law school. We're almost strangers now.”

Denver knew she had gone the distance with her sharing. He hadn't met Michael, though Dallas had, but if he ever did, he would thank the guy for being there for Jessie back then.

He nuzzled her neck. “Thank you, sweetheart.”

She looked up at him, her eyes glistening from her tears of pain. “For what?”

“For trusting me enough to tell me all of it.” He kissed her forehead.

“I do trust you, Denver. But I have to tell you, I'm so...”

“Shh. You've done enough work tonight.”

“No. Let me say this. Please.”

She was like a little kitten in his arms. “Sure.”

“I love you. I love your younger brothers, too. But what you're asking me to do is hard for me to wrap my head around. I'm just not

sure I'm up for Austin's ways. And the way he acts around me, I don't think I'm his type at all. And these photos... My God, they could've come from the killer."

Though they'd not talked about it, that had been his first thought, too. "Or they might not even be connected. Like the email was signed, it might be some concerned citizen of Wilde, hoping to get you out of town."

"I know."

"Jessie, we've pushed you too hard. You're strong, but you're not from here. My family's ways are not the norm in the outside world. I get it. But I can't back off. I love you and I want you, not for a night or two. I want you forever."

* * * *

Jessie's heart danced in her chest when Denver told her he loved her. She ran her finger over Denver's scar. She liked being held in his arms. "You say you want me forever, but for now, I just want to survive until my Dad leaves Wilde."

"I'll help you with that." The cowboy pressed his mouth to her lips, delivering a toe-curling kiss.

When he released her, she was out of breath and feeling better. "Will you do something for me, Denver?"

"Anything."

"I want another training session with you."

He frowned. "At the club."

"No. Here. Now. Just you and me." If she had a chance at love with the brothers, she had to be ready for Austin. If he rejected her, it wouldn't be because she hadn't done all she could do. No way. And as much as it pained her, if Austin did turn her away, she would leave. She would not come between the brothers. Ever. They were family, and that meant something.

He cocked up one eyebrow. "Okay, sugar."

This made sense. She needed to be ready for one of the public areas the next time she went to the club. Besides, when Denver turned into Sir, she was able to get out of her head and go to that wonderful, dreamy place where no memories of old hurts were. At least for a bit.

“I need to let my bratty sub out. Are you Dom enough to tame her?”

Denver stood, still holding Jessie in his arms with her feet dangling. He gently lowered her to the floor to a standing position, and then his whole demeanor changed. Like some superhero, he morphed from his former self into someone different. *Sir*.

“Sub, strip.”

Her nerves popped inside her like kettle corn. “I—I’m...not...really...”

He cupped her chin with one hand and pinched her nipple with the other.

“Ouch.” Her nipples were sore for all the former training, and this tweak woke them up, causing them to throb.

“It wasn’t a question, sub. You just earned yourself several whacks to your pretty, little ass.”

“Yes, Sir.” She intentionally didn’t move to undress to see what Sir would do, though she was nervous to defy him too much.

He let her chin fall and pinched both her nipples until she yelped, bringing her part way out of her malaise. “I ordered you to strip. Do it!”

“Yes, Sir.” She undressed mechanically. Her mind was still juggling so many thoughts and memories. She wanted Sir to give her space and take charge.

Sir studied her.

Denver had been so wonderful to listen to her talk about her mom’s death and her father’s coldness. Though he’d not said much, he’d shown her such tenderness it was the perfect salve.

But when he was Sir, she felt his hot blood, boiling with a sharp possessiveness. That, too, was its own kind of healing. Not salve,

more like necessary surgery.

Sir's voice was like an idling engine in his chest. "You're completely naked, and I can't see even the tiniest shiver in you, sub. Not good. Not good at all. I'll fix that." Soon, she knew he would put the pedal to the floor and take her on a delirious ride.

Sir walked around her, touching and pinching along the way. He stepped in front of her and kissed her, driving his tongue into her mouth past her lips, not asking for permission, but demanding entrance. There was nothing soft about this. Her lips ached and swelled. Though she wanted their kiss to go on and on, Sir released her.

She felt her eyes brim up with tears. He knew exactly how to make her feel better. She wasn't lost to her suffering. His gaze locked on her and held her like the strongest restraint. The urge to look down pulled at her. But she didn't want to. Not yet. She wanted to push him. Show him she could take more. Much more. She craved Sir's punishments.

"You going to show me who is boss or not?" she asked.

Growing desire poured into Jessie from Denver. His craving for her surrender was thick in the room. She bit her lip. She needed him to unravel her.

"You need to control your mouth, sub."

She mustered as much bravery as she had, and said, "Control, Sir. I bet you want to fuck me. Don't you?" Tonight she wanted to be wild, and she wanted Sir to be the one to tame her.

"Best to hold your tongue." His voice seemed to gush with anger and hunger, yet he didn't move to touch her. She wondered how deep his desire was for her. Was it enough? Her parents had lost their love. It'd happened months before her mother's death. She feared the same might happen to them, as well.

My dad is coming to Wilde. That thought flattened her out. She wasn't about to try to explain the pictures to her dad. Ever.

Whack! Sir's slap to her ass pushed out the offending thoughts.

“Get out of your head, sub.”

Jessie needed Sir’s touch. Why wasn’t he spanking her more? One slap wasn’t enough. She needed more. She’d pushed for punishment but wasn’t getting it. Why? Was she trying too hard? Or because she wanted it he was holding back.

“Sir, what are you going to do to me?”

“Whatever it takes, Jessie. Whatever you need, but stop trying to run the show with your smart mouth. It won’t work. The more you push for pain, the more I hold back. Got it?”

She gulped. “Yes, Sir.”

“First, I want you restrained.”

Her heart thudded like a hammer in her chest. “Please, Sir.”

He moved to her ear and growled, “First, you must earn the pleasure, love.”

“What do I have to do, Sir?”

“Obey. Make me proud. Then, I will reward you.”

“Sounds really nice, Sir.”

“Tonight, leave everything to me. I’m going to guide you to a place of pure bliss where old failures and disappointment fade away. All that will be left inside you will be hot shivers.”

She liked the sound of that. He guided her to his bedroom. He tied her on her stomach to the four corner posts on his bed.

She turned her head to the side on the pillow and looked at the very sexy Sir. He was shedding his clothes. “You’ve done this before?”

