



*the  
farmer's  
daughter*

jessa kane

# THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER

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JESSA KANE

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Cassie

**T**oday is my eighteenth birthday and there is only one present I truly want.

It seems like I've always wanted this particular gift.

Miles Corbett.

He watches me now from across the room, as usual, his gray-green eyes peeking out from beneath the brim of his cowboy hat. His lean is casual against my parents' dining room table, those rugged arms crossed over his chest, but there's an air of tension about him. A crackle of life surrounding the man that warns his pose might seem relaxed, but he can streak like lightning if provoked.

I bring the fork to my mouth and lick off the frosting slowly.

Am I imagining things or does a ripple go through Miles?

Not wanting to be caught staring by my father, I swing my gaze around the room, smiling at some of the other guests, mainly friends of my dad and some of the more trusted farm employees, like Mooney, our horse trainer.

Earlier this week, I had a birthday dinner in town with my friends from school and this is more of a family gathering.

Remembering the way Miles sat outside the restaurant, waiting for me to finish dinner so he could drive me home

safely, makes the nape of my neck tingle now. Is my self-appointed caretaker still watching me from across the room?

I don't get the chance to look, because my father comes up beside me and pats me on the shoulder. "Are you having a good birthday, honey?"

"Yes." I smile brightly. "The best."

Well. Almost.

"I can't believe it." He lets out a hoot and slaps his knee. "My girl is eighteen. Can you believe it, Miles?"

A short pause. "No. I can't."

My father has had more than usual to drink and the alcohol has made him merry, nostalgic. "You've known her since she was in pigtails," he says to Miles. "Ain't that right?"

A muscle pops in Miles's jaw. "She stills wears her hair in pigtails sometimes."

Hot molasses churns in my tummy. Does he like when I braid my long blonde hair in pigtails? Or is he irritated by the childish style? It's hard to tell. This man is impossible to read even though I've known him half my life. He's taught me how to ride a horse, mend a border fence and predict the weather, but for the life of me, I don't know if he regards me as a child...or a woman.

I'll find out tonight.

I can still remember the first time my body responded to Miles. His strength and masculinity. His power and presence. It was the summer I turned fifteen when the restless frustration started and it has yet to abate. There he was one afternoon, offloading bales of hay at the entrance to the barn, his shirt off, those hair-covered muscles glowing in the sun, his hair in disarray like he'd just come from bed.

Without knowing what I needed—or how I'd get it—I ran to my room and unfastened my jeans, shoving my fingers into my underwear and searching, searching, until I found the spot that felt good, felt right, and I rubbed myself silly thinking of

Miles and his big chest. His flexing arm muscles and how they would feel around me in the dark.

My first orgasm was in Miles's name. As well as every one since.

But they've lost their luster. I need more than my own touch.

I need *him*.

"Been meaning to tell you, Miles," continues my father, jolting me from my lustful reverie. "We've got a farm hand coming for an interview tomorrow. Some young kid from up north. Seemed nice over the phone."

Miles's hand pauses on its way to pick up his bottle of beer, then slowly starts moving again, his big fingers sliding around the neck. "He got references?"

"Yes. If the interview goes well, I'll check them before hiring."

"Uh-huh." Miles takes a long pull of his beer. "Could use some help." His eyes stray to me and seem to deepen in color. "But only if he's fit to be around the girl."

The girl.

I love *and* hate when he calls me that. Love it because at least he's recognizing the fact that I'm the opposite sex. Hate it because I want him to see me as a woman. *The girl* is usually how he refers to me when speaking to my father, but I don't know why. Maybe I'll ask him tonight. When we're alone.

My father is chuckling at Miles's response. "You always have been mighty protective of Cassie, haven't you?" He cradles his drink to his chest, eyes distant like he's digging through memories. "Wasn't it a couple of years back when you had me fire the groundkeeper for spitting tobacco in Cassie's presence?"

"Sure was." With a deep groove forming between his brows, Miles pushes off the table. "If you'll excuse me, I'm going to turn in for the night."

As I've done countless times, I imagine him slipping into the sheets of his bed, naked, that hard-working body finally at rest. A flurry of heat takes place beneath my belly button. Is tonight going to be when I find out what he really looks like in bed? Will I finally be sliding into those sheets beside him?

I'm a woman now.

He has no reason to say no.

Unless...he doesn't want me.

Worry over that possibility has me chewing on my lip as Miles passes, on his way to the front door. Everyone has gone back to their jovial conversations, but I keep tabs on Miles during his journey to the door. Just before he exits, he pauses. Hesitates. Then he takes a small box out of his pocket and leaves it on the entry table, flicking a glance back at me over his shoulder.

I'm breathless by the time the door closes behind him, desperately trying to appear nonchalant on my way to retrieve the box.

Thank goodness for the alcohol because no one seems to notice when I escape to my bedroom with the box, tearing the paper off and ripping open the tiny lid. And there, nestled in cotton is a necklace.

Not just any necklace, though.

A choker.

The band is simple, thick black ribbon, the two sides connected with a ruby red heart, right in the center. Something about the design, the fact that it's a necklace meant to be worn tight, gives me the urge to tug down my panties and pet myself between the legs. I want to put the choker in my mouth and let it muffle my moans of Miles's name. I'm so hot. So wet. I'm burning.

It takes all of my willpower not to touch myself, but to wait.

Wait for him.



This gift has to be a sign that he'll welcome me tonight,  
right?

Not too much longer and I'll know for sure.

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Miles

**Y**ou should be ashamed of yourself.

Those are the same six words I say to myself every night when I walk in the door to my bunkhouse—and goddamn, are they true.

I had no right to give Cassie that piece of jewelry tonight. Had no right to study the curve of her throat while her father spoke to me.

Trusted me.

The man should *not* trust me.

My thoughts are depraved and wicked when it comes to his daughter and they flame to life now, urging me to take my cell phone out of my back pocket. I open the photo library and find the one from earlier tonight. Cassie sitting on the kitchen counter in her party dress, her thighs open just enough to show off her pink panties, her head thrown back with laughter.

“Fuck.” I mash the screen against my mouth, growling in pain as my cock swells to life in my jeans. “*FUCK!*”

I should delete it. I should delete it now.

I absolutely should not lay the device down on my pillow and fuck my own hand while imagining it’s her innocent pussy locked around my dick.

Knowing it's only a matter of time before I give in and jack myself into oblivion, I nonetheless make an attempt to be civilized, throwing my phone with a clatter across the kitchen table. Immediately, I miss Cassie's image. Miss her, period. "You're old enough to be her father, you sick prick," I growl, starting to pace.

Fine, that's a stretch.

I'm thirty-six, so I'd be a pretty young father, but that is exactly double her age and there is no excuse for the lust she stirs in me. *None*. Especially considering how long I've known the girl. She did quite a lot of growing up before I started noticing she'd changed into a woman, but when I noticed, I noticed hard—and there's no escaping this obsession now.

She occupies my mind every minute of the day.

Every morning, I start fresh, swearing I'm going to stay away from her, but I break the vow within an hour. I'll be taking stock of cattle and suddenly, there's Cassie, running toward me in slow motion with her braless tits spilling out of her flimsy tank top, her eyes shining with youth and excitement.

*Can I ride, Miles?*

I might be well aware she's referring to riding a horse, but every morning, it takes every ounce of my control not to drag her into the barn and teach her how to ride a man, instead. This man. Her man.

*You are not her man. You can't be.*

Cassie's father is my oldest friend. The employer who trusts me.

I cannot fuck his eighteen-year-old daughter.

It would be the ultimate betrayal of trust and I value my honor.

I treasure the trust I've been given by him, to run his farm, protect his beautiful daughter and keep his mind at ease.

Still.

My eyes tick to the cell phone across the room where Cassie's picture still lights up the screen. I'm kidding myself if I think I'll ever make it through tonight without blowing my usual load, pretending it's the one that'll get Cassie pregnant with my child. I have to do it. My throbbing cock gives me no choice.

On my way to grab the phone and bring it to bed, there's a knock at the door and I stiffen. "Who's there?"

A long pause ticks by. "It's me. Cassie."

My loins grow heavy, tight. What the hell is she doing here? I've never allowed her inside my bunkhouse—for good reason—and she's never tried to come in, especially after dark. Especially after I've had a couple of beers that could impair my judgment. "You shouldn't be here, Cassie. Get on home."

"I-I'm eighteen now, Miles," she stammers, hurting my heart. "I can be wherever I choose."

Unable to help myself, I move toward the door, laying my forehead on the coarse wood. "Yes, but it isn't a good idea."

"Why not?"

*Because I want too badly to see what my cock looks like sinking into your pretty mouth.* And I'm just buzzed enough to find out. The fact that I haven't been with a woman since I started working on this farm isn't helping matters. I'm horny, hard up, aching. My body wants relief, but it only wants it from Cassie.

"Why isn't it a good idea?" she prompts again, through the door.

"You think your daddy would want you in here with me, girl? Alone and after dark? It's not appropriate."

"Nobody has to know," she murmurs. "Don't you want to see what the necklace looks like on me?"

*Yes, angel. Fuck yes I do.*

I know I shouldn't have given her something so personal, so symbolic, but I burn to see Cassie in something I paid for. Something I chose. It's a fantasy of mine to have total control

of Cassie's clothes. To make her plans and reward her for executing them like a good girl. When I saw the choker, I almost went insane with the need to wrap it around her neck. Tie it tight. Let everyone know she's mine.

*She's not. She can't be.*

"Go home, Cassie—"

"Miles..." Her voice trembles and I'm instantly on alert. "I-I think there's a coyote out here—"

The door is unlocked and opened instantly. Heart hammering, I pull her into my arms and turn her protectively, scanning the dark for a predator that would dare to put her in danger. Of course, there is none.

I kick the door shut and turn to face my too-young, too-beautiful obsession.

She giggles.

"Brat."

Cassie gasps, but she's still smiling. "You can't call me names on my birthday."

"Oh, *now* she wants to follow rules?"

Sexual frustration gives my voice a harder edge than intended and her face falls a little, making me want to kick myself. "Don't be mad at me, Miles. Please?"

"I don't know how to be mad at you."

"I know," she says softly.

When there was a possibility she might be in danger, I was distracted. But that distraction fades fast in her presence, and for the first time, I see what she's wearing. An oversized coat, no shoes...and the choker I gave her.

My cock was already stiff when she arrived but it stretches the denim of my jeans now and I turn away quickly and pour myself a glass of whiskey, hoping she didn't notice the state I'm in. The same state I'm in frequently throughout the day, causing me to jerk off in dark corners of the barn, behind the

bunk house, out in the field. This girl has me fucking my hand five times a day and I *need* that relief now.

“You need to go, Cassie. *Now.*”

“I love the necklace. There’s something about it...” I can feel the heat of her breath in the middle of my back and I have to bite down on my tongue to keep from moaning. “Wearing it makes me feel like we have a secret.”

“We don’t,” I growl, slamming down my drink. “Don’t read anything into it.”

“What about the way you watch me? Or when boys come knocking on the door and you put the fear of God in them? Should I read anything into that?”

“No,” I rasp. “Of course I’m protective. I think of you as a...”

Moments slip by. “You can’t say it. Because you don’t think of me as a daughter. You never have.” Her palm skims up the center of my back. “Do you, Miles?”

If she keeps touching me, I have no idea what I’ll do. I’ve hugged her before and that almost killed me. Tonight is different. Tonight her touch has intent. She wants something—and I’m still in disbelief that something is me. Has she felt like this long? Or is she just confused by her eighteen-year-old hormones. “What did you come here for?”

She’s silent so long, I have no choice but to turn slightly and her expression makes my heart lurch. She’s nervous, trying to gather her courage. I should tell the girl she’s on a fool’s mission and send her home, but I can only hold my breath and watch like a perverted old man as she opens the jacket and lets it fall to the ground, leaving her totally, breathtakingly naked.

“*Cassie,*” I choke out, semen rifling from the head of my erection. *Ah, sweet motherfucker.* I fist the spasming flesh through my jeans, squeezing until the pain halts my flow of pleasure. It fires right back through, as soon as I let go, my mouth turning as dry as dust. *How?* How can she be so perfect? How can she be better than my fantasies?

