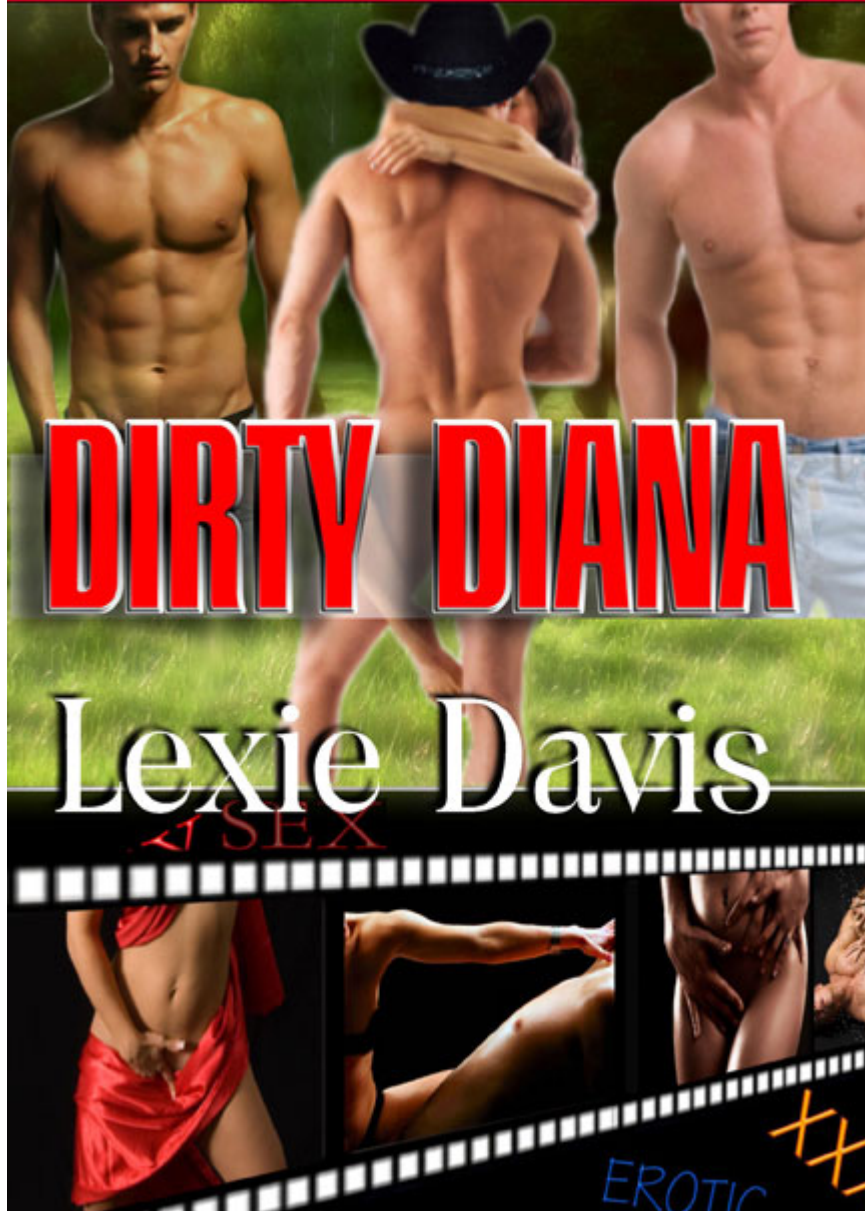


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Ménage Àmour



DIRTY DIANA

Lexie Davis

MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

To my Dad.

DIRTY DIANA

LEXIE DAVIS

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Prologue

“Diana, we need you on set to finish up a scene.”

Diana Marco sat in the studio’s makeup chair while one of the assistants painted a sheer coat of gloss on her lips. It was her third scene that week and her last job, period. The wardrobe assistant handed her a leopard-print off-the-shoulder dress that came to the tops of her thighs. It wasn’t anything like she’d wear in real life. She held back the groan and put it on anyway. After thirteen years in the business, she had to learn to pick and choose her battles. Wardrobe wasn’t that high on the list and the outfit did go with the movie theme.

Jungle Jane was written, directed, and produced by her ex-fiancé, Thomas Crane, aka Dick Flicks. She rolled her eyes when she thought of him and his extreme fetish for the whole Tarzan–Jane thing in bed. He had an overbearing nature that sometimes turned physical in their relationship. Luckily, she had ended that before the abuse became too violent, though sadly, she’d signed a ten-movie contract with his production company.

“Mr. Flicks said he wanted you in olive stilettos instead of the black ones.” The assistant pointed to the shoes.

One more scene. She repeated it in her head. Even if she did have a contract with Flick U Entertainment, this was the last. After spending thirteen years in the porn industry—from everything to still

pictures to hard-core scenes—she needed a new career, a new life. Diana sighed. She didn't even know where she wanted to start.

With a family that had disowned her, and a judgmental public outside the entertainment world, she didn't know how to restart her life. She wanted to do so many things and now that she had the money to, she didn't know where to begin.

“Diana, we need you now.”

She slipped her feet in the shoes. “Story of my life.”

* * * *

“Lookin’ good, Diana.” Dick’s gaze roamed the length of her body. It was an eerie feeling after having been with him both on screen and off. He always made sexual comments to her, and usually she took them lightheartedly. Now, she took them for what they were. Lecherous.

“Where do you want me?” She pursed her lips waiting for her “director” to place her in the scene.

He gripped her hand and rubbed his thumb in circles on her skin. “We’re starting out with Rake coming home to you.”

Diana stood in the middle of the treehouse–designed set. She knew her lines, corny as they may be, and prepared herself to say them. Before production, she had tried to give Dick input on the writing, but he refused to take her advice. None of the dialogue sounded real, and she honestly didn't know if any of her fans would buy the last film.

The scene was supposed to be short, cutting right to the chase with her husband, the Tarzan-like character played by Rake, coming home horny and wanting to get to business.

Diana smiled when Rake stepped onto the set and got into place as Dick called out directions for them from behind the camera.

“Suck him, Diana,” came the demanding voice she’d grown to resent.

Looking up at Rake with about as much lust as she could muster, she slipped his leopard-print loincloth aside with her hand and squeezed his cock. Rake differed from the other male porn stars by several degrees. He was athletic with long brown hair and muscles that fit the Tarzan theme. He had a pretty face and was someone that she could definitely fall into lust with. Attraction to her coworker was key for her personally. She had a difficult time getting into character or into the mood with people she didn't immediately connect with.

He touched her shoulders and leaned down to kiss her, something that wasn't in the script.

"To your knees, Diana," Dick called. "We haven't got all day for you to seduce him."

Following orders, Diana knelt in front of him and turned the loincloth to the side to reveal his cock. He was long and hard. She stroked him, rubbed the precome dripping from the tip into him, then moved to his balls, lightly teasing him along the way.

Rake fisted his hands at his sides and waited. Music filled the silence in the room, something she always enjoyed during the scenes. Sex on screen wasn't anything like sex in a bedroom. Most of the scenes were choreographed as to what they did, how they did it, and how they reacted to the action.

She lapped at the pearl of moisture gathering at the tip of his cock. Fisting his shaft in her hand, she started a light stroke. Rake moved forward slightly, sliding his cock between her parted lips. Diana closed her eyes as Rake took over, fisting his hands in her hair. He got into the part, thrusting deeper with each stroke until he bumped the back of her throat. She moaned.

Dick called out cues from the side, telling her what he wanted her to do as if she'd never given a blow job before. His commands were anything but what they were supposed to be, and in her personal life, it created problems.

She couldn't help wondering how many men truly wanted to have a committed loving relationship with a porn star.

Diana fondled Rake's balls as he continued to pump into her mouth. They were tight and drawn to his body. She ran her thumb along the seam, trying to push him over the edge, and let Tarzan have his quickie in the kitchen. Dick didn't want that.

"Stop, Diana," he called from behind the cameras. "Push her up against the counter, Rake, and take her from behind."

Diana stopped and stared at her ex-fiancé. "You said there'd be no penetrative sex in this scene."

"I changed my mind." Dick motioned for them to move to the counter. "Pull her dress up and kneel behind her to eat her pussy, first. Make sure she's wet enough for your cock."

Rake dropped to his knees.

"No." Diana held up a hand. "You told me no sex. I didn't agree to sex."

"This is a porn flick, Diana. Of course there will be sex." Dick let out a long sigh. "Must you do this now? It's one fucking scene of him taking you in the kitchen. Just turn around and let him fuck you."

"No." Diana tugged her skirt down. She wasn't about to let Dick go back on his word. He promised her the last scene wouldn't have penetrative sex. He needed to keep that promise.

Dick stood and crossed the room within seconds, grabbed her arm, and dragged her off set. She struggled, but he had the upper hand and pressed her into a nearby wall away from everyone. He narrowed his eyes. She'd seen that look so many times that it made her stomach turn. She expected him to hit her, prepared for it.

"What is your fucking problem? It's not like you're some little virgin doing her first scene. Dirty Diana is known for fucking well, and all her fans want to see that slick pussy getting pounded. What the hell is your problem?"

"You agreed no sex. I expect you to keep your word." He squeezed her arm hard enough to bruise. "Let me go."

He pushed her arm back and turned with his lips pressed together in disgust. "You signed a contract and agreed to the script. Had you

been at the cast meeting you would have know I changed the scene to suit my needs. To make your fans buy the last fucking movie you'll make. You *will* do the scene because it's in your contract. If you even try to fight me over this, I'll take you for all you've got and leave you for the dogs. It's your job to do what I say, when I say it."

Diana bit her tongue.

"What's wrong, baby? You're nothing but a slut anyway. You give it to any and every guy that comes along, and honestly, I'm not sure what they see, but they love it. Dirty Diana didn't come out of nowhere. She built her reputation on being the best fuck in the business. Both men and women want a piece of you."

He came up to her and reached out to caress her cheek. "Dirty Diana is my money-making market, and I am obligated to give my customers what they want. I've had you and I can see where the fascination begins, so you're going to go back in there and let Rake fuck you for as long as I tell him to fuck you, any way I tell him to fuck you. And you're going to do it with a smile." He gripped her jaw. "Do you understand me?"

"Let go of me." She stared into his obsidian eyes.

He dropped his hand but held her eyes with his own.

Diana rolled her options around in her mind. Back to the whole pick and choose battles, she determined fighting him over this would only draw out her retirement. She wanted to be done with him and the quicker, the better.

"Yes, Dick I understand you." He stepped back, unable to hide his relief. "But if you ever touch me again, I'll feed you your balls for dinner. Do you understand *me*?"

She didn't wait for him to answer. She walked back to the set and prepared herself for the scene. Freedom was just beyond the horizon.

* * * *

"Bye, Diana," an assistant said. "Have a great rest of the night."

Diana pushed the doors open and stepped out into the cool night air. She struggled with her emotions for the entire scene but finally—*finally*—she was free. Tears rolled down her cheeks as she walked toward her car. She didn't bother to wipe them. It was what she imagined being released from prison would be like. She'd been caged for so long in this business that she didn't know where to start to build the kind of life she wanted.

What Dick subjected her to for the final scene was much more than she'd ever agreed to initially. Rake, thankfully, was easy to work with and tender with every touch. She tried not to think about the matter, though the nasty glare Dick gave her from time to time only fueled her fury that much more. She ceased all ties with him, and his money-making market was no longer his. He paid her the million-dollar buyout, and she was finally free from him and his company. It was an overwhelming feeling.

She reached in her purse for her keys. Tonight, she would celebrate and call the moving men tomorrow. She didn't know where she'd go, but she had to get out of the city. L.A. simply didn't have anything to offer her any more.

With her father dead, her mother had re-married a senator who didn't approve of his stepdaughter's reputation. She had no family and never even met her youngest sibling who was a teenager now. She undoubtedly screwed up her life with some of her choices, but hopefully she'd get her chance at a fresh start. She longed for that moment for many years.

Creeping along, a black sedan pulled up beside her. She glanced up as the black-tinted window rolled down and a man's face appeared. She couldn't get a clear view of him in shadow.

"Excuse me?" He had a thick brogue to his voice. "Can you give me directions to Chandler Park?"

Diana glanced around the empty parking lot. "Uh, I'm sorry. I don't know where that is."

"Oh, come on, missy. You're my only chance at finding it."

The car stopped, the back door opening as a large man stepped out. Like a horror movie flashing before her eyes, the man grabbed her and she screamed. Her purse fell to the ground, its contents spilling as she struggled with the captor. The man overpowered her and pulled her against his burly body. A needle appeared from nowhere and pricked the skin of her arm.

Freedom, she realized wasn't just beyond the horizon but a million miles away.

Chapter One

There wasn't much to do in Kenyon, South Dakota, home to a grand total of three thousand people. Calen Kirby pressed his fingers against his temples as he listened to two farmers argue over who owned the apple tree split between their land.

"I tell you, it's my tree, Samuel. I built my fence before yours, and it's on my side of the line." Bob Poteet pointed his finger at Samuel Griffin in annoyance.

Samuel wasn't having any of it. "Over half of the tree is covering my ground. It's mine."

Calen and the other Kirby brothers spent their time ranching, and when the rodeo came to town, they competed for the grand prize money. A. J., the middle Kirby brother, won last year in the roping category while Cash, the youngest, won two years ago. They each drew a hefty sum that allowed them more time away from work.

The men continued to bicker until Calen finally stood and silenced them both. "I'll pull the deed, and we'll go over it tomorrow."

"Tomorrow ain't soon enough. My granddaughter wants to put up one of them tree swings and Samuel won't let her. He whacks it down every time." Bob scowled at the other man.

"Tomorrow, gentlemen." Calen grabbed his coat. "The office is closed, and I, like you, want to get home before dark and sip a cold beer before bedtime."

After ushering the two men out, he watched them continue their bickering down the alley. He'd known them all his life, having grown up in Kenyon. His father had been sheriff before him, and it had been expected by the people of the city that he be the next, when his father

passed away. It's what he'd always looked forward to doing with his life until he came up on cases like the apple tree. Some stuff was nonsense, yet people always blew it out of proportion.

He locked the doors behind him. He had no doubt the two men would greet him on the doorstep tomorrow morning when the office opened at eight.

Just as he pocketed his keys, a large truck pulled up to the curb and stopped. Calen watched from the porch as a scantily clad woman climbed out and the truck drove off. Her blonde hair was a matted mess, and the clothes she wore barely kept her from indecency. She'd been crying. He could tell from the red-rimmed eyes and tear-stained cheeks.

"Can I help you, miss?"

"I need to talk to the sheriff." Her lip trembled. "I need his help."

Calen pulled out his keys. "I'm the sheriff. What do you need help with?"

He opened the door to the office and motioned for her to step inside. After the woman entered, he followed. She stood in the middle of the main room, her arms wrapped around her stomach, more for protection, he assumed than anything. He pulled out a chair and insisted she sit.

"I'd rather stand." She trembled. "You're really the sheriff?"

He nodded. "For about five years now. I succeeded my father."

He sat on the corner of the desk and folded his arms over his chest. A cut rested at the top of her breast. Her hands were dirty, and her clothes merely rags. He studied her face, trying to picture her cleaned up without the grime.

"I have some people after me and I need your help." She brushed her hair from her face. "I need your help."

Calen watched her head drop, sobs overtaking her. He stood, grabbed a box of tissues from the top of the filing cabinet in the corner of the room, and handed them to her. He gave her time to calm down before he asked her for more information.

“People are after you?”

She nodded, sniffing. “They kidnapped me, and I sneaked away from them while they slept. I hitched a ride from a trucker to come here, and I don’t know what I’m supposed to do.”

Calen pulled up a seat and motioned for her to sit with him. She did. “What is your name?”

“Diana Marco.” She swiped at her tears.

“It’s okay, Diana.” He handed her a tissue. “Can you tell me where you are from?”

“Los Angeles.” She glanced around. “I don’t even know where I am.”

He reached out to touch her hands. “It’s okay. You’re in Kenyon, South Dakota. Can you tell me anything about the people who kidnapped you?”

She took a deep breath. “One had an accent. The other was big, muscular. I don’t know much else. They drugged me to get me in the car, and when I woke up, they were asleep. I escaped then and hitched a ride here.”

Calen nodded. “Okay. Can you tell me about the place you woke up to? Or perhaps about the car? Can you describe the men’s faces or what they wore?”

“I woke up in a motel. The Star Seven. The car was a black Camry. I think.” She rubbed her forehead. “My head hurts. I wasn’t really paying close attention to my surroundings when I escaped. They wore black, I don’t remember much else. I didn’t know them.”

“It’s okay. Can you tell me anything else that you know? Where were you when they abducted you?”

“The studio. I had one more film to finish before my contract expired, and after my final scene, I planned on going home. They got me in the parking lot of the studio.”

Calen reached for a pad and pen. “Did the kidnappers want anything? Information? Ransom? Sex?”

She shrugged. "I don't know. I evidently made a trip from California to South Dakota without any memory of it. I'm sure a lot could have gone on that I don't know about."

Calen watched her head lower again. "Do you need to see a doctor?"

"No." She fiddled with the tissue in her hands. "Can you help me?"

He wrote down what she told him. "I'll try. Do you have anyone you need to call? Perhaps your family? If the captors are still in the location you say, then I'll have them arrested and brought in for questioning."

He assumed she didn't have any money or extra clothes, which meant he needed to find her a place to stay and something to wear. He pulled out the phone and called the neighboring town sheriff to check out the motel before calling Connie, a friend of his. She owned a fashion shop on Main, and he figured she'd be the best to pick out some clothes.

"No. I have no one I need to call. Where am I going to stay?" she whispered. "I don't have anywhere to sleep. What if they come back for me when I'm sleeping?"

"Nobody is going to hurt you now." He hung up the phone and pulled out his directory. "You're safe, Diana. Don't worry about anything. I'm going to help you."

She finally looked up to meet his eyes. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Calen picked up the phone and dialed A.J. After the third ring, Cash answered. "Dude, put A.J. on the phone."

"Why would I do that?"

"Because I need him to come to the station."

"Why?"

"Quit being a pain in the ass and put A.J. on the phone." Calen noticed Diana's eyes were on him and lowered his voice. "Just get A.J., Cash."

His youngest brother scoffed. A few seconds later, A.J. came on the line. “What’s up?”

“I need you to come to the station.”

“Okay. Any particular reason why?”

“We’re having a houseguest tonight, and I have some business I need to take care of right now.” He met Diana’s eyes. “Can you come down here to pick her up?”

“Her?” Calen didn’t respond and A.J. continued. “Damn it, Calen. If this is one of your air-for-brain tramps I’ll personally kick your ass.”

“It’s not.” Calen switched the phone to the other ear. “Just do what I asked, okay? We’ll talk about it later.”

Calen hung up the phone and took a deep breath. His brothers were pains in his ass but they were always there when he needed them.

“My brother, A.J., is coming to take you to our ranch house. We don’t have a hotel nearby, and our place is big enough for you to stay in until we straighten this mess out. You’ll be safe and have privacy. If you need anything, my brother will be there to help you. He’ll make sure you have food and set you up in the comfortable spare room for the night. It’s a perfectly safe house so you don’t need to worry about people coming to kidnap you in the middle of the night.”

Diana looked terrified.

“It’s okay. A.J. won’t hurt you. I’m going to make some phone calls and hopefully put this case together tonight.” Calen rubbed his brow. “Don’t worry about anything.”

“What does your brother do?”

“We’re ranchers. We have five hundred acres north of town where we raise sheep and cattle—not together of course, but those are the two main livestock on our property.”

She folded her hands in her lap. “Thank you for your help. I wasn’t sure what to do. I just asked the truck driver to bring me to the police station, and he brought me here.”

Calen propped his chin on his palm. "You did the right thing. We're going to work this out." She shivered, and his eyes went to her scantily clad body. "Are you cold? I have a blanket in my office. Or maybe you'd like some coffee?"

She nodded. Calen stood to find the blanket. The brown afghan was something he bought at an estate sale several years back and kept it handy at the office. He unfolded it and wrapped it around her frail body. Next, he went to the coffee pot and poured her a mug full.

"How long have you been missing, Diana? Do you know?"

She brushed her hair from her face, holding the ends of the blanket together. "The last date I remember was June fifth. That was my last day of work."

He wrote that down. She'd been gone nearly two weeks. He handed her the glass and spotted A.J.'s truck pulling in the parking lot and rumbling to a stop in front of the office. Calen glanced up when his brother entered the office covered in dirt. His eyes immediately went to Diana.

"A.J., this is Diana."

"Nice to meet you, ma'am." A. J. tipped his hat. He averted his attention to Calen. "Uh, I'm not finished with the north fifty. If I don't get the cattle in, we may lose some with the upcoming storms."

"Make Cash do it."

"Cash has the sheep." Calen narrowed his eyes at his brother. "But I'm sure he could work it into his schedule."

She watched them interact. Even through the mess of her clothing, hair, and tears, she looked at Calen with a real sense of fear, something that made him instantly agree to help her. He didn't know what it was about her, but she seemed familiar. Her eyes were a deep shade of green that sparkled every time he looked at her.

Calen huffed and came around the desk. "You're safe with us, Diana. We won't let anything happen to you."

She studied his eyes for a moment before finally saying, "Thank you."

He helped Diana stand. It was a big risk taking a stranger into their home, but Calen knew she had nowhere else to go. There were no other options in Kenyon for her.

“A.J will take you to our home and get you something to eat. I’ll have Connie bring some clothes over for you later.”

He took the coffee mug from her and ushered her to the door. Calen walked out with her and aided her into the passenger’s seat of A.J.’s truck. After slamming the door, his brother started the questions.

“Where did you meet her?”

“She hitched a ride here from Silver Springs. She needs our help, A.J. Regardless of the situation, she’s staying with us tonight.”

“She looks homeless.”

Calen couldn’t disagree. “I’m still checking out her story. She says she’s an actress.”

“Kenyon is a long way from Hollywood. What is she doing here?”

“She says she was kidnapped.”

His brother gave him a you’ve-got-to-be-kidding-me look. “Are you sure she didn’t escape from the funny farm?”

Calen glanced over at the woman waiting on his brother. “We’ll see. I’ll call you later.”

While A.J. went around the front of the truck, Calen stood back watching their new houseguest. He didn’t know what he believed, if anything. She wasn’t faking the fear. That showed clearly in her eyes. And while it wasn’t uncommon for people to be kidnapped, actresses usually had bodyguards.

Some of her story simply didn’t make sense, but he intended to get to the truth. Even if it did take him all night.

* * * *

A.J. pulled in the drive and followed the long gravel road to the house. The woman sitting next to him didn’t speak much, choosing

instead to stare out the side window as they went about. His brother's hideous brown afghan was wrapped around her shoulders to keep her warm. He sighed. He didn't know what to say to her.

Connie's car was parked behind Cash's truck when he came to the house. A.J. pulled through the yard and parked in the back, close to the gates that lead to the other acres of property. He climbed out and went around to help Diana.

"I'm not sure what is in the kitchen to eat. Cash has dinner duty and I can't guarantee what he'll fix will be edible." A.J. held out his hand.

Diana took it and he helped her out of the truck. "Thank you for letting me stay here."

A.J. nodded. "Come now. Let's get you settled in."

He led her to the porch and pushed the door open to find Connie chatting with Cash in the living room. Both of them stopped when Diana walked in.

"Guys, this is Diana." He held Cash's eyes. "She's staying with us for a little while."

Connie smiled. "Hi, Diana. It's nice to meet you."

"Hi," Diana said. A.J. noticed Diana staring at Cash, who didn't say one word to her.

"Uh, have a seat." A.J. patted the back of the recliner. "Connie brought you some clothes. You girls can chat while Cash and I get you some dinner."

Connie made fast friends with Diana while A.J. exited the room with Cash on his heels. "What's your deal? You wouldn't even say hi to her."

"Do you have any idea who she is?"

A.J. frowned. "You know her?"

"Uh." Cash blushed. "I know of her."

A.J. narrowed his eyes. "Explain."

"Well, I mean, I think she's Dirty Diana."