“Chatty little, sub, aren’t you? Yes. I have done this before. By the way, you will be punished for your sassiness and disobedience.”

That thrilled her. She wanted to feel the sting on her ass. “Then get it over with, Denver.”

“Keep talking like that, and I will put a ball gag on you. Call me ‘Sir’ and nothing else, sub, until I say this session is over.” His tone was more dangerous and threatening. She’d pushed him too hard.

She mustered her most submissive tone. “I’m sorry, Sir.”

He blew out a lungful of air. “Believe me, I want to drill my dick into your hot pussy right now. This is not about me. It’s about you. Besides, I know you’re not ready for my cock yet.”

She gulped. Heat rushed deep into her insides. “I think I am, Sir.”

“Quiet.” Sir’s commanding tone was so controlled it scared her. “I know you want punishment. Hell, you need it tonight. You’re not to analyze, study, plan, contrive—anything. You’re only to trust and to feel. I know what you need. You don’t. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.” Jessie licked her lips, wantonness causing droplets of moisture to pop up on her skin. She opened her mouth to say something then closed it tight. She needed to back down as he’d ordered.

“Now you’re getting it. Do what I say and you win. Don’t and you lose.”

How could he see so deeply into her? However he did, it had her pussy aching.

Sir patted her ass. “We’re both going to enjoy this, sub.”

Her insides fractured with desire.

Did he enjoy unhinging her, getting underneath her old layers?

“Now that I have you properly restrained, I want to touch *my* pretty cunt.” She felt him reach between her legs and thread his fingers in her pussy’s creases, causing everything to go soft and hot inside her. “Good. You’re wet, but I want you soaked and drowning.”

“Please, Sir.” Jessie trembled at his promise.

Sir brushed her clit, and sparks fired up and down her body. “Lots to learn, sub. Lots to learn.”

She wanted to learn enough to free herself from The Masters’ Chambers VIP rooms. She wanted to prove to the Wilde brothers she could do it, but especially to Sir. Even Austin. Desire flooded her body, taking her to the limits of her control. When Sir captured her clit between his fingers and squeezed, her pussy quaked and electricity fired through her body.

Sir continued fingering her sodden folds, spreading her out,

driving his digits into her pussy. His sensual push and pull drove her higher. Dizziness and mania spun her around, and her pussy was contracting from Sir's finger torture. She bit down on the pillow.

"Jessie, as before, you cannot orgasm until I give you permission. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir." But she was already getting close, so close.

"Good girl. Now, listen to me. I will touch you anywhere and any way I want to."

"B-But..."

He removed his thumb from her clit and stopped licking her neck. Immediately, her ache for his touch grew.

"What just happened, sub?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"You do. Tell me, now."

"I didn't follow your instructions, Sir."

"Right. And?"

"You stopped touching me." Sir was taking her on a journey, and she wanted to see it to the very end.

"See, you did know."

"Yes, Sir." Jessie's body vibrated. She could still feel bits of her anxiety about her dad coming to Wilde, but bit by bit Sir was replacing those thoughts with growing desire inside her.

Slap! Sir hit her ass with his open hand. His first smack to her left ass cheek sent a buzzing sting just under the skin. The second slap to her ass warmed up her bottom. Thankfully, the third shattered her thoughts about her dad, leaving her in a wonderful subspace in her head.

She chewed on her lip, weakly attempting to hold on to her defiance. Wasn't happening. She'd been introduced to a whole new way of being, and she loved it. Had it been inside her all along? Probably.

"Good girl." He untied her from the posts but left the ropes on her wrists and ankles. "Sweet sub, the only reason I'm untying you right

now is because I want to taste your lush mouth. But don't think you'll get to stay that way for long."

He rolled her onto her back. His mouth feathered her lips, and his kiss brought her to the edge of release.

She couldn't orgasm now. He'd told her to wait. But it was hard to hold back. She wanted to put her arms around his neck, but he held both hands to the bed. Instinctively, her legs wrapped around his waist. She wanted him inside her pussy so bad she thought she might lose it. Sir adored her. She knew it, and that pleased her very much.

"Let's get your punishment over with. Sound like a good idea to you?"

"Yes, Sir."

Again, he rolled her over and tied her spread-eagle, face down to the bed.

Sir spanked her ass with a masterful hand that conveyed fiery bites. Tears flooded down on the pillow from the sensations he was bringing out in her.

Jessie delighted in the chance for Sir to take her body, but she feared he wouldn't stop there. No, he would try to seize everything inside her. The argument about her keeping her job leapt from the fog. An image of her boss frowning floated to the surface. It didn't make sense to her that he hadn't fired her. The guy was no push-over—

Whack! The image disappeared as the heat spread through her backside.

He tapped her lightly on her ass with his open hand. "Stop drifting, sub. Stay with me."

"Yes, Sir."

He delivered several more slaps until her entire bottom burned and stung. "You've got so much to learn."

"Yes, Sir. I do. But I have a good teacher." Jessie's body throbbed and vibrated. Sir's dominance turned her internal furnace to high heat.

"Yes, you do. You can handle much more than you know. Next time we go to the club, I'm putting you on display. Do you understand

what that means?”

Giddiness took hold of her. He was pleased with her. “Y–Yes, Sir. I do.”

“That overworked mind of yours needs peace and quiet.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Let’s use Dallas’s colors to see where you are. What state are you in, sub?”

“Green, Sir.”

Sir grazed her back lightly with his hand. “That’s excellent, love.” His tone was filled with caring.

Crazy as it was, she could no longer deny that she was in love with four men. Jackson made her feel beautiful. Phoenix told her over and over how smart she was. Dallas made her feel proud. And Sir? He made her feel protected.

Sir pressed his lips against her neck. “Are you in your head again?”

“No, Sir.” Her body warmed, and a sweet shiver shot down to her mound.

“This is to remind you not to go back into your thoughts.” Sir stung her ass with two slaps from his open hand. Her body vibrated with desire.

“What state are we in?”

“Green, Sir.”

The palm of his hand connected with her ass. Heat welled up deep inside her pussy.

“I will take you every way possible—in your mouth, in your ass, and of course I’ll take you in your pussy.”

She’d never felt so exposed, so wide open, as his demands of submission made her feel. “I understand, Sir.”

“Bending you to my will is going to be such an incredible experience for me and for you. Stop and just feel. I am responsible for your pleasure, not you. Understand?”

His dominance thrilled her. “Yes, Sir.”