Her tits are high, round globes, tipped with nipples the color of her blushing cheeks, the ends of her long blonde hair brushing those perky points. Her hands flutter around her hips nervously, as if they weren't sculpted by God himself, curved and smooth and glowing like the rest of her, connecting to lithe thighs I've imagined locked around my head and hips countless times.

*Don't look at her pussy.*

Jesus help me. *Don't look.*

I never stand a chance.

"Fucking Christ," I breathe, my knees dipping. "Look at that sweet little cunt."

It's a smooth, succulent mound that could fit right into my palm, a shallow valley running up the center. So shallow that the pink hood hiding her clitoris peeks out at me, shyly letting me know it would be so easy to play with. Letting me know if I was a man with no honor, Cassie's virgin bounty would be mine for the taking.

And ah, fuck. I want so badly to take.

I want to feel her hymen pop, hear her gasp in response. Comfort her through the pain. Talk her through our first time. Ride her harder, harder, harder until I can't tell where one of my thrusts finishes and the next one starts.

"Say something," she whispers, trailing her fingers up her rib cage. "Please?"

"Cassie..." I drag a hand down my face. "There's nothing and no one in this world even half as magnificent as you. You're an angel. Like nothing I could have imagined. But I can't do it. I can't take what you're offering."

Her lids flutter. "You can't. But...you *want* to?"

"*Want* to?" I reach down and adjust the steel behind my fly, frustration making my tongue loose. "Little girl, if you weren't my employer's daughter and half my goddamn age, I'd already have you crammed full of dick where you stand."

Cassie's lips pop open and she falls back a step.

I curse. “I shouldn’t have said that. I’m sorry.”

“I’m not. I was just...shocked.” She twines a strand of blonde hair around her finger, mesmerizing me. “I’ve never heard you talk that way.”

My swallow is heavy. “I’d kill a man for speaking like that to you.”

“I know,” she whispers, stepping closer.

For the life of me, I can’t move away. I can only stand there and let Cassie press that sweet, too-young body up against mine, flattening her luscious tits on my abdomen. Her palms rake up my chest and settle on my shoulders and it takes all of my self-restraint not to wrap her legs around my hips and go for broke bouncing her up and down on this aching cock until I come.

“Don’t tempt me like this,” I growl, curling my shaking hands into fists. “I’ve been trusted with your protection, but there *is* no one to protect you from *me*. You hear? I am not your innocent schoolgirl crush.” I press my hot mouth to her temple. “I would need to own you in ways you don’t understand, Cassie. That choker is only the beginning.”

Her nipples turn to such tight spikes, I can feel them through my shirt and it does nothing to bolster my willpower. “Tell me everything, Miles,” she says, coaxingly. “I can decide for myself.”

“*No.*” I take her shoulders in my hands, intending to push her away from me, but I end up crushing her closer, instead, inhaling her magnolia scent like a fiend. “I won’t confess my depravities to you. You’d never look at me the same way again and I couldn’t bear that.”

“You don’t know how I look at you. You have no idea.” She tilts her head back, slaying me with her baby blue eyes. “I thought...I thought you’d at least give me my first kiss. I’ve always imagined having it with you.”

*Goddamn*, that mouth is so inviting. “Cassie...”

“Please?”



Her breathy plea is my undoing. My control withers away. I can feel myself being sentenced to hell as I lean down and brush my hard, damaged lips across the sweetest pair ever created. A groan fires up from deep inside of me. Even better than I dreamed. She's soft and supple and delicious. She waits for me to teach her, eyelids heavy, mouth parted. Ordering myself to go slow, I lick into her mouth and she whimpers, going up on her toes, plastering that virginal body against mine, slipping her smaller tongue out to tease mine hesitantly—and I feel that stroke of her tongue deep in my cock.

*Mine.*

*You've always been mine.*

If I continue to kiss her, I'll be riding her untouched pussy within minutes.

Nothing will stop me.

I'll have ruined this girl—and sentenced her to a life of dealing with my over-the-top fascination with her. Because I would never let Cassie go once I've had her. *Never*. So I have to resist the urge to take her at all costs. I'm not going to betray her father *and* sentence her to a life with my obsession in one fell swoop.

Though it causes me pain, I break the kiss that leaves both of us panting. "You had your first kiss, now go," I rasp, bending down to swipe her coat off the floor, wrapping it around her trembling body. She doesn't want to leave and she's making it obvious. Her mouth is swollen, her eyes bright with arousal. If I want her to save herself, I have to be harsh, even if it kills me. "I said, *get out*, Cassie." I push through the agony of watching her eyes flood with tears. "You're just a child."

As expected, that statement stings her pride. Especially today, when she legally became an adult and was so proud of that fact. I *hate* myself as she runs crying from the bunkhouse into the night, but I don't chase after her. As badly as I want to. I will always do what's best for her, and this is one of those times.

*I'm saving you, Cassie.*

I believe that. I do. So why is my chest splitting down the middle?

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## Cassie

I swipe away another army of tears as they roll down my cheeks.

It's the morning after my birthday and I've picked a secluded spot way out in the pasture to lick my wounds. I'm not sure how I would explain my blotchy cheeks and red eyes to my father, so I'm staying far away from the farm.

For the thousandth time this morning, I replay the scene inside Miles's bunkhouse last night. I can't believe he rejected me. Have I been imagining his affection for me this whole time? Was I naïve to think I would show up naked and he'd fall at my feet, asking for my hand in marriage?

Oh yeah, I was. Embarrassingly, stupidly naïve.

As soon as I'm done having this cry, I'm going to head back to the house to Google ways to change my identity and flee the country. How am I ever going to look him in the eye again, knowing he doesn't think of me as anything but a child?

My heart wails like a lone wolf in my chest and I flop back in the tall grass, wishing there were clouds in the sky, so I'd at least have a chance of getting struck by lightning. More tears track paths down my temples and I don't bother wiping these ones away. Maybe I'll just cry forever—

An unfamiliar face appears above me.

A scream lodges in my throat and I push up on my hands, crab walking backwards a few feet. “Wh-who are you?” With my heart going a hundred miles an hour, I suck in a breath and scream at the tops of my lungs, even though it’s futile. I’m way too far from the farm. “*Miles!*”

How telling it is that I scream for him and not my own father.

Whether or not he rejected me, Miles would still guard me with his life. My father loves me, but I’ve never been quite so sure he would do the same.

“Now, hold on, miss,” says the man, in a Yankee accent. New York or Boston, maybe? “I won’t do you any harm.”

The sun has been in my eyes, so I’ve only caught the barest glimpse of the stranger. His head blocks the light now, bringing his face into view and...my tummy gives a little kick, my toes curling in the grass. Who *is* this man?

His hair is black as night, unruly, eyes a deep, haunting gold.

He’s extending a hand to me and I see it’s covered in tattoos. Rough ones, with no discernable rhyme or reason. My, he’s tall. Almost as tall as Miles and I’ve spent most of my life thinking Miles was a giant.

I’d feel so small between them.

I’m not sure where that thought comes from, but it makes goosebumps rake up my arms and my palms turn damp. *Stop being an idiot, Cassie. You could be in danger right now.* How many times has Miles warned me to stay out of situations where I’m alone with men? Hundreds. I square my shoulders and try to sound confident, instead of fearful. “Who *are* you?”

The young man visibly shakes himself. “I’m sorry, I...just. Hell if you don’t have me tongue tied. I was driving by down on the road and I thought you might be a mirage or something.” His golden gaze falls to my bare legs and he curses, wetting his lips. “I’m Sam. I’m interviewing for a farm hand position just up the road.”

“Oh.” Relief floods me at finding out he’s not a random drifter. “That’s my daddy’s farm. I’m—”

“Gorgeous. You’re...” His laugh sounds pained. “I’m still not sure you’re real.”

Even though I know I should be wary, after the harsh way Miles spoke to me last night, Sam’s compliments are like a balm on my open cuts. “Thank you,” I murmur, holding out my hand for a shake. “I’m also Cassie.”

“Cassie,” he breathes, taking my hand, shooting a current of energy straight up the limb. “Baby, you ought to be inside where it’s safe.”

And then he drops to his knees in front of me, bringing my hand to his mouth, pressing his slightly parted lips to my knuckles, kissing them in a way I know must be indecent. It reminds me of the way Miles kissed my mouth last night. “Am I not safe with you?” I ask, not taking my hand back. Nor wanting to.

A smile makes the corner of his mouth creep up. “What do you mean by safe?” His voice is husky and it thickens my pulse, turns my nipples to tight, concentrated aches. With him closer now, his dangerous good looks are even more apparent. The slight crookedness of his nose makes me think he’s a boxer. A fighter. A man who has seen things far beyond my secluded farm.

“I mean...are you going to hurt me?”

“Hurt you?” Genuine puzzlement transforms his expression. “God, no, I’m not going to hurt you, Cassie.” He’s still holding my hand and he turns it over now, studying it with fascination. “I’ve known you for two minutes and I want to protect you. Is that crazy?”

“I don’t know.” Although I speak the truth, there definitely is something happening here. With Sam kneeling in front of me, there’s a restlessness in my tummy, like my body is craving an anchor. But...this is how I feel when I’m around Miles. I’ve spent time with other men, too, so I know these are unique sensations. None of my teachers or guys I went to

school with make me feel this way. None of the farm workers who have passed through, either.

Only these two men seem to turn a dial to ten inside me when they're near and...I want to understand why. I want to *explore* why. Meaning, I don't want Sam to leave yet. Not that he's showing any signs of going. Or even letting go of my hand.

“Where are you from?”

Gold eyes tick to mine. “Originally? Boston.”

*Originally.* “Have you been traveling?”

His body language turns guarded, his jaw going tight, eyes evasive. “I'd rather talk about you.” He brings my hand to his face, pressing his nose to my wrist and inhaling deeply. “Are you old enough to be sitting this close to me with your legs open, Cassie?”

“Legs open—” I look down and realize I've crisscrossed my legs. In a skirt. The fresh pair of pink underwear I put on this morning are almost completely showing. Flushing to the roots of my hair, I curl both of my legs to one side, yanking my skirt down as far as it will go, which is about halfway to my knees. “I-I didn't know.” I swallow hard. “But to answer your question, I turned eighteen yesterday.”

Sam's eyes close tight, his breath coming faster against my wrist. “Thank you, Jesus.” Gold peeks out between his lids and I feel his attention roaming over my breasts, making my nipples peg inside my tank top.

His touch feels restrained. Like it could give way at any moment.

He settles my hand on his shoulder and walks closer on his knees, looming over me, blocking out the sun. With his eyes holding on to mine, he trails a finger up my throat slowly, slowly, eventually tipping up my chin.

Through the thin layer of his white T-shirt, I see his shoulder muscles tense, hear his breath turn short, labored. The wildness of his energy makes me wish for Miles. Not Miles alone. Miles *and* Sam. Miles wouldn't let anything

happen to me. I could just give in and enjoy the excitement Sam stirs in me without worrying my lack of wits would land me in trouble. Miles would keep a tight rein on everything and maybe if I was lucky, he would touch me, too.

Both of them might.

Thoughts of Miles, along with Sam's touch and presence, have turned my panties moist. There's a yearning in my tummy that makes my backside restless on the grass and I need something, something, so when Sam leans in close to kiss me, I soften my mouth and prepare for the kiss I want. The kiss I *need*—

A shotgun cocks behind me.



Sam

TODAY IS NOT the first time I heard the click of a shotgun loading.

It's not even the first time I've had one aimed in my direction.

It *does* mark the first time I've had one pointed at me while my dick is harder than steel and I've got the most beautiful woman alive sitting in front of me.

Excellent timing.

Careful not to move any part of my body, lest some of it get blown off, I tick my eyes up at the man—and goddamn, there is murder written all over his features.

“Back the fuck away from the girl,” he grits through his teeth.

Cassie's exhale bathes my neck and I almost give my life, then and there, for a kiss. Almost dive on top of her and *take* it. I might get a bullet in my back, but at least I'd die knowing what a mouth that perfect and sweet-looking tastes like.

There's an angel walking the earth and I found her.

"Miles," she whispers. Then louder, "*Miles*. Put the gun down."

"Like hell," he growls.