A.J.'s jaw dropped. "You can't be serious. Calen did say she was an actress, but I assumed she made blockbuster hits for the family. Not some kind of sex show for perverted minds like yourself."

Cash rolled his eyes. "Like you've never seen a porno. I'm almost certain she's Dirty Diana." Cash grinned. "I am a fan of her work."

"Back off, Cash." A.J. slapped the back of his brother's head. "Don't touch her. She's supposedly been through a lot, and the last thing she needs is you plotting to get into her panties."

"I ain't gonna touch her." He grabbed a bag of potato chips from the pantry. "You need to head out to bring the cattle in. The weather is supposed to be pretty bad tonight. Not sure they'd make it on the hill."

A.J. opened the freezer door and grabbed two TV dinners. "Can't. Calen said I had to stay with her."

"I'll stay with her. We'll lose all our profit if you don't bring them off the hill." Cash reached in the bag and pulled out a handful of chips.

"I'm not leaving her with my numbskull brother who has the hots for her—if Dirty Diana is her identity. You do it, Cash." A.J. popped the dinners in the microwave and punched the time in.

"Why do I always have to do your fuckin' work and never get your share of the profits?"

A.J. snorted. "You don't do half my work, Cash. Quit bellyaching and help me out."

He grumbled some more but finally ended up heading out to the north acres to bring in the cattle. The microwave beeped, and A.J. sat the plastic containers on the counter. He peeled back the plastic and grabbed two forks from the drawer.

"I'm leaving, A.J. I have to pick Nicky up from football practice." He met Connie in the living room as she gathered her things. "Tell Calen I'll call him tomorrow."

A.J. nodded. "Thanks, Con."

When they were alone, A.J. rubbed his hands together and focused on Diana. “If you want to take a shower first I can show you to your room. Or, we could eat. It’s not much, just simple TV dinners. I’ll go to the store tomorrow to get something better.”

“That’s fine.” Diana stood with the afghan still wrapped around her. “I’d rather eat first. I don’t remember the last time I had a real meal.”

He nodded and followed her into the kitchen. He pulled a barstool on one side of the bar so that they weren’t sitting side by side but in front of one another.

She studied the food before dropping one of the edges of the afghan to pick up her fork. Her shredded blouse barely covered her breasts.

“Uh.” A.J. felt his cheeks heating. She glanced up at him, and he motioned with his fingers. “Your blouse.”

She grabbed the other end of the afghan and pulled it around her.

They ate in awkward silence, much like the time they shared on the trip home. He wasn’t one for chit-chat. He only spoke when he had something to say.

“Calen told me you were an actress. What movies do you like?” A.J. lifted his fork to his mouth and took a bite of Salisbury steak.

She shrugged. “I’m not really a big movie fan.” She paused. “My all-time favorite movie?”

He watched her eat, taking one bite after another. “Sure.”

“*Adventures in Babysitting*.” She smiled. “I used to watch it with my sisters when I babysat them. I wanted to be Kris Parker. Back then I thought she was cool.”

A.J. forked another bite into his mouth. “How many sisters do you have?”

“Two—well, three. I haven’t met the youngest. I also have a stepsister too. I don’t really know her though.” She stopped another wave of sadness coming over her. “I don’t really know any of them. It’s a long, complicated story.”

He took another bite of food, deciding to change the subject. “Did Connie set you up with everything you need?”

Diana nodded. “Calen told her what to pick out for me. She’s really nice.”

A.J. nodded, running out of things to talk about. She didn’t offer conversation, so he settled with silence. No need in forcing her to speak when she didn’t feel like talking.

After dinner, he took her upstairs to their guest room and showed her to the bathroom. He also showed her where their rooms were in case she needed them during the night. Calen had the master while he and Cash had bedrooms on opposite ends of the hall. The guest room was situated between the two along with the large bathroom they shared.

He wanted to make her feel comfortable without pressuring her for anything. He showed her where the linens were. Thankfully, Calen had finished the laundry and stacked the clean towels in the closet.

“I’ll leave you to get settled in. If you need anything, I’ll be downstairs.”

Diana nodded. “I appreciate it.”

* * * *

Diana stood beneath the hot water allowing the heat to seep through her muscles and into her bones. She spotted a few bruises and cuts from where she supposed they had hit her. She didn’t have much pain, more embarrassment.

When the water turned cold, she reached for a towel and shut the water off. The steam-filled room and gave her a slight comfort. She dried off and dressed in the pajama set Connie brought her.

The light pink shirt had a large red heart in the center. The matching pants were pink also with little red and white hearts. She smiled at her reflection and towel dried her hair. She looked like herself again.

After cleaning up her mess, she opened the door with her towel at hand and stopped, nearly running into Cash. He stopped and then reached out to steady her when she nearly stumbled.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled.

She smiled. "That's okay. Where do I need to put the towels?"

His eyes lingered on what she wore before he quickly glanced away. "Laundry chute." He pointed to a pullout door in the wall.

"Thanks." She moved in front of him to toss the towel down the chute. When she turned, he licked his lips before meeting her eyes again. "Uh, I don't want to disrupt your plans for the night, so I'll probably just head to bed."

Cash scratched his stubble covered chin. "You're not disrupting anyone. I was going to watch a movie. You're welcome to join me if you want."

Diana smiled. That's the second time he's gotten her to smile within minutes. "What are you watching?"

He headed down the hall, toward his bedroom. "Uh, lady's choice."

She followed him stopping when she came to his door. Inside was messy, clothes strewn about along with shoes. The bed was unkempt with the navy blue sheets being the only thing on it. The quilt he used as a cover, she supposed, was lying on the floor.

"I don't have many girl movies, I'll admit, but there are a few here that are suitable I suppose."

Diana came up beside him. Many comedies sat on his shelf while one lone DVD stuck out. "You have porn on your shelf?"

Cash's face tinted red when he spotted the movie she referred to. "You weren't supposed to see that."

His eyes met hers. "You know, don't you?" she asked.

"Know what? That you're Dirty Diana? Yeah, I know. I knew the moment I saw you." Cash tossed the DVD across the room. "Pick a movie."

Diana froze her eyes set on the area the DVD landed. He knew who she was. She met his eyes. “Are there others?”

He licked his lips. “Why does it matter? We’re not watching porn tonight.”

“I want to know.”

“Yes, there are others.”

“Show them to me.”

He frowned. “Diana, I don’t think—”

“Just show them to me.”

Cash walked over to his bed and scooted the clothes away. He reached underneath to pullout a plastic container. He popped the top and showed her the DVD collection.

Inside were her earliest movies. Starting out, she’d signed a contract for one year with the first production company. She made little money and starred in more films than she had ever dreamed possible in such a short time.

She clinched her jaw. “Is that all?”

Cash didn’t say anything as he pulled out another plastic case, then another. He didn’t look at her when he showed her, every single title being one she had starred in. He owned everything that had her name on it. Every magazine she’d been, memorabilia that they gave away at the parties Flick U hosted—he had it all stuffed away in containers beneath his bed.

“I’m not a creep if that’s what you’re thinking.” Cash finally met her eyes. “I’m just a fan. I never expected you, of all people, to show up in our town and stay at our house.”

She propped her hands on her hips. “Have you met me before now? You have signed buttons and key chains that we only give out at parties. You even have posters of me from special photo shoots. Where did you get all of this stuff?”

“A few of my buddies and I went to Vegas on spring break, back in college, and we went to the premier of *Fortune Teller*. I didn’t

make it to the table to get your autograph, personally, but my friend did and he gave me this.” Cash pulled out the poster and opened it.

Diana stared at her naked body, with her signature at the bottom written in pink Sharpie ink. She remembered that signing. She had been engaged at the time, and Dick tried to control every dollar she earned. She swallowed hard as she remembered that night. If the verbal abuse and control hadn’t been enough, the physical abuse had done her in. She had hated herself for allowing him to treat her like that and had walked away from him, taking two weeks off before she agreed to go back to the studio.

“Put that away.” She swallowed. Her gaze darted to the containers of DVDs. “You have my entire catalogue in your bedroom. What are you doing, saving it for a rainy day? How much money did you spend on this?”

Cash shrugged. “Each cost about seventeen dollars.”

“Why?” She picked up *Unlaced* and stared at herself on the cover. She wore a red wig for the photo shoot to cover her long blonde hair. The only other thing she wore was an untied corset and thong. Her back was to the camera, and she glanced over her shoulder with a come-hither look.

He stared at the DVD and pursed his lips. “I don’t know why. I like you.”

“You like me?” she snarled. “You like me, to what, masturbate to?”

“It’s not like that.”

She gave him a humorless laugh. “I bet it isn’t.”

“It’s not.” Cash grabbed the DVD and gathered the tops to the cases. “Everybody has that one famous person they like. I never liked anyone in Hollywood because they all seemed so fake. Botox, implants, liposuction. It’s the land of plastic Barbies out there.”

He shoved the containers beneath his bed again. “But a friend gave me a copy of *Fuck Me* as a joke in college, and I wound up

watching it. I don't know, Diana. You were just different. You were my Hollywood girl, and I started buying everything you were in."

"Well, I hate to crush your fantasy bubble, but I'm not like that. I'm not the girl in those movies—in any of those movies. And Hollywood can't even begin to compare to the adult film industry in the fake category."

"I know that." Cash rubbed the back of his neck. "But you're not fake, are you? You're different Diana, and it's not a bad thing. It's probably why you're so famous."

Diana shook her head. Fame came with heartbreak and regret. The memory of the kidnapping filled her mind, and tears came to her eyes. She didn't know why or who, but she knew it was linked with what she did. That she had no doubts about.

"Diana, I didn't mean to upset you."

"I need some air." She ran out of the room in full panic mode, heading down the stairs and out the front door. She barely made it to the front yard before she heaved the dinner she'd eaten earlier that night.

"Diana?" A.J. came to the door. "Are you okay?"

She sat on the sidewalk and pressed the palms of her hands to her eyes. She didn't need to cry anymore. She didn't need to think about the past. She was getting a fresh start. This was the beginning of her fresh start.

Cash brushed past A.J. and knelt beside her. He reached for her arms and pulled her hands away from her eyes. "Tell me what's wrong. Is it me, or what I said? If you're scared or don't want to be around me, I'll leave. Just tell me what's wrong."

"It's not you." She couldn't look into his eyes. "Please just leave me alone."

He lifted a hand to brush the hair from her cheek. It was such a simple gesture, one that showed he cared. She looked up and saw his expression. It was almost like he was protective of her.

“You’re scared, Diana. If not of me, then of what? The kidnappers? They won’t get you while you’re here. No one will touch you while you’re with us, I promise.”

Thunder rolled overhead, and she shivered with the sudden gust of cold air. “I’m fine.”

“You’re not fine, but that’s okay.” Cash scooped her into his arms as it started to rain and carried her back into the house. He didn’t stop until he reached her bed and set her on her feet long enough to pull the covers back. She lay down and wiped her tears while staring up at him as he tucked the blankets around her.

“You’re tired, Diana.” He stated the obvious. Turning, he reached for the chair next to the window and pulled it closer to the bed. He brushed her hair from her cheek and sat back. “I’m going to stay here until you fall asleep.”

“Why?”

He sighed. “Because you don’t really want to be alone. You want to feel safe. You want to feel comfort.”

Sniffing, she closed her eyes. “There’s a lot about those movies that you don’t know.”

“You don’t have to talk about them anymore.” Cash leaned forward and lifted her hand. “Sweet dreams, Diana.”

Strangely enough, that was all it took before Diana fell into a blissful sleep.

Chapter Two

“What was that about?” A.J. asked Cash the moment he came downstairs. Calen had made it home and looked as pissed off as a bull seeing red.

“She found a movie of mine.” Cash shrugged. “I didn’t plan on it, but she asked if there was more and told me to show her my entire collection. She sorta freaked.”

“Over a movie? Why would she freak over a movie?” Calen asked. “Were they her movies?”

Cash stared at his brothers. “She’s one of the biggest porn stars of all time. She goes by the stage name Dirty Diana.”

Realization struck Calen. “The blonde bimbo you fantasize about.”

“Don’t call her a bimbo.”

Calen pursed his lips. “So she saw your collection. Then what?”

“She freaked. She ran outside, threw up. Her entire body shook from fear. I’m not a detective or anything, but I think someone in the entertainment industry is the reason she’s here. She’d look at certain movies with nothing but disgust and others she studied as if she forgot about them. I could tell some had disappointing memories attached to them.”

“I told you collecting that much porn would get you in trouble one day.” A.J. scowled at him. “Why on earth did you show her your porn collection?”

“She wanted to see it.” Cash pulled his shirt off and headed to the laundry room. He’d left his boots beside the dryer because of the mud

caked in the soles and along the sides, but his clothes needed to be washed. *Stupid cows.*

He grabbed a beer and fixed himself a bologna sandwich. After settling in front of the TV, Calen and A.J. joined him. It was past ten o'clock, and they had to get up at four, but none of them could seem to make themselves go to bed.

"What are we going to do about her?" Cash blurted. "I thought A.J. was pulling one over on me when he brought her in the door. Never in a million years did I picture my ultimate fantasy to walk through my front door and sleep in my house."

"We're going to help her, and that's it." Calen tipped his beer to his lips. "Don't even think about fucking her, Cash. Regardless of what your dick thinks, she's completely off-limits."

Cash frowned. "I wasn't even thinking that." *Well, for the most part.* "I care about her well-being. Obviously sex isn't a priority right now. I'm not a barbarian, Calen. I can control myself."

A.J. snorted. "Don't make me remind you about Jennifer Ashby. The girl you couldn't wait to sink into. Nearly your entire senior class caught you balls deep with your pants around your ankles on her daddy's houseboat. That was hardly control."

"I was seventeen. Seventeen doesn't count."

"Oh, and you're much more mature at twenty-seven?"

"Hell yeah."

"Whatever. You were out with Holly last night and Amanda the night before." Cash brushed him off. "Control my ass. You'd have a different girl every night if there was one willing."

"Better than being celibate, dear brother."

"Don't drag me into this. My sex life is not the topic of discussion."

"Yet, you still cry over not being good enough for one uptight chick."

"Enough," Calen interrupted. "Both of you need to shut up."

"He started it," they said together.

Calen rolled his eyes. "I'm going to bed."

* * * *

Calen eased the bedroom door open to find their sleeping beauty wide awake. He tilted his head to the side and pushed the door open. "I figured you'd be asleep by now."

She shook her head. "I dozed when Cash was in here, but I keep thinking about it and I can't stop."

She curled around a pillow. Calen let the doorknob go, stepped into the room, and closed the door behind him. She was scared, and he couldn't blame her.

He sat in the chair by her bed and folded his arms over his chest. "I promise nothing will happen to you while you are here."

She looked up at him. "It doesn't erase the memories, though."

He leaned forward and brushed a strand of hair from her cheek. "You're safe with us, Diana. If you need anything from any one of us, all you have to do is say the word. I promised you I'd help, and I'm here if you need me."

"I trust you." She reached for his hand. "Will you stay with me?"

Calen debated his options, glancing toward the door. He spent the past few minutes telling his brothers they needed to stay away from her, and here he was, ready to jump in bed beside her.

"As long as you need me to."

"In bed. Will you lie beside me and promise me everything will be okay?"

"Uh." Calen's mind went in circles. "I don't know, Diana."

"Please. I just need someone to be there in case I have another nightmare."

She pulled at Calen's heartstrings. "Scoot over."

She did, and he crawled on top of the covers, sliding in beside her. He wanted to keep it as platonic as possible but Diana pulled his arm around her. She was warm to the touch, and he knew she probably

needed some human contact after the crap she'd been through. A single touch could go a long way, but in the end, Calen determined both he and his brothers were screwed.

* * * *

Diana spent most of the next day with A.J. He was the perfect friend and cared more than he probably should about her. She knew Calen told him to keep an eye on her, but he paid so much attention, she wasn't sure she could use the bathroom without him knowing about it.

"Are you comfortable?"

She nodded, for the fifth time that night. He really was a sweetheart, but he was a bit paranoid about something going wrong with her. He sat beside her and pulled her feet onto his lap.

"Calen said you didn't call anyone. Are you sure nobody is missing you right now?" He pulled her shoes off and started to massage one foot. His knuckle traced the curve of her instep, which drew out a long, low moan from her. She closed her eyes and reveled in his touch.

"My family disowned me when I was eighteen." His fingers ran between her toes and her body quivered. "God that feels good."

She opened her eyes in time to see him grin. His dark brown hair was longer than any of the other brothers. She had learned throughout the day that he was the one who had taken care of them when their mother passed away, and now even more so since their father was gone. He was a natural caretaker and honestly loved his job as well as his family.

And he gave the best foot rubs around.

"You're pretty good at that," Diana said when he switched to her neglected foot.

"Thanks." He pressed his thumbs against the ball of her foot and rotated them. "Did you have a nightmare last night?"

She shook her head. "Calen stayed with me."

"He did?"

She nodded. "I asked him too."

A.J.'s demeanor changed. "You feel better now?"

"Yes, thank you."

He sat her foot to the side and stood. "I need to radio Cash and make sure he's in line. If you need anything, I'll be out back."

He left her on the couch, confused as to why he suddenly needed some space.

* * * *

They made it halfway through *Beverly Hills Cop* before Calen was called out to an accident. Soon after, one of the ranch hands radioed in that a heifer was having trouble giving birth and called A.J. out. Cash sighed loudly in the quiet room. Diana had decided to go to bed early leaving him alone. Sadly, he wanted to go to bed too.

He clicked the TV off, headed upstairs, and stopped at Diana's door. He peeked in at her sleeping form. She looked so peaceful that he couldn't imagine why someone would hurt her.

Cash yawned and headed to his room. He really needed to clean up the place, possibly do some laundry. He chuckled to himself. Calen wouldn't let him come within ten feet of the washer if it didn't happen to be near their mudroom. One day of his brother's wearing pink underwear had him banned from laundry duty for life.

He snatched the quilt off the floor and crawled into bed. He hadn't lain there twenty minutes before a soft knock sounded at his door.

"Fuck off, A.J.," he called out.

The door opened and Diana peeked inside. "It's not A.J."

He sat up. "Diana. What's wrong?"

She shrugged. "I couldn't sleep. I felt smothered in my bed, and I heard you moving around in here." She switched her weight from foot

to foot. "Calen isn't in his bedroom, and neither is A.J. I thought maybe I could stay with you for a little while."

He waved her over. "You can stay with me as long as you want."

She stepped in and closed the door behind her. "I'm sorry. I know I'm an adult, and I should be able to sleep in a bed by myself, but I got scared."

He scooted over and patted the bed beside him. "It's okay. You've been through a lot."

She lifted the quilt and climbed in beside him. "I'm sorry I freaked out on you. There's just a lot you don't know."

"I'm sure there is." Cash shifted beside her. "You don't owe me an explanation."

She sucked in a breath. "I'm glad you're a fan. Sorry I didn't get to meet you at the convention in Vegas. That would have been pretty fun."

"You think?"

"That day sucked for me, so yeah, I think." She reached for his hand. "Which movie is your favorite?"

Cash gulped. "I don't know."

"I don't know if you know, but I co-wrote *Unlaced*. I'm pretty proud of that one." She linked her fingers with his. "Dick started his new production company and convinced me stupidly to go with him instead of stay with my original. He had no one to work for him in producing scripts so I gave it a go. I'm happy with the way it turned out."

Cash remembered that movie. The sex scene with her and her costar in the rain was pretty damn hot. His cock stirred in his boxers at the memory of her long white gown clinging to her skin. He wanted to be the rain caressing her skin, touching every part of her until she was absolutely wet for him.

She lay on her back and pulled his hand to her stomach, fingers still linked. "I thought maybe that's what I wanted to do. To write the scripts instead of act in them."

“Why didn’t you?” He curled his fingers, brushing her bare skin briefly.

“My ex-fiancé. He liked to control everything I did. Thankfully, I’m done with working in the adult industry. I never want to go back.”

“I didn’t know you were engaged.”

She snorted. “I’m surprised. Dick liked to promote me as his personal toy. I was too dumb to see it though.”

Cash closed his eyes as they talked. “Did you love him?”

“I don’t think so. I think I was enamored with what he could offer me. Then, when the abuse came, I wanted so far away from him I couldn’t run fast enough. At the time, I was stupid enough to sign a ten-movie contract, with a movie coming out each year. I had three years of experience in the business and knew nothing really. I was a baby—a little girl looking for some quick cash. I don’t know why, but I gave everything up the moment I signed that dotted line. And believe me, the years that followed felt like I sold my soul to the devil.”

Cash opened his eyes. “So you spent ten years doing something you didn’t want to do?”

“Pretty much. I thought Dick loved me, but I soon realized he only loved the money I made him. He passed me around like a piece of his property at these promotional parties, and because I was engaged to him, he practically owned me.” She pushed Cash’s hand away. “It disgusts me now.”

“Did Dick rape you?” Cash’s blood boiled at the thought of anyone hurting her.

“Depends on what you consider rape.”

Answer enough. His stomach twisted at the thought of some dickwad forcing himself on her.

“I’m sorry you experienced that.”

She turned away from him. “It doesn’t matter now. I’m free from him and done with the industry. That’s the only thing that matters.”

She pulled Cash's arm around her. He scooted closer. She smelled sweet. He couldn't pin the fragrance but committed it to memory. His cock stirred in his pants, and he chuckled at the irony of his disturbed dreams. Every night he went to bed with Diana, only tonight it was a little bit different. He was rock hard with her sleeping peacefully in his arms.

* * * *

Diana woke to A.J. standing in the doorway of Cash's room, screaming at him for not keeping his dick to himself. She rubbed her eyes as Calen came into the room scowling at Cash.

"It's okay. I asked Cash if I could stay with him. I was scared to be alone and you two were gone." She pushed the blankets aside.

"We don't trust him to keep his paws off you." Calen's scowled deepened.

"Cash is harmless." She stood and stretched. "Go on, boys. Everything is okay."

Calen met her eyes. "I need to talk with you before I leave."

"I'll see you at breakfast." She propped her hands on her hips. "I'm okay. Really, guys."

Calen nodded once and moved past A.J. He stood in the doorway with his eyes set on Cash. "Downstairs in twenty-five."

He closed the door.

"Man, are you trouble." Cash gave her an impossibly large grin.

Something about him made her feel comfortable, safe even, and extremely hot. It was why she had gone to him last night and why she shared so much information about herself with him. She didn't know why, but he gave her a small sense of security, something she hadn't had in a long time.

"They didn't call me Dirty Diana for nothing." She smiled at him.

Cash snorted. "Go, so I can get dressed."

She watched him hug the comforter to his body. “If you’re hiding your morning boner, no need to be shy in front of me.”

“I don’t have morning boners.” He licked his lips meeting her eyes. “I have Diana-induced boners. Every time you come near, I get hard, so go.”

She laughed. “You want me to kiss it and make it better?”

Okay, now she was just toying with him, but he was fun. Cash’s groan told her she’d hit the right mark. Diana held up her hands. She crossed the room and left, closing the door behind her.

She definitely liked Cash.

Calen waited for her at the table. The room was slightly cooler than the upstairs, and her nipples beaded beneath her shirt. She caught Calen’s eyes zeroing in on her chest, dilating slightly when he finally glanced up.

“You’re no better than Cash.” She crossed her arms over her chest.

“Excuse me?”

“I caught you staring at my boobs. You’re no better than Cash.”

“Cash did more than stare at your breasts.”

“Cash didn’t touch me.” She took the glass of orange juice A.J. poured and sat beside the sheriff. “Just admit it. I’m a porn star. I’m used to guys leering at me and drowning in their own drool. At least own up to it.”

Calen met A.J.’s eyes. He shrugged. “Look, I need information about your past. Family, friends. The car wasn’t at the motel when the police arrived. We have no idea where the men went.”

“I have no family, and all my friends aren’t my friends anymore.”

Calen turned to her. “Everyone has family.”

“Not me. Mine disowned me when I turned eighteen and entered the world of adult entertainment. My mom re-married after my father died, and I haven’t been home for Christmas in nearly thirteen years. So, no, I don’t have family.”