Before meeting the Wilde brothers, she'd mistakenly thought she was living. But she wasn't. Her life had been gray and drudgery.

"I can tell you're back deep inside your head. I know what will stop that."

Jessie ached to please him. She couldn't catch enough breath to do more than whisper, "Please, Sir. Tell me."

Sir's hands caressed her ass, and then he left the room. She longed for him to come back. In moments, he did. He was holding a large butt plug in one hand and a bottle of lubricant in the other. "This will get you out of your head, I'm certain."

"Thank you, Sir." She wanted the thoughts to stop, wanted to only feel, wanted to please Sir.

He sat on the bed, and she felt his fingers tempting her anus, drifting to the skin between her rectum and her pussy, before finally reaching her swollen folds. Then, with incredibly skilled fingers, he tormented her clit. Electricity ricocheted from her pussy throughout her body, inside and out. Dizzy with desire, she shuddered.

She felt him apply the lube to her rectum. His fingers circled and stretched her out. She was frightened by the prospect of the butt plug, but she would go the distance.

"You ready to tell me you don't want this, sub?"

Jessie couldn't answer. Did she really want what Sir offered? "I want it, Sir."

"Good girl."

"Sir?"

"Yes."

"I'm a bit scared."

"Don't worry, little one. Trust me. I'll never push you too much. Stop talking, and start feeling."

Jessie believed him. He'd told the bouncers to leave the moment she'd tensed. He knew her better than she knew herself. "Yes, Sir."

"Good girl. I can't wait to fill your hot pussy with my dick." Sir's voice bowled her over.

He cupped her ass with both hands. It still stung from his spanking, making her want him more.

“This is *my* ass.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“It’s nice and pink.” Sir’s fingers went deeper into her ass. He was taking his time, and she loved every second of it.

A delicious shiver shot up and down her spine. She craved to submit to his dominance. “Am I pleasing you, Sir?”

“The beginning of sweet submission, little one.” Sir let out a long, lusty sigh. “I hear it in your voice now. That pleases me. Take a deep breath.”

She sucked in a ton of air.

“Hold it. Good. Now, let it out.”

Jessie expelled the breath.

“Again.”

“Yes, Sir.” She did.

“Hold it. Good. Now, let it out.”

As she blew out the last bit of air, she felt a hot burn as Sir shoved the plug into her ass. She didn’t have the air to yelp. Instead, she sucked in more air.

“Breathe slow, sub. Easy. You’re doing great.”

The sex toy was seated completely in her bottom. The pain began to retreat, replaced by subspace and desire.

She watched Sir don a condom, and excitement bloomed inside her. He untied her once again, and rolled her over. Sir wasn’t in any rush. He took his time with her, and he played her body like a skilled musician.

When she was face up again, he tied her to the post again.

Sir leaned down between her legs and inhaled. “You smell so good, sub. That’s the prettiest pussy I’ve ever seen.”

Electric pulses shot through her body. She was so aroused and wanted Sir to possess her insides with his dick. His fingers lightly pressed on her clit again, causing it to swell and throb. Quick, short,

almost painful pants passed her lips.

“Please, Sir. I need to come.”

Sir gave her no respite. Instead, he pinched her nipples until they were aching in harmony with her clit. Then she felt his lips bathe her breast. Sir’s treatment burned her hotter and hotter, higher and higher.

Sir shifted his position down, until he was between her legs once again. His lips on her pussy reduced her to a puddle, and his tongue’s pressure on her clit melted her.

His voice dipped to a low octave of masculinity. “This is how I like you, sub.”

“I’m glad this pleases you, Sir.”

He’d opened her up to her true nature. She liked to be dominated by Sir. No, it was more than that. She loved it. She wanted more, needed more.

His tongue danced through her folds, then moved to her clit, laving her into frenzy. Her fingers and toes curled tight. Her body rumbled from the approaching climax.

“You want me to fuck you?”

“Yes, Sir!”

He was on top of her in a flash. His pale blue eyes were hot with lust. His weight felt so good. She felt him position his dick at her pussy’s opening. Cravings more powerful than anything she’d ever known rolled through her like a million invading soldiers.

Joining the march, his dick pierced her slit wide and tunneled into her. Tremors rumbled through her like an earthquake, its aftershocks shooting deep into her channel as Sir’s cock possessed and conquered her insides. With the plug and his dick filling her up, she fell back into the whirlwind of heat that stormed in her body.

Slowly, patiently, in and out, he thrust into her pussy. One of Sir’s hands went down between them until he found her clit. Using his thumb to apply pressure to the bud, Sir never changed his rhythmic assault of his dick. Tears poured out of her eyes.

“You’ve earned your reward.”

His strokes lengthened. Each time as he pulled back, he blazed a path back into her, taking her breath away. Sir's passionate sweat dripped on her shoulders. Stroke by stroke, his stabs came harder and faster.

Jessie felt her womb begin to convulse around his dick. "Please, Sir. May I come?"

"Yes, little one." Sir's cock jerked inside her. "Come for me."

Her back arched up from the mattress, as the release Sir had given her blasted inside her pussy, her stomach, her chest, her lungs, her toes...everything and everywhere...her entire body. There wasn't a single millimeter that didn't tremble.

She screamed, "O-Ohh!" Her orgasm wasn't a single explosion, but many. Each bigger than the one before.

"Fuck!" Sir yelled, and then he slammed her back into the bed with his final climatic thrust.

Slowly, her release settled back, and her delightful shivers softened. Denver spooned her with his muscled body.

"You want to know how I got my scar, sugar?"

God, yes. She nodded.

"Austin and I were camping up in the mountains. I was twelve and he was thirteen. Though our dads convinced our mom to let us go, she wasn't crazy about us going alone."

"I think your mom was right to be worried."

Jessie will be an amazing mother. "Sometime after midnight, a black bear came into our camp. Austin told me not to move, but I didn't listen. I wanted to prove to him that I was just as brave as he was. I tried to get to my rifle, but the bear charged before I could reach my tent where I'd left it. The bastard swiped my face and would've killed me if Austin hadn't reacted instantly, hitting the bear over the head with a log from our fire."

"Oh my God. What happened?"

"The bear turned from me to him. Unlike me, my brother had left his gun within reach and filled the beast with lead. I passed out from

the loss of blood. When I came to, I found Austin staring at me with concern. While I'd been out, he'd stitched up my wound. We agreed to never tell anyone, or our mom and dads would never let us camp again."

