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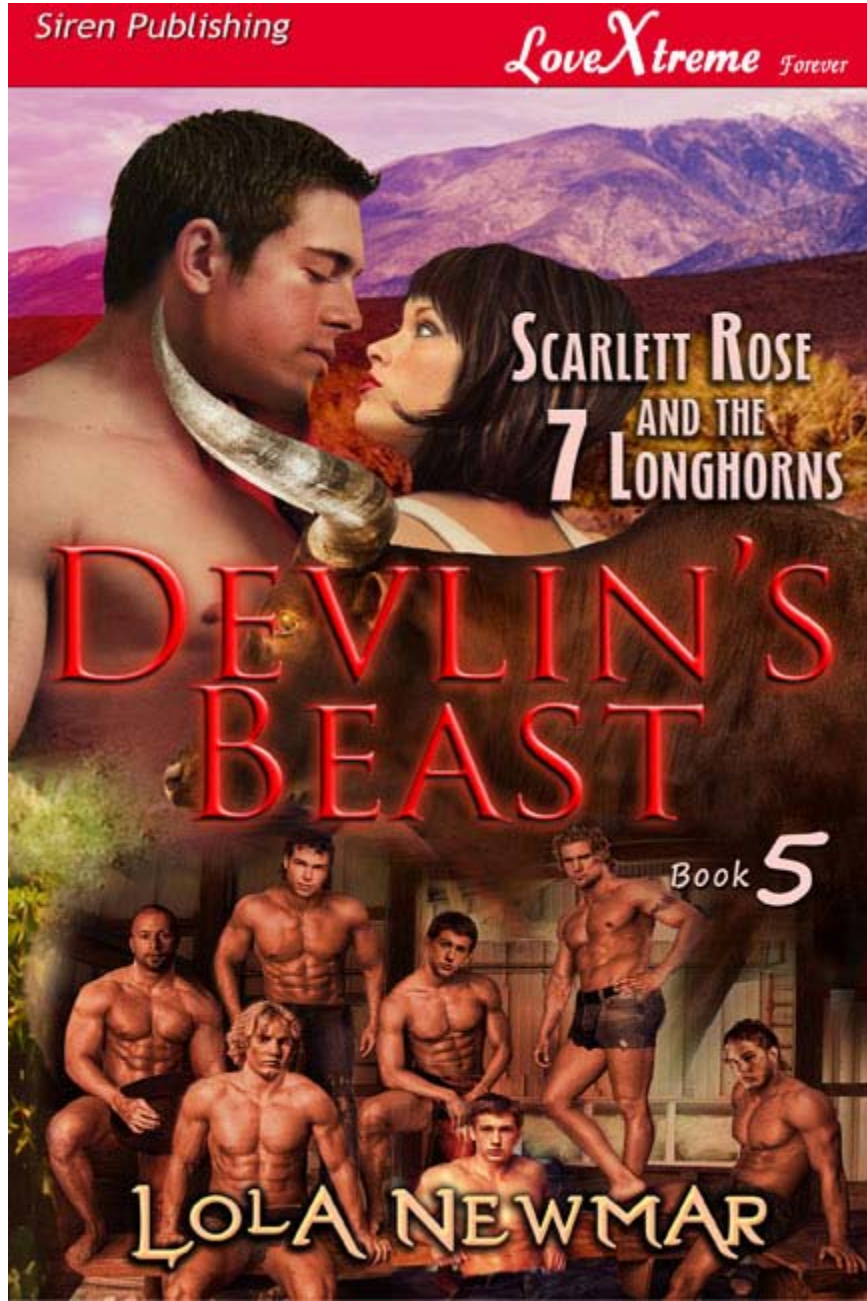
LoveXtreme Forever

SCARLETT ROSE
AND THE
7 LONGHORNS

DEVLIN'S BEAST

Book 5

LOLA NEWMAR



Scarlett Rose and the Seven Longhorns 5

Devlin's Beast

Scarlett Rose has finally discovered that the mysterious person responsible for her attempted murder is her own future step-mother. Scarlett is determined to reveal the truth to protect her elderly father from the murderous gold digger.

Devlin Lenox, the "bad twin," refuses to allow his mate to return to Dallas without him by her side for protection and support. All the stress she's been put under has caused his sweet Scarlett to become one sassy little minx. He decides she should be reminded who's boss with a night of BDSM lessons at a premier Dallas sex club.

Neither expects their night of self-prescribed leather therapy to open parts of themselves they'd always kept closed.

NOTE! You are purchasing Siren's newest serialized imprint, the LoveXtreme Forever Series. This is Book 5 of 9 in the *Scarlett Rose and the Seven Longhorns* collection. These books are not stand alone. Each is a continuation of the previous book and must be read in the numbered order. Each book may end on a cliffhanger but usually with a happy-for-now for the heroine and one or more men. The final book contains a happily forever after for the heroine and all her men.

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Length: 25,292 words

DEVLIN'S BEAST

Scarlett Rose and the Seven Longhorns 5

Lola Newmar

LOVEXTREME FOREVER



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DEDICATION

To all my Austin cowboy boy toys who always make sure I'm never
short of romance inspiration.

DEVLIN'S BEAST

Scarlett Rose and the Seven Longhorns 5

LOLA NEWMAR

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Chapter One

It wasn't until Scarlett's eyes shot open that she realized the evil entity chasing her was not real but a nightmare. Lifting up on her elbows, she struggled to control the heavy panting of her breaths. The thin white material of the man's shirt she wore was soaked in sweat and clung to the curves and peaks of her unbound breasts. Silky strands, damp with sweat, slid between her trembling fingers as she ran her hand through her tousled bob haircut.

As her eyes began to adjust to the darkness, she realized Devlin still lay beside her, completely oblivious to her night terrors as he slept soundlessly and peacefully. His olive skin glowed in the red light coming from the face display of the alarm clock on his bedside table. The three numbers that shone back let her know it was much too early to get out of bed—4:00 a.m. The curtains were drawn, but she could see it was still dark outside. She grew aware of the soft sounds of nature outside—the chirping of the crickets, the hooting of the owls.

“You okay, kitten?”

Devlin's low, dark voice startled her, and he protectively covered her forearm with his big, warm hand. “It's just me, darlin'.”

“I—I had a nightmare. I guess I'm still pretty shaken up about

everything that happened last night.” Nothing in those horrid dreams ever made much sense. Most of them she couldn’t even remember and would only know they were nightmares from the cloud of fear that lingered even after she woke. Sometimes she felt she was going crazy from the paranoia. Almost getting her head blown off by her own stepmother was sure to mess with anyone’s mind a little, she silently assured herself.

“You’re always safe with me, Scarlett. From now on, save those nightmares for the nights you’re with those knuckleheads down the hall,” he teased, referring to his six brothers.

She laughed at his banter, relaxing a little. Devlin drew back the blanket that covered his torso to make more room for her.

“Come here, baby.”

She smiled down at his beautiful face, his green eyes glittering even in the darkness, and did as she was told. As she snuggled into his taut, muscular body, she reveled in the comfort she found in his warm, clean scent. Instantly relaxing with a deep sigh, she ran her fingers through his dark hair. When she was with Devlin, the “bad twin,” she knew he’d sooner die than let anyone harm her in any way, physical or not.

“Good night, kitten,” Devlin mumbled as he settled her into him a little more.

“Good night, honey.”

But when she closed her eyes, she only saw that same faceless, evil figure running to her, chasing her with the intention to kill her.

“Scarlett!”

Her eyes flew open, and she found Devlin looking down at her with concern etched deep in his classically beautiful yet masculine features. His full lips morphed into a thin line of concern as he clenched his jaw tight. “We have to get up in a few hours, and you tossing and turning all over the place like that isn’t helping matters any.”

“I’m sorry. I just can’t sleep.”

Devlin leaned down and gave her a soft kiss. “Maybe I can help knock you out.”

Suddenly, she went from fearful to excited. “You mean self-medicate myself with the most intense orgasm possibly known to woman?” she asked with a smile. Everything he did to her body was heaven, and she always looked forward to what would come the next time they met in the bedroom.

Instead of replying to her question, Devlin silently drew down the thick blanket covering her body as he moved between her legs. Her tummy flipped with excitement as he reached under the hem of the men’s shirt to pull her pink thong panties down her legs.

Although Scarlett had been a virgin when she’d met her seven longhorn-shifter mates a week and a half ago, there was no mistaking how remarkably well her man could eat pussy. One of the few things Devlin had in common with his physically identical twin, Denzel, was they were both fixated on eating her pussy, and that love seemed to come out in her own orgasms. It wasn’t uncommon for her to completely pass out after coming in a Lenox brother’s mouth.

“Open up for me,” he sternly demanded. He kept his eyes on her freshly trimmed pussy as she parted her thighs and lifted the hem of her shirt a little higher for him to get a better look at her body. “Unbutton the shirt. I want to look up at those big, perfect titties as I lick your clit and finger-fuck your cunt.”

She moaned aloud, completely lit on fire by his use of such vulgar, bold language. When he talked to her like that, small visuals would pop in her brain, sending her that much more over the edge with her fantasies.

Her fingers fumbled with the buttons, but her excitement made her clumsy. Obviously fresh out of patience, Devlin slapped away her hands and ripped open the shirt himself. Buttons popped all around her, and her naked breasts kissed the cool air.

He growled deeply as he leaned down and took a breast into his mouth and sucked.

"Oh, Devlin," she cried out, grinding her pelvis into his bare chest muscles in a desperate attempt for the direct clitoral contact she already yearned for.

Her hardened nipple popped from his mouth as he began to move down her body. His long tongue lapped around her belly button before he continued his destination southward. He used his fingers to spread her outer pussy lips, completely exposing her clit and inner lips right before his face. His tongue snaked out to flick the swollen bundle of nerves that pointed out.

"Yes," she moaned as she reached down to run her fingers through his soft, short black hair.

"Mmm, baby, your pussy is so ripe for me, so damn sweet." He pressed his mouth firmer against her entire pussy, and he shook his head back and forth, his full lips grazing billions of nerve endings as he dug in to his midnight snack.

Devlin looked up and stared into her eyes as he inserted two fingers into his mouth, taking his time as he slowly removed them from between his lips and inserted them into her slick pussy.

"Yes, oh please," she pleaded with him.

"Please what, kitten?" His smile let her know he was obviously teasing her, but she was willing to go along with anything at that point so long as he was making out with her clitoris in the end.

"Please, Devlin," she continued between heavy pants of breath, "please eat my pussy for me. Eat my pussy so good that I pass out right on your face, cowboy."

Devlin wasted no time. Gripping her tightly around her upper thighs, he roughly pulled her body down toward him then draped her legs over his shoulders. Scarlett closed her legs in a little until she softly brushed his cheeks with the soft skin of her inner thighs. The gentle rasp of his stubble against the sensitive skin sent shivers throughout her limbs.

"Your scent." Devlin pushed her legs wide open in one lightning-quick movement, the intense stretching briefly stinging her crotch.

“It’s driving me insane.” His pretty green eyes were swamped with the dark orange glow of his inner bull, and he grunted in pain as his short horns sprouted from his temples.

* * * *

The musky, sweet scent of Scarlett’s ripe, newbie pussy challenged every fiber in his body to keep control over his wild appetite for his impossibly gorgeous mate. Those hypnotic, baby blues looked down at him with desperation, pleading with him to give her some kind of release. He could also tell from the concern he saw in her eyes that it wouldn’t just be an orgasmic release but an emotional one, as well.

Being a Dom, Devlin never—ever—took sexual orders from anyone. But the almost obsessively protective streak he held for Scarlett since day one overpowered his dark desires to dominate and control every living thing in his path. That’s how he realized how very much he loved this young woman lying before him in his bed. Since his first sexual experiences, nothing had ever taken hold of him the way the BDSM Lifestyle fed his spirit like a small white mouse thrown to a boa constrictor. Each feeding gave him the strength to temporarily sweep away his scars, if only for the week or two after. He used that strength to maintain the everyday life of a normal, everyday cowboy.

His first love, his love for the Dom Lifestyle, took a backseat to a new hobby the day he first saw Scarlett—keeping his mate safe from physical and emotional danger at all costs, even if it meant from herself. And tonight, what his angel really needed was some damn sleep. He knew that if he put a little effort into it, he could likely get her to pass out immediately. Then she’d sleep like a baby until she woke up from his cock being pushed through her lips. Devlin smiled at that thought then quickly pushed it away. No, there would be no time for that, either. All the unusually high stress devouring dear little

Scarlett's life could only be tackled in a healthy and productive way if she kept her energy levels high.

Starting at the soft insides of her knees, Devlin went back and forth from one leg to the other, one kiss at a time, as he slowly crept closer to that addictive scent. With each kiss, the smell of her pussy grew more intense, and he had to restrain from decorating her legs with love bites. That was sure to scare a young girl away. He knew it was best to introduce his mate to his unconventional tastes a little at a time so that she warmed up to the Lifestyle. He settled for scraping his teeth across the surface of her delicate thighs.

"You're driving me crazy," Scarlett whispered over him. "Please, Devlin."

Hearing his name on her billowy lips stroked that protective streak within him. This was his woman. His pussy.

He buried his face in the aromatic heaven of his mate's glistening, wet cunt. Scarlett cried out, her sobs like enchanting music as she clenched his hair in her fingers. He lapped her folds with his hungry tongue, her flavor affecting his libido like a can of gasoline thrown onto a fire. Any other time, he'd likely tie those little hands to the bedposts, just to torture her that much more. But tonight, he allowed Scarlett to do whatever she felt necessary to reach climax.

Lifting from under her thighs, Devlin again draped her legs over his shoulders. But his sweet little baby was anything but gentle to his poor head this go round. "Lick that pussy, baby," she cried out as she firmly squeezed his head between her thighs while holding his mouth to her. "Ooh, yeah! Get it nice and wet, baby."

His tongue darted in and out of her opening as he lightly tickled her enlarged clit with the firm tip of his nose. When her thighs began to tremble, he knew Scarlett was close to coming. That was her signature, after all.

Devlin reached up her small frame and grabbed her beautiful tits in his hands. He softly rolled her rosy nipples in his fingers then increased the pressure of his pinches with her moan of pleasure. She

arched her body up as if letting him know she loved the attention there.

Those thighs were really shaking now. Time for blastoff. His thumbs and forefingers clamped down hard on her nipples as he leaned up to vacuum her pretty pink pearl into his mouth. “Oh, Devlin!” Her body writhed against him as if possessed by a demon, almost pulling out chunks of his hair in the process. “I’m coming!”

Using his tongue and lips, he slurped her clit in and out of his mouth at inhuman speed. He made sure her clit grazed against the hard, blunt edges of his teeth as it passed through.

Her ankles crossed behind his head, holding him in place as she came all over his mouth. Her thighs pressed against his ears, muffling the soft chanting of his name as she cruised on her climax for just a bit longer.

Chapter Two

Coffee. The smell of coffee.

Her first thought of the day as she opened her eyes slowly.

"You up, darlin'?" Devlin's voice called from the kitchen. The delicious scent of fresh herbs and extra-virgin olive oil drifted into the room, so she knew he was cooking them breakfast.