“Can you humor me and give their names anyway?”

She sighed. “My mom is Brenda Brockway. Her husband is Raymond Brockway, the fabulous senator for the State of California. I have two sisters, Dana and Denise, and one half-sibling and two step-siblings I’ve never met. I Googled their names and found out they were Roxanne, Marie and Tyler. I wasn’t invited to my mother’s wedding. Haven’t got a clue where they live other than in Sacramento. I’ve only met the good senator once while they dated. That’s about it.”

Calen studied her. “What kind of mother doesn’t include her child in her life?”

Diana looked away. “The senator didn’t want scandal on the horizon. My sisters are super geniuses. One has a doctorate degree from Harvard, and the other spends her time in England teaching at Oxford. I’m, however, the proverbial black sheep.”

“Why’s that?”

“How many porn stars fit into the public image of politicians and are accepted by the general public?” She shook her head, the pain coming back. “I didn’t fit into the Brady Bunch world.”

Diana couldn’t get her Dana’s words out of her head long after she told her she wasn’t welcome in their house anymore. Her mother hadn’t even had the decency to tell her herself. Dana had kept it brief and to the point, explaining Raymond’s point of view. Then she had had the audacity to ask her to understand.

“Do you think the kidnapping had something to do with politics?”

Diana drank the rest of her orange juice. “I guess it could be a possibility. I don’t know why, because Raymond doesn’t give a shit about me so it would be pointless to threaten him with ransom or whatever.”

“It’s worth looking into, though.” Calen reached out to touch her hand. “Just relax around the house today. Don’t worry about anything. Our cell numbers are on the fridge if you need any of us.”

Cash thumped down the steps and smiled at her when he entered the room. He grabbed his plate and sat beside Diana, kissing the top of her head in passing.

“I need to go shopping. Is there any way I can do that?”

“I’ll help you shop for lingerie.” Cash bit off a piece of bacon.

A.J. groaned. “I’ll take you shopping when these two leave.”

Diana smiled. “I’ll go get ready.”

Cash grabbed her hand. “Wait. Don’t I get a kiss to start the day off right.”

Diana gave him a wicked smile. “I offered you a kiss earlier and you turned me down. I ain’t offering again.”

If he weren’t so easy to pick on, she’d have felt sorry for him. The poor guy looked so pitiful. She chuckled and left the room.

Too bad.

* * * *

A.J. arched an eyebrow. “*You* turned down a kiss from that mouth?”

Cash slumped in his seat. “It wasn’t on the mouth.”

Calen laughed. “I like her more and more.”

“Keep your hands off, Calen.” Cash said in a mocking tone, repeating what his brother said to him. “God, she talked about her movies last night and had me so hard. It’s a wonder if I don’t have blue balls because of that woman. It was definitely not the way I planned on sleeping with her for the first time.”

A.J. chuckled. “Like she’d sleep with you anyway.”

“I think she was serious about the blow job.”

“Get your head out of the clouds. We’re here to protect her, not take advantage of her.” Calen stood. “I’m calling California police today. No one reported her missing in all the time she’s been gone. I think the best approach is with the family. I need some more info.”

“Calen?” Cash gripped the backrest of the barstool beside him. “Catch the bastard that put that level of fear in her eyes.”

“I’m trying to.”

After the boys left, A.J. gathered a list of items he needed. Diana met him in the living room dressed in a hot pink jersey-knit dress. The V-neck design dipped low, showing a great amount of cleavage. She matched it with flip-flops.

“Oh, great. You too?” Diana propped her hand on her hip. “You guys act like you haven’t gotten laid in years.”

A.J. took in her body from head to toe. “No wonder you’re a porn star.”

She narrowed her eyes. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It’s a shame to keep that”—A.J. pointed to her body, smiling—“covered up.”

Diana snorted. “Nice line. Come on, Cowboy. I need some make-up.”

“You don’t have money.”

“Yes I do. Plenty of in my bank account.” She stopped. “But I can’t use my bank account. Shit. Well, if you’ll float me a loan, I’ll pay you back when this mess is over.”

A.J. frowned even though he knew she’d get her way. “Why do I feel this is going to cost me?”

“I’ll make it worth your while.”

* * * *

Three hours and fifty-two minutes later, A.J. pulled in the drive. He’d walked miles across the fields when the trucks broke down or just for the hell of it, but he’d never walk as much as he did while shopping with Diana. Nor had he ever charged so much on his credit card. He dreaded the bills when they came in.

He helped her unload the bags and carry them to her room. "You sure you don't want these in Cash's room? You two seemed to be getting cozy."

She smiled. "You wouldn't happen to be jealous, would you?"

He sat the bags on the bed. "No. I'm just lookin' out for you, is all."

Diana leaned in to kiss his cheek. "You're cute when you blush."

A.J. shook his head. "Were you really a porn star?"

"Yes. For thirteen years."

He sat on the edge of her bed. "So you had sex with many men."

She pursed her lips. "My number is smaller than most, but yeah, I've slept with many men."

A.J. tipped his hat from his head. "Uh, can I ask you something?"

Ever since Janie had told him he was awful in the sack, he'd avoided women like the plague. She even spread rumors around town about his inability to make her come. He glanced up at Diana.

"Something sexual?"

"Yeah."

He waited for her to laugh. She didn't. "Sure. What's on your mind?"

"My ex, Janie was her name, uh, never came during sex. She said it was my fault."

Diana stared at him. He probably ruined everything between them by telling her that, but it had bugged him for two years. He had no answers. He had no explanation. She simply dumped him and tried to ruin his reputation in the process.

"I probably shouldn't have said that." He stared at his boots. "It's just she's with this guy now, one with a reputation almost as bad as Cash's, and likes to brag about her sex life. Cash doesn't help either. He rags on me all the time about it."

Diana sat beside him and reached for his hand. "This girl sounds like an idiot. I highly doubt it was your fault or even had anything to

do with you. And the main reason I think that is because she had to boost her ego by putting you down. I wouldn't worry about it."

A.J. nodded. "I'm going downstairs to find something to eat."

"Hey, A.J." Diana stood with her hands on her hips. "You're a great guy. I just wanted you to know that."

He smiled and left the room.

* * * *

"Honey, I'm home for my nooner." Cash stepped into the kitchen with a large smile on his face. Diana stood in an apron smashing ground chuck into hamburgers patties.

"You should be a comedian, Cash. You're pretty funny."

He entered the room and propped himself on the kitchen island. "Are you saying you won't have sex with me? Ever?"

She rolled her eyes. "You turned me down. I don't beg for it."

"I take it back. You can kiss, lick or suck my cock anytime you damn well please." He reached for a carrot in the bowl on the island. "Where's A.J.?"

She shrugged. "He's been in his bedroom for a while."

Cash stared at her with a carrot halfway to his lips. "Do I even want to know?"

"Probably not."

Cash popped the carrot into his mouth. "Why is he wasting a day on masturbating? I swear, sometimes, I think I'm the only one that works around here."

"Leave him alone." She shoved the plate of patties at him. "Put these on the grill and don't burn them."

Cash's lips tilted in a smirk. "It'll cost you."

She arched an eyebrow. "Oh, really? Do tell the price."

"A kiss for starters."

To his surprise, Diana brushed her hand along his thigh. She leaned in and kissed his cheek. "Go."

“Nuh-uh. Lips.”

She giggled. “First rule of thumb, when making a deal, be specific. You got your kiss, now I get my burgers.”

“I could push these burgers to the side and take you right here in the middle of the kitchen.”

She smiled. “Do you really think you’d get away with that?”

He groaned. “Next time, it’s lips. That’s a fair warning.” He took off toward the deck. “And there better be lots of tongue action too!”

Cash glanced down at his crotch. He stayed hard for her. It wasn’t a revelation on his part, but something he knew from the beginning. He was playing with fire, and if he didn’t watch, he’d get burned.

Chapter Three

Calen rubbed a hand over his face. Senator Raymond Brockway had reported Diana missing, an hour ago. After a quick call to the right people, he determined it was a political scheme. Someone hired two men to bring the black sheep of the family out into the limelight since the good senator, as Diana called him, was planning to run for governor. And they had planned it just right so that it coincided with her retirement from the porn industry. Evidently, she hadn't made the announcement of her retirement yet.

After debating with the police and playing the game of voice-mail hell, they determined that Diana stay in hiding where she was with hopes of drawing the kidnapper out. *Stupid fucking idiots*. Could their boss really be so scary that they haven't even told him that the girl was gone? *Please*.

It was lunchtime when Calen got a break and went home. A.J. normally prepared sandwiches to take with them, but he didn't get around to it this morning.

The Kirby Ranch was like a well-oiled machine. Each brother had their duties and responsibilities. A.J. took care of a lot of the domestic stuff. Cash took care of the animals. Calen took care of the property. They had been raised by their father after their mother had passed away at a young age and had lived and learned by his standards.

When he entered the house, he saw his family sitting at the table chatting with Diana as if they'd known her for years instead of days. He worried about Cash's obsession. He didn't think his youngest brother would hurt her, but when she left, he'd be heartbroken.

"Am I in the right house? You Neanderthals look domesticated."

“Hey,” Diana said. “I’m not a Neanderthal.”

He smiled. “No. You’re the exception.”

He reached for a burger and fixed it to his liking. “I talked with the FBI this morning. They want you to stay put since you’re safe.”

She stopped eating and pushed her plate away. “What did he say?”

“Who?” Calen squirted ketchup on the burger.

“Raymond. Did he say anything about it?”

Calen saw the hope in her eyes. She wanted her family to care. She wanted someone on her side for once. Unfortunately, Raymond Brockway wasn’t what she needed.

“He was advised to tell them he’d give nothing for your return.”

She snorted. “Figures.”

No one said anything, but Calen saw the sadness in her eyes. He couldn’t imagine his family disowning him over a stupid career choice.

She stood and cleaned up her mess. “Did he even ask if I was okay?”

Calen thought about lying. “No, Diana. I’m sorry.”

She nodded. “Clean up after yourselves when you’re through.”

She left the room, and A.J. set in on him. “Why the hell did you tell her that?”

“Because it’s the truth.” Calen stared at his burger. “I’m not going to lie to her, A.J. Her stepfather is an asshole.”

“You talked to him?” Cash asked.

“His advisors.”

“And they don’t want her back?” Cash stared at his brothers. “I mean, you guys piss me off more than you make me happy, but I can’t imagine one of you going through what she’s going through and not caring about it. What did she ever do to them?”

“Disgraced them,” A.J. informed. “Porn star can’t quite compete with research scientist or teaching students to become physicians.”

“Oh, please.” Cash’s gaze darted between his brothers. “Are you serious?”

“Leave it alone, Cash.” Calen stood and reached for a glass from the cabinet. “You can’t make people care, regardless if they are family or not.”

“Well, I care.” Cash pushed away from the table and carried his plate to the sink.

“Do you really, Cash?” Calen turned to face his youngest brother. “Do you really care about her and not in some obsessive kind of way? I totally get she’s your fantasy come to life, but do you really care for her aside from all the ideas of her you’ve conjured in your mind?”

“I care, Calen. It’s not because of any sick obsession or because I feel sorry for her.” Cash gripped the edge of the counter. “I just...care.”

“You’ve known her a few days.”

“So?” He grabbed his hat. “We get each other, I think.”

“And it has nothing to do with the fact you’ve memorized every film she’s ever been in?”

“That doesn’t even deserve a response.” Cash stormed past him and out the front door.

Calen stared at A.J. “What about you? You seem to be pretty chummy with her too. Yesterday, you avoided her like the plague, and now you’re chatting with her at the dining room table like she’s your best friend.”

A.J. lifted his glass to his lips. “You spend nearly three hours shopping in cowboy boots with a girl who talks everything fashion and see how close you become to her.”

“Oh, please. I know you’ve seen her movies.”

“Yeah. So what?”

“So you’re not just enamored with her?”

A.J. stared at his brother. “What’s your deal? Why do you feel the need to analyze us? Are you saying you don’t feel something for her? Something you can’t explain like the rest of us?”

“I’ve never seen her videos and I don’t plan to. Our relationship is strictly professional, and while she’s here, I expect yours to be as well.”

“Professional my ass. She told me you slept with her.” Calen’s face heated. A.J. continued, “What do you think we do all day? Fuck her brains out while you’re at work?”

“I wouldn’t put it past you.”

A.J. stood. “Relax.” He cleaned up his mess and returned the dishes to the sink. “I need to make my rounds.”

Calen stared after his brother when he left. He couldn’t explain his connection either. He wanted her but it was beyond a physical attraction. *You’re enamored, just like your brothers. That’s all it is.*

But the longer he stayed around her, the stronger the feeling became.

* * * *

Diana made her way to the barn. How dumb was it for her to assume her family actually cared? She climbed the cattle gate, sat on the top, and stared out at the land. Cattle grazed on the left side of the field and sheep grazed on the right. The animals seemed content in their places even if the men ran them about the fields every other day.

She didn’t know where she fit in. She thought that by leaving the industry, she’d have that chance she needed to find herself. She wanted to travel the world. She wanted to find true love and settle down, maybe even have a kid or two.

She frowned. People never saw past the exterior.

“You’re going to fall off and break your neck.”

Diana didn’t turn to the sound of Cash’s voice. “Will anyone even care?”

He climbed on the gate and straddled it next to her. “I would.”

“What? Because you’re my biggest fan?”

“Yeah, I’m your biggest fan. I’m a huge fan of your cooking, and your smile is contagious. I’d imagine if you broke your neck, you probably wouldn’t do much of either.”

She turned her head and finally looked at him. “Does that charm always get you what you want?”

He smiled. “Most of the time.”

Diana scooted closer to him. “What was it like growing up here?”

“Tough. Ever since we were boys, we got up at the crack of dawn. Our daddy gave us chores, and we did them. We didn’t have many options, but we loved what we did. I went away to college. Got a degree in business. Planned on living in the city, but my dad died and I didn’t feel right anywhere else but here. So I came home to live with my two nitwit brothers who are always in my business and questioning every move I make. It sucks being the baby of the family, but I keep reminding myself they mean well.”

Diana gave him a small smile. “I can’t relate there. I was the eldest.”

“How old are you?”

“Thirty-one. Well, on my birthday I’ll be thirty-one.” Diana met his eyes. “It’s not for another month, on the thirteenth.”

Cash reached out to brush a strand of hair behind her ear. Before they could say anymore, the rain clouds overhead decided to open up and spill down on them.

“You’d better get inside.”

Diana lifted her head and closed her eyes. “I won’t melt.”

Cash pulled his hat off and plopped it on her head. “I need to get those damn sheep in the barn. We’re sheering them soon. Don’t fall off the gate, okay.”

He jumped down and took off toward the truck. She watched him and smiled the entire time. She didn’t know why, but Cash always seemed to bring out her smile.

She climbed down and started back to the house. Her dress clung to her, and nothing on her body was dry but the hair covered by

Cash's hat. She pushed the back door open and the cool air hit her like a blow to the stomach.

Calen stood in the kitchen washing the dishes from lunch. "I wondered where you went."

"Cash and I were hanging out in the field before it started raining." She folded her arms. "I just needed to clear my head."

He wiped his hands on a towel and tossed it over his shoulder. "Is Cash giving you any trouble?"

"Nothing I can't handle myself." She pulled out a barstool and sat. "Your brother has some kind of charm."

"I'll tell him to back off."

"No. It's fine. He makes me smile, which I think is his goal." She traced the grooves in the countertop. "And A.J. never complained once about shopping with me. I could tell it was the last place he wanted to be, but he didn't rush me. He even bought me a smoothie while we were out. I hadn't had one of them since I was in high school."

Calen propped his hands on his hips. "I'm glad they make you feel welcome."

"So what about you? When are you going to let loose and have some fun around here?"

"I have fun all the time."

"Yet, you're a prune around me." She lifted her gaze. "When can you and I have some fun?"

He smirked. "When it quits raining."

"A little rain never killed anybody."

He tossed the towel on the counter. "Fine. Let's go."

He grabbed her hand and led her to his truck. His hand lingered around her waist as he helped her climb into the front seat. She watched him round the truck and waited while he climbed in beside her.

"I take it neither one of my brothers has shown you the lay of the land?"

She shook her head. "No."

He started the truck and drove toward the back fields. Diana shivered from the air and turned the vent away from her. "You shouldn't have played in the rain."

She smiled. "It was fun."

He pulled past the gates and picked up speed as they headed into the field. "My brothers and I used to do this all the time just to piss my father off."

"Do what?"

"This." He braked and turned sending the car in a circle in the mud. Diana gripped his arm and door laughing the entire time as they drove in zigzags across the field, doing doughnuts.

The rain poured harder. Diana squealed when the motion tossed her against Calen, both of them laughing. She smelled his cologne, a light mixture of spice and musk. She wanted to kiss him. To wipe that serious expression off his face and bring out something new.

He stopped, laughing as he looked at her. "We made a mess of the field."

She undid her seatbelt and crossed the consol to straddle his lap. His laughter stopped. She met his eyes and leaned in to kiss him. His lips were soft. They parted and gave her complete access to explore his mouth. She cupped his cheeks and held him to her tasting him for the first time.

He pulled back ending the kiss. "Wait.". His fingers wrapped around her wrists and held them in place. "What are you doing?"

"I was kissing you."

"Why?"

She snorted. "Because that's what boys and girls do when they like each other."

He gulped. "We can't do that."

"Why not?"

"Because." He pushed her hands away.

She shifted slightly feeling his hard cock beneath his jeans. "You liked it, Calen. Your cock is hard. What's the problem?"

“The situation, Diana.” He rubbed his forehead. “I’m only supposed to help you, not fuck you.”

“I’m giving you permission.” She moved again and ground her pussy against him.

This time, when she kissed him, he cupped her cheeks and kissed her back. She wanted to feel him inside her. Gyrating her hips, she rubbed her clit against his cock. With a small flick of a lever, she dropped the seat back giving them more room in the front seat of Calen’s truck.

“I want you, Calen.” She pulled away from his mouth and kissed his neck while her fingers worked on his zipper.

He barely had enough time to speak before she wrapped her hand around him. “Oh, god, Diana.”

She smiled. “Is that the same as ‘You can have me, Diana’?”

His fingers slid beneath the skirt of her dress and touched her cold, bare thighs. “It’s a bad idea.”

“Most of the fun ones are.”

He brushed his fingers against her pussy. The thin lace panties did little to hide the heat of her body. He slid his finger along the sculpted edge of her panties, and she shifted away from him. Kneeling over him, she took his cock into her mouth.

“God, Diana.” She pumped him from the base up while sucking him hard.

He didn’t try thrusting into her mouth, but lay there practically still as she sucked the life out of him. She loved it. He gave her complete control of his pleasure, and she wanted to give it to him. His hand cupped the back of her head as she took him to her throat, a strangled moan leaving his lips. Hollowing her cheeks, she sucked him one last time before pulling away completely.

He panted, staring at her. She grinned as his chest rose and fell with each uneven breath. Shifting again, she slipped her panties off and straddled him for the second time. Calen cupped her cheeks and sat up enough to meet her mouth. She positioned him just right and

sank onto his dick, both moaning into each other's mouth at the sensations.

Her hips moved, slowly at first. She wanted to draw out every ounce of pleasure Calen had in him and planned on taking her time in doing so. Lying back and gripping her hips, he guided her as she rode his cock.

She liked the way he touched her. Her blood heated when his cock hit that one spot inside her. She jerked her mouth away and propped herself up, a hand on each side of the car seat. Calen groaned and slid his hands down to cup her ass, while thrusting harder into her as she rode him.

"I'm coming, baby." Calen thrust hard with a groan, holding her against him as jets of come spurted out of his cock. He pulled back and thrust hard again, spilling more into her.

Diana fell against him, her pussy rippling around him as ecstasy overcame her. Calen wrapped her in his arms and pressed a gentle kiss to her forehead.

"We steamed up the windows." Calen's fingers lingered along her spine.

She smiled and closed her eyes, feeling safe and warm in his arms. "It was pretty hot."

"Too bad we need to go back to the house." He sat up with her still in his arms. "I think my lunch break is about over."

She cupped his cheeks and kissed him. "I think I need a nap."

* * * *

Dick stared out at the crowd of protesters demanding Diana's appearance. The release of *Skinny Dipping* had been two weeks prior and didn't gross nearly as much as her other movies. The fans wanted to see her. They wanted her autograph, and they wanted her picture. With her retirement, they got neither.

Stupid fucking bitch.

She always did make things complicated. He may have conned her into signing that contract but only she could sell the movies. She had a large enough fan base that her movies were usually automatic buys, but her fans also got used to the habit of their little conventions where she actually made an appearance. Perhaps it made them feel like they knew her.

Yeah. Right.

“Sir, the senator is on the phone.”

Dick nodded and waved her off. He took a deep breath before picking up the phone. “Raymond. What can I do for you?”

“I need you to go pick Diana up. I don’t care what you have to do with her to get her here, but I need her in Sacramento. The kidnapping didn’t work. My political rivals are still threatening me with exposing this little nonsense, and I’d rather the people hear from me about our little black sheep than from my competitor.”

“Where is she?”

“Kenyon, South Dakota. Some ranch has taken her in. Bring her back and get her to abide by our rules. You know what they are.”

The phone clicked, and Dick hung his up. Raymond Brockway may be a coldhearted bastard, but he paid very well. Sometimes, that’s all that mattered.

Chapter Four

Diana glared at Cash when he stepped into the kitchen completely covered in mud. She'd changed into a pair of black and pink yoga pants with a white tank top. Staring at him, she cringed as he trekked the grimy sludge around the tile floors.

"Who the hell is responsible for the donuts in the field—A.J. or Calen?"

"Actually, me." She stepped away from the counter and followed him into the mudroom. "Sorry."

He didn't bother lifting his head. He pulled the once-white T-shirt over his head and started on undoing his jeans. "You owe me then. My damn truck got stuck up in the field, and I had to get out and push the stupid thing out of the hole."

"Okay. Fine then. What do I owe you? A kiss with lots of tongue?" She wiggled her tongue at him, and he laughed.

"It's going to take more than a kiss." He pulled her to him and pressed her against the washer. "I got all muddy because of you."

"Oh, so you want me to bathe you, washing your back and all?"

He swallowed hard. "Don't play with fire if you can't handle the flames."

"I can handle them. The question is, can you?" She brushed his lips with hers.

"Cash!" A.J. slammed the back door. "Where are you?"

"I wish I was a fucking only child." He leaned down to kiss her again. "Can you wash these for me?"

"That will cost you."

"I look forward to paying my dues." He grinned and headed out to find A.J.

Diana washed a load of the men's clothes and sorted through the hamper to do what towels had been used. A.J. met her in the kitchen.

"You're our guest here, you know. You're not supposed to take care of us. We're supposed to take care of you."

She smiled. "The world works better if we take care of each other."

He leaned against the counter. "You okay now? You seemed a little upset earlier."

She nodded and rubbed his back. "I'm fine. I sort of accepted what I can't change."

"What hurts you the most about the situation?"

"Other than my stepfather finding out I was kidnapped and not bothering to ask if I was all right?" She shrugged. "Regardless of my mother's opinion of me and my career, I can't imagine doing to my child what she did to me."

He reached for her hand. "Do you want kids?"

"Only if I have a husband who truly loves me." She pulled away. "I've had a string of relationships and flings that ended with me getting hurt. I just want something real, you know?"

"Yeah, I do know." A.J. gave her a small smile. "I was thinking we'd do something fun tonight. Cash and I are preparing for the rodeo coming to town. We need to practice, and I thought maybe you'd like to tag along and be our cheerleader. What do you say?"

She smiled. "That sounds great. I get to see the real cowboys in action."

A.J. smiled. "Don't give Cash too big of a head. I'm sure he'll be showing off anyway."

Diana decided to change for the third time that day around five. She chose a pair of dark denim skinny jeans and brown furry boots. She was in the process of picking out a shirt when Calen came in.

"Oh"—he stopped and stared at her—"I, uh..."

She laughed and gave him her back. “Are you going to the practice tonight?”

“No.” He loosened his grip on the doorknob. “Uh, we need to talk about earlier.”

