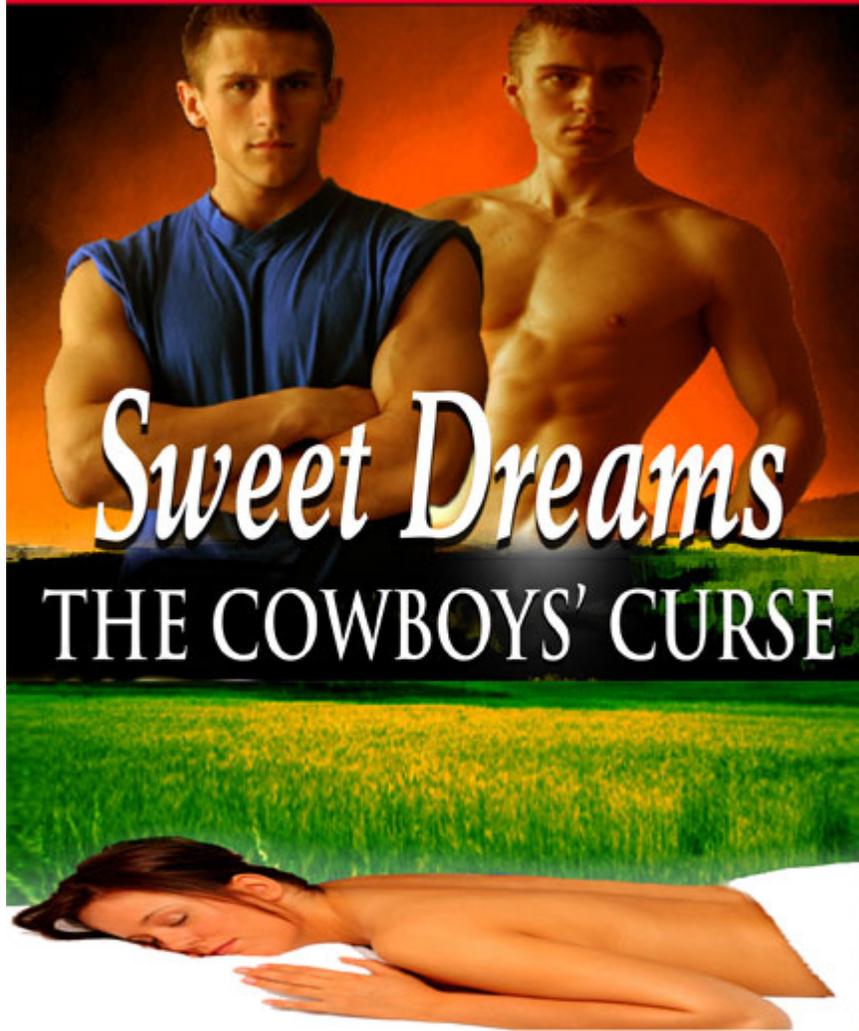


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Sweet Dreams
THE COWBOYS' CURSE

JENNY PENN

SWEET DREAMS

Cowboys' Curse 1

Jenny Penn

MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

To My Nana.

SWEET DREAMS

Cowboys' Curse 1

JENNY PENN
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Prologue

Gibson, TX

Mike Baxter narrowed his eyes on the pick-up flying down the dirt drive. The back tires kicked up a dust storm, foreshadowing the thunder about to come. A shame given how long the day had been to end it with an early evening tantrum.

It had been hot and draining. He'd spent the day sweaty and dusty. He'd earned this moment of relaxation. Not that Leslie Dicks would care one bit about ruining his evening. Hell, it'd probably make her happy to know she had that kind of power.

The beat-up, old Ford spun into the front yard, tearing up the grass he and his brothers had spent long hours getting to grow just right. Figured the wench wouldn't have the decency to park in the gravel like everybody else. As if Leslie was like anybody else. She certainly did pissed-off better than any hardened cowboy Mike knew.

From the snorts and snickers of his five brothers, they knew the fury about to unfold. In the tradition of younger brothers, they stayed settled on the porch, eager to watch the oldest of the clan get his. Their enjoyment of the moment only added to Mike's irritation.

Tugging his Stetson further down his forehead, he squared his shoulders, tightened his jaw and stepped off the porch into the direct path of the worst plague a man could ever fear being cursed with. He didn't waste time hoping that Leslie would be rational or clear headed enough to conduct this conversation in privacy.

Before the truck could even come to a complete halt, Leslie threw open the door and bounded out. "Mike Baxter, you are the lowest scum in the entire world!"

"Now, Leslie—"

"I swear if you were an ant, I'd get a magnifying glass and burn you bit by bit."

"Leslie—"

"I know just which part to start with!"

"Damnit, woman, it—"

"Course I would probably need a damn telescope to find that part as small as I hear it is!"

"Watch yourself, Leslie. I ain't—"

"I swear I ought to clock you so hard you'd fly back in time and end up in diapers! Then maybe your mama would have a chance to raise you right!"

"Don't you be talking about my—"

"And with that skank Rhonda." Leslie face scrunched with disgust. "I had to take Melody to the damn clinic just make sure she didn't catch anything!"

"She didn't, did she?" That pearl came over Mike's shoulder from his middle brother, Max.

"Shut up, Max!"

"I even made them test her for fleas."

"Fleas? For Christ's sakes—"

"I told you what I'd do if you screwed my sister over."

"Oh, for the love of God, you're not a witch, Leslie. Just running around claiming you are bonded with nature doesn't make it true."

"Ah, don't listen to him, little bit." That came from Marc.

“Yeah, curse him good, Leslie,” Shawn chimed in.

“Shrink his head,” Jason hollered over the growing chuckles.

“Which head would that be?” Trent snickered.

“There is only one that he really uses.”

Jason’s retort had all the brothers bursting into laughter. That final straw broke Mike’s temper. He turned on his brothers with a quickness that spoke of an ability to kick any and all of their asses. He didn’t even have to say a word. They quieted down, even if they all still wore smirks and grins.

“All you boys are just pure sick,” Leslie shouted back at them. “Not a real man among you.”

“I’m a real man, Leslie.”

Trent hooked his thumbs through his belt loops and pulled them tight, showing off the erection that deformed the front of his jeans. Trent had always gotten hard when arguing with a woman. Mike rolled his eyes at the idiocy of his youngest brother. Now was definitely not the time.

“Why don’t you step on up here and let me turn that frown upside down?”

“Shut the hell up, Trent!”

Damnit! If his moron of a brother didn’t watch it, he’d get shot. Leslie may not possess any supernatural powers, but everybody knew she could hit a moving target nearly a half-mile off with the right rifle. Last year she’d proven her ability to pull the trigger on a man when her bullet had burned a path right over Doug Howard’s ass.

“Just having some fun.” Trent smirked. “Besides, little Leslie looks like she needs to work off some energy.”

“I swear if she doesn’t shoot you, I will. Now shut up!” Mike turned his scowl on Leslie. “What the hell are you doing?”

She didn’t respond, but continued to glare at him in that creepy way she had. It made all his hair stand up on end. He could almost feel the cold whisper of hands touching all over him. An unauthorized

shudder moved through his body, trying to throw off the unwanted touch.

Mike had had enough. “Damnit, Leslie...Where the hell are you going?”

She’d turned and strutted back to the open door of her truck without a word. With the door in hand, she paused only long enough to answer him.

“I put a curse on you.” Her eyes darted over her shoulder and the cold twist of her lips held such malice it couldn’t be called a smile. “On all of you sluts.”

“Oh, please,” Trent snorted.

“It starts tonight.” Leslie’s eyes narrowed on Trent. “On you and that ugly mutt that looks just like you.”

* * * *

Three Weeks Later – Dallas, TX

Lillie Mae blinked and then blinked again, trying hard not to laugh as she stared into the shoebox Mike Baxter held out to her. Of all the things she could have dreamed up when the large cowboy had said he couldn’t explain his problem and she had to see it, this would never have made it onto the list.

“What are you looking at?” The deep, baritone of the man boomed out at full volume, despite the miniature body looking up at her from the shoebox.

“What do you think she’s looking at, you twit?” The second tiny male snapped back.

Like animated figurines, the two men were carbon copies of each other. Identical even down to their outfits which were nothing more than scraps of white fabric with holes cut out for their heads.

“Screw you,” the first man shot back.

Right before her eyes, the little men broke into an argument that quickly escalated from words to fists. From under the hem of the itty-bitty makeshift ponchos, thin, little arms and legs flailed about as the miniature sized men hurled life-sized curses at each other. They fell into a ball of tanned skin and white fabric as the fight shifted and one brother managed to pin the other to the cardboard floor. The advantage didn't last and in a swirling sweep of white cotton the brothers rolled.

"Stop it, you two!" With an annoyed jerk of his wrist, Mike jarred the shoebox and sent both of the teeny men fumbling about.

"Hey!"

"Just wait till I'm back to full size. I'm going to kick your ass, Mike!"

"Lillie Mae, let me introduce you to my younger brothers, Trent and Shawn. Trent is the one who is threatening bodily harm."

"My God." With a hand barely held steady, she gingerly reached in and picked up one of the little men for a closer look.

"Hey!" The man squirmed between her thumb and finger. "It may be small, but it still has feeling. Watch what you're squeezing, woman!"

"Sorry."

"Squeeze it harder!"

"Screw you, Shawn!"

"It's your damn mouth that got us into this predicament in the first place."

"No, it wasn't. Mike's inability to keep his boner on a leash got us here."

"Shut up, Trent!" Mike still had to raise his voice to drown out the bickering of his brothers. They might have been all of two inches tall, but their voices hadn't shrunk a bit.

"Up yours, Mike! If it wasn't for your unruly cock, I'd be getting mine wet right now instead of pinched by some witch."

Mike tucked his middle finger against his thumb and aimed at Trent the way Lillie Mae imagined he would a bug he intended to flick. “Wanna repeat that, *little* brother?”

Trent didn’t, but he did grumble to himself, a slurring of obscenities that Lillie Mae couldn’t make out. She set the annoyed man down on her table as Mike lifted and settled his twin next to them.

“Maybe I better explain how this happened.”

Mike’s words turned her attention, but not her eyes. They could not stray from the two men dressed like Halloween ghosts. “I’m dying to know.”

“It’s pretty simple really.” That had to be an understatement. “They got cursed by a witch and when they woke up the next morning—” Mike gestured to his brothers.

“They were two inches tall.” Lillie Mae couldn’t help but snicker at that. She’d heard and seen the worst of what people could do to each other, but never anything like this. Whoever this witch was, Lillie Mae had to give her points for creativity.

“Nice story, Mike,” Trent grunted. “I like how you left out the part where you cheated on the witch’s sister and she cursed all of us for your indiscretion.”

“Shut up, Trent!”

“You’re cursed, too?” Lillie Mae raised an eyebrow at Mike, who shifted uncomfortably before shrugging.

“Not that I can tell, but Leslie said she’d start with them.”

“Hmm.”

“Can you fix it?” Mike didn’t sound hopeful.

“I might be able to.” She would certainly try. “Let me check something.”

“What?”

“I just want to see...” Lillie moved quickly to collect what she needed to determine the type of curse the other witch had laid down on the cowboys.

“What are you doing?” Mike’s doubtful voice broke the silence as she arranged the crystals she’d collected around the miniature men before placing a candle within the circle. Not too close to the brothers though. She didn’t want to kill one of them with a hot glob of wax.

“What you have described is beyond any human magic I know.” Lillie lit the candle with a quick flick of the lighter she kept handy.

“Beyond...what do you mean human?”

“Shhh,” Lillie May ignored Mike’s question and pinched out a small pile of dust from a velvet pouch. With a gentle breath, she sent the fine fragments into the air in a chaotic whirl of motion. They glittered and glimmered for a moment before condensing over the shrunken men, taking on a distinctly lavender glow.

“Fairies.”

“Fairies? What crack are you smoking, woman?” This came from Trent as he waved away the dust storm collecting over him.

“As I said, this is beyond human magic. This is fairy magic.”

“Are you saying Leslie is a fairy?” That disbelieving question came from Mike. Lillie Mae wondered why he’d have such a hard time with the notion considering he had twin set of two-inch tall brothers in front of him.

“Not necessarily.” Lillie shrugged. “She could be or she could be human with the blessing of a fairy. However it works, the curse put upon you is fairy magic.”

“Does that mean we need to find a fairy to break the curse?” Shawn sounded disheartened by that prospect.

“You don’t really break a fairy curse. That’s not the way their magic works, that’s more a gypsy kind of curse.”

“Cut the crap,” Trent snapped. “How do we get back to being our original height?”

“Fairy curses are kind of like...a test. You have to pass it to return to your normal state.”

“What kind of test?” Trent demanded.

“I don’t honestly know. I’m going to...need some help to determine that answer.”

“Help?” Shawn asked.

“We’re going to need a fairy.”

“You know any fairies?”

“Well, no, but we know one person who does.”

It took a moment for that statement to penetrate. Mike broke the men’s stunned silence first.

“No. Leslie did this. Trust me she’s not going to help us.”

They really had no choice, but Lillie Mae wasn’t going to waste time arguing the point. “Then this will take a while.”

“A while?” Shawn raised an eyebrow at that.

“Be quicker if I talked to this Leslie.”

“No,” Mike snapped, his tone sharpening. A story lurked there behind the cowboy’s obstinance. Lillie Mae might be curious, but she knew she wouldn’t get her answers from the man. “Whatever it takes, but not that.”

“Easy for you to say,” Shawn retorted. “I say whatever it takes. I’m not spending my life this size.”

Chapter 1

Two months later – Macon, GA

Anna Moore all but floated out of the comfortable, climate-controlled building and into the oppressive humidity of the late summer day. Normally sitting in the heat, waiting for the bus after a long, monotonous day wasted behind the receptionist desk accentuated her crappy luck in life. Not today.

Today she grinned at the world passing her by encased in their air-conditioned automobiles. Soon enough, she'd join them. Buying her first car would be her top priority once she got settled into her new life in Atlanta. She wouldn't have the money to afford the nicest car or one fully loaded with all the extras, but it would be hers and that would make it perfect.

Perfect, the word described her day to a T. Today Dan Summerton had actually asked her out. Dan Summerton. A giggle escaped her just at the thought of the sexy accountant. A dream of muscles and dark hair with deep chocolate bedroom eyes, there wasn't a heterosexual woman alive that could resist his low-toned, bedroom voice, and he'd said she was sexy.

Sexy! Little old Anna May with the thick glasses and her hair always up in a bun, sexy? She didn't argue with him. Nor had she declined his offer to meet for drinks after work on Friday night.

It was too good to be true, like having Ed McMahan show up on her doorstep with some comical sized check. Anna May didn't intend on questioning her fortune. No, sir, everything had finally started going right for her and she wasn't about to drown herself in doubts or

worry about any other shoe that might fall and shatter the dream world weaving itself around her.

“It’s a beautiful day, isn’t it?”

The question penetrated the happy bubble Anna had submersed herself in. Turning her head, she watched as a large woman settled into the seat on bench beside her. Her dark skin was a beautiful backdrop to the vibrant colors of her dress.

“Very nice.” Anna couldn’t help but grin. Nice didn’t even begin to describe the day.

“You certainly have a big smile on your face.”

“End of the work day.” Anna fluffed off the other woman’s comment with a generic answer. She didn’t elaborate, wanting to savor her good luck and not threaten it by uttering any words aloud that would tempt the fates to take notice in her.

“Ah, yes. The time of the day when freedom truly rings.” The other woman laughed and then shifted her brown lunch bag to extend a free hand in Anna’s direction. “I’m Lillian Mae Turner.”

The gesture caught Anna off guard. Nobody ever shook her hand at the bus stop. The people who gathered here might make a small comment or two, but nothing too familiar. Lillian didn’t seem to understand the unwritten code of public transportation. Not that surprising, considering Anna had never seen her before at this stop.

“It’s nice to meet you, Mrs. Turner.”

“It’s Lillie Mae, dear, and you are?”

“Miss Moore.”

“Now that’s not the name your mama gave you.”

“Anna May.”

“Oh, we’re sisters, aren’t we? A good name, Anna May, a proper southern name. Tell me, darlin’, where are you from?”

“Well, my family is from Dothan, Alabama, but—”

“Alabama, I should have known with that sweet accent of yours. Dothan, now isn’t that the peanut capital of the world?”

“Yes...yes it is.” Anna laughed. Very few people actually knew about Dothan. Most who did knew it only as a stop on the way to Panama City. “Where are you from, Mrs. Turner?”

“Lillie May, darlin’, and I’m from Beaufort, South Carolina though now I live out in Texas. I was born under the old oaks and when I pass, my bones will be sent back to be laid to rest in their shade. There ain’t no more beautiful place in the world than the Lowcountry. Have you ever been?”

“Um, no. I always went to Flor—”

“That’s a shame. South Carolina is the greatest state in this union. From shrimp to crab to sweet corn and ripe, red tomatoes, we have everything, but you know what is the best?” Before Anna could even open her mouth to answer that, Lillie Mae continued talking.

“Our peaches. I know Georgia claims to be the peach state, but let me tell you, darlin’, South Carolina out grows Georgia. Our peaches are the best, sweet and juicy, nothing like them.”

“I’m sure.”

She’d never been a fan of peaches. Truth be told, she didn’t eat much fruit. When she wanted something sweet, she looked toward sugar, candy, chocolate, cakes...mmm, she got hungry just thinking of the list. Of course, her passion for sweets showed on her figure. Particularly her ass. Not that it really mattered, because Dan Summerton had said she was sexy.

“I have one right here in my sack.”

The rustling of paper drew Anna’s attention back toward Lillie Mae in time to see her draw out a pink and yellow-fleshed peach. With a warm smile, Lillie Mae extended the fruit to her.

“Go on and take a taste.”

“Oh, I don’t think—”

“I insist. Once you try our peaches, you’ll understand.”

“Really, I can’t.”

“I’ll be insulted if you don’t.”

Checkmate. Claiming insult had to be the oldest trick in the southern woman's handbook. Refusal at this point would be almost like slapping the older woman. Proper manners dictated she take a taste even if common sense dictated she not eat anything given to her by a stranger. Anna wavered as she stared at the peach as if it might grow teeth and bite her.

"Take a bite," Lillie Mae urged her. "You won't regret it."

With a forced smile at the woman, Anna accepted the fruit, but still hesitated. "I'm really not hungry. I had a big lunch and—"

"One taste and your appetite will return. Go on, just a little bite."

Anna tensed and then silently admitted defeat. Bringing the fruit to her mouth, she bit into the peach. It tasted sweet and juicy, just as Lillie Mae had promised, but another flavor lingered. Something Anna couldn't identify. The taste seeped down her body, making her feel strangely warm and relaxed.

Lillie Mae's image wavered before her and Anna blinked, trying to bring her back into focus. The attempt failed and the image of the heavysset woman began to fade. Bit by bit, piece by piece the world before her broke down into a million brilliant glittering lights, as if reality itself were altering before her very eyes.

Whispering, giggling, a thousand voices softly chanting in some foreign language echoed in her ears. For one striking moment, Anna's befuddled mind managed a single rational thought.

This wasn't right.

Chapter 2

Dreamland

Spat!

Anna grimaced at the feel of something cool and wet dripping onto her chest. With an annoyed motion, she attempted to brush away the trickle of liquid from her breast, but her hand got caught by something large, warm and strong.

Another thick drop hit her, this time on her nipple. Her sensitive tip puckered under the cold before it dripped down the rounded curve and into the crease beneath her breast. The feel of the thick glob rolling slowly over her skin sent unpleasant goose bumps racing over her, and she grumbled at not being able to rub away the irritation.

Something soft and warm came to soothe away the annoying cold. The velvety caress sent a warm wave of pleasure over her as it wound its way around her breast. Both nipples furred into hard nubs of anticipation at the feel of that smooth, silky caress closing in on her tender tip.

Anna felt her breasts swell, flushing with desire as her breath shortened and her back muscles contracted, blindly lifting and offering herself up for more of the tender caress. Then it was there, the heat closing over her nipple, something sharp holding her sensitive nub in place as that madding...tongue, it had to be a tongue, twirled over her sensitive tip.

The thought swirled through her as a moan escaped past her lips. Yes, it was a mouth settling over her breast. The realization opened the floodgates and dropped all the heat building up straight down

though her stomach to flood her pussy and awaken it with quivering desire.

