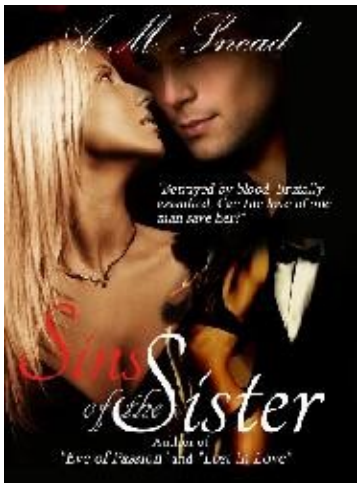
Sins of the Sister

By : AMS1971

When Sabrina Braxton agrees to trade places with her twin sister, Celine, to give her sister a break from her strained marriage...Sabrina has no idea what she's getting herself into. Suddenly faced with Celine's sexually deprived husband and a forceful ranch hand, Sabrina realizes her sister has failed to fill her in on some extremely necessary details of her life.



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Epilogue

Sins of the Sister : Chapter 1

ONE

"You left the party."

Sabrina flinched at the male voice floating to her from the open doorway of her husband's study. She hadn't heard anyone approach, her mind a million miles away from the New Year's Eve party humming in the third floor ball room overhead. She turned away from the tall window and the large snowflakes drifting in the darkness outside.

Owen Briggs lounged against the door frame, a half empty glass of red wine held loosely in his right hand. His heavy lidded eyes told her this was not his first. He beheld her with a lingering gaze before stepping into the dimly lit room.

"Owen." Sabrina watched her brother-in-law set the wine glass down with a dull clink on her husband's marble desk top. Charles would have a king-sized fit if he found the glass there in the morning. His desk was his shrine, and anything placed on it that wasn't absolutely necessary was considered sacrilege.

"You left the party." He said again. Until now, she had managed to tune out the music and laughter vibrating through the large house. She met her brother-in-law's heavy eyes and marveled how clear a blue they remained despite his intoxication. Marveled, actually, that he was even here tonight. She wondered how Celine had talked him into it. Though her sister visited often, Owen rarely left their ranch. He wasn't a man to be impressed by wealth, and even less so by Charles Braxton. In fact, Sabrina suspected Owen out and out disliked her husband. But it was an observation she found understandable. Charles could be quite the pompous asshole when he wanted to be; which seemed to be most of the time.

Sabrina shrugged absently, a sudden nervous flutter to her stomach. "I don't like crowds." He had a rugged attractiveness she found very alluring in a man. An attractiveness Charles would never acquire. She recalled the disturbing flutter that had twisted her guts the first time Celine had introduced him to her, and the way their eyes had locked for the briefest of moments, a rush of emotions and desires she didn't understand passing between them, vanishing an instant later as if she'd imagined it all. She'd quickly convinced herself that she had, indeed, imagined it all. And since Owen rarely frequented their home, she'd been able to dismiss that initial reaction as insignificant. But he was here now, and the butterflies had returned as well. What this meant, she wasn't certain she wanted to know.

Up in the ball room, she heard the distant jumble of noise cease as the voices joined together in the countdown. Owen moved in closer and gripped her shoulders lightly, turning her to face him. His light touch sky-rocketed her heartbeat too suddenly and too easily in a way Charles' touch never had. A mixture of fear and excitement shuddered through her as she realized Owen was going to kiss her. He leaned in close until his lips brushed hers when he spoke. "Charles is a fool." He whispered so low she barely heard it. "A man like him doesn't deserve a woman like you."

The sudden impulse to pull away from his searing touch before their kiss could be completed stabbed at her like a hot iron. But instead of fleeing, she found herself leaning up into his kiss, trembling at the tender firmness of his lips against hers. Owen's arms went around her, pulling her against him and holding her tightly. His light kiss deepened swiftly with overwhelming passion and desire as his lips parted and drew her into his warm mouth. A kiss that lingered long after the party had resumed upstairs.

Charles had never kissed her this way, with this level of passion, and the sexual woman inside of her that she'd been suppressing for years was suddenly no longer content to be restrained. Startling herself, she began to tug at the front of Owen's shirt with trembling, erratic hands until it was open, exposing his strong, tan, muscular chest. Her body, heart and mind was on fire and she knew there was no way she could put it out except by giving herself to this man who was forbidden to her.