"He isn't hurting me."

"He was going to *kiss* you, Cassie."

"I know." Tempter lights up her blue eyes, somehow making her even more breathtaking. She twists around to face the man she called Miles. "I *wanted* him to kiss me. What do you think of that?"

My cock grows that much stiffer just hearing her say it.

Fuck, I need her. Need Cassie on her back, catching my thrusts.

I'm so hot for this girl, I'm barely aware of the man who is clearly looking for any excuse to pull that trigger and end my twenty-six-year-old life. And it has been a rocky one. They just let me out of the pen two days ago where I'd been locked up for three years on an assault charge. Before that, I served an armed robbery sentence. Juvenile hall, where I spent a lot of my youth, was a cake walk compared to where I've been recently. Add up all those years being kept off the streets to make them safer? I've been locked up almost more than I've been free.

But I've never, *ever* felt as free as when Cassie looks into my eyes.

This man wants to stop me from having her.

Anger makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up. The metal of the handgun strapped to my ankle heats, burning my skin.

Meanwhile, the man with the shotgun—Miles—looks almost stricken over Cassie's confession that she wanted to kiss me.

"You're a child," Miles says harshly, though his tone lacks conviction. "You don't know what the hell you want."



Cassie flinches. “I know there are only two men who’ve made me...made me feel like a woman is supposed to feel. And they’re both right here.”

Jealousy rips through my middle. Cassie and Miles? There’s something between them? I don’t know why I’m surprised. I’m willing to bet every man who’s ever laid eyes on Cassie wants to lock her down. If Miles hadn’t come along with the shotgun, I’d be doing my damndest to convince her to let me fuck her with no rubber. To put my child in that tasty, little belly.

Still...I thought we had a once in a lifetime connection.

I don’t want her having it with someone else, too.

“Why haven’t you backed away from her yet?” Miles spits at me.

“Put down the gun and come make me.”

With a guttural sound, he fires a deafening shot into the sky.

“Miles, stop!” Cassie jumps to her feet and I mourn the loss of her heat, her magnolia scent immediately. I’m already in love with her, but when she shows no fear in the face of the shotgun, poking Miles in the chest with an adorable frown on her face, she becomes my obsession. “*You* don’t want me. But no one else can have me, either? Is that it?”

He doesn’t take his murderous eyes off me, following my progress as I stand, hands up and level with my chest, because I’m not stupid. “You must not have been listening last night, girl,” he rasps. “I never said I didn’t want you. I said I *can’t* have you. It’s wrong.”

There’s no mistaking the hurt on her face. “Well then you should let me go.”

“Is that what you want?”

“No,” she whispers, her eyes growing luminous.

“What *do* you want, Cassie?” I ask.

Cassie splits a look between us, her own answer seeming to come as a surprise. “B-both of you.” She puts a hand on Miles’s shotgun, pushing it slowly downward until the muzzle faces the ground. Then she crooks her finger at me—beckoning me closer—and I don’t know how to resist. She’s a fucking siren and my body moves without a command from my brain.

As soon as I’m within reaching distance, she curls her hand in the front of my T-shirt, urging me closer. Ignoring the growl of warning from Miles, she does the same to his shirt, pulling him near, leaving this little blonde goddess between us, holding us by our collars.

“Miles...” she says quietly, her voice reminding me of a warm, summer breeze. “You guard me, keep me safe. You... run my life. We pretend you don’t, but you control everything I do, down to the amount of time I spend with friends. You bring me for haircuts, teach me to ride. Things my father should do, but he doesn’t...because I don’t think you’d let him. I’m already yours.”

She turns to me and I try not to let it show how badly I’d like to steal her away. Belt her into my stolen truck where I left it idling on the road, take her somewhere no man would ever see her, and make her mine. Only mine.

“Sam,” she whispers, shivering as she turns to me, gooseflesh appearing on her arms and neck. “You walked out of the sun and I knew...you’d be important. I’ll drown in your kisses, the same way I drowned in Miles’s. I think if you left now, I’d miss you until the end of time. I’d wonder what could have been.”

“So I won’t leave,” I say thickly, my chest so full of pressure, I’m worried it’ll cave in. “I’ll stay, baby. I’ll stay.”

“You will *not* stay,” Miles roars, yanking Cassie up against him, her back to his front, the shotgun levered at me once more. “You heard her. She belongs to me. Now go back to where you came from or I’ll send you somewhere a lot worse.”

“If you make him leave, I’ll go with him!” Cassie says, haltingly.

Miles stiffens. “You’ll...what?”

“I’ll leave. And if you drag me back...o-or hurt him...I’ll never speak to you again. I’ll never *look* at you again.”

The other man tries to hide it, but Cassie’s threat puts the fear of God in him—and I fully understand. Being around this woman and not getting her eyes or words? They’d have to fit me for a straightjacket. “You don’t mean that,” Miles says, carefully.

“I need you both,” Cassie says, once again using her hand to lower the shotgun, taking me out of its sights. “I don’t know how I’m so sure, but...I am. If I don’t have you both, I won’t be complete.”

Pain lances my side, winding me. “I don’t want that.”

Miles takes longer to answer, his jaw on the verge of buckling. “Me either.”

Cassie gives a long exhale, reaches up to stroke Miles’s jaw. With her other hand, she reaches out and trails her fingers down my chest. “Miles, Sam is here to interview for the farm hand position.” She presses her backside into the older man’s lap and he bites off a groan. “You won’t do anything to stop him from getting the job, will you? Please say you won’t.”

A beat passes. “I’m not agreeing to this yet, Cassie,” Miles pushes through his teeth. “I won’t be able to stand another man’s fucking hands on you.”

*You think I’ll be able to stomach it, man?*

“I want you to myself, too, Cassie,” I say firmly.

But when she tucks her finger into the collar of my shirt, pulling me closer, closer, until her tits flatten against the top of my abdomen, my mind blanks of any protests. “Neither of you will know if you’ll like it until we try,” she whispers, her blue eyes blinking up at me, wide and innocent. “I want to try tonight.”

I'm so hypnotized by her, I stumble a little when she slides out from in between us, leaving me face to face with Miles.

“If you manage to work out your differences...” she says, sounding anxious. “Come and find me.”

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## Miles

I want to crush Sam's bones in my bare hands.

When I rode up on my horse and found him seconds from putting his mouth on my Cassie, the world turned black. I didn't sleep last night, sick over hurting her feelings and I was on my way to find her. God knows riding out into the field to be alone with her when my cock was still hard was a bad idea, but I couldn't stop myself. She's mine to soothe. Mine to make smile.

I never could have expected to find her in someone else's arms—and goddammit, it terrified me. For a moment, I felt the agony of losing Cassie, and forget the world being black, it upended my whole universe.

She wants two men.

If I'd claimed her as mine last night, could this have been avoided?

Is she trying to punish me?

Part of me wishes that was true, but...I can't deny the way she looked at Sam. It wasn't quite the way she looks at me. It held the same level of potency, but their connection is volatile where ours is grounded. There is something there.

I lean back against the table and watch Sam sit down across from Cassie's father, his hands clasped loosely between

his knees. Where the hell did this man come from? His accent denotes Boston, but where the hell does a man get farm experience in Boston? There are tattoos on his fingers, his forearms, and I'm imagining they're under his shirt, too. He's the exact kind of man I've been warning Cassie away from for years—and yet here I am, considering...

Doing this...*thing* that will make her happy.

She seems to need us to take her. Together.

I've seldom heard her speak with so much conviction about anything. Most of the time she is sweet, happy-go-lucky, but this?

I'm not sure I can deny her something she wants so badly, even if it kills me. Especially on the heels of hurting her last night.

While Cassie's father shuffles through a stack of paperwork, I close my eyes and try to envision Cassie being taken by us both. Me and Sam. My mind conjures an image of the girl on her knees, topless, sucking my cock eagerly with her pretty mouth while she strokes Sam's dick in her free hand. I'm surprised as hell to feel precome beading on the tip of my shaft, even though Sam's hand is in her hair, turning her face toward his lap, hoarsely asking for a turn.

It's the euphoria in her eyes that makes me hot.

And the fact that I'm the one who grants her permission to suck Sam off.

*Not yet*, says my voice in my head. *Not until he begs*.

I clear my throat so hard, both men glance over at me, but I cross my arms and pace to the window, looking out. It was a given that I'd sit in on this interview. Sam would be working directly beneath me and I need to give my okay. But do I have a choice in the matter? If I did something that caused Cassie to run away from me, I would never forgive myself.

Nor would I survive being separated from her.

I look back over my shoulder to find Sam's oddly colored eyes watching me steadily, as if trying to figure out whether or

not I'll ruin his chances.

Of getting the job.

Of having Cassie.

Cassie's father leans back in his chair. "Well, Sam Bolton. Your résumé says you're from Boston, but you worked summers on your grandfather's farm?"

"That's right." Sam smiles, revealing a white row of teeth. "Best months of my life, working on the farm. Mucking stalls and rounding up cattle. Fixing fences. Whatever my grandfather needed done."

My employer seems almost as charmed by this man as his daughter is, I note with disgust. "And he's since passed?"

"Unfortunately, yes, sir." Sam crosses himself. "God rest his soul."

"That's too bad."

Sure is. Especially considering his grandfather is his only reference and now it can't be checked. There is something about Sam that isn't sitting right with me, but I'll need more time to find out what it is. Maybe once I find out, I can convince Cassie he's not right for her. To drop this notion of being intimate with both me and Sam.

Problem is, I don't know if she'll wait long enough for me to dig.

*I want to try tonight.*

Once again, I'm surprised when my loins tighten with anticipation of something I've never done before. Something I sure as hell never considered. Sharing Cassie with another man. Both of us giving her pleasure.

*Don't you think she deserves double the pleasure?*

Fuck yes, I do.

She deserves anything her little heart desires.

But only last night, I vowed to stay away from her. Whether or not Sam is in the picture now, she's still young as

hell. She's still my employer's daughter.

I'll still be violating the trust bestowed on me.

Am I breaking my vow to give her what she needs? Am I breaking it so I don't lose her to another man?

"Says here on your résumé you've been self-employed for the last five years, working mostly in security up north," says Cassie's father, breaking into my thoughts. "What made you up and decide to come down south and work on a farm?"

Sam smiles, propping an ankle on his opposite knee, the very picture of casual. But I'm not fooled. "Like I said, the best years of my life were working on a farm. I'd sure be grateful if I could recapture that feeling while working your beautiful land."

Smooth.

*Too* smooth.

Out of sight of my boss, I narrow my eyes on Sam to let him know I'm not falling for his bullshit. But for now, I'm biding my time.

Until I can bring Cassie's father something more concrete.

"Can you start tomorrow?"

Sam puts his hand out for a shake. "I can and I will."

Both men stand, Cassie's father checking his watch. "I've got a phone call with a supplier. Miles, can you do me a favor and show Sam where the empty bunk house is? You know, the one behind yours?"

I nod briskly, watching my employer leave the room, painfully aware that he has no idea he's in the company of two men who want to ravish his eighteen-year-old daughter. "Let's walk," I say, striding from the kitchen, not bothering to hold the screen door for Sam.

I'm surprised when he catches up with me almost immediately. "I'm guessing since you didn't say anything back there to fuck me over..." Sam starts. "You're considering following through on what Cassie asked us for?"



A growl kindles in my throat. “Might be,” I say. “But you’ll need to agree to some ground rules first.”



Sam

*RULES.*

A tingle works its way down my spine.

When I was teenager, I hated rules, but I’ve come to crave them.

Years of serving time in juvenile facilities and prison has molded me into a creature of habit. I was born with demons inside me and structure is the only thing that keeps them at bay. Ask any inmate and they’ll tell you, the hardest part about leaving prison is learning to accept your free will again.

I’ve never been able to do it successfully.

That’s probably why I end up back behind bars every time they let me out. I don’t know how to be out here, in this great big land, without having the law laid down on me, day after day. After getting out of prison the first time, I was only out for a few weeks before the pressure of free living got to me. Suddenly, there I was, provoking a bar fight that turned deadly. Hell, I was relieved when they locked me back up and I could rely on rules again.