The onslaught of sensations contracted her muscles and she twisted, feeling her legs part, and the perfume of her arousal escaped to taint the sweet air with a musky, alluring odor. It was a primal call for attention. It did not go unanswered.

Something large, warm, slightly rough around the edges settled its heavy weight over her shuddering stomach muscles. A hand and it glided downward, leaving a trail of heated chaos in its wake and sending out a destructive craving from its tips.

Anna's eyes fluttered open, blinking in the hazy world around her. It was too bright, blues and greens with hints of brown melded together to create an abstract image that she couldn't place.

A shadowed shape lifted over her, obscuring her view and slowly coming into focus as she blinked repeatedly. Piercing blue eyes were all she noticed before the questing hand delved between her slick folds and a finger settled over her clit.

A gasp escaped her as the finger began to roll her hidden bud. Her eyes fluttered closed, and her mind emptied of thought before it could comprehend that she had been looking into one man's face while another's mouth continued to torment her breast.

Anna wasn't even capable of recognizing the second hand that joined the first buried between her legs. She heeded its demand as it pressed outward, spreading her wide and leaving her vulnerable to her mysterious lovers' desires.

First one and then two thick fingers pushed deep into her body, stretching her tight cunt around their width before beginning to pump in and out. The rhythm of the mouth and hands were in disharmony, sending sharp spikes of rapture streaking through her in erratic intervals that left her clawing on the threshold of ecstasy.

"Please!"

Her cry punctured the air, solidifying the reality the world around her, if not clarifying it, to her lust fogged mind. Her hips lifted, rolled

and thrust in an attempt to set a more satisfying tempo as she fucked herself onto the maddening fingers tormenting her pussy.

In a move that felt like punishment the hand disappeared, the mouth on her breast lifted and Anna cried out her denial, writhing with her distress. Her eyes opened again, intent on locating the source of her anguish.

The image of the man that greeted her was mirrored on either side. The same feral look of hunger darkened identical blue eyes, the same drawing tension tightened identical rugged facial features. The only difference was that one smiled and one didn't.

They spilt, one dipping lower and the other going higher, revealing a long, muscle ripped body as he levered himself over her. Anna didn't know which way to look, where to turn and a second later it didn't matter as the silky brush of hair tickled her inner thigh and the heated breeze of a man's breath caressed the pulsing lips of her cunt.

The searing sensation of a velvety tongue licking straight up through her folds to settle over her clit and suck it past the hard scrape of teeth had her shouting out her joy. Blindly her hands found a hold in the soft tresses of the man's hair. She used her grip to force him even further into the wet well her pussy had become.

The motion mimicked the strong set of hands taking control of her own head when they buried themselves in her hair. Her head lifted, turned and her eyes widened on the sight of a cock made to appear even larger than humanly possible by the out of proportion angle of her face.

It dipped and lowered, the weeping head thumping into her lips as a deep sexy voice growled out, "suck it."

The hard command thrilled her, and she felt her muscles quiver with anticipation as her lips parted to do as ordered. Cock sucking had always been more of an obligation than a true desire. Lack of interest led to lack of experience and often left her too concerned about her performance to even give the man much enjoyment.

The vicious cycle of nerves never had a chance to start rolling this time. With the mouth eating into her pussy with greedy abandonment, licking and twirling over her clit, fucking in and out of her creaming cunt, Anna was completely at the mercy of the hard hold in her hair forcing the motions of her head up and down the thick, heated length of dick filling her mouth.

Cast into the sea of ecstasy, the tidal wave of rapture's edge crested through her body. The sudden, hard penetration of a full-sized cock forcing her tender sheath wide shattered the barrier and sent her screaming into utopia's abyss.

Fast, hard and deep he pounded into her with savage aggression that matched the wild bucking of her own body as it responded on a primitive level to the needs and desires whirling her climax to a higher, never before achieved level of pure pleasure.

The searing sensations budding, reaching another pinnacle, threatened total devastation and beckoned her into the chaos, when all motion stopped.

Anna moaned out her denial, her hips pumping in an attempt to force the man above her to resume. She'd been so close, so close that stopping now would surely kill her. The experience totally consumed her. She didn't know if it were merely an illusion or a fact that the world shifted, turning around her.

When the engorged length of dick filling her so completely managed to settle a micro-inch deeper and she felt the hard muscled body of her lover beneath, Anna knew he had rolled her on top. The position allowed her to take even more of him into her body, but when she would have resumed the ravishing motions that would have guaranteed an ecstatic end, his strong hands held her still, flattened to his chest.

Before she could issue a protest or attempt to fight his hold, another set of roughened hands smoothed over her ass, dividing the cheeks and causing her head to pop up, her eyes to flare open. There

could be no denying the intent of this second man as he pressed his swollen cock head to her tight rear entrance.

Any fear or anxiety over the sudden turn in events was silenced by the hard kiss of the man beneath her. He tasted sweet and manly all at once. His soft lips pressed tightly against her own, forcing them open to let his tongue stroke into her mouth just as the man behind her pressed slowly inward, feeding her one heated inch of his strength at a time.

It was too much, being force to slowly accept another cock when the first had already filled her to point of full capacity. The twin dicks warred for space, neither relenting their position, and forcing her body to accommodate both.

She felt overstuffed and the sensation was amazing. No pain marred the pleasure as the second man seated himself fully into her back channel. Only a thin little barrier, full of nerves, separated the two cocks as they began to thrust and counter. The small stretch of flesh flamed alive, sending out a chorus of pleasure that echoed all the way to her lips.

Anna screamed as her body writhed between her two lovers. She didn't know which way to go when every little motion sent jagged shards of molten rapture burning through her body and dripping liquid pleasure into her soul until that was all that defined her existence.

They didn't stop. Just the opposite. Their thrusts became harder, deeper, changing tempo until they fucked her in unison. She could bear no more. With the piercing sound of her own scream echoing in her ears, Anna's soul sheared away from her body as it got sucked straight into the vortex of rapture's chaos, leaving her body desolated and tumbling into oblivion.

Chapter 3

“Well that was fun.”

Shawn thought that had to be the understatement of the year. Spent and wasted, he felt strangely tired considering he was in a dreamland. How could one be tired when one was technically sleeping?

He didn't know and frankly didn't care. Being forced to live life two inches tall changed a man's perspective. Minor details just didn't matter. All that mattered was breaking Leslie's curse and Lillie Mae had been quite specific about how that would happen.

Given his options, Shawn had willingly suspended all rational thought and agreed to negotiate with the fairies Lillie May had managed to make contact with. In short order he had learned talking to a fairy redefined the notion of aggravating. After just one minute into the conversation, he'd agreed with Lillie May's decision that the shoebox had been a better place to keep Trent than allowing him to goad the fairies into cursing them even worse.

The fairies had been nothing like what he had anticipated them to be. Not that he had a great knowledge of their kind. Before being introduced to Peter The Great and his clan, he'd only ever known of fairies through childhood fairy tales, which, of course, he'd never paid any attention to even as a child. He thought there may have been fairies in a Shakespeare play or two, but he'd never actually read Shakespeare, just skimmed the Cliff Notes back in high school.

Still when Lillie May had first uttered the word fairy, his mind had conjured up a Tinker Bell-like creature, jolly and flighty. Peter

the Great and his group of motorcycle-riding, leather-clad, chain-smoking gang had been a far cry from even his best guess.

Between the tattoos and the piercings, he'd begun to seriously wonder if he weren't actually trapped in some hallucination. Maybe he'd completely lost it and was actually strapped to a bed in some insane asylum. Even if that were true, this misadventure appeared inescapable.

At least he'd been right about the jolly aspect to fairies. Peter and his men appeared to find humor in almost everything, especially the fact that some woman had shrunk Trent and him to the size of chessboard piece. As Lillie May had warned, they had not felt any compulsion to help.

They had required payment for services. Payment did not mean cash, as apparently the fairies had no problem attaining that. Instead they had simply sworn Shawn to fulfill any future favor they might ask, sworn in a blood contract that had a nasty clause if he failed to uphold his word.

Even trapped in the dreamland Peter had transported him to, a cold shiver of fear ran down Shawn's spine. Living life as a woman would be worse than living it two inches tall. He'd be doing whatever Peter wanted when the day came.

The deal signed, Peter had explained quite succinctly the curse that had been placed on Shawn and his brother's head, actually their hearts. They'd remain two inches until they found their soul mate and fell in love or they died. Whichever came first.

For that information, Shawn had traded his life? What good did it do when no sane woman on the planet that would fall in love with a two-inch tall man let alone a pair of them?

Peter had a solution for that problem too. With little choice but to follow the insanity to its conclusion, Shawn had willingly drunk the potion Peter had whipped up. He'd willingly agreed to poison an innocent woman who Peter had claimed to be their soul mate. Now that they had trapped... what was her name again?

Shawn scowled and tried to focus. He needed to know this because at some point she'd wake up and the farce they'd contrived to dupe her into falling in love with them wouldn't go over too well if they didn't even know what to call her.

"Hey, Trent?" That got him a grunt, but no other response. "What's her name?"

"Whose name?"

"The woman we just fucked."

"Oh, um...it begins with an A...I think, Alice?"

"We're not in Wonderland."

"Hmm, Amanda?"

"No, that doesn't sound right either."

"I don't know," Trent snapped, obviously annoyed with Shawn for making him think. "What does it matter?"

"We're going to have to call her something when she wakes up."

"Call her baby or sweetheart or honey, or, better yet, my love. Women always eat that shit up."

Shawn sighed. He couldn't deny it. Trent deserved to be cursed. If he had been in Leslie's shoes, he'd have enjoyed the irony of this moment. The man who had shamelessly used women and disregarded them, now had to actually charm one into falling in love with him. Sure many women had told Trent and him that they loved the twins, but a few honest words from Trent, and they rethought their position.

His brother never seemed to suffer from the guilt over hurting a woman's feelings. They got what they wanted, had always been Trent's response. It was just a weakness of their sex that they felt like they had to associate great orgasms with love. Shawn didn't actually agree with Trent on that one, but the point had always been moot.

Now if they wanted to break Leslie's curse, they had better pray a few amazing orgasms would convince...God, what was her name?

"Anna." Peter appeared before them, clad in a pair of black leather pants and nothing else. "Her name is Anna! Jeez, you two are such twits."

“What the hell are you doing here?”

“What do you think?” Peter snickered. “I put this dreamland together so you could fuck the brains out of this woman and make her fall in love with you. Obviously you two are going to need some help if there is any hope of you not screwing this up.”

“You can’t have her,” Trent declared, sitting up. The show of possessiveness surprised Shawn, but a second later Trent returned to his normal self. “Not until we’ve fucked her so well she’s in love with us. I’m not going to let you confuse the girl.”

“Afraid a few fairies can out fuck you boys?”

“Excuse me?” Shawn tensed. His conscience did a double take. Drugging a woman so he could screw her felt bad enough, drugging her so she could be gang raped by a bunch of horny fairies...he thought he’d get sick.

“Don’t worry about it.” Peter gazed thoughtfully at Shawn. “I wasn’t planning on showing up you boys in the sack, but now that you mention it...She is kind of cute and I love a woman who enjoys a double stack.”

“This wasn’t part of our deal,” Shawn growled.

“Nor was it excluded from the deal. You have to be careful when you negotiate, Shawn, to cover all the fine points.”

“No, I wouldn’t allow you to do this.”

“How you going to stop me, little man? I can send you back to reality and let you rot as a two inch tall woman if I want.”

“It’s not right.”

“Morality? From you? The one who sent the witch off to poison the girl in the first place?”

“She’s our soul mate.”

“Oh, I see that gives you the right to do whatever you want?”

“Ah, let him have her, Shawn.” Trent waved a dismissive hand. “Once we get what we want, what do we need her for?”

“Have you completely lost your mind, Trent? We can’t set up a woman to be gang raped? That’s despicable.”

“She’ll enjoy herself.” Peter smiled. “Trust me.”

“I said no!”

“He’s right, Shawn. She’ll have fun and in the end, it’s just a dream. What do you want to do? Live the rest of our lives in a doll house wearing geek clothes.”

Shawn grimaced. In the two months they’d spent with Lillie May, she’d forced them into wearing her childhood doll’s clothes and then brought down her old dollhouse for them to make a home in. Walking around in polyester with bow ties had about killed him. It would have killed him if his brothers had been around to see. Talk about a living nightmare.

Even the knowledge of what their future held if they failed on this mission didn’t soothe his conscience. “I should have never made that pact with him. There could have been another way.”

“Oh, yeah? What? How would you suggest we convince a life-sized woman to fall in love with two men whose combined height still wouldn’t have been enough to give her half the satisfaction her own hand did?”

“You know you can fall in love with a person without sex.”

“No, you can’t,” Trent snorted.

“You love our brothers, don’t you?”

“Pansy.”

“You love them. Don’t even try to hide the truth.”

“It’s not the same and you know it.”

“It’s not that different,” Shawn muttered.

“Now you’re just grossing me out.”

“It doesn’t bother you at all that we’re just using this woman for our own ends?”

“Why should it? She’s going to have fun and fall in love. Women love to fall in love. How many women have told us they love us?”

“How many have slapped you five minutes later?”

“Yeah, well...I do try.”

“You succeed. Hopefully, you’ll remember to be a little more charming with this one.”

“If she’s really our soul mate, she’ll fall in love with who I really am and not mind that—”

“That you’re a jackass?”

“That’s an honest jackass.”

“Honest? Honest like in drugging a woman to have sex with her?” Trent didn’t answer that. He couldn’t. “Exactly.”

“Get over yourself. When this is all over, she’s going to wake up and this will be nothing more than a dream. No harm done.”

“Your brother is a practical man.” Peter laughed as he started to fade from sight. “Don’t worry, Shawn. The woman will have no complaints when she wakes.”

Chapter 4

Anna's eyes popped open, racing in one direction and then the other at the sudden sensation that something was really wrong. Dark wood and heavy furniture filled her gaze and left her feeling even more bereft. She didn't know this place, didn't know where she was or why she was here.

Swallowing, she struggled to sit up and remember...remember anything. Broken images, flashes of an intimate embrace and the heated passion of sex, flittered through her mind, but nothing else filled in the dark void that had her heart pounding. Something was wrong, horribly wrong. She knew that much.

"Hey, sleepyhead, we thought you'd sleep the day away."

The deep, husky voice followed by the shifting of the bed beneath her had Anna jerking in the opposite direction as she turned quickly to see who had just sat down beside her.

The man was gorgeous. Dressed in nothing more than a pair of unbuttoned jeans, the hard ripple of muscles and the sprinkling of dark hair over his body had her eyes delaying as she took in what could only be a dream of a man. No man looked like that and came to her bed.

That thought grew stronger as her eyes finally lifted up over the cut edges of his stomach and chest to take in the rugged beauty of his face. Definitely a fantasy, because no living man had eyes that blue. Shards of almost pure white osculated in those amazing orbs, highlighting the vibrancy of sky blue color. His gaze trapped her own, mesmerized her and had her forgetting every single worry or concern as she felt her body heat up with interest.

“You okay, baby?” The man reached out to run a callused hand down her chin. The soft touch made her sigh, and she leaned into the caress as her eyes started to drift closed.

“How is our girl doing?”

That had her eyes snapping back open and her head turning toward the bedroom door. The man that sauntered in had her doing a double take. She’d dreamed up the same man twice?

What a dirty little mind she must have. Anna almost smiled at that thought. Two perfect looking men, this second one had on no more clothes than the first, but standing up gave her a clear impression of tall they were. How well their thick legs filled out a pair of jeans. How damn big that erection was. She’d really pulled out all the stops on this fantasy.

Between her legs, her pussy pulsed and wept with the ache to feel that hardened length pounding into her once again. Without thought, she let a hand slide under the sheets and over her naked thigh and dip between her legs. She needed this, needed to be touch.

“I see you’re feeling good.”

The man came to a stop at the foot of the bed and grinned wickedly, transforming the hard line of his jaw into an irresistible temptation. With a quick jerk of his hand, he reached out and whipped the sheet covering her off to the side. Some distant part of her brain told her this was wrong. These men were strangers and even if they weren’t, she shouldn’t be touching herself in front of them.

The worry though disappeared under the flood of pleasure her own hand evoked. What did it matter? This was surely a dream, a very good dream and about to get better if the darkening of twins eyes from blue to navy was any indication.

“Oh,” she moaned, letting her head fall back as sensations built quickly to a peak inside her. Her fingers worked faster over her clit as her hips arched into the touch. “So good.”

“Is it, baby?” That hypnotic voice of the man next to her, filled with its own desire, whispered through her ear. “Spread your legs and let me see more. Yes, like that. So beautiful.”

Anna moaned and let her legs fall wide, her back finding a cushion in the soft mattress beneath her as she slid her other hand down to join the first. So wet, so in need, so incredibly turned on by the voice whispering encouragements into her ear, Anna gave herself over to his commands.

“Harder, baby, rub your clit for me.”

She obeyed, twirling and circling the tiny nub. Each touch, each motion sent a shower of ecstasy through her. A light misting at first, the rapturous pleasure thickened and condensed into a rotating spiral, threatening to rupture and shatter her entire existence.

“You need a fucking, don’t you, baby? Do it. Fuck yourself for me. I want to watch you drive yourself insane.”

She slid one then another and another until she had four fingers pushing past the resistance of her sheath and stretching her as wide as they could. Still it wasn’t enough. Not nearly as good as a real cock would be and she cried out with the agony of being so close to release.

The man seemed to know what she needed and a hard hand latched onto her wrist, driving her motions, forcing her to go deeper, faster, harder until her whole body writhed beneath the onslaught.

The squishy sounds of her fingers fucking into her sopping wet cunt could be heard over the moans that turned to screams as she broke through the barrier. Racing, wild, clawing lust took control of her body. Out of control, she arched up as the sizzling heat consuming her bloomed, racking her body with razor sharp pleasure. Anna cried out, shaking in the grip of a climax that she’d brought herself to.

She fell back in a shuddering heap on the bed, replete if not relaxed. Gasping for breath, she opened her eyes to stare in befuddled amazement at the man grinning down at her. He really was an amazing piece of art.

Rugged features so perfectly cut only a mastermind could have sculpted the beauty of their lines. The cap of dark hair, wet and matted to his head, only added a touch of rakishness that enhanced his appeal instead of detracting from it.

“Enjoy that, did you?”

“Yes.” Anna couldn’t help but smile.

“Wanna return the favor?”

She didn’t have to ask what that meant when he pointedly looked down to his blood swollen cock. The massive head gleamed with a slightly milky liquid. Anna licked her lips, surprised at the renewal of her own arousal after such a devastating release.

She wanted that massive erection pushing into her body, but first she wanted to taste it. A startling desire considering she had never been much for cock sucking. The idea now held an erotic appeal she couldn’t deny, and she allowed the man to maneuver her onto all fours.

Anna wasn’t sure if she could suck such a thick cock into her mouth or how far she’d be able to take him, but she would try. With determination strengthening her confidence, she began to lick and nuzzle his hard length. Going slowly at first with long laps and teasing licks, she began to grow more comfortable with her task.

Above her, the man groaned and shuddered, his hands coming to tangle in her hair and draw her lips up the smooth stalk of his cock, over the flared ridge of the head to where the proof of his desire leaked from the unseeing eye at the top of his erection. She twirled her tongue around the head, tasting the salty proof of his arousal. His hips flexed, arching toward her mouth as his grip on her head tightened.

“Suck it, baby.”

At the unsubtle demand, she opened her lips wide and let her mouth slide down over the sides of rounded head. It was a stretch to get the whole thing past the barrier of her lips, but once she managed,

everything became easier. Clapping tightly to the silken length of his cock, she sucked and took him all the way to back of her throat.

Slowly, sensuously she sucked him. She slid up and down his length in an unhurried pace. She teased and tormented his caged flesh, showing him no mercy as she brought a hand up to torment his balls.

He shuddered and muttered a curse, pulling on her hair and taking control of motions. At first he forced her into a faster pace, but soon he simply held her still as fucked himself with wild thrusts of his hips into her mouth.

His breath became labored. The muscles of his body begin to shake under the strain of tension as he began to convulse with pleasure. A loud, masculine roar of release ripped through the air, shattering the happy buzz of nature with the savage sound of fulfillment.

Anna kept her lips locked on his flesh as she swallowed the proof of his climax. Unwilling to release his softening length, she only did so when he pulled away, freeing himself from her hold.