"I'll be right there," she called out, her voice thick with sleep.

After she'd washed her face and brushed her teeth in the hallway bathroom, Scarlett walked out into the hallway. Then she paused. Something didn't sound right...Silence. Save for Devlin cooking in the kitchen, the rest of the house was completely silent. The other brothers were obviously not home.

As she walked into the kitchen, Devlin looked over his shoulder from the stove to smile at her. She envied how all her mates had such perfect, white teeth. Shirtless, physically fit, and just a bit sun kissed he unknowingly drove her wild with the need to have him inside her. "Good morning, darlin'."

"Good morning, baby." She walked around the island in the middle of the kitchen to stand next to him. On the back burner, five eggs poached in a Dutch oven. In front of them, bright red, yellow, and orange bell peppers sautéed in a large, shallow pan of olive oil and fresh herbs. He gave them a quick toss before turning to kiss her sweetly.

"Well, aren't you just full of surprises," she exclaimed as she watched him scoop out the eggs to drain on a clean dish towel placed on top of a big plate. "Every morning I've been here, I've woken up to a scrumptious feast of pancakes, bacon, and cheese omelets. What's

with the calorie crunch? You already afraid I'll get a love chub and gain weight now that I've become comfortable with you?" she teased.

"With a face like that, it wouldn't matter if you were a size two or twenty-two," he said with a wink.

Giggling, she grabbed his hand and kissed his palm.

"Too bad we have to leave soon. It's a gorgeous autumn day, absolutely perfect for shot practice." He indicated the window behind the dining room table with a nod of his head as he pulled her orange University of Texas mug out of the cabinet. "But then again, after last night, I'm not sure you even still need practice, Wyatt Earp. You sure did a number on that boy's hand." He turned and smiled at her, all his overbearing seriousness dissipating in an instant. "I've never been so proud of you."

The night before, she'd caught her stepmother, her stepmother's mother, and her father's male home nurse peeking in through the first-floor bedroom window while she made love to her seven mates. All at once. The evil trio then tried to shoot at her and her mates, so she did what any young girl would do—she shot a gaping hole through the sissy nurse's hand.

"Okay, enough!" she scolded playfully. Knowing what could happen to his control, she tried her best not to blush too bright from all his genuine compliments. Most of the time, when the other Lenox brothers were around, Devlin usually just moped around the ranch like a big ol' grump. But when he'd notice Scarlett's presence, you'd swear a switch would turn on, and he'd become a completely different man. He was kind, sweet, and protective. And then there was a third kind of Devlin. When Devlin fucked her, kind and sweet were two words that had never, ever, come to mind. He wasn't just a Dom, Scarlett had noticed, slowly and intelligently introducing her to his Lifestyle. Sometimes she worried he might have control issues he wasn't yet ready to admit to, much less deal with. "You're going to turn me into a conceited snob if you keep talking to me like that, Devlin."

His eyes closed briefly as he drew out a long moan in pleasure. "You know it drives me crazy when you say my name like that," he complained as he handed her a hot cup of black coffee.

"Oh yeah?" she asked with a laugh as she hoisted herself up on the island counter. It continued to boggle her mind how interesting she found every little tidbit she could learn about her new mates. Nothing made her happier than moments like this when they revealed parts of themselves to her, allowing her to get to know them on a deeper level.

"Yeah, but I'm sure every man feels that way." Two whole-wheat English muffins popped up from the toaster, and he placed them on a small plate.

"And why do you think that is, honey?" she asked as she sipped her coffee.

Devlin turned the stove off. He seemed to ponder her question for a small moment as he transferred the eggs to their plates then shrugged. "I'm not sure, but it's probably because we love anything that feeds our egos."

She couldn't help but to laugh at his honesty. "Well, I like when you say my name, too."

Devlin smiled wickedly as he came to stand in front of her. "Oh yeah?" Even sitting on the countertop, she was just short of coming eye to eye with him. He wrapped his thick, muscled arms around her waist and pulled her closer to his body as he settled between her legs.

"Yeah, but when you say it, it's usually more like, 'Oh, Scarlett! Scarlett, you feel so good inside! Oh, Scarlett!'" she mocked in her corny sex voice.

Devlin stepped back from her, shaking his head as he glared at her in anger. Scarlett could never have the heart to tell him how cute she thought it was when he'd unconsciously pout his bottom lip out a little when he was mad. "Hell no! I sound nothing like that when I say your name in bed."

"Hmm," she tapped her index finger to her chin, her eyes roaming

the tall ceiling in an exaggerated search for a conclusion, “yeah, you’re right. That sounds more like Rhett.”

They both laughed at the mention of the raunchy yet loveable triplet, the baby of the family at twenty-seven years old. Rhett was uncensored and completely no holds barred, both in his everyday life and his sex life. He didn’t hold back even a lick of expression when he was in the throes of passion. It was times like that Scarlett was grateful to not have a close neighbor for Rhett to scare the sugar out of with the stuff that came out of his dirty, pretty little mouth.

“So where is everyone?” she asked as he hoisted her back on her feet.

“I asked if they would all have breakfast elsewhere, leave the two of us together for the morning while we prepare to go to Dallas.” He grabbed their plates, and she followed him over to the long oak table in the dining room where a bowl of freshly cut fruit waited for them.

“Devlin, I made it perfectly clear last night that I wanted all the boys here this morning before we left. I said eight thirty sharp.” With frustration pounding in her head, she crossed her arms and plopped down on the chair next to his. She stared ahead and pouted. “I can’t believe you purposely defied me, Devlin Lenox, and I find it insulting. You know how much I like to be able to say hi to each of y’all before I head out somewhere, especially when it’s overnight like this.” It soured her good mood to know she wouldn’t be able to say either hi or bye to the other six brothers before they headed into the city. She knew she was rambling, but the least he could have done was discussed it with her first. It wasn’t so much about the fact she had to go a whole day without seeing the other Lenox brothers as it was about respecting her enough for him to see her as an equal. She loved the protective part of his alpha nature, but she could have definitely done without the 1950s, second-class-citizen treatment.

“Look, before you get upset, just hear me out.” He grabbed the black T-shirt that hung over the back of his chair then pulled it on as they took their seats next to each other at the long table. He smirked

when he reached out and lightly grazed her throat with his rough fingers. "Your neck is flushed in anger."

Even as she stared at his breathtaking jade eyes, which now sparkled in the path of the sun rays that beamed through the large windows in front of him, the frustration she felt inside didn't diminish.

"You've been going through a lot, kitten," he continued as he forked cantaloupe and strawberries onto his toast plate. "Things may not be getting better anytime soon. In the meantime, as your claimed mate, my job is to keep you from harm's way. And if you don't stop to take care of yourself, to allow us to take care of you, you can get sick. So I began the day with a lighter breakfast to keep your strength up with healthy calories. I can assure you it has nothing to do with your weight. All the bags have already been packed for the trip. All you need to get together are your toiletries after you take your morning shower. And like I said, I sent the guys away for your own good—"

"Excuse me?" she screeched defensively, standing to look down at him in challenge. "Next time you decide what the hell is for my own good, how 'bout you check in with me first?"

He held his hands out innocently. "Hold on now, kitten. I wasn't trying to be demeaning."

"And I'm not trying to be controlled by a chauvinistic pig looking to treat a woman like a second-class citizen just to get his rocks off, either."

Devlin stood to tower over her, his chair noisily pushed back as he did so. The scowl on his face made her immediately regret her words.

"Are you accusing me of possessing the ulterior motive of *hurting* you, Scarlett?"

Her head was tilted back in order to look up at him. He sure was intimidating when he wasn't sitting down, she thought to herself as she swallowed. She was at a loss for words at what to say.

"I know your type, Scarlett."

"You douchebag!" she screeched, pounding her fists into his

marble-hard chest with all the strength she could muster. It only made her angrier when he easily captured both her wrists in one hand, embarrassingly unscathed from her sad attempt at causing him physical harm. “I’m your mate. How can you just compare me to all those buckle bunnies as easily as you talk about the weather?”

“You are special, kitten,” he said sternly, still holding on to her struggling wrists like heavy-duty handcuffs. Scarlett pushed back the echo of a dirty image forming in her mind as she thought about him using that strength to hold her down and make her—

The clicking sound of metal brought her focus back to the stubborn bull of a man keeping her bound. “And I know I’m special to you,” he continued as he began to undo his gold rodeo belt buckle. “But women are women, and men are men. And a woman like you is what we call a control freak. You’ve spent your entire life taking care of other people, putting the needs of your loved one’s ahead of anyone else’s. Work, family, friends, love interests—they’re all there demanding a piece of you, some kind of assistance for their own lives and their own obligations. For most women, years will pass, sometimes decades, until they realize they’ve never taken the time out to work on themselves. And then the guilt sets in. They feel guilty about finding their own pleasure, and the habit of controlling others becomes a security blanket to them. Well, kitten, I’m here to give you the permission you’ve been holding your breath for. Submitting yourself to my needs will allow you to satisfy your own at the same time you take care of another person, just what you’re used to.”

Tears welled in her eyes, blurring her vision. “I won’t let you hurt me.”

“Nothing I do,” he growled through his teeth, “nothing I will ever do, will be because I want to harm you.”

Scarlett couldn’t keep her eyes from straying down to the rock-hard erection pressing against his denim jeans. She could feel her body heat with lust as she watched him slowly and deliberately pull the black leather belt from his belt loops. Scarlett told herself that she

could think of a couple of things to do with that belt, and she wondered if any of those things were running through Devlin's mind.

"Put your hands out."

What?

When she didn't move, he calmly but more sternly repeated himself. "Put your hands out, Scarlett."

Her nipples hardened against her night shirt when it finally sank in what he had planned for that belt to take care of this morning. Now excited and incredibly horny, she did as she was told.

He glared at her when she smiled at him. Instinctively, she dropped her smile and looked away as she held out her wrists. His anger was obvious in how rough he was with her as he wrapped the leather black belt around her wrists.

"What are you going to do with me, Devlin?"

"That is none of your concern. It will be your concern when you've earned that concern."

When he was finally satisfied with the knot he'd twisted, he looked back down at her face. "I'm very angry with you, with how you talked to me just now. But I know you didn't mean it."

She shook her head enthusiastically. He seemed angry, and she silently begged the stars for the "correct" punishment. But for him to continue was not what she dreaded. In fact, for him to continue to dominate her, put her in place when she stepped over the line, is what she secretly yearned for. As pieces of her life in Dallas had started to slowly put themselves together, she'd come to realize the reason why she felt like such an uptight perfectionist at times was because that's exactly she had been.

Raised without a mother and by an elderly, Dallas-business-royalty father, Scarlett had grown up fast and mostly on her own. Visions she and her mates had gained over the last couple of weeks clued her in on her social life as well. It turns out she didn't have much of one. Being just twenty-one and already the head VP of account relations apparently didn't come without significant sacrifice.

There weren't many memories of slumber parties with the girlfriends, hot dates with the quarterback, or sneaking spiked punch into prom. Her father's company took up all her time and energy. But if she wanted to move to the top in the multi-million-dollar public relations agency her father had dedicated his entire life to, she had to put in the blood, sweat, and tears required for a young girl like her to become as successful as she was. She often wondered if that was the reason she was so drawn to Devlin's sexual appetites. The thought of finally being the one not calling the shots and instead surrendering to her desires with not just the permission of her Master, but with his insistence, was extremely fascinating and tempting to the young city girl.

"Now turn around and lean over the table."

Staring back at him, she struggled to form a coherent thought long enough to ask him what he planned to do to her from behind. A spanking maybe? God, she hoped so. Just imagining his work-roughened hands coming down on her tender flesh as he fucked her hard made her wiggle in her seat, her panties dampening more with each image swimming through her mind.

"Now!" he growled, horrifying her into obeying immediately.

She moved so fast to do as he said that she almost fell over on her own feet. When she plopped down on her tummy, atop the dining table, Devlin didn't waste a second before ripping her shirt completely in half from the back. Not expecting such force, her instinct was to scream out in terror. Devlin immediately muffled her cry with one hand as he tore her panties off with the other.

"The lessons I planned out for you start now. The time has come to seriously start your training as my lifelong submissive. Since you seem to have a bit of an authority issue with me, I'm going to start by making sure you know exactly who is boss in this situation."

The logical voice in her head told her to back-kick the dog right in his arrogant scrotum. She wasn't supposed to let anyone talk to her in that way, much less a man she'd given her heart to. But somehow, in

the depths of her heart, she knew that wasn't at all Devlin's intention, so she obeyed. There was movement behind her, and she could hear Devlin mumbling to himself, but she couldn't quite make out the words because his voice was so low. Going off the way he rubbed her bare ass with admiration and love, she figured there was likely positive stuff coming out of his mouth.

"Mmm," she moaned, her eyes fluttering closed in bliss when she suddenly felt his wet tongue poke between her ass cheeks and lave the tight, sensitive hole, lubricating her for what she hoped would be his cock, or his finger at the very least. Then she heard the unmistakable sound of his sucking on something before his wet finger gently pressed again her asshole.

"Relax," he commanded when she involuntarily squeezed her ass before he could begin to penetrate.

Concentrating on her breathing, she slowly relaxed her entire body with special attention paid to her ass. His finger went for the window of opportunity at that time and carefully pushed in just little. "Goddamn, I don't think I'll ever get over how fucking amazing and tight this gorgeous ass of yours is. No matter what punishments or humiliations I have planned for you, it's incredibly important to prepare you first. Like I said, kitten, protecting you from harm is above all the top priority in my life, as it will be until the day I day I die."

As he spoke, he slowly worked his digit into her body little by little. It was just his index finger, but it felt huge and thick inside her ass. A burning sensation briefly peaked in pain before disappearing as quickly as it had appeared.

She sighed with relief, and it seemed Devlin used that as his cue to pull out and push back in with a second finger, gradually building speed as her ass loosened around his fingers. Soon she was grinding her ass back against his hand, and her pussy flooded with desire at the full, naughty sensations overtaking her asshole.

"Stop moving."

She didn't hesitate to obey his authoritative tone and went still. He retracted his fingers then, which were quickly replaced by the nudging of the head of his cock. They both took a deep breath as he pushed forward, his generous and thoughtful preparation paying off when he easily slid in the snug channel. It was torture, but she remained still as he fucked her ass against the breakfast table, causing ripples of happiness to course through every limb.

His speed started off slow, her body slowly adjusting to his large size. "Do you know why we're starting today by fucking your ass?" he practically chanted out between heavy breathing.

"W-Why?" she managed to choke out.

"Because I'm making sure you start your day completely submitted to me, and nothing quite does that like having a big cock in your ass."

"Oh yes," she hissed between her clenched teeth, loving the way his large shaft pumped deliciously in and out of her body while his balls slapped against her pussy and clit like a naughty tease.

She cried out in pain when his hand struck her ass, stinging her sensitive skin. He struck her again, but this time, she noticed the pain searing through her body, morphing into pleasure as the aftershocks seemed to settle in her cunt.