Owen's hot mouth was on her neck, biting and sucking at the tender skin, inflaming her even more as his urgent hands found the zipper on the back of her dress and tugged it down without hesitation. He, too, had been living a life void of passion and like herself, he could take it no longer.

Their clothes came off as if in a dream, neither considering or caring that someone - Charles, perhaps, or Celine - might walk in on them at any given moment. Sabrina felt the cool leather of Charles sofa against her back as Owen laid her down and covered her aching, fevered body with his own. His warm lips captured her eager mouth as he wrapped her legs around his waist. His erection was hard and swollen as he drove it deep inside her hot, wet body.

Sabrina gasped, partly from his size and thickness, and partly from the reality that she was letting this happen. But her conscience was buried deep beneath her need for passion and fulfillment, and forgotten.

Neither spoke a word as they clung to each other. Sabrina's body responded to Owen's every move, every touch, every stroke. She moaned into his mouth when he slid his hands down and gripped her firm butt, pulling her up to his every thrust as he drove his throbbing dick into her silky wet pussy again and again, each thrust more urgent than the one before until he was bouncing them on the leather cushions, his body no longer able to maintain control.

Owen's hot breath blasted against Sabrina's damp, fevered skin as the room began to spin around her and all she could feel was Owen fucking her like a desperate man. She could feel her body tightening with a fierce orgasm and knew he was close, too. If Celine or Charles walked in right now, Sabrina knew that her and Owen still wouldn't stop until they were sated.

Owen grunted and panted as his thrusts became harder and more determined, telling Sabrina he was on the brink of exploding. But she was ready. She didn't stop to consider what would happen if he got her pregnant, all she wanted at this moment in time was to feel him release inside her.

She fucked him back with urgency, letting him know all he needed to know. Their bodies could take it no longer - they exploded like the fireworks that had set off at midnight. Owen covered her mouth with his to stifle both their cries of ecstasy as their bodies released years of pent up passion and hunger.

When Owen drew back, Sabrina gasped. Her whole body trembled beneath his and she knew if she tried to stand right now, dizziness would overwhelm her.

Breathless, his skin a sheen of sweat, Owen stood up and reached for his clothes without meeting her eyes. He dressed quickly and left without a word.

His kiss lingered on her lips, in her mouth, with the sweet taste of wine long after he'd left the study. His hot touch and the feel of him inside her lingered as well. Her first clear thought was to wonder how this might change things. But she quickly realized that nothing would change. Owen had been drunk, that was all. In the morning, he wouldn't even remember speaking to her, much less making love to her. Sabrina alone would remember the way his lips had felt on hers, how strangely fulfilling their love making had been even though it had only lasted minutes, and the warm security his arms had instilled. A memory that she would allow to come alive only in her dreams.

The two year old memory of that New Year's encounter weighed heavily on Sabrina Braxton's mind as she stood anxiously on the front porch of her sister's home. She reached hesitantly for the doorknob. How had she let Celine talk her into this? Swapping identities as kids and fooling their parents was one thing, but they were adults now. Married women. This was hardly as innocent as a childhood prank.

Standing precariously in her sister's high heels and black dress which, she thought, revealed far too much skin, she struggled for a rational explanation for her actions. She reasoned that it was for Celine. Her sister and brother-in-law were having some marital problems, and it would do Celine good to get away for awhile and think things over. Besides, Sabrina had no desire to go to New York, and Celine had always wanted to go there. So where was the harm in letting her sister take her place? Her and Charles' sex life had pretty much ceased to exist a long time ago, so it wasn't as if she were placing her sister in her own husband's arms. And Celine had professed a lack of intimate relations with Owen. They would simply be going through the motions, no harm done.

"Just get on with it." She muttered, her hand resting on the doorknob. "Quit procrastinating. You can't stay out here all night." She'd insisted to herself that she'd agreed to this arrangement for her sister's sake. But the memory of Owen's kiss, his touch, made her wonder if there wasn't more to it. In that single encounter with her brother-in-law, she'd experienced more passion than she had in the five years she'd been married to Charles.

No, she argued silently as she twisted the knob and pushed the door open slowly. Charles was her husband, for better or worse. And despite everything, she'd never fantasized about having an affair - with anyone. Somehow she had managed to turn off her romantic desires and face the fact that marriage wasn't just about romantic gestures, or touching, kissing, making love. Such things were a fantasy no marriage could sustain for any length of time. Charles had taught her that early on in their relationship.