Blue eyes stared down at her with a stated, almost sleepy look as a callused finger traced her lips, cleaning the evidence of his desire from mouth. “That’s my baby girl.”

She smiled at the approval in his tone and sat back on her knees. The motion drew her attention to her own needy flesh, reawakened with arousal by the intimate play. Too bad she’d just worn out the cock that could have given her such pleasure.

There was another thought, and Anna’s eyes drifted to the foot of the bed where the second man lounged, hunger in his eyes and an erection still fully cocked and loaded. His hand was tucked into the opening of his jeans didn’t require her to have an imagination to guess what he was doing. Hopefully, he’d save the final act for her pussy, because she desperately wanted that erection for her own pleasure.

“No, we’re not done playing by any means,” the man beside her laughed, reading the directions of her thoughts. He reached out to

grasp her hands and tug her to her feet as he continued to speak. “Why don’t we wash up before the next round?”

Before Anna could answer that question a creak in the wood floor broke the moment and her eyes cut away from his to watch as a third man came strolling into the bedroom door. This one did not look like the other two. With his fair complexion, his lean body and the smirk that chilled her, Anna knew instantly something was wrong about this man.

His presence felt wrong, like he didn’t belong — not like the other two did. His amused gaze made her suddenly aware of her nakedness, of the vulnerability of her state. With a gasp, she scurried behind the man who had moments ago been her playmate, instinctively trusting him to keep her safe from the stranger.

Her worry felt justified when the man braced his feet wide apart and crossed his arms over his chest. The position clearly spoke of his annoyance with the interloper. As clearly as the snarled words he shouted at the on-coming man.

“What the hell do you want?”

Chapter 5

“Don’t take that tone with me, Shawn,” Pete warned with a smile and a hard glint in his eyes as he stepped fully into the room. “I’m not the one who called a doctor and then forgot to keep my clothes on.”

Doctor? Shawn didn’t know what the fairy was up to now. He’d play the game as long as the other man didn’t make a move on Anna. “Well, you could have at least knocked.”

“I did and nobody answered. Considering how urgent you said it was, I let myself in.”

“Well, you can let yourself out. As you can see, we’re all healthy here.”

“Is that so? Does your woman remember anything?”

That question apparently caught Anna’s attention. He’d felt her shifting behind him and knew she’d pulled off the sheet to make a robe out of. At the mention of her, she finally stepped to the side. She scowled at all three men.

“Their woman?”

“I’ll take that as no.” Peter smirked.

“I…” Anna looked toward the floor, the frown deepening the lines on her forehead. “I don’t remember anything.”

“I guess my services are needed after all.” Peter shot Shawn a smug look as he stepped forward, intending to divide him from Anna’s side. Shawn didn’t move, making it clear that the fairy wouldn’t be taking his place.

“I don’t know who any of you are.” Fear grew in the deep recesses of Anna’s husky whisper. “I don’t know where I am.”

“That’s common,” Peter assured her, latching onto her arm to draw her away from Shawn and damned if she didn’t follow. “Shawn and Trent called me a while ago to tell me you’d hit your head pretty hard.”

“I did?”

“Knocked yourself unconscious.”

“I don’t remember that.” Anna settled down onto the edge of the bed at the direction of the fairy’s hands. “Why did they call to tell you that?”

“Because I’m your doctor.”

“You are?” She seemed to have a problem with that as her eyes roved over Peter. “You don’t look like a doctor.”

“Oh? And what should a doctor look like?”

“I...be older, I guess. Dressed in white and maybe not have so many earrings in one ear.”

Peter laughed at that. “I guess you have a point, but out here in Nowhereville, you get what you get.”

“Nowhereville?”

“Gibson, Texas. Where you live. Don’t you remember it?”

Shawn watched the frown reappear on Anna’s face. He could tell she strained for a memory, any memory, but none would come. It was part of the effect of the potion they’d used to bring her to the dreamland. Her memory had been wiped out, making it easier for her to accept the lies they’d intended to tell her.

“Gibson?”

“Yes, Gibson.” Peter’s hand moved up to cup her face and Shawn could see that they had started to glow. “It’s a small ranching community in west Texas. Close your eyes and concentrate really hard for me, Anna. Can you see the main drive?”

“There’s Bucking Billy’s Country Western Saloon with the big tinted glass and the neon sign flashing of the bucking cow and cowboy. The small post office with the bricks faded and the weeds

growing up around the back. The old gas station with the bars on the front door.”

“I remember,” Anna whispered. “It’s a wide street, you park on the side at an angle and there are canopies to keep the sun’s heat off you when you walk down the way.”

“That’s right. My office is right at the end of the strip. It’s the newer building. Remember it?”

“Yeah. I remember you, Dr. Peter.”

Anna’s eyes blinked open, and she smiled big like she’d just passed some test. Her joy at the false memory was momentary, quickly fading back to sadness and confusion as she looked around.

“I don’t remember here though or...them.”

Her eyes found his, and he could see the guilt mixing into the swirl of emotions darkening her chocolate eyes to near black. Shawn felt his own remorse at that look and a strange desperation to take it away. Before he could think his body moved, settling beside her to put an arm around Anna’s shoulder and offer some type of comfort.

“It’s alright, baby.”

“Of course it is,” Peter agreed. “It’s not uncommon after a serious head injury that a patient becomes forgetful. It’ll all come back to you over time.”

“It will?” Anna sounded as anxious as Shawn now felt. Anxious and doubtful.

“All you need to do is rest, relax. If you try too hard to remember, you’ll just make yourself forget more. Now close your eyes and take a deep breath.”

Anna did as the fairy instructed.

“What do you see?”

She didn’t answer, but from the color that blossomed into her cheeks, Shawn could well guess what she remembered.

“Do you remember this morning, when you were in cooking in the kitchen?”

Again the fairy's hands started to glow and just as before Anna seemed to spontaneously remember something that hadn't happened. She agreed with everything Peter said as he led her through the false memory of falling in the kitchen and hitting her head.

Over the next half hour, he remained as silent as his brother as Peter built up the lies in Anna's head. He gave the fairy points for creativity. Peter kept his creations short, direct and to the essential facts. By the time he'd finished, Peter had her convinced that she had indeed married the twins just recently, lived on their ranch well away from civilization and had happily adjusted to her new life.

The fairy didn't bother to try and create an entire lifetime of memories. He left her childhood alone, didn't mention her family or anything beyond the basics of her current situation. Nothing Peter said would be difficult to remember or trip them up later if they forgot the details.

Nor did he try to make a move on Anna when he'd finished and suggested that she get back into bed and rest. Shawn stood to follow the fairy out of the room, amazed at the way the house grew to life before his eyes. Colors swirled and defined themselves into a perfect replica of the ranch. Shawn couldn't help but wonder how the fairy knew so many details about where he lived.

"What the hell is going on here?" Shawn demanded once he was certain that Anna wouldn't over hear him.

"That's a hell of a thanks," Peter retorted. "I saved your ass in there."

"I didn't notice it needed saving."

"You know there is only so long you can keep your dick in her. Eventually she'd start asking questions. Now, thanks to me, they'll be fewer of them."

"Thanks to your false memories."

"Are you going to start back up on the morality thing?" Peter groaned. "Don't tell me you really intended to tell her the truth?"

"You know we hadn't."

“You were going to tell her everything I just did. The difference being she wouldn’t have believed you as easily as she did me.”

“Why didn’t you make her believe you were her lover too?”

“Tax my energy by keeping this dream alive too long and I just might.”

“She wouldn’t believe you now.”

“Wanna bet?”

“You still haven’t answered my question. You said earlier that you intended to fuck her.”

“I didn’t say anything of the sort.”

“You implied it.”

“You jumped to a conclusion, but if you really want me to fuck her...” Peter moved as if to head back to the bedroom, but Shawn stepped to the side and blocked his path. “I didn’t think so.”

“Get the hell out of here.”

“Remember what I said,” Peter warned him as he opened up the front door. “We fairies only have so much strength. Eventually it has to be replaced.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means sex is a lot more important to us than it is to you.”

Shawn didn’t respond to that, but scowled as his eyes darted beyond the fairy’s shoulder to the landscape outside. Another perfect replica. The sight brought back his suspicions.

“How do you know so much about Gibson? About how our ranch looks?”

Peter didn’t answer that question, just sent Shawn a smirk before he did that annoying disappearing act. Shawn glared at the empty space, drawing conclusions that made him want to wring the fairy’s neck. Damn but he didn’t have that option.

Chapter 6

Trent didn't follow Peter or his brother out of the bedroom. He had no doubt that Shawn intended to pick a fight. He'd seen the restlessness in Shawn's gaze, in his posture. Trent felt the same, but he had a more interesting solution to the problem.

He caught Anna up into his arms when she moved to slide further back on the bed. She made a cute squeaking noise when he lifted her into his arms and quickly wrapped her hands around his shoulders. As if he'd drop her, Trent smirked. She might be a little thicker than the women he normally picked, but he still had more than enough strength to carry her weight.

"What are you doing?"

"Before you get back to bed, I think a bath is in order." He did some of his best work in the water. Trent knew every way to clean a female's body and reduce her to a puddle of wanton needs. One could say he'd studied the art form and perfected it over his many wild years on the rodeo circuit. Now he intended to put those skills to the best use ever. By the time he carried Anna back from the bathroom, she'd be in love with him and this nightmare would be over.

It didn't shock him to find his favorite tub had made it into Peter's sensual play land. The real one back at home had been specially built, hand carved from stone to accommodate three people in just about any position Shawn and him could think of. Mike had about burst a blood vessel when it had been delivered and he'd learned that Trent had blown a whole season's worth of winnings on a single bathroom fixture.

Of course, it hadn't been a week after it had been installed before Trent had walked in on Mike and Darren treating little Sally Wheaton to quite a cleaning. When Mike had ordered him out of the bathroom, Trent had shrugged out of his clothes. His tub, his party and Sally certainly hadn't objected. That afternoon had proven one thing. He should have designed a bigger tub.

It would do well enough now, with just Anna and him playing in it. The dream version was even better than the real one. The water came out hot fast, no waiting for it to heat up la-la land. Thirty seconds after turning on the spigot, he unwrapped his curvy, little Anna and lifted her into the water.

"Hmmm," she sighed and sunk lower down the sloped side of the tub. "I could definitely fall in love with this."

"Trust me, it gets better," Trent assured her as he shoved off his jeans and hurried to join her. She'd be falling in love with more than just the tub. His hard cock guaranteed it. Trent lifted her out of the way so he could settle in behind her, tucking her ass right against the throbbing length of his erection.

Now that was a soft cushion. Anna had much thicker curves than any woman he'd ever been interested in before, but in that moment, Trent saw the errors of his way. No wonder all those rappers were so into big backsides. He'd been missing out on a lot of fun with his narrow-minded views of how a woman should look.

"This is nice."

Anna settled into his back, making Trent feel a warmth inside that he had never really felt before. He couldn't identify the sensation, but he recognized the effects. It made him strangely relaxed even as it heightened the growing tension in his muscles. He grew harder than he'd ever been, and he hadn't even started in on touching her yet.

As he reached for the wash cloth and the soap, he sent a silent prayer up that he didn't embarrass himself by reverting back to a horny teenage boy who couldn't last long enough to bring his date

any gratification. That certainly wouldn't impress Anna or leave her overwhelmed with love for him.

Trying to focus and regain the same calculation he started any seduction off with, Trent began to slowly lather up her body. He started with her shoulders, pushing her forward slightly so he could work his way slowly down her back in a series of massaging sweeps that had her moaning under his hands.

As the minutes drew themselves out his control began to slip away as he lost himself for the first time in the pleasure of simply touching a woman, in bringing her desires to a simmering boil. Never before had a woman's own arousal fed his own in such away. As he worked his way around her waist and up the rounded swell of her stomach, his own breath caught in anticipation of finally reaching her breasts, of covering the swollen globes with the wash rag and messaging them until her back arched and her hardened nipples poked into his palm through the cotton cloth.

He needed to touch her, skin to skin, to feel the velvety softness beneath his own calloused hands. Her generous curves filled his hands and the way she twisted against him, rubbing that luscious ass into the sensitive skin of his dick as he rolled her nipples...Trent growled as he fought down the need to take her now, hard, deep and fast. His cock cried out in demand for a long, furious fucking that would leave them both destroyed by the aftermath of pleasure he knew they'd find in such a possession.

Not yet.

He needed to hold onto the reins of his control. Needed to remember this wasn't about the sex, but about so totally seducing Anna that when she came apart in his arms her heart would be flooded with nothing but love for him. He needed that and he couldn't even remember why. The desire, the demand to own that part of her, ate at him in the most painful of ways.

"Trent," Anna moaned. "Please, touch me."

The sound of her breathless plea tore something up inside of him. He knew what she wanted, where she needed his touch. It was the same place he needed to touch, needed to feel the proof of her desire for him.

“So wet,” Trent murmured as his fingers slid through the swollen folds of her pussy. Thick cream greeted his invasion as he delved lower, circling the very entrance of her cunt. The temptation was too great and plunged deep into her clinging heat, making her cry out and convulse in his arms.

“So, damn tight. I could lose myself in your heat.”

“Trent!”

“It’s like heaven.” Trent whispered, more to himself than in an attempt to arouse Anna any further. He couldn’t help himself but to withdraw, imagining what it felt like to have all those tiny muscles clamping down on his cock, trying to hold him within her body.

* * * *

Oh, God, she needed him, needed him deep and hard. She needed that now. Her pussy wept, making her twist against him. Anna broke his hold and turned on him. She couldn’t take any more of Trent’s teasing.

If he wouldn’t fuck her, she’d fuck him. Of their own volition, her legs parted, straddling over his thicker, hairy thighs. Her hips lifted until the impressive length of his erection pressed right where she needed to feel him most.

With a moan, her head tipped back, arching her cunt into his harness. The thick width of his cock split her folds, leaving the sensitive nub of her clit exposed to the striking pleasures of being pressed against by his hardness. Gasping with the sensations, she ground herself against him, increasing the pressure and pleasure as she lubricated his length with her own cream.

“Is that what you want, baby?” Trent growled into her neck. He placed little suckling kisses down her throat, letting her feel the scrape of his teeth. The tiny pain sent sparkles of energy through her, working her into a hotter frenzy.

“Please,” she moaned, digging her nails into his backside to force him closer.

“You want my cock.”

“Yes.”

“You want me to fuck you with it.”

“Now.”

“Allow me.”

That hadn't been Trent. Nor were his hands lifting her up by the waist, taking her weight against his chest and positioning her so she was fully open, totally vulnerable to the invasion of the battering ram of Trent's dick.

Shawn. His hands held her steady as Trent pressed slowly into her body. One inch followed by another began to fill her in such a languid progression that it sent the wild need inside her into a feral frenzy as she twisted and bucked, trying to force the pace into faster, more satisfying speed.

Behind her, Shawn chuckled, his hands tightening on her hips to hold her still for Trent's controlled possession. Neither man heeded the demands she flung at them with both growled words and reckless movements.

Being forced to accept their control over the moment fueled her passion, filling her with erotic thrills that held a dark tinge of excitement at the knowledge that one man restrained her as another one fucked himself into her.

Not just restrained. As Trent seated his full length inside her, he stepped closer, pinning her between the two hard, masculine bodies and freeing Shawn's hands to come and play. Anna didn't think she could take more teasing, not with her sheath already pulsing with the beginning signals of her building climax.

The choice was not left to her. With predatory intent, Shawn's hand slid straight down to where Trent and her bodies joined. Anna whimpered when one lone finger came out to trap her clit beneath its callused tip.

Slowly, drawing out the motion, he rolled her tender nub. Despite the slightness of the movement, the caress had the effect of an electric shock. Anna's back arched as she screamed from the sizzling heat searing her insides. Her response emboldened Shawn and his finger pressed harder, picking up speed as he tormented her captive clit.

Quickly things escalated out of control. Bombarded by explosions of intense pleasure, Anna could not distinguish one touch from another. The lips tugging on one nipple matched the rhythm of the hand twirling the tip of her other breast, creating a deep undertone of pulses that added to the complex symphony of ecstatic music vibrating through her.

Faster, tighter, higher until the strings of her control snapped and her body shattered under the roar of rapture's climatic end. Racing, wild, clawing lust took over her body, lending her unnatural strength and she broke the hold of the men keeping her still. Like the feral animal they had reduced her to, Anna growled and took control.

She bit down on Trent's shoulder as her body fucked itself against the length of his erection in the mindless search for more. Reality faded down to only the feel of the thick cock stretching her wide and then leaving her empty, over and over again, until her body tensed. The walls of her pussy tightened down along its captive and refused to release him as her second climax broke free of its leash and ravaged its way through her body.

Anna was only distantly aware of the male roar matching her own scream of fulfillment or of the hot flood of seed filling her body. Her world had been reduced to pure pleasure and she floated, lighter than air, into ecstasy's abyss for long, beautiful minutes before everything snapped back. Her body went limp, dropping her back to Earth.

Strong arms caught her, holding her safe and tight against the hard wall of her lover's chest.

“Well that looked like fun. I want to play,” Shawn breathed into her ear, making her eyelids flutter open and exposing her to the sleepy sedated blue gaze staring back at her. Turning her head, she caught Shawn's grin and swallowed.

Chapter 7

Shawn lifted Anna off Trent and out of the tub. She murmured only the mildest of protest as he wrapped an oversized towel around her. Lifting her back into his arms, he carried her back to the bed. He paused there, gazing down into her face and finding his arms unwilling to release her.

She looked small and delicate. Her dark hair contrasted sharply against the pink paleness of her skin, highlighting the fullness of her lips, the trust shining in her big, chocolate eyes as stray tresses curled around the sides of her face to cling to her cheeks. Lord, she was beautiful.

Anna. Already her name evoked a sense of possessiveness, a foreign need to protect and cherish and he had already betrayed her. It struck him hard that they would never have a true future with her. They'd poisoned her, lied to her, were manipulating her for their own benefit.

Once they completed their mission and convinced her to give them her heart, they would commit the worst of betrayals. They would abandon her. In that moment, Shawn hated himself for what he'd done, what he knew he'd do. Hated that when she woke up Anna would think him nothing more than a dream.

She'd go back to her life, to another man. That thought cut deep, straight into his soul. Anger boiled up and the desire to hit, to punish, to take revenge for the fact that he was trapped by Leslie's curse, by his own actions, by the cruel hand of fate.

Soft and gentle her hand stroked down his face, mimicking the caress he'd given her when she'd woken up scared.

“It’ll be all right,” she whispered.

Shawn wished he could believe that, but the demons riding him wouldn’t release their hold. They drove him forward, demanding he take what he could while he still had the chance. The pleasure would found now would be enough to last a lifetime. It had to be.

* * * *

Anna could sense the change that came over Shawn. When he’d lifted her from the tub there had been nothing but hunger in his eyes. Now fear and desperation clouded his brilliant gaze. She didn’t understand it, but couldn’t deny the need to soothe the restlessness tightening his muscles.

Stretching up she placed a gentle kiss to his lips, silently offering him her comfort. Apparently he did not want or need comfort. When she started to draw back, his hand caught her roughly around the neck and held her still for his ravaging kiss.

He tasted like well aged bourbon. Rich, potent, intoxicating. The addictive flavor surged through her system, drugging her body and leaving her mind blank, but for the overwhelming need for more.

She didn’t fight him when he broke the kiss off as suddenly as he’d taken it. She felt the furious need taking hold of him and it fed her own growing lust. There was no smooth, practice move in the way Shawn ripped the towel from her body and dumped her onto the bed. With hands that bit into her flesh he positioned her as he wanted.

His feral need infected her and Anna eagerly went on all fours, spreading her legs wide to tempt him with a clear view of her own desire. The invitation didn’t go unanswered, and she whimpered as the thick, heated length of another cock stretched her still tingling pussy wide. The aftershock of her last climax still pulsed through her muscles as the oversized erection began to pump in and out of her, pushing the beat of the tension coiled in her body back into a cascading harmony of pure pleasure.

Sex had never been this good, never taken her to these heights. Anna didn't have the will to resist the siren's call of ecstasy echoing through her body. Harder, faster, Shawn pounded into her deeper, twirling his hips and hitting that magical spot that had her screaming with pleasure.

Tears blurred her vision, and she couldn't tell which twin lifted her chin with a single callused finger. It didn't matter. At the feel of the smooth, slick head of a cock brushing against her lips, she opened her mouth, her body instinctively responding to the silent demand.