"Damn, your ass is squeezing my cock so tight." He reached around and impaled her pussy with two fingers. "Come for me, kitten."

"Oh, oh!" she screamed over and over as her body felt like it was folding into itself, her cunt and asshole hugging him in desperation. Her voice briefly cut off when she exploded like a blazing comet in the sky.

They both quickly came together, his body pounding against hers in desperation as he filled her ass with his thick cum. His chest fell on top of her back, his body heat easing her aching back muscles like a hot water bottle that had just given her a full-body orgasm.

Chapter Three

Alisa breathed past the burning stream of fire running down her throat, inhaling her crisp menthol cigarette to push down the sting of the expensive tequila. She poured one more shot before corking the bottle and placing it back in the glassed bar shelves at the back of Charlie's recreational room. Again, she held her breath then threw back shot number two. She glanced at the clock and sighed in frustration. It was twenty until ten in the morning. Her mother, Dasha, and Todd were expected to meet her in the game room exactly ten minutes before, but as usual, the two biggest pains in her ass possessed absolutely no respect for her.

She'd just picked up an empty shot glass to throw against the wall when her mother and secret lover finally walked in. "Jesus, where the fuck have y'all been?"

"We've been up since six trying to care for his hand," said Dasha as she poured herself a scotch. "Which I believe is *your* job, you little brat, not mine."

Todd's eyes were red ringed and very puffy, an obvious indication he'd spent his lovely morning screaming and crying. He looked at her sad and wide-eyed, but instead of looking back at him with sympathy, she rolled her eyes.

"Anyways, this whole hit-man thing doesn't really seem to be our niche. So I've come up with another plan. Master Brock told me he knew a group of brothers who were interested in some weird human trafficking ring. I'm thinking that maybe we can somehow send these brothers a recent picture of Scarlett and perhaps pay them to kidnap her then get rid of the nosey little bitch once and for all. We all have

cameras on our cell phones, so next time we see her, we've no excuse not to walk away with a picture to send to the Razos."

"We just might get that picture today," said Todd. "This morning your father spoke to Scarlett on the phone."

Alisa and Dasha both twirled toward Todd, rushing toward him in panic over his annoyingly casual words.

"Well did she mention last night?" Dasha screeched impatiently.

Todd took his time shaking his head side to side. "Nope. She only told him she needed a word with him during lunch."

"Not before I get to him first!" Alisa slammed down her fist on the marble bar top in fury. "I'm going to reveal her whoring ways to her father before she gets a chance to tell him I tried to kill her. Once her father finds out she's fucking seven rednecks at the same time, the only words he'll hear coming out of her bopping mouth is blah, blah, blah..."

"Alisa, my dear?"

Alisa clapped her hands in excitement before turning to her elderly fiancé. "Charlie, my love, just the person I wanted to talk to right now."

Chapter Four

Scarlett closed her eyes and took a deep breath through her nose, listening to Leo's sexy, deep voice in her head. She silently counted to ten, just the way he'd taught her to relieve her anxiety so many times the past week or so. Then she slowly and steadily released the breath through her pursed lips, imagining the millions of butterflies swarming inside her tummy, flying out of her body along with that cleansing breath.

The heavy touch of Devlin's large hands on her relaxing shoulders had her opening her eyes again. The skin around his jade-green eyes slightly crinkled as he gave her a sexy smile.

"Feel a little better now, darlin'?"

Scarlett nodded her head as she stepped closer and wrapped her arms around his wide frame. Her cheek rested against his crisp blue cotton shirt. The woodsy, clean scent of his skin seduced her. She had to strain her neck to look up at him when she held his tall body that close. "Yes. A little."

Devlin leaned down and kissed her. His lips felt relaxed and soft, but his embrace tightened around her body for a few moments, just long enough to let her know he'd want so much more of her later. His fingers curled into the soft upper part of her ass, just barely causing the hem of her peach-colored summer dress to lift a little. The light fog of lust momentarily blinded her from the ugly reality of the situation.

When he released her lips, he immediately smoothed down the material over her ass. His handsome features were characteristically stern and serious. "No matter what happens, darlin', don't forget I'm

right here by your side, and I'm not going anywhere. Let's just go in there and calmly explain things to your father the best we can. Stop worrying. He'll believe you, baby."

He grabbed her hand in his, and they both turned and walked toward the tall glass doors of the skyscraper in which her father's public relations agency was located. Reminding herself that all the Lenox brothers insisted on abiding by old-fashioned chivalry, she stopped a couple of steps before reaching the door to allow Devlin to open it for her. She smiled at the way he put a protective hand on her lower back as she passed through the doorway. It made her feel like a protected treasure when he did that. It seemed like it was a subtle sign to anyone looking on that she was all his and that anyone thinking of hurting her should think twice before signing their life away.

That comfort was something she craved in the situation at hand. This meeting could go well or very badly. She was sure that if she could only gain the rest of her memory back, she'd be smart enough to think her way out of this nightmare while keeping those she loved safe. As far as she knew, her father was the only blood family she had, and she just wasn't willing to forget about him as if he never existed. In love or not, her instincts pulled her to protect her father. It was obvious she'd loved him very much, despite her nontraditional upbringing.

They walked across the cream marble floors in the massive, chilly lobby until they stood in front of a chubby little redhead sitting at the oversized receptionist desk beside the rows of elevators. Her hair was a fireball of curly frizz, and she wore a taupe blouse with a matching taupe scarf. Even if it weren't for her mannerisms, the woman's outfit alone screamed bored. She sipped her steaming hot coffee as she stared at the computer screen in front of her, her chin resting in her other hand. Scarlett was sure that before the amnesia, she and this woman had been well acquainted since she knew she worked there. But because of the goddamn memory loss, she had no idea how well they really knew each other, so she just had to wing it. The gold

nameplate in the center of the desk indicated the receptionist's name was Margot.

"Good morning, Miss Margot!" Scarlett exclaimed in a very peppy voice. She'd already learned to keep her interactions with people from her "past" simple. The less that was said was usually the better.

The woman's eyes widened when she turned to Scarlett, and she almost choked on her coffee. "M-Miss Scarlett! What a pleasant surprise."

Scarlett shot Devlin a quick glance, seeing he looked as puzzled as she felt. "Surprise? It's five minutes until noon. I have a lunch appointment with my father. Is he here?"

The redhead shifted in her desk chair a little as if she were growing uneasy. "He didn't call you?"

"No. Why?"

Margot cursed under her breath. "I'm afraid your father is forgetting more and more these days." She then sat a little straighter and looked at Scarlett. "Your father told me he was going to call you to let you know lunch has been canceled." She averted her gaze before continuing. "And he also gave me specific instructions to not pencil you into his schedule until further notice."

Devlin stepped up to the desk before Scarlett had the chance to even try and stop him. "This doesn't make any sense. She just talked to him this morning to confirm their appointment."

"Then obviously something has come to his attention in the recent hours to make him change his mind," Margot said to Devlin sternly then returned her attention back to Scarlett. "I'm sorry, Miss Scarlett, but I honestly have no idea what the reason for the cancellation was. All I know is that your father seemed *very* wound up about something." Margot chewed on her bottom lip, concern apparent.

It felt like all the blood rushed to Scarlett's throbbing head as she realized her evil stepmother hadn't wasted any time in spreading the news of the night before. The pain in the ass must have talked to her

father soon after they'd gotten off the phone. "Can I go up and see him, please?"

Margot's thin eyebrows furrowed in confusion as she shook her head and laughed. "Are you feeling all right, Miss Scarlett? You're Charlie Rose's daughter. There's hardly even a secret society in Dallas that would deny you access."

Scarlett just rolled her eyes when she heard Devlin chuckle at that. "Thank you, Margot." Margot waved goodbye after them before they made their way over to the elevator. Thankfully, there was a small standing marquee against the wall between the elevator doors that displayed the building directory.

Rose Public Relations-Suite 1222

"Twelfth floor," Devlin said from behind her as he looked over her shoulder then pushed the up button on the wall.

A soft ding soon indicated the arrival of an elevator. Devlin held his thick, muscular arm out to make sure the doors remained open as Scarlett stepped in. Lame instrumental music played softly through the speakers just as Devlin followed and the doors closed. He pushed button 12.

Scarlett stared at the elevator wall as she tried to get a grip on her anxiety, but she knew in her gut that the interaction with her father wouldn't be going as smoothly as she'd prayed all night it would be. All too soon, the elevator doors split open directly in front of a sleek, frosted glass door with her last name etched in the middle. When they walked in, they were met with another receptionist, this one much younger and stylish than Margot. As they got closer, Scarlett realized that the pixie-haired blonde was much too caught up in typing what seemed like an extremely long-winded text message to even notice their presence.

Scarlett felt Devlin tug on the side of her waistband. He nodded to the back of the large office space, indicating a large, intricately designed wooden door. It was the same wooden door in the memories of her father's study. They ever so carefully slid by the distracted

young woman, although Scarlett was willing to bet their discretion was likely unnecessary judging from how intense her text conversation seemed.

She took a deep breath before softly knocking on the antique door then walking in. Devlin closed the heavy door behind her. "Father?" she called out in the empty study. Just like in her vision, rows of books began at the top of the ceiling and ended on the hardwood floor.

"What are you doing here, Scarlett?"

They both turned to find her father wheeling toward them. "Father," she gasped. The look on his face already had her heart breaking. His eyes were narrowed on not only her but Devlin, as well. His jaw was clenched in obvious anger, and she could even detect a hint of hurt in his blue eyes. "Father," she again attempted to continue, "some terrible things have happened, and I need you to listen—"

"Enough!" Her father slammed down his cane on the floor, the deafening noise causing her to flinch.

Suddenly, she was quickly pulled behind her mate, and she could hear the low warning growl rumbling from the back of his throat. His entire body tensed, and all of his muscles seemed to puff out a little more as if preparing for combat. "Easy," she whispered behind him, placing a gentle hand on his upper back. She felt his body only slightly relax under her touch before stepping back between him and her father.

It didn't seem like the expression on her father's face had budged an inch. "You lied to me, Scarlett, and you lied to Alisa."

Alisa. A name to a face.

"I looked through all our recent records," he continued, "and we haven't had a client in the Hamptons since last summer. Now explain yourself this instant, girl!"

The lump of sand in her throat grew more and more painful. "Daddy, it's just all so complicated." Emotion tightened inside her

chest as an overwhelming sense of helplessness washed over her. It was obvious her father had made up his mind over quite a few things since talking to this Alisa person. It was hard to judge where to even begin with an explanation.

“Then explain it to me, Scarlett.” Her father rolled himself over to his desk. “Explain to me why I find out from my fiancée that my one and only baby girl has run off with not only one man but *seven goddamn men!*” Her father lifted and threw one of the snow globes resting on the desk, causing it to shatter in a million pieces on impact with the wall. At that point, she was willing to bet she knew exactly how that pathetic, unlucky snow globe felt at that moment. “Explain to me why you run off for over a week and then bring some stray back home with you.”

Devlin pulled her closer into his side as warm streams of tears glided down her cheeks. “With all due respect, Mr. Rose, I think we all need to keep our anger in check if we’re going to talk this out like civilized adults.” His words were calm and collected, but Scarlett could hear the unmistakable rage in her mate’s voice.

Her father glared at Devlin coldly. “Do you have a daughter, boy?”

“I don’t have any children, but—”

“But nothing! Until you know what it’s like to be the father of a young, impressionable woman, I’d advise you to shut the fuck up! My fiancée got an anonymous phone tip yesterday from one of your traumatized neighbors claiming they could see my own daughter participating in a filthy orgy from their bedroom window. My sweet, considerate Alisa was worried about my stress levels and chose to follow up without telling me. Then this morning, she gives me news that completely flips my entire world upside down.”

Everything was spiraling out of control more and more with each passing moment. It seemed all her anxiety was for something after all.

“Lover?” The purr of a feminine Russian accent had them all turning to the door. And there stood Alisa, the woman who had fed her

the poisoned apple, and the man whose hand she'd almost shot clean off. Scarlett noticed the thick cast wrapped around his hand. It looked more homemade than anything, so she figured they hadn't taken him to the hospital in order to avoid police questioning. When she looked back at Alisa, the disproportionate, blonde bimbo bore her evil brown eyes into Scarlett's. If looks could kill, Scarlett imagined she'd be hamburger meat at that point.

Alisa's glare snapped at Charlie. "What the fuck is she doing here, *lover*? You told me I wouldn't have to worry about her until *after* the wedding on Sunday."

Her father didn't even plan on having his own daughter at his wedding? She swallowed, hoping the tears forming in her eyes from her hurt feelings at this realization wouldn't spill over.

Her father held his palms up in surrender. "My darling Alisa, I didn't plan on you walking in on this. You and your mother are supposed to be at the bridal boutique for another couple of hours."

So these witches are actually mother and daughter, she thought to herself.

"I came back for to grab my iPhone from my purse. You know how I need to take a picture of every look I put on when I'm at the boutique."

"Of course I know that, my dear."

* * * *

With each person in the room talking over the other, Todd thought his head might explode as he struggled to keep up. The anger and spite in all their tones gave him a splitting migraine.

He used his forearm to wipe the perspiration he felt beading down his receding hairline and forehead as he reached in to his nurse's scrub's pocket to fish out his *real* friends, his pain killers. He'd recently swiped the little orange bottle of OxyContin from the old hag he often watched on Tuesday nights when her cold, indifferent

middle-aged daughter played bingo with the other bluehairs from the strip-mall salon she frequented. They were only forty milligrams, so he was uncommonly grateful that Charlie's vitals had taken longer than usual that morning, which had caused him to have to skip his breakfast of yogurt and a banana that always awaited him in the study's mini-fridge. As he threw back what he guessed was around three, four—five, maybe—tiny yellow pills, he took comfort in the fact his empty stomach would eat the medicine more rapidly than if he'd eaten.

"Answer the fucking phone, Todd!"

His beloved bottle of pills almost flew from his trembling hand when all five of the other people in the room turned and shouted at him in perfect unison. He immediately heard the obnoxious horn Alisa called a ringtone blaring from her oversized white leather purse. Shoving the rest of the painkillers in his pocket, he used his free hand to fish out the expensive iPhone. Holding the phone directly in front of his face as he looked over the device in a quick panic for some sort of button that would silence the horrible noise, but the entire front of the phone appeared to just be a blank, buttonless black screen. His fingers pressed against every surface he could find.

"Now!" they all screamed again, and like before, his body jumped as they spooked him for the second time in a row. A flash went off at the same time the phone made a loud, photo camera sound, and then the phone suddenly stopped ringing.

As if he were nothing more than an annoying younger sibling, the five scowls turned away from him to continue their ranting and arguing.

He'd easily bet with confidence that his irritable sugarmama, her equally placid birth mama, his doomed yet trusting patient, his patient's equally damned daughter, and the random yet handsome cowboy were all in on some cruel plan to gang up on him. Although he knew paranoia was a common side effect for his medicinal habits, they seemed much too choreographed to not be suspicious about.

Breathing in a deep breath, he slicked back his sweaty hair with his sweaty palms as he took a seat to wait for the pills to kick in.