Once again, here I am, lying to get employed. Skipping out of the state where I’ve been ordered to remain while on parole. I’m *asking* to be put away again, but I can’t help it. I don’t know how to be free. Normal.

Now Miles informs me he’d like to give me some more.

I can’t show him how badly I want those rules. How badly I need those restraints on my criminal nature. But I do need them. Especially if they’ll get me close to that sweet angel named Cassie. I already miss the sight of her in a way I never missed the outside world while in prison.

“Ground rules?” I echo Miles, trying to sound casual.

“That’s right.” His fast stride eats up the distance to the bunkhouses ahead and I follow. “You’ve met Cassie. You know she’s...”

“Special.”

“Yes.” Miles closes his eyes briefly. “A gift from God himself.”

When he doesn’t continue, I ask a question that’s been needling me. “You’ve been wanting each other. How have you resisted her all this time?”

“She wasn’t legal until yesterday.” He casts me a speculative glance. “I’m guessing that wouldn’t have stopped you?”

“Not sure anything could,” I confess, sweat forming on my upper lip just remembering the way her firm, round tits felt molding to my chest. “Maybe I’m not as honorable a man as you.”

“That’s why, if we do this, there will be rules.”

Again, I experience a neat little zip of anticipation. “What are they?”

We reach one of the bunkhouses, stopping at the base of the porch. Miles lays his arm on one of the posts, remaining silent for a few beats before he exhales. “Listen well, Sam. Every time you touch her, it will be under my supervision. *Every time*. I decide how she’s fucked. I decide how fast and slow we go. How rough or gentle. Whose turn it is. If she needs a rest. If I want to keep her panties on and play with her or make her ride you in cowboy boots and pigtails, that’s my call.”

To say I’m shocked would be an understatement.

“Damn, Miles. You’re kinkier than you look.” I reach down and adjust myself, a laugh puffing from my mouth. “Christ. That just made me hard.”

“Congratulations,” he draws, his eyes narrowed toward the horizon. “Cassie was right when she said I control her life.

I'm not sure she knows how much deeper that control is going to run when I take her to bed."

I grind my back teeth. "When *we* take her to bed."

He grinds his jaw a moment. "You going to abide by the rules?"

My balls cinch up. *Rules. I need them.* "Yes."

Miles pushes off the post and strides away. "Meet next door at my place tonight. Midnight." His stride slows and he curses vilely. "Her daddy should be asleep by then."

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## Cassie

**N**o matter how hard I try, I can't calm my racing heart. I tried a detour to the stables, hoping the horses would ease my nerves. I ate some chocolate. I did jumping jacks. Yet here I am, almost to Miles's bunkhouse and I'm surprised my pounding pulse hasn't woken up the whole farm.

This is happening.

I'm going to meet Sam and Miles.

They're going to make love to me.

Earlier today, I had so much courage. Part of me still can't believe I challenged these two men to overcome their differences and give me the fantasy I never knew I needed. I barely recognized myself in the pasture—but it felt good.

It felt right.

*This* feels right, but I'm also a little worried I've gotten myself in over my head. Losing my virginity would be scary with one powerful, experienced man.

I've gone and wrangled two of them.

Miles won't let anything happen to me. I keep reminding myself of that solid, undeniable fact. Miles would burn the world to ash before he let harm come to me. And Sam. Sam I've only known less than twelve hours, but there's faith inside

me that one day, my trust in him will match the excitement he stirs in my tummy.

I take one last glance back toward the main house to make sure all the lights are out, then I ascend the steps to Miles's bunkhouse, knocking softly on the door.

My nipples turn to hard buds remembering the way Miles let me know we were on for tonight. Just as the sun was setting in the sky, Miles approached me in the stables. He came up behind me, his hand circling my throat, covering the choker I still haven't taken off. "Midnight," he said, squeezing.

With that, he walked away.

Heck if I didn't almost have an orgasm, right then and there.

As it was, it took me a good five minutes to pick my wits up off the ground and return to the house. To take a bath, put on my softest nightshirt and wait.

Miles opens the door wrapped in a hungry demeanor he's never fully shown me—and it's so potent and promissory that I know for certain, the wait is over. A tremor snakes through his jawline and he steps aside, revealing the interior of his bunkhouse, doused in the glow of lamplight.

And Sam.

He sits in a chair on the far side of the room, his head bowed and tipped toward the door, hot eyes tracking my movements, his expression dangerous and desperate, hands clasped tightly together between his legs.

I'm a lamb that's wandered from the meadow into wolf territory.

Willingly.

The door clicks shut behind me, setting off a sharp firework in my belly. Miles settles a hand around the back of my neck and I moan at the warm, unexpected pressure, my legs going weak.

“Look at her. She comes to us in a nightshirt with her panties peeking out. Does she really think we need any more help hitting our breaking points?” Miles’s hand climbs higher into my hair, fisting the thick strands, and I struggle to keep my balance, it feels so good. Like I’ve been waiting forever to have this man touch me in any way. “Do you see those innocent nipples through her shirt?”

“Yes,” Sam answers raggedly.

Miles’s tongue teases the skin of my neck. “If you’re lucky, I might let you suck them.”

“Might?” I whisper, a line forming between my brows.

“*Might*,” the man behind me confirms, his hardness pressing to the curve of my bottom. Grinding. “Last chance to run away, Cassie. We want to give you pleasure, but Jesus Christ, *look at us*. Look at how our obsession with you has taken hold. We haven’t even fucked you yet. What do you think we’ll be like after?”

Sam sits back in his chair, revealing the bulge in his jeans. “Do you want to find out, baby?” His golden eyes are almost otherworldly in the lamplight. “Be sure.”

Since I walked in the door, I’ve grown wetter than I can remember being in my whole, admittedly short, life. There’s a humming vibration in my belly, yearning radiating from every nerve ending. I can barely stand I’m inundated by such desire for these animals to unleash themselves on me.

It feels like a homecoming. Where I’m meant to be.

*They* feel like where I’m meant to be.

“I’m sure,” I whisper, sagging back against Miles.

Both men whisper a prayer of relief. “One more thing,” Miles rasps against my ear. “I make the rules, Cassie. Do you agree to that?”

Relief lets me know this is the right thing. This is one of the many reasons I needed Miles and Sam. Miles for his protective nature. His knowledge of me. The way he makes

me feel coveted. Needy. Sam for his explosive hunger and the promise of more than I could ever imagine. “Yes. I agree.”

“Good girl.” I can sense him staring hard at Sam over my shoulder. “No fucking her tonight, understand? Not yet, no matter how badly that virgin hole tempts us. She had her first kiss less than twenty-four hours ago. Hasn’t even seen a man’s cock yet, let alone taken two at the same time. We break her in slowly.”

“The last thing I want to do is scare her,” Sam says, coming to his feet slowly. “But hell, I need a taste of something. Any part of her. I’m dying.”

Miles grunts. “Sam, go sit on the couch in the living room.”

Sam hesitates. At first I think his pride is getting in the way of doing as Miles asks, but the hunger banked in his eyes tells a different story. Like he doesn’t mind the order as much as he’s letting on. With a smirk in Miles’s direction, Sam strips off his white T-shirt before swaggering to the living room, the low light kissing his flexing, tattooed brawn all the way, the muscles of his thighs testing the confines of his jeans. My God, how did two of the sexiest, most masculine men on the planet happen to end up in the same place at the same time? The universe must be imbalanced.

“Come,” Miles says, picking me up in his arms and following after Sam. We stop in front of the couch where Sam has flopped down, one arm thrown over the back of the cushions. His posture is casual, but his eyes are almost black with thirst.

For me.

My pulse races in response.

“Seems to me, we better start off on even ground,” Miles says, voice low. “I got to kiss her last night. Now you get a turn.”

Sam’s chest starts to heave. “Please.”

Miles strokes a hand over my hair. “Straddle him, Cassie. Just like you’re riding a horse.”

Breathless, I settle one knee onto the couch and then the other, my backside settling onto Sam's thighs. We're still kind of far apart, but his magnetism is almost too much to bear up close. True to Miles's comparison to riding a horse, Sam does remind me of a stallion that has yet to be broken.

"Scoot closer," Miles says, leaning down to kiss my neck. "Just a little. I don't want your pussy touching his cock yet. I don't want to have to haul him off you when he can't help himself and tries to fuck it."

"Okay," I whisper, easing my thighs open a little and inching forward on denim-covered muscle while Sam groans, as if I'm hurting him. "L-like this?"

"Yes. That's far enough."

Sam leans in, breathing hard, stopping a mere inch from my mouth. "Let me taste her. I need to fucking taste her."

A beat passes. "Kiss."

Sam's shaking fingers tunnel in my hair, his mouth preying almost violently on mine. At the first twist of our lips on top of each other, he chokes out a sound and opens his eyes. I open mine at the same time and we're both visibly stunned by the current that sizzles through us. It's similar to the one I felt kissing Miles last night, but this one is more restless and erratic, as opposed to consuming and drugging.

His tongue works into my mouth and presses deep, dragging in and out, his hands wild in my hair, keeping me close. Beneath me, his body shifts impatiently, like a line inside of him is getting ready to snap. There's a yen, deep in my being, begging me to soothe the frayed edges inside Sam, and I do, I can't help it. I take the sides of his bristly face in my hands and give him my tongue, moaning when he sucks on it. When he growls against my lips, "Christ, what is that taste?" He searches my face. "What is it?"

"Heaven," Miles rasps. I hear a hollow sound behind me and sense Miles has gone down on his knees. My theory is confirmed when his chest presses to my back. "Sam, keep control of yourself. I'm going to show you her tits."



Looking down, I watch Miles's hands gather the hem of my nightshirt, tugging it up and over my head. When my breasts are revealed, Sam's eyes widen and he lunges forward, but Miles puts a hand out to catch his shoulder, stopping Sam from putting his mouth on me.

"I said, *control yourself*," Miles says in a hard voice.

"How can I?" He licks his lips. "They're so fucking smooth and sweet."

"Yes, they are. Proof God sent her to tempt us." Miles kisses my bare shoulder, his hands lifting to cup and squeeze my breasts from behind. "Ah, Jesus. Feel how supple they are."

Sam extends a hand toward my chest, his Adam's apple moving up and down as his fingertips graze one of my nipples, a shot of sensation straight to my core making me gasp and toss my head back on Miles's shoulder. "Please, I need to suck them," Sam whispers thickly.

Both of Miles hands are on my breasts now, rubbing them in gentle circles, swamping me in heat. Sam's mouth hovers inches away from the puckered tips, waiting, panting. Finally, Miles lifts them higher, offering them to Sam. "Go easy. Treat them like the treasures they are."

Sam swallows audibly and nods. I can't help but arch my back the closer he gets, his hot breaths feathering my nipples and making them harder. I'm whimpering by the time he touches the tip of his tongue to my right nipple, a shudder going through him. And then he takes the puckered peak fully into his mouth and worries it between the roof of his mouth and the flat of his tongue.

Lust crashes through me, scalding and thick. It almost hurts to look down and see Miles holding my breasts while Sam feasts on them, because the picture it makes is so erotic. Oh, and the sounds Sam makes, groaning brokenly, his tongue lapping at me, suckling, his face contorting with pain every so often. Am I doing that to him?

“Fuck,” Sam says in a rush, pulling back. “She’s going to make me come, whining and pushing them at me like that.”

Is that what I’m doing?

Yes.

I can’t help it.

Sam’s mouth, Miles’s hands...I’ve been missing them all along.

*More more more.*

Miles’s right hand lets go of my breast and trails down my stomach, cupping my womanhood, and I cry out, my body convulsing wildly between the two men. “Miles!” I sob. “S-Sam.”

“Goddamn,” Miles breathes in my ear. “Her panties are dripping wet. I reckoned a virgin wouldn’t be able to handle us fucking her too soon. But look at her...”

“Oh, I’m looking.” Sam licks his lips. “You dick-starved, baby?”

“Certainly seems that way,” Miles responds. “She’s a horny little thing. Still, I’m not taking any chances.”

I rest my head back on Miles’s shoulder and look him in the eye, his face a mask of pure starvation. “It’s not taking chances if it’s you two.”

Miles lowers his mouth to mine, flickering his tongue into my mouth, teasing my tongue until I’m kissing him back in desperation, my hips writhing on Sam’s knees while he fondles my breasts.