She glanced over at him. “Okay. What about earlier do you want to talk about?”

He stepped inside and closed the door behind him. She watched the sheriff’s frustration. He didn’t know where to begin and she took pity on him.

“I’m not going to apologize for having sex with you. I’m not sorry I did, but I guess I could have picked a better time and place for it. I will apologize for that.”

He sat on the edge of the bed. “I didn’t come to apologize. I just wanted to make sure you’re okay.”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” She focused on picking out her shirt again, matching a white tank with a pink, stylish sweater.

“You’ve been through a lot.”

“Yeah, so?” She pulled the tank on, then the sweater. “I’m still alive and kicking. You didn’t force me into anything I didn’t want to do, and honestly, it was the best sex I’d had in a long time.”

That got a smile out of Calen. “I want you to feel comfortable here. I don’t want to do anything that will screw that up.”

“You’re not.” She stepped between his legs and leaned down to kiss him. “How do I look?”

She turned to give him the full view. Calen groaned. “You look hot.”

“Good. That’s my goal.” She winked at him. “So what are you doing tonight, Sheriff?”

“As little as possible.” Calen lay back on her bed. “Which one of my numbskull brothers talked you into going to the rodeo practice?”

“A.J.” She pulled her hair into a ponytail and stood in front of the dresser to fix her makeup. “Am I going to fit in or stand out like a sore thumb? I know absolutely nothing about the rodeo.”

“You’ll be fine, city girl.” Calen smiled at her.

A knock sounded at her door, and Diana permitted the next brother entrance while she lined her eyes with black eyeliner. Cash stood on the other side stopping short when he saw Calen. Diana knew the picture they painted in Cash’s mind and put the liner down.

“Do I look rodeo chic?” She turned and batted her eyes at him.

Cash laughed. “I don’t know what chic is, but you look hot.”

“Thank you.” She turned back to the mirror. “What am I supposed to expect tonight?”

She grabbed her lip gloss and waited for someone to answer. When they didn’t she turned around to face them both. Calen swallowed hard as he stared at her lips. Cash, licking his lips, watched her.

“You guys are pathetic.” She rolled her eyes. “I’m ready.”

The state rodeo, held in Kenyon, was in two days, but several people gathered to watch the cowboys practice before the event. A.J. looked like a pro at cattle roping. Women chatted about how hot he was and questioned if he was single.

Cash, on the other hand, was Cash. Wild wasn’t a strong enough adjective to describe him. They brought out mean-looking bulls and Cash climbed on them to ride. She about had a heart attack when she saw him the first time.

“You’re new in town.” A young man sat beside her on the bleachers drawing her attention to him.

“Am I that obvious?”

He chuckled. “I’m just not used to pretty girls hanging out at the rodeo dressed in pink. The girls around here normally wear cowboy boots and have a wad of chewing tobacco in their mouth.”

Diana cringed. “Okay, I am pretty obvious then.”

The man held out his hand. “The name’s Garrett.”

“Diana.” She shook his hand.

“Are you...” He stared at her with recognition, and Diana waited for him to finish his statement. He shook his head instead. “Never mind. I thought you were someone else. Nice to meet ya.”

“Yo, Garrett.” A man called out. He glanced at Diana and his jaw dropped. “Is that...”

He grabbed his friend's arm, and the two of them ran up to the bleachers where she and Garrett sat. Garrett gave her an apologetic smile.

“Knock it off. Of course not. She’s just a look alike.”

“No fuckin’ way.” The cowboy stuck out his hand. “I’m Josh.”

She stared at the hand then glanced over at Garrett. “Is there something I’m missing?”

Garrett snorted. “These knuckleheads think you’re a famous person. It can’t be, because famous people just don’t come to this part of the country.”

“Not just a famous person. *The* most famous porn star of all time. Damn, you look exactly like her. I bet you get that all the time.”

Diana’s gaze shifted between the three men. “Yeah. I’m going to find Cash.”

“Oh, damn. If you go near him, you’d probably have to report him to his brother, the sheriff. That boy loves Dirty Diana, and you’re her look alike. He probably won’t be able to keep his hands off of you.” Josh tipped his hat to scratch his forehead. “Daniel, here, drew him a picture of her buck-naked in his college art class a few years back. He worships the ground she walks on.”

Daniel scoffed. “Well, I like her too. *Dangerous Liaisons* was one of her hottest films.”

Diana stood and searched the room for Cash. He wasn’t where he’d been earlier and was nowhere in sight. She didn’t care where she went. She had to get away from those men.

“Hey,” Josh called out. “Where you goin’? We didn’t mean anything by it.”

Garrett smacked his arm. “Leave Diana alone.”

“Whoa, dude. You’re calling her Diana?”

“That’s what she said her name was.”

All three men stared at her. She glanced around the room and other men noticed her, elbowing their friends and whispering. She felt like an idiot.

“You are her, aren’t you?” Their gazes roamed her body.

“I’ve got to go.”

Diana bolted down the bleachers, which drew more and more attention to her, the faster she moved. The room closed in around her. Not only was she the new girl in town but she was also the famous Dirty Diana.

“Diana.” Cash caught her. “What’s wrong?”

“They know who I am.” She jerked away from him.

“Who?”

“Your friends. Garrett, Josh, and Daniel. Daniel’s a big fan. He used me as his model in art class.”

Cash turned back to where his friends stood. “They’re completely harmless.”

“I don’t care. I wanted to escape, not continue to live with the hype.” She shook her head. “I’m calling Calen to come pick me up. I want to go home.”

Cash reached for her. Pulling her against him, he hugged her tight. She relaxed in his arms, using his strength to hold her up.

“I’m not going to let anyone hurt you, Diana.” He kissed her forehead. “Did they say anything to you?”

“I want to go home.”

“Just a sec.” Cash clutched her hand in his, and pulled her along with him toward the bleachers. He curled his finger at his friends, the international come here sign. All three of them thumped down the bleachers, which drew more eyes than necessary to them. “What happened?”

Garrett sighed. “We didn’t know it was her.”

Josh chuckled. "Damn, Kirby. What did you do? Kidnap her and bring her to Kenyon? How the hell did you get the sexiest porn star of all time here?"

"Don't." Cash's voice was deep, holding threat to those around him.

"Hey, we don't mean nothing by it." Daniel glanced over at her. "But Josh is right. Diana, you are one hot lady."

Diana tugged at Cash's hand with the intention of moving away from him. Squeezing her hand harder, he didn't allow it.

"Don't disrespect her. Especially in a public place."

"Let go, Cash. I'm going home." She tugged her hand away from his. "I need to get away from here."

This time, when she went, he didn't follow. She pushed through the double doors into the night air. Taking a moment to simply catch her breath, she stared out at the parking lot and took in the variations of vehicles. She pulled money from her pocket, put it in the pay phone, and dialed Calen's number. She asked him to pick her up and hung up the phone before taking a seat on a nearby bench.

It didn't take Calen long to arrive, and she nearly jumped in the truck when he did.

"You okay?"

"I just want to go home."

She stared out the window as he drove. The truck was silent except for the faint sounds of the radio. She nearly jumped out of the truck when he rolled it to a stop and headed toward the door. Calen grabbed her right before she entered the house.

"Are you going to tell me what happened?"

The tears fell then, and Calen pulled her into his arms. He held her and kissed her, comforting her without conditions. After a while, he ushered her inside to the couch, leaving only to pour them some iced tea.

"What happened?" He sat beside her and pulled her closer to his body, his warmth.

“I didn’t realize the entire city was full of my greatest fans.”

“Ah, shit.” He sat his glass on the coffee table and turned to face her. “Did someone hurt you? Where were my brothers?”

She shook her head. “I just sort of wanted tonight to be fun. You know, like a fresh start to a life I should have built for myself without the label ‘porn star’ attached to it. But three of Cash’s friends only reminded me that I’m never going to live it down. No matter how much I want that life where people actually see me as a person instead of an object, it won’t happen.”

“I see you as a person and not an object.”

She wiped her tears and turned from him. “But you’ve fucked me.”

Calen didn’t respond, sending the room into silence. She didn’t have a bad life. Except for the past few weeks, her life had been pretty great. It just wasn’t the kind of life she wanted anymore.

“Technically, you fucked me. I barely had enough room to move.”

She snorted, shaking her head. “I don’t know why I thought it’d be easy. My past doesn’t bother me, but I want people to see me as something other than the woman that took her clothes off and fucked men in movies.”

Calen shifted on the couch, lifting her so he could lie down with her in his arms. He pulled the afghan off the back of the couch and wrapped it around them.

“Don’t worry about what you can’t change. People will always see you as the sexy porn star, but don’t let them scare you off from being who you want to be.” He tightened his arms around her. “And, honey, ninety percent of those men are only reacting that way because you’re gorgeous. If you were a nun dressed in a habit, men would still have the same reaction to you.”

Diana lifted her head. “You’re pretty cute, yourself.”

Calen chuckled. “I got all the good genes.”

He grabbed the remote and flipped on the TV. She settled against him, wrapped in his arms and in his warmth. It felt like the safest place on earth.

* * * *

Cash entered the house around midnight to find Diana in Calen's arms, sleeping. He saw red. "Wake up."

His brother opened his eyes and groaned. "What time is it?"

"Time for her to be in *her* bed. *Alone*."

Calen glanced at the sleeping beauty in his arms. "Jealous, Cash?"

"Take her to bed now." He pointed toward the steps and Calen grinned. "Her bed, dipshit."

"Her bed, my bed. It's all the same." Calen lifted her into his arms without disturbing her. Cash waited for him to return downstairs until he jumped him.

"Why the hell was she in your arms on the couch?"

Calen rubbed his eyes. "Because she cried over the little instance at the rodeo. She trusts me and knows I'll take care of her."

"What about me?" Cash yelled. "I take care of her too."

"Cash, you're just a fan to her. You created this little fantasy in your mind of how you wanted her to be and are banking on it. Your friends only proved that tonight. She wants to start over and show people there's more to her than a sexy body and a pretty face. She wants people to see the real her and like that part about her instead of the superficial image those movies make her out to be."

Cash's jaw clinched. "I don't see her that way."

"Yeah? How you gonna prove it?"

He took a deep breath. "I don't know."

"She's been used before, Cash. She hasn't told me the dirty details, but I can put together some grimy stories of my own accord. You've got to prove yourself to her if you ever expect her to give you

half a chance. And when she does give you that chance, don't fuck it up."

Calen stormed up the stairs, leaving Cash alone with A.J.

"Do you think all I want is to use her?"

"No, but I've known you your entire life." A.J. shrugged. "She's known you for a week, and quite frankly, you haven't made the best impression."

"What am I supposed to do?" He sat on the couch. "I don't know what those guys said to her. God, they could have told her anything."

"Talk to her." A.J. yawned. "I'm going to take a shower."

Cash flipped through the channels and landed on one of Diana's movies, showcased through a triple-X station. He watched it, taking in her beauty. Every inch of her was tan, and the black spike-heeled shoes only turned him on more. Her breasts were perfect, firm and large enough to fill his hands. The guy on screen licked her clit. She dropped her head back, lips parted, as if it was the most pleasurable thing in the world. Before he realized it, the movie was over and another one of her films began.

"You're still up?"

Cash's head jerked in the direction of Diana's voice. "Uh, yeah."

She entered the room and stopped, eyes glued to the TV as *Unlaced* played on screen. "You want some popcorn to go with the porn?"

Cash cringed. "It's not what it looks like."

"Your infamous line." She sat beside him on the couch. "What is it then?"

"I don't know how I'm supposed to act around you. I care about you and the more I try to prove it, the more I prove the opposite." Cash flipped the TV off. "You're not just a fantasy in my head, Diana. I want you to know that. I want you to know that even though I did have a preconceived notion about you before, that's not the only way I see you. I hope you don't see me as a perverted jerk."

She lifted his hand. "You're not a perverted jerk. I've seen the real you in action. You're a flirt, and you tease. I like that about you."

Cash linked his fingers with hers. "What did they say to you?"

"Nothing. I think I held a few preconceived notions of my own about how the world would treat me, and I was let down."

"I'm real sorry about that. I wanted you to have a good time."

She rubbed her finger along his knuckles. "When's the real rodeo?"

"Saturday."

"Maybe we can have fun then?"

He smiled. "Okay."

"Okay." She stood and tugged his hand. "Time for bed."

"Mine or yours?" He stood and wrapped his arms around her from behind.

"Mine." She pushed away from him. "You need a shower, cowboy."

"You want to scrub my back?"

"Not tonight." She smiled. "I will let you sleep in my bed, though, if you hurry up."

"Now who's the tease?"

Chapter Five

A.J. watched Diana move about the kitchen wearing overalls and a plain white tank. She didn't bother to wear a bra and pulled her hair up high on her head. She'd been here two weeks and it seemed like they've known her two years. He moved out of the doorway and took a seat at the bar.

"You treat us too well. I think we might have to keep you."

She smiled. "You're sweet, A.J. Lunch is almost done."

"You know, my brothers and I care for you. You've practically become family as far as I'm concerned."

Diana stopped mixing the chili and turned toward him. "I appreciate it."

"Have you thought about what you want to do when you leave us?"

She pursed her lips. "Not really. I've kind of gotten comfortable here."

He grinned. "Good to know we've had that effect on you."

She chuckled. "What can I say? I don't have you to go shopping with out West."

A.J. stood to collect the glasses for the drinks. "Remind me to wear tennis shoes next time."

He brushed a hand along the small of her back while leaning to grab the glasses. She smelled so good. His cock twitched inside his pants as he closed his eyes and breathed in her scent. He prided himself on being the one that befriended her first. No kisses, no hugs, unlike his brothers. But he wanted her just as much as they did. They

all wanted her, and it'd be hard to deal with if she chose one over the other two.

"So there will be a next time?" She turned licking her fingers as she faced him. "I thought I convinced you shopping was for women only."

He stared at her lips and swallowed. A.J. set the glasses on the counter, hooked an arm around her waist, and pulled her in front of him. She gasped and he leaned in, taking her mouth with his own. To his surprise, she kissed him back. Her hands framed his face and held him to her. A.J. was at a complete loss.

The fasteners on her overalls came undone with a little push and tug. The front flap fell forward, and A.J. reached up to cup her breasts. He groaned against her mouth when her nipples beaded, responding to his touch.

"A.J., what are we doing?" She tore her mouth away.

"I want you, Diana." He swallowed. "All three of us want you."

"A.J., I'm not sure it's a good idea."

He stared into her eyes. There was unmistakable passion there, but he knew she'd become close with Cash. They acted like two teenagers in love, and he couldn't compete with that.

"You're right. I can't compete with my brothers."

She fisted her hand in the front of his shirt. "Stop playing the martyr. You're such a good guy it's almost a bad thing. If you want me tell me you want me and don't give up so easy."

He brushed her hair from her eyes and whispered against her lips. "I want you."

"It's still not a good idea."

His lips crashed against hers. She gripped the edge of the counter as his hands slid her pants over her hips. She had opted to forgo all undergarments, and A.J. groaned at the sight. He lifted her onto the counter and stepped between her legs.

Diana brushed a finger along his cheek. "What are you planning to do, A.J., now that you have me at your mercy?"

He chuckled and knelt. Her pussy was before him, impossibly pink and slick with her moisture. Her silky smooth thighs begged for a kiss, and he couldn't resist. He pressed his lips against one, then the other. She squirmed as he moved forward. He flicked his tongue over her clit, and her breath hitched. He hooked his arms around her legs and pulled them wider to position her closer to the edge of the counter as he lapped at her pussy.

He held her to his mouth as she lay back and propped her legs on his shoulders. She cried out into the silent room as he ate her pussy. She tasted better than anything he'd ever had before.

Diana pressed her crotch against his lips, and he happily licked and sucked her, never getting enough. He could spend hours between her thighs, and having her like that was only the appetizer.

"Oh, god," she moaned, clutching his hair. She reached down and spread her pussy lips with her fingers, exposing her clit.

A.J. didn't need any more direction. He sucked the stiff bud between his lips and swirled his tongue around. She bucked in his arms to demand it harder, faster silently. He gave her what she wanted, driving her over the edge with his mouth alone.

He shifted slightly, thrusting his tongue inside her to taste the sweet rush of her cream as her inner muscles contracted. The intoxicating taste went straight to his head.

"What the..." Cash stepped into the kitchen and took in their position. "I'm the one you think is obsessed with you, yet you spread your legs and fuck my brother? What the fuck is up with that?"

"Cash." She pushed away from A.J. Cash held up a hand. "Don't say a word. I don't give a shit anymore." He stormed out of the kitchen.

A.J. licked his lips and wiped his chin with a nonchalant gesture. Diana hurried to pull on her clothes and ran after his younger brother.

Every single one of them was in deep shit.

* * * *

Cash pulled the door open to his truck. She gave them all the sweet speech about leaving the porn industry and bettering herself. She didn't care about bettering herself. She wanted to fuck his brothers, and he was dumb enough not to see it.

"Cash, wait!" She ran to the truck as he started the engine. "It's not what it looked like."

He glared at her. "What are you doing here, Diana? You plan on fucking us all like one of your little movies. Perhaps we can all get together and reenact the scene from *Deep Haven*."

"I didn't plan that."

"No?" he asked sarcastically. "You give us some speech about changing your life. You told Calen that I was nothing but a fan to you. That I, out of everyone here, didn't give a shit about you. I thought maybe it was because I made a bad impression with everything, not to mention what happened last night, but I don't think that's it. I think you are nothing but a slut who uses people for her own gain and plays the victim in the end."

He saw the tears gather in her eyes and put the truck into gear. He tried to push the hurt away, but the pain was there. He pushed on the gas and sent the truck forward. The barn had much needed work to be done, and there was no perfect time like the present.

* * * *

Around two, Cash lifted his head to find Diana entering the barn. She held a bowl in her hand and approached him cautiously. He shook his head and continued cleaning out the stalls.

"I brought you lunch. I hear chili is your favorite."

"Set it on the workbench. I'm busy right now." He shoveled more hay out of the stall.

"I'm sorry, Cash."

He paused and met her eyes. "Sorry for what?"

“Everything.” She licked her lips. “All of you want me, and I can’t help but to want you all back. It’s not a normal feeling for me. I’ve never been in a situation where my opinion and well-being mattered, especially to men.”

“I highly doubt that. I’m sure you’ve had threesomes, orgies, and all the works. After all, isn’t that what you do? You’re a sex worker. Sex is your specialty.”

“I don’t deserve that from you. You think it was all peaches and cream, but it wasn’t. I was in a bad situation, and I couldn’t get out.”

He stopped and wiped his brow. “Why did you get into porn if it supposedly was so horrible to you?”

She stepped into the stall and sat on a wooden bench inside. “I had the dream other little girls normally have. I wanted to be famous. I wanted money and for everyone to know who I was. I didn’t realize the price I had to pay for it. My father had just died, and I went into a rebellion phase that led me to the executive of Flash Films. He thought I was pretty enough and that I’d be an asset for their company so he contracted me for one year.”

Cash sat the pitch fork down and plopped down beside her. “What happened after that?”

“I liked it.” She shrugged. “They were easy to get along with and listened to my input. It was like I became a superstar overnight. Then I met Dick, who started out as an actor. We had a few scenes together, and he overheard I was the next big thing. My producers made sure I was happy, giving me whatever I wanted. And I was practically a diva at that point.

“Dick and I started dating, and everything was perfect. I didn’t need my family—or at least I thought I didn’t—and I lived like royalty.”

Cash tilted his head to the side. “So when did it go downhill?”

“When Dick started his own production company. I was the hottest thing around, according to the media, and he promised me so much and I believed him. He gave me a ring and pledged his undying

love for me.” She smiled. “That ended before the ink dried on my contract.”

Cash sat back getting the big picture of what she explained to him. “So you signed with him, taking your fan base to his company and he ended up controlling your every move.”

“Bingo.”

He pulled the gloves off and laid them on his knee. “What do you want from us, Diana? Do you want to have sex with us all?”

“I don’t know what I want.”

“Well, you need to make up your mind.” Cash laid his head back. “I want you, Diana. It’s never been a secret.”

“I want you too, Cash.”

“But you want us all, right?” She nodded. Cash ran a hand through his hair. “So where does that put us?”

“Nowhere.” She stood. “I won’t cause conflict between you three. I’ll mind my own business, and you can forget I mentioned it.”

Cash grabbed her hand before she could leave and pulled her onto his lap. His hands slid inside her overalls to feel her warmth. He kissed her, softly.

“What do you need, Diana?”

He waited for her response. She was a living, breathing fantasy and so much more to him. He didn’t know why he cared, but that he simply did. There was no logic in his reasoning, no ability to stop his desire. She was it for him. Whatever “it” was, he wasn’t sure just yet.

“You,” she whispered.

Cash leaned his forehead against hers and slid his hands beneath her butt. He stood with her in his arms and left the stall. It was answer enough for him. Upstairs, he converted one of the lofts into a bedroom, for when he wanted some time away from his brothers. He climbed the steps, opened the door, and set Diana on her feet when he entered.

Above the bed was the picture Daniel drew for him, framed in a large black frame. He thought it was beautiful. Diana stared at the picture in awe, hopefully seeing herself the way he saw her.

“This is the last piece of my crazy obsession with you.” He shut the door behind him. “You’re gorgeous in any photo you’ve ever taken, but that one makes me hot.”

“I was sick that day.” She gave him a small smile. “I’d caught some kind of stomach bug and barely made it away from the bathroom long enough to pose for that picture. Ironical that it turned out to be one of the favorites for my fans.”

He swatted at his ass and sat on the bed. “If you don’t want to be here, you can walk away at anytime.”

“Why wouldn’t I want to be here?” She kissed his cheek. “You make me happy. I haven’t felt that in a long time.”

She straddled his thighs and pushed him against the bed. Sliding her hands along his arms, she moved over him until her hands met his and linked their fingers together. He smiled at her and waited for her to make the first move. She did. Leaning down, she pressed a kiss at the hollow of his throat.

“Stay still,” she whispered against his lips.

Sitting up, she undid each of the buttons on his shirt, sliding them through the tiny holes until it revealed the white T-shirt underneath. She tugged the garment up and pushed it off his body with his help, then raked her fingers back down his chest.

“What if I don’t live up to the hype?” She undid his belt and started on his zipper. “What if I don’t live up to your expectations?”

“I’ll take my chances.” He reached up to undo her overalls while she worked on lowering his jeans. “And you aren’t going to live up to my expectations. You’re going to exceed them.”

The overalls dropped and revealed her skimpy white tank top. He groaned at the sight of her dark nipples beading beneath the fabric.

“You act like you’ve never seen breasts before.” Her hand wrapped around his cock, and he sucked in a breath.

He tugged the shirt up, pulling her hand away briefly, to rid her of the damn garment. He had to get her naked. They battled with a force of wills. He wanted her naked while she wanted the very same for him. They ended up giggling and rolling about on the bed until they finally touched, skin to skin.

“You’re not going to get all shy on me are you?” She stroked his cock. “I don’t do well with shy.”

Cash kissed her, closing his eyes and drinking her in. “Lucky for you, I’m not a shy kinda guy.”

He pushed up from her and took the tip of her breast in his mouth. Her skin was softer than he imagined. He ran his hands the length of her thighs, touched her pussy with the tips of his finger. She squirmed as he brushed her clit.

“You’re not rushing this.” He grinned, circling the tiny bud with his finger. “I’ve waited too long, and I’ve got a whole lot of lovin’ to do before I hand you over to my brothers.”

“You’re okay with me wanting them too?” She gripped his arms and attempted to keep eye contact with him.

“I want you to be happy. If it takes all three of us to make you happy, then yes, I’m okay with you wanting them too.”

He kissed his way down her belly while her urgent hands tried to push him to where she needed him most. He loved her eagerness and tried to draw out everything he did as long as he could. Her hips lifted off the mattress, and a moan sounded from her lips.

“Cash,” she pleaded, clutching his hair. “Please.”

He moved between her legs and kissed her inner thigh, smelling the scent of her arousal. His tongue dashed out to lick her clit. Diana bucked, lifting her hips in offering to his mouth. He cupped her ass and held her against his mouth.