"What did you tell them happened?"

"That I fell down a ravine. Mom didn't let me go camping again for another year. That was tough for me, but if she'd known about the bear I would've never been allowed to camp again. Austin and I never talked about that night since then. You're the first I've ever told."

"Thank you for trusting me to tell me, Denver. It means so much."

Her words were music to his ears.

Chapter Seven

It had taken some convincing, but Jessie had finally convinced Denver that she needed to get some things from her hotel room. She was still worried about having to face her father, but her cowboy had been so good to keep her mind occupied on other things. For now, she didn't want to think about her dad.

As they walked into the lobby, she saw Maude, the owner, wearing a bright red housecoat. Next to her was Denver's mother, Mrs. Wilde.

"Mom, what are you doing here?"

The woman was beautiful. She looked too young to have children as old as her sons.

"I'm here to see Jessie."

Denver frowned. "What about?"

"None of your business. Don't be rude."

Jessie had met her and her husbands at the hospital in Elko where they'd taken Pappy Jack after the explosion. She'd instantly liked her. "Hello, Mrs. Wilde."

"Please. Call me Mary."

"We don't have time for this. I want to get Jessie back to my place. You don't know what is going on, Mom."

"I know more than you think, Denver. You Wilde men are so overprotective. Well, you stay down here in the lobby. Jessie and I will go to her room and have a chat."

"But—"

"Your dads are outside making sure things are safe. Does that make you feel better?"

“Some.”

“Good. We’ll be down shortly.” Mary held out her hand for Jessie to take. “We’re way past due this talk, sweetie. Maude, if my son makes a move to come up the stairs, shoot his kneecap.”

She laughed. “You know I will, sis.”

Denver shook his head. “There’s no chance of winning with these two. Ten minutes. Then I’m coming up.”

“Please. Your mother is right. I have some questions only she can answer. I need to talk to her.”

He stared at her for a long time. Then he finally nodded. “Okay. But I’m not leaving this lobby.”

Mary went up to him, and he leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. There was much love and respect between mother and son.

“I promise, son, not to climb out the window with your sweetheart.” Mrs. Wilde traced an X over her chest. “Cross my heart.”

“Fine. Go. But don’t undersell your sons to Jessie.”

“I’m only going to tell her the truth.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of.” He pulled Jessie in tight. “Don’t believe everything she tells you, okay? I’m not that bad.” He leaned in and kissed her.

“But you are,” Jessie teased. “I already know that.”

“Go.”

“Sweetie, run, before he changes his mind.” Mary darted up the stairs like a teenager.

Jessie followed, trying to think of all the questions she wanted to ask the Wilde brothers’ mother.

Once in the room, they both sat on the bed.

Mary grabbed her hand. “Are you okay?”

Her sweet concern was so endearing. “Yes and no.”

“I know about what’s been going on, sweetie. It’s a lot to take in.”

Jessie wondered if she knew everything or just some. “Yes, it is.”

“You know I call Dallas my little George Washington. He can’t lie.”

"I know. He's easy to read."

"I'm glad you figured out the memo. It couldn't have come from Austin."

It seemed that their mother did know everything.

"Maybe. I just know that it could've been faked."

"True. But I know Austin. He's tough and dark, but he would never betray the family or put the mine in a bad light. It's killing him about all these accidents."

"I couldn't tell."

"Of course not. You've not spent enough time with him. But a mother knows. His dad's elevated him to running the mine in the hopes he would change his mind about leaving Wilde. It almost worked, too." The sadness in her voice was heartbreaking. "Now, I don't know. We plan on retiring soon, spending some of the year here in Wilde and the other part in Bliss, Colorado. But I've told my husbands that if Austin leaves, I think I'll die. There's a rift that has been building for years between the boys. The younger four adore Austin, but he just keeps pushing them away. I think it's his way of preparing to make the break."

"So, is that why you wanted to talk to me? See if I could change his mind about leaving?"

"No, honey. Not at all. I'm here for you. I remember how confused I was when I came to town and my Wilde brothers swept me off my feet. I only had three to contend with. You're juggling five."

"Actually, four. Austin and I aren't really spending any time together. I've only seen him a couple of times since I came to town."

"Really? That's odd."

"I don't think so. He's not too keen on me being here in town, you know, investigating the accidents."

"Still, his style is to meet things head on. And you're a beautiful woman. There's got to be some other reason he's avoiding you than that."

"I wouldn't know what it is." *Maybe I'm just not his type.*

“Well, he’ll let you know when he’s ready.” Mary smiled. “You are a beauty, Jessie. I can see why my boys want you for their wife. Ask me anything. I’ll tell you the truth.”

Jessie decided to ask something less pointed. She wanted to ease into the big questions. “How did you come up with your sons’ names?”

“Good question. They are corny names when you think about it.” Mary laughed. “Well, my husbands like to spoil me. My favorite thing is to travel. So they’ve taken me all kinds of places at least twice a year. Back before the boys were born, the mine wasn’t doing so well. We didn’t have much money. So, we had to stay in the country.” The sweet woman blushed then said, “Each is named after the city they were conceived in.”

Jessie liked knowing that. Next, she decided to go for one of the hardest questions. “What about children?”

“Yeah, I remember that troubled me, too. It’s really simple with our family. The men don’t care to know who the genetic provider is. They all think of the boys as their own. Though I have my suspicions about who might be the biological father for each boy, I’d never say. Like my husbands, I really don’t want to know.”

“How did your own family react?”

“Badly. Maude came to Wilde to beat some sense into me but ended up falling for the two Strong brothers.”

“How did that happen?”

“The Strong brothers had never practiced plural marriage. In fact, they had their own families—a wife and two sons each. A year before my sister came to town their wives had taken a road trip together for a girls’ weekend to Vegas. On the way back, they were hit by a drunk driver and were killed. The brothers moved in together on their family ranch in order to share the raising of the four boys that had been left behind.”

“That’s awful.”

“Yes. The boys were really young. Maude fell in love with them

first, then their dads. When she delivered the twins, she had her hands full. We help each other out.”

“I imagine you have to.”

“Yep. We women have to stick together in Wilde.”

Jessie continued asking questions, and Mary gladly shared. She learned that though the Wilde way wasn’t perfect, it did work for her cowboys’ mother. Could it work for her, too? She was beginning to think it might. Still, Austin was the dark horse. It was past time to find out if there was any chance with him.