Miles breaks contact with a grunt. “We already know Cassie is special. But I’m starting to think there’s something special about her pussy. It’s primed for what it doesn’t understand. She might not be overwhelmed if we fuck her tonight.” Miles’s middle finger traces the slit of my sex through my panties and an orgasm wells up in my belly, painful, ready to pop. “I think it’s the intensity of her own pleasure that might overwhelm her. Won’t it, Cassie?”

“I don’t know,” I manage, biting my tongue so I won’t beg him to put that big, manly finger inside me. What would it feel like? And what does Miles mean when he says I could be overwhelmed by pleasure? I’ve been touching myself since I went through puberty and my orgasms have always been immediate and satisfying. Although I’ve *never* had this buildup of pressure before. Not even close. It’s taken hold of my bones and made me a slave to sensation. Is he right? Is my body somehow...unique?

Sam’s tongue licks a path between my breasts and up the center of my throat, snapping at my chin with his teeth. “If we’re not fucking her, what are we going to do with her?”

Miles snaps the waistband of my panties, making me gasp. “Tonight? She’s getting her pretty pussy eaten.”

“Yes,” Sam breathes, leaning back, putting the juncture of my thighs under his hot regard. “Who gets the first taste?”

A beat passes. “God knows I’d kill for that first lick, but I’m hell bent on popping that cherry when the time comes.” Miles drags his open mouth across my shoulder. “Wouldn’t be fair to claim both honors, so it’s your lucky night, Sam. Get on your back.”

My blood is lethargic and charged all at once, fire racing over my skin. This is happening. Sam is going to put his mouth on me...*there*. He’s already lying down on the couch, his shirtless, inked chest heaving, his hands clenching at the couch cushions in anticipation. “But, Miles. Sh-shouldn’t I get on *my* back for that?”

“Remember to trust me, little girl.”

I nod slowly, standing only long enough for Miles to work the panties down my legs—leaving me flushed and naked. By the time I climb back onto the couch, walking on my knees to kneel over Sam’s mouth, his muscled body is covered in a fine sheen of sweat and he can’t seem to stop pulling and squeezing the erection, which lies trapped in his jeans. “Son of a bitch. That pussy is so tiny and juicy. I can’t believe I get to lick it.” He rubs vigorously at his bulge, the veins standing out on his neck. “Fuck. Don’t come. Don’t come.”

Miles's hands mold to my bottom, working the flesh roughly and helping to position me over Sam's face. "It wouldn't be the first time she made a man in this room come in his pants. Just by existing." His hands guide me down, down, until Sam's lips meet my sex, pushing the folds apart for his tongue. "There's no help for it. But you better make damn sure she creams, too."

Sam's tongue slides through the split of my femininity, traveling over the hole that's never been breached. A fire lights in my tummy and I fall forward over the arm of the couch, gasping for air. Oh. *Oh my*. I never suspected anything could feel so decadent. It's a friction unlike anything else. Certainly better than my own fingers or my pillow.

"How's that pussy taste?" Miles asks.

Sam moans hoarsely in response, his tongue moving, moving—and then I see stars. His stiff upper lip brushes my clit, his tongue snaking out and agitating it. "*Oh my God*." My body seems to move on its own, thighs widening, climbing closer and circling my sex on Sam's giving mouth. Pumping my hips against it. Am I being inappropriate? I don't know what I'm doing. I just know it feels so good and if he stops I'm going to scream. "Sam, Miles, Sam, Miles," I chant in time with my grinds, my eyes blind.

"Goddamn, look at her wiggling that pussy all over your fucking mouth. We've found ourselves a little hot to fuck virgin." Vaguely, I hear the sound of a zipper coming down behind me and Miles says, "I need to get in on this."

I have no experience, but not in a million years could I have guessed the next thing I would feel is Miles's tongue between the cheeks of my backside. He swipes his tongue through that shallow valley with a grunt, spits on it, jiggles my cheeks in his big hands, and then his tongue starts to slide around the—apparently sensitive—rim of my back entrance.

My head is going to explode.

My last coherent thought is, Miles was right and Miles is always right when it comes to me. Because I can barely handle this dual pleasure. Sam bathes my clit with fast strokes of his

tongue, while Miles feasts on a place I never knew could deliver a punch of pleasure. My hips are pistoning and I can't seem to make them slow down or stop and my clit, oh my God, it's swelling so quickly, it hurts. It's *glorious*—

“Oh. Oh! Yes!” My cries echo around the room, an eruption of bliss taking place deep, deep in my loins. Deeper than ever before. “*Sam. Miles!*”

There's a guttural sound from Miles and then I feel hot, heavy drops landing on my bottom, the sound of a wet chafing filling the room. Sam still licks at me with desperate groans, his hands on my butt cheeks now, even though they're covered in what I think is Miles's spend, yanking me forward so he can continue to tongue me. And when he shouts an epithet against my clit, I sense he's found his pleasure somehow, too, the vibration of his bellow hitting me, shaking me anew.

A second orgasm wells up and pummels me, catching me off-guard, and I scream, grinding my flesh down on Sam's mouth, trying to explore every corner of the immeasurable pleasure. Miles's lips move on my neck, soothing me with words and telling me I'm beautiful and suddenly, I go boneless, dropping like a stone from the clouds, all the way to the ground.

The last thing I remember is both men standing above me, staring down at my replete body in wonder.

“How can she be real?” Sam asks, raking a hand through his hair.

Miles starts to pace behind him, his jaw flexing. “I don't know. Maybe she's a goddamn angel like I've suspected all along.”

“She certainly tastes like one,” Sam rasps. “Fuck, the way she *moved*...”

Miles stops beside Sam and brushes a strand of hair out of my face. “I know one thing. I was a fool to try and fight this.” His fingertips trace the curve of my lips and I can't help nuzzling his palm. “Cassie. My soul.”

“Our soul,” Sam says quietly.

Miles nods slowly.

Their quiet show of solidarity soothes me and I give in to sleep, knowing the men to whom I've given my heart will keep me safe.

But I know nothing of the adventure ahead...

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## Miles

I've just crested the hill on the back of my horse, heading back to the stables after my morning ride, when I see Cassie. She's just left her house and is skipping down to meet me, as usual, so I can saddle her favorite mare and send her off on a ride. I usually wait and we take the outing together, but I needed to work off some of this excess lust before I saw her this morning.

*Jesus.*

After last night, she must have an idea of the sensual power she wields. Normally, she would wear jeans and a tank top around the farm, maybe a girly dress on occasion, but today's she's wearing tight, frayed jean shorts that don't even cover her ass cheeks. And a low, V-neck T-shirt tied up underneath her tits.

The lust I tried to work off during my ride comes roaring back now, hardening my dick, and I'm not sure I can wait a full day to be inside her. It's an impossible feat now that I know what she can do.

Every time I blink, I see her tight ass riding Sam's mouth unabashedly, her lithe thighs flexing, that blonde hair cascading down her back. I hear nothing but her throaty little whimpers when I licked her asshole. How much she loved it.

How much she loved *everything* we did to her, how hard she came—and it was only the tip of the iceberg.

Cassie is going to fuck like a dream.

I need to get inside her so bad, I know I shouldn't go into the stables. If she flashes those big blue eyes at me, I'm going to take her on hands and knees in the dirt, right there in plain view of her daddy's house.

Sam would probably put a knife in my back over it. I wouldn't blame him, either. My feelings for Cassie were already rock solid, but they've grown into something fiercer, more consuming, and I'm starting to believe Sam's affection for her is genuine, too. How could anyone *not* fall for Cassie? So yeah, I have no doubt he wants Cassie body and soul, same as me, but that doesn't mean I trust him.

Not yet.

Before I left for my ride this morning, I made a call to the sheriff's office with an inquiry, just to be cautious. I'm waiting to hear back from him now. It's not every day a man shows up out of thin air from Boston, wanting to work on a farm. I've been keeping Cassie safe from day one and I'm not going to stop now.

Even if last night, this thing between the three of us...felt real.

Felt like breathing.

I consider circling back around and taking another ride, so I won't do something regrettable with Cassie in the stables, but I can't resist her pull. I dismount my horse at the entrance and walk him into the haze, the sound of soft whinnies greeting my ears. Automatically, my gaze seeks her out, but it lands on someone else first.

It's Mooney, one of the horse trainers.

He's staring over the side of the horse stall where I keep Cassie's mare, one hand down his pants, jerking himself off furiously. Rage fires off like a rocket inside me and I lunge farther into the stable, my vision turning red.



“*Hey*,” I bark. “What the fuck are you doing?”

The closer I get to the scene, I see Cassie is innocently feeding her mare a carrot while this pervert masturbates to the sight of her.

Without waiting for an answer, I grab the trainer by the front of his shirt and cold cock him, sending a spray of blood shooting from his nose. He stumbles back with a cry and falls to the dirt floor with his penis flopping out.

“Get up and get the fuck out. Don’t ever come back here.”

“You can’t fire me.”

I unbuckle my belt and whip it off, slapping the length of leather against the ground, kicking up dust. “I guess I could kill you instead.”

Mooney scrambles to his feet, zipping himself up with trembling hands, and runs from the barn. Anger still courses through my veins, but my worry for Cassie trumps all, especially when I turn and find her pale-faced, just outside the stall.

“What was he doing?” she whispers.

It hits me in that moment that this is my fault. If I’d been waiting there for Cassie, like I do every morning, Mooney would have known better than to even *look* at my girl. “What do you *think* he was doing?” My voice is harsher than intended, but I can’t help it. The whole situation could have ended up so much worse. She could have been hurt. I start forward, backing Cassie into the stall, not stopping until her back hits the wooden divider. “Don’t you know you’re dressed like a fucking wet dream? No. You *are* a wet dream, little girl. And you need to understand the effect you have on men.”

“Why are you yelling at her?” Sam grits out, walking into the stall, splitting a questioning look between the two of us.

“I came in here and found the horse trainer watching Cassie.” My lip curls in disgust. “He was touching himself.”

Cassie turns pink.

Sam curses, then seems to notice Cassie's attire for the first time. "Well I think I'm up to speed on why Miles was yelling at you," he says drily, fingering the frayed edge of her jean shorts. "Baby, you can make a man come in his pants from a block away. How about covering up some of this smooth, young skin before we lose our goddamn minds?"

She shifts in her cowboy boots. "I thought you'd both like it."

Sam tilts his hips up, drawing Cassie's wide blue eyes to his erection. "That look like I don't like you wearing a tight T-shirt and no bra, baby?"

I grip my own hard cock. "We do. We like it too much," I mutter, dipping my mouth to her cheek to kiss her delicious blush. "Problem is, so does everyone else."

"And that doesn't make us happy." An unholy glint shines in Sam's eyes. "It makes us want to kill."

"Oh," she whispers, unevenly. "I didn't realize."

I take Cassie's wrist and tug her off the wall and up against my chest. "Now that you do, how about you kiss us good morning?"

Her eyelashes flutter. "Right here?"

She's right to be nervous. There's every chance her father could walk in and see us, but even the threat of being caught can't quell my urgency to touch Cassie. Her fresh morning scent, her earnest expression, the goodness radiating from her robs me of common sense. "Yes. Right here."

Seeming hypnotized by my mouth, Cassie goes up on her toes and I drag her up the remaining distance, securing my forearm beneath her buttocks. She wraps her arms around my neck trustingly, her legs circling my hips. "Mmmm." I bounce her several times on my cock, my balls filling with weight at the sight of her shaking tits. "That's a good girl. You like that, don't you?"

"Yes, Miles," she hiccups.

Sam is standing behind Cassie, his eyes glued to her ass, and I nod at the man, telling him without words to come closer. It's not so much that I need him close, it's that I know *Cassie* needs it. That makes it my priority.

She turns pliant as soon as Sam's front presses to her back, her ass notching into his lap, her eyelids drooping. As if a switch has been flipped and suddenly everything is right in her world. I love giving that to her, even if this is new, unexplored terrain for me and I'm a man set in his ways. If this doesn't prove I would give anything to see her happy, nothing will. And there might be a part of me I don't understand yet that gets satisfaction from watching the gold in Sam's eyes sharpen, his appreciation of this beautiful creature matching mine. We've stumbled upon the earth's most incredible secret together and it's hard to ignore the growing bond that has created between us.