Without any prodding, she sucked the hard dick deep into her mouth. The salty flavor, the smooth feel, the knowledge that she was being fucked from both front and behind intensified the rapture that shredded through her body, coloring the bright streaks of electricity with a darker, more forbidden undertone.

Waves of pleasure crashed over her, destroying her ability to comprehend anything but the savage rhythm of the cocks pounding in and out of her. When she was sure she could take no more, when the buildup of pleasure became almost painful, she broke. Her arms and legs gave out as her soul ripped from her body and flew through the universe to touch the most sacred of places, utopia.

For several blinding moments Anna knew perfection, satisfaction on a level she'd never experienced. Then in a blink of an eye it winked out of existence, and she crashed downward into the abyss of oblivion.

* * * *

Trent caught Anna as her body went limp. Behind her, Shawn grunted and held tight to her hips as he rode out his own release. Trent had not gotten such satisfaction, but he'd have to wait. Anna had passed out.

Normally he'd have been annoyed at his current circumstance, but this time he felt indulgent. Strange that for the first time it was enough

to know that the woman in his arms had found her own pleasure, even if he had not gained his.

Chapter 8

“It’s so quiet out here.”

Trent smiled at Anna’s barely audible whisper. The soft sound didn’t disguise the wonder and awe in her tone. He could well believe that she didn’t want to break the peaceful spell that had fallen over the ranch as night had cast its shroud over the land.

Spell. The word stuck in his mind, and he shifted uncomfortably in the porch swing. They’d been trapped in the dreamland for two weeks, or at least two weeks dream time. He didn’t know if it converted to real time on an even keel. It didn’t really matter. What mattered was they had spent night after night treating Anna to the greatest orgasms any woman had ever known and she still hadn’t fallen in love with them.

She’d said the words, but they must have rang hollow because they were still here. It annoyed Trent to know she hadn’t fallen for them. Hell, he’d been as nice and charming as he knew how. Okay, so they did tend to argue, but those arguments had led to some of the best sex he’d ever had. Besides it wasn’t like they spent all their time building up a sweat. They’d played games, told stories, showered her with attention, what more did the woman want?

Not that spending time with her was a hardship. Just the opposite, it made him feel things that frankly he had never felt and certainly didn’t want to feel now. It would be too easy to give over and start wishing that this dream could turn into reality. It couldn’t. Reality waited for them on the other side, waited for them to wake up and get back to living it.

That would never happen if Anna didn't give them her heart. Damn the woman, what the hell was she waiting for?

"It's so peaceful, like we're the only ones in the whole universe, like a dream."

Trent stiffened at that. She couldn't know, could she? Had Peter double-crossed them?

"Are you saying this is a dream come true?" Shawn, always the better one on his feet, smoothly responded.

"Maybe, if I had my mom here." Anna sighed and her head tilted to rest on Trent's shoulder. "She'd love it. After everything she's been through she deserves this kind of peace."

"It's been hard for her lately." Trent spoke up, careful not to say anything that would make her question her relationship with them.

Anna still didn't remember anything beyond what had happened in the dream. Sometimes though things would slip out of her. He knew if she focused on them, tried to pin down the memories, she'd get nothing more for the effort than a headache. Still, he lived with a constant tension in his stomach that one day soon Peter's magic would wear thin and her real life would come flooding back to her in a series of memories that didn't include them.

If that day came, they needed to be prepared. Shawn would be able to talk them out of the mire as long as he hadn't said anything she could go back to and point out as a lie, as proof that they'd manipulated her.

"Hard isn't the word for what it is like to fight lung cancer," Anna retorted. "Five years and every day knowing that you could die. It takes a toll on a body."

"It takes a toll on the people who love that body too." Trent tightened his arm around her shoulder, snuggling her deeper into his side and making Shawn shift to stay close to her other side.

"Yeah, but I still managed to finally get my degree and my job..." Anna's head snapped up. "I have a job, a career... don't I?"

Trent caught Shawn's gaze over Anna's head. He saw the worry there. Now there was a question that would almost impossible to answer, because they honestly didn't know.

"God." Anna rubbed her forehead. "I can feel it, right there beyond the edge of my memory. It's something important."

"Don't try so hard," Shawn soothed her, catching her hand and lowering it back to her lap. "It'll come to you."

"It would be easier if you just told me."

"You need to remember on your own," Trent repeated the answer Shawn and he had agreed on. "If we tell you than it wouldn't really be your memory."

"I didn't have a career," Anna stated sadly. "I wanted one though. I know that in my heart. I wanted..."

"What did you want, baby?" Trent coaxed, confident that she wouldn't find the answer.

She didn't answer, and he didn't press. Nor did Shawn. She got like this it was best to leave her alone. Anything they said would just make her frustrated, angry and depressed. Trent hated to see her like that.

Instead he rested his head against the back of the swing and relaxed, enjoying the soft sound of night and the comforting feel of Anna tucked into his side. A cool glass of ice-tea just made the setting perfect. Even if this was a dream, Trent had never felt anything more perfect.

"An FBI agent."

"What?" Shawn's tone sounded almost sleepy.

"I wanted to be an FBI agent."

Trent choked on the tea going down and came up coughing.

"A what?" Shawn demanded again through is obvious shock.

"I got a degree in accounting." Anna sounded so pleased with herself. "I remember now. I planned on becoming a forensic accountant and had just accepted a job with an accounting firm

specializing in running audits and searching for hidden assets. That must have been when I met you?”

“Uh...yeah.”

Trent met Shawn’s gaze for a second time and saw the panic in his brother’s eyes. He knew the feeling. An FBI agent? Their woman wanted to run around with a gun strapped to her side and chase bad guys? No way. She was too small and delicate for that kind of work. She’d get injured or killed. Trent would not tolerate that kind of behavior. He would not allow her to take those kinds of risks.

“I guess I gave that up for you, huh?”

Trent didn’t like the sadness in her tone, as if she’d made the wrong choice. Before Trent could respond, Shawn spoke up.

“No, you didn’t, baby. You’re still going after you dream. You are just on getting settled in here and then you hit your head and...”

“Are you insane?” Trent didn’t know who he was asking that question of, Anna or Shawn. They were both guilty.

“Trent—”

“No.” He jumped off the swing, sending it rocking. “Damn! No woman of mine is going to do such a dangerous job as to become an FBI agent.”

“Excuse me?” Anna lifted a brow at that. “Are you telling me I can’t become one?”

“That’s right, baby. I won’t allow it.”

“Oh, you won’t allow it.” Anna sneered, rising to her feet. “Let me tell you something, cowboy. I’m not some filly you’ve tamed and can now slap your brand onto and send to the barn like a good little girl. I’ll do what I please.”

“I don’t think so.” Trent stepped into her. “I’m not going to have to explain to my children that their mommy got killed, but they can rest assured she died for a good cause.”

“Killed? Oh, God’s sake, Trent, nothing bad is going to happen to me.”

“You can’t be assured of that. FBI agents go after some really dangerous people.”

“I’m going to be a forensic accountant, not busting down doors and wrestling three hundred pound drug dealers to the ground!”

“You’re going to have to testify and somebody could put a hit on you and then boom.” He clapped his hands in her face. “Your car explodes one day.”

“You’re such a drama queen.”

“What did you call me?”

“Drama queen.”

“You are so getting a spanking for that,” Trent growled, reaching for her with every intent of carrying her off to the bedroom to prove to her just how much he was not like a queen.

“Don’t touch me!” Anna shrieked.

She shoved him away, rushing to dart back into the house and undoubtedly lock him out. She’d done that once and now they didn’t have a door on their bathroom. They did have the remains though.

Even if this were a dreamland, Trent didn’t feel like going to sleep without a front door. He moved quickly to catch it before she could slam it behind her. His hand hit the flat glass insert. Anna must have really flung it at him though, because his hand went right through the glass, and the door clicked closed anyway. A second later it snapped back open and Anna filled the space, looking wide eyed and scared.

“Oh, my God, Trent. Did you...” Her words faded off as she inspected his hand. Trent knew what she saw, or didn’t see. His hand should have been cut up and he should have been in pain, but this was a dream and all he felt was anger blending into desire.

“You are going to pay for that.”

Anna shrieked again at that ominous promise and took off.

* * * *

Gibson, Texas

She smiled up at the harsh lines of his face. So rigid, so serious, reflecting the strength that she could feel not only pressing against her, but buried deep inside. His hips flexed as he stroked into her and her smile gave way to a moan. He felt so good, like no other had as he claimed her, filled her with his hardness his warmth.

Then it was gone and she was cold, so cold. Her eyes snapped open to watch him as turned to face her from across the field. Cold, hard, hatred stared back at her. The knowledge of her betrayal, of his betrayal, of all the horrors of what love could become beat against her as those eyes held her in his grip.

The sensation manifested itself into true pain as hard, unforgiving stone slammed into her flesh. She blinked as the field filled with bodies and the murmured sounds of chants escalated into curses.

He had left and that pain sliced into more than the ragged rocks being hurled in her direction. She fled the knowledge that he had abandoned her, hearing the stones bounce into the ground at her heels.

They melted, turning into molten flames that raced after her, licking up her skirt and over her flesh. Searing, wild pain forced screams of horror from her lips.

Leslie snapped straight up in the bed with those retched sounds still filling her as she took in the room around her. Her eyes caught and locked on the single flame dancing from Peter's Zippo as he held the lighter to his cigarette.

"I've asked you not to do that in here. Makes my room smell funny, like stinky feet."

Peter pulled in an inhaled a calming breath of the sinful luxury before silently offering the smoke to Leslie. She shot him a dirty look before turning her head.

"Another bad dream."

He didn't ask. He knew. He'd watched with his fairy eyes as the vibrant colors of spirit had begun to dim. The darkness had been growing for years and it worried him. He had seen this phenomenon many times before in her, knew the path she was on and where it led. It always ended the same. Just once, he wished that things could end differently. Despite the fruitlessness of hope, his fairy heart couldn't help but be filled with the emotion.

This time it would end differently. He'd see to it. Finally he would correct the mistake he'd made so many centuries ago and set free all the pain that had been carried through the lifetimes.

"Where did Dinks go?" Leslie asked, intentionally ignoring his statement, as he'd known she would.

"I sent him away." Peter shrugged and reached for his pack of cigarettes. "After five straight hours of loving, I figured you'd be sated."

"What can I say?" He could hear the grin in Leslie's voice. "The idea of two of you boys tag-teaming me keeps me hot."

"You've always had too much passion for your own good." Peter rested his head back against her headboard, returning to his contemplation of her ceiling.

"I've never heard you complain before."

"It is not I who holds the objection."

"Oh, let's not start, Peter. I am who I am, who I always have been and I always will be. If he can not accept that, than he is not the man for me."

"He is your soul mate."

"And you are my heart. What would you have me do?"

"Practice that which you ask for, forgiveness."

"We are so not having this argument again." Leslie rolled toward the side of the bed and a moment later Peter had to blink against the sudden brightness of a lamp being clicked on. "Damn it, woman, you know it takes my eyes longer to adjust!"

“Poor baby,” Leslie whined unsympathetically as she shrugged into her robe.

“You’d think with everything I do for you, you’d be nicer to me.”

“Do for me? You’re the one helping the double dorks out of their curse. Who was it that pointed the witch Lillie in the direction of their soul mate? Who is it providing them with a harbor to seduce the woman? Why did you not just remove the curse if you intended it to be so easy?”

“I would have, if it had been laid by my heart.”

“It was, or do you forget that we share one?”

“But only one of us controls it. Besides, if they don’t break it then the curse can’t be passed up the line to the man you really want to hurt, can it now?”

Leslie didn’t respond to that, but shot Peter an eat-shit look as she began to pick up the pillows and bedding that had fallen to the floor during the sexual frenzy that had taken place earlier.

“Oh, maybe that’s the point. Maybe you don’t really want to hurt him. Maybe this time you actually regret your rash actions.”

“I regret nothing!” Leslie stopped to shout at him. “That jackass deserves every little bit of pain I can squeeze out of him.”

“Do you know how much pain that man has suffered through his lifetimes?” Peter shouted back. “No, of course not, because you are never there to see it. Every single time you damn him to live the most miserable, lonely existence I have ever known a man to endure and that’s still not enough for you, is it?”

“I’m not the one who started this.”

“And what of me? Does my suffering not matter to you?”

“You know it does. I would spare you if I could, but this is out of my hands. Not even you have the power to change what has been done.”

Peter rolled his eyes. They’d see about that. Leslie might have given up hope, but he would not. He wouldn’t bother to explain that to the hard-headed woman.

Why even bother to try and talk sense to Leslie? He might love her, but he that didn't mean he didn't know her flaws. For all her smarts, Leslie was an emotionally driven person. She emoted all her feelings for the world to see, to feel and experience.

The turbulent whirl of emotions that pumped through her heart fed into his own for they shared that single organ. When she was happy, euphoria kept him feeling higher than the even the gods could reach. When she was sad, it felt as if his very soul bled with hers. They were bound together and through he remained trapped in an endless cycle of joy and misery.

Every time, every life she passed through he followed with her, waiting for the good years to turn to rot and into the death that inevitably loom over them. If only it were his death then he could escape a fate worse than oblivion.

"Not all of us will suffer," Peter sighed, silently admitting defeat and changing the course of the conversation. "At least his brothers will find some happiness."

"If they can get over themselves." Leslie nodded, slowly smiling.

"What is with that grin?"

"Well just think how more miserable he will be through the years surrounded by so much happiness."

"You're diabolical."

"Not that there will be happiness to surround him if Trent and Shawn waste their life stuck in that dream you sent them too. How long can it possibly take them to make that woman fall in love with them? She's their soul mate for Christ's sake."

"It's not her. It's them. Well, it's Trent." No shock there. "And it's only been three days."

"It will be a lifetime, if we're stuck waiting on Trent."

"Maybe. Then again, maybe all he needs is a little push."

Chapter 9

“Dinner is ready.”

Anna came to a stop alongside the fence that created the boundary between yard and pasture. Nothing else marked the difference as the green grass rolled beneath the freshly painted white slats of wood to stretch onward in an unobstructed reach to the horizon.

Trees and horses speckled the landscape, adding movement and color to the tranquil vision. Even the wash of brilliant hues, painted in the sky by the lowering sun, didn't detract from the sleepy lull of peace that filled the pastures.

“Come watch the sunset with us.” Trent offered her a hand, helping her up the fence to take a seat on the top rail between Shawn and him.

“Dinner will get cold,” Anna warned without any real concern in her voice. This was one of her favorite times of the day.

“Let it.” Shawn draped an arm around her waist, his brother's already over her shoulder.

They had this conversation almost every night, where on the front porch or out back, they always gathered to watch night fall down around them. Watching the sunset had become somewhat of a tradition over the past three weeks, one Anna looked forward to. Spending these quiet moments with her men filled her with a warmth that went deeper than just a physical sensation.

There was no sight more beautiful, except perhaps sunrise. Not that she would know. Unlike her men, Anna chose to sleep through that event. Given the strenuous nights, she needed her rest.

How the men managed to be so active, get such little sleep and then spend the day hard at work, Anna didn't know. She had her own chores, not really as taxing as theirs, but they kept her busy during the day.

Busy, but not content. She couldn't deny that a part of her longed for something more. The career that she'd apparently put on hold to marry her loves would go a long way to improving her situation. If Trent had his way it would be a permanent hold.

Of course, he wouldn't get his way, but Anna had learned that things went easier when she humored him into thinking he would. No need to go through another overly dramatic confrontation when she couldn't even remember her own past without getting a migraine.

The only time the past didn't evade her was when she talked about it. Stories and memories would slip out, but if she paused to focus on the details, they'd vanish like smoke in the breeze. It frustrated her, making her mad at herself and wondering what was wrong with her.

"Such an intense look," Shawn commented. "Makes me wonder what is going on in that lovely head of yours."

Anna looked over at him and shrugged. "Nothing."

"Come on, Anna," Trent grunted. "No secrets between us."

"It's really nothing."

"Anna."

She knew that tone. Even if she didn't remember it, she'd learned that when Trent said her name like that he meant business. He'd pester her all night if she didn't come up with an answer that satisfied him.

"I just wish I could remember the past is all."

"It will happen, baby. Just give it time."

"It's been three weeks."

"Give it another three."

"I guess I don't have a choice," she sighed.

"I don't like that tone," Trent narrowed his eyes. "You're thinking about that damn FBI job again, aren't you?"

“Perhaps.”

“Forget about it.”

“Even if I forget about the FBI, I still want to have some kind of job.”

“You have a job,” Trent grunted. “You’re our woman.”

“I meant a real job. You know, where they give you a paycheck?”

“Doesn’t motherhood sound better?”

“Mothers can have a job Trent. We live in the twenty-first century.”

“Women should be at home, taking care of the kids.”

“Don’t make me push you off this fence.”

Always the peacemaker, Shawn spoke louder than necessary to draw the conversation away from the dangerous turn it had taken.

“Besides the job, is there anything else you’d like to change?”

“I’d like to have friends, go out sometimes.”

“You have friends,” Shawn assured her.

“Then why don’t they visit or call?”

“Because they know you’re busy taking care of your men like you’re supposed to be doing.”

Anna opened her mouth to blast Trent for that one, but Shawn cut her off. “They know you haven’t been feeling well and they’re just giving you time to heal.”

“I feel fine. Other than not being able to remember much, nothing is wrong with me. Maybe it would help if I had a car, then I could go to see them.”

“See who?”

“Well...” Damn, she couldn’t even remember her friends’ faces let alone their names.

“I could go in town and at least get groceries, anything to get off this ranch once and a while.”

“I don’t think you should be driving with that bump on your head.”

“I don’t have a bump.”

“Shawn’s right. You shouldn’t be behind the wheel of a car. You could kill yourself.”

“I’m too addled to drive, but competent enough to cook your dinner and do your laundry?”

“But you love to do those things.”

“I do not!”

“It makes me happy when you do them, and you love to make me happy. You live for it.”

Anna shoved Trent right off the fence for that one. He landed hard on his ass. The resounding thud of so much jerk slamming into the ground did make Anna happy. She hopped off the fence and smirked down at him as he shook off the fall.

“You can make your bed in the hay with the horses tonight, Trent.”

With that, she turned and stormed back off toward the house.

* * * *

“Smooth move.”

Trent spared his brother a quick taste of the glare he aimed at Anna’s back. That woman had a hell of a temper and too much sass to be sure. Damn if it didn’t make him hard.

He sure as hell wouldn’t be making his bed in the hay. He’d be making it between her soft thighs in the big bed they shared. She wouldn’t be bitching then. No, she’d be moaning and begging. Definitely begging, he’d make sure of that.

“You keep up the charm and you’ll guarantee us another three weeks in this place.”

“What the hell do you want?” Trent snapped. “She’s getting restless, and your answers weren’t going to help that situation either.”

“I’m just saying you could dial down the asshole routine and try a little more sweetness if you ever want to get the girl to fall in love with your sorry ass.”

“Hey, she’s supposed to be our soul mate. That means she’s supposed to fall in love with me for who I am, not some sap you want to turn me into.”

“I’m just saying you catch more flies with honey.”

“Well then, go on in there and sweeten her up with your sugar, Casanova. I’ll give you a few minutes to let the magic charm work.”

“You really are a jerk sometimes.”

With that parting shot, Shawn joined Anna in the march across the yard. Trent rolled his eyes. He could care less what his brother thought. He was who he was and he wasn’t changing for nobody.

Chapter 10

Trent snorted and leaned against the fence. He wasn't any happier than Shawn at still being trapped here. The focus of his growing frustration though didn't lie within simply being in stuck in Never Never Land when the real world waited for him back home.

The annoyance and anger prowling in him was fueled by the growing certainty that letting Anna go would hurt. Hurt more than any kind of pain he'd ever endured before. Even now, at just the thought, bile turned in his stomach. Too much longer with Anna and he wouldn't want to leave.

The soft whinny of a horse drew Trent's frown up. He could feel the scowl deep across his features. The creases on his forehead drew his skin tight, making the cheek muscles clench under the strain. The fairy had returned.

"Evening." Peter perfected a quaint southern drawl and doffed his hat like he'd seen one too many western movies.

"What are you doing here?" Trent straightened up, preparing to meet his future standing tall.

"I'm coming in from a hard day's work to enjoy the sweet comforts of a hearth and woman. Isn't that what you cowboys do every night?"