So why did you marry him? she wondered as she stepped into the dark hallway and closed the door. Only half conscious of her own movement, she slipped off the high heels and picked them up, stretching her aching toes. Why had she married Charles Braxton? She took a deep breath and let it out slow. Why was she dwelling on this right now? This was hardly the time for such an in-depth analysis of her motives. To cut it short and sweet, she knew she hadn't married him for his money. But what really bothered her was that she hadn't married him for love either. So what did that leave? She didn't know.

She realized too suddenly that, had she to do it all over again, she would have remained single. At least down that road, there would have always been that hope of finding that once in a lifetime lover who could make her come alive with a single touch. The same hope she had buried the day she'd vowed her life to Charles. The same hope that had fought to resurface the night Owen had taken her in his arms and made love to her so passionately.

"Get a grip, girl." She whispered, disturbed by the soft ache tightening her voice. Owen had been drunk that night. He had no idea what he was saying or doing. And so what if he had known? They were both married, and she didn't believe that Owen nor herself were prepared to engage in an ongoing love affair that could go nowhere.

Sabrina walked softly down the hall. A faint glow drifted out through the living room archway and into the hallway. She hesitated, listening for evidence that the room was occupied. When she heard nothing, she stepped into the archway and studied the dimly lit room. A shadowed form lounged on the sofa, ankles crossed on the coffee table. She seemed helpless but to simply stand and watch him. The soft burning lamp on the end table cast a gentle glow across his face. His eyes were closed and his chest, exposed partially by his

unbuttoned flannel, rose and fell in that steady rhythm of sleep.

The sudden memory of how his hot skin had felt beneath her fingertips, leaped into her mind, making her whole body tingle and ache. That same New Year s night, Charles had taken her as well. He, too, had been drunk, but his love making had lacked passion and tenderness. Sex with him had always felt more like mild rape than anything. She was thankful he no longer seemed to desire her in any way. She wasn't certain if he'd simply lost his desire for sex, or if he were seeing someone else. Either way, she didn't care. He wasn't touching her anymore, and that was all that mattered.

"You re home early."

Sabrina jumped, startled by Owen's voice. She realized he was staring at her from the sofa, his eyes heavy with sleep. It reminded her too much of that night, when his eyes had been heavy with the effects of the wine.

"I..." She faltered, her throat suddenly thick and tight.

He was on his feet before she could think of a response, and coming towards her. "It's only eleven o'clock." The sarcasm and cynicism in his voice was evident, as well as the thick veil of bitterness. "Couldn't find anyone to fuck? Or couldn't he hold his load and finished early?"

Sabrina's face flushed hot and knew it was surely blazing red. She was thankful for the shadows. No one had ever made such raw statements to her before, and her first instinct was to tell him not to speak to her that way. But he wasn't speaking to her...he was speaking to her sister. And what could she say in her sister's defense? She loved Celine, but she also knew Celine.

Biting her lower lip nervously, Sabrina whispered, "I'm going to bed." She could feel Owen's eyes following her up the stairs and wondered if he suspected something was amiss with his wife. What would Celine have said to him? One thing was for certain - she wouldn't have tucked tail and slunk away.

TWO

Sabrina woke from the dream slowly, as if floating up from the dark depths of the ocean to the sparkling surface. It wasn't so much a dream as a memory. The New Year's Eve party. But even in reality it had seemed more dream than real. There were times when she wondered if it really had been a dream, and she'd convinced herself it truly happened. She'd barely spoken to Owen since that night, but the few times they had come face to face, he gave no indication he had any memory of it. So maybe it hadn't really happened at all.

She took her time showering, letting the hot water soothe away the tension that had built up last night. She still couldn't believe she actually let her sister talk her into this. How was she going to fool Owen for two weeks? Yes, she was her sister's mirror image, but only in appearance. She didn't possess Celine's characteristics, her mannerisms, they didn't even talk the same. Owen wasn't stupid. He would know something was different about her.

Sabrina wrapped one of her sister's thin, silk robes around her freshly washed body and went down to the kitchen. She'd deliberately slept later than normal to give Owen a chance to get out of the house without them encountering each other. According to Celine, once Owen left the house in the morning, he rarely came back inside until evening. Celine couldn't fathom how he could stand to spend all day around smelly animals, and she'd complained that he brought the stench into the house every night, that it clung to him like fungus.