* * * *

Jessie paused at the door of Norma’s diner. Denver was at her side.

He asked, “You sure about this?”

Her dad was somewhere inside, waiting. He’d called her cell and set up the meeting. His tone had an edge. Would he spread out the photos on the table the second she walked in? Maybe. It didn’t matter. She wanted to get this over with.

“Yes. I’m sure.”

The place was loaded with patrons. Every table was taken. She spotted her dad in a booth by the window. He wore his typical suit and tie. In Wilde, he stood out like a sore thumb at a hand model convention.

Jackson and Phoenix were sitting at the booth across from him. She spotted Dallas on the other side of the glass outside. The Wilde brothers weren’t taking any chances. It was like she had her own Secret Service team.

She took a deep breath and walked to her dad’s booth. Denver walked beside her.

“Hello, Dad.”

“Have a seat, Jessica.”

“This is Denver Wilde.” She pointed to her cowboy and was glad

that he was by her side.

Denver held out his hand, but her father didn't take it.

"I recognize him. I also have seen those two." He pointed at Jackson and Phoenix and then motioned to Dallas on the other side of the window. "That guy, too."

"Mr. Greene, we can end this meeting right now." Denver was seething.

"Who the hell do you think you are talking to?" Her dad's face darkened.

"Denver, please, go sit with your brothers. I want a moment with my dad."

He didn't move. Instead, he and her father just stared at each other. The cafe's customers were turning their heads no doubt to see what all the commotion was about.

Jessie rubbed his cheek. "If you care about me, I beg you."

Denver stopped glaring at her dad and turned to her. "Five minutes. Okay?"

"Yes." She smiled. "Thank you."

Denver turned back to her dad. "Don't fuck up, sir. Your daughter deserves better."

Luckily, her dad ignored him.

Denver slid into the booth with Phoenix and Jackson.

Her dad angrily said, "Sit, Jessica."

"First, tell me why you came."

He frowned. "You know."

"The photos?"

"In part." His tone softened. "Please, sit. We need to talk."

She sighed. "Fine." Sitting down, she folded her hands in her lap. Thankfully, she noticed that the customers settled back to attending to their own meals and conversations.

"Why did you lie to me about you and Michael? I had no idea your engagement was off."

"Right. You talked to Michael. He told you. Well, I was waiting

for the right time.”

“Jessica, it’s been a year. What were you waiting for?”

“I’m not sure.” Her mind was spinning. Like it or not, she loved her dad even though he was so cold, so distant, so hard. “I had opportunity. Christmas. Easter. Your birthday. Mine.”

“Then why didn’t you tell me? You’re too smart not to know.”

“I guess I didn’t want to disappoint you again.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Bring out the photos.” This was the game they played for so many years. Don’t talk. Avoid. Evade. Change the subject. Whatever. Just don’t talk about the elephant in the room. “Let’s get this over with.”

He snapped, “You’re just like your mother.”

That was the straw that broke the camel’s back. Her gut tightened and angry tears fell. “Why do you hate me and hate her memory so much? What did I do? What did she do?” The dam had burst, and she couldn’t stop. “I tried to be all you expected, and you just kept pushing me away. I missed the dad took me to Central Park every Saturday and bought me ice cream. W—What h—happened to h—him?”

Jessie looked over at her three cowboys through her tears. They’d all left their seats to rush to her, but before they did she motioned them to sit back down. Reluctantly, they did.

“I guess I deserve that, Jessica. Your mother’s death changed me.”

“Don’t give me that bullshit. You changed before she died. Do you remember the night when I knocked over her medicine? The last night you spent in her bed?”

He closed his eyes. “Yes.”

“What happened? Tell me.”

“It’s hard. In many ways I’ve forgiven your mother. Still, the sting smarts from time to time. Even now.”

“Forgive her of what? What did she do?”

Her dad reached across the table and shocked her with his request. “May I hold your hand, sweetheart?” To her surprise, tears were

flowing down his cheeks.

She lifted her hands from her lap, and he took them both in his.

“Dad, how bad is it?” Jessie asked, terrified what it might be.

“I had an amazing friend in law school. He was really smart and a great guy. Me, your mom, and he were inseparable. Thick as thieves. I knew he was falling for her, but I didn’t have any idea she was falling for him, too. We weren’t even engaged then. I fixed that. I guess my persuasive skills were pretty good even then.”

“Are you saying Mom had an affair?”

“Yes, Jessica. She did. She never told me. For years, she let me live in my delusion of what our life was.”

Jessie squeezed his hand. “Dad, I’m so sorry.”

“I want you to forgive me, honey. You never did anything wrong.”

“I forgive you, Dad. I wish you would’ve told me.”

“There’s more.”

“What?”

“That night when you knocked over the medicine, before you came in, she confessed everything. I wish she hadn’t. I gladly would’ve continued in my fantasy, but her guilt wouldn’t let her take the truth to the grave. Sweetheart, you’re my daughter. No matter what.”

Jessie’s mouth gaped open. “Are you saying...? No. That can’t be.”

“I was wrong. Please forgive me.”

“Not possible.” Her mind was buzzing, burning, screaming. “This is crazy.”

Her cowboys were at her side.

Denver lifted her from the booth. “Your five minutes are up, Mr. Greene.”

“Jessica?” Her boss walked in the door and beelined straight for her.

Her dad turned around. “You!”

“You know my boss?” she asked.

“You asshole! Lee, you’re my daughter’s boss. How could you?”

Her dad was on his feet, throwing punches at her boss.

Jessie pointed at her boss and screamed, “You’re the best friend!”

Chapter Eight

Sitting in the chair in his living room, Denver held Jessie close as she continued to sleep. Jackson, Phoenix, and Dallas sat on the couch watching her intently. None said a word.

The big reveal at Norma's had been like a made-for-TV melodrama, only it had been true and had broken Jessie in pieces. She'd screamed her resignation to her boss and told both men that she never wanted to see either of them again. After he and his brothers got her in his truck, she sobbed buckets and finally collapsed before he got back to his house. The outside world was fucked up. Both men loved Jessie's mom, but were unable to share her. How selfish. The concept was so foreign to him.

Her eyes fluttered open. "Hi."

"Hi, sugar."

She turned her head and saw his brothers. They all stood up and drew close. "All my cowboys are here."

"Yes, angel. We're here." Phoenix brushed her hair.