“Oh, god,” she cried out, panting hard as he ate her.

Her cream coated his tongue, which made his head swim. He lapped at the tight entrance. With everything in him, he wanted to

sink balls deep inside her sweet little body only to stop when they both couldn't move a limb.

He slid two fingers inside, and her pussy clutched around his digits. She moaned as he sucked her clit and combed her fingers through his hair. He felt the tiny trickle of precome drip from his cock, and Cash pumped his fingers harder. He had to get inside her body, but he wanted to make her come first.

She cried out, long and loud as her pussy contracted around his fingers. He slid a third digit in and pressed against that one spot that sent normally sane women completely out of control. She thrashed against the mattress, her cream coating his fingers and running down his hand. Her back arched off the mattress, her fists clutching at the sheets beneath her. The sight was so erotic he almost came from that alone.

Cash sat back on his heels and pulled her up the slope of his thighs. His cock begged for attention and he didn't deny it any longer. He thrust deep inside her, feeling the last ripples of her orgasm around his cock.

Diana's legs widened as he pulled back to thrust again. He wouldn't be worth shit if he didn't take back some of the control her body had over his dick. He took a deep breath and stared at her sprawled out on the white comforter. A wave of emotion, stronger than any burst of pleasure he'd experienced, came over him, hitting him in the chest as his body moved in its own accord inside her. He couldn't fight it anymore.

Her control shattered as pleasure washed over her. Every muscle in her body tightened as her pussy squeezed him hard and drew that last ounce of control he had so that he let go, spilling everything he had inside her.

* * * *

The room was dirty. As she opened her eyes, her head spun. She looked straight ahead at the two sleeping men and knew she was no match against them. She'd been stripped of her clothing and had been left lying in the floor, helpless and cold. She closed her eyes and forced her body upward into a sitting position.

The room spun for a moment as she tried to regain her grounds. Clothing was piled in the corner, and a slight reach told her it was what had once been what she wore. Someone had sliced the shirt so that it was pointless to wear, and the bottoms weren't any better. Still, it was better than being naked.

She pulled the clothes on and glanced back at the sleeping captors. She didn't know what they gave her to knock her out, but the drug's effect made her head pound and her heart race. She had to get away from them. It didn't matter where she went, as long as it wasn't here.

She reached for the doorknob and unlocked it. A few steps and she was free. She wrapped her hand around the cool metal and twisted. A nagging feeling told her to look back. She turned her head slightly and met her captors' eyes.

Her breath stopped in her chest.

Diana shot up in bed, screaming as she gasped for breath. Cash was right there flipping the bedside light on and asking her what was wrong. She barely comprehended a word he said. Tears streamed down her face while her lungs begged for precious oxygen.

"Diana." Cash's voice penetrated the fog of her mind. He brushed his fingers along her arm, and she turned to him, climbing into his arms.

He held her while she cried. Calen and A.J. burst through the bedroom door to check on her. Cash tried to shoo them away. They wouldn't have it. Cash kissed her cheek and pulled the covers around them.

"You're okay, baby. It was just a dream. I'm here and I'm not going to let anyone hurt you." He cupped her cheek and kissed her. "It was just a dream."

She settled against him and closed her eyes. "It felt real."

A.J. glanced at Calen. "I'll get her a glass of water."

"It's over now." Cash rubbed her back. "It's all over now."

Diana sobbed against him. She didn't know how to get over the nightmares, this being the first all week. Normally she was fine if someone was by her side. Ever since the first night, one of the men had slept by her side.

Cash reassured Calen and A.J. that she was fine. He took the glass from his brother and the two men left without another word. She squeezed him tight and pressed her face against his neck.

"You're freezing, baby. Do you want me to get another blanket?"

She was cold. Chilled to the bone, in fact. "Yes."

He kissed her shoulder and pulled her arms from his neck. "I'll be right back."

He stood and headed to the hall linen closet. Diana reached for the glass and drank half of the cool water before placing it on the nightstand again. Cash returned with a thick wool blanket and spread it out on top of her before turning out the light and climbing in beside her.

"You okay now?"

She nodded. "I had a nightmare about the kidnapping."

He pulled her against him. "It's over now. You're safe with me, baby." He kissed her. "You're safe, and I'm right here with you."

"I can't go back to sleep." She snuggled against him and breathed in his scent.

She closed her eyes and allowed herself to feel his strength. He held her as tight as she held him, and it still wasn't close enough. Her hand slipped beneath his waistband to feel his warm, bare skin.

He kissed her forehead. "You want to make out?"

She closed her eyes. "I thought we said no sex in the house."

"Rules are made to be broken." He rubbed her back. "I can sing to you."

She smiled, pressing her lips against his chest. "Sing away."

Diana closed her eyes as he started in on the first verse of “Save A Horse, Ride A Cowboy.” She chuckled, and somehow found sleep again in the comfort of his arms.

Chapter Six

The rodeo started at seven on Saturday night. Diana repeatedly told Cash she was fine on the bleachers by herself, but he refused to let go of her hand. He pulled on his chaps and strutted around the place like he owned it. And damn it if it didn't turn her on.

"You're going to have to let my hand go at some point." Diana sat on the bleachers with her drink in her free hand.

"Says who?"

"Me."

He reached for her drink. "I planned on taking you with me in the competition. Can you ride a nasty bull?"

"I rode you, didn't I?" She jerked her drink from his hand. "Seriously, my hand is sweaty."

He sat her hand on his thigh. "Don't go near my friends."

She chuckled. "Hadn't planned on it."

"I'm serious. If they bother you, tell them to fuck off."

"Yes, darling. I'm going to find Calen."

She left him sitting on the bleachers. The men were becoming too protective, especially Cash, who barely let her out of his sight since her nightmare. Calen stood near the vendors and smiled when he saw her.

"You ready to bail yet?"

Diana returned his smile. "Not yet, Sheriff." She looped her arm with his. "You're going to sit with me right? Explain what's going on so I don't look like a fool?"

He pulled her in front of him and kissed her cheek. "Do I get a choice?"

“No.”

He chuckled. “You know, I can think of better things to do than sit around here. Wanna hear my ideas?”

“Tonight, Sheriff.” She patted his arm. “Where’s A.J.? I haven’t seen him much in the past few days.”

“He’s avoiding you.”

She glanced over her shoulder at him. “Why?”

“He hasn’t really been around many women since Janie. She did a doozy on him.”

“Skank.” Diana glanced toward the bleachers. “Which one is she?”

Calen chuckled. “Back down, Rocky.” He pulled her tight. “Don’t make me get out my handcuffs.”

“Handcuffs could be fun.” She winked at him as the announcer came on the intercom and announced the start of the show. They made their way to the bleachers and settled together waiting for A.J. or Cash to come out.

While it wasn’t Diana’s normal idea of a night on the town, she did have fun. After Calen explained the rules to her, she enjoyed herself. A.J. placed first in the roping contest, and the announcer came on the intercom introducing Cash.

“He makes me nervous doing this.” She glanced over at Calen, who didn’t look any happier.

“He’s been doing it since he was eighteen.” Calen shrugged. “He’s pretty good.”

She watched as he mounted the bull and talked with the men around him. Her stomach clinched when the men in the ring pulled the gate open and the bull started to buck. She watched in amazement as Cash lifted his arm and rode the beast.

A.J. scooted in beside Diana on the bleachers and chuckled lightly as he watched her cringe. She gripped his arm as Cash lasted the eight seconds and jumped from the bull. He ran to the side, and Diana breathed a sigh of relief.

“She’s a bit apprehensive about Cash’s need to be a bad-boy bull rider.” Calen told A.J.

“I see that. I can feel her nails digging into my skin.” He lifted her hand from his arm and pulled her to him. He kissed her cheek, and she calmed, listening as the judges called out Cash’s score.

Cash climbed the fence and stood with his arms in the air, happy as ever. She smiled when he looked her way and mouthed, “I love you.” She believed he spoke the truth.

The four of them stayed until both A.J and Cash were rewarded with buckles for placing first in their category. Diana loved seeing them happy.

“Well, what did you think, city girl?” Cash lifted her off the ground and kissed her.

“I thought you were amazing.” She cupped his cheeks and kissed him again.

He sat her down and pulled her to his side. “Just wait until tonight.”

After they did a meet and greet, Cash led her to the truck and helped her in the passenger’s side. She watched at he turned to his brothers and spoke with them. The night hadn’t been like anything she planned. She’d known these men a few weeks and couldn’t picture herself moving away from Kenyon, South Dakota.

While they continued to chat, Diana thought about what she’d do when she had to leave. She planned on calling a realtor to sell her house in L.A. She had no real plans on where she’d go next. Crazy as it sounded, Kenyon felt like home.

Cash came around the front of the truck and climbed behind the wheel.

“What was your chat about?” Diana asked.

He glanced over at her. “You’ll see when we get home.”

* * * *

A.J. stepped into the hot tub to join Calen. “What are we going to do when she leaves? If we go ahead with Cash’s plans for tonight, it’s only going to make it that much harder to let her go.”

“I know.” Calen leaned back and closed his eyes. “She’s special to all of us.”

A.J. stared into the darkness of the night. “Do you think she’d stay if we asked?”

Calen shrugged. “I doubt a city girl could ever truly part with city living.”

“I doubt we can live without her.”

Calen chuckled. “What are the fucking chances that a simple cowboy’s wet dream walked into his life? Literally.”

It was beyond his definition of coincidence. Before their mother died, she taught them her firm belief that everything happens for a reason. A.J. couldn’t help thinking that Diana being here was for a reason other than the obvious. She needed them, and like it or not, they’ve come to need her.

Cash pulled the sliding door back and stepped into the sunroom. “Just so you know, Diana is the one that wants this. Otherwise you’d keep your hands off.”

Calen rolled his eyes. “What makes you think she’d choose you over me?”

“I’ve all ready fucked her.”

Calen snorted. “So have I.”

Cash’s eyes narrowed. “When? On the couch?”

“No.”

Cash came toward him, and Calen held up a hand. “Don’t you dare think about punching me. I’ll send your ass to jail in a heartbeat.”

“What’s going on?” Diana, dressed in a yellow bathing suit accented with tiny silver hearts, stepped out to where they were.

A.J. forgot his own name.

She walked across the room to the hot tub and climbed in. “You guys are really pathetic, you know that?”

Cash stripped. “We wouldn’t be if you weren’t so fucking hot.”

“Whatever.” She watched him climb in the hot tub, naked, an unmistakable desire blazing in her eyes. “All of you have seen me naked.”

“And it never gets old.” Cash pulled her to him so that she straddled his thighs.

A.J. watched as they kissed. His entire body tightened with a familiar ache, a longtime need of being well fucked. It’d been two years since Janie had left his bed. He wanted to hate her for what she did, but the instance still lingered in his mind.

Calen sat his beer on the side of the hot tub and moved toward Cash and Diana. He unhooked the clasp at the center of her back first and reached around to cup her breasts. Diana pulled away from Cash’s mouth and leaned back to kiss Calen. Her tiny bathing suit had metal hearts on the sides connecting the fabric, preventing Cash from pulling it away from her body easily.

A.J. moved closer. Diana pulled away from Calen and stared into A.J.’s eyes. Her lips were a rosy red, plump from his brother’s kisses, and so inviting that he had to sample them. Cash leaned forward to suck a nipple in his mouth while Calen sucked the other one into his mouth. She moaned against his lips, a heady sound that sent a bolt of pleasure straight to his cock.

“Either you stand and pull these off like a civilized human being or I rip them off your body in the next few seconds.” Cash pushed Diana off his lap to give her the chance to undress properly.

“You’re such a Neanderthal, Cash,” she said, slipping her fingers in the sides and pushing the bottoms off her body. He reached up to pull her top over her head and tossed it to the side.

Diana stood naked, in the flesh before them with a quirky smile. “Well, you got me naked. What are you going to do next?”

Both A.J. and Calen stripped from their trunks as Cash lifted her into his arms. He sat her on the side, where she leaned back on her

hands, spreading her legs. Cash moved to the side and met A.J.'s eyes.

"Taste her pussy."

A.J. stepped forward and knelt between her thighs as Cash leaned over to kiss her. Calen came around his other side, playing with her breasts again. A.J. watched his brothers a moment before lust got the best of him. Her slender thighs widened even more in invitation as her bare pussy, slick with her moisture waited for him.

He touched her, caressing her folds. She was perfect in every right, and he understood why his brothers wanted her so bad. He wanted her too. He replaced his fingers with his tongue as he leaned in to taste her.

His body tightened with need. Indulging himself, he swept his tongue over her creamy folds. A.J. slid his hands up the back of her thighs. Cash slid his hand down her stomach and stopped when he brushed her clit. He pinched her clit between his fingers and rolled it, which made her pussy gush with more cream. A.J. drank it all.

Cash left her mouth to suck her breast, and the soft whimpers of need escaped her lips. Diana, close but not quite there yet, thrust her hips toward A.J.'s mouth. He grinned and stabbed his tongue into her pussy.

"Oh, god." She squirmed, wobbling on unsteady arms.

He licked her and sucked her pussy lips into his mouth. She tasted so sweet, so addictive, that he could have stayed between her legs all night lapping up her cream. A.J. imagined what it's be like to have her surrounding him. He didn't know what he expected from fucking her, but it didn't even come close to actually having her. And they hadn't even begun yet.

She came with a drawn-out moan, her pussy rippling around A.J.'s tongue. He smiled to himself as he pulled away and pumped two fingers inside her.

* * * *

Diana opened her eyes to three men staring down at her. Although she knew what they had planned for her, she had no idea it be as great as it was.

“Sit on the edge, Calen.” Cash lifted her so Calen could take her spot.

He kissed her, hard and savage, claiming her with his tongue. With Cash, nothing was gentle as it had been before. He wanted her and made sure she knew it.

“Suck him, while I fuck you,” he whispered in her ear.

Calen stroked his cock with one hand while Cash positioned her in front of him. She knelt on the seat of the hot tub and pressed her hands against Calen’s hairy thighs. The pearl of moisture gathering at the tip of his cock tempted her to taste him.

Somewhere off to the side, A.J. sat watching, stroking his cock beneath the water. She smiled inwardly at his shyness. Gripping his cock at the base, Calen pointed it toward her and aimed it to her lips. Inside the truck, they’d barely had room to move. She swirled her tongue around the plump head while keeping eye contact with the man before her. The sheriff’s eyes darkened. Of all the Kirby brothers, she knew Calen had the shortest fuse. Teasing nearly drove him mad.

Cash moved behind her, running his fingers the length of her slit. She widened her legs as Cash rimmed her hole, teasing her. Diana opened her mouth on a moan, and Calen pushed his cock between her lips.

“You like sucking his cock, baby?” Cash gripped her hips while Calen pulled her hair back and out of the way.

She moaned around the thick meat, and then tightened her lips as they moved up and down his shaft. Groans filled the air around them. Cash’s cock prodded her entrance, and Diana wiggled her hips. He pushed forward, slowly, sinking into her inch by inch. She felt on fire.

“Shit,” A.J. whispered in awe.

Diana pulled back, replacing her mouth with her hand as she focused on A.J. The silent brother sat off to the side, watching, his gaze locked with where her mouth had been. She reached for him, urging him closer as Cash fucked her diligently.

“Janie was an idiot, A.J.” She ran her finger over the slit in Calen’s cock, which drew a groan from his lips. “Come here.”

A.J moved closer, following her guidance, and climbed on the edge of the hot tub, sitting on the floor with his arms propping him up. Diana reached for his cock and took him into her mouth, sucking the tip hard as she pumped up from the base. Calen reached for her breast as she alternated between the two, licking and sucking while fucking.

Ménage was nothing new to her. There’d been several instances in her career where it’d been required and a few instances where she did it for the fun of it. But it’d never been anything but fucking to her. Sex had never been anything but fucking. The reality of the situation, now, made it seem so futile and inappropriate. She wanted all three of these men, and she cared about them. It was a new experience, something completely foreign to her.

She came around Cash’s cock while sucking on A.J.’s and fisting Calen’s. She burned with unquenchable desire. She had them, and she only wanted more. A.J. came in her mouth with jets of hot semen sliding down her throat. Cash pulled back and lifted her into his arms.

He kissed her as he slid back inside and pumped hard against her. She came again, clutching at his arms as she cried out, dropping her head back. Her chest heaved with each breath as sweat dotted her forehead. She closed her eyes, and Cash withdrew from her body and carried her to Calen. She gripped Cash’s arms and held him while Calen pushed inside her.

She didn’t think she could take much more. Calen gripped her hips and thrust inside her. “God, you’re a fucking fist.”

Cash moved back into the hot tub and next to A.J, both men watching as Calen fucked her. He wrapped his arms around her, one

hand squeezing her breast while the fingers of his other hand fondled her clit. She closed her eyes, dropping her head against his shoulder. He kissed and licked her neck and bit lightly at her shoulder.

“What’s his cock feel like inside you, baby?” Cash asked.

“Hot.” She opened her eyes and met his.

“Do you like it?” He moved to the cooler and pulled out some wine glasses and a bottle. “Do you like the way he fucks you?”

Calen pinched her nipple. She couldn’t think much less hold a decent conversation with Cash. She moaned her response, and Calen’s cock bumped the right spot. Diana screamed and clawed his arms in an attempt to steady herself as she came hard, in a never-ending wave of pleasure.

Chuckling softly in her ear, Calen held her limp body. The blood roaring through her veins beat heavily in her ears and blocked out any sounds of conversation the men had. She sagged, completely sated from the nights activities.

Cash lifted her into his arms and sank back into the seat. She curled against him as he held the glass of wine to her lips. She sipped the cool liquid and relaxed against him. He kissed her forehead and held her until they decided to climb out of the hot tub and go to bed.

She closed her eyes as Cash carried her to A.J., who dried her with a towel and wrapped it delicately around her. Calen stayed behind to clean up their mess.

He settled her in her bed and pulled the covers over her. She tried to hold her eyes open long enough to see what he planned on doing next, but as Cash crossed the room, Diana’s eyes shut, and sleep found her.

Chapter Seven

Calen stopped by the office early Sunday morning to pick up his jacket. He didn't plan on working, but every time he stepped in the building work always found him.

"Sheriff!"

He turned to see Connie walking toward him with an unfamiliar man behind her. His hand paused as he stuck the key in the door.

"This is a friend of Diana's. All the way from L.A." Connie smiled. "His name is Thomas."

Calen looked the man over and pulled the key from the door, pocketing it. "What can I help you with?"

"I'm here to take her home. We were all worried sick when she went missing and we're so thankful that you kind people took care of her."

Calen stared at the other man. "How exactly do you know Diana?"

Thomas faltered for a second. "We worked together. She doesn't have family, and I—" He stopped. "I sort of became her family."

The hairs on the back of Calen's neck rose. He didn't like the gleam in the man's eyes. Cash said something about her having no one. No family, no friends, no one. Who the hell was this guy?

"What did you say your name was?"

"Thomas Crane."

Calen narrowed his eyes. "I'm sorry, but she hasn't mentioned you to me."

"Oh. Well, it's probably the trauma of what she went through. We've known each other for ten years."

Calen unclipped his phone and dialed the house. He waited for Diana's sweet voice to come over the phone line.

"Hello?"

"Hey. Do you know a Thomas Crane?"

"Why?"

"Just answer."

"He's my ex-fiancé. Has something come up about him?"

"Nah. Don't worry about it." He narrowed his eyes at the man. "I'll see you later."

He hung up the phone and replaced it on his belt. "I think it's best if you leave. Diana has no intention of going anywhere with you."

Connie gawked at him. "Sheriff, if he's family, that's a good thing."

He didn't bother responding to Connie. The woman trusted anyone, regardless of his or her snakelike appearance.

"Don't you think it should be Diana's decision whether she comes with me or not?"

Calen locked the door. "She made her decision."

"Uh, excuse me, but I think you made it for her." Thomas leaned against Calen's truck casually. "She'd want to see me. I have a very generous offer to present to her. One she can't pass up."

"I'll relay the message. If she wants to see you, that'll be her choice." Calen moved toward his truck and went around the back to the driver's side. "Later, Con."

He climbed in the driver's seat and started the engine. What the hell was her ex-fiancé doing here?

* * * *

Cash wound the cord of the sheers around his arm as he sent the last of the herd off into the field. The damn wool had made one heck of a mess, and he couldn't wait to take a long, hot shower. Maybe he'd even convince Diana to scrub his back.

“Whoa.” Diana stepped into the barn cautiously. “I came in here at lunch, and this place was clean. What happened?”

He grinned and returned the sheers to their spot. He pulled his gloves off and wiped the sweat from his forehead. “I’m a hard-working cowboy.”

She stepped cautiously toward him. “I see that. I have dinner ready. A.J. hasn’t come back to the house all day. Have you seen him?”

Cash shook his head. “Not since breakfast.”

She stopped when she reached his side. “You think he’s okay? It’s not like him to not come back for lunch or something.”

Cash leaned forward to kiss her. “I’m sure he’s fine. He had some sick cattle on the opposite side of the property. He’s probably been dealing with that all day and lost track of time.”

His words didn’t ease her worry. “Maybe we should go look for him.”

Cash shook his head. “You’re cute, you know that?”

“I’m serious. I’m worried about him.”

The back door to the barn opened, and A.J. stepped inside. Diana ran to him and jumped into his arms, which caught him completely off guard. Cash chuckled at his brother’s stunned face.

“Did you miss me that much or something?”

She kissed him. “I thought you were hurt. You didn’t come to the house for lunch, and nobody had seen you since breakfast.”

A.J. rubbed her back. “I’m fine. Some cattle were sick on the north twenty, and I spent most of the day taking care of them.”

“See,” Cash said, swiping his pants. “I told you.”

Diana hugged A.J. to her side as they walked toward the front of the barn. “I made dinner. We’re having tacos tonight.”

A.J. kissed her temple. “Tacos are my favorite.”

She grinned. “I know.”

The three of them walked to the house together, meeting up with Calen as they came through the back door. He looked pissed. Cash eyed his brother with curiosity.

“What’s gnawing at you?”

“Why is your ex-fiancé in town?” He pointedly stared at Diana, who gaped at him in shock.

“I don’t know. Dick is here, in town?”

“He said his name is Thomas Crane.”

“That’s his real name. Dick Flicks is what he goes by professionally. He’s in Kenyon?”

Calen nodded his head. “He said he has a proposal for you, one you don’t want to pass on. He wants to take you back home.”

“He’s not taking me anywhere.” Diana dished out the tacos for them. “He’s the reason I’m here in the first place.”

“What do you mean?” Cash asked.

“I don’t know. I’ve been thinking about who would want to kidnap me and harm me, and his name is at the top of my list.”

Cash came up behind her and washed his hands at the sink. “He’s not going to hurt you.”

“I know that.” She sat the spatula down and pushed away from the counter. “I don’t feel that great.”

Cash watched as she took off for the hall bath, A.J. following behind her. Speaking to Calen, Cash said, “I don’t know what the fuck he’s done to her, but I want to cut his balls off for it.”

Calen blew out a breath. “I don’t get why he didn’t report her missing. She was gone two weeks before she got here and when I called the L.A. Police Department to clear up the missing persons report, she wasn’t listed. If he cared for her or whatever, you’d think he’d at least worry about where she was.”

Cash moved around the bar and headed down the hallway to where A.J. stood, in the doorway of the small half bath. He pushed his brother aside and stepped in. She was rigid, hunched over the toilet as

she knelt on the floor. He squatted beside her and pulled her hair back out of the way.

“You okay now?”

She closed her eyes and shook her head. He reached for a wash cloth and wet it. Using it to wipe the back of her neck he took care of her. He couldn’t believe how hard he’d fallen for her over the past weeks. He wanted her in his life and whatever the hell happened to her long forgotten.

“I don’t want to go back.” She leaned back until she rested against the wall. “You asked me what I wanted. I don’t want to go back to L.A. I don’t want to ever see him again. Please don’t make me.”

Cash shifted until he sat in the floor next to her. “Baby, we’re not going to make you do anything you don’t want to do. You know you can stay here with us. You’re our family, and we all love you.” He reached out to cup her cheek as tears filled her eyes.