Pouring herself a cup of coffee, Sabrina began to add cream and sugar as she thought again about the differences between her and her twin. Sabrina loved animals, especially horses. But Charles despised animals

and wouldn't own anything as useless as a horse. And in the Braxton mansion, Charles' word was law.

Sabrina went to the kitchen window and looked at the stables. She yearned to go see the horses, but her presence anywhere near the animals would instantly give her away. It was ironic, really, that she was in her ideal world but couldn't partake of the joys and pleasures it offered.

Releasing a sigh, she turned from the window and gasped, her coffee cup slipping from her hands to shatter against the hard tiled floor, scattering ceramic chips and spewing hot coffee in every direction.

"Such grace." Owen muttered, standing in the kitchen doorway. The scent of soap filled the air and Sabrina's eyes moved with a will of their own as they caressed his body hungrily. His dark hair was still wet from the shower and all he wore was a pair of jeans.

"I, uh..." She faltered yet again and dropped her eyes to the mess on the floor.

"Am I that frightening of a sight to you?" Owen's blues eyes were chipped ice as he went to the cupboard and took down a coffee cup of his own. "I realize I m no GQ candidate like Charles Braxton, but I've never had a woman scream at the sight of me either."

At the mention of her husband's name, Sabrina tensed even more. What had made him speak of Charles?

Owen poured himself a cup of black coffee then turned around and leaned against the counter, studying her. "Since when did you start drinking coffee anyway? I've never seen you drink anything in the morning but your exotic teas."

Sabrina grabbed a hand towel and sank to the floor to wipe up the mess. What could she say? She realized she was entirely unprepared for this whole thing. She couldn't think on her feet like Celine could. But her silence was surely baffling Owen, for Celine rarely, if ever, kept her mouth shut.

With the coffee sopped up, Sabrina gathered the shards of the broken cup into the towel and stood up. She hesitated when she noticed Owen was leaning against the counter in front of the door to the garbage. She moved towards him, hoping he would move on his own, knowing she needed to dump the broken cup. But he remained where he was until she was only a foot or so away from him. His eyes moved over her body hungrily, and suddenly it felt as if she were standing before him naked, the thin robe barely concealing her and clinging to her damp skin. She could feel her hard nipples pressing out against the silky material and it was making her feel extremely self-conscious.

"Excuse me." She said weakly, wincing at the tremor in her voice. "I need to dump this in the trash."

Owen stayed where he was for a moment, then moved just enough for her to get the door open and shake the towel out over the garbage can. Struggling for something to say, she asked, "Why aren't you at the stables?"

The weight of his eyes on her was making her nervous and she chanced a look at him. "It's Sunday." He said. "You know I don't work on Sundays."

"Charles works every day." Sabrina said quietly, then gasped when she realized she'd spoken the thought aloud.

Owen's face turned to granite and Sabrina recoiled. "Well, I'm sorry I'm not as perfect as your sister's flawless, rich husband. But I didn't force you to marry me." He slammed his coffee cup down on the counter and stepped forward. "Why did you marry me? Oh, I remember - you liked how I fucked. But you don't even like

that anymore, do you? If I made a couple million for you, though, I bet you'd open them legs for me again, huh?"

Sabrina was frozen in place. She didn't know how to handle Owen's anger and frustration. Celine hadn't mentioned this to her. When Owen reached for the belt of her robe, she flinched on reflex but regretted it immediately when it seemed to fuel his rage.

"Tell me, darling...do you even know when the last time was that you let me look at you naked, much less touch you?"

Two years ago, Sabrina thought. But of course she didn't speak her thoughts aloud this time. Owen wasn't asking her the question, he was asking Celine. "I don't...know." Was all she could manage.

Owen nodded. "Don't remember?" He stared at her with hard eyes. "Neither do I...but I know it's way overdue for you to perform your wifely duty."

Sabrina gasped when he grabbed the belt and yank it loose. She clutched the robe and held it closed. "Owen, please..."

"Please, what?" His blue eyes smoldered like a storm on the sea. "You're my wife, Celine. I have every right to look at you and touch you. I didn't marry you so I could become some fucking monk."

Behind the rage, Sabrina could clearly see the pain and frustration Owen had suffered at the hands of her sister, and was still suffering. She ached to let him take her, but what would happen when Celine came back? Would the end result be worse than the beginning? Would he suffer more to have it given to him, and then taken away again? What was she supposed to do? But before she could find an answer, he was tugging open the front of her robe. She couldn't think as his hands snaked around her body beneath the robe, gripped her butt and picked her up. Her arms and legs instinctively wrapped around him as he carried her into the downstairs guest room and dropped her on the bed.