"You're not a cowboy. This isn't your home, and Anna isn't your woman."

"Pardon me?"

"Drop the act, fairy," Trent snarled. "We both know the score."

“Yes, we do. We both know that I’ve given you a chance to break the curse upon you out of the goodness of my heart.”

“Bullshit. You did it for a price.”

“What if I’ve decided that price is a place in the luscious, little Anna’s bed?”

“Then you can ride that horse into hell, because you’re not touching my woman.”

“Watch yourself now, Trent, or did Shawn forget to tell you what the penalty for breaking our contract is?”

“I’d rather spend life as woman than watch you touch Anna. Besides, she thinks you’re a doctor.”

“She’ll think whatever I tell her to, including that she hates you.”

“You can’t do that.”

“I can’t?”

“She loves me.”

“Then why are you still here? I think you need some help seducing your woman.”

“Fuck you.”

Peter smirked. “Well then, the decision has been made.”

Trent half expected for the dreamland Peter had created to dissolve around him and to find himself waking back up inside Lillie’s childhood dollhouse. He hated that dollhouse with all its cutesy furniture and girlie wallpaper.

Shawn and he had about destroyed the thing before Lillie had pulled out all the furniture but the bunk bed and a table with two chairs. The idea of living the rest of his life trapped in it gave him the cold sweats.

Ah, hell. Mike would build them something to live in. A more masculine dollhouse and maybe he could even find somebody to sew up an actual pair of jeans instead of the little polyester ones Lillie had offered to him. Trent had refused the 1960’s doll clothes. Nobody, no matter what, would dress him up to look like a dweeb.

It took him a moment to realize through his dire thoughts that none of them came true. He was still full size, still a man, and still caught in Peter's dreamland. Whatever revenge the fairy planned to take, he hadn't made his move and there was still a warm, willing woman waiting for him in the house behind him.

Trent turned and began to jog across the yard. He didn't know how much time he had, but he planned to spend whatever was left with Anna, in Anna, buried deep inside her warmth.

* * * *

Anna had just put the beef roast down in the middle of the table when the back door flew open with such force that it slammed against the wall. The stomp of boots added a touch of bass to the higher pitch bang and had Anna turning to see what the commotion was.

Trent caught her mid-motion, his hand gripping her arms with such force she opened her mouth to protest. The words never made it into the air. The only sounds that penetrated the sudden tension thickening in the kitchen was her whimper and his hungry growl as his lips slammed into hers.

Anna didn't have time to question what had changed Trent's mood, what drove him to kiss her now, for the first time in three weeks. A second later she didn't even have the mind left to think the questions.

His lips slanted into hers, pressing into them and lifting to open her mouth for his invasion. He devoured her, ravaged her, stroking into her mouth with such feral need that Anna felt her own primitive desires fire through her blood and take control of her body.

She kissed him, trying to twine her arms around his neck and pull him closer. He fought her for control, his hands ripping at her clothes in desperate, hungry jerks. A second set of hands joined him and soon she felt the cool night air against her heated flesh.

The heat of both twins pressing in on either side of her quickly chased away the chill and any wisp of sanity it had brought with it. Anna didn't fight the storm of lust whirling through her. She didn't want to.

Instead she threw herself into the eye of the tornado swarming around her, kissing Trent back with equal ferocity. Her hands curled into the silken strands of his hair, holding him to her as she allowed the pleasure to consume her.

The world tilted, shifting around her and it took the feel of her weight sinking into the hard planes of Trent's body to make Anna realize that it wasn't just the power of his kiss befuddling her mind. Trent had dragged her down, and she found herself stretched above him.

The hard ridge of his erection pressed into her softness as her legs slid to the side to straddle his thighs. It felt good, even through his jeans, and she ground herself against him, breaking the kiss to gasp at the bolts of pure energy that shot through her system.

More. She needed more.

"Can't wait," Trent panted, echoing her own silent demands.

His hands pushed between their bodies and went to work on his own jeans. Hard knuckles brushed between her swollen folds, teasing the sensitive nub of her clit with only the slightest of touches.

Sparkles of the rapture to come flittered over her nerves, making them burn for a stronger dose, a harder touch. She moaned in frustration when it didn't come, trying desperately to angle her hips so she could grind her cunt against something hard, intent on rubbing herself to orgasm.

"Easy, baby." Shawn's soothing voice warmed her ear as a much desired hand slid around her stomach and down to her weeping pussy. "I got you."

Oh, did he ever. Anna's head fell back against his broad shoulder as he began to circle and rub her clit, making her cunt melt with

cream even as the rest of her body tensed in anticipation of the coming explosion.

“Now, Shawn. Lower her down onto me.”

* * * *

Trent couldn't wait another second. He couldn't even seem to breathe without painful need constricting his chest. He needed Anna, needed her warmth, needed to be taken to the heights of ecstasy he'd only ever known buried deep in her body. He needed it now.

Her pussy was wet. So wet the heated cream dripped down over the length of his shaft, searing his hardened flesh with the promise of the heaven that awaited him inside.

“The sweetest pussy,” Trent whispered hoarsely, feeling almost driven out of his mind as her folds parted around him, caressing the sensitive edge of his cock's head.

“Mine,” he growled and pressed forward into the silken depths of her sheath. He laced his fingers through her delicate ones and pulled her straight down, capturing her scream at the sudden, deep penetration with his kiss.

The sweat beaded between his shoulders and down his back as he forced himself to remain still. He wanted to savor this moment, to remember it always in case this was the last time he ever had a chance to experience such ambrosia again.

He fought to breathe through the amazing pressure of her pussy clamping so tight, so snug, like a pulsing velvet fist around his length. It was a pointless fight. She was so tight. Her pussy clenched around him in a milking stroke that stole not only his breath, but his sanity as well.

The feel of a hard length pressing against the thin barrier separating her back channel from her sheath had him breaking the kiss to groan with the amazing sensations. More pressure than he thought

he could stand had his hips jerking into movement as molten lava poured out of his balls and licked like liquid flames over his body.

His hands gripped her hips, holding Anna still as he pillaged her depths, harder, faster, deeper, in perfect rhythm with the cock ravaging her from behind. She went wild in his grasp, her hips moving to match the powerful pound of unleashed lush spiraling out of control between them.

Trent felt her come apart in his arms, and his eyes lifted to be captured by her own mesmerizing gaze. In that instant, he knew the truth that he had been trying to hide from for days.

Chapter 11

Dallas, Texas

Crash!

Shawn's moan of ecstasy turned into a grunt of pain when Trent's oversized body flattened him into the uneven surface below. Splinters of wood stabbed at him into his back, but the pain wasn't enough to hold the release that flooded out of his body.

"Ah, man!"

Trent's weight disappeared instantly from Shawn's chest as his twin yelled. The sound of distress had Shawn's eyes popping open and he watched as Trent danced around naked. His head whipped from side to side as he circled like a dog chasing its tail, trying to see what was on his back.

Shawn didn't need to move his head to know what Trent looked for. He could see clearly. The sight brought a snicker to his lips as he watched the white, milky substance trickle over Trent's ass.

"Jesus, Shawn! Watch where you aim that stuff!"

"Sorry." He wasn't really and his tone betrayed his humor. It wasn't like his stomach wasn't covered too. That was the problem when you slept in bunk beds that broke when...

"Hey—"

"I should kick your ass!"

"Trent!"

"This is the lowest thing you have ever done!"

"Damnit, Trent—"

“I mean it. You pull this stunt again, I’m not going to have a twin anymore!”

“Will you shut up for a moment?”

“What? What do you have to say for yourself?”

“You’re six foot one.”

“Excuse me?”

Trent glared at him in confusion as Shawn scrambled to his feet. Beneath him chunks of wood and pieces of dollhouse cracked and shattered. The sounds seemed to break through Trent’s anger as his eyes shifted to the floor then slowly, all the way up to Shawn’s eyes.

Shawn turned to take in the destruction they had wreaked when they’d transformed back to their full size. The table had shattered beneath their combined weight. The legs kicked out and the top had cracked into chunks with the tablecloth laying over it like a funeral shroud. The dollhouse was no longer identifiable. They’d made a mess, no doubt about it.

“Yes!” Trent whooped. Before Shawn could fend him off, his brother threw his arms around Shawn’s neck and pulled him into a big hug. It lasted all of a second before Trent cursed and jumped back.

“Damn it, Shawn! Now look what you did!” Trent gestured to his sticky stomach. “You got it all over me! Don’t you have any control?”

“It’s a natural reaction.” Shawn shot back. His good humor couldn’t be so easily turned by a few harsh words from his twin. Instead his eyes settled on Trent’s cock, still locked and loaded. “What are you saving yours for?”

“Something hot, wet and real.”

“Is everything all right in here?”

The sound of Lillie Mae’s voice had both brothers turning toward the attic door. Shawn caught a glimpse of flaming cheeks before she swung around with a great swoosh of her robe to present her back to them.

“Excuse me.”

Trent all but danced over to her. "I'd hug you, but Shawn's made a mess. I'm going to get a shower."

With that declaration, he dropped a kiss on Lillie Mae's cheek that had the witch flinching. Shawn snickered at the sight of the old woman's head dropping when Trent moved past her and right through her line of vision.

"Looks a little different in full size, huh?"

"Pardon me?"

Shawn wasn't going to explain that to the suddenly modest witch. "Do you have anything for me to wear?"

"Your brother sent over some clothes just in case you had a need to use them. They're downstairs. I'll go get them."

"Don't bother." Shawn looked at his sticky stomach. He wasn't about to ruin his clothes to appease Lillie Mae's modesty. "Trent may be a jackass, but he's right. I did make a mess. I guess I'll just use the tablecloth for now. I'll just risk getting a splinter in the wrong place."

"My tablecloth? Splinters?" That got the old woman over her embarrassment and she spun around. "My dollhouse! What have you done?"

"Sorry," Shawn mumbled, finally feeling the pangs of guilt at the witch's crestfallen look. "It was an accident. We'll pay for the damages"

"My father built that for me," Lillie Mae snapped. "It was priceless!"

"Really, we didn't mean to destroy it."

Shawn squirmed in the face of her anger. The last thing they needed was to piss off another witch. The last time that had happened, life had really sucked. If he was about to be cursed, he wanted to be covered. No point in hanging out anything to draw her attention to. Snatching up the tablecloth from the floor, he shook it out and quickly covered anything he didn't want harmed.

“You and your brother have done nothing but demolish and destroy one thing after another. If it wasn’t for the curse already on you, I’d lay one down so horrible you’d pray for death!”

Shawn cringed at that. What could be worse than being turned into figurines? What did she mean the curse on them? It was over, wasn’t it?

“What curse on us? Aren’t we cured?”

Lillie Mae’s lips curled in a fashion too harsh to be a smile. “You’ll see. For you it might not have been so bad, but with Trent...you’ll be suffering for a while yet.”

With that cryptic comment, the witch jerked back around and stormed toward the door.

“Hey, wait! What—”

“Get your things and get out of my house! I’ll send you the bill!”

* * * *

Macon, Georgia

Anna squinted against the bright light flooding over her, casting out a blanket of heat that brought no comfort. Loud voices squawked at each other from overhead as beeps and mechanical gasps filled in the voids in an attempt to eradicate any second of silence.

The sounds, the smells, the drab wall color across from her bed, these were all familiar things. This was a hospital.

Anna hated hospitals. She’d spent too much time in them over the past few years. Too much time and worry. Then it had been her mom stretched out under the bleached sheets, looking like death was creeping up on her.

“Anna?”

The sound of her mother’s voice drew her head to the right side of her bed. There she was, her short brown hair too gray around her face for Anna’s peace of mind.

“Mom.”

“Hey, sweetie.” The hard lines of worry softened and transformed into a smile of pure joy.

“What’s going on?”

Anna tried to remember, but all that came to mind were images of Trent and Shawn, of a ranch and a world of ecstasy that made waking up to this one a nightmare.

“You had an allergic reaction.”

“I did? To what?”

“A peach.”

“I’m allergic to peaches?” Something about that didn’t make sense.

“Apparently. The doctors think you went into anaphylactic shock. You’ve been unconscious for four days.”

Four days? It felt like a lifetime. None of it had been real. Not Trent. Not Shawn. They may not have been real, but what she had felt for them had been. The horrible mix of emotions she felt at having lost them felt more than real. It felt like dying. She wasn’t happily married and working on building a family. She was alone.

Her gaze touched on Get Well balloons, bouquets of flowers, and a metal tray with the dull yellow pitcher, as her head fell to the left. Sadness did not describe the emotion rolling through her.

“Sweetie?” Her mother’s hand brushed back the strands of hair that had fallen into Anna’s face, forcing her to see a world she did not wish to be a part of.

Closing her eyes to block it out, she murmured, “tired.”

“Well, get your rest then, honey.”

Anna escaped into her dreams, hoping that Trent and Shawn waited for her there.

Chapter 12

Gibson, Texas

Shawn leaned back in the rocking chair, stretching his legs out to rest his ankles on the railing and watched as the sun disappeared behind the hazy line of the trees. Sunday, God's day of rest, and the only day he could count on not to have to work.

Like most ranches, the Oakley ran twenty-four-seven. Spring, summer, winter or fall, there was no lazy season to be had. From keeping the stock healthy to maintaining the equipment that ran the ranch, the moments were few and far between when they took a break to just enjoy life.

They made a good living, but it wasn't an easy one. Sunday was the only guaranteed easy day of the week. Only because the good Lord had decreed it to be a day of rest. Even then, Sunday wasn't a spontaneous day. It had its own traditions that sometimes felt like forced compliance.

No sleeping in when fine clothes hung at the ready to be donned and church waited to be attended. Afterward the family split up, but only for a few hours to gather things for the late afternoon feast. Max would go by the ice cream parlor to pick up the tubs of frozen deliciousness. Marc and Jason would bring the jams, jellies and pickles from the Haden's fruit stand. Mike would ride out to the farmers' market and bring back whatever fresh vegetables they had available. As the youngest, Trent's responsibility was to provide the meat.

The brothers and ranch hands would gather around the grill and argue over the offering and how best to start the grill or what flavor of sauce was perfect to slather on top. The women, wives, girlfriends or daughters of the hands and friends always stopping by, would crowd into the big kitchen and set to work on making the side dishes while they watched over the children too young to be running free in the yard.

The sweet scented smoke of the bar-be-que would draw them outside for a while. A cooler set off to the side would be crammed with sodas and beers that would need replacing every hour as the heat had everybody drinking too much.

Even out front he could still hear the clink of horseshoes hitting their post and the raucous laughter of his brothers as they ribbed each other about their skills. The high-pitched tinge of female voices punctuated the even higher tones of children shrieking and the occasional outburst of a wail that would soon be soothed and forgotten.

Sunday had always been his favorite day. Not this one, not the last one and as far as his mind could stretch into the future all Shawn could see was the vacant loneliness accentuated by the fact that he'd had to stop by the butcher to pick up spareribs on his way home from church.

He should have graduated from that task. Instead of standing in a cold freezer packed with carcasses, he should have been ushering Anna into bed for a quick turn through the sheets before they had to bring their own homemade treat to the party. That's what married people did. The wife made something Saturday night to bring, freeing up a few hours for fun on Sunday.

Instead of sitting alone on the front porch, he should have been standing in back with his arm around his wife, watching as the other women placed their hands on her swollen belly and waited for the baby inside to kick them.

Trent and he shouldn't have almost come to blows last night over the futility of Trent taking Marie out on a date. They should have been arguing over who was truly the better man and the one who got Anna pregnant first, hoping that she gave them a nice set of twins boys to raise into men.

Shawn sighed and took a swig of beer. He'd been doing that too much lately. Too much drinking and not enough sleeping, but it was hard to sleep, outright painful the way Anna haunted his dreams. Even there though he couldn't get the release he needed so desperately.

Now he understood what Lillie Mae meant about being cursed. They were that, but this time it wasn't by the hand of some vindictive woman's revenge. It was by Trent's own obstinance.

There would be no curse if they had Anna with them. Their love and lust were now tied to her. Without her, there could be no satisfaction. No satisfaction in life. No satisfaction in bed.

Trent had certainly tried to prove that wrong, but all he had accomplished was building a reputation for being impotent. Leslie must be laughing herself sick over that one. It was the ultimate payback for two hound dogs who used to plant their flag on whatever woman could fall on her back the fastest.

No more. For the past five weeks, nothing had gotten raised or saluted. Not that Shawn had bothered to try. Even when he had reluctantly agreed to go out with Trent and Abby, he'd known after a minute of talking to her he wasn't interested. She wasn't Anna. Only Anna would do.

Trent had a much harder head and tended to be a good deal more stubborn. As far as Shawn could tell, Trent had tried just about anything and everything to no avail. That didn't mean he'd give up. It seemed to make him even more determined to beat the curse.

A motion drew Shawn's eyes to the corner of the porch. Speak of the devil and he shall appear. The old saying whispered through Shawn's head as Trent mounted the steps and settled into the rocker next to him.

His twin tugged his baseball hat lower, blocking out the sun's brightest rays as they dipped beneath the overhang of the roof. "I give up."

Shawn froze. "Excuse me?"

"I give up."

"Give up what?"

"I thought I had it figured out."

"Figured what out?"

"Last night I had Marie naked and in the bed of my truck. I thought I'd just close my eyes and pretend she was Anna."

What the point of doing that when they could actually have Anna, Shawn didn't know. "Didn't work, huh?"

"Didn't last. The minute Marie touched my cock it just...wilted." Trent's shoulders slumped forward. "Then you know what she did?"

"Smacked you?"

"Laughed." Trent sounded so sad it was almost hard not to feel bad for him. Almost, but Shawn managed. "She laughed at me. You know what that's like?"

"Nope."

"It ain't fun."

"So that's it then."

"She said they were all laughing at me. I'm thirty years old and already got a reputation as a dirty old man who has to get his from a bottle of pills."

"Please tell me you're not going to try that next."

"You think it would work?"

"No."

"Yeah, that's what I thought. Fucking Leslie, she got us good this time."

"She didn't get us. We got ourselves." That got an annoyed jerk from Trent. Shawn saw his brother's glare out of the corner of his eye, but he didn't bother to turn his own head.

"What say you?"

“Lillie Mae said falling in love with our soul mate would free us of the curse. You just heard making our soul mate fall in love with us was what we needed to do.”

“I don’t see the difference.” There was that little kid stubborn tone to Trent’s voice. He saw the difference. He didn’t want to recognize it. Shawn had tired of catering to his twin’s bullheadedness.

“Anna was in love with us before the dream ended. It wasn’t some great revelation to her. I for one was in love with her before that moment. That just leaves you.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“I’m talking about the instant we turned back to full size. It was the moment you fell in love with Anna.”

“I did not.”

“Why is it so damn hard for you to admit?”

“Why should I admit to something that ain’t true?”

“Damn it, Trent! Do you want to spend the rest of our lives like this?”

“No. That’s why I say we go get the woman. We’re obviously stuck with her.”

“I’m sure she’ll just be thrilled to accept that proposal.”

“You do the talking, lover boy.”

“I ain’t going to talk for you until I know why this is so damn difficult for you.”

“Excuse me for not wanting to be tied down to one woman when there is a whole world of them to enjoy.”

“That ain’t it.”

Trent didn’t respond, and Shawn felt the air around them heating with more than just the mid-summer’s humidity. Trent was about to snap and Shawn looked forward to the fight. He might not be able to get a sexual release, but he’d be able to get rid of some of the tension riding him by pounding Trent into the dirt.

“You’re chicken shit, just admit it.”

“Ahh!”

The battle cry echoed through the air as Trent launched himself out of his chair and at Shawn. Shawn had been expecting it, and the two crashed into a ball of fists and kicking legs as the rocker tipped over and smashed into the floor.

In a tangle of wood and flesh, the two brothers pushed free of each other. Shawn gained his feet first with the help of the porch railing. He'd barely managed to straighten up Trent lunged at him again.

This time they toppled off the porch, taking spindles and railing with them. In another ball of limbs they crashed into the prickly bush below and quickly rolled away from the sharp points of leaves.

Both brothers threw and landed punches as they fought for the dominating position on top. They twisted and turned across the yard. Evenly matched neither brother could win and only when exhaustion had finally set in that Shawn got the advantage.

He wasn't given a chance to inflict the pain he wanted on his aggravating twin. Large, hard hands gripped either of his arms and flung him off Trent and sent him stumbling to his feet. He lunged for Trent a second time but quickly found himself in a bear hug of unbreakable muscles.