As if we share a mind, Sam gathers Cassie's blonde hair back, just as I move in for a kiss, parting her sweet lips with mine, basking in the way her inexperience leaves her without pretense. She's sweet and eager like nothing else, her breath catching every time our tongues stroke together, every time I roll my hips forward, treating her pussy to some friction and grinding her ass into Sam's lap at the same time—

“Like I said, we've had a good season...”

All three of us go deathly still at the sound of her father's voice in the stables. Footsteps pass by the stall on the far side, avoiding the entrance where we would definitely be seen. A long silence passes, followed by her father's laughter. He must be on the phone. Guilt is alive and kicking inside me, but there's not enough of it to put Cassie down. I'm not sure anything could make me set her down and walk away.

I meet Sam's eyes over her shoulder and he seems to be having the same thought. She's chosen us and she's ours. Period.

“Sure, come on down to the farm and I'll bring you out into the field...” comes my employer's voice, on the other side of the partition. “Any time.”

“Give Sam his turn,” I whisper to Cassie, nudging her forehead with mine.

Her blue eyes widen a little, but there’s excitement there, too. Maybe even some relief that we’ve laid claim to her, even over her father. That proof of our three-way commitment sends a pulse of energy through us and Cassie is panting by the time she tips her face back, giving Sam her mouth, while I dry hump her from the front. The phone conversation continues out in the stable, a man oblivious to the fact that two men are making a meal of his daughter in one of the stalls.

Cassie breaks from Sam’s kiss and launches back at me, our mouths wild, while Sam bites and licks her neck. If we don’t stop, we’re going to take her virginity in broad daylight with her father less than twenty yards away. I’m supposed to be the one in control here, but her needy, little whimpers are driving me insane. Sam’s hips pump eagerly against her bottom, creating friction between her pussy and my prick, and I recognize we’re at the point of no return.

I need her first time to be special, though.

Away from this place where distractions lie.

Where it can just be us.

“Tonight,” I say, tearing my mouth away from hers with an effort. “Tonight, Cassie. Be ready to leave.”

Her beautiful eyes are dazed. “Where are we going?”

“Camping.”

Sam

**I**t's cute as hell watching Cassie play house.

Miles and I watch from our leans against our bedrolls as Cassie flits around the fire we built, collecting sticks to roast marshmallows. If she's aware that two men are sitting here, ready to fuck, she's not showing it. In fact, she seems kind of determined to make us take our time.

Yeah, there is definitely more than one tent pitched at this campsite.

"Almost ready for s'mores," she says, clasping her hands beneath her chin. "You don't have any food allergies, do you, Sam?"

"I'm all good, baby."

She smiles at us and bounds off to get something else out of her overnight bag. I watch her go with my heart in my throat. When was the last time anyone cared enough to ask me about my preferences? Or what I can and can't eat?

Hell, I can't remember. Might be never.

Cassie...and yeah, even Miles, make me feel like I belong.

Like I was meant to land on these exact coordinates and find them, this girl I'm fucking wild about. This man who is starting to let go of his distrust of a stranger in order to make the girl happy. Yeah, when there is a motivation as strong as

making an angel smile, I guess a man can do just about anything.

We met at midnight and rode up into the mountains, leaving the farm behind. It was a quiet journey, both Miles and I on alert for predators, his shotgun resting on his thigh, mine still strapped to my ankle. Hidden.

Like the rest of me.

There it is. The reminder that these two people *shouldn't* trust me. Miles should have fired that shotgun and hit me between the eyes yesterday before letting me lay a finger on Cassie. A part of me almost wants to come clean, but I don't know what I'd do without her. I don't know what I'd do without them.

I'm not sexually attracted to Miles, but I need the order, the organization, the rules that come part and parcel with him. Last night on the couch, I could feel the chaos riling up inside me as soon as Cassie sat on my lap. The biting and scratching of the demons that live under my surface, urging me to throw her down and lose myself. But focusing on Miles's steady commands kept me present with Cassie and thank God, because it was the most incredible experience of my life.

I close my eyes now, listening to the snap and pop of the fire, my mind drifting back to the way Cassie's smooth cunt felt writhing on my mouth. How she rode me for broke with an instinct that made it obvious she'd burn us alive when we finally got our cocks inside of her sweet body. God, I'm aching for the chance. Living for it. Living for *her*.

*She doesn't know who you really are.*

*You're an imposter.*

I clear my throat hard and stand, pacing out of the light cast by the campfire. For once in my life, I care who my lies are affecting. Cassie trusts me with her body and she should. But if I tell her and Miles that I'm a parolee on the run, will I lose my chance with her when I've only just found a place to belong?

“Sam?” Cassie says softly, joining me in the darkness. “Is everything okay?”

“Course it is, baby,” I manage, putting an arm around her shoulders. “You’re going to have to show me how to make a s’more.”

Her mouth falls open. “You’ve never had one?”

“No.” With those trusting blue eyes on me, some of my truth escapes before I can stop it. “We didn’t have campfires in juvie.” Even that partial confession makes some of the pressure in my chest ease, proving I have to tell Cassie the rest. I can’t make love to this girl without being completely honest. Without letting her know I’m beneath her. A felon. “Cassie—”

She stops my words with a kiss, intuition clear as day in her eyes. “Shhh.” Her fingers comb through my hair, turning my thoughts to mush. “Nothing between us tonight, okay? There’s nothing. It’s all outside noise.” Her head tips back, highlighting her features in moonlight. “Look how much smaller we are than the sky. Whatever problems you think you have are just as small. Smaller.” Miles chooses that moment to step out of the light, the front of his body pressing to Cassie’s side. “Together, though,” she whispers. “We’re something big.”

I’m so in love with her.

Out to sea, drowning, miles below the surface in love.

And I’m not the only one. That much is obvious when Miles catches my eye, his expression when he looks at Cassie one of wonder.

As if we can’t help it, Miles and I touch her, our hands roaming over every inch of her delectable body. Across her tits, squeezing them, down her ribcage, over her hips. We’re both breathing like marathon runners within seconds, but she dances away with a laugh. “S’mores first, gentlemen.”

Miles and I trade an ironic glance.

No matter how hard we try to take it slow with our virgin angel, I have a feeling there is going to be nothing gentle about

us tonight.

We follow Cassie into the light and she hands us each a stick with a marshmallow stuck at the end. “Hold it over the flame, Sam. Like this.” She demonstrates. “When it’s just beginning to turn black, sandwich it between two graham crackers and a piece of chocolate.”

She tips her chin toward the plastic baggies she laid, which contain broken up chocolate squares and graham crackers.

“Where did you learn to make these?” Miles asks, holding his white confection above the fire. “I never let you go on any of the Girl Scout camping trips.”

“No, you didn’t,” she says, primly. “And I’m still salty about it.”

“You don’t go out of my sight,” he drawls. “Period.”

Cassie’s color deepens. “I know. I never really minded.”

Miles winks at her. “I know.” He transfers his gaze to me. “What about you? No Boy Scout trips in your past?”

I grind my back teeth. “Nah, I wasn’t really interested in merit badges.”

“What were you interested in?” Cassie asks, smiling at me. “When I first saw you, I thought maybe you’d been a boxer or something.”

I can’t help but smile at her perceptiveness. “You making fun of my crooked nose, baby?”

“No!” Her stricken expression fades when she sees I’m joking.

“Actually, you’re not far off. I was in a lot of fights.” My throat tightens up and I can feel Miles scrutinizing me. “Too many, actually. That’s all I saw at home and...” In a stroke of perfect timing, my marshmallow starts to catch on fire and I pull it back, wedging the stick between my knees while trying to assemble the rest of the s’more. “Anyway, you don’t need my sob story.”



“I want it,” Cassie murmurs. “When you’re ready, you’ll tell us the rest.”

With a lump in my throat, I nod.

“I didn’t have it easy growing up, either,” Miles says in his deep voice, surprising me. “Left home early and drifted. Drifted, until I found this place.” His attention strays to Cassie. “Found...a purpose.” Miles and Cassie both seem comfortable over Miles sharing that small amount of information, telling me he’s told her little about his past, too. In a weird way it makes me feel better.

“And now *she’s* our purpose,” I say, holding my s’more to Cassie’s mouth.

“Damn right,” Miles rasps.

We both watch enthralled as she moans into the bite, a look of ecstasy crossing her features while she chews.

An air of urgency descends and we move on her at the same time.

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## Cassie

**I**mourn the waste of my marshmallow as I drop it into the fire.

There's no other choice as both of the men—my men—converge on me.

Miles pulls me to my feet and wedges me in between him and Sam, their hands ripping at my clothing. Sam unzips my jean shorts and shoves them down my hips while Miles pulls the shirt over my head. I'm left in front of the campfire in nothing but some bikini panties and both men's fingers twist in the waistband, impatient, their mouths moving in my hair.

"Let's get her into the tent," Miles says. "She's ready."

Sam rocks his denim bulge against my hip. "God knows I am."

"Not yet," Miles fists my hair and tugs my head back, so I'm looking up into his heated face. "You're going to watch me break her in first."

I have a brief pinch of worry that Sam is going to feel left out, but he only moans at the knowledge of what's about to happen. How my virginity is going to be taken. By Miles.

Oh my God, Miles is going to take my virginity.

I've been dreaming about this so long, I almost feel like I'm in a dream as I'm dragged into the tent, each man holding

one of my arms.

Miles lets me go and swipes a hand across his perspiring upper lip. “Lay her down on her back,” he growls, unfastening his jeans and jerking down the zipper. “Get her panties off, too. I’m not waiting anymore.”

Sam guides me to the unfurled sleeping bags and blankets I arranged earlier while the men saw to the horses. With a kiss of my shoulder, he helps me lie down, face up, my breasts quivering with every shallow breath. Sam takes off my panties with a long, low groan and starts to move away from me, but I catch his hand, holding it, keeping him close. “Stay,” I murmur.

Sam questions Miles with a look and he nods, his focus mainly on me. “Kneel behind Cassie. Put her head in your lap.”

Yes. This is what I need. Both of them involved in every aspect of our lovemaking. It’s so hard to explain, but when one of them is missing now, I don’t feel truly complete. I’m complete as possible with my head resting in Sam’s lap, his hands stroking my hair, Miles standing above me. Leaving his jeans undone, he unbuttons his flannel shirt and lets it fall to the tent floor, and that’s when I start to get restless, unable to keep my thighs still, because he’s so magnificent.

A man for the ages.

I’ve caught him bathing in the stream on our property once or twice, but only from a distance. The sinew of his arms and stomach, the power he packs, is twice as potent up close. Where Sam has a wild edge, Miles has experience written all over him and I crave both with every ounce of my womanhood.

Miles drops to his knees in front of me and reaches into his jeans, bringing out his shaft and I whimper, the flesh between my thighs throbbing at the sight. “M-Miles, it’s so *h-huge*.”

Is it my praise that makes white, milky liquid spurt from the tip and roll down Miles’s thick knuckles? “Christ. The longer I spend looking at her, the shorter I’m going to last.” He

masturbates himself with a few fast strokes, his features tight. “Open her thighs for me, Sam. Put a finger in her pussy and make sure it’s wet.”

I can barely breathe around the excitement when Sam reaches for my knees and stretches them wider than before, the fingertips of his right hand trailing up the sensitive, inner skin toward my core. Slowly. “I can already see she’s fucking dripping,” Sam breathes, “But as long as I live, I’ll never turn down a chance to get part of me in this pretty, little cunt.”

Finally, Sam teases open the lips of my femininity, grazing my clit with the heel of his hand and making me cry out. Soothing me with a hum, he taps his middle finger against my entrance. Once, twice. An orgasm looms inside of me like a storm cloud already, merely because of how vulnerable I am to these men—and the assertion of trust that requires. It’s like we entered this tent and were transported to a higher plane of existence. A place where my body is at a constant, heightened state of arousal and one touch will set it off.

Sam eases a finger into my opening and my back arches, heels digging into the sleeping bag. “Goddamn, I can barely get in past my knuckle.” He spreads my wetness around, his breath heavy in my ear. “She’s slick and warm, though. Ready as she’ll ever be with a pussy this tight.”