He stood at the edge of the bed just looking down at her. The bulge in his jeans was unmistakable, and Sabrina watched as he unbuckled his belt, unfastened his jeans, then slid them down his legs and kicked them away. His erection was long and thick and already leaking pre-cum. That night in Charles' study, their love making had been quick and sudden, and she hadn't really looked at him the way she was doing now.

"Touch him." Owen told her slowly, his voice low as he curled one hand around his hard dick and began to stroke. "Remind yourself how it feels to hold nine thick inches of pure muscle in your hands. I know your rich boy isn't packing this much."

Sabrina raised her eyes to his. "My...my rich boy?" She frowned, confused. "What do you mean?"

Owen smiled, but there was no humor in it, only bitterness and pain. "You must really think I'm stupid." He stopped stroking and just looked at her. "The only reason I don't expose you, is because it would crush Sabrina to find out you'd betrayed her in the worst way."

Sabrina sat forward. "What are you talking about?"

Owen shook his head. "I'm done talking." He pushed her back on the bed and tugged off her panties, then grabbed her legs and pulled her to the edge of the bed. "It's time you shelled out some ass to your own husband." Owen grabbed her ankles and opened her legs.

Sabrina gasped when he sank his dick into her, balls deep, and began to grind the bottom of her pussy with the swollen head of his dick. She gripped the bedspread in fistfuls as he began to move his hips in circles, discovering places inside of her that Charles couldn't begin to find.

"Oh my god." Owen gasped as his grip on her ankles tightened and he squeezed his eyes shut as the pure ecstasy of the moment overwhelmed him. She could see and feel the same desperation and urgency in him as she had that New Year's night two years ago. The man was starving for sexual release. But he wasn't the only one.

Sabrina squeezed his dick with her inner muscles, making him groan and open his eyes. As he held her eyes with his, a heat began to spread through her like lava and she startled herself when she cupped her own breasts with her hands and lifted one nipple to her lips and began to lick and suck at it.

Owen's chest heaved and his dick swelled inside of her. Without taking his eyes off her mouth, he began to long stroke her pussy, drawing out until just the head of his dick was barely inside, then thrusting the full length back in, over and over. The intensity of his thrusts increased rapidly until his dick was jack hammering into her, their wet bodies slapping together loudly, his balls smacking her ass cheeks.

"Yes!" She gasped loud and gripped the bedspread again fiercely as he fucked her with increased urgency. Suddenly he fell on top of her and wrapped her tightly in his arms and began to fuck her with all the strength in his body, rocking them and the bed beneath them.

Sabrina's orgasm was sudden and fierce, ripping a scream from deep inside of her as her pussy exploded around his dick, making him just fuck her harder. The feel of his swollen, throbbing dick driving into her over and over ignited a second orgasm on the tail of the first. She screamed again and sank her nails into his back, her body arching to his.

"Yes, baby!" Owen gasped hard. "Yes! Yes! Yes!" His dick exploded like a bomb, filling her pussy with hot cum as he continued to stroke in and out until the orgasm finally released him.

They held each other for a long moment, their hearts pounding and bodies trembling. Owen's embrace was fierce and tight as he laid on top of her, his face buried in the curve of her shoulder. She longed to caress him with her hands and kiss him all over, and even beg him to make love to her all over again. But that's not what her sister would do. In fact, her sister wouldn't have allowed it to go this far. Did Owen wonder why she had submitted so easily, without a fight?

Owen pushed himself up on his elbows and stared down into her flushed face. She tried to hold his probing eyes, but looked away. If he looked long into her eyes, he would discover her true identity. But though she could avoid his eyes, she couldn't resist his kiss. When his lips touched hers, she instinctively leaned up into the kiss, tightening her arms around his neck and pulling him to her. In so many ways, it was as if they were replaying that New Year's night all over again. Except this time Owen wasn't drunk, and he thought he was making love to his own wife.

Owen broke the kiss with a suddenness that startled Sabrina, and drew back, staring down at her with an odd look on his face. Then he was on his feet and pulling on his jeans. This, too, reminded her of that night - the way he had made love to her so intensely and then just left her.

"Is...is something wrong?" Sabrina sat forward slowly, tugging