“What am I going to do?”

She broke his heart. Cash turned to pick her up and cradled her against him. Diana wrapped her arms around his neck as he carried her out of the bathroom. He did love her. His brothers loved her. He could picture himself marrying her and having babies—the whole nine yards. He wanted her in his life and he’d be damned to let some punk-assed dickhead get in the way of that.

He carried her to the bathroom upstairs and sat her on the closed toilet seat. “I need a shower, and then we’re crawling in bed together,” he explained.

He flipped the water on and started to strip his clothing. He wanted to take the sadness off her face. Whatever she’d been through, he wanted to erase it from her mind and fill the space with fresh, happy memories they shared together. God, he loved her.

He showered quickly while she waited, watching him. The shower stall was nothing but glass, and she could see his every move. He thought about putting on a show for her, but the look on her face held

him back. She didn't want sex. She wanted love. It may have taken him a while, but he learned they weren't the same.

He scrubbed his hair and rinsed the suds. After flipping the water off, he reached for a towel. "Stop worrying, baby. You're going to get frown lines."

She smiled. "I'm not."

She stood and headed to the sink to brush her teeth. He stepped out and wrapped the towel around his lower half. "If you're hungry I'll bring dinner up to the bedroom. We can watch a movie and cuddle, if you want."

"Just cuddle?" She arched an eyebrow, placing her toothbrush in the rack.

"Well, I'm not going to say no if sex will make you feel better." He reached for her and pulled her onto his lap. "Everything will be okay." He nuzzled her cheek. "I love you."

She wrapped her arms around his neck. "Why couldn't I have met you years ago?"

Cash held her, closing his eyes as he breathed in her scent. "I wasn't cool enough to meet you."

She laughed. "Regardless, I wish you came to my table that night."

He pulled back and met her eyes. "What would you have done if I did?"

"This." She kissed him. Her hand cupped his cheek as her lips took his. Cash gripped her ass and pulled her closer, his dick hardening beneath the flimsy cover of the towel. She broke the kiss and stared into his eyes. "Then I'd have taken you back to my hotel and given you my autograph personally."

Cash swallowed hard.

"With my tongue," she added, standing with a grin. "Come on. I know you're hungry. Go eat dinner, and then meet me in the bedroom with a movie in hand. I'm giving you free reign to choose what we watch."

He wanted to ignore his need for nourishment and learn more about her autographing him with her tongue but his stomach growled, ruining the moment. She walked with him to her bedroom where he found a pair of clean boxers to pull on.

He tossed the towel in the hallway and glanced over at her. “You make us happy, Diana. All of us.”

“You guys make me happy too.”

* * * *

Diana waited until Cash left her room before she grabbed her bag and headed out the window. She didn’t know what the hell Dick was doing in town, but she intended to see him leave. She climbed down and dusted her hands off. Of the three trucks, Cash’s was the quietest, so she decided to take that one into town. They’d probably be pissed off at her for meeting the scumbag by herself at nighttime, but she wanted him gone. She hated thinking about the past ten years.

She climbed in the front seat and started the engine. Praying it wasn’t loud enough to alert the neighborhood, she backed up and pulled out of the drive. She couldn’t hide from her fears. She wanted to move to Kenyon and make a life for herself here with the men. She wanted to get over the past and be able to say Dick’s name without getting sick to her stomach.

She pulled out onto the main two-lane highway and headed out of town. She reminded herself to take a deep breath. If she wanted to find out answers to her questions about the kidnapping, she couldn’t be irrational about it. She knew Dick knew who kidnapped her—or had her kidnapped. It was a soul-deep feeling that chilled her to the bone.

With a lucky guess, she found him at the one motel the kidnappers had taken her to. Seeing a blue sedan in front of room eight, she pulled in the parking lot. It was the only car at the place, and she

knew it had to be Dick's. Pulling up beside it, she parked and climbed from the truck. Her mind was set, and she wasn't backing down.

She forced another deep breath into her lungs and knocked on the door.

It took him a few minutes but he finally swung the door open, standing before her in a pair of black pants and an open button-down shirt.

"I thought your boyfriend wouldn't let you come see me."

"I want answers."

He stepped to the side and permitted her inside the motel room. Diana hesitated. "*Come into my parlor,*" said the spider to the fly. She clutched her purse strap tighter. She didn't trust him as far as she could throw him.

"I want to know who kidnapped me and why." She refused his offer and stood stubbornly outside the room.

"What makes you think I know the answer to your questions?"

"I know you. You never wanted me to leave porn. You were on too high of a power trip, and I cut you down to size when I walked away." Her words touched a nerve in him. "I want answers."

He gripped the doorknob so hard that his knuckles turned white. "I don't have them."

She knew he was lying. "Fine. Tell me something easier. Why are you here?"

"I came to get you. To take you back to California where you belong."

"I don't belong in California. Not anymore."

"Come on, Diana. Do you really think those redneck hicks really care about you? I gave you everything you have and turned you into what you are."

"I don't care, Dick! You treated me like a slave in the ten years we were together. You forced me to do scenes I wasn't comfortable with and laughed while I did it. You gave me nothing but heartache,

and I'm through. I want nothing from you. My contract has expired, and we have no business anymore."

He reached out and squeezed her biceps. "You listen to me. I own you. Dirty Diana wouldn't be if I hadn't taken you in and made you what you are. Your fans wouldn't exist if I hadn't pushed the bar and made you fuck like a porn star instead of the little virginal housewife you wanted to be. I created you, and I gave you everything you have. You don't walk away from me. I won't let you walk away from me."

"Let go of me, you bastard." She jerked her arm, but his grip only tightened.

"The senator was right. He should have done away with you thirteen years ago."

Dick jerked her inside the motel and slammed the door. Something pricked her arm, and the world as she knew it fell into darkness.

* * * *

"Where the fuck is she?" Cash asked for the twentieth time. A.J. drove silently, keeping his eyes on the road. "If she's hurt..."

His jaw clinched at the idea. He wouldn't be held responsible for the consequences, if that man hurt her. They pulled into the motel parking lot and spotted Cash's truck. He jumped out immediately and headed to room eight. He kicked the door in before A.J. even climbed from the truck.

Inside the room was dark, barely touched as if no one had been there. A.J. flipped on the lights, and Cash spotted a piece of paper on the floor. Picking it up, he realized it was Diana's. His heart sank to the pit of his stomach as he handed it to A.J. She had been there. *Where the fuck is she now?*

He pulled out his cell phone and called Calen to tell him the news. He had no idea where to go from there. The sadistic bastard could

have taken her any direction from their humble town, by bus, car, train, or plane. He had no fucking clue where to even begin searching.

“Calm down, Cash. Overreacting could make us miss something.” A.J. headed back to his truck. “Come on. He said he wanted to take her back to L.A. I’m sure she’s on her way to California right now.”

Cash vibrated with anger. He clenched his fist and took a deep breath though it didn’t help. Why the hell did she have to leave without telling them? Why didn’t she just stay put where she was safe and loved? Tears welled in his eyes, but he refused to let them fall. Crying didn’t solve a damn thing.

He climbed in the passenger’s seat and let his brother drive him to Calen’s office. God, he hated the feeling of helplessness. He wanted to know she was okay. It killed him to think about what she could be enduring at that moment.

A.J. pulled up to where Calen stood and rolled the window down.

“I’ve contacted the California State Police Department. We’ve got an APB out for his arrest. The owner of the motel said he drove a blue sedan. I’ve contacted some of the local authorities to see if they noticed it, but I assume he’s headed to the airport in Sioux Falls.”

Calen glanced at Cash. “You can either get on a plane and head to a large city you’ve never been to or you can go home and get some sleep.”

“I’m getting on that plane.” He met his brother’s eyes. “So help me God, he’d better not be around when I find her.”

Calen groaned and met A.J.’s eyes. “Please go with him and keep him out of trouble. I really don’t want to visit you behind bars.”

Minutes later, they were on the road, headed to the airport. Cash stared out the window trying to remember everything she told him. She lived in L.A. Her family lived in Sacramento. She could be in either one of the towns—or neither. God, his mind ached with the possibilities.

“You’re going to pop a vessel if you don’t unclench your jaw.”

“You’re going to be missing some teeth if you don’t shut the fuck up,” he snarled.

A.J. kept to himself. Cash didn’t know if it was because of his threat or because his brother was frustrated too. The two of them were opposites. Cash liked it loud, rough, and physical. A.J. preferred quiet, soft, and tender. That’s why he majored in music while in college. He was possibly the only person Cash knew who liked Beethoven or Chopin.

“He wouldn’t kill her would he?” A.J.’s question came out of the blue.

Cash pushed that thought from his mind when they left the motel. “I hope not.”

It was pitiful to his own ears but the honest truth. All he could do is hope she was alive. Hope she wasn’t hurt. God, he felt useless.

The airport, surprisingly, wasn’t too busy. They parked the truck and looked around for the car Calen described. There were possibly fifteen blue sedans. Any one of them could have been hers.

“Shit.” Cash shook his head.

They headed inside, through security and over to the ticket counter. “What flights do you have available for the west?”

The lady at the desk typed at her computer. “One leaving for Las Vegas in ten minutes.”

Close enough. Cash pulled out his wallet. “Two tickets.”

A.J.’s phone rang, and he stepped away from the counter to answer it. Cash waited while the lady processed their tickets. His brother hung up the phone and came to the counter again.

“They’re in Rapid City, flying to Sacramento.” A.J. toned his voice down. “Calen thinks the senator is involved.”

Cash frowned. “Why?”

He took the tickets from the woman and headed toward the gate as they made the first boarding call.

“Well, Connie Googled him, and there’s a rumor leaking out from his opponents that he has a stepdaughter in porn—and that’s the nice

rumor, Calen said. There's all kinds of garbage out there about Diana, though they don't know her name. They don't know Dirty Diana is his stepdaughter."

They boarded the plane and took their seats in the designated area. "So what the fuck is he going to do?"

"I haven't figured that out yet. Calen thinks he pulled her out of the limelight because of his opponents' potential threat to find and expose his dirty little secret."

"So why does he want her now?"

"My guess is it looks better for him if he exposes her and pretends they are one big happy family. Granted, they aren't, and I hope people will see that, but you never know. The crook got in office to begin with. I'm sure a lot of persuasion went on over the years."

The plane ride seemed to take days when really it was a few hours. After they landed in Vegas, A.J. bought the next set of tickets to fly into California. They hadn't developed a plan, and Calen updated them frequently with something new. There was a press conference tomorrow when they announced the campaign, and the men assumed that's when he would make a spectacle of himself.

Cash rubbed his hand on his thigh. He didn't understand one bit how she could have left him. She should have stayed put. He couldn't protect her and it damn near killed him to think about it.

"If she's harmed..."

"She's not." A.J. cut him off before he began. "I'm interested to see what this bastard has planned. Is he trying to bank on her name and win votes?"

"I don't know." Cash stared out the side window. "When this is over with, I'm asking her to marry me." A.J. chuckled, which only pissed Cash off more. "What's so damn funny?"

"You." He shook his head. "We haven't even determined if she wants to live with us in Kenyon. She has a life in California. It doesn't matter what she may wish and hope for, you can't just walk away from your life. Especially when you're famous."

“She’s not walking away from anything. Not anymore.” Cash propped his chin on his fist. “If she wants to stay in California, then I’m willing to move. If she’ll have me that is.”

A.J. arched an eyebrow at his little brother. “You’ve really got it bad for her don’t you?”

“I love her.”

To Cash, it was the simplest thing in the world. He didn’t need reasons or some timeline to go by. He loved her, possibly since the first time he ever saw her picture.

“Truly? Minus the sex, minus the porn. If she were ugly, her boobs saggy, and she’d gained a hundred pounds, you’d still be head over hills in love with her?”

Cash smiled. “Yeah.”

“I’ll be damned.”

“What?” He sat up and met his brother’s eyes. “She’s always been a person to me. Even when I didn’t know her. I went to one of her signings with Daniel and watched her interact with the fans. She was nice to them. I don’t know. I guess I expected her to be slutty or lewd, but she was genuinely a nice person. Then she walked into my life and knocked me flat on my ass. You keep asking how can I be in love with her, but I have to ask how can I not?”

A.J. stared into his brother’s eyes. “I never thought I’d see the day that you fell in love, truly in love, with a woman.”

Cash snorted. “Yeah, well, let’s get her back home to safety where I can continue to love her for a lifetime.”

Chapter Eight

Diana woke on a couch in a fancy office that she didn't recognize. Her head swam as she tried to sit up, and she focused on the man sitting behind the large desk. She only knew him from his pictures and the media coverage of his elections. Raymond Brockway stared at her as he chatted with Dick, devising some sort of plan for the day.

"I've got a press conference at one."

Dick glanced over at her. "Not my problem. You told me to bring her back, and she's here. She's all yours. Where's my money?"

Diana grabbed her head and forced her stomach to calm before she heaved. "What did you inject me with?"

"A little something I got from a friend of mine." Dick smirked at her before turning back to Raymond. "I want the money so I can get out of here."

Raymond sighed. "Fine. We're done doing business. I don't ever want to see you again."

He pulled out a briefcase and handed it to Dick. "Pleasure."

The other man left the office without another word. Raymond focused on Diana as she fought nausea along with her anger. She'd only met her stepfather once, and she had been eighteen at the time.

"What the hell do you want from me?"

Raymond pressed his fingers together before him. "Well, it seems my plan didn't go accordingly."

"And you interjected yourself into my life, why?" Taking pleasure in the luxurious couch, Diana laid her head back and told herself to relax.

"Because, unfortunately, I can't keep you a secret much longer."

“Oh, so I’m your dirty little secret.” Diana snickered. “I hope your career goes up in flames, and you rot in hell.”

Raymond chuckled.

Diana took in her surroundings. What the hell was she doing here? He had kidnapped her the first time to get her out of the media spotlight that was about to unravel, and now he wanted her in the spotlight. It didn’t make sense.

“Why am I here?”

“To announce your retirement to the public, of course. Dick told me you filmed your last movie, and he paid you the one-million-dollar buyout clause. You’ll announce your retirement to my voters and convince all of your adoring fans to vote for me.”

“Raymond?”

Diana watched her mother enter the room and stop, staring right at her. Forget the nausea and the anger. Bitterness swept over her as she stared into her mother’s eyes for the first time in thirteen years.

“Diana.” She whispered. Her voice was faint, Diana wondered if she imagined it. “What are you doing here?”

“Leave us, Brenda.”

“Mom, come on!” A young teenager entered the room next followed by who Diana knew to be her stepsister Marie. Both stopped and stared at her.

“Everybody, out. Now.” Raymond’s voice rose as he pointed to the doorway.

“What is she doing here, Raymond?”

“Who is she?” Roxanne asked. “Mom, what’s going on?”

“I do hate to interrupt the confusion, but I’m going to throw up. Can someone point me in the direction of the bathroom?” Diana stood and followed Marie out of the room.

“You’re her, aren’t you?” Marie was a few years older than Roxanne and surprised Diana with the question.

“Her who?”

“Brenda’s daughter. The eldest.”

Diana entered the ladies bathroom and found an empty stall. Her body felt like it'd been beat, though not one mark marred her skin. Once she finished, she flushed the toilet. She was surprised Marie stayed in the bathroom.

"I'm nobody." Diana flipped the water on and cupped her hands beneath the stream.

"You're a superstar. That's hardly nobody."

Diana swished the water in her mouth and spat it out. "What do you know about me being a superstar?"

"You're Dirty Diana," she said. Diana looked over at her. "My boyfriend's friends are big fans."

Diana chuckled. "I just bet they are." She pulled a paper towel from its holder and wiped her hands.

"What are you doing back in our lives? Daddy sent you away thirteen years ago. Why the sudden barge in on us?"

"Ask your father. Believe me, if I hadn't been kidnapped and drugged before dragged here, I wouldn't be here now." Diana opened the door, and the sudden movements of the chaotic people scrambling around made her take a step back. "Show me the way to the front door, and I'll happily leave."

Marie didn't take the bait. "If Daddy wanted you here, then he must have a good reason."

"Yeah. Using me in his campaign is a hell of a reason."

Marie led her back to the office where Raymond sat with Brenda, Roxanne, and the rest of her siblings. Dana and Denise barely acknowledged her. Roxanne stared with an unwavering eye.

"There is simply no way around this, Brenda. My opponent wanted to expose her. It's better if we do it instead. She can endorse me by my being her stepfather."

"Look, sorry to burst your bubble, but I'm not your family. I'm nothing to you. Why the hell did you kidnap me and bring me here? I'm not going to help you. I couldn't care less about your stupid campaign."

“You’re Brenda’s daughter.”

Diana snorted. “By blood only. That doesn’t make any one of you my family. She’s not my mother. A real mother wouldn’t have exiled her child when her new husband came along.”

“I didn’t exile you.”

“What do you call it then? Dana came to the fence without even opening the fucking thing and told me I wasn’t welcome in my own family anymore. You didn’t have the balls to confront me yourself, and you haven’t picked up that damn phone one time in thirteen years. What the hell do you call shutting your daughter out of her family, *mother?*”

Brenda folded her hands in her lap and stared at her toes. Every single one of her siblings looked away from her except Roxanne.

“What are you staring at?”

Diana took her spot next to her step-brother, Tyler, on the couch and fought against the tears forming in her eyes. She wouldn’t cry in front of these people. She would wait until Cash and Calen or A.J came and she’d cry then, when she knew it was safe.

“If you don’t mind, I’d like to go home. Whatever that bastard put in that needle is making me sick, and the tension in this room makes me want to vomit.” She closed her eyes. “Can you call me a cab?”

“You’re not allowed to leave.” Raymond lifted his gaze.

“Really? Holding me against my will, added to kidnapping charges. How much jail time do you think you’ll get? Won’t that ruin your campaign?”

“Stop, Diana.” Brenda raised her eyes to meet her daughter’s. “We have a lot to talk about.”

“Like hell. I’m done talking.” Diana stood and the room swirled around her. Tyler gripped her arm before she fell on her face and lowered her to the couch beside him. Out of nowhere, Marie handed him a cold wash cloth, and he used it to dab at Diana’s forehead.

“Amazing. As always, two people who aren’t even related to me are taking better care of me than those who are.” She grabbed the

cloth from his hand and pressed it against her eyes. She used it to hide the tears she couldn't contain any longer.

Roxanne stood. "Enough. What is going on here? Why is she so important to our lives?"

"She's our sister, Roxy." Tyler spoke. Diana lowered the cloth to meet his eyes. "We have another sister, and Diana is her name."

Roxanne stared at Diana again. "Why am I the only one that doesn't know you?"

"Ask your father. Or your mother. Or anyone else in this fucking room, because I'm the last one that knows the answer to that question."

"But you're Dirty Diana."

"What do you know about that, Roxy?" Dana asked, speaking for the first time since Diana entered the room.

"Tyler." She pointed to their brother. "I caught him with one of those dirty magazine's Momma's always scolding him about. He was looking at her picture, and it said Dirty Diana. She was naked."

Everyone glanced over at Tyler, who blushed. "It was Kyle's magazine."

"Like father, like son." Brenda met Diana's eyes. "Oh, you didn't know. The one time I met Raymond, he asked me to autograph my picture for him. It was my first nude photo shoot that paid me enough money to move out of your house."

"That's a lie, Brenda."

"Please, why would I make that up?" Diana glanced over at Tyler. "I need to call a friend."

Tyler reached for his phone and handed it to her. Raymond sputtered about her calling the police or some reporter. She rolled her eyes. She was indeed calling the police, ones out of jurisdiction.

"Kirby."

"Hey, Calen. It's me."

"Diana? Where are you? Are you okay?"

“Relax. I’m with my so-called family. Dick brought me here because Raymond told him to kidnap me, and well, I’m playing the good daughter right now at the Capital. Where is Cash? I really want to talk to him.”

“He and A.J. are on their way to find you. We found out about the senator’s press conference. I only assumed that’s where you’d be.”

Diana took a deep breath and glanced over at Tyler. “What’s your number?” Tyler looked at his father. “Give me your number.”

He recited the numbers. Diana gave them to Calen. “Tell Cash to call me. I really need to hear his voice.”

She hung up the phone and bit her lip. She’d probably break down when she spoke to him. Her stomach ached at the thought of what he’d say to her. He was probably pissed she went to the motel alone. He was probably pissed she got herself kidnapped again.

“Who’s Cash?”

The phone rang, and Diana answered it.

“Hey, baby. Are you okay?”

She was right. Tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. “Yes.”

“Where are you?”

She wiped her eyes. “The Capital in Sacramento.”

“Is he still there with you?”

“No.” She stared at a spot on the carpet. “Cash, I’m sorry.”

“Oh, baby. Don’t think about that right now. Are you safe? Has anyone hurt you? We’re almost there. Can you come see us?”

“I’ll meet you out front.” She hung up the phone. “I’ve got to go.”

“Diana,” Raymond started.

“No. I was never considered your family, and I’m not about to pretend I am now. You can say I’m dead or whatever, I don’t care. I’m leaving.”

She headed out and started down the hallway to where the mass chaos was. Reporters gathered in the main foyer waiting for the press conference.

“Oh, my god, it’s Dirty Diana,” one shouted and pointed.

The next thing she knew, cameras were flashing. People rushed toward her asking if she was the mysterious daughter and a million other completely inappropriate questions. She shielded herself from the flashes as they gathered around her, probing her for information.

Slowly making her way toward the door, she pushed through the mass of people. Her stomach turned from her efforts, and the nausea overwhelmed her with the intensity of a freight train. Magically, Cash was there like her own personal knight in shining armor to escort her out of the building. She wrapped her arms around his neck unable to keep her emotions in check any longer.

A.J. parked a rental truck close to the front, and Cash helped her inside. Reporters followed them out, still expecting a story when there was nothing to tell. He scooted in beside her and pulled her close.

“It’s okay, baby. You’re with us and everything is okay now.”

She laid her head on his shoulder and closed her eyes. Everything would be all right now.

She opened her eyes when Cash shifted next to her. A.J. waited outside with a keycard at hand. She gripped Cash’s arm, and he stopped, turning to check on her.

“I need something to eat.”

“I’m on it,” A.J. said lifting his phone to his ear.

Cash scooped her into his arms and kicked the truck door closed. A.J. undid the door to their room and pushed it open. The room smelled clean. Diana laid her head on Cash’s shoulder too weak to hold it up. He carried her to the bed and sat her in the center.

“What did he do to you?”

She laid back and threw an arm over her eyes. “He just drugged me.”

“With what?”

“Same shit as before I think.”

Cash slipped her shoes off. “Do you need to go to the hospital?”

Diana shook her head and groaned. “No. I need something to eat. I puked back at the Capital, and my stomach is killing me.”

A.J. came inside. “I ordered some food.”

Cash glanced over at his brother. “I need you to go get her some clothes.”

A.J. nodded. “Anything else?”

“Not right now.”

Once he was gone, Cash disappeared into the bathroom and started the water for her bath. She knew she was a mess. Her skin was clammy, and she smelled like vomit. She groaned when he came to her.

He undressed her with care and lifted her in his arms. He carried her into the bathroom and dimmed the lights to help with her headache. He let her lean on him while he wet her body with the wash rag.

“Thank you for coming for me.”

He kissed her forehead. “Are you sure you’re okay? I think you need to go to a hospital to get checked out.”

“I’m fine.” She wrapped her arms around him. “If it weren’t for my inability to move and the fact I smell, this would almost be romantic.”

He slid the wash cloth along her back. “You’re in no condition for romance right now.”

“I’m sorry, Cash. I just wanted answers. I knew he had them, and he’d never tell me the truth if you guys were with me.”

“I don’t want to talk about that now.” He reached for the soap he had set on the closed toilet seat and ripped the package that contained it. “Your stepfather is to blame, isn’t he?”

“Don’t go looking for blood. I gave him what he deserved. He only wanted me to help support his precious campaign.”

Cash lathered the white floral-scented soap on the cloth and washed her. She felt completely helpless, yet each place he touched,

he left behind a need for more. She wanted his fingers on her, giving her pleasure only he could.