"Darlin', you okay now?" Jackson asked.

"I am. Crying helps a woman more than you know. It's sometimes better than therapy."

Denver did know.

Dallas kissed her cheek. "I'm glad you're okay."

"Me, too." Jessie nodded. "Now, down to business. Tell me about your investigation on the memo, the brake line, and the explosion."

Phoenix spoke first. "Angel, you were right. Austin isn't the one behind the memo."

"Really?"

“I got with the techie guys at the mine. Apparently everything that gets printed there goes to a server. The little bastards were able to backtrack the fake to one company employee ID. Paul’s.”

“Paul King? The guy who had the heart attack and nearly ran me over?”

“The one and only.”

Jackson gave his report next. “And apparently Austin’s been meeting with the bank president to get his funds in order. He’s planning on leaving Wilde next month. There’s been nothing nefarious about their meetings and nothing to do with the mine.”

Dallas nodded. “That clears our eldest brother.”

Jessie asked, “What about the brake lines?”

“Paul’s worked on machinery at the mine.” Dallas cupped her chin. “I’m sure he knows a thing or two about an automobile. And he’s a miner. Dynamite is as easy to handle to him as riding a bicycle. He is likely responsible for the Old Mine explosion, too.”

“All evidence points to Paul,” Jackson pointed out. “I can’t figure it out. He always seemed like such a nice guy.”

Phoenix added, “And I always thought he liked working at the mine.”

“Who knows why anyone loses their mind.” Dallas rubbed his chin.

“Did I tell you about how crazy he was at Norma’s with Samantha the other day?” Jessie’s eyes widened.

“No. So, now you’re the one holding back on us.”

“No, Sir. Not me.” She told them how he’d burst into the kitchen and seemed really out of his mind. He’d even warned her to leave town.

“Well, I say we go get the son of a bitch.” Jackson stood up.

“Can’t,” Phoenix informed. “Paul’s left town and his wife. No idea where he went.”

Dallas shook his head. “The guy is completely off his rocker.”

“Well, I feel safe with my guys around me.” Jessie’s words

ignited him like a lit match to spilled gasoline.

No matter what happened, she would be his wife one day. “Let’s make our girl feel more comfortable,” he ordered.

Jessie blinked her consent. Denver and his brothers removed her clothes in a flash. He lifted her up into his arms and went to his bedroom. His brothers followed behind.

He gently lowered her onto the middle of the bed then pressed her lush lips with his. Her lips quivered like a delicate butterfly against his mouth. God, he was totally lost to her.

Phoenix and Jackson massaged her calves, while Dallas worked on her feet. His brothers were leaving her upper body to him, and that was just perfect. He nuzzled her neck and began gently kneading her chest. In no time, little whispering moans left her mouth, pleasing him to no end.

* * * *

Jessie’s cowboys worked out every knot and every bit of tightness in her body.

Denver had gotten up on the bed and placed his legs around her, turning his middle into a manly pillow for her head. He massaged her shoulders like a pro, but when he went back to her breasts, he spent more time there.

Phoenix kissed her thigh. “I can’t wait to taste your sweetness, angel.”

Jackson kissed her other thigh. “Me either, darlin’.”

A burning grew inside her as her cowboys licked, pinched, and touched every inch of her body. Jessie’s mind was so numb after the day’s confessions, and she craved the pleasure they would certainly give her.

Jackson, Phoenix, and Dallas took turns fingering her pussy. They each had their own style that got to her in different ways. In no time she was wiggling, panting, and arching her back off the bed.

“You like that, sugar?” Denver asked.

“Y–Yes. Very m–much.”

She closed her eyes, as he whispered, “I love you. I’ll make sure you’re safe. Understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

The three brothers between her legs replaced their fingers with their tongues. One at a time, they went down on her pussy. Denver pinched her nipples and whispered in her ear. “We’re going to fuck you senseless, sugar. Your hot, sweet body is going to be burning with desire.”

“Y–Yes.”

Dallas laved her clit with his tongue until she thought she might pass out.

“Stop,” Denver ordered. “She’s really close. Let’s take turns tonight. Condoms are in the nightstand. Lube is there, too.”

One by one, they each fucked her to orgasm, while the others watched. First Jackson. Then Phoenix. Next Dallas. Then Denver climbed up in the bed.

“Time for a session.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“What state are you in?”

“Green, Sir.” Her body was wonderfully sore and humming.

He rolled a condom down his hard dick. She felt Sir’s muscled frame touching her side, causing her to tremble. “You really pleased me tonight, little one.”

“I’m glad, Sir.”

“This sub did good, didn’t she Master Dallas?”

“She sure did. She did great.”

Jackson, Phoenix, and Dallas were looking at her with such pride she thought she would explode from the joy she was feeling.

Sir asked, “Do you know why I asked my brothers to take you one at a time?”

“No, Sir. I don’t know why.”

“You just put on three shows, and you’re about to do tonight’s finale. The next time I take you to The Masters’ Chambers you’ll be ready to submit to me in one of the public areas.”

She smiled, thinking how thrilling and erotic it would be. “Thank you, Sir.”

Sir moved her on top of her. He thrust his big cock into her pussy, slow and hard. Jessie chewed on her lip. The burn, the pressure, the possession made her delirious.

“Clamp your pussy muscles tight around my cock, sub.

She obeyed, feeling a deep hot shudder in her core.

“Good girl.”

Sir drilled into her pussy like a man possessed, causing her depths to tremble. In and out. His invasion spread out her insides, swelling her to the impossible. She wrapped her arms around his neck and clawed at his muscled shoulders. And still, he pressed on with more possessive stabs from his cock into her pussy.

“Do not come, sub.”

A tremble rocked its way from deep inside her pussy through the rest of her body. “It’s hard, Sir. I’m not sure I—I can h—hold—”

“You can. Do not disobey me, Jessie.” Something about Sir’s tone helped. The demanding climax backed down below the surface, but only just under it.

She was mad with desire. Sir’s manly musk filled her nostrils, adding to her frenzy.

“Good girl.” Sir rolled her on top of him, keeping his dick inside her pussy.

Suddenly, she felt hands massaging her ass followed by a lubed finger piercing her anus. She knew immediately it was Jackson from his touch.

Slowly, he went deeper into her, stretching her. As uncontrollable desire wafted through Jessie, she pressed back into his invading hand.

“Your sweet, pretty ass is ready for my dick,” he growled.