Hopefully, it really had been five OxyContin.

* * * *

"Oh, come the fuck on!" Devlin suddenly shouted out in the middle of the study. "Look, old man, we came to tell you that your fiancée tried to kill your daughter not just once but *twice* and that she's fucking your lady nurse over there." Everyone's shocked face turned to him, and Scarlett's jaw dropped.

"Devlin," she growled through her teeth. "What the hell are you doing?"

"How dare you come into my business and accuse my future wife of such awful things!" Her father rolled from behind the desk and approached Devlin until his chair bumped Devlin's long shins. "Todd over there is as gay as a unicorn dipped in K-Y and rolled in glitter. I even caught him making out in the supply closet with one of the bellboys at the last New Year's Eve party."

Todd groaned and dropped his chin to his chest as he shook his head back and forth. His face turned such a beet red it was almost purple. Alisa's mother quickly placed a hand over her mouth, and it was obvious from her shaking shoulders that she was trying to cover up her giggles.

Alisa ran over and collapsed at Charlie's feet. Her crocodile tears smeared her makeup dramatically and conveniently. "Oh lover, make him stop! They're lying because they are angry with me for telling you what I saw. He's only saying those things so that it doesn't seem like Scarlett is the only whore in the room."

"Watch your fucking mouth, lady, before I shut it for you!" Devlin snapped, his long finger pointing within a half inch from Alisa's botched nose job.

Scarlett shrieked as she watched her father swing his cane in

Devlin's direction. It wasn't until she heard a loud snap that she realized Devlin had caught the cane midswing and crushed it in half with a single hand. It seemed that enraged her father further, and he threw down the small stump of cane he still held in his hand.

"Right now, Scarlett!" Her father pointed at her, his hand shaking with either anger or old age, maybe both. "You choose one family right now."

All she could do was softly shake her head, afraid at first to open her mouth while her chin trembled with painful emotion. "I can't, Daddy."

"Get out! Both of you!"

Once again, Scarlett's world collapsed around her as she watched her father roll over to the intercom on his desk and press the talk button.

"I'm going to prove it to you." She wiped the tears from her eyes, devastated but not defeated.

"Security! Security, I need two people escorted out of my office *now!*"

* * * *

Alisa waited until Charlie wheeled himself completely out of the room, his head mournfully hanging, before she turned her attention back to her mother and Todd. Charlie had obviously been brokenhearted from Scarlett's decision to choose her seven cowboy lovers over him. He would likely spend the rest of the afternoon alone, just as he did on the anniversary of his wife's untimely death.

Dasha had her arms crossed in front of her as she shook her head in disgust. Mother wore a black silk blouse and white twill pants, both Lagerfeld pieces, and matching black stilettos that could easily serve double-duty as a pair of shanks. "I don't trust for a moment that little whore is going to keep her nose out of our business."

"Me neither," Alisa agreed, picking up her phone from where

Todd had placed it beside him on the chair he sat in. She unlocked the phone screen and was met by a photo Todd must have taken by accident when he had tried to turn her ringer off. Her mother was mostly cut out, but it showed Alisa, Dasha, Charlie, Scarlett, and the cowboy all screaming at the camera, their mouths wide and eyes flaring with anger. It was a pretty unflattering photo for them all, if she were honest with herself. But just as she went to delete it, something very unusual in the photo caught her eye.

"Can you two come here?"

Dasha and Todd were instantly on either side of her, looking over her shoulder at the image.

"What's that in Scarlett's mouth?" Alisa squinted her eyes and brought the screen in closer for a better look. "It's something on her tongue."

"I've never noticed that before," said Todd, his face puzzled.

"Me neither."

"It's like a half-circle or something." Dasha snatched the phone from Alisa's hands. "It looks like a crescent shape."

"Well, it's obviously some more of that voodoo shit she's been into lately." Alisa snatched the phone back from her mother's grip and began to dial the first person that had come to mind. "I'm calling the Darque brothers. We know by now that they are likely the real deal shape-shifters just as well as those rednecks."

Just when she expected the call to go to voice mail, Jameson, the eldest, answered the phone, his voice hoarse and sexy. "Hello?"

"Hi, Jameson." She heard the flirtatious purr in her voice. Todd sulked deeper in the chair, obviously noticing the tone himself but as always much too pussy-ish to really do anything about it. "This is Alisa—"

"Look, Alisa," he interrupted, "I've already told you diaper scenes aren't what I'm really into, but—"

"Baby scenes," she corrected softly, not able to hide the disappointment in her tone despite having had this conversation with

him just days ago.

The beautiful man with the beautiful voice didn't hear her and continued. "—I really do appreciate your offer." He then muttered something. For a second there, she could have sworn it was "and persistence"—no, no, that wouldn't be it.

"I've called about something else, actually."

There was a dramatic pause. Jameson groaned as if irritated before politely taking the bait. "What else have you called to talk about, Alisa?" Though his voice was a tad softer, she could still sense the struggle in it.

She ignored it and smiled. "It concerns a group of seven longhorn shape-shifters."

Jameson was silent. He was listening.

She then enunciated each of her English words slowly, lowering her voice just an octave. "Shape-shifters like you and your four brothers, Mr. Darque." Alisa averted her eyes from the vintage David Onica painting on the wall. She briefly wondered if Charlie was aware he'd hung the piece upside down. "Seven men from a town around here. Now I need you to tell me exactly what you know about them."

He hesitated as if unsure he could trust her with any information. "Their family name is Lenox."

"Lenox..." Her tongue rolled around the soft loops of the name's pronunciation as she slowly repeated it back. She visualized the seven Lenox men ripping off her wedding gown until she stood completely naked and sweaty before them. *Alisa Lenox would be an epic name.* The visual was gone in the blink of an eye, so she focused her attention on listening to Jameson.

"I heard they may have found a mate to share, but that's all I know."

"And is that what you're doing here in Dallas, as well? Searching for a 'mate,' as you say?"

The sound of a tea kettle whistled in the background on Jameson's

side then stopped suddenly. More skeptical silence. "I'd rather not discuss that," he finally replied.

Aware his answer may depress her for the rest of her mid morning, she decided to accept his answer and cut to the chase. "Can I e-mail a picture to you? I want to show you something I took a picture of that I have questions about."

"What's the picture of?" he asked robotically but, again, politely. He loudly sipped on something.

"Well, that Lenox mate you heard about?"

"Mmm-hmm."

"I know her pretty well. We're practically family."

"By blood?" he asked with sudden excitement.

"No, I'm marrying her father."

He grunted, and his bored indifference returned.

"I have a picture here that shows something on her tongue that wasn't there before."

"Like..." He swallowed loudly—*nervously*? "...A big cock?"

His words were slow and nervous, and she knew then that he was hoping for her to say it was something else. Something he'd been searching for.

She laughed and didn't stop until her abs hurt. "I wish. It's something else."

Jameson snapped his fingers at someone before mumbling something. It was obvious his hand was covering the phone as he spoke to an unknown second person.

He returned then sweetly asked, "So what *is* on her tongue, Alisa?" Another sip.

"A crescent moon shape."

It sounded like Jameson choked on some kind of beverage after spitting it out in animated shock. "Two million dollars, right now, if you tell me where they are keeping this woman."

Alisa smiled at the desperation in his voice. "Supply and demand is a wonderful thing. Don't you think so, Jameson?"

“More? How ’bout three? Three million for the address?”

“I don’t want your money, Jameson.”

Silence. He was likely confused. She waited for him to take the bait again, waited for the singsong sound of a what-do-you-want, but he said nothing.

“I just want you to give me your word that this little bitch will be gone, far away from here...*for good!*”

Dead silence.

Did he hang up?

“Once she’s in our hands,” he finally said with childlike excitement, “she’ll no longer be your concern.”

Chapter Five

Devlin had been driving for a half hour as they rode in complete silence, and the scent of her despair was heavy in the air of the pickup. After the disaster that had just happened in Charlie's study, saying they were both in a shitty mood was the greatest understatement of all time.

A little detour would perk them both up, if only for the night. He needed to escape to the world he'd come to find comfort in for so many years now.

Whipped Cream was only a few more minutes away, and just the thought of that alone had relaxed him. He loved his mate dearly, but she'd unknowingly emasculated him in her father's office when she tried to prevent him from protecting and standing up for her. He understood that Scarlett was a natural-born leader and independent woman, but for Devlin, it was imperative that his mate respect and adhere to his role as her protector and lover. Scarlett needed to be taught a valuable lesson. She needed to learn that he needed to do his job as her lifelong mate and that not even she was allowed to stand in his way.

He adored the way Scarlett seemed eager and happy to please him, the foundation for a perfect submissive in the making. However, she had a long way to go in terms of allowing herself to fully surrender the control she'd held her entire life. Lesson number one would start tonight.

"I'm not in the mood anymore." Scarlett's voice was so soft Devlin almost had to strain to hear the words. "Take me home. I'm too tired for any more heavy stuff in my life today."

He slowed the pickup down as they pulled into the crowded, fenced-in parking lot behind Whipped Cream.

“Please, Devlin. Just take me home.” She looked over at him with a tear-stained face and defeat in her eyes. “I just want to forget about Dallas forever.”

Devlin reached over and squeezed her hand affectionately. “Scarlett, I need you to trust me, okay? Just give me five minutes, and if after that you want to leave, then we’re gone, no questions asked. Deal?”

* * * *

When Scarlett held Devlin’s thick, hard arm in hers as they walked the familiar path to the entrance of Whipped Cream, her body reacted with a sudden moisture between her slick pussy lips. The sullen mood that had soured her spirits just moments ago quickly evaporated into something fearful yet tantalizing.

Although she’d walked into those doors just a couple of days before with Rhett, there was no doubt this visit would be a much different experience with Devlin in charge. But any woman would feel nothing but protected and secure when holding the muscular arm of a tall, dominant cowboy.

When they entered the club, Devlin immediately led them to a side door she’d never noticed before, tucked away into a corner to their immediate left when they walked into the club. She followed Devlin down a dark, spiraling staircase, his giant hand holding hers firmly. At the bottom of the staircase was a long hallway of rooms. It seemed several minutes passed before they reached the end of the long hall. Devlin stopped in front of a door identical to the others, dark royal blue with a black metal door knob. He reached into his fitted Wranglers and pulled out his keys before inserting one in the lock.

“You have your own room here?”

Devlin pushed the door open to reveal a pitch black room. "I have my own everything here."

He spoke and moved so casually around the club that it was obvious he'd been here several times. Scarlett wasn't sure how to feel about that. Knowing her mate had sex with other women in this very place caused a fist of anger to tighten within her chest. Yet that same knowledge, all the experience, skill, and talent Devlin had gained over the last several years at Whipped Cream, got her pussy wet.

Scarlett gasped when he flicked on the light switch next to the doorway. The dim lighting revealed a small but luxurious room that resembled more of a millionaire's guestroom than an overnight stay at a hardcore sex club. Most of the room was dominated by a four-post, king-sized bed. The polished cherrywood was hand carved in intricate, swirling patterns. It looked lush and inviting, and she almost wanted to ask her big cowboy if they could skip the festivities and swim in the sheets all night long instead. But the idea that dozens of other people were having sex just a few walls away had her anxious to go along with his plan all over again. The air's seduction was like magic to her body, and she realized her nipples had been hard since they'd walked in to the building.

The elegant, midnight-blue bedding coordinated with the dark walls and dark-blue-and-gold loveseat in the corner of the room. Large, antique mirrors adorned the entire room, an enormous one even mounted on the ceiling. It looked much too heavy to be hanging in that way, but it did look incredibly exciting and beautiful.

"I wanted a little space of our own while we're here." Devlin stepped from behind her and began to unbutton his Western shirt as he walked toward the closet in the far corner of the luxurious room. Scarlett looked on in amazement as he easily dropped his tight jeans to his ankles, his hard, jutting erection revealing he'd decided to forgo underwear that morning when he'd dressed himself. She quickly closed the door and locked it.

Her pussy swelled as she looked over his giant, lightly tanned

form. His backside faced her as he rummaged through the clothes hanging on the long rack. He was completely nude now, his tight, firm ass perfect in every hard contour. He took his time looking through all the black leather clothing before settling on black leather chaps, black briefs, and a black leather vest. She realized how hard she'd been breathing with arousal by the time he'd turned to her. Then she saw what he held in his hand. It was so tiny and sheer that it barely looked like something anyone would be able to wear out in public.

He tossed it to her, the light material practically floating in the air, and she caught it easily with one hand.

"Put this on," he commanded. His hypnotic green eyes bore into her, and he didn't move an inch until she began removing the clothes she wore. She slowly and teasingly stripped down completely naked as his eyes danced over every part of her body and back again. She smiled as they glowed with his desire like glittering spring leaves. His thick cock jumped, and a growl vibrated around her.

She held up the small piece of lingerie in front of her, and she gasped loudly. The white material of the extremely short baby-doll nighty was completely see-through. The thick ruffle straps seemed to mock the tissue of material that would cover yet still reveal her full breasts and hard, rosy nipples. The baby-doll negligee parted in the front beginning at the seam under the breast.

She pulled it on, the hem barely brushing the top of her thighs. Her entire pussy was exposed! Right as she looked up to protest to Devlin, she found him holding out a small bundle of a white lace thong panty. A tiny bit of relief calmed her for a moment. At least she wouldn't be bottomless. With how sheer the nighty was, she might as well have been topless.

Devlin smiled down at her, seeming to sense the little anxiety subdued at her realizing he'd allow her to wear the panties in public instead of everyone being able to stare at her cunt. Like a gentleman, he held out his arm for her to hold on to while she slipped the panties on. She held tight on to his mound of hard muscle as she stepped in to

the G-string panty. But that little relief she had found disappeared as quickly as it appeared.

When she pulled the waistband over her round hips, she realized the “innocently white” panties were...crotchless. Her head snapped up, and she stared back at the amused expression on her naughty mate’s face. “Devlin! There’s no way in hell I can let everyone see my...”

He briefly pressed his full lips together in what seemed to be a small effort to suppress the shit-eating grin on his handsome face. But just like all the Lenox men before and after him, those adorable creases at the corner of his eyes exposed his silent laughter. “Go on, kitten. Say it.”

Scarlett closed her mouth, just now realizing it had been slowly opening and closing as she thought of how to finish her sentence within her comfort zone. Although she knew little of herself, her true self from before the cliff fall, she knew she was conservative enough to not want to use certain words aloud in a casual conversation, whether Devlin was her lover or not. “You know what I mean,” she whispered shyly. She felt the creeping warmth of a soft blush spread to her cheeks, and she could have sworn she noticed Devlin’s eyes glitter a little more soon after she felt it.

“You say it all the time in bed,” he pointed out.

“I don’t say it all the time,” she argued in shame. She stared down at her bare feet and red toenails. “Besides, that’s different.”