“Good,” Miles says, leaning close and bringing our mouths together, positioning himself between my splayed thighs. “Listen closely. There will be no rubber for either of us, little girl. You wanted us both, didn’t you? Now you’ll have two obsessed men trying their damndest to make you a young mother.”

“It’s too late to back out now, baby,” Sam rasps, his fingers twining in my hair, the pads massaging my scalp. “You’re ours.”

Keeping his eyes locked on mine, Miles breaches my entrance with the broad, smooth head of his sex and I brace, biting my lower lip. His jaw locks tight and he shoves forward, but only an inch or so of his shaft enters me. With a curse, he slides a hand under my buttocks and grips tight, keeping me in

place for his next drive—and it’s a ferocious, grunting thing, sweat forming on his brow. Still, only one more inch wedges inside me. But the pressure starts to build. Oh, and it’s *amazing*. I’m sensitive everywhere and the new friction of my unexplored parts starts a cascade of incredible sensations inside me.

“Miles,” I whimper, wrapping my legs around his waist. “I’m going to come.”

“No, baby,” Sam whispers, kissing my forehead. “Can’t be.”

“Ain’t even halfway inside you yet,” Miles grunts, punching his hips forward. “Jesus. I have to get inside this sweet little thing.”

“I *want* you inside me,” I manage, pulses all over my body making me burn.

Miles struggles another moment, only managing to get another inch deeper, before sending Sam a sharp look. “Tease her nipples. That ought to wet her up nice.”

Sam is already cupping my breasts tenderly and massaging them before Miles finishes making the order. He holds them in greedy hands, twisting his palms over my nipples, right, left, right, then pinches them gently—and a rush of moisture teems through me. If Miles didn’t drop forward at that moment and pin me, I would have jackknifed at the pleasure already rattling my bones.

“Fuck,” Miles chokes out. “I’m in.”

Above me, Sam licks his lips eagerly, eyes rapt on the place where Miles’s body joins with mine. “What’s it feel like?”

Slowly, Miles lifts his head and locks gazes with Sam, his breathing ragged. “I don’t think she’s built like other women. Her pussy is squeezing me half to death, it’s such a tight goddamn thing. She should be screaming in pain.” He nods at me, affection and lust moving in his expression. “But look at her, one pump and she’s going to come. Girl’s already shaking like a leaf.”

“Miles!” I toss my head side to side, pleasure spearing through my limbs and clogging my lungs. “Sam! Please, please...I need...”

“Do it,” Sam says hoarsely. “Fuck her.”

“As if I could help it.” A shudder ripples through him. “Hold her tight.”

Sam crosses an arm over my chest, gripping me beneath the opposite arm. “Got her.”

After that, I’m lost. I don’t know which end is up or where I am anymore. Miles cinches his hips back and drives forward with a yell—and I shatter. My scream sings the sides of my throat on its way up and I thrash, unable to withstand the strength of my climax. It turns my blood to lava and blinds me, but I’d gladly exchange my sight for the intense contractions of my intimate muscles. I’m bearing down so hard, without conscious thought, that I can feel every ridge of Miles’s shaft as it enters me, I can feel every one of his chest hairs chafing my nipples. I’m alive. I’m alive and I’ve been living in the dark until now.

“God almighty, she just keeps coming,” Miles grits out, his face contorted with pleasure above mine. “She’s milking me too hard to keep going. *Fuck*. I have to give her this load—”

With a roar, Miles shoots his seed into me and another wave of ecstasy bombards my senses. My back is arched off the sleeping bag, tears rolling down my temples, my thighs straining and shaking around Miles’s waist.

It’s too good. I don’t ever want it to end.

I’m still in the middle of a climax, I’ve lost count of how many I’ve had, when Miles sits back and pulls me off Sam’s lap. He kisses my mouth, long and slow, forcing me to calm down. “Shhh, sweet girl. We’ve got you.” I concentrate on the thorough strokes of his tongue, the way he caresses my face, and by the time he turns me around to face Sam, I’m in a languid state of contentment. “Lay back on me now, Cassie. It’s Sam’s turn to experience you.”

My tired eyes lift to Sam. He regards me with such stark hunger, a bolt of energy rouses my senses and I start to whimper anew. More of the indescribable pleasure is coming my way and my body craves it, even though it's already been through so much. I want more. I want the thick root of flesh Sam unsheathes from his pants, jerking roughly in his tattooed hand.

“Can you wrap those sweet legs around my hips as tightly as you wrapped them around his? I got a fucking pounding to give you, baby.”

A sob catches in my throat and I nod, opening myself to him.

With a curse, he falls forward on his hands and knees, crawling over me and taking hold of his erection once again. He trails his tongue from my belly, all the way to my mouth and nips at my bottom lip, his hardness tucking into me, his hips bucking forward as Miles kisses my forehead tenderly, telling me everything will be all right and they'll take care of me, the perfect contrast to the rough invasion of my body. Sam's inches sink in deep, his entrance aided by the spend Miles left inside me, but he remains unmoving, the muscles flexing in his shoulders.

“Fuck,” Sam grits out into my neck. “You were right. So snug I can barely keep from busting.” He rears back with a moan and plows inside me to the hilt once more, a wave of ticklish pleasure rolling my eyes back in my head. Oh my God. I'm coming again. If he so much as grazes my clit, I'm going to soar. “We're going to have to keep her under lock and key, Miles. Anyone finds out what she's got between her legs, they'll try to take her.”

“Yes.” Miles reaches down and massages my clit with the pad of his middle finger and my thighs thrash around Sam's hips, another orgasm beginning to twist up my insides. “I'd say men fight wars over pussy like this, but I'll be damned if there's ever been one like it.”

“And it's all ours.”

Sam buries his face in my neck, allowing me to look down the length of his strong back, watching his flexing ass hump up and down as he takes me. His grunts are straight from an animal, his hands grasping at my knees to keep them hitched high around his sweating body.

“I’m hard again,” Miles groans into my hair. “Every time you pump, you grind her tight, young ass on my cock.”

Sam lifts his head, those golden eyes glowing with lust. “If her cunt is this tight, what do you think her ass is like?”

“I want it,” I whimper, barely aware of what I’m agreeing to. Only knowing they both need me now and I have a bone-deep desire to be everything to these men, the way they’re going to be everything to me. “I want you both.”

Miles’s chest thunders up and down under my back. He chants my name over and over while hefting me higher against his body and lying back, prone. Sam follows, still on top of me, his hips still moving with violent, desperate thrusts. And then I feel Miles’s manhood wedge between the cheeks of my backside, his fist raking the head of his arousal up and back over my hole.

“That feels good,” I cry, throwing my head back on his shoulder, remembering to keep my thighs nice and wide for Sam. “I-is it supposed to feel good?”

“Yes. *Christ*, feel how you squeeze me like a good girl, Cassie. You were made to take a cock in this ass.” Miles grits out, plugging me full inch by inch, a scream building in my throat at the oddly pleasing penetration. “This whole body of yours was made for cock. *Our* cocks.”

I’m so *full*.

My stomach is filling with a dizzying lack of gravity and the only thing keeping me on earth is the two, thick male parts that tunnel in and out of me, over and over again, their owners grinding deep, cursing my name, praising it. Begging, demanding, owning, losing themselves, the same way I lose myself to the pleasure.



Their syrupy heat pours into me simultaneously and I'm crushed between their seeking, pounding bodies, our sweat combining, our rusted voices joining together in a song of pleasure, lust, need.

And love.

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## Miles

**T**here is nothing in this world like waking up with Cassie's soft breath on my throat. I crack an eyelid and find her trapped in between me and Sam, naked as the day she was born, her blonde hair in disarray around her serene face. There's a click inside of me. A positivity I never thought could exist for me.

This is where I'm supposed to be.

For so long, I convinced myself I could be content protecting Cassie and never laying a finger on her. That notion is laughable now. I never stood a chance.

Cassie murmurs something in her sleep and shifts closer to me, her belly rubbing against my dick, and I grit my teeth as it swells. Lord, this girl. I love her with my heart, my soul, my body. And the latter can't stop wanting more. More of the miracle we've been blessed with between her legs. Now that I've experienced that uniquely hot clench, I'm going to spend every waking moment hard, just waiting for my chance to get inside her again. I'm not the only one, either.

She's brought two men to their knees and there's nowhere I'd rather be.

I understand now. Cassie is love. She has too much inside of her for just one man. Thank God I'm lucky enough to be one of them.

There's a buzzing somewhere in the tent and I realize the sound must be what woke me. Careful not to rouse Cassie or Sam, I sit up and hunt through my discarded clothes for my phone. When I recognize the number on the caller ID as the sheriff's office, I pull on my jeans and leave the tent to answer.

"Sheriff," I answer.

"Morning, Miles." There's a creaking of a chair. "Ran that name and birthdate through the system, focusing the search on Boston. Got a hit that might interest you."

My stomach sinks. I almost don't want to know the rest. Ever since I took the information from Sam's résumé and relayed it to the sheriff, guilt has been slowly creeping up on me. Now? After what we both shared with Cassie? My suspicion almost feels like a betrayal. Still, I was put on this earth to protect my girl and I'm not taking any chances. That reminder bolsters me.

"That right?" I clear my throat and walk a little farther from the tent. "Tell me what you've got."

"Samuel Bolton Dobbs, twenty-six—Bolton is a middle name, you see—born in Boston. Got a record longer than my arm. Got into a lot of scrapes as a boy and went downhill from there. Assault, robbery, weapons charges. The man's bad news." The sheriff falls silent and I can hear my heart rapping against my eardrums. "Served his time, but he's wanted in Massachusetts for violating his parole. You want me to do something about this, Miles, or are you handling it yourself?"

Silently, I say a prayer, thanking God for that rural way of life. In this wild part of the country, men handle their own problems and the police only interfere if absolutely necessary. I don't know what I'm going to do about Sam and his lies of omission yet, but at least I know the cops aren't going to descend on the farm before I decide how to handle the situation.

"I've got it covered," I say, a scratch in my voice. "Thanks, sheriff."

I hang up the phone and turn, finding Sam watching me, just outside the tent.

“Sheriff, huh?” He absently scratches his bare chest, but his eyes are hard. “Something you want to talk about, Miles?”

“Matter of fact, there is.” I use my phone to gesture to the tent. “She deserved to know who she was getting in bed with.”

His throat flexes with a swallow. “I tried to tell her last night.”

“That ain’t good enough.”

Sam is silent for a long moment. “You’re not going to take her away from me.”

Is that what I want to do?

Christ, I don’t even know. This connection we’ve fostered between the three of us feels right, but how is that possible when Sam is a criminal? Not in a million years would I let a man like him near Cassie, yet standing here looking at Sam, I still don’t see an inmate. I see the only other man that held Cassie the way she deserves. Protectively. Coveting her, the way I do.

I’ll test him.

I’ll find out what’s below his surface, then figure out what to do. If he’s dangerous in any way, I can’t have him around Cassie.

“And if I try to take her away from you?” I drawl.

Slowly, his chest starts to heave, fingers stretching and curling to fists at his sides. “Don’t back me into a corner. I’ve been fighting my way out of them my whole life. And this time I actually have something to fight for.”

He’s talking about Cassie.

I can see in Sam’s eyes that he’s fallen in love with her, too—and I don’t know if I’m capable of robbing a man of the most precious gift imaginable. Her. If someone tried to take Cassie away from me, I would fight like a fucking animal to keep her. But Sam has a violent past and if I’d only met him

on paper, I would die before letting him within a hundred yards of Cassie.

A muscle jumps in Sam's cheek. "Well?"

Before I can answer, Cassie comes out of the tent wearing my T-shirt, the hem reaching past her knees. Fuck, she's beautiful, all rosy and rumped, her lips swollen from kissing two hungry males. She rubs at her blue eyes for a beat, before seeming to realize something is amiss.

"What's wrong?" She squints into the morning sun. "Miles?"

I sigh, knowing I have no other choice but to tell her the truth. Any kind of secrecy on my part would make me unworthy of her. "Cassie..." I pinch the bridge of my nose. "There's no easy way to say this. Sam is wanted in Massachusetts. He's been in prison for robbery, assault—"

"Never on a woman," Sam says through his teeth. "I know what you're thinking, man. But she is not in danger from me. I'd jump off a fucking cliff to stop her from crying."