He grabbed her hips, and she felt his dick lunge into her ass,

sending sparks to her clit.

Jackson and Sir began rhythmic, deep strokes. As they invaded her pussy and ass, Jessie savagely clawed at Denver and pressed back into Jackson. As they continued their assault into her body, sanity failed her. Everything was beyond her control.

No moment in her life had ever been so overpowering. She thought she might die if they didn't stop soon. But she wanted more, needed more—craved more.

Her heart was beating so fast as Jackson and Denver plunged into her time after time. Over and over. Again and again. She felt like screaming. *Oh God! I'm already screaming.*

Sir feathered his lips against her quivering mouth. "That's it, sweetheart. Come for me."

A curtain of fiery sensations fanned out from her pussy through her entire body. Every cell undulated inside her. Her climax forced its way through her, and she screamed for her life, for her loves, for her future.

Chapter Nine

“Jessica, thank you for meeting us.” Her dad looked at her. He wasn’t wearing a suit and looked almost like he fit in at Norma’s in his long-sleeved shirt and jeans.

“Yes. Thank you.” Her boss sat across from her dad. The last time she’d seen them, they’d been on the floor pounding on each other. Both of them were sporting black eyes.

Like before, her men were in full-on bodyguard mode. Dallas and Jackson were outside the diner. Denver and Phoenix were in the next booth.

“You both kept the truth from me. I’m not sure what you want me to do or say to that.”

“Nothing. Just hear us out.” Her dad’s tone was so much more like how she remembered it before her mother had gotten sick. “Please, sit.”

“I’d rather stand.”

“Okay.” Her boss nodded. “We’ll keep this short and sweet. After you left, your dad and I eventually calmed down.”

“Only after the sheriff hauled our asses out into the street.”

“That’s true. I wish we’d done that before I got this.” Lee pointed to his eye. “I’m not sure how I’m going to explain this back in DC.”

“You? I’ve got a meeting with New York’s Attorney General day after tomorrow. Mine is going to be nice a blue by then. Anyway, Jessica, we ended up at the local watering hole.”

“The Horseshoe Bar and Grill. I know it.”

“We cleared the air, Jessica. That night your mother told me about sleeping with Lee, I flipped out. She never told me when their time

together had happened. There was more to the story than I knew. Lee, fill her in.”

“I knew your dad was about to pop the question, so I put on the full-court press. I’m not proud of that, but I loved your mom with all my heart. Your mom knew your dad was pushing for more commitment from her. She was mixed up. The night before your dad asked her to marry him, I got her to meet me for a drink. She admitted to having feelings for me, and one thing led to another. After, I told her she had to make a choice, me or your father. But she couldn’t. She loved us both.

I left New York that night. I didn’t know about you, Jessica. Not for years. Your mother called sometime after she found out about her cancer. I told her I would be on the next plane. I wanted to meet my daughter. She begged me not to come. She told me that if I ever loved her, I would honor her wishes. So, I didn’t.”

“So you knew when you offered me a position at the agency?”

“Yes. I kept tabs on you. Not really hard to do.”

Jessie brought her hand up to her mouth. “The initial request to submit a resume...that came out of the blue, too.”

“Yes, Jessica. I wanted to be near you, to get to know my daughter.”

“So what do you expect me to do with all this information? My mother wasn’t who I thought she was. My dad isn’t my father. My boss is.”

Her dad stood up and pulled her into his arms. “Sweetheart, I am your father. I hate that I let my pride ruin so many years for you, for both of us. Screw biology. You’re my little girl.”

Jessie melted into his embrace. It felt so good, so right. She had her dad back.

Lee stood up beside Jessie and her dad. “I understand why you might want to quit the agency, Jessica. But I hope you don’t.”

She grabbed his hand. “I’d like to take some time off since my investigation is complete.”

“That’s great. What’s the verdict?” Lee asked.

“The mine isn’t at fault. It all rests on a saboteur named Paul King, who works for the mine.”

“Disgruntled employee?” Her boss frowned.

“Not sure, but the local law enforcement are on it.”

Her dad looked very concerned. “Who’s to say he won’t come gunning for you again, Jessica?”

“I talked with the sheriff and they know Mr. King has fled town. Wilde is the safest place for me now. Besides, I have some things I need to work out here.”

“Take all the time you need,” Lee offered. “If you decide to come back, your job will be waiting.”

“Whether I come back or not, I want to get to know you better.”

Her new dad wiped the tears from his eyes. “Ouch. I shouldn’t have rubbed my eyes. Your dad delivers a pretty good punch, though mine is better.”

“Just like law school.” Her dad smiled. “You haven’t changed.”

“That’s true, buddy. Jessica, I want to learn more about you, too. Why don’t we sit and order some of those delicious King Cakes?”

Jessica grinned. “I’d love to.”

After they were halfway through their meal, her dad asked, “Are you sure you know what you’re doing with these Wilde brothers?”

“No. But I want to see what happens.”

“Can’t say I understand anything about such things, but I trust you, sweetheart. You’ve always had good instincts. You just need to trust them yourself.”

Lee nodded. “She’s something. You should be really proud of how she turned out.”

“I am, Lee. I’m really proud.”

Her new dad smiled. “All I want is for you to be happy, Jessica.”

Her dad grabbed her hand and squeezed. “Me, too.”

* * * *

The blood pooled at the head his dead wife. Paul held a knife in his hand. The next victim on the target list was the special investigator from MSHA—Jessica Greene.

Chapter Ten

Sir ordered Jessie, "Strip, sub."

She stood next to the open shower at The Masters' Chambers. Jackson, Phoenix, and Dallas stood to her left. They were beaming with pride. Her nerves were jumpy, but she was doing it. Q and Davis were there, too. A gay couple stood to the right and watched, also.

Jessie folded her clothes in a neat pile. Immediately she was trembling from a touch of jitters and a large dose of excitement.

"Step into the shower, sub."

"Yes, Sir." She obeyed.

Sir sent her a wink that only she could see. "Turn the water on and clean your filthy body."

"Yes, Sir."

There was plenty of soap, wash cloths, and shampoos to choose from. In no time, she was lathered up and washing herself.

"Sub, is your pussy dirty?"

"Yes, Sir. Very dirty."

"I want you to scrub it clean."

"Yes, Sir."

Three more people joined her onlookers, and that thrilled her. Give them a show and make Sir and his brothers proud.