He walked up to her until she felt his body heat radiating off all those tanned muscles, their torsos about half a foot apart. Close but not nearly close enough, she noted to herself. A soft sigh escaped her parted lips as he used his rough fingertips to pull her chin up until she looked into his bright, jade eyes. “I didn’t *ask* you to say it, darlin’. I told you. And unless you want an early punishment before the party has even started, you’ll do as I command from here on out. Communication outside of the bedroom is just as important as inside. I can’t stress how much this is especially true for the Lifestyle I am

introducing you to tonight. Communication nourishes pleasure. Understood?”

Not able to talk through the fog of electric lust surrounding them, she nodded her head. But his stare was so intense that she found it hard to look into it any longer and cast down her eyes.

“Not now,” he snapped with a growl, and her eyes immediately shot back up to look at him.

The stern expression he wore was a clear sign he was not going to let her escape this private humiliation. She swallowed loud and cleared her throat. “I can’t let everyone see my...pussy.”

His features just slightly softened at the sound of her vulgar language. But surprisingly, he didn’t directly acknowledge her obedience and only continued with his informative lecture. “If you don’t want to show your pussy to the crowd of sex-starved nymphomaniacs out there, I suggest you keep your thighs close together as much as possible.”

As if on command, she clenched her knees together to keep the slit of her crotchless panties as close to being closed as possible.

He laughed a little at her action but then continued to speak. “You need to pay very close attention to me while we go over a few ground rules. Understood?”

Again, she nodded. He smiled down at her, a hint of pride apparent in his features as he looked her over. There it was. More acknowledgment and encouragement. She starved for more of it from him like a famished bear that just woke from hibernation.

“Now first,” he began as he sat on the edge of the bed. The giant mattress sank deep under his large weight. “We have what we call a ‘safe word.’ A common safe word used in the Lifestyle is ‘red.’ However,” he looked her up and down with hunger in his gaze, “that may only taint my control. Lord knows it needs all the help it can get when I’m around you.”

She couldn’t help but smile at his admission. When he held his hand out, she didn’t hesitate to take it in hers. The texture of his work-

roughened palm against hers reminded her she was with the most protective, masculine cowboy she'd ever met, and it put her at ease. She allowed him to pull her onto his lap as he continued.

"The safe word we will use is 'saddlebag.'"

Scarlett giggled. "That's not a very sexy safe word."

"That's the point. Although the point is to actually give the submissive a great deal of control by stopping a scene whenever they are uncomfortable or in unwanted pain, we are also taught to push our sub's sexual and pain limits. An unappealing-sounding word is less likely to be used."

"I promise to use the word if I'm not liking something, but I also promise to not use it lightly."

An overwhelming sense of joy warmed her heart when he cocked an eyebrow and smirked as if very impressed with her statement. "You're learning quick, kitten."

"The second rule. You may look, and they may look at you. But unless previously discussed with me specifically, no one is to ever touch you, and you are to never touch anyone." He tenderly brushed aside the bangs that just barely hung over her eyes. He rested his hand on her bare thigh as he held her around the waist with his other arm. When she looked down at his hand, she briefly felt embarrassed at how ghostly pale her skin looked against the healthy, sun-kissed glow of his. Briefly. An overdue dose of confidence ran down her throat when she remembered how verbal her mates were when it came to their opinion on her pale skin. All seven of them had constantly touched her in awe, telling her she had the skin of a delicate angel. Scarlett realized she'd never be able to describe to someone just how amazing it felt to have a beautiful man love you for who you are, apparent flaws and all. Package that times seven, and she was by far the richest girl on the planet.

"Does this mean you're admitting to being the jealous type, Devlin Lenox?" she asked coyly as she ran her lightly trembling fingertips over the top of his large, square-shaped mitt of a hand.

Although talking things through and receiving warm affection from her Master were doing wonders in relaxing her, there was no denying the thin ribbon of nervousness that was wrapped around her guts. His grip tightened roughly on her thigh for a fraction of a second then quickly relaxed before she even had a chance to squirm from the brief pain.

She'd decided to distract herself by flirting, her chosen defense mechanism since she'd met the men. It always worked a little, if not to at least provide a little comic relief in heavy situations, such as her first official night as a submissive in a heavenly, sensual BDSM sex club. It surprised her how many survival skills she'd acquired over the range of heavy situations that had come her way in the last week and a half, especially the emotional survival skills. What didn't kill her not only made her stronger, it began to give her the self-assurance and self-support to know she could battle anything and anyone trying to bring her down.

"If not wanting someone's grubby hands all over *my* claimed mate is jealous, then so be it." His hand cupped her partially exposed pussy on the word "my," and her body responded immediately, a trickle of her cream causing the black leather pants she sat on to grow slick under her wet skin. The strong, modern woman inside her wanted to slap him for being such a chauvinistic caveman, but her body betrayed her pride. Her cunt echoed his seductions with clenches and drips when he grew so possessive of her. She couldn't deny how wanted it made her feel, how feminine. There was no doubt in her mind that this man would go to the end of Pluto to keep her out of harm's way.

Although she was surrounded by intimidation—naked people, orgies, dark colors, whips, chains, restraints, the list went on—with Devlin by her side, she knew she could face anything. There was a huge doubt that he would be okay with another man that wasn't one of his brothers touching her consensually, much less not.

Her freshly trimmed pussy remained covered under his left hand

as he leaned in and gently clasped the edge of her so-called “neckline” in his white teeth. His eyes looked up into hers, and he didn’t unlock his gaze for a moment as he slowly pulled the material to the side. Her full, round left breast popped out of place, giving a soft bounce of sudden release right before his face. Just when he leaned his mouth in and she thought he would lick her hardened, aching nipple, he surprised her with a quick yet soft flick of her clit using his fingertips. “Oh!” she cried out as she bucked against his touch. She wanted him to do that to her again, but she needed him to not touch her as softly this time. Seeming to read her mind while simultaneously still knowing just how to keep her on her erotic toes, he roughly captured her nipple in his lips and sucked hard. The pleasure/pain had her seeing stars for a quick moment, her orgasm already echoing in the far distance when he hadn’t even penetrated her yet.

Then suddenly, he pulled away as quickly as he’d started. “Rule three,” he stated nonchalantly. He licked his full, blushing lips, and she wanted more than anything at that very moment to stand up and shove her juicy pussy against his tempting mouth then grind against those wet lips until she came all over his talented tongue. “When we are together in this club, you are to submit to me and go at the pace that I command of you.”

She silently scoffed. So much for her cowboy-face-attack fantasy she’d hoped to act out. Knowing it was unlikely any fantasy of hers would go unfulfilled once she’d spent one-on-one time with all her longhorn-shifter mates, she decided to be a good sport and push her dominatrix cravings aside for this particular trip to Whipped Cream.

“Unless you are using your safe word,” he continued, “you are to do what I say when I say it and how I say it.” He brushed her swollen clit with his fingers again. “Understood?”

“Oh, yes,” she moaned as her lids began to drift closed.

“That brings me to the last rule, Scarlett.” He lifted her body off his lap and set her on her unstable feet. He drove her crazy with all

this teasing, and she felt the urge to slap him for it. She clasped her hands behind her back instead. Better not to get a spanking before she even had a chance to take a step out of the room.

“Yes, Devlin?”

“You are to address me as Master.”

* * * *

Before Brock could even raise his finger in the air for the bartender, a double Glenlivet on the rocks, no fruit, was quickly placed in front of him.

“I apologize for not having it ready sooner, Master Brock,” the tall college boy behind the bar stated with his eyes turned down and his head slightly dipped in submission.

“Relax, Joshua.” Brock took the entire drink down in three gulps then motioned for another. “That’s why I made you a bartender, to ensure you get laid, thus ensuring you...relax.” He smiled at Joshua, who very nervously smiled back as he handed Brock his next drink. It was his routine to chug the first then very slowly sip the rest of his drinks for the rest of his night.

A pair of small, cool hands reached under his pant leg. He looked down to see his two blonde subs, Melody and Molly, looking up at him from where she sat at his feet. “Master Brock,” Melody addressed. Then they both returned their gazes to the floor once he made it clear she had his attention. “Master Devlin Lenox approaches.”

Brock looked over his right shoulder just in time to see Devlin approach. As he looked him over, he realized the tall, dark cowboy was no doubt one of the club’s sexiest Doms. He wore black leather pants like a second skin, and his leather vest flaunted his large arms, letting every sub know he wasn’t one to fuck with lightly.

A soft groan came from below. He looked down to see his other sub, Mitchell, tuck his chin into his chest, his shoulders slumped in

sadness. Mitchell had obviously noticed Brock's reaction to the tall drink of sweet tea walking over.

"No need for that, pet," he reassured him as he reached down and stroked his head. "Just scoping out the scenery, is all."

He looked straight into Devlin's soft mint-green eyes, and there was no mistaking the concern he saw there. Being the owner of a hardcore BDSM club had taught him to quickly recognize that please-help-me look all too often thrown his way on a daily basis. Hell, sometimes he'd swear it was hourly.

"Shouldn't you be eagerly preparing for a very important scene right now, Devlin?" Brock asked as he held his hand out, which Devlin didn't hesitate to shake. Brock had gotten word early that morning that the most extreme of the Lenox brothers planned to drive in town and officially collar the divine creature he and his brothers shared.

"I do, but this is the only chance I have with you alone while Scarlett is preoccupied in the back."

It wasn't like a Lenox to keep something from the ever-famous Scarlett. Since she'd entered their lives recently, it seemed the men couldn't breathe if the sexy little thing wasn't around. Brock listened intently.

"Do you perhaps know a young blonde woman with the last name Rose? She comes in with another older blonde and a young male submissive."

Of course, Brock immediately thought of Alisa Rose and the other stooges, but he maintained his poker face. "Devlin, you know I can't answer a question like that. Doing so would break the confidentiality agreement between me and my clients. Can I ask why you seem so desperate to know who this woman is?"

Devlin seemed to hesitate for a nanosecond before he replied, "I just know that she happens to be a very evil, unethical woman, and I am advising you to keep a close eye on her."

Brock felt his guts tighten in instinctual warning. He'd had a

nagging feeling that Alisa would be nothing but trouble since she stumbled through Whipped Cream's door over a year ago. He made a mental note to call back the Razo brothers and insist they stay away from the Rose Leach Clan, as Brock often liked to call them.

"Is there anything else that is currently concerning you, Mr. Lenox?" He consciously tried to keep his tone as even and generic as possible.

It was obvious there was much, much more on Devlin's mind, but the cowboy pressed his lips together and shook his head. "No, Master Brock, there isn't."

* * * *

Devlin had exited their guestroom exactly three minutes and seventeen seconds before. Just as he'd instructed, she'd been staring at the ticking antique grandfather clock tucked in the corner of the dark room. He'd told her to walk out of the door exactly five minutes after he left. She was then to go to the room five doors down on her left and knock. There she would meet a staff member who would guide her through the rest of the scene preparation and would remain with her until she met with Devlin again right before the scene was acted out.

She felt her palms grow damp as the second hand ticked a little faster than she had hoped. Closer and closer to the five minute mark, and then she would have to step it up and go through with all this. Knowing how important this Lifestyle was to her destined mate gave her encouragement to push on and stop being such a darn pansy. As she talked herself up, she began to believe her own praises.

She stared straight ahead into her reflection in one of several mirrors hanging on the wall. With her shoulders relaxed and her abs tucked in, she straightened her posture and held her chin up. If she could cheat death several times in one week and still manage to keep seven horny longhorn-shifter cowboys satisfied, she could have the

confidence to tackle anything.

When she glanced back at the clock, she jumped to her feet. Five minutes and twenty-two seconds. She hurried out the door and practically ran to the room she was instructed to meet her concierge at.

Kno—

She hadn't even completed a full knock before the door swung open. "You're late," said the petite, curly-haired platinum blonde that stood in front of her. A pair of bright violet eyes emphasized the classic beauty of the stranger's perfect face. The young woman looked to be only slightly younger than Scarlett's own twenty-one years and had a similar body type, only her breasts were a little more on the small side compared to Scarlett's ample chest size. She was very tan, and Scarlett noticed the bright contrast of her tan lines beneath the spaghetti straps of her black silk camisole. She wasn't wearing a collar like many of the women in the club, which made Scarlett feel a little less like an outsider since she wasn't wearing one, either.

"My name is Jane," she finally said, holding her hand out in greeting.

Scarlett shook her hand and giggled. "What an ironic name."

Jane's eyebrows knit together as she crossed her arms and shifted her weight to one leg in a sassy stance. "What do you mean, *ironic*?"

Scarlett's smile fell when she realized how defensive Jane had grown, and she hurried to explain herself. "It's just that you're such a beautiful woman. Isn't the term 'plainly Jane'?"

Scarlett felt relieved when a small smile formed on Jane's lips. "The term is 'plain Jane.'" She stepped back to allow Scarlett to step into her room. "And thank you for the compliment." Jane closed the door behind her and locked it.

Jane's guest room was about three times bigger than the guest room she and Devlin shared. In fact, it wasn't much of a guest room at all. It looked much more like a very glamorous dressing room straight

from a girl's fantasy. There were several racks of clothing and lingerie standing throughout the room, all organized neatly and perfectly by color. Scarlett counted four vanities, all covered in familiar-looking designer labels. It made her a little happy to know the logos were sparking past knowledge, an optimistic sign that her memory was slowly but surely returning to normal.

Jane sat on the edge of one of the vanity counter tops, revealing just a flash of her black silk G-string panty as she crossed her ankles and motioned for Scarlett to sit in the stool in front of her. As she sat, she couldn't help but notice how out of place Jane's pretty, pedicured, baby-pink toenails looked in the building they sat in.

"What you are about to participate in, Scarlett, is what we in the Lifestyle call a 'scene.'"

The sound of Jane's professional-sounding voice took Scarlett's attention away from the young blonde's baby-pink toenails. Scarlett knew the definition of that term. Devlin had just explained it on the road trip to the city that morning. "A scene is a fantasy acted out," Scarlett interjected, "either choreographed or done improv-style. A clear communication is made between all consensual adults before, during, and after the scene."

Jane smiled beautifully. "Someone's been paying attention, I see."

"It's important to me that I show interest in my mate's...um...hobbies."

Jane's head fell back as she roared with laughter. "Hobbies. I like that."

Scarlett shrugged. "Not only am I madly in love with him, but Devlin has saved my life recently. Participating in this scene tonight is the very least I could ever do to show my gratitude."

Platinum curls swayed as Jane softly shook her head. "Now don't you sound like a fool in love," she drawled softly, a hint of mourning in her tone. She stood from the counter and walked over to a rack of silk kimono robes.

"Do you not believe in love?" Scarlett called out to her, curious as

to why such a pretty girl would make such a cynical remark.

“Oh, I believe in love,” Jane responded from across the room. “Love is as real as you and me as we stand here. But its power can be as poisonous as it can be cathartic.” She walked back over holding a white lace robe and a white silk sash and stood in front of Scarlett. “What I believe in is knowledge, education. A smart girl possesses a power far greater than love. I wasn’t always uncollared, you see.” Her violet-blue eyes darkened and shimmered with unshed tears as she appeared to dive deep in thought, her features tight with concentration.

“What does it mean to be collared and uncollared?” Scarlett had been curious about this since she’d first come to visit Whipped Cream. She’d been too shy to ask one of her mates about them, but she had to admit she’d always felt a strange envy as she looked on at collared submissives. There was something about that collar that made her wish for it.