"What the hell has gotten into you two?"

Mike's roar would have deafened passersby a mile away. Having it yelled right in his ear made Shawn cringe and forced a little bit of rationality back into his brain. Across from them, Shawn could see that Trent had not regained the slightest bit of calm. His twin fought Marc's hold with what little energy was left in his bruised and beaten body.

"Damnit!" Marc yelled. "Be still or I'll beat your ass myself!"

"Let me go! I'm going to kill him! This is all his fault!"

"What is all his fault?" That demand came from Mike, who always needed to know everybody's business.

“Stupid son-of-a-bitch!” Trent roared at Mike. “If you hadn’t screwed Leslie’s sister, none of this would have happened and I’d have fucked Marie raw last night! Fucking bitch laughed at me!”

“You could be fucking Anna raw every night if you’d just own up to the fact that you love her!” Shawn roared back before Mike could respond. He didn’t bother fighting Mike’s hold. He knew better. This wasn’t the first fight the brothers had gotten into that needed to be broken up, though it might have been the worst on record.

“That’s never going to happen!”

“Why? What is so horrible about loving Anna?”

“What good is it?” The veins bugged out of Trent’s neck, his face so flushed red that it wasn’t irrational to worry it was about to explode. Shawn had never seen his twin so enraged. “You think you’re just going to go get her and everything is going to be all right? What if it isn’t? What if she doesn’t want to come back here? What are you going to do? Move to Atlanta? Stay at home and bake cookies while she’s out there becoming some FBI agent?”

That brought Shawn up short. He hadn’t thought about that at all. When he’d looked into the future, he always seen her here, on the ranch, but Trent had a point. What if she didn’t want to come and live in Gibson, Texas? It certainly wasn’t as exciting as a city like Atlanta, and it definitely wouldn’t be the place to start a career as a forensic accountant.

It all made sense in that moment. Everything Trent knew and loved was right here. Their family, the ranch, the days that flowed with the security of routine and redundancy, it was all here.

For all his carefree ways and devil-may-care attitude, Trent had never taken to change well. He was a creature of habit and any little interruption could cause him to have a meltdown. Being forced to choose between a life he loved and a woman he loved would be difficult for any man, but for Trent it would be devastating.

“God you are such a wimp. That is why we have to go convince her this is where she belongs, or don’t you think you can convince one little woman to do what you want?”

It might be cruel and he might be making promises he couldn’t keep, but Shawn knew what needed to be said to get Trent over his fear and spurred into action. The plan worked.

“I am not a wimp,” Trent snarled.

“Then prove it. Step up and go after what you want.”

Trent twisted out of Marc’s hold. “Fine then. Let’s go convince her, but I’m warning you now if she refuses to be convinced, I’m hog tying her ass and hauling her back here. I don’t care if I need to keep her chained to the bed, ain’t no woman going to laugh at me again!”

“Fine.” Shawn rolled his shoulder forward and Mike let go. “I’ll bring the rope.”

Trent picked his hat out of the dirt and smacked it against his thigh before setting it back on his head. “Let’s go to Atlanta.”

Mike stepped in to put the breaks on their plans. “First you’ll fix the railing you broke.”

“We’ll do it when we get back.”

“I’ve heard that before. You’ll do it now.”

Chapter 13

Atlanta, GA

Anna pulled her car into the garage and parked. As the lowering garage door eclipsed the bright light of the early evening sun, she sat there in the still idling car, steering wheel gripped in her hands, eyes unfocused on the scene in front of her.

It had been five weeks almost to the day since she had woken up from the fantasy world of sexy twin cowboys and the peaceful quiet of the ranch and still she hadn't adjusted to life in reality. She'd no more then gone through the motions.

All the joy and excitement over moving into her new apartment had turned to dread and sadness. The anticipation of her new job had faded into boredom and monotony. Even her giggles at the idea of going out with Dan had been silenced.

Dan, he was a good man, an interested one from all the flowers he'd brought to her hospital room, the way he eagerly rolled up his sleeves and helped her lug boxes out to her car, drove the three hours and then helped her tote the heavy cardboard squares into her new apartment. A woman really couldn't ask for more.

Considerate, intelligent, rich and attractive, Dan was most girls' dream come true, but not hers. Hers had been two aggravating, insane, sexy ranchers who had abandoned even her dreams.

Why she was mad at them even Anna couldn't explain. They were nothing more than figments of her imaginations. It wasn't their fault that her mind refused to produce them when she went to sleep at

night. That fact didn't matter to her heart. To that irrational organ, Trent and Shawn were real, and their abandonment hurt.

Anna turned the car off, trying to force her heart from leading her mind down the same old tired road. Dan was coming up tonight and she'd promised to cook him dinner. A romantic dinner that might have lead to an even more intimate conclusion if she hadn't issued the invitation for Monday night knowing he had to leave early to get back to Macon.

It was probably moronic, but she'd been holding him off with a lot of well executed bad timing excuses. Not that Dan had complained. He appeared perfectly fine with letting her set the pace their relationship developed at, even if that meant slow.

She couldn't avoid his kisses though. They were sweet and she tried to enjoy them, but he was no Trent or Shawn. Dan's kisses didn't excite her the way the twins had. There was no heated blood flowing to all the right places, no shortening of breath, no growing wet with anticipation of having his mouth move lower.

Just the opposite. The idea of Dan touching her, putting his mouth on her body, left her feeling cold and icky. It wasn't right. It wasn't a normal reaction for a healthy woman considering an affair with a perfectly acceptable man.

It had to stop. It would stop. Anna promised herself tonight would be different as she dropped her keys into her purse and pulled it up on her shoulder. Tonight she would focus on the real world. It would be stupid to let the best thing that ever happened to her pass her by while she lusted after a fantasy that didn't exist.

Anna shoved her door open, grabbed the bag of groceries and marched into her future. The future was hot and humid. Sweat began to bead along her forehead and between her shoulders by the time she followed the short path between the garages and the back row of apartments that made up her building.

Silently cursing her inattention, she juggled the brown sack of food to rest on her hip as she pulled her purse around front and dug

for her keys. She'd been doing a lot of stupid things lately. Little things, small mistakes that just proved her mind was elsewhere no matter how hard she fought to focus on the present.

Without looking up, she stumbled through the breezeway that dissected the two halves of her building and bumped into the hedge as she turned the corner to the front of her own apartment. Muttering to herself, she rummaged through all the crap that seemed to make it back into her purse no matter how many times she emptied the bag out.

She'd gotten a bottom floor apartment, one that faced out into a little courtyard. She snagged her shirt on the edge of the iron gate that lead into the tiny sanctuary and didn't bother to notice the rip she heard left in the silk fabric.

Nor did she consider the steps that lead up to the small porch that had been the reason she'd picked this apartment. Too obsessed with her growing agitation at her lost keys, Anna walked right into the front step of her porch and stubbed her toe. Pain shot up her foot and forced an explicative worthy of shaming her mother out her lips.

"Proper ladies don't cuss."

That draw, that deep, husky southern accent. She knew it well.

Anna's eyes shot up and took in the sight of the two identical jean clad men waiting on her porch. It was them. Both of them. Shawn and Trent, looking as sexy as they ever had in a dream even if they were rougher around the edges than she remembered.

For a painful moment, everything inside of her stopped working. Her heart froze mid-beat, her brain emptied, and her stomach opened. Her legs melted, and her arms lost their strength. The grocery bag went down with a crash.

This had to be a dream. They weren't real. That thought surfaced through the void to register loudly, insistently in her head. She closed her eyes and waited.

"You alright, darlin'?"

Anna's eyes popped open. They were still there. She had to wake up, and she had to do it now before any of them went any further. Anna knew exactly where that would lead, and she had a dinner date tonight with a real man.

She scrunched her face up and made sure her eyes were good and closed. Then pinched herself, hard. It hurt, and she knew without looking that she'd left a mark on her pale, pink skin.

"What in the world are you doing?"

Damnit!

This couldn't be happening. She must be having a full psychotic breakdown. If this wasn't a dream, then they had to be hallucinations. There was only one healthy thing to do when one hallucinated. Ignore the situation.

Just ignore them, and they would fade away. They had to. She certainly couldn't entertain Dan with her two fantasy lovers lounging around the place.

Taking a deep breath, Anna forced her eyes away from the men in front of her. Focus on small details, she told herself. Don't look at them. Don't talk to them. Just go slow and easy, doing what had to be done.

With that mantra running through her head, she bent to get her groceries.

"Here let me."

She already had the bag in her hands when another set of arms appeared in her vision. Beautifully tanned and sprinkled with just the right amount of dark hair, they were strong and she actually had to fight him for control of the bag.

"What has gotten into you, Anna? I've got the bag."

He won the spontaneous tug of war despite her best efforts. She'd obviously underestimated the power of hallucinations. Not only did he look real and have the strength of a flesh and blood man, but he smelled like one too. Just like she remembered.

The scent of spicy man, musky earth and leather thickened in the moist air around her, trying to drug her senses and weaken her resolve to fight this insanity. No. She wouldn't give in. It was just a trick of her broken mind.

Better to leave the bag on the ground than to acknowledge the possibility that she was fighting with herself. That would be an outward sign that she had lost it. If she went insane, she'd like to hide that fact from the rest of the world. The only option left was just to turn her back on the sexy cowboy in front of her and walk up the stairs.

"Anna?"

The concern in his tone sounded so real. He had to be Shawn. Shawn had always been the considerate one, the charming one, the one that melted her heart. That meant the other large man blocking her path to the door with a scowl on his face was Trent. That fit.

Trent had the gleam in his blue eyes that she remembered well. Determination compiled with the will to break down God himself, she'd never stood a chance against him. This time would be different. This time she knew he was nothing more than a figment of her imagination. All she had to do was walk through him. He wasn't even there.

It didn't work. Her nose smashed into a solid wall of heated muscle. The mesmerizing scent of a lover once known wrapped around her as thick secure arms pressed into her back and held her still in his embrace.

"Interesting technique, but if you wanted a hug, all you to do was ask, sugar."

"You're not real." The words floated out without any effort on her part.

"Don't I feel real?" Trent, it had to be him with that smug smirk. He shifted, pressing the bulge his oversized erection made in his jeans into her. "What about this? Does that feel real enough for you, sugar?"

It did, but so had everything else the last time Trent had held her this close. Then in a bright flash it had all vanished. That grim reminder was enough to have her stepping back, or she tried to. Trent did not relinquish his hold on her, but tensed his arms, tightening his hold.

“I have to go inside now.”

That basic thought held her bound to the real world, the sane one. Anna held onto it, desperate to keep from falling back into fantasy realm where life was perfect even if it was all a product of her wishful mind.

“You have to let me go.”

“Sorry, no can do.” Trent shook his head, proving to be just as difficult in this dream as he had been in the last. “I traveled a long way to get you back in my arms, sugar, and you are going to be staying here for a while.”

“For Christ sakes, Trent,” Shawn’s annoyed tone came from behind her. “Let her go. Can’t you see you’re freaking her out?”

“She’s calm.”

“Doesn’t mean she’s not freaking out.”

“Fine. I’ll let her go.” Trent’s eyes shifted back down to hers. “You go, but if you run and I have to chase you, there is going to be hell to pay when I catch you, and I will catch you.”

With that threat hanging in the air, he released her. She felt instantly bereft, set adrift in a world that had begun to destabilize around her. Even if he was a hallucination, he’d felt solid enough to ground her in whatever world he existed.

With a deep breath, Anna tried to focus. This wasn’t happening. Her neighbors had probably started to stare at her out their windows wondering why the hell she was just standing there and if she was really talking to herself.

Her hand tightened around her key and with a renewed determination, she once again moved toward her front door. This

time, she went around Trent. Even if he wasn't real to anybody else, he was real enough to her.

When the key slid into its lock, Shawn's voice floated past her a second time. "Anna? You all right."

Don't answer. Anna turned the key and the knob moved freely under her other hand.

"Honey?"

She pushed the door inward and stepped over the threshold. The cold, air-conditioned air washed over her. It was bracing and would surely clear the delusions from her mind. The heat, that was what was causing her to lose it. Just a simple case of heat stroke, Anna assured herself.

"I guess she does seem a little freaked."

The sound of Trent's voice sent a shiver of fear down her spine. This was bad, really bad. She didn't look back as she past the edge of the door and threw it backward. It should have slammed shut. It didn't.

"Ow! Damnit, woman! That hurt."

Anna hung her head in defeat and whimpered, "oh, God."

Chapter 14

Shawn shoved past Trent, who stood still rubbing his nose. He wasn't the least bit concerned about his twin. Even if Trent had broken his nose, again, it was more important to make sure Anna was all right.

She was acting really funny. Of all the possible responses that had played through his mind on their long drive to Atlanta, this one hadn't been on his list. It left him without a clue as what to do. He'd planned for just about everything he thought she might say to them when they first confronted her, but now drew a complete blank on how to handle this situation.

Anna stood still, head bowed, muttering to herself. Shawn lowered the bag of groceries she had dropped onto the table set to the side of the front door and approached her. The words she whispered in a repetitive chant finally became clear as he stepped up to her side.

"Not real. Not real. Not real..."

"Oh, honey," Shawn sighed and pulled her into his embrace. She stiffened in his arms, her words becoming louder. Despite her obvious distress, it felt good to hold her close, better even than it had in the dreamland.

Now he didn't have to imagine what she smelled like. Not peaches and cream, but vanilla and cinnamon. Shawn breathed deep, savoring her scent. It made him hungry for apple pie and he smiled. He loved apple pie, hot with a big helping of ice cream on top. He loved Anna more.

Her skin was even softer than he'd dreamed, her hair finer, silkier. He rubbed his cheek into the tresses, pressing a kiss against the top of

her head. Anna responded instantly. She jerked back, breaking his loose hold. He caught her by the arms before she could retreat any further.

“You’re not real!”

“Oh, honey, I’m so sorry for everything. I know you’re confused, but you can trust me on this. We’re real.”

“No.” She shook her head hard enough to make her hair fly in front of her face. “No. It was all a dream.”

“Yes, it was. What happened before was a dream. What is happening now is not.”

“How do I know that? How do I know that you wouldn’t disappear again and leave me all alone? How?”

“You’re going to have to trust me.”

“I trusted you once and woke up in a hospital bed.”

Shawn could tell by the mutinous glare on her face that she wouldn’t give in easily. They’d have to prove to her that this wasn’t a dream, but how? His mind ran through every possible thing he could do. Every idea had a hole she could find if she were determined enough.

He lifted helpless eyes to Trent who still stood in the open doorway scowling. His twin rolled his eyes, signaling his annoyance and unconcern at their current predicament. There was little doubt in Shawn’s mind what Trent wanted to do.

He’d made it more than clear on the ride up to Anna’s place. Shawn didn’t think carrying Anna off to the nearest bed like a set of cavemen would help increase her confidence in them. That meant he was on his own with this one.

Shawn scowled when an idea came to him. It wasn’t the best solution, at least not in his mind, but it might be the only one. If nothing else, it was the only one he had right now and he had to get Anna over her denial before they could get to talking about the most important thing, their relationship and their future.

“Anna.” She didn’t respond, didn’t even look at him. “Remember the time when you shut the door on Trent’s hand? Remember how his hand went through the glass, but didn’t bleed?”

That got her attention. Distrustful eyes finally lifted to focus on him. It figured. Shawn didn’t want to have to do this, but for her he would.

“He didn’t bleed, because it was a dream.”

Shawn straightened up and reached in his jeans to pull out his pocketknife. Anna’s eyes widened at the sight of it in his hands. It annoyed him to see fear there when he pulled open the knife. They might have treated her badly, lied to her, manipulated her, abandoning her after the dream had ended, but they’d never hurt her, not physically.

Bracing himself, he cut his own arm. Trent muttered a curse and Anna looked at him as if he was worse than a dream, as if he were insane as he held his arm up for her inspection.

“That’s blood, Anna. Only a real man can bleed.”

“You’re real?”

“Yes.” Shawn breathed out a relieved sigh.

He could see in her eyes the instant she finally began to comprehend. At second later, the world twirled before his eyes as his head cut sharply to the right and fire lit up his cheek.

“Bastard! What kind of sick game are you playing?”

Being smacked and cussed at had been on his list of possible reactions, but the sudden change in her mood caught him completely off guard. Shawn blinked as he took in the spitfire Anna had mutated into.

He’d never seen her like this, nostrils flaring, eyes cracking with bolts of fury, cheeks flushed, her little tiny fist white knuckled with rage. She looked so cute and adorable, he could just eat her up.

“I want you out of my house!”

She turned and pointed at the door. It would have been impossible for her to miss Trent blocking it. His twin was not spared in her rampage. Shawn watched her kick his twin right in the shin.

“You too, asshole. Out!”

“God damnit, woman!”

Trent hopped on one leg giving Anna all the advantage she needed to plant both hands on his chest and shove him right out the door. Shawn watched his twin stumble and go down. Hard.

Trent would only respond one way to such an action. Shawn knew his brother wouldn't hit Anna. Trent wouldn't hit any woman, but there were other punishments he could bestow on her. Shawn doubted that strapping her to a bed and making her beg would do anything to improve their situation in the long run.

“That's it!” Trent roared.

“Bring it on, jackass.”

Shawn rush to intervene as Trent pushed himself off the ground. He ran right into the kick Anna had been aiming at his brother. The good news was he saved his brother's genitals from serious injury. The bad news, her foot caught him in the side of the leg, throwing him off balance.

For the second time in less than a minute, the world shifted before his eyes. Instead of whirling to the side, it tilted and slid backward. Things that should have been eye level faded to being way up there as he crashed into Trent and smacked into the floor.

“Get out!”

“Ow!”

Shawn fought the urge to pull his legs back and out of the way of the foot plummeting toward his calves. His lower body was the only part of him still technically in the apartment. If he pulled back, Shawn knew she'd slam the door closed and lock them out.

He rolled, intending to scramble back to his feet, but ended on his ass when Trent shoved him to the side and out of his way. The doorframe jammed into his back as he heard Trent yell.

“Come here!”

Anna screamed, and Shawn closed his eyes. He gave it five minutes before the cops showed up and they were being hauled off in cuffs. That hadn't been on his list of possibilities either.

“If you don't stop acting like a crazy woman, I swear I'm going to put you over my knee and beat that ass red before I fuck it until you beg me for forgiveness.”

Yep, they were going to jail and Shawn could only wonder what Mike's response to that would be when they called for money to get bailed out. He'd probably let them rot for a night or two.

Shawn's eyes popped open and he scanned the apartments across the way, looking for any signs of life and placing a mental bet which one of Anna's neighbors was right now reiterating Trent's bellowed threat to the nine-one-one operator.

“Put that knife down.”

“Come any closer and I'll neuter you.”

That didn't sound good. Shawn scrambled off the floor and into a run as a shrill screech of pain had him wondering if Anna had just lived up to her threat.

To his great relief he saw Trent was unharmed as he skidded into the kitchen. His twin had their woman pinned to the cupboard, her right wrist locked against the counter. Anna struggled in his hold as she hurled obscenity-laden insults at Trent.

For all his growling and flexing, Trent obviously had a hard time controlling her. The clink of one of their feet hitting metal dropped Shawn's gaze to the long, shiny blade of the butcher knife on the floor.

Somebody had to take control of the situation before it got anymore out of hand. Apparently, he was the closest it came to being the sane person in the room.

“That's enough!”

His authoritative bellow got both their attention. Narrowed, navy blue eyes contrasted with wide chocolate ones as the two combatants

stilled to turn and look at who had interrupted their fight. Shawn spoke quickly, moving to advance the temporary lull into an all-out truce.

“Let her go, Trent.”

“Are you insane? The woman tried to unman me.”

“Let. Her. Go.”

Chapter 15

Trent growled over the command in Shawn's voice. He didn't take orders from anybody, including his twin. If he didn't obey though, Shawn would no doubt try to force the issue. There would be no way to control both his twin and his woman.

His she-devil, Trent corrected himself. In real life Anna actually had an even larger temper than she'd had in the dream. Damn if that didn't make him hard. He had a boner the size to rival even the best paid porn star. Fighting with Anna had gotten him hot, but he had promised Shawn to give him his chance to do things his way.

Trent would give him five minutes and not even that if Anna acted out again. Keeping in mind her sudden tendency to grab sharp objects, Trent pushed off her, but didn't release his hold on her wrist.