She closed her eyes and washed her pussy and breasts. Her body began to heat up, and she licked her lips. She heard someone in the audience let out a sound of approval, and that got her even hotter. She pressed the cloth on her clit, and her head started to spin.

"What do you think about my sub, Master Q?"

"She's something else. You sure you don't want to share her with

me?”

Jessie’s eyes popped open.

Sir smiled. “Don’t worry, little one. He knows I only share with my brothers. He’s just jealous that he doesn’t get to sample your delights.”

“You can say that again.” Master Q nodded.

Jessie closed her eyes again and continued washing her body. Her mind was swimming in an erotic, dreamy space. She loved how she felt. Then a voice jolted her back to reality.

“What the fuck!” Austin stood like an angry god behind Master Q. “Everyone but my brothers and Ms. Greene, go back to the main room.”

The crowd did as they’d been commanded. Jessie covered herself with the tiny cloths. He was clearly pissed, but she didn’t know why.

“What’s the matter with you, Austin?” Sir asked.

He walked over to Denver and pointed at the middle of his chest as if daring him to take a swing. “Get her out of my club and don’t ever bring her back. Understand?”

Jackson, Phoenix, and Dallas positioned themselves in front of her. She dressed quickly.

“I understand you’ve gone off the deep end.” Denver glared at his older brother. “She’s the one, Austin. We all know it. Why can’t you just give her a chance?”

“Fine. Marry her. You’ve known for years that I’m not interested in the Wilde family way. Get it through your thick skulls, brothers.”

“Why not, Austin?” Jessie asked, pushing her way past Jackson to stand next to Denver. “Is it me? Do I repulse you so much?”

Austin didn’t answer. He only stared at her, causing her to tremble. He looked back at Denver. “I suggest you worry about keeping Paul King away from your sub. It looks like he’s the one behind all the accidents.”

“Yeah, we figured that out for ourselves, bro,” Phoenix chimed in.

“Congratulations. You’re all growing up.” Austin’s tone wasn’t

sarcastic as much as sad.

She mustered all the courage she could. "I have a right to know, Austin. You didn't answer my question."

"No. I didn't. You and my brothers have been scheming, planning, training for this very moment. All of you thought you could trick me, bend me to your will. Not happening."

"Am I ugly?"

He snorted. "You're gorgeous, Ms. Greene, but you and my brothers don't know what you're asking of me."

"Tell us," she begged. If he walked out now, she would never see him again. No one would.

"No," Austin said flatly then turned back to Denver. "Like I said. Get her out of here. Now."

Jessie was desperate. She grabbed at the only weapon she could think of. "What are you afraid of, Austin? Me? You're acting like that little boy who Malcolm and Paul tied to the tree."

He jerked his head around and glared at her. He didn't make a sound and didn't move an inch.

His brothers looked dumbfounded. They didn't know about the tree. She bet they were hoping, even praying, she could reach Austin. If he would even consider spending time with her, they just might get their brother back if she didn't screw it up.

It terrified her, but she had to press on. "I've been to that tree, Austin. You've turned it into your own BDSM training ground, haven't you? It's the same tree."

He grabbed her arm hard. "Be careful, Jessie. You don't know what I'm capable of."

She gulped but continued. "And you don't know what I'm capable of, either. Try me if you dare."

He nodded then looked at his brothers one by one. "You guys sure about this? I don't think you understand how this could end."

Denver looked him straight in the eyes. "You will honor her safe word?"

“What kind of Dom do you think I am? I’m the one who taught you, Denver. Of course, I will.”

“Then, yes. I’m sure.”

Jackson said, “Me, too.”

Phoenix and Dallas nodded.

“Okay then. I’ll do it. One week. Me and her alone. No phone calls. No visits.”

“Agreed.” Denver pulled her tight to his side.

Jessie’s insides leapt for joy. Somehow, she’d prove to Austin he should reconsider.

“Say your good-byes to her. I want her in my office here at the club in five minutes.” Without another word, Austin left.

“Jessie, you did it.” Jackson was smiling from ear to ear. “How did you know what to do?”

“I didn’t. I just threw the only thing I knew about him.”

Dallas shook his head. “My God, the tree. It’s the very same one. I never knew that.”

“Our Jessie has amazing insight.” Phoenix kissed her hair.

Denver cupped her chin. “I love you.”

Hearing those three words from him thrilled her. “I love you, too.”

His blue eyes held her firm. “You know, Austin never told anyone who tied him to that tree, but those two days and nights changed him into who he is today.”

“I know.”

“Sugar, I thought we’d have more time to train you, but we don’t. It’s now or never with him.”

“Oh God. I’m not ready.”

“Yes, you are. You’re so strong. He’s going to push, but he won’t harm you. Sure, there will be pain, but if it’s too much, use your safe word.”

“We’ve got three minutes to get her to his office,” Dallas informed.

Three minutes. “He won’t let me call or see you guys for a week.

That's an eternity. I'm not sure I can do this."

Gently, Denver said, "Say the word, and you don't have to."

"Angel, if you can't do it, we'll understand. That doesn't change a thing about how we feel about you."

"What Phoenix said." Jackson nodded.

Dallas grabbed her hand and squeezed. "Ditto."

The four brothers circled around her, their love for her bolstered her courage.

Jessie kissed them one by one. She was their creation now—a woman in love. They loved their brother very much. Though he scared her, she wanted to take his offer, whatever it meant.

"Take me to Austin."

End of Book 4: Wilde Nights

**To be continued in
Book 5: Wilde Surrender**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Chloe Lang began devouring romance novels during summers between college semesters as a respite to the rigors of her studies. Soon, her lifelong addiction was born, and to this day, she typically reads three or four books every week.

For years, the very shy Chloe tried her hand at writing romance stories, but shared them with no one. After many months of prodding by an author friend, Sophie Oak, she finally relented and let Sophie read one. As the prodding turned to gentle shoves, Chloe ultimately did submit something to Siren-BookStrand. The thrill of a life happened for her when she got the word that her book would be published.

Chloe's family consists of a wonderful man she's been married to for twelve years and a precious daughter.

Also by Chloe Lang

Siren LoveXtreme Forever: The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 1:
Going Wilde

Siren LoveXtreme Forever: The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 2:
Wilde Fire

Siren LoveXtreme Forever: The Brothers of Wilde, Nevada 3:
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Also by Sophie Oak and Chloe Lang

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