“When you are collared, you are in a committed relationship that has been officially recognized by fellow peers of the Lifestyle.”

“But Devlin and I are in a committed relationship, and I never received one.” She hoped it had nothing to do with the fact she’d just recently become sexually experienced. Maybe Devlin felt she was still much too green to deserve a public announcement of their union.

Jane shook her head, more curls bouncing with the soft movement. “Officially recognized meaning the couple participated in a collaring ritual in front of club participants. It’s almost like a wedding and proposal rolled in one in some ways. Many times, the Dom will surprise his sub with the collaring ceremony. It’s a very special time in sub’s life, and it will be something you will always remember.”

“So when do I get my collar?” She wanted that collar so bad she could taste it. She’d noticed that while several subs wore basic black collars, some wore ones in pretty dyed leathers, diamond-studded straps, and even some were made from exotic materials. They were all

so pretty, but Scarlett cared very little about all that nonsense. She'd wear floss around her neck if Devlin decided to collar her with it. Only she knew that Devlin would make sure she'd have a pretty one. He may have been an obnoxious Dom at times, but he was still a thoughtful gentleman at heart.

"That's entirely up to your Master. He decides when he feels the two of you are ready as a couple to make their bond official and permanent. This can take years, but I've witnessed it happen within hours."

"Hours? Wow," Scarlett whispered. She knew firsthand what it was like to fall in love at first sight, to instinctively know immediately that the person standing in front of you is The One. She knew because she'd gotten that feeling seven times. It was a romantic thought that two people could meet at Whipped Cream and would come to declare their undying love in front of their entire community just moments after introducing themselves to each other.

Scarlett wasn't sure how to ask her next question in a tactful manner until she realized there really wasn't one. "So then does that mean you 'divorced' the Master who had collared you?"

Jane shook her head. "I wasn't always a smart girl. In fact, I used to be a very foolish girl. I allowed love to devour my life and brainwash me into trusting a very charming older man. Soon after, I found myself trapped in an abusive relationship that required things from me I shall forever be ashamed to speak of." Jane pulled a tissue from the Kleenex box sitting on the vanity beside her and blotted the lower rim of her eyes carefully as if not wanting to mess up her perfectly applied mascara.

"I—I'm so sorry bad things happened to you, Jane. I'm sorry some asshole betrayed your trust like that."

Nodding her head, Jane took several moments to collect herself before she continued. "One night, after a particularly exhausting whipping scene, that...man...fell fast asleep in our guest room, drunk as a skunk. I sneaked out quietly and walked over to Master Brock's

quarters. I told him everything that had been going on in our relationship, and he helped me break away from that monster safely and quickly. Since then, I have made it my mission to educate other newbies on the importance of keeping a clear head in this Lifestyle. It's dangerous enough for a vanilla to be blinded by what her heart feels."

"Hold on, a what?" Scarlett asked as she held up a hand.

"A vanilla. That refers to a common man or woman who does not participate in the BDSM Lifestyle."

"There are so many terms, so many rules." A headache threatened to pound into her forehead every time she struggled to retain it all as much as she could.

"It can be overwhelming at first, but I can tell you are a very intelligent young woman." Jane stepped behind Scarlett and helped her into the lace robe. "You'll learn quickly."

Scarlett turned to her reflection. The lace robe had no lining, and the large pattern left very little to the imagination. "What's the point of wearing this? I don't get it. And what's with this white thing?" The moment she said the words, she'd answered her own question. Realization dawned on her, and her cheeks immediately set aflame. Almost every inch of the building was black or navy blue. So was the clothing every clubgoer wore. "I'm going to stand out like a sore thumb, aren't I?"

"Like an angel amongst demons," Jane replied with a smile.

Scarlett twirled to face her. "Am I really about to be humiliated and spanked in front of all those people out there?" Panic began to set in as the weight of the reality began to compress the self-confidence she'd worked all evening to earn.

Grabbing Scarlett's shaking hands in her own, Jane spoke with calm authority. "Listen to me, Scarlett. You need to realize that despite what perception others have of the Dom/sub relationship, the true power actually relies in the submissive's hands, not the dominants."

“R–Really?”

“Yes. Think about it, darlin’. The submissive is the one with the power to use the safe word. The submissive is the one who gives the dominant access to the multiple layers of their sexuality. If a sub wants their boundaries pushed further, they allow their Dom to do so. Should they not, one mention of the safe word stops everything immediately. Own that power, Scarlett, and never, *ever* hesitate to use it.

“Don’t let the fear of what someone else thinks stop you from taking control of what you want going on in *your* sex life. There’s always someone to talk to in our community, and it’s rare to find a judgmental person among us, so don’t ever be afraid to speak up.”

Returning a smile, Scarlett found Jane’s words did seem to soothe much of her anxiety. Scarlett closed her eyes and took a deep breath in and a deep breath out as she slowly counted down from twenty. When she opened her eyes, Jane still stood there smiling back at her. “Ready?”

“As much as I could ever be.”

The two women walked out of the room, Jane locking it behind them. They walked down the hall and back to the front of the club. To Scarlett’s great surprise, the entire front of the club was vacant, eerily quiet compared to the lively crowd that had occupied the space just moments before. She didn’t need to ask where everyone was. She knew they were waiting for her.

She followed Jane to the back of the club as they held hands securely and affectionately. At the very back of the club was a wide door that almost resembled a vault. Jane easily pushed it open. A narrow stairwell leading down into darkness and the unknown.

“Come on, Scarlett,” she encouraged over her shoulder.

Scarlett held Jane’s hand tighter as they slowly and carefully walked down the steps. Tiny tea light candles lit their path only so much, and it was very difficult to focus on what was just a few feet in front of them.

It seemed like ages before they made it to the bottom of the steps. In front of them hung a thick white velvet curtain. "It's showtime," Jane whispered. Scarlett took a deep breath as she watched her personal concierge of the evening feed her to the lions. Jane pulled the curtain aside, and every head in the crowd behind it turned to look at them.

Just as Scarlett was about to turn to Jane for the next direction, the crowd parted, creating a long path that led to the other side of the dark stone dungeon. At the end of her path stood Devlin, her Master. He already dominated her heart, mind, and innocence. Now he was about to fully dominate her sexual identity.

In some unidentified way, Scarlett got her feet moving. She stepped through the crowd, feeling the countless sets of eyes all over her as they all ogled her body in the flimsy lingerie and robe she wore. She knew that with every step she took, her crotchless panties were opening to reveal her inner lips, which were sure to be sopping wet by then. There was no mistaking the arousal many of the men were experiencing as they watched her walk, a bright white candle in a sea of darkness. Their erections jutted toward her, and she noticed many were already palming their hard cocks.

Several of the women licked their lips in hunger as they fondled their own pussies and pinched their neighbors' nipples. Soft moans of arousal tickled her ears, but she kept her focus on the treat of a man in front of her.

His face was stone blank, but her mating instincts detected a spark of pride in his eyes as she slowly moved toward him. He stood next to a St. Andrew's cross. In one hand he held a black scarf, and in the other he held a white leather flogger.

"This is Scarlett," Devlin announced loud enough for everyone in the large crowd to hear. "Tonight she accepts the role as my submissive. Who here wishes to watch as I initiate this gorgeous woman with the snap of my whip?"

The entire crowd roared with applause, startling Scarlett with the

intensity of their eagerness. They all cheered as though they'd never seen a devirginizing ritual before.

Devlin nodded to the cross. "Step up, kitten."

The crowd immediately grew silent, increasing her anxiety further. She stepped on the platform to join her Master as she slipped off the robe. The crowd purred with whispers, which she ignored. She stood in front of the black leather, padded cross and waited for instruction.

"Step up closer and spread your arms and legs out."

It seemed her heart would collapse from its frantic beating as she moved to follow his commands. He took his time strapping her wrists and ankles to the cross as the crowd continued to watch from behind. Although she could no longer see the crowd, she felt they still watched her every move.

"I want everything you feel to be a surprise," Devlin whispered seductively in her ear as he slipped the black satin sash over her eyes and tied it behind her head. Nothing but complete darkness consumed her vision. Then she felt him step away from her.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he greeted the clubgoers, "my mate, my sub, Scarlett, is a newbie within our Lifestyle."

More applause and cheers from the crowd before they grew silent again.

"We're starting her out slow," he continued. "But there is one thing that *must* be done." Several people began to whisper then quieted. Scarlett tensed, waiting for him to continue this fascinating torture. "My sweet little mate here needs to learn a little lesson. Earlier today, she discouraged me from being protective of her. She insisted on undermining me in front of others. I've decided she deserves ten lashes for her unacceptable behavior."

Her throat grew dry at his words as the cold dungeon grew eerily silent. *Where did Devlin go?* She strained to listen for any sign of his presence—footsteps, his scent, the soft sound of his breathing when he became aroused. But there was absolutely nothing. She gasped

when she suddenly felt the tickle of leather straps ever so lightly grazing over the sensitive tops of her ass cheeks. Her pussy ached with need, and at that moment she would have done just about anything for just a little more pressure. She hadn't even realized how her hips bucked back instinctively to get him to graze her nether lips. That is, until the flogger slapped against her bare ass cheeks with a loud snap. Her body jerked, but she realized it was more from the sound than the actual pain level when the sting subsided much quicker than she'd expected.

"Count," her Master commanded with an intimidating growl, his voice dark and gravelly with lust.

"One, Master." Her voice sounded choked and broken, hardly recognizable to her own ears.

She braced herself for the next whipping she expected to feel immediately after the first. Instead, she felt Devlin's gentle, warm hands softly caress the tender areas on her ass. Her heart skipped when she realized one of his fingers was slowly making its way between her thighs. Knowing she had almost the entire sex club watching her, she knew her ripe pussy would likely be even more soaking wet than it was before she was bound for their entertainment. In fact, she was so wet and the room was so still quiet that the moment he touched her cunt, the wet sound of his finger swirling her juices around her clenching opening seemed embarrassingly loud.

Devlin grunted low, the tone pained, which was followed by several gasps throughout the crowd around her. She guessed his short horns had sprouted while he played with her smooth pussy. "Illusions" is what Master Brock and the other clubgoers called Devlin's shifts.

"It looks like this punishment is not really punishment at all for my naughty little sub." His hand pulled away, and another whip slashed against her ass.

"Two, Master."

Smack.

“Three, Master.”

Then a pause. Rough palms covered her hardened nipples through the sheer fabric of her white nighty, and she exhaled in the little relief it provided the fire in her pussy. Devlin’s hot breath tickled the baby hairs on the back of her neck, the unmistakable sound of passion in his low moan. “You’re doing great, kitten,” he whispered before the heat of his body disappeared again.

Her heart warmed at his words. His praises may have been few and far between, but when he gave them, they meant something special.

Smack.

“Four, Master.”

Smack.

“Five, Master.”

Heat rose to Scarlett’s cheeks as a thick trail of cream seeped from her cunt and down her inner thigh. With her crotchless thong panties, she was sure several people from the crowd would likely notice the embarrassing evidence of her intense arousal.

Smack.

“Six, Master.”

Scarlett winced beneath the black silk blindfold, clenching every muscle in her body as she awaited her next paddling. Instead she felt one of his warm hands roughly grip her left hip. Then in a gentler manner, she felt the large head of his huge cock prod around her slick entrance from behind.

“Watching you clench your luscious little body so hard like that when I spank you has me wondering how good that pussy must feel when you squeeze so tight.” He pushed forward, and the spread position of her legs and the excessive cream from her pussy allowed him to penetrate her ready channel with minimal effort.

It didn’t take long for his incredibly long cock to bump the hilt inside of her, his incredible girth making her feel full to bursting. Devlin drew out a long, deep groan as Scarlett cried out. She had

never been able to notice a significant difference between all her mates' cocks, but going on feeling alone, Devlin had always managed to somehow feel just a little larger than his six brothers.

He took his time pulling his length slowly but not completely out of her pussy, the velvety rod seeming to take several moments before only the head remained inside of her. Spending the last week and a half having nonstop sex with her mates had taught her to easily and quickly recognize their individual patterns and mannerisms. Devlin would often pull almost all the way out before slamming his throbbing cock back in her pussy, and it made her scream out every time.

Smack.

She squealed and jumped at the shock of the flogger coming down on her ass instead of Devlin's cock pounding her cunt.

"Fuck," Devlin drew out in pleasure. "Your sweet pussy just gripped the head of my cock so damn hard, kitten."

"You're teasing me," she said in a tortured voice.

"I didn't ask you what the fuck I'm doing to you. Now keep counting before that last one doesn't count."

"Seven, Master."

Devlin pushed his length very, very slowly into her pussy, torturing her further as he took his sweet time giving her what she desperately wanted. She cried out when his cock finally bumped against the hilt. It was an exhausting struggle not to plead with him to fuck her hard already, but she knew it was absolutely necessary in their scene that she kept some level of control while he kept his expected level of control, as well. It didn't seem like Devlin worked well with bossy people. There was only room for one boss, and that title belonged to her king, her Master.

He kept completely still for a moment before she suddenly heard the loud snap of the flogger against her tender skin, the pain shooting from the thick muscles of her ass straight to her puffy clit. The chain of surprising spankings almost caused her to fall over the edge of

sanity at that point, but she needed him to fuck her hard, without any apologies, just the way she liked it with her Master cowboy.

“Yes,” he hissed out as he ran a gentle hand over the abused flesh. “Grip that cock, darlin’.”

“Eight, Master.”

Slap.

This particular spank stung a little extra, and she felt her entire body tighten and hold, which caused her pussy to grip Devlin’s magical cock like a tight fist.

“N–Nine, Master.”

“Scarlett,” he growled. Then he began to fuck her like she was a cavewoman in heat, finally ending the torture for the both of them. He pushed up and in her roughly, and she barely balanced on her tiptoes as he fucked her body like he’d die without her. He gripped the back of her hair and pulled her head back until he was able to keep her torso still as he impaled the warm, wet depths of her cunt. “Damn, darlin’, you look so fucking gorgeous like this, bound for me to take advantage, your elegant back arched so sexily like this.”

Smack.

“Ten!” she screamed out. Hot streams of tears fell down her cheeks. That last one was no junk in the pain department, and she was thankful it was the last. Then she could hardly believe her body when that pain exploded over and inside her pussy and waves of searing sparks rippled through her body. Her abdominal muscles tightened and contracted as her vision was ravaged by brightness and colors. Her climax plateaued deliciously when Devlin pinched her nipples very hard, the pleasure-pain extending the extreme orgasm for several more breaths.

She must have squeezed her pussy really hard, she realized, when he pulled her body against his, her hot, bare back pressed against his cool, bare chest and gave one hard thrust, his growl loud and long as he pumped stream after stream of his hot cum into her womb. He held her close as they struggled for breath.

“Holy shit, Scarlett,” he whispered in her ear. “I never knew it could *ever* be like that.”

“I love you,” she whispered back, and he kissed her tenderly on the back of her neck in response as he pulled his softening cock out of her cunt channel.