Instead, he used it to drag her resisting and snarling away from the kitchen proper and into the little eat-in part that served as the dining room. Without a word to either Shawn or Anna, he shoved her into one of the chairs and took position next to the island, blocking her from the kitchen drawers and the knives.

He half expected her to jump back up and assault the nearest brother, Shawn in this case. Part of him really hoped she'd do just that. Then he wouldn't have to put up with this farce of talking their way through their problems. A waste of time, he was sure, but Anna played along, staying seated and glaring at Shawn as he took the chair across from her.

"Listen, Anna," Shawn started in that coaxing, calm voice that grated on Trent's nerves. "I know you are upset and you have every right to be, but just give us a chance to explain."

“I don’t have to listen to you.”

“No, you don’t, but we’re not going to leave you alone until you do.”

“I don’t care what you say. I don’t need your explanations to know the truth. You’re both assholes.”

“I know it seems that way, but if you just give me a chance you’ll see that we didn’t have any choice in what happened.”

“Apparently I don’t have one either, so go on. Let’s get this over with.”

“Okay.” Shawn took a deep breath and Trent knew what was about to come out of his mouth. He’d practice all his speeches and phrases on Trent on the long car ride to Atlanta. About drove Trent insane.

“Our older brother upset a woman named Leslie, who claims to be a witch.” That got a snort from Anna. One Trent felt like echoing, but for completely different reasons.

“She...cursed us and shrunk us to two inches tall.”

That hadn’t been part of Shawn’s practice monologue. Where was the long intro and the slow buildup to the concept of curses? Shawn had worried that Anna needed to be gentled into the idea of witches and curses. Obviously Anna’s tantrum had rattled Shawn into making a blunt of a confession.

“Cursed you? Two inches tall? Are you insane? Never mind.” Anna waved away her own question. “It doesn’t matter. This entire thing is insane.”

“Yes.” Shawn reached out to grab one of Anna’s hands. She jerked it backwards, whacking her elbow into the back of her chair. Trent couldn’t help but smirk. That was the Anna he’d fallen for, feisty, strong-willed and always acting before she thought.

“Listen,” Shawn started talking again. “I know how all this sounds, but I’m not lying to you. We were two-inches tall.”

“If that’s true how come you always looked full-sized to me?”

“Because it was a dream.”

“According to you this isn’t and I still have to look up to see your eyes.”

“That’s because the curse is broken, if you just let me explain—”

“Let me take a guess, you drugged me with some peach that sent me to some dreamland so that you could lie to me and have sex with me.”

“How did you—”

“I can put two plus two together, Shawn,” Anna snapped. “The doctors told me I had eaten some peach and that I went into what they thought was anaphylactic shock, but really I was just trapped in a nightmare with you two rapists.”

“What did you call me?” Trent felt his ears heat up under that accusation.

“A rapist.” Anna swiveled around in her seat to level that accusation straight at him. “What else would I call a man who drugs a woman just to have sex with her?”

“It wasn’t like that.”

“No? Do you forget I was there... wherever we were.”

“We were in a dreamland and technically didn’t have sex with you. We just dreamed of having sex with you.”

“How do you live with yourself?”

“Please, Anna,” Shawn sounded desperate, an emotion Trent did not share. “You have to understand. We needed you. Trent is right. It’s not like we actually had sex with you.”

“Why? Why me? What did I ever do to earn this great honor of being sucked into your psychotic little scheme?”

“You’re our soul mate. Only by falling in love with our soul mate could we break the curse.”

“That still doesn’t explain the sex.”

“It doesn’t?” Trent scowled.

“No. You don’t need sex to fall in love with a person.”

“You don’t?” Trent almost laughed at that idea. “I do. I mean, who falls in love with a woman who doesn’t know how to screw? That has to be as bad a fate as being two inches tall.”

“That attitude is exactly why there is no way in hell I could be your soul mate.”

“I know you’re upset, but...you did fall in love with us in the dreamland.” Shawn tried again to reason with the unreasonable.

“Who says?”

“You said.” Trent relished in reminding her of that fact.

“It was a dream.”

“According to you that counts when it came to the sex, so why shouldn’t it count now?”

“Because that was before I knew you were cheating, raping—”

“Assholes,” Trent finished for her. “What can I say, sweetheart? You have bad taste in men.”

“Fine. I love you, and now you’re back to full size. You’re welcome. Get out.”

“What?” Shawn glanced at Trent who just shrugged. This was a stupid conversation. There was only one way to get the truth out of Anna and that started with getting her clothes off.

“Get. Out.”

“But we haven’t resolved anything.”

“Oh, I think we have.” Anna stood up. “I get it. My soul mates are a pair of double dorks who put themselves first and couldn’t care less about other people. Thankfully though there is no law that requires a person to be bound to their soul mates.”

“What are you saying?”

“I’m saying that there is a very nice, loyal gentleman who has been willing to help me instead of use me on his way over here for dinner.”

“You have a date?” Trent’s hands clenched. No. No way in hell was she going on a date with another man.

“Yes. A date with a man who doesn’t have to drug women to sleep with them, nor does he need the assistance of his brother to satisfy one.”

“That’s it.”

“Trent...”

He didn’t hear a single thing Shawn said. All that he heard were Anna’s words mocking him. All this time he’d been left to suffer, becoming the laughingstock of Gibson and she’d been sweating up the sheets with another man.

Another man! She’d let him touch her, kiss her, taste the addictive cream of her desire and then sink himself into her pussy. That pussy belonged to Trent. A blinding rage overwhelmed him until Trent didn’t know if his body could contain the violent emotion. He could feel the dark, painful clenching of another emotion buried beneath his anger, but didn’t focus on it.

Instead, he unleashed the feral beast crawling over the edge of his sanity on Anna. The world blurred around him becoming accentuated by tiny details. Anna’s scream, the soft feel of her in his arms, the narrow passage of a hall, the dark confines of a bedroom with the shades drawn.

The coolness of the room snapped reality back, but not his sanity.

* * * *

Shawn’s head hit the table as Trent carried a screaming, kicking cursing Anna out of the kitchen over his shoulder—caveman style. He knew his brother well enough to know that beneath the anger lay the pain her admission had caused him.

It hurt Shawn too, though his anger wasn’t directed at Anna. No, this was all Trent’s fault. If they had just come to her after waking up from the dreamscape she probably wouldn’t be half as mad and definitely wouldn’t have had the time to find another man.

The screams coming from the other side of the apartment escalated. Anna's demands for Trent to stop also increased in speed. Shawn sighed and reminded himself that she was their soul mate, which meant that she could handle Trent.

Chapter 16

Anna fought Trent with everything she had. It didn't make a difference. Over the threats she hurled at him, she heard the sound of clothes being shredded, felt the cool air against her bare skin. Despite all the slaps she aimed at his hands, all the twisting in his arms, he had her down to nothing more than her bra, panties and thigh highs in under a minute.

She kicked her knee up, trying to get him in the groin as he straddled her. Trent cursed and rolled away from the attack. For a second she was free and she quickly tried to roll off the bed. All she got for the effort was to end up pinned back against the mattress this time on her stomach with her ass exposed.

The situation should have fueled her anger, piling into the hurt that radiated out of her heart like a furnace. She knew what came next. As much as her mind rebelled against Trent's domination, her body rejoiced in it.

Her body could have cared less about the volatile mix of emotions boiling inside her. Instead it clamored in anticipation of where this would end. Already her breasts swelled, her nipples hardening, becoming sensitive to the soft brush of the comforter beneath them as she squirmed under Trent's binding weight.

Lower down her cunt blossomed to life, quivering with aching need to once again be filled by him. Filled and ridden hard. Her inner muscles cramped, tightening painfully down on the emptiness at just the idea of once again being stretched wide over Trent's cock.

Oh, God. She was doomed.

The first sharp smack across her ass came as no surprise. Not shockingly her body responded just as it had in the dream. Heat billowed out of her ass, warming her blood and making her pussy weep as the aftershocks sparked mini-explosions through her swollen folds.

Trent didn't hesitate, didn't pause for a second, before he lit her ass up again. And again. And again. The slaps kept coming until her rear felt like a living flame. Her curses blurred into moans of passion as her pussy quivered in desperation for just one more hit. A harder, sharper smack was all she needed to send her right over the ridge of sanity into the chaotic caldron of ecstasy.

When he finally stopped Anna had her face buried in a pillow, allowing its soft cotton cover to soak up the tears streaming out of her eyes. She gave over to the frustration eating at her insides and arched her back, spread her legs, showed Trent the very proof of her need.

Hard, rough denim clad legs pushed her thighs wider, exposing even more of heated core to the cold air. Callused, strong fingers bit into her hips, angling her ass higher. She didn't dare move from the position Trent had placed her in as she heard the rasp of a zipper being lowered.

All she had to do was stay still and it would soon be all over. The emptiness that had been killing her by slow degrees, the sadness and pain that had embedded itself into every second since she'd woken up, the anger and hurt, the loneliness, the constant wishing, dreaming, hoping it would all come to an end at any moment.

His hands returned, holding her steady as the hard shaft of his cock brushed against the sensitized lips of her pussy. His thick length parted her folds, the enlarged head pushing past the tight ring of muscles at her entrance.

He was bigger, thicker in real life, and she gasped as muscles not used in years were forced to stretch wide to accommodate his slow penetration. Oh, but it felt wonderful. The pain of the spanking, of his

slow steady invasion, blurred under the pleasure rampaging unleashed through her body, forging straight toward her soul.

“So wet,” Trent growled above her, his hands clenching almost painfully into her flesh. “Did you get his wet for him?”

Anna barely heard his words, wasn’t even capable of understanding them. She understood the smart smack to her ass though. It lit up her system with chills that chased the building rapture into a frenzy, making her moan and arch beneath him.

“Answer me!” Trent demanded, withdrawing from her heat and leaving her empty. “Did you moan for him? Did your pussy weep for his dick? Did you let him take what is mine?”

“Who?” Anna didn’t know what Trent ranted about. She didn’t care. All she cared about was his retreat. He couldn’t stop. Not now. Not when he’d only just begun.

“Your lover.”

“Please,” she whimpered. Her mind couldn’t function enough to do anything more than beg.

“Did you beg like this for him?”

“Trent.”

“It’s me you want, isn’t it Anna? My cock buried deep inside you. Me fucking you. That’s what you really want, isn’t it?”

“Yes. Oh, God, yes.”

The last word came out as a scream as he slammed his full length back into her. From then on his strokes were hard, fast, furious, almost punishing in their savagery. Anna ate it up.

Soul-deep, racking shudders heralded the first detonation that had her writing as pure, white hot ecstasy exploded through her. Her sheath tightened, clamping down hard on the shaft pillaging her depths. Every inward thrust, outward pull of Trent’s thick cock sent a renewed tremor up her spine, forcing her collapsing orgasm to blossom anew.

The second release had her body collapsing into a puddle, held into position only by Trent’s own strength as he rode her even harder,

forcing her even more pleasure on her already satiate body. The third orgasm shot through her with enough force to rip her soul straight from her body.

* * * *

Trent heard Anna scream. His name. The sound of it, dazed and confused, thick with the pleasure he gave her, echoed deep inside of him and loosened the painful constraints trying to squeeze his heart out of existence.

The slight weakening of the painful sensation vibrated deep into his soul and suddenly he could feel again. Feel of the liquid heat of her tight, little cunt spasming around his length, milking his own release from his body.

He felt her come apart around him and gave over to the shattering wave of ecstasy that drowned him, plunging him deep into the mindless depths of rapture. Time faded with reality into a world of pure pleasure that slowly receded, leaving him wrecked on the shores of sanity.

Slowly Trent became aware of the little details. His cock was still hard, still surrounded by Anna's wet, clenching depths. Soft, sweaty skin cushioned his body. He could hear her sniffing, feel the aftershocks of their coupling still vibrating through her.

He knew he should feel guilty, at least a little bad, for his rough treatment of her, but those emotions didn't surface through the haze of his own misery. It was not an emotion he'd ever admit aloud to having, but there could be no denying the sour, dark mix of sensations already starting to boil back through his blood.

Anna had betrayed him. She'd slept with another man. Forget that he had tried to do just the same to her. He hadn't succeeded. She had. Intentions didn't count. Actions did.

Chapter 17

“I want to know his name.”

Trent didn't know why he tortured himself this way. A part of him didn't want details, didn't need them to solidify the horrible visions already beginning to fill his head. Another part drove him to demand answers.

“Whose name?” Anna whispered, her voice broken and hoarse.

“Your lover's.”

She paused and in that second Trent knew a rage so blinding he swore he'd kill the man who had dared to touch what belonged to him. Anna was his soul mate, his...love. He couldn't hide from that truth anymore.

He loved the woman. She owned a part of him that he had never wanted to give away. He'd fought it and worse than losing his heart, he'd left himself vulnerable to her betrayal. Shawn had been right. They should have come for her immediately. Then Anna would never have had time to find another.

It had been a mistake and he wouldn't allow it to be repeated. From this day on, he'd be with her always. Every day, every night, she'd never have time or energy to allow another man to touch her.

As for the one who already had.... “I want his name. Now, Anna!”

“There is no lover.”

That answer did not come from the woman still softly weeping beneath him, but from his brother. Trent turned, rolling with Anna until they rested on their sides. His arms latched around her waist kept

his position deep inside her body secure. He would not give it up anytime soon, not even to his twin.

“You don’t know that,” Trent shot back at Shawn, unwilling, unable to give over the darkness filling his soul.

“I’m right. Aren’t I, Anna?” Shawn asked as he moved from the doorway where he’d obviously been watching the show. As he crossed the room, his fingers went to the buttons on his shirt, slowly flicking them open one at a time.

“Anna?”

“There is no lover,” she muttered finally.

“Why?” Trent lifted his head to scowl down into the wet, reddened cheeks of his love. “Why would you lie like that?”

“To hurt us.” Again Shawn answered for her. “To hurt us, because we hurt her.”

“It’s not all a lie.” Anna retorted. “I do have a date tonight.”

“But you haven’t slept with him,” Trent stated, finally feeling the truth of those words lighten everything inside him.

“I should have.” Anna’s eyes lifted. The hurt and anger in the darkening those chocolate depths brought back the pain to Trent’s heart. “I should have gone on with my life. You used me and abandoned me. I don’t owe you any loyalty.”

“But you love us.” Trent needed her to admit to that, needed to know it was true.

“I don’t know why,” Anna finally answered after a long minute. Her eyes closed and her head tilted back to the pillow. “I’ll figure out a way to stop it.”

Over his dead body, she would.

“You’re ours.”

“I’m not a damned possession, you twit,” Anna snapped back. “You don’t get to treat me any way you want and then expect me to be waiting back at home for your beck and call.”

“Like you would,” Trent snorted. “You couldn’t even pull that off in a damn dream.”

“Don’t even get me started on *that* again.”

“I can see I’m going to spend the rest of my life negotiating arguments between the two of you.” Shawn sighed. He’d managed to shed most of his clothes. Though he still had his jeans on, he settled down onto the bed on the opposite side of Anna, caging her between them.

“You’ll spend the next five minutes. By then I expect you to be out of my apartment or I really will call the cops.”

Shawn tipped Anna’s face back up with a finger under her chin. “First rule to life with us, sweetheart, is don’t make threats you aren’t going to follow through with.”

“Who said I wasn’t going to follow through with it?”

“Trent’s cock is still tucked into your pussy, for one. The fact that you’re not trying to escape it, for two.”

“I remember you being nicer.”

“I normally am, except for when I’m fighting for something that is important to me.”

“I take it I’m the important thing.” Anna didn’t sound impressed by Shawn’s declaration.

“Baby, you’re the most important thing in the world.”

“You don’t even know me.”

“Don’t I?” Shawn raised a brow at that. “I know you’re sweet and funny. That the only family you have is your mother, and she’s the most important person in the world to you. You gave up your life to be with her when she needed you.

“That’s the type of person you are. You’re a giver to those you love. You also happen to be quite stubborn and hard headed, more than strong enough to put up with Trent and me.”

“We know how much you like puzzles.” Trent picked up the thread Shawn had started. “Jigsaw puzzles, crosswords, find the word, Sudoku, and you’re obsessive with logic puzzles. That is probably why you like math and accounting so much.”

“You just started your first accounting job and are, no doubt, already studying for the CPA exam with grand plans to pursue a career as a forensic accountant.”

Damn Shawn for bringing that up. Gibson was a small town. The biggest crime they had going on there was petty theft and domestic violence. Nothing that would involve a forensic accountant.

If Anna really decided to follow that route, she would never agree to settle down in Gibson. She’d need to stay in a big city, one that could support her career. The issue could so easily divide them and, of course, Shawn had to bring it up.

They didn’t need to remind Anna what she’d have to give up to be with them, but should be showing her what she’d gain from such a union. Something a whole hell of a lot more entertaining and satisfying than working with numbers.

“We spent three weeks getting to know you,” Trent whispered into her ear, determined to turn the conversation from the dangerous waters Shawn had headed into.

“We know how you like to be stroked.” Trent slid his hand over her hip, toward her breast. Trapping her nipple beneath his fingers, he began to roll the little, hardened tip.

“How you liked to be teased, kissed, even bit.” Shawn followed Trent’s lead, lowering his head to Anna’s breast to nibble at her other hardened peak. Anna moaned and arched beneath caresses. Lower down her pussy clenched and pulsed around his length, rewarding him with its own heated caress.

“We know all the ways you like to be taken, put on display and pleased into screaming orgasms.” Trent let his other hand slip over the curve of her hip and into the wet folds of her pussy, discovering her clit, engorged and ready for his touch.

“Isn’t that important?”

“It’s just sex,” Anna gasped, sounding weaker by the second. “Oh, please, don’t.”

“Why not?” Trent arched his hips, pulling his cock back out of her clinging depths only to forge slowly back into her.

“Because I can’t think when you do that!”

“Don’t think,” Trent murmured as his hips flexed again. “Just feel. It feels good, doesn’t it?”

* * * *

It felt wonderful and Anna couldn’t escape the mind destroying sensations that Trent’s slow, easy loving built up inside her body. When she felt a mouth settle down over her breast, she gave up the battle.

She’d never win. Not this fight. Not against both of them.

She let her head fall back onto Trent’s shoulder as her hips began to move in rhythm with Trent’s gentle thrust. Soon, too soon it wasn’t enough. She needed more. She needed it harder, faster, and she moaned out her demands, uncaring that she begged.

They moved then. Their hands shifted. Shawn’s lowered to find the wet well of her desire as Trent’s fingers, sticky with her own arousal, left a trail of cool wetness over her hip, down the rounded curve of her ass and into the cleft.

Anna’s eyes flew wide, her mouth opening on a protest that never punctuated the air as he pushed first one and then two more fingers into her virgin back hole.

Pain sharpened the edges of the ecstatic bolts of energy shooting through her body, making them hotter, stronger, more piercing. He pressed downward on the thin barrier of skin that separated her two channels, rubbing her flesh into the shaft that already stretched her pussy to capacity.

The pressure was electric, lighting up her body with sensations too strong for her to bear. In a fit of screaming, bucking convulsions her body gave over to the orgasm that threatened to tear her apart, leaving her permanently changed.

Chapter 18

Shawn watched as first Anna and then Trent collapsed into a sweaty heap. His own cock pulsed angrily in demand, wanting its turn in their woman, but his mind overruled the hardened flesh making him so uncomfortable.

Now wasn't the time. Despite Trent's intentions, he'd probably only made the situation worse yet again. They needed to talk to Anna, because there was only so long they could spend making love to her.

As if reading his thoughts, Anna muttered into her pillow. "It wouldn't work."

Shawn reached out to tip her face up and he could see it in her eyes. The anger, the hurt was back. "What wouldn't work?"

"You wouldn't make me forget what jackasses you are with sex."

"We did you wrong, Anna. We know that, but you are going to have to find a way to forgive us, to make this work."

"Why? Why do I have to do anything? Why aren't you responsible for fixing this? You're the ones who screwed up."

"Yes, we did. We screwed up, and we hurt you. You have every right to be angry, to want to hurt us back."

"I do." Anna's lids lowered. "I want you to hurt."

"I know, sweetheart." Shawn knew too if they had no choice but to let her have her revenge.

After everything that they had already done to her, they couldn't ask her now to pack up and leave the life she had, her mother and her new job, to move out to nowhere Texas with them. Even if she

agreed, the sacrifice, their past betrayal would always be between them.