When he was through, he sat the cloth to the side and forced her to face him. He cupped her cheeks. "I love you, baby. You know that, don't you?"

She nodded, and he kissed her forehead. The door to the room opened and Diana assumed A.J. was back. Cash left her long enough to grab a towel from the vanity. He helped her stand, wrapped the towel around her, and tucked the end at her breasts.

"How's your head feel?"

"Tylenol would help."

She reached for his arm as she stepped out of the bathtub. Cash emptied the water and grabbed a fluffy robe to wrap around her. "Are you sure you don't need to go to the hospital?"

She shoved her arms in the sleeves and let him tie the belt around her waist. "I just need you."

She wrapped her arms around him and rested against his warm body. She never wanted to let him go. A.J. came to the bathroom door and announced he had food and clothes.

"The press conference is on too. You might want to watch it."

They settled on the bed while A.J. cranked up the volume of the TV. Raymond stood at the podium at the top of the main staircase, giving his speech about Diana.

"As many of you know or don't know, Diana Marco, is my stepdaughter. My opponent thought unwisely that exposing her and her trade would somehow hurt me and my campaign, but he was wrong. She is family, and I take it as a personal threat against me that my opponent would stoop so low to gain more votes. Clearly, by his actions, it doesn't prove my inability to represent this beautiful state but proves his inability to keep things professional. I plan on continuing my campaign and ask that you consider wisely the right man to represent you."

Diana clicked the TV off. She didn't bother speaking as she reached for the bucket of chicken A.J. brought.

"You okay?"

"Peachy." She bit into the chicken leg and avoided the conversation.

"You don't look peachy," A. J. commented. He reached for the bag of stuff he bought. "I got you just about everything you need. Clothes, toothbrush, hairbrush—you name it."

"Why are you guys nice to me?" She sat the food aside and wiped her fingers on her robe. "Seriously."

A.J. spoke before Cash could. "Why wouldn't we be? You may come from a shitty family, Diana, but you're part of ours now. We love you and accept you for who you are regardless of anything and everything in your past. Why are you so hard on yourself?"

"I don't deserve you guys."

"We don't deserve you." Cash pulled her onto his lap. "I want us to get married."

She stared at him, wide-eyed. "What?"

"You came to us looking for a place to start over, and we found you one. It just so happens to be at the Kirby ranch where three lonely cowboys would be heartbroken if you were to decline. You said yourself. You loved Kenyon. We want you to move in with us."

Diana stared at them. "Are you serious?"

"Why wouldn't we be?" A.J. grabbed her hand. "We haven't got much to offer—nothing like what you're used to—but I will promise you will never have to question whether or not you are loved. Over this short time together, you've managed to make three stubborn fools fall for you."

She leaped into his arms and hugged him tight. There were no words to describe what she felt. A.J. held her. She knew deep inside that they would give her everything they promised. She'd have a loving home with three equally loving men.

“I want to take a nap.” She pulled back and met his eyes. “We have a lot to pack if I’m moving from L.A. to South Dakota. We might even have to build a bigger house.”

A.J. chuckled. “Lord help us all.”

Chapter Nine

A.J. had never been in a house as big as Diana's. The bathroom alone was as big as his bedroom. He glanced over at Cash who explored their surroundings.

"How much did the porn industry pay you?" A.J. meant it as a joke, but Diana answered the question.

"I was contractually given close to two hundred thousand per film with Dick's company. But I made more than that. At the expiration of my last contract, Dick agreed to pay me a million dollars with the understanding I retired. I can't sign with another company, but even if I wanted to, I was barely making fifteen thousand per film before I signed with him. So not worth it."

A.J. stopped gawking at the house and met her eyes. "Why the drastic difference?"

She shrugged. "I worked more. I went to signings and parties. I did more scenes. When I started out, I did about one to two scenes per film. Fans demanded more, and Dick upped the ante. In my last film, *Jungle Jane*, I had a total of ten scenes."

"When does that one come out?" Cash asked.

"Later this year. I might have to do one release party, but I'm done with the rest. Dick's already paid the buyout."

"How'd you get him to agree to a buyout?" A.J. questioned. "I would have thought he'd stiff you and be done with it."

She smiled. "Smartest thing I ever did was hire a lawyer to go over the contract. He advised me against the long term, but I went with it. There was no guarantee I'd have a job after the five years so I stuck with the ten. He also entered the buyout clause, and Dick agreed

to it. I actually think he assumed I wouldn't quit. I'm thirty-one. I'm practically a grandma in the adult film industry." She chuckled and headed up the stairs. "He wasn't known for his smarts."

"You're hardly a grandma." Cash and A.J. followed her.

"I'm not a doe-eyed virgin either." She led them to her bedroom. "What do you say we have a little fun before we start work?"

The men shared a glance. "What did you have in mind?"

* * * *

Cash sat on the bed with A.J. while Diana lifted her shirt over her head. "I don't know. I'm sure we can find something fun to do."

She cupped her breasts. With all eyes on her, each of her hands slid down her flat belly to the waistband of her pants. Cash glanced over at his brother who didn't take his eyes off Diana. She tugged the loose pants off and kicked them away. Her panties went next, and she stood before them completely nude with a devilish look in her eye.

"Have you thought of anything fun we can do now?" She tapped a finger to her cheek as she met Cash's eyes.

He snorted. "I'm anxious to hear your thoughts."

"Good." She glanced down at his crotch. "Strip."

While Cash worked on his clothing, Diana straddled A.J.'s thighs, working on his zipper herself. His cock was already swollen and hard in anticipation of her touch. Cash undressed hastily and tossed his clothing to the floor to join them before kissing Diana's shoulder as he brushed her hair to the side.

"You know, I've never had your cock inside me." She wrapped her fingers around A.J.'s cock.

"Put him inside you." Cash cupped her breast, kissing her neck. "Let him fuck your pussy while I fuck your perfect ass."

A.J. groaned at the idea. Diana circled the plump tip of his cock with her thumb, sliding her hand along his shaft lightly. Cash's

fingers skimmed her side as she moved her hips, rubbing herself against A.J.

“Diana, you’re killing me.” A.J. propped himself up on his hands and dropped his head back. “Shit.”

Cash lifted her off A.J.’s lap. “Put him inside you, sweetheart.” Diana pointed his dick toward her and sank onto him, both groaning at the sensation. Without asking, he moved to the bedside table and pulled out the drawer, finding the bottle of lube he needed. He squirted some on his palm and fisted his cock before coming back to them again.

A.J. fell back against the bed, pulling Diana with him as he kissed her. Their position gave Cash the perfect angle to penetrate her.

“Oh,” Diana moaned.

Cash pushed inside her gently, trying to hold back the groan threatening to burst from his chest. She was tight. His mind swam. The need to thrust overwhelmed him. Her heat surrounded him as he slowly fed her every single inch of his dick.

“Cash, I need to move,” A.J. croaked from beneath them. “Oh, god.”

Cash seated himself inside her and took a few deep breaths before he pulled out. They worked in unison, one pushing in while the other pulled back, while she simply held on for the ride.

She came, shaking as Cash slid inside her, closing his eyes as her body squeezed him. A.J. cursed and thrust harder. The friction was almost unbearable. He fisted his hand in Diana’s hair and pulled her back for a savage kiss.

“Fuck,” A.J. exclaimed, grabbing Diana’s hips as he came. Cash didn’t hold back any longer and thrust one last time.

Diana collapsed on top of A.J. Cash pulled out and lifted her off his brother’s dick. He leaned over her for a kiss, taking her mouth with his own like it was their first time. She was perfect, and she was theirs. That’s all that mattered.

* * * *

“I didn’t plan that.” Diana hugged A.J. while Cash hugged her, efficiently wrapping her in complete male warmth.

“So we improvised.” Cash kissed her shoulder. “Are you disappointed?”

“No.” She grinned like a fool. “We do, however, have a house to pack, and I can’t move a limb. What do you suppose we do?”

A.J. kissed her forehead. “I suppose you can lay here, naked, while we get to work on the house.” His finger circled her nipple. “Of course, if you need anything, we’re here at your every beck and call.

A shiver slid down her spine. Cash’s hand lingered at her side, caressing her skin lightly. “Or we could hire someone to come pack your things and spend our time in bed, where it better suits our purposes.”

Diana giggled. “You guys are insatiable.”

A.J. kissed her lips. “Yeah, baby. We are.”

She sighed. “I would love nothing more than to spend a day in bed with you two living out our carnal fantasies, but I really want to get out of this city. The sooner, the better.”

She sat up, brushing them off her. She’d planned on calling the realtor before the first kidnapping and had seen that she had messages on the machine downstairs. She hoped one of those blinking messages was from the broker.

Cash wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her against him. “There isn’t anything we can do to convince you otherwise?”

He kissed her shoulder while his hands moved up to cup her breasts. She was tempted. She closed her eyes and debated her options, promising herself in the end that she’d make it up to them. Their first day back to Kenyon, she would spend in bed with all three of them.

“No.” She grabbed his hands and leaned back to kiss him. “I want to get away from here and get back to Kenyon.”

She scooted from the bed and found her robe. After pulling it on, she turned to see two very disappointed males staring back at her. She rolled her eyes.

“Come on. I promise when we get home I’ll make it up to you.” She crossed her arms over her chest. “All day long.”

The brothers shared a look. Cash was the first to nod, agreeing. “All day. No ifs, ands, or buts. We get you all day long.”

“Deal.” She grinned. “I’m taking a shower. You two get dressed and start working.”

Chapter Ten

It may have taken them what seemed like forever, but Diana finally stashed the last box in the back of the moving van and secured the door. They ended up calling the moving company to come help, and even with their five men, three of them were exhausted. Cash collapsed in the middle of the empty living room floor while A.J. sat on the stairs, his arms resting on his knees.

“What time is our plane leaving?”

“Five thirty in the morning.”

Cash groaned. “That’s too fuckin’ early.”

“Tell me about it.”

Heading up the stairs, Diana moved past A.J. “Come on then. I’m taking a shower and going to bed.”

She entered the master bedroom and stared at the bare space. They’d left her bed to sleep in, it being the only item in the house that they didn’t take. They had the necessities that they brought with them, including towels for their showers, but everything else was gone. It was an unnerving feeling.

“Hey, you okay?” A.J. rubbed a hand along her back.

“I’m fine. Just having a little good-bye moment with my house.” She shrugged. “It was the first thing I purchased when I got my first paycheck. I put the complete fifteen thousand dollars as a down payment for my loan.”

“You having regrets?” Cash asked.

“Nah. I don’t want to live here anymore.” She stepped inside and started to undress next to the bed. “I probably stink, but I don’t think I can hold my eyes open long enough to shower.”

Cash grabbed her hand. "We'll take care of you."

A.J. tugged his shirt over his head and tossed it to his overnight bag that he brought. She gave in and allowed Cash to lead her to the bathroom. He pulled away long enough to turn the shower on before coming to her again.

"You're beautiful." He kissed her. "And completely distracting. I'd look over at you marking the boxes and get so horny I couldn't even think straight."

A.J.'s phone rang, and Diana paused long enough to hear him answer it. Then she broke down. She wrapped her arms around Cash and, crying against him, released the bottled-up emotions she'd kept hidden all day.

"Hey." Cash cupped the back of her head and pulled her to him. "What's this about?"

"Nothing." She didn't want to let him go. She breathed in the salty male scent of his skin and squeezed him tighter.

He kissed her temple. "I love you, sweetie."

Cash undressed her then himself. Her emotions were still scattered but stepping into the shower, momentarily forgotten. He reached for the bar of soap and lathered it between his hands. He kept his promise. He took care of her, kissing her as he washed the dirt and sweat from her body. He pinched her nipples, which sent a bolt of pleasure straight to her pussy.

"Stop letting the senator and the rest get to you, Diana. You're with us now, sweetie. I love you, and I promise I'm here for you for whatever you need." He tilted her chin up so she met his eyes. "If you want to stay here, we can. I want to get married and create a family with you, and if it means I have to move to L.A. to do so, I'm packing my bags. Just say the word and I'll take care of everything."

Her heart melted at his declaration. "You would leave Kenyon for me?"

"Diana, the only reason I live in Kenyon is because I didn't know what I wanted. I partied and traveled about in college, but nothing

satisfied me. Kenyon was where my dad raised us, and it seemed like the right answer to what I was seeking.” He took a deep breath. “But all my wants and needs have changed. With you is where I want to be. Not because I’m obsessed or because I pity you. I want you and only you, because I’m madly in love with you, babe.”

Tears streamed down her cheeks. “What would you do here?”

He smiled. “I’m a man of many talents. My degree is in business administration. I’m sure there’s something out here that could put that money spent to good use.”

He washed his body while she stared, dumbfounded. She had no response to his statement. He rinsed, cut the water off, and grabbed the two towels from the rack.

“Is that why you were crying?”

She took the towel he offered and wrapped it around her. “I don’t know. I wish things were different.”

“What things?” He brushed a wet strand of hair from her cheek.

“My family, for starters.” She closed the toilet seat and sat. “I thought maybe we had a second chance, but it was crystal clear that I’d never fit into their lifestyle.”

Cash knelt in front of her. “Do you really need them?”

“No. But I want them.” She stared at her hands, folded in her lap. “I don’t even know why.”

He lifted her hand and kissed it. “Everything will be okay. I promise.”

She met his eyes. “You’d really move to L.A. for me?”

He smiled. “In a heartbeat. I want you to marry me, Diana. I want to start a family and grow old together.”

Yep, that’s what it was.

Tears filled her eyes again. Cash lifted her chin with a finger, looking into her eyes. “Why do you cry when I say that?”

“Because. It sounds too good to be true.” She sniffled. “You’re not supposed to love me. You’re supposed to fuck and run. You’re supposed to be disgusted at my career. I’m supposed to be some

disease ridden whore. You're not supposed to fall in love with someone like me."

"*With someone like you...* what the hell does that mean?"

She pushed away from him and stood in front of the mirror. "A slut. A whore. A woman that let men fuck her for money. A porn star. That's who I am."

He stared at her. "So in your mind that mars you so bad that you can't possibly be worthy of love? That's not all you are, Diana. That's not even part of who you are."

"The general impression people get is I'm only good for sex or that I have some kind of disease. I'm not good enough to associate with in public."

"Do you have some kind of STD?"

She snorted. "A little late to ask me that now." When he didn't say anything, she added nonchalantly, "I suppose anything's possible considering your reputation. I don't know where your dick has been and we didn't use a condom."

"If you said that to piss me off, you succeeded." He huffed a breath and sat on the toilet. "You think love comes with conditions."

"Doesn't it?"

"No. It doesn't." He leaned forward and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Then answer my question. If we stopped having sex, would you still love me?"

"That's a dumb question."

Diana scoffed. "Obviously one you can't answer."

"Oh, I can answer it, but you won't like my response." He met her gaze. "If we never had sex again, I would feel differently about you. It's only human nature to do so. If you asked me that ridiculous question with the hopes of finding out if I was with you for sex only, you failed miserably."

"Why would you feel differently about me?"

“Because we wouldn’t be as close as we are now.” He stood. “You are your own worst enemy, Diana. Sadly, there’s not much I can do to protect you from that.”

“Why do you care, Cash?”

He stopped in the doorway with his back to her. “I don’t have a logical answer. I just do. I guess deep down, I always have.”

He left her standing in the bathroom alone. Diana rubbed her forehead as A.J. reappeared. “You showered without me?”

She tried to give him a smile. “I’m tired. Sorry.”

A.J. stepped inside the bathroom and kissed her cheek. “Go to bed, sweetie. You look like you’re ready to fall over.”

She took his advice and headed to the bed where Cash lay, arms propped behind his head.

“You’re supposed to say you wouldn’t care if we never had sex again, that you’d love me no matter what.” She dropped the towel and crawled over him, sliding beneath the covers. “That’s what I wanted from you.”

“If I said that, it’d be a bullshit statement.”

“So you wouldn’t love me, no matter what? That makes sex a condition.”

He huffed again. “Why do women do this? That statement has two parts. You’re asking me about the intimacy, and I’m talking about the sex. It would be a lie for me to say I wouldn’t care if my cock never fucked your pussy again. It has nothing to do with whether or not I love you.”

“But what about loving me no matter what?”

“What about it?”

“If we never had sex again, would you still love me?”

He didn’t respond.

Tears formed in her eyes. “I guess that’s answer enough.”

She turned away from him and hugged her pillow tight. How could she think he really cared? He, like every other man in the world, only cared about one thing. And it had nothing to do with love.

“Stop crying, Diana.”

“Don’t talk to me.” She sniffled.

Cash rolled her to her back and pinned her to the bed. His fingers tightened around her wrists as she stared into his eyes.

“The question is dumb.” He nudged his cock against her, brushing her clit. She gasped. “‘If we never had sex’ is irrelevant because we will. Again and again as we are right now.”

He probed her entry and thrust hard, filling her so completely she cried out. “If it will make you happy for me to admit—yes, I will still love you, with all my heart, even if I never touch you again—I admit it. But it’s a moot point, babe. I will touch you and fuck you, preferably until neither one of us can walk.”

His hips thrust against her hard. He wasn’t a soft, sensual lover. He was intense, greedy, taking what he needed and giving her little room to protest. She closed her eyes.

“Open your eyes and look at me.” Her eyes fluttered open. “You’re not going to get rid of me that easily, babe. I’m not going anywhere.”

He took her mouth, pushing his tongue between her lips as hard as his hips pounded against hers. Her reserves melted. The first blast of pleasure came unexpectedly. Cash let her hands go and dragged her hips off the bed as he thrust inside her. She couldn’t hold back as he repeatedly hit the one spot inside her that made her scream.

“Don’t you ever question my feelings for you, Diana. They aren’t going to change.” He pulled out of her and flipped her over to her stomach. He pulled her ass up and thrust inside her pussy again.

She clawed the sheets. Her body felt on fire. She closed her eyes as he pounded into her driving her closer to another orgasm. Cash came with her the third time, jerking against her as jets of come splashed inside her. His groan was long and loud, lasting until the very last ripple. He collapsed beside her and pulled the covers over their sweaty bodies.

Neither one said a word.

“Are you guys awake?” A.J. came out of the bathroom.

“Yeah,” Cash said throwing an arm over his eyes.

A.J. came around to the other side of the bed and sat. Diana’s heart beat wildly. She pushed up from her spot and rolled to her back. The stickiness of sex lingered between her legs and made her uncomfortable.

“I need to get up.” She decided A.J.’s side would be easier and walked around the bed, nude, knowing each man stared at her. She closed the bathroom door behind her and took a deep breath.

She turned the faucet on and cupped her hands to drink from before grabbing a wad of toilet paper to clean herself with. Afterward, she clicked the light off and returned to find A.J and Cash settled comfortably in bed. The middle was the only empty spot, and it only meant she had to crawl over one to get there.

“You could have waited until I came back to settle in bed.”

A.J. gave her a sheepish grin. “Sorry.”

She went to the end of the bed and crawled into the middle from there. The faint light from the moon lit the room. She pulled at the covers and slid beneath them. Cash lay on his side, giving her his back.

She lay on her side facing Cash’s back and stared at the taut muscles. A.J.’s hand came around her and cupped her breast. She reached out to Cash, sliding her hand along his arm. She half expected him to brush it off, but he linked his fingers with hers instead, holding her hand against his warm body. It was exactly what she needed to fall asleep.

* * * *

Cash didn’t say much the next morning. They stopped off at a nearby bakery for breakfast and sat at one of the tables inside.

“What’s with you two?” A.J. pulled out a muffin from his bag.

“Nothing,” they mumbled.

Cash ate one of his cinnamon rolls while Diana bit into the chocolate doughnut she bought.

"Doesn't seem like nothing."

Cash ignored his brother. "Calen had better be on time."

"Why? Anxious to get home?" Diana asked.

Cash snorted. "I hate airports."

She stared at him a moment before saying, "Well I can't wait to see him."

Cash tried to brush the comment off. She always ran to Calen when they argued. "He won't kiss you and make it better."

She snorted. "Jealous?"

A.J.'s shifted between the two. "What did I miss?"

At once, they started in on what was wrong with the other. A.J.'s eyes widened as he listened.

"—I don't get what the big deal is."

"—he doesn't get the big deal."

They stopped and held each other's gazes. Cash did everything she asked. She wanted him to say it, and he did. *What was her fuckin' deal?*

"Why do I have to be the mediator?" A.J. brushed away the crumbs from his muffin. "One, Cash says what he thinks, so if you want to know something, ask him point blank or I can guarantee you won't like the answer. Two, if you knew what she wanted, why didn't you say it? And three, you two are perfect for each other. I'll admit, I had my doubts but you are."

Cash crossed his arms. "I did say it."

"After I cried."

"It was a dumb question!"

"No it wasn't. It was perfectly reasonable. You only care about one thing, Cash Kirby, and it has nothing to do with love."

They didn't fair too much better during the plane ride. She took the window seat and left him the aisle. Every time Cash tried to sleep, someone woke him. A guy walking by with a large jacket smacking

him in the face was the last straw. He opened his eyes. A baby cried two seats over in the middle section of the plane, and the mother barely noticed.

“If I didn’t love you, why would I be here?”

Diana opened her eyes. Cash’s face was inches from her as he tried to get some sleep in the confined area. “You know why. Sex.”

“No amount of pussy is worth this, even if it is fuckin’ out-of-this-world good.” She snorted. Cash pressed his lips against her forehead. “You’re worth it, though.”

She closed her eyes and rested her head against him. “I’m glad you think so.”

He kissed her. “I do love you, Diana. I wouldn’t say it if I didn’t mean it.”

When they landed, Calen was there greeting Diana with open arms. She hugged him while Cash and A.J. waited for their luggage.

“After you’re married, are you still sharing her or will that be the end of the line for Calen and me?” A.J. lifted the bags and glanced over at his brother.

Cash shrugged. “I doubt we’re getting married.”

“Hey, guys, you ready to go?”

A.J. shoved a bag into Calen’s arms. “I swear it’s like babysitting two five-year-olds. Tell lughead over there that you will marry him, Diana. We all know you will.”

She stopped and stared at Cash. Cash spoke, “Don’t say a word.” He moved past her. “I need some damn sleep before we even think about that conversation.”

The ride to Kenyon was almost unbearable. Cash drove his truck to the airport before they left for California, and he had to drive by himself back to Kenyon. Diana chose to ride with Calen.

He didn’t know why he was so fucked up around her. He loved her. He couldn’t say it any differently or make her believe him in any other way. He loved her. Period.

So what’s the problem?

He pulled in the driveway behind his brother and parked next to him. The place hadn't changed, and he wanted nothing more than to fall asleep in his bed. He carried the bags inside and headed upstairs to his room. The place was a mess, and he hadn't slept in his bed in several days. Instead of falling face-first, he turned and headed toward the barn.

The spare room in the barn loft was exactly what he needed. He stared at Diana's picture over the bed. She was so beautiful it nearly took his breath. He stepped inside and closed the door behind him. He needed sleep.

He undressed and crawled beneath the sheets wearing his boxers. He hadn't lain there too long before the door opened and Diana entered the room.

"You hiding from me now?"

"I need sleep," he mumbled into his pillow.

Diana crawled in beside him. Lying on her back, she stared at the ceiling. "Do you really want to get married?"

"Not this second. I really want some sleep."

She glanced over at him. "So we get married and start a family? What about your brothers?"

Cash groaned. "When women say I want some sleep, that's the end of the conversation. Why can't guys have the same power?"

"I'm serious, Cash."

"Me too." He rolled to his back. "I thought you didn't want to get married."

"I didn't say that. But I haven't got one clue what I'm going to do with my life. I'm not a sit-at-home, watching-soap-operas kind of girl. I've always worked. I didn't go to college."

"If we have kids, that's a job." Cash grinned at her.

"I'm serious. I've loved the vacation from it all these past few weeks, but I don't think I can spend the rest of my life doing nothing while you go off to work."

"I can find you some cowgirl work around the ranch." She narrowed her eyes at him. "Or we could stay in L.A. I told you I was fine with that. The plane ride isn't too long, and my brothers can live without us during the week."