But he didn't stop and continued to shower her shoulders and back with featherlight kisses that caused her to squirm. The coil in her core began to tighten again before it even had a chance to completely unravel. His tongue glided down her spine, and she poked her ass out a little toward him. He chuckled and lightly held each of her ass cheeks in his giant hands.

“I think my kitten deserves another treat for doing so fantastically well during her very first Dom/sub scene. You were absolutely amazing, baby.” His voice sounded...different somehow, Scarlett thought to herself. It sounded content, euphoric, and liberated above all else.

Scarlett's inner cheerleader went wild when she felt his tongue lap her still very wet slit. His head pushed in further between her thighs, and he then sucked her sensitive clit from its protective hood and into his hot mouth. He hummed as he held his mouth still, the soft vibrations sparkling all around her clit until she exploded again. He held her body close against his mouth until she completely shattered.

As she struggled for breath, she felt him move away. Her blindfold was carefully removed, and he unshackled her from the St. Andrew's cross. She gasped when her knees suddenly gave out, but Devlin caught her before she'd even had a chance to fall.

* * * *

Devlin stared down at the smooth, elegant curves of Scarlett's pale back and slightly raised ass as he took his time peeling away the black leather gloves he wore. His eyes feasted on every inch of her bare skin, something he often did when he would fuck her pussy from

behind, as well. Although he loved tits just as much as the next red-blooded Texas boy, he often thought the eroticism of a woman's back was much too underrated. The smooth, feline movements Scarlett's spine would make as she writhed with pleasure made him feel like a real man like nothing else. As inexperienced as his mate had been when they'd just recently met, she was now an elegant, ravishing woman to watch when she moved.

The contrast of the cherry-red lashes against Scarlett's creamy, alabaster skin refused to allow his recently satisfied cock to soften. He loved seeing his mark on her, the mark of his beast. His possessive nature was mainly to blame, but she was much too perfect of a sub to not be protective of. He could never ignore the unfortunate reality that his human mate could fall out of love with him and his brothers, and he always kept that in mind when dealing with her sensitive, human female nature. That made it that much more important to Devlin that Scarlett be introduced to the Lifestyle correctly and patiently.

"Breathe, darlin'. Breathe," he gently instructed, softly rubbing her shoulders a little to encourage her to relax. His large hands seemed to have an instant calming effect on her, her shoulders slightly slumping with relief. She turned her head to face him so that her left cheek rested on the cushioned table. With her eyes closed, her pretty features visibly softened. Her breaths instantly grew more controlled, and he beamed with pride at how easily she took to his instruction, even during her aftercare. He knew the moment he first saw her that she'd make the perfect submissive, and she'd proven him right with how well she'd done during her first scene. Every man in the room, even most of the women, had looked on with carnal lust in their eyes as he flogged his innocent little mate's luscious ass. Nothing made him happier than to know they all wanted what they couldn't have, which is what he would possess for the rest of his life. If he continued to play his cards right, that is.

One of the club's employees had set up their maintenance station in the far dark corner of the dungeon. He was willing to bet Scarlett,

like most newbies, would want to be alone with her Master after such a physically and emotionally intense experience. The most pivotal part of a scene wasn't during the climax, but when the scene was over.

Devlin had attended several useful BDSM educational workshops several years ago at Whipped Cream. The club often gave workshops and seminars to those interested in both beginner and advanced levels of Dom/sub Lifestyle. The workshops focused on safety, cultural guidelines, and the stages of emotions both submissives and Dominants may experience during such intense sexual encounters.

The abundance of stimulation from the intense sexual atmosphere might scare his mate away should she not take the weight of the Dom/sub Lifestyle as slowly as she needed to. The club gave customers the option of having a curtained-off section for more aftercare privacy, but Devlin had always preferred a quiet corner where he and his sub could continue to watch scenes during the all-too-important stage of rest. In his experiences, not completely removing him and his lover from the dungeon's energy made for a smoother comedown from the intense emotions such sexual play may bring upon them. It also helped the sub learn to feel relaxed as well as aroused in the club's atmosphere.

Devlin silently ran through the all-too-familiar list of follow-up discussion questions in his head while he scooted a short doctor's stool over to the side of the table Scarlett laid upon. He'd led countless after-scene discussions asking the questions he'd learned in his Dom workshops. He could recite most of them in his sleep from going through the list so many times in his head.

"Is there anything preventing you from feeling completely comfortable at this moment, little kitten?" The moment the clichéd question escaped his mouth, he felt an unfamiliar pang in his heart. He realized it had been the first time as a Dom that he'd addressed his sub with a pet name other than "pet." He'd called her kitten since the first day on the ranch, and he realized that any generic sub title just wouldn't do for his mate. The other thing that struck him was how

impatient he felt as he awaited her answer. He prided himself in his patience and control, but anxiously waiting to hear his little woman confirm her well-being was testing those admirable traits.

“No,” she replied in a breathy tone. The small, demure voice didn’t correlate with the uninhibited, brave vixen she’d transformed into just moments ago. “Your hands...they’re so...perfect.” She released a low groan of satisfaction as he very gently glided his oiled hands up and down the backside of her body, paying special attention to not further irritate the red slashes decorating her ass and back. He’d kill himself before he’d ever touch her in a way that would deliberately hurt her.

“How do you feel now that you are separated from the scene?” Again, something foreign inside of him stirred as he continued the routine questioning. He realized he’d even leaned in a little closer to get a better listen for her answer.

“Like I’m lying on the beachfront of paradise itself,” she answered without hesitation. The corners of her full, swollen lips turned up, a clear indication of tranquility she likely felt.

“Good, kitten. That’s real good,” Devlin said with a relieved chuckle. If there was one thing vanillas and kinks agreed on was that the Lifestyle sure as hell wasn’t for everybody, but Scarlett had taken to it like a beautiful swan to water. It took a strong, confident woman to be able to handle his sexual appetites, and Scarlett had been all that and much more. It was just another reason he felt lucky to have her.

They continued to talk for several more minutes while he comforted her. As they did so, Devlin felt an overwhelming sense of happiness that the very Lifestyle he’d come to love and find comfort in had ended up bringing the two of them closer than ever. But having Scarlett there with him to be his slave gave Devlin a deeper sense of contentment when acting out the scenes. It was as if he’d finally found what he’d been looking for after all those years at Whipped Cream.

* * * *

The uncontrollable giddiness she felt made Scarlett want to jump up from the massage table and holler out in delight. The thought alone made her want to collapse into a giggle fit. On the way into Dallas, Devlin had just briefly gone over some of the basics of what she would be experiencing her first time as a trained sub. She remembered how he told her the aftercare of a scene was vital in transitioning from fantasy to reality. He'd said that some subs would cry hysterically while others would laugh hysterically. All hysterical emotions, however.

What had just happened on that stage as she stood bound to a leather-padded St. Andrew's cross seemed to have awakened something inside her she never knew existed. Being at her mate's mercy and complete control was more liberating than she'd ever imagined would be possible. His control had demanded her full attention be put on her pleasure. Forced to submit to his demands, she'd experienced the most explosive climax she could ever remember having.

Now she believed more than ever that she could trust Devlin with her soul. He'd protected her and was patient and careful in his teachings. He had taken his time to study her reactions in order to keep in touch with what she was feeling, just like he'd promised her he would.

When his hands suddenly disappeared from her searing flesh, she looked up to see him coming toward her with the white lace robe she'd been wearing. "Now let's just sit back and enjoy the shows."

She allowed him to silently and slowly slip the robe on her half-naked body. Her arms and legs felt heavy and numb, and Devlin easily bended her body. When he lifted her in his arms, she had to fight for the strength to hold on to his neck. As he whispered to her how proud he was of her, he walked them over to a large, plush chaise lounge nearby. "I love you, kitten," he said down to her, his light

green eyes so obviously tainted with love. He sat down as he placed her on the floor, at his feet. She instinctively put her head on his lap, smiling as he lovingly finger-combed her worry-sore scalp.

“I love you, too, Master.”

Chapter Six

The echo of heavy footsteps made her pause over the stove, and she looked over at Devlin setting the oak table for breakfast. They smiled at each other, and he gave her a nod to indicate she should hurry to get in position.

She quickly placed the last of the French toast on the eight-plate setup then hurried over to kneel several yards away from the entrance to the hallway leading to the bedrooms.

After learning so much at Whipped Cream the night before, she thought it would be fun to give them all a little service of their own. Devlin even seemed excited about it.

Before their first sex scene, Devlin had never shown much warmth toward his brothers, despite how much she knew he loved them all. But now it seemed his mood mellowed, and she was relieved to see it translate to his family life. He had even helped her insert the brand-new silver butt plug when she woke that morning.

When she tucked her chin down, she took advantage of another opportunity to really check out the handkerchief of material attempting yet failing to cover her ample chest. She wore nothing but a baby-pink-and-black polka-dot apron trimmed in black ruffles. The front read "Sweet" in black cursive stitching. It looked like something a pure, conservative, nuclear-family housewife would wear to make her family cupcakes on a beautiful autumn day like today.

But that was the only thing Scarlett wore that could be described as demure. In fact, it was the only thing Scarlett wore, period. The rounded sides of her breasts flirted out the sides of the front, and her tender, well-disciplined ass rested against her bare ankles in the

kneeling position. She wore no panties, either, and she felt the heat between her pussy lips thicken as she looked herself over. Just like Devlin had taught her, she rested her hands palms up on her thighs as she awaited their entrance.

As the sounds of their country drawls drew closer, Scarlett's heart beat faster in anticipation, but she kept her form consistent and correct. Suddenly, the voices stopped. It was then that she knew the men had walked in the kitchen area.

Her head snapped to her left when she heard the front door open. "Mornin'," Byron grumbled as he stepped in and closed the door. When he turned to face them, he suddenly froze and slowly smiled. Nothing else was said as he walked over, noisily unbuckling his belt, his eyes orange and thirsty for her body.

"Y'all would have been proud of our little mate last night." Devlin beamed as he stood close to her right-hand side, a short distance from his beautiful brothers. "She took direction very well, listened carefully, and looked damn good doing it all for the love of me. And just to prove how much of a perfect slave she makes for our family, I've spent the morning teaching Scarlett all our breakfast specialties so that she can cook for us anytime she gets that hospitable urge." The other men all spoke at once then, and even though it was hard to decipher exactly what the shirtless six men were saying, she could tell from their tone that the thought of her cooking for them made them happy. Devlin held up a hand calmly, and his brothers instantly fell silent. "But it seems Scarlett may have overcooked a little." He indicated the piled plates of eggs, French toast, bacon, grits, and just about every other breakfast food imaginable. "So first, she wants us all to work up a good, healthy appetite."

"Ooh, sounds promising." Rhett already had his jeans unbuttoned, obviously in need of more room for the out of control hard-on poking through his fly. He looked at her as if she was the first naked woman he'd ever seen. Ironically, even though Scarlett was now acting as a submissive, his noticeable reaction made her feel more powerful and

in control than she'd felt in days.

"Where would you like me to service you, Master?" she asked softly as she innocently blinked up at the men that all hovered over her.

She watched them all exchange glowing looks of approval before Sonny turned to her. "Well, if you're really letting us pick anywhere we want, my vote is the front porch. The sun is going to rise in a few minutes, and the thought of that delectable body bathed in shades of pinks and oranges is driving me insane with need right now."

She gave him a small smile before bowing her head. "It will be my pleasure to serve you, Master Lenox."

"Damn, y'all hear the way she says that?" Leo asked as he reached down to rub the pad of his thumb over her lightly glossed bottom lip. "She speaks so genuinely. I could come just hearing her talk like that." She curled her tongue around his thumb and sucked it hard in her mouth, causing him to moan out loud until she finally released him. "Fuck, baby girl. Now I really might come. Mmm. I think I've decided that pretty mouth needs to get its own lesson in service. Now slide my cock through those gorgeous lips of yours."

Marveling at the way he looked at her now, like a real woman, had her realizing how much growth she'd inevitably done in the last week and a half. It wasn't until she had spent a little classroom time with the eldest, Leo, that she felt comfortable enough in her own skin to have the confidence required to maintain seven horny lovers. He'd even taught her how to talk dirty in bed, something she never could have imagined being brave enough to ever consider doing. Her introduction to public exhibition with Rhett had taught her to let go of the anxiety over what others thought, likely a result of her perfectionist personality, in exchange for the liberation of insisting on her own pleasure despite any judgments that may come their way as a result of their nontraditional sexual cravings. Levi resurrected emotions within her, whether they had been good or scary bad, in a way that she found addicting. He'd made her feel alive in the most

beautiful way imaginable, in love and protected to the death. Even when it brought on the possibility of his own, much to her dramatic dismay.

“I can’t wait another second.” Rhett spoke through his clenched jaw. Without much more warning than that, he bent down at the waist and hauled Scarlett over his shoulder, her completely naked ass poking up high in the air as he made his way through the living room and over to the front door.

He easily kicked it open, and just for a moment, she hoped he hadn’t ruined yet another front door this week. She could see the dark sky lightening ever so slightly in the far distance as the sun took its time to make its presence known.

Rhett gently placed her on the wooden porch then straightened, wasting no time as he undressed right before her eyes, more and more delicious, golden skin revealed with each rip and pull of his cowboy clothing. By the time the last of the other brothers stepped out of the house, Rhett stood in front of her wearing nothing but his dark crimson cowboy hat and silver nipple rings. Holding the base of his cock tightly in one hand, he guided it to her lips and softly brushed over them with the mushroomed head. Shape-shifters often found the touch of their mate much more intense than that of an unclaimed female. That simple touch caused his whole body to visibly shudder, and she hadn’t even used any part of her tongue on him yet, either.

As the other six brothers surrounded them for a better view of the show they were about to happily give them, she watched as Rhett’s face lit up with excitement and heat. Rhett had wicked tastes, one of those being exhibitionism. It seemed the more people that watched and the more intimate the scene, the more Rhett became pure animal in the sheets. Knowing how much Rhett appreciated visual stimulation, she began by giving him what he loved the most. Sitting on her heels, her knees parted, she looked straight into his blue eyes and leaned back on one hand as she used the other to slowly lift the short hem of her apron. She watched his eyes widen impossibly large

as more of her bright pink, trimmed pussy peaked from underneath. The hem of the apron rested on her tummy, and she reached down to glide two fingers over her wet slit before placing the fingers in her mouth and sucking loud enough for the other men to hear her, as well.

Every man on the porch groaned and mumbled their dirty, dark intentions with her. The six other men removed everything they wore, as well, but Scarlett was happy to see they remembered her request to keep the cowboy hats on as much as possible when they fucked her, especially when they fucked her outside.

"Denzel, come here." She conjured over the other twin, happily noticing how eager he looked to be in her need.

"Yes, Ms. Scarlett?" he asked sweetly as he approached her.

"Kneel, now," she demanded with a degrading, authoritative snap of her fingers.

Denzel dropped to his knees without a wasted second.

"You are to do your best to never look down on me when I'm giving you orders. Understood?"