That was no way to start a life with the woman they loved. They would have to make a sacrifice for her, and he could only think of one thing that would hurt as much as Anna would need to feel she'd gotten her pound of flesh.

"You know, Anna, not everything in that dream was a lie."

"Please, don't get me started down that road again."

"No, listen. We really are ranchers, born and raised on a farm in a small town near nothing in Texas. We were raised with more cattle and horses around us than people, with the silence of the night only being interrupted by the sounds of nature and beasts. Our town's post office is smaller than this apartment and the main drag only lasts for about a mile before civilization fades back into empty plains.

"That's where we come from. That's what we love. We don't know anything else, but for you we'll try to learn."

"What?"

The question in Anna's eyes was echoed by the panicked sound of Trent's voice. His head snapped up, and Shawn met his wide eyes with his own resolve.

"We'll stay here."

"I don't think so, Shawn. Have you lost your ever-loving mind?"

"Was there some other option you had planned?" Anna asked at the same time, sounding both confused and suspicious.

"We were going to take you home with us," Shawn stated, laying it all on the line.

"Oh, you were. What if I didn't agree to go home with you?"

"That's what ropes are for, honey," Trent growled. "I'm going to hog tie your ass and throw you in the back of the truck if you don't agree to come with us."

"Excuse me?" Anna tried to wiggle out of his hold.

"Three weeks, Anna. We'll stay here with you for that long." Shawn interjected himself into their argument.

“Three weeks?” Anna turned her enraged eyes back on him.

“Three weeks?” Trent shouted. “I’m not staying in this fucking city for three weeks. What the hell is wrong with you Shawn? You’ve completely lost it if you think I’m going to live here for even a day!”

“That’s your revenge, Anna.” Shawn nodded toward Trent. “It’s going to suck big time for us.”

“Then what?” Anna demanded. “What happens in three weeks?”

“Then we renegotiate. You’ll have gotten your revenge and time to accept that we belong together. The rest...we’ll settle then.”

“We’ll settle it now,” Trent snapped. “If her ass isn’t dressed and in the truck in the next three minutes, I’m going to be carrying a naked, screaming woman out of this apartment.”

“Trent—”

“Don’t even try, Shawn. This is the stupidest idea you have ever had. Three weeks in a city? What the hell are we suppose to do? We got a life and responsibilities we have to get back to at the ranch. We can’t be wasting time here in Atlanta.”

“So, I’m supposed to be the one who gives everything up?” Anna shot back. “What about my life and my responsibilities?”

“Listen, I love you, Anna, and I’d do just about anything for you, but I can’t stay here. I can’t sleep in a place that’s this noisy. I can’t breathe in a city that’s this congested. I’m sorry Anna, but I can’t stay here.”

“You will, for three weeks, if you want to prove that you love me.”

“Damn it, woman!”

“Don’t cuss at me. I’m accepting Shawn’s proposal. This is my revenge and you deserve every minute of it.”

“Three weeks?”

“Three weeks,” Anna stated with a firmness that had Shawn smiling. “And you can sleep in the guest bedroom.”

“What?” Now it was Shawn’s turn to feel his eyes bug out of his head.

“You heard me, Shawn. Three weeks, no sex. Those are my conditions.”

“Oh, hell, no! I’m not living three weeks in this city and not getting any pussy for my troubles.”

Trent’s statement might have been more blunt than Shawn would have gone with, but he silently echoed his brother’s sentiment. Three weeks under the same roof as Anna and not touching her? It wasn’t possible. Not even she could resist temptation for that long.

“I am not your personal sex slave, Trent,” Anna snapped. “It’s three weeks, no sex, or you can get the hell out of my bed and out of my life.”

“That’s not going to happen, sweetness. You should listen to Shawn and not give threats you can’t deliver on.”

“Okay, then. Hog tie me and drag me off to Texas, but I swear by all that is holy in the world, I will make the rest of your life a living hell.”

Trent paled at that. Shawn had to smirk despite the direness of her warning. It was rare that he saw Trent looking scared, but he looked it now. For as sure as the sun would rise in the morning, Anna could deliver on that threat.

“Damn it, Anna. I’m trying to work with you here, but a man has needs.”

“Then he can make do with his hand.”

“That wouldn’t work. We need—”

“Shut up, Trent.” Shawn cut his brother off before he made the worst tactical error.

Not only did they not need Anna thinking that they only came out here to get laid, they certainly didn’t need her to know that they could only get off buried deep inside her body. Shawn cringed to think what a pissed off Anna would do with that kind of power. Living hell probably wouldn’t even begin to describe her revenge.

“You need what?” The woman already smelled the secret. Shawn could see it in her eyes as she glanced from him to Trent and back

again. He needed to turn her attention and do it fast before she discovered their painful little problem.

With that in mind, he lifted her by the hips, pulling her free of Trent's cock and making him growl in protest. Before either one of them could react, Shawn rolled on his back and lowered Anna down the length of his own hardened erection.

"Fine, three weeks, no sex, starting tomorrow," Shawn groaned as his eyes drifted closed from the amazing pleasure of once again being seated in the heated depths of his lady love.

"What do you call this?" Anna demanded.

Her words were barely more than a breath, hot and full of need. They washed over him in their own sensual caress. She flexed in his hold, her back arching, her legs widening, taking him just that little bit further into her clinging sheath.

"I call it today and tonight we're going to fuck you like prisoners gone too long without a woman. That should hold us over for the next three weeks."

Fucking her was ecstasy, a pleasure he'd never felt with any other woman. He didn't know if he could survive three weeks without it, but Shawn knew he wouldn't survive the next minute without tasting ambrosia once again.

Nothing had ever felt this good. Slow and easy, he took her in a gentle rhythm that allowed him to relish every ripple, every small spasm of her inner muscles as her pussy tightened around his shaft. Liquid heat caressed his ultra-sensitive flesh and made the blood pound down toward his cock, thickening it and increasing the pressure, the pleasure until Shawn bit his lip with the hard fought control to hold back.

It was a fruitless battle and in seconds his thrusts built until he was slamming into her, burying his cock deeper, harder, until he was touching her very womb. Above him, Anna cried out, begging for more, demanding he go faster, harder, take her to the utopia that they could only find in each other's embrace.

The bright, white light of ecstasy's end grew stronger, warming his sweat soaked body, searing him right through his flesh into his very soul. Any second now and it would consume him, take him to...

Brring...brrring...

Chapter 19

Shawn jerked to a stop as the cold wash of reality jerked away the rapture that had been almost within reach. His eyes opened and collided with Anna's as the high pitched ringing echoed down the hall for a second shrilling dose.

The doorbell. Somebody was at the door. The cops? Had they finally come? The wild-eyed alarm in Anna's eyes jerked Shawn's thoughts toward a whole new, darker conclusion.

Her date.

Shawn's gaze turned toward Trent's and he saw the same knowledge in them, the same anger. The man had come for his dinner and to make a meal out of their woman.

That wouldn't happen. Trent's growl assured Shawn as he rolled off the bed. His twin would see to the interloper and Shawn would see to their woman, make sure she didn't think on this man for another second.

With a savage snarl, he rolled and pinned Anna beneath him.

"Shawn, I should—"

Her words ended in a scream as he set back up a furious pace that had her clinging to him, thinking only of his body merging into hers.

* * * *

Trent didn't bother to zip his jeans up, though he did tuck his dick back into his boxers. Instead of dressing, he ripped open his shirt and shed it on the hall floor before opening the door to his competition.

He almost snorted at that thought when he saw the little dweeb standing on the other side. This was the man Anna was dating? Jesus, the woman should be down on bended knee thanking them for saving her from a life with Mr. Sport Coat.

“Yeah?” Trent demanded when the short, skinny man just blinked at him in surprise. God, he could snap the man into two without breaking into a sweat. It just wouldn’t be fair though to pick a fight with such an obvious weakling.

“I’m...I’m sorry,” the man stuttered, his glance darting down Trent’s length before glancing over his own shoulder as if to check his location. “I thought...this is Anna Moore’s apartment, right?”

“Oh, God! Shawn, pleeeeeease!”

The scream echoed down the hall, making the little man on the other side of the entryway’s eyes widen in shock.

“Yeah,” Trent answered as the soft thumps of a bed frame hitting the wall grew in volume and intensity. “She’s a little busy right now.”

Anna echoed that sentiment with another scream, another beg to Shawn, another praise to the Almighty. Trent snickered. Shawn was certainly making sure Mr. Sport Coat got the message.

“I...uh...thought we...I mean, Anna and I—”

“Yes! Anything you want! Please don’t stop!”

“You and Anna what?”

Trent raised a brow at the man as he started to stumble backward toward the porch steps. The racket in the bedroom had subsided and he wondered at that. Shawn certainly hadn’t put up that long of a show. He probably needed Trent’s help.

“Nothing. I’ve probably...misunder—”

“Fuck my ass!”

“Bastard.” Trent cast an annoyed look over his shoulder at that scream.

“Excuse me?”

“He knew I wanted to be the first to go there,” Trent snapped, turning his gaze back onto the shocked man. His mouth moved, but

no words came out. A second later he stopped trying. As another scream pierced the late afternoon air, the man turned and fled, dropping the flowers he'd had clutched in his hands.

Trent shrugged and picked up the bouquet. They were nice enough and he'd be just as happy to give them to Anna, maybe it would sweeten her mood toward him if he told her he bought them for her himself. It certainly couldn't hurt. He doubted her date would be calling any time soon to tell her the truth.

What a wimp, Trent snickered to himself. If that were the type of man she normally dated, then she should send a thank-you note to Leslie for giving her the chance to meet two men who knew how to give a woman an orgasm, multiple ones at that.

"Bastard," Trent repeated as he stepped back into the bedroom and took in the sight of his brother and woman intertwined on the bed.

Shawn had maneuvered Anna into the classic position on all fours. Her arms had obviously given out and her top half smashed into the bed. Sweaty, disheveled with tears streaking down her face, her unfocused eyes were aimed at him. He could see the lust boiling into an inferno pinkening her skin.

Behind her, holding her bent knees over his own thighs and her hips flushed with his groin, Shawn hovered. Panting, with muscles tense and sweat dripping down his back, Trent knew that Shawn fought to hold still and give Anna the time she needed to adjust to the large cock splitting her ass cheeks wide.

Shoving his jeans and boxers off in one quick motion, Trent growled as he approached the bed. "Jerk. You knew I planned on taking her there first. We agreed."

"Couldn't resist," Shawn panted out, casting him a strained grin.

"Never leave you alone in the candy store, that's for sure."

"This is better than candy." Shawn's eyes drifted closed. "This is heaven and hell all in one."

"Roll her over, you bastard. Our woman needs a little loving right now."

Shawn grunted, gathering up Anna with a slowness that spoke to how close he was to losing control. Anna whimpered and moaned at the motion, twisting slightly as Shawn settled her on top of him. Stretched out on his back with his legs between hers, he forced her thigh wide, exposing the pink, swollen folds of her pussy to Trent's gaze.

"Wa...what..."

"Shh, sweetheart," Shawn murmured, "Trent's going to make you feel good."

"Too good," Anna gasped as Trent crawled in between her spread legs. "Already. Can't...ahhh!"

She let out another ear piercing scream as he settled his mouth right over her weeping cunt. Oh, yeah, as sweet and spicy as he remembered. She tasted like no other woman ever had. One he was totally addicted to.

Ignoring her screaming, her demands, the begging, he licked his way right down her slit and thrust his tongue deep into the heated opening to taste the liquid proof of her desire as it spilled from her body.

Thick, sweet, her juices made his mouth water and he fucked his tongue as deep into her clinging cunt as he could. Over and over again, he filled her, making her writhe and buck. Shawn's moan deepened Anna's high-pitched squeals, and his brother groaned out his own demands.

"Make her come, Trent. I can't hold on much longer."

Make her come? Trent grinned. That was easy. Anna had the most sensitive little clit he'd ever lapped at on any woman. All he had to do was pull it past the hard ridge of his teeth, twirl it with his tongue, a little suck and she came apart in a screaming, thrashing tantrum.

Trent rose up on his arms, to watch as her entire body twisted under the impact of the devastating orgasm, obliterating her strength and leaving her completely vulnerable to their desires. What he

wanted was to bury himself balls deep into the most amazing woman he'd ever known and fuck her completely senseless.

* * * *

Tears of passion blurred Anna's vision, turning the world into a molten haze of colors. Her muscles, clenched tight, ached from the orgasmic explosion that still rippled through her body. The force left her panting for breath as her lungs raced to catch up with the wild beating of her heart.

They were trying to kill her with sex. That thought whispered through her mind just as she felt a hard, hot length pushing into her. Anna's head rolled side to side against Shawn's shoulder, giving life to the objection she didn't have the energy to vocalize.

The silent protest went unnoticed. Her ravaged sheath still quivered with aftershocks of her recent orgasm. As her sensitive inner muscles were forced to expand around Trent's girth, they met resistance from the other cock still firmly lodged into her ass. There was no room left and the pressure became almost unbearable.

"Oh, God." Anna couldn't take anymore. She needed time to recover, time for her body to relax back from the edge. "Please, I can't."

She managed to give voice to her need if not her fear, even that went unanswered. There was no mercy to be found trapped between the twins as she was, no escaping the thick cock forging slowly, deeper and deeper into her body.

Anna whimpered as her world reduced back to the hot, erotic sensation of being filled from both sides. In the dream there had been nothing but pleasure when both men had taken her. Here in reality the sensation was magnified by the streaks of pain that sharpened the edges of the spikes of rapturous pleasure that ripped through her body.

Colors exploded through her vision as Trent seated himself fully inside her. Every breath forced her muscles to contract, tightening them until she could feel every ridge, every bulge of the veins running the length of the shafts filling her from the inside out.

Then Trent moved. The pressure abated for a second only to push his way back through the tight fist of her muscles. Anna arched, moaning out the pressure that popped under the force of his invasion, detonating mini-explosions that sent a rain of rapture cascading down her body.

The sensation turned into a hail storm as Trent shifted under her, holding her hips still as he began his own retreat. With slow, easy strokes the brothers set up a rhythm of withdraw and advance that had her bucking under the electrified ecstasy spider-webbing over her nerves.

Within minutes they reduced her to a thing of wild need. Bucking, writhing, screaming, she clawed at Trent's back, begging them to stop their teasing and unleash their savage desires and break the leaking damn still holding her orgasm just out of reach. All of her demands went unheeded until her hips began to pump, forcing them to a faster pace.

Their speed picked up, gaining in momentum as they stroked into her harder, faster, deeper until her pussy sizzled with heat and her ass felt like a living flame. Reality twisted backward and thinned down until she knew nothing by the feral dance of the twin, steel-hard cocks fucking into her with vicious ferocity.

Anna screamed as her body shattered into a million tiny fireballs the collapsed in on her soul and exploded into an inferno of scorching ecstasy carrying her to heights she'd never attained. She felt like she was flying, whipping through the fiery labyrinth to explode into the sea of rapture that filled her with a peace she'd never known before.

Distantly she felt her body being flooded, heard her men roar as their bodies quaked and then collapsed, crushing her between their two hard, very sweaty bodies. The rapid beat of her own heart echoed

back to her through the chest smashing into her breasts. Then the weight was gone.

She could feel the bed depress beside her, heard Trent's spent sigh and silently echoed the sentiment. The air felt cool on her exposed skin and her pussy pulsed sadly at the loss of the cock had filled it to perfection.

"Anna?"

She didn't have the energy to respond to Shawn's whispered call as he nuzzled her neck from behind. She didn't even have the strength to help as he rolled her off him and slowly disengaged his body from hers. Anna wafted through Utopia's paradise and wouldn't breathe wrong if it threatened the sensation.

"I think she passed out," Trent murmured and she knew it was his hand pulling the sheets out from under her to tuck them snugly around her body. She intended to do just that once the amazing aftermath abated.

She'd already started to head in that direction when Trent's voice roused her back to the present.

"I can't believe you agreed to stay here for three weeks," he grumbled. "I ought to kick your ass."

"I can't believe you were dumb enough to almost reveal our little problem."

"Problem?"

"Yeah. The we need her to get off problem."

Anna forced herself not to stiffen. So that was really why they were back here.

"Oh, that."

"I might love Anna, but I fear what she would do with that knowledge."

"Yeah," Trent drew the word out, obviously already thinking about the possibilities. "Leaves me cold inside just to think about it."

It should, Anna almost said, but she didn't want to blow her cover. They had right to fear, because her mind had already begun to spin

with the possibilities of exactly how hard she could make them over the next three weeks. Get them hot and leave them wanting, that would be their punishment.

Her heart had relaxed at Shawn's pledge though and she shrugged off some the more cruel things that sprang into her head. The man must love her to say it when he didn't think she could hear. That redeemed him, but not so much she intended to commute his sentence.

Trent spoke up again. "I'm telling you this though. Three weeks is all she gets. Then I don't care how miserable she makes my life, I'm dragging her ass back to Texas. Whatever hell she puts us through wouldn't be half the hell being without her would be."

"You wouldn't get an argument from me."

"I'm sure I'll get one from her. You know she doesn't stand a chance of becoming an FBI agent in Gibson."

Anna felt that statement down to her soul. Was that what it would come to? Choosing between the men who owned her heart and the dream that had held her together for the past few years?

"We'll figure something out." Shawn's assurance did warm her a bit. They would. They had to. "But you are going to have to accustom yourself to the notion that our wife is going to work. We might get Anna to consider a different career path, but you're never going to convince to give up on having one."

"I know." Trent sounded so forlorn. "It sucks, but if she weren't who she was, then I wouldn't love her, even if she is a pain at times."

Anna echoed that sentiment. She might love the two jackasses, but she was sure they'd drive her close to insanity over the next forty or fifty years.

Epilogue

Gibson, Texas

Max yawned as he rolled out of bed. Outside his bedroom window the sky had already begun to fade from black to the lighter shades of blue in preparation for the sun that hadn't even begun to rise over the horizon.

He stretched, cracking his joints as he contemplated the full day ahead. Shawn and Trent, those two bastards, had called last night to tell Mike that they'd be gone for three weeks, leaving the rest of them to pick up the slack.

None of them had been pleased, but there was little they could do about the situation. Shawn and Trent would show back up one day. It really wasn't their absence that had everybody on edge. It was the fact that they'd apparently relieved themselves of their curse.

That had them all bracing to see who went down next. Max knew his brothers had already placed their bets on his head. If the curse followed chronological order, he'd be next even though he'd never done anything to Leslie.

Hell, Max considered himself to be the mature brother, the one that didn't treat women like disposable toys. As if to mock his own self-righteousness, the woman in his bed rolled over and groaned as her eyes started to flutter open.

Okay, Max smirked, that was different. When a man contemplated a life without sex, well, it made him horny. Susie Myers might not be the love of his life, probably wasn't anything more than the good-time

she advertised herself as being, but she'd made him forget that it could all be temporary.

“Hey, baby.” Max grinned down at Susie as her eyes finally began to focus. His words had those big, blue eyes turning on him. They widened, her face whitening, and a second later she began to scream.

The piercing ringing made him flinch, and he'd have reached for her, but that was when the world began to shift and grow around him. Distantly he heard the bedroom door slamming open, shouts as complete chaos condensed on his bedroom. All of that faded into the background as Max's own gaze focused on the hand reaching out from his body. It wasn't made of flesh and blood, calloused and sprinkled with hair. It was carved from...wood?

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I live near Charleston, SC with my two biggies (my dogs). I have had a slightly unconventional life. Moving almost every three years, I've had a range of day jobs that included everything from working for one of the world's largest banks as an auditor to turning wrenches as an outboard repair mechanic. I've always regretted that we only get one life and have tried to cram as much as I can into this one.

Throughout it all, I've always read books, feeding my need to dream and fantasize about what could be. An avid reader since childhood, as a latchkey kid I'd spend hours at the library earning those shiny stars the librarian would paste up on the board after my name.

I credit my grandmother's yearly visits as the beginning of my obsession with romances. When she'd come, she'd bring stacks of romance books, the old fashion kind that didn't have sex in them. Imagine my shock when I went to the used bookstore and found out what really could be in a romance novel.

I've working on my own stories for years and have found a particular love of erotic romances. In this genre, women are no longer confined to a stereotype and plots are no longer constrained to the rational. I love the anything goes mentality and letting my imagination run wild.

I hope you enjoyed running with me and will consider picking up another book and coming along for another adventure.



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