"And our future kids?"

"What about them?"

"Can they live without their uncles during the week?"

Cash stared at her. His mind ached with the circles she had him running in. Why couldn't she just say what she meant and mean what she said?

Diana sat up when her phone rang and gave him her back. He seriously needed a few more hours of sleep before they had that conversation. He half listened to her conversation and waited for her to hang up the phone.

"That was my sister." She turned toward him. "She wants to get to know me."

Fuck sleep. He wasn't getting any anytime soon. Cash sat up. "What are you going to do?"

She shrugged. "Calen's pressing charges for the kidnappings, and I'm sure that'll piss the good senator off. But from the looks of it, Roxanne's pretty pissed off, herself, about the situation. Tyler too."

"Who's Tyler?"

"My stepbrother." She scooted from the bed. "They asked if they could come out here to visit me. I think they still assume I'm in L.A., but I don't know."

Cash rubbed his eyes. "Your mom is going to let them?"

"I don't know." She stared at her phone. "Roxanne's going to call me back."

He waved her over and pulled her onto the bed, situating her between his legs. He wrapped his arms around her and held her, kissing her forehead lightly.

"You need to make up your mind about what you want to do." He kissed her cheek. "If you want to stay in L.A., that's fine. I'm right

there with you. If you want to stay in Kenyon, that's fine too. Our kids will be happy wherever we are, and from the looks of it, we'll rake up a bunch of frequent flyer miles regardless of where we live, so it's completely up to you."

"Did you really mean what you said last night or did you just say it to get me to shut up?" She wrapped her hands around his biceps.

"Are we still fighting about that?"

"Did you mean it?"

"I meant every damn word that came out of my mouth."

She chuckled. "That's all I wanted to know."

She moved to stand and he pulled her back against the mattress. "Where do you think you're going?"

"I, unlike you, have more important things to do than sleep all day."

"Is that so?" He kissed her. "The only thing you have to do is stay right where you are."

He laid his head on her chest and threw a leg over hers, effectively pinning her to the bed with his body. She struggled halfheartedly before sighing and giving in. She kissed his forehead lightly and ran her fingers through his hair.

"I love you, Cash."

He closed his eyes and reveled in her comfort. "You know I love you too."

* * * *

Calen perched on a barstool in the kitchen while reading the newspaper. He hadn't seen Cash or Diana since they arrived home, and A.J. didn't look too happy about them being gone either.

"You think they're screwing each other's brains out?" Calen asked.

A.J. snorted. "They did that last night. I'm not sure they have that much brains left to screw out."

“Ah.” Calen sat the paper aside. “They didn’t include you.”

“It’s not that.” A.J. licked his lips. “Cash told Diana that if she wanted to stay in L.A., that he’d stay with her. She’s considering it.”

“I thought she was moving here with us.”

A.J. grabbed a beer from the fridge. “Think again. She’s got other options. Cash wants to marry her. He wants babies with her, and he wants to move away from us.”

Calen stared at his brother. “Did they tell you that?”

“It’s implied. She has a big house in L.A., and he’s always been a free spirit. He hates the ranch, always has. It was only a matter of time before he left permanently. It nearly killed him to come back when Dad died.”

Calen couldn’t dispute the statement. Cash liked living wherever he laid his head down. He only came back to help them out, but in a way they held him back. Calen pursed his lips.

“Look, it’s not that I don’t want them to be happy. I do.” A.J. tipped his bottle back. “I just thought it would be here, you know.”

The lone rangers returned to the main house around six when it started to rain. They came in soaked, shoes squeaking on the linoleum. Diana met A.J. first, sliding into him as she nearly fell. She laughed and hugged him.

He pushed away from her. “I need to go upstairs.”

When he left, Diana turned to Calen. “What’s wrong with him?”

She came to Calen and kissed his cheek. Calen pulled away and stood. “Are you planning on going back to L.A.?”

She took his seat. “Not this second, no. Is that what’s wrong with A.J.?”

“I thought you two were talking about it?”

“Calen, we haven’t decided anything,” Cash said, joining the conversation. “What’s with the third degree?”

He glanced between the two of them. “Forget I said anything.”

He stomped out of the room and plopped down on the couch with the remote at hand. Nothing was on, and there were probably a million better things he could do than mope around.

Diana followed him into the living room and sat beside him on the couch. "Why are you upset, Calen?"

"I'm not." He flipped the channel. The only thing remotely interesting on television was porn, and that was only because he hadn't seen it before. He clicked the TV off.

Cash came in with a beer at hand, taking a seat in the recliner. "Diana's sister called. She wants to get to know Diana. That's one of the reasons we were considering staying."

Calen met Diana's eyes. "Why didn't you tell me this?"

"I just found out this morning." She ran her fingers through her wet hair. "I'm trying to figure out everything."

Cash propped his feet up and lay back in the chair. "I told you not to worry about it."

"It's not that simple, Cash." She propped her head up on her palm and closed her eyes.

"What's not simple? We're going to have to fly either way. If we stay in L.A., then we'd fly out here at least twice a month. And vice versa if we lived here. When we have kids, we'd probably fly less, but our families would still come see us. I don't get what the big deal is." He tipped his beer to his lips and drank before propping it on his knee again. "The only question here is where do you want to live?"

Calen waited for her response, and it never came. He figured she'd jump on the chance to get to know her family, and he had no right to tell her not to. But it didn't mean he wouldn't miss her.

"I'm going to bed. I got nothing done today which means twice the work for tomorrow." Calen stood and headed to the stairs.

"Calen?" Diana turned to meet his eyes. "Please don't be mad at me."

He nodded before climbing the stairs. It didn't matter what he thought. He, like A.J., was cut out of her life, and out of her bed.

Somehow, he should have expected it. Sooner or later, he had to know that three men couldn't share one woman equally. But he hadn't guarded his heart and had fallen hard for her. Now he had to live with it.

* * * *

Diana stared at Cash. "I thought you said they wouldn't care."

"No. What I said was they can live without us for the week."

She stood. "This isn't what I planned to come home to."

She traipsed up the stairs and headed to the bedroom. Who the hell was she kidding with this arrangement? It was hard enough pleasing one man, much less three. And now her sister might possibly come into the picture.

She changed from her wet clothes to dry pajamas. Cash came in seconds later wearing boxers and nothing else. "Don't let them influence you."

She sat on the edge of the bed. "I kind of have to. It's not just about me, Cash. It's about all of us. L.A. has some great benefits, but I like the comfort and security Kenyon gives me—all three of you give me. I thought maybe we could build a house together. There isn't too much room left in this one for additional people." She grinned. "And maybe since it's summer, Roxanne can come out here for a week or so. I don't know what we'd do, but it's worth a shot."

Cash crossed the room. "So it's final? We're staying in Kenyon?"

"Yeah." She lay back against the mattress. "I couldn't stop thinking about our future kids missing their uncles. I know our kids would have us but they need Calen and A.J. I need them too."

Cash grinned. "So we build a house to raise our kids in and play with Calen and A.J. on the weekends?"

"Why are you grinning?"

"Because you're so damn cute." He crawled over her and kissed her mouth. "Just thinking of you makes me smile."

“I’m not cute.”

“Yes, you are.” He kissed her lips and lifted her hips so her pussy pressed against his cock. “Everything about you is cute.”

He started a slow grind, teasing her. Her pelvis rocked against him. She loved Cash and wanted to spend the rest of her life with him, but she loved his brothers too. She wanted to spend her life with all of them.

He slipped her pants over her hips and pushed her legs forward to pull them off, parting them when he was through. Diana sat up just enough to pull her shirt over her head. She tossed it to the side and reached up to cup the back of his head.

“Diana, when you get some time—” A.J. stopped when he stumbled in the door and saw them. “I swear you two need a hobby.”

Cash chuckled. “This is our hobby.”

Diana rolled her eyes. “What do you need, A.J.?”

“Uh.” A.J. stared at her breasts. “I wanted to ask you if...”

“Dude, you’re stumbling around your sentences like a guy that seen his first set of boobs.” Cash pulled back to shuck his boxers. “Tell her what you want and get out or shut up and get over here.”

A.J. shut up and crossed the room. Diana watched as he stripped off his clothes while keeping his eyes locked on her body. Cash’s fingers slipped between her folds, and he buried them deep inside her pussy.

A.J. cupped her breasts. “I don’t want you to stay in L.A.”

She pulled him to her for a kiss. Of all three men, A.J. was the most tender lover, and she loved that about him. He made her feel wanted and appreciated. Cash, on the other hand, made her feel hot and loved. One look from him and carnal deeds ran through her mind, each and every one something she wanted to try with him.

“Diana, we need to talk.” Calen entered the bedroom and stopped. He didn’t bother saying anymore. He stripped off the only thing he wore and joined them on the bed.

Calen made her feel safe and protected. She supposed it was because of their first meeting when he stopped everything to help her. Or maybe it was the uniform and badge.

“You can’t leave us, Diana.” Calen pulled her away from A.J.’s lips to meet his eyes. “I don’t want you stay in L.A. I want you here with us, where you belong.”

Cash chuckled and kissed her thigh. “We’re staying here, moron. We’re building a house of our own and only playing on the weekends, but we’re staying in Kenyon.”

Calen searched her eyes. “Is that true?”

She nodded. “Cash wants to get married and have kids. I know we’d do just fine in L.A., alone, but I don’t want my future kids to be away from their uncles.” She swallowed and met A.J.’s eyes. “And I don’t want to be away from you two either.”

Calen leaned forward and licked her nipple while A.J. resumed kissing her. Cash’s fingers slipped from her pussy and the blunt tip of his cock replaced them. Calen pulled back at the same time A.J. did. Cash pushed inside her.

“Oh, god.” Diana clutched A.J. and Calen’s arms.

Cash lifted her off the bed, completely imbedded inside her, and switched places so she was on top. He guided her along his shaft, pumping into her twice before saying, “Lube’s on the dresser.”

He pulled her forward and latched on to one breast. Diana closed her eyes. One brother left the bed, and the other brought his cock to her lips. Her lips parted and he pressed inside.

“You’re gorgeous, Diana,” Calen whispered in her ear. She hadn’t even heard him move. “A cock in your cunt and a cock between your lips makes me want to come right now.”

His finger brushed along her spine, which sent tingles throughout her body. Cash thrust into her, hands on her hips. A.J.’s hand cupped the back of her head as he drove his cock between her lips. Closing her eyes, she focused on nothing but the pleasure.

A dollop of lube pressed against her anus as Calen worked a finger inside. Excitement built as he prepared her for his cock, always taking his time to draw out their pleasure. Cash was impatient. His thrusts came harder, as did A.J.

“Hold still.” Calen gripped her hips above Cash’s hands. A.J. pulled back and fisted himself.

The slight pressure of Calen’s cock stretching her ass came next. Cash panted beneath her, frustration showing on his face. She couldn’t resist a kiss. Calen pushed in to the hilt.

“Oh, honey, your pretty ass is so fuckin’ tight.” Calen pulled out and plunged in again. “Shit, I’m not going to last worth a damn.”

Cash groaned. “Me either.”

Diana propped herself above Cash while they pumped inside her. A.J. lay back against the pillows fisting his cock as he watched them. She reached out for him, and he moved closer, bringing his dick to her lips.

All three of the men she loved filled her in some way.

Her first orgasm came unexpectedly. She closed her eyes and, reveling in the pleasure, sucked A.J.’s cock harder.

None of them gave her any reprieve. A.J. fisted his hands in her hair as he shoved his cock to the back of her throat. She loved being filled with them. A.J.’s come spurted into her mouth and slid down her throat as he rocked his hips against her. His harsh groan blasted over the grunts of the other men as they fucked her.

Cash reached between them to rub her sensitive clit. She gasped, collapsed against him, and cried out as she came again. Calen cursed and thrust harder.

“Oh, god. Oh, god.” Diana gasped. Calen smacked her cheeks with his hand as he moved inside her. She clenched her ass at the contact and pushed Calen over the edge of sanity, and he shot jets of semen inside her.

She panted for breath. Sweat slicked her skin as she lay there on top of Cash, who had yet to come. Calen pulled away from her, and

Cash flipped their positions and folded her legs to her chest, thrusting hard.

She cried out. She curled her fingers in the sheets beneath her and let him give her pleasure.

“One more time, babe.” Cash’s balls slapped against her. “Come for me one more time.”

She closed her eyes and screamed, her pussy gripping his cock hard within her. Tears leaked from her eyes and rolled down her cheeks to mingle with her sweat. Cash didn’t bother holding back. His grunt of satisfaction came as he separated her legs and leaned forward to kiss her.

She hugged him tight as he collapsed on top of her. “That’s the homecoming I waited for all day.”

A.J. and Calen laughed. She loved them and told them so. Cash pushed up from her embrace and rolled to the side. “We’re inviting Roxanne to stay with us a week out here.”

Calen kissed Diana’s forehead. “I can’t wait to meet your family.”

Diana sat up and turned to face the three men. “I love you all, but you wore me out and I want some sleep.”

“Oh, no.” Cash grabbed her hand and wrapped her fingers around his cock. “I wanted sleep earlier today and you wanted to talk. Now I want sex and you’re not about to sleep.”

She narrowed her eyes at the devious grin on his face. “You think you’re so clever, don’t you?”

Her thumb swirled around the tip of his cock, tracing the slit at the top. Cash nodded. She glanced up to see Calen’s cock hardening. A.J.’s pointed directly at her.

“Is this a challenge? See who tires first?”

The men shared a look. “Sounds good to us.”

She leaned down to kiss Cash’s cock. “Let the games begin.”

Epilogue

Two years later...

“Look at those four.” Brenda pointed to Calen, A.J., and Cash, who rolled on the ground with Sienna, his and Diana’s eighteen-month-old daughter.

Diana smiled rubbing her swollen belly. She was five months along with their second baby, and she couldn’t be happier. The men loved that little girl more than life itself. Life had finally become what she wanted it to be.

“Your sisters are expecting to come out sometime next week. I’m hoping you’ll house a couple.” Brenda gave her daughter a pleading look.

Diana had to admit that having her mother around helped greatly. Ever since the good senator was arrested, Brenda moved to Kenyon with Roxanne intending to get to know Diana again and be around her first granddaughter.

“I’ll take Roxanne,” Diana said with a chuckle. “Dana and Denise are all yours.”

“Marie and Tyler are coming out too.” Brenda shrugged. “I’m all they know as a mother, really. I still consider them family despite what their father did.”

Diana leaned back in her chair. “I’m surprised the good senator agreed to let them.”

“Me too.”

Sienna ran toward her mother with open arms. Diana grinned and lifted her onto her lap. “Are you having fun, pumpkin?”

Cash kissed Diana's lips and sat in front of her on the grass. "What are you two talking about?"

Calen and A.J. joined them and plopped down on the ground. Diana stared at the three men and couldn't possibly hide the grin on her face. She loved them.

"You," Brenda said. "You're getting some houseguests this weekend." She reached for the child, and Sienna went to her.

Cash met Diana's eyes, and she couldn't hold back her laugh. "You'll live, honey."

Her diamond ring caught the light of the sun, nearly blinding her. She loved being married to Cash. After Diana moved to Kenyon, Cash insisted they marry the next day. Thankfully, the church wasn't booked, and the two could have a small private ceremony. He was everything she wanted and dreamed about.

Calen and A.J. fit perfectly in their lives as well. They still lived in the main house together, and all four of them loved each other. With Sienna in the picture now, she couldn't ask for a better life for her daughter. Their relationship, while unconventional, left her completely satisfied.

"Oh, come on, Cash." Brenda kissed her granddaughter. "Your daughter's aunts want to spend time with her. Your sisters-in-law can't wait to see you."

He rolled his eyes and pulled Diana's chair closer to him so he could rest his head on her lap. "Calen and A.J. can keep them at the house."

Calen shook his head. "No way. There's more room at your place."

"I'll give you fifty bucks," Cash said. Diana ran her fingers through his hair.

"No amount of money could possibly compensate. Give us Sienna for the weekend and you've got a deal." A.J. arched an eyebrow.

Cash paused, and Diana thought he would consider it. "She won't stay with you all night. She'd miss her mommy too much."

As if on cue, Sienna climbed out of her grandmother's lap and came to Diana, expecting her mother to pick her up. Instead, Cash lifted her into his arms and fell back with her on his chest. She giggled at him.

"Fine. Give us Diana and Sienna for the weekend." Calen and A.J. laughed at Cash's scowl.

"You boys are ornery. They're your family now too." Brenda stood. "I'm going to pour us some lemonade."

A.J. stood and stretched. "I need to make my rounds for the cattle. You gonna miss me while I'm gone, sweetie?"

Diana smiled. "Of course."

He walked the short distance to kiss her. "We could put Dana and Denise with Cash and keep you and Sienna with us."

She shook her head, grinning. "You and I both know that won't work. Dana would start in about politics, and someone will end up shot."

A.J. chuckled and headed to the truck. Her sisters loved picking on Cash. Granted, Diana knew how much fun it was, but Cash didn't play with her sisters. Over the years, he'd actually get mad and storm off at some of the comments they made to him. He, of all the Kirby men, liked her sisters the least.

Calen pulled a seat beside Diana and watched Cash and Sienna. "When's your next doctor's appointment?"

"Thursday, four o'clock." She grabbed his hand and linked their fingers. "You coming along?"

Calen smiled and kissed her. "Of course. This is our little boy, you know. I'm not going to miss the first picture of our little boy."

She snorted. "You don't know that. It could be another girl."

He shook his head and watched Sienna. "Nope. It's a boy. I know it."

He smiled when Sienna ran from Cash, and he grabbed her and tickled her again. She was such a happy child, and Diana felt truly

blessed with her family. She laid her cheek against his shoulder and closed her eyes. Life couldn't get any better.

Calen cupped her cheek and pressed a kiss against her forehead. He was always protecting her and she loved it. "Have you thought about any names yet?"

"Not yet. I figured since Cash and I named Sienna, that you and A.J. could name the next one."

"Mama!"

She opened her eyes in time to see Sienna crash into her legs. Cash laughed, coming after her, tickling her as she tried to climb in Diana's lap. Diana playfully slapped his hands away and kissed her little girl.

"Tell Daddy to leave you alone."

Sienna smiled, pretending to be bashful. Calen kissed her and held out his arms. "Come here. I won't let Daddy bother you."

Sienna settled in his arms, grinning the entire time at Cash. She loved them as much as Diana did.

"I guess since A.J. went off to take care of the animals I should check on those damn sheep." He leaned forward to kiss his wife. "I love you."

He tapped Sienna's nose with his finger. "You, little girl, are too cute for your own good."

After he left, Sienna reached for Calen's hand, insisting he be the next to play with her. He took her to the tree swing they built and sat her in the bucket seat, strapping her in before he pushed her.

"You know, I must say you have three fine men that love and adore you and that baby." Brenda sat the pitcher of lemonade on the table between them before she poured them a glass.

"They do love us," Diana agreed. "Calen thinks I'm having a boy."

"Nah. It'll be another girl." Brenda smiled. "What does Cash think?"

Diana lifted her glass to her lips. "He doesn't care. He wants a houseful, and it doesn't matter what their gender is."

Brenda arched an eyebrow. "You gonna give him a houseful?"

She laughed. "Not at once. We're stopping for a little while after this one is born."

"Hey, party people." Roxanne plopped down in Calen's seat. "What's up?"

Diana glanced over at her teenage sister. "Not much. Where have you been?"

"Inside. A.J. showed me this new video game, and I've been working my butt off to beat his high score. I'm second place right now."

Diana shook her head. "Should have known."

Two hands covered her eyes, and someone whispered in her ear. "Meet me in the bedroom."

Lips kissed her before the man walked off, giving her his back. She turned in her seat and grinned. *What is he up to?* Diana excused herself and followed him inside the house to the bedroom where he stood stripping.

"You're insatiable," she said from the doorway.

He glanced up. "You knew that before you married me."

"And I'm what? Your little love slave?"

He shrugged. "It's fifty-fifty I think. You do me, I do you. It's only fair since we're married. You sure as hell enjoyed last night when you pulled your little dominatrix routine on me."

He motioned to the bed, and Diana found her feet carrying her there. He took his time undressing her, making sure he kissed her thoroughly. She wanted nothing but his touch; needed it actually, more than she needed anything else.

"Aren't you supposed to be checking on the animals?" Diana asked lying back against the pillows.

He grinned. "It was my excuse to get you naked. I asked A.J. to take care of it."

She didn't know what to say. Thankfully, his mouth covered hers and wiped out any thoughts of conversation she had. He pushed her legs to the side and, raising one leg over his, slid in behind her. She was wide open to him and he gently pushed his cock inside her.

Cash took it slow, kissing her shoulder as his hips thrust lightly into her body. His hand cupped her breast and pulled her to his body, the warmth of his skin nearly searing her back. She closed her eyes as he made love to her.

"I love you, baby." He pressed his forehead against her neck. "I always will."

He told her often, nearly every day. She smiled as she thought about it. To Cash, telling her and showing her love, was integral to their relationship. Sometimes he took the liberty to tell her multiple times throughout the day. Out of the blue, he'd come on the two-way radio and make her laugh or cry—depending on her mood—with his declaration. He also favored sweet, handwritten notes left with her coffee cup in the morning. Or a message written in the fog on the mirror after his shower. He loved her, and there was no doubt in her mind about it.

Tears filled her eyes as she came. His hand covered her belly as he held her, kissing her neck. She clutched his arms and held him tight, refusing to let go when he finally decided to move away.

"You okay?"

She rolled to her back and looked up at him. "I'm wonderful."

He kissed her lips, then the trail her tears made. "Why are you crying?"

She closed her eyes and burrowed against him, embarrassed. "I just love you, that's all." She chuckled. "And I'm hormonal."

Cash pulled her tighter. "I figured it was because your sisters are spending the weekend with us."

She snorted. "Everything will be okay. It's just two days."

He groaned. "Two fucking long days."

“Don’t let them bother you, sweetie.” She cupped his cheek. “I’ll make it up to you when they leave.”

He pulled back and narrowed his eyes at her. “How do you suppose you’ll to do that?”

“I’ll do whatever you want to do Monday night after they leave. No complaints.”

“That’s pretty general. Are you sure you want to commit to that?”

“I’m sure.” She pushed off the mattress. “Anything.”

“Great. I’ll cash in on that offer after you’ve had the baby.” He sat up.

“Why then?”

“Because you can’t do what I want to do pregnant.” He gave her a mischievous grin.

“I can only imagine.”

He laughed. “It’s something Dirty Diana did in one of her films.”

“Now I don’t want to imagine.”

“You said anything.”

She rolled her eyes. “I figured you’d take pity on me while I was pregnant.”

Cash brushed a stray hair from her cheek. “You really shouldn’t have given me a copy of *Jungle Jane*.”

She narrowed her eyes. That was the last movie she made. *What could he possibly want to do?* “What in *Jungle Jane* do you want to do?”

He sighed. “It’s not from *Jungle Jane*. And if I tell you, it’s no fun. It should be a surprise.”

“Tell me anyway.”

He cupped her cheeks and kissed her. “I want to reenact the rain scene from *Unlaced*. It’s not dirty, not kinky, but you definitely can’t do it while you’re pregnant.”

She smiled. “Then why did you bring up *Jungle Jane*?”

“After I watched your last movie, I pulled out my favorites.” He shrugged and stood. “Boys will be boys. *Unlaced* is one of my all-

time favorites, and the rain scene still gets me hard. I'm hard just thinking about it."

"You're disturbed." She sat up and met his eyes. He grinned at her and she couldn't help smiling back. Diana pushed him to his back and leaned down to take his cock into her mouth.

"Ah, yes." Cash groaned. "I'm completely disturbed, but it's a good kind of disturbed."

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Lexie's love for writing began when she wrote her first play in fourth grade. With a big imagination and love for creating worlds, she wrote several more scripts that have placed first in contests. She loves to read but didn't pick up a romance novel until high school and fell in love with the genre. Now she writes steamy stories, with heartfelt characters, letting her imagination take her wherever it may go.



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