He smiled with contentment as he nodded. "Anything, Ms. Scarlett." She didn't miss the way his eyes rested on her hardened nipples under the apron fabric or the way he licked his gorgeously full, ripe lips as he continued to be held captive by her curves.

"I want you to untie the top of this apron for me, baby." She dipped her fingers down into her pussy and through her juices again as she held his gaze. "I'm getting much too hot to be wearing yards of fabric like that."

The other men chuckled at her sarcasm, and Denzel's smile widened. He reached around her neck and untied the bow. The two apron straps fell to her lap, fully uncovering her breasts. His eyes glowed orange at the sight of them, and he growled low within his chest.

"Now I want you to show them some of that expert attention of yours while I suck your brother's cock. Do you think you can do that for me, Denzel?"

“Yes, Ms. Scarlett,” he whispered low, lowering his head to her chest. They both moaned simultaneously as he very slowly ran the flat of his tongue back and forth across her left nipple before moving to her right.

Turning her attention back to Rhett, she gripped the flesh of his hips and pulled him in closer to her. He hadn’t even made a full step before she opened her mouth and swallowed his length down as if she were starving for his cock. His short horns sprouted from his temples and his eyes fluttered to the back of his head as she swallowed him down in short, quick movements of her throat. The intense waves already pulsing through her body made her eager to taste his hot cum in her mouth.

“I love watching the way you take that cock, darlin’,” Rhett drawled as he thrust in and out of her mouth in controlled movements. His eyes would rest on her mouth then move to where his brother sucked her tits then down to where her hand was thrust up her own skirt.

Without giving warning, she let the heavy cock fall from her mouth then caught it in her right hand. She pumped her fist up and down the slick surface as she focused in on his tightening balls. She lightly slapped his scrotum with her tongue before taking each of his testicles into her mouth one at a time, swirling the tip of her tongue along its rounded surfaces as she temporarily held it captive in her hot mouth.

“Fuck, look at you. *Damn!*” His cock lightly throbbed as she bathed his balls with her tongue.

His testicles drew closer to his body, and she knew he was ready. He moaned with intense disapproval when she stopped teabagging him. One hand still gripping Rhett’s thick cock, she stared at it for a couple moments, admiring its beauty and size. Perfection.

Licking her lips to make sure they were nice and wet first, she moved back in. His body tensed as his heavy breathing became a little louder. Her lips slid over the head of his cock and down his shaft,

slowly but not too slowly since Rhett had been so good and patient with her.

“Scarlett! Oh, Scarlett!” She fought to hold in a giggle as he chanted her name in torture. The fight suddenly ended when she tasted the thick, salty cum fill the inside of her mouth.

When Rhett had finally mustered the strength to pull away from her mouth, she noticed that the rest of her men now had orange eyes, and their cocks stood at attention like an army of soldiers on the line.

“Devlin, remove the rest of my apron please.”

He obeyed then, pulling away the rest of the apron from her naked body. She noticed Rhett wobbling over to the side of the group, his hand softly jerking his still erect cock despite the indication of fatigue in his shallow breathing. Scarlett knew that as long as it was being stimulated, Rhett’s cock would stay hard, too, until just minutes later regaining the desperation to come like a bull all over again. She guessed he’d likely come at least three more times that night before he’d finally collapse in his bed and cover his face with his cowboy hat, obviously worn and spent from the pleasure she so happily gave him.

She turned back and looked up at the other five brothers standing over her. “I’m ready for your next command, Master Devlin.” She bowed her head in respect, a sign of the sincerity she felt inside.

Devlin patted the top of her head lovingly. “Such a good little kitty. Just perfect. Yes, kitten. I now want you to make love to me and my brothers, but I have one request. I need you to prove to me that you learned something last night at Whipped Cream. I need you to prove to us that you have complete trust in us controlling you when we feel you have the sudden need to be controlled.”

“Anything, Master Devlin.”

“You will allow us to hold you and pass you around from brother to brother as we all fuck your tight pussy and ass.”

“Of course, Master Devlin.” With the big, green-eyed cowboy standing hard and naked just a touch away, she couldn’t resist risking

the chance of getting caught stealing a look at his mouthwatering cock and balls.

“Only you are to not touch a single hair to the floor the entire time.”

The men all laughed as she snapped her head up to look at his face, hoping to be able to figure out whether he could possibly be serious over something so ridiculous. “As in I can’t touch the floor the entire time?”

“Ah, see, I knew you were the type to catch on quickly,” Rhett teased as he patted her head. “I don’t care what they say, darlin’.”

Scarlett was in no mood to deal with Rhett’s distracting, ball-busting antics while she focused on a challenge she wasn’t sure she had the ability to complete. So in one clean pull, she pulled out a small chunk of pubic hair at the base of his scrotum.

“Holy—why would you—Goddamn woman!” Rhett held his crotch in one hand as he ran back in the house in search of some pain remedy.

Of course, Scarlett had no problem admitting to herself that her relationship-therapy techniques would be highly over the top for any normal man, but an extreme man like Rhett required the use of extreme measures.

“Like I said,” Devlin continued calmly, as if he’d never been interrupted, “you are not to touch the ground. You weigh nothing, so if you touch the ground, it would have nothing to do with you being heavy and us not being strong enough to hold you and flip you around back and forth. If you touch that goddamn ground, it will be because you panicked from lack of trust in us and you ended up pulling and twisting against us. Understood, kitten?”

“Yes, Master Devlin.”

She looked down and kept her eyes on her upturned palms but saw his feet move around her in her peripherals. He stopped somewhere far off. Then Leo’s brown boots slowly crept over to her other side before she heard him stop directly behind her. In one

smooth scoop, he lifted her in his arms, his naked flesh searing hers with sexual energy. With his feet planted firmly in place, he turned her body until she faced him, forcing her to wrap her legs around his broad chest, the rasp of his salt-and-pepper chest hair tickling the delicate skin of her inner thighs.

He smiled up at her as he used one hand to spread her ass cheeks apart. Before she could stop herself, she tensed her body when she remembered the butt plug lodged in her asshole. His eyebrow rose suggestively when he knocked against the plug with his knuckle. She couldn't help but gasp sharply at the stab of pressured pleasure that impaled her tight channel. When her body jerked, her swollen, engorged clit caught between the light sprinkle of Leo's coarse, masculine chest hairs, and she cried out in frustration from the desperation she felt to fuck all her mates at once. "Surprise, surprise," he murmured as he nuzzled her neck then moaned, inhaling the scent of her throat before licking a small area there slowly. "Devlin wasn't lying when he said he educated you on all sorts of fun stuff. But let's see if you learned the most important lesson of all. We're going to see just how much you can let go of all that control in order to trust us properly."

The sound of movement behind her indicated someone was taking position there. But Leo didn't even glance behind her in that direction, and she wondered how exactly he planned on testing these so-called trust levels. His attention remained on her spread open pussy that rested on his muscular, hard chest. "Damn, that's a ripe pussy, baby girl." He carefully lowered her body, her cunt scraping deliciously against every contour of his torso on the path down, until the wide, smooth head of his cock nudged against her pussy opening. She grimaced at the slight bite of pain, the butt plug causing her little pussy to be even tighter than it was before.

Leo captured her mouth in his, muffling their groans as his cock pushed through her tight, wet entrance. She threw her head back in ecstasy, trusting him to hold her waist tight as he pumped her body up

and down the length of his cock. When she opened her eyes, she saw her other men watching anxiously from the front and sides of her, awaiting their turn to give her a wild Texas ride.

The sunrise started, and just as she expected, her men looked so beautiful in the purple shadows of the rising sun. But where was By—she screamed out in shock when she felt Leo completely let go of the upper half of her unsuspecting body. She was relieved when a thick arm caught her from behind her neck before she smacked the back of her head in to Leo's shins. Now her upper half hung upside down, her face just inches from a large cock, while Leo still fucked her as he stood with her legs wrapped around his torso.

When she realized the owner of the anonymous cock had dark, tanned skin, she immediately knew it was Byron's. At this point in her stay at the Lenox Ranch, she was used to Byron being the brother who constantly rejected her desire to fuck him blind. His mysterious, unresolved emotional baggage fed a guilt which sadly interfered with his sexual life. He'd only allowed her to suck his cock so far, and she hoped it would soon be time to finally fuck Byron Lenox once and for all.

Scarlett snaked out her tongue and grazed the ridge along the head of his cock.

"Yes," he hissed long and low as he plucked at her hard nipples. The men had extremely easy access to most of her body in that position, she realized. Byron continued to pinch one of her nipples as he rubbed a hand up her body and to her slick clit. She groaned in pleasure then wrapped her lips around the tip of his cock. His grunts begged for her to stop her evil torture, and she suddenly craved his musky taste dancing along her taste buds. She took her time gliding his long cock down her throat, slowly getting used to giving head in that position. The idea of giving an upside-down blow job had never crossed her mind, but she loved the new perspective from the position she was in, sandwiched between two sexy cowboys she couldn't live without.

The three of them moved like a well-oiled machine. Leo fucked Scarlett's tight pussy deeply as she sucked Byron's cock from upside down. Byron rapidly strummed her cherry-red clit as Leo's cock pumped in and out of her. He didn't do it for long before Scarlett's body stiffened, her breathing rapidly puffing out as she struggled for logical thought. All was lost, though, as she exploded within, coming with the cocks in her pussy and her mouth as she screamed out their names. When Byron stopped pumping his seed down her throat, she pulled herself up to come face to face with Leo. He kissed her softly and lovingly as he handed her over to Levi.

Levi turned toward Denzel, who sat on the porch with his hard cock in his hand. "Stand up, big bro. This one requires teamwork."

Denzel stood, and then Levi lifted Scarlett high to sit her on Denzel's shoulders. Only her pussy was pressed against the front of Denzel's face, and he had to support her ass in his large hands to hold her in place. She was disappointed at how still he kept his mouth as he waited for Levi to take position beneath her ass. That disappeared as soon as she felt them feast on her together, Denzel eating her fucked pussy as Levi ate her trained ass at the same time. Scarlett gripped Denzel's black hair in her fingers as she rode his face higher and higher.

There was nothing quite like the amazing sounds that would come out of Denzel's mouth when he'd eat her pussy raw. His eyes would roll back, and his face would flush, further convincing Scarlett that this man loved eating her pussy almost as much as she loved to have it eaten.

At the same time Denzel played her cunt like a flute, Levi prodded along the butt plug in her asshole with his curious tongue. Scarlett couldn't decide which way to lean further into, and she was relieved when Levi took one more step in to sandwich her tighter between their active wet mouths. The pressure sent her over the edge yet again, and she bucked her hips against their faces, her climax seeming to shoot out from every opening she had.

She hadn't had a chance to even slightly come down from her post-orgasmic bliss when she was once again handed to another set of strong, thick arms. Devlin's eyes were swamped in burnt orange, almost unrecognizable as he looked down at her like he'd sooner have her for dinner than sexual pleasure. He only briefly broke eye contact to glance in the direction he walked in on the long, wraparound porch. She followed his gaze and saw they were walking toward Sonny, who sat with his legs slightly spread on the old-fashioned wooden porch swing.

Sonny's joyful blue eyes sparkled up at her as Devlin placed her in his lap. She smiled back, facing him. "Finally, my turn," he whispered happily, grabbing her hand and kissing it in exaggerated gratitude. She giggled then kissed him back. As she wrapped her lips around the tongue he stuck out at her, she felt Devlin spread her knees apart before moving in to wedge between her thighs.

"Lift her," Devlin sternly commanded.

Sonny instantly broke their kiss and helped Devlin slightly suspend her in the air, Sonny lifting her at her waist and Devlin holding her up with a tight grip on her hips and ass. She rested her head back against Sonny's shoulder for support as she looked down to watch Devlin place his engorged cock between her wet folds then sigh. She watched him hold his breath as he pushed against her cunt hole. He didn't release it until his pelvis rested against the back of her thighs. He then nodded some kind of brotherly signal to Sonny, who then reached under to spread the cream leaking from her pussy along the opening of her ass. Devlin continued to hold still as Sonny very carefully removed Scarlett's butt plug then quickly replaced the hard-worked toy with what could never be replaced in Scarlett's book—a real man's cock.

The intense flashes of heat searing her muscles enveloped her senses, drugging her into a mindless state where logic and sense no longer had enough power to exist. She distantly heard the men roar out their releases inside of her, filling her ass and pussy to flooding,

mixing with her own bodily fluids. Reality began to patch itself together when suddenly it was swallowed by flashes of light again. When another orgasm didn't build, Scarlett realized she was experiencing another memory flashback she'd forgotten through her amnesia.

Her father had shown her a blueprint of the office building. She couldn't hear what he said, but she saw him point at the study. He indicated a little yellow dot, and his lips moved fast as he explained something to her. He pointed to the corner of the room they sat in, straight at the camera hidden inside the giant grandfather clock.

He wheeled over to the fireplace then stopped. Looking back at Scarlett, he held a bony finger to his lips and shushed her before throwing the blueprint in the fire. When she came back from the vision, all she could do was...smile. *Smile*. Even though her sight hadn't fully returned just yet, the corners of her mouth perked. Then her lips spread.

"Scarlett?" Leo's face sharpened. He looked perplexed and a bit horrified with his eyes fixed on her smile. "Are you okay, darlin'?"

"Security cameras?"

The men exchanged blank stares but said nothing.

"Security cameras! There are security cameras in the study!" The volume of her voice increased as she continued. "One of my first visions was of Alisa and Todd having sex in the study."

The men smiled genuinely, and they all seemed amused by her enthusiasm.

"No one knows about the security cameras except me and Daddy!" she screamed, jumping up and down, and continued to scream and cheer.

"I knew I could do it. I knew there had to be a way to prove..." As she rambled, her arms flying in the air and adrenaline pumping through her veins, she brainstormed all her new ideas of getting the footage.

The men listened as they all pulled their boxers back on, nodding

their heads and smiling wide at her.

“Paper. I need paper and a pen. Leo, where do you keep the paper and pen?”

But she didn’t wait for an answer and was in fact almost down the hall when she’d even asked the question. In the study she found a yellow legal pad and a red pen.

“Okay, like I was saying,” she continued as she walked back to where her men waited, “if we can find a window of time when—”

Like a sucker punch that feels really, really good, the shock of what was before her stole the air from her lungs. The legal pad and red pen fell from her limp hands, and she distantly heard the pen roll across the hardwood floor, a soft, clicking sound, until it was stopped by some fixed object.”

“Scarlett Rose, will you accept this collar from us?”

Devlin held out a pearl choker with an attached black-and-white antique Cameo. He stood tall before her with three brothers on either side of him, each kneeling on one knee.

End of Book 5: Devlin’s Beast

**To be continued in
Book 6: Byron’s Bite**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lola grew up in small town Texas as the only girl in her family, thus harboring a healthy appetite for football and a great appreciation for the simple, rugged world of men. Her best friend describes her as “the guy’s girl in lace,” the one that can kick up her stilettos to enjoy a night of pigskin and Robert Rodriguez movies.

She is now a single mother working two jobs to support her childhood dream of being Meryl Streep in *She-Devil*.

Also by Lola Newmar

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