"Of course I'm not in danger from you," Cassie whispers, laying a hand on Sam's arm. "Miles, I...I had a feeling there was something like this in Sam's past, but my heart led me to him. The real him on the inside. It led me to both of you." She implores me with her gaze. "Can't you look past what he's done and see what he's capable of?"

"Cassie," I grit out. "His past *tells* me what he's capable of."

"No. What we are together...is a new beginning." Moisture fills her eyes and I feel like a bastard. "Miles, please."

Sam leans over, presses the nose to the crown of Cassie's head and inhales deeply. "You're not taking her away from me."

Irritation snakes through my gut. "You don't make the rules."

His nostrils flare and he barrels toward me, anger breaking out across his features. I only have seconds to react, but I grew up fighting, same as him, so muscle memory kicks in and I swing, my fist glancing off Sam's jaw and snapping his head back. Cassie screams and her anguish chills my bones. I want to stop, then and there. To reason this out. But Sam throws a right hook and connects, sending me reeling back.

Even as pain blooms behind my eye, I can't blame him for fighting. Not with Cassie on the line.

I duck his next punch and drive my fist into his stomach.

Out of the corner of my eye, I see a crying Cassie turn and run.

Watching her go is like a bucket of cold water being dumped over my head. It's the same for Sam. He turns to watch her flee with a look of horror on his face—and both of us go running after her. My heart is in my fucking throat. I've upset her. We've upset this sweet girl who gave us the gift of her body last night and it's unacceptable. If she wants to overlook Sam's past, I'll do it. I'll do anything—

The sight that greets us when we come around the back of the tent will forever be seared on my brain.

Cassie, being held at gunpoint.

By Mooney, the horse trainer. The man I found touching himself in the stable yesterday while looking at Cassie.

He's pressing the muzzle of the gun to her temple, a crazed look in his eye.

"Back up!" Mooney screams.

"Miles," Cassie whispers shakily. "Sam."

"Baby," Sam rasps, reaching for her.

He snatches his hand back when Mooney cocks the gun. "I said back up!"

Sam and I do as he says, but it's a wonder I can concentrate enough to follow the instruction. My heart is being ripped out of my chest. Not my girl. God, please don't take her

away from me. In this moment, I realize how Sam must have felt when I threatened to do the same. The mere suggestion of living without her is excruciating.

“What do you want?” I ask Mooney, raggedly.

“I heard you rutting her last night, talking about how she’s got some world-class pussy.” He licks his lips noisily. “I aim to try it out myself.” Before I can process his horrifying words, he aims the gun at me instead. Then Sam. Then back at me. “If it’s as good as you said, you can’t keep it to yourself. If you try and stop me, I’ll shoot.”

He’s lost his damn mind.

There’s no way he can keep that gun trained on both of us and do what he’s thinking of doing. Not at the same time. Sam sends me a knowing glance out of the corner of his eye and a plan forms between us, without words. For better or worse, we’re on the same side, his past be damned. I won’t question that again.

Slowly, we start to separate, circling around Mooney step by step. My shotgun is in the tent, a fact I lament, but the farther apart we are, the harder it will be to keep the gun pointed at us both. Eventually we’ll distract him enough to wrestle him away from Cassie. If one of us gets shot in the process, so be it. As long as he doesn’t harm a single hair on her head.

“She’s been tempting me so long,” Mooney pleads, starting to get nervous. “Just let me get a little taste. *Just a little one.*”

“Now, you know we can’t allow that.” I keep my voice even. “Every inch of her belongs to me and Sam. We only share with each other.”

The hand holding the gun is starting to shake from being held up too long and now, he doesn’t know where to point it. Sweat pours down his forehead. “I’ll shoot!” he spits, whipping the gun toward me—and that’s when Sam drops into a crouch, there’s a flash of metal at his ankle, and he fires.

Mooney’s eyes go blank and he crumples to the ground.

Relief turns my blood from ice to liquid fire. Both of us lunge for Cassie at the same time, hustling her away from the dead man, running our hands over her to make sure there isn't a single scratch. "Are you okay?" I ask, thickly.

"Yes," she sobs, throwing her arms around my neck. I hold her for a few precious seconds, before she lets go and gives Sam a hug. "I was so scared."

"We wouldn't have let him hurt you, Cassie," I breathe into her hair, pressing my chest to her back, wedging her between me and Sam. Over her head, I lock eyes with the other man. "Good thing you had that gun on your ankle."

His lips twitch. "Sometimes being a criminal comes in handy."

Cassie kisses his jaw. "You're my criminal." Her butt pushes back into my lap and my dick stiffens rapidly, readying for her. "You're both my heroes."

Our groans of need fill the air. My hands mold to her hips and I grind into the valley between her supple ass cheeks. Sam has the honor of kissing her mouth, but after I questioned his intentions this morning, I want to allow him more.

Reaching down, I take Cassie's thighs in my hands and lift her up, propping her backside on my belly and opening her legs wide. A growl kindles in my throat when I imagine Sam's point of view. Cassie and her tousled blonde bed head, the sun shining on her bare, waiting cunt.

"Take her, Sam. Make her forget her fear," I say. "We'll never let her feel it again, as long as she lives. Will we?"

"No," Sam responds, emotion in his voice. "We won't."

He understands that I'm not only offering him Cassie's body, I'm offering him acceptance. I'm offering him us. Permanently. She knows it, too, and she turns to smile gratefully at me. Lustfully. And as Sam sinks inside of her and begins to pump, I keep her steady and open, vowing to myself that the three of us will always remain intact, no matter what comes our way.



## EPILOGUE

Sam

*Six years later*

I stick my head beneath the waterfall and wash the suds from my hair, the cool, crystal clear water coasting down my bare back. Bar of soap in hand, I lather my chest, my belly, wincing as I cross over the red bite marks. Cassie was in rare form last night, wasn't she? As soon as our sons were fast asleep, me and Miles passed our wife back and forth for hours, giving her the rough sex she's come to love. When the three of us couldn't take any more of the pleasure, Cassie lay between us, whispering how much she loved us. How she couldn't live without us.

And we told her in return. Miles and I tell her constantly. The words seem to be perched on our tongues all damn day until they explode from us at night.

Wading toward the shore, I tip my head back and let the sunshine warm my wet body. My cock and balls are heavy, thanks to memories of last night, but it's nothing new. With a treasure like Cassie for a wife, I've learned to withstand the state of sexual frustration she keeps me in, because the payoff is never short of extraordinary.

We live off the land, out here in nature. Me, Miles and Cassie.

We live off each other.

It's not an exaggeration to say the only thing we need is each other. Which is a good thing, because the day I killed Mooney, we left the farm and only go back once a year for unscheduled reunions with her father. In order to keep me safe from the law. Right after we left, Cassie sent her father a note to let him know she was happy and after his initial anger that we stole her away, realized he could share in her happiness or lose her completely. Thankfully, he embraced our unusual marriage and learned to be comfortable with Miles and I both calling her wife.

At first, it was hard to accept Miles and Cassie's love wholeheartedly. After all, I'm a man on the run. A criminal. How could I accept such a selfless act as these two people giving up life as they knew it, just to be with me?

Over time, with a lot of love and attention from Cassie, I stopped viewing myself as a former inmate and started thinking of myself as a devoted husband. A caring father. I am those things, because I've been taught what love feels like. What it looks like. I'm the happiest man alive and I don't question my worthiness anymore. But I do spend every day making sure I stay worthy of this beautiful life.

Not bothering with clothes, I lay down on the grass, closing my eyes and letting the sun warm my face. Down a way near the shore are my catches of the day. Fish I'll use to nourish my family. To do my part. Cassie is doing lessons with the boys right now, but as soon as the sun heads west in the sky, I'll bring home dinner. She'll turn and smile at me from her place at the kitchen table and I'll start counting the minutes until night falls and we can immerse ourselves in her.

I laugh and shake my head, remembering how I couldn't last a full three minutes last night. Not any of the times I fucked my wife. Miles and I would swear on a stack of bibles that her cunt gets a little tighter every year. It might make us cavemen, but our sweet wife and her wonder pussy are one of the reasons we've chosen to live in the wilderness. We don't trust men anywhere near her.

She's ours. Mind, body and soul.

That's the way it's going to stay.

I'm determined to last longer tonight, so I reach down and fist my cock, intending to clear the pipes before I head home. I picture Cassie's quivering, pink pussy, so bare and tight, and in no time, I'm beating off hard, my cock turning purple in my hand from the pressure I have to apply to make it anywhere near as tight as my girl's fuck hole.

"Mmmm." I bite down my my lip. "Good girl, Cassie, baby. Ride it right."

A feminine giggle makes me pause, even though it hurts. I'm so close to coming just from picturing my wife that when I open my eyes, I wonder if I'm imagining her there. But no, it's her. In real life. She's in a flimsy, baby blue slip—the same shade as her eyes—and it's drenched from wading through the water.

"The boys are down for a nap," Cassie murmurs, climbing out onto the grassy bank and kneeling down in front of me, the translucent silk molded to her high tits. Her black choker is now braided together with a red one from me, plus a white one to represent her pure heart. "You rang?"

Behind her in the distance is Miles, hot on her trail with a shotgun over his shoulder as always. I nod at him, he nods back and I refocus on Cassie, my beautiful Cassie. Surrounded in sunshine, she's so goddamn gorgeous it hurts and I have to start jacking my cock again, choked sounds escaping my lips.

Cassie regards me curiously, tucking a long strand of blonde hair behind her ear. "You didn't want to wait until tonight?"

"I thought I could go longer if I take the edge off," I push through my teeth.

"How many times have we tried that, man?" Miles asks, coming to stand above us. "It never works." He carefully lays his shotgun down in the grass and kneels down behind Cassie, between my outstretched ankles. "One she starts milking us,

there's no lasting. It's like her body craves the come and does whatever it takes to get it."

Miles wraps a hand around the back of Cassie's neck, making her lips pop open, her eyes grow dazed. In the space of a moment, this girl can transform from goddess, mother, wife...to fuck toy, and she does it now, letting Miles guide her down over my straining cock.

"Look at the pain you've put him in. Suck him off, little girl." With a grunt, Miles unzips his jeans and removes his own hard dick, smacking it against the curve of her ass. "But don't forget to bend over nice and low for Daddy. He wants some, too."

Her warm mouth wraps around me and I toss my head back with a groan, my heels digging into the earth. Fuck, what she *does* to me. It's torture. It's heaven.

It's filthy. So filthy watching Miles fuck her from behind, banging the tits right out of her wet slip, making her moan and whimper around my cock. She calls for Daddy and I'd be lying if the fantasies that single word conjures don't get me off. Sometimes I play the butcher come calling to collect an overdue tab, but Miles has no money to pay, so he lets me fuck Cassie in the back room of our cabin as payment. Other times, I pretend to be Cassie's boyfriend, over at the house to study. Daddy comes in and catches her...and can't help but joining in.

There's a bottomless treasure trove of fantasies, and if we had until the end of time, we wouldn't be able to enact them all.

But most of the time, there is no greater fantasy than us. Just us.

And we revel in each other now, Cassie smiling up at me with her eyes as she sucks me toward orgasm, Miles's expression one of pure ownership as he rides Cassie's pussy from behind. There's something about the three-way eye contact that does us in every time, as if the acknowledgment of what we have is orgasmic in itself. This time is no exception.

Cassie comes first, as always, her petite body trembling, her screams vibrating down the stalk of my shaft. Burning me, ending me. I lose the ability to think straight, just upthrusting into her perfect mouth, purging myself of the semen in my balls. Then Miles. He falls atop Cassie, pressing his chest to her back and gritting his teeth. Giving her *one. Hard. Pump. After. The other.*

Cursing and shaking through his climax.

We all fall panting into the grass, beneath the sky of our paradise.

Cassie's left hand reaches out, her fingers lacing with mine. Her other one entwines with Miles's. She squeezes us both and we all communicate our utter contentment with a sigh.

"I love you both. My men."

"We love you, too, Cassie. Our girl. Forever."

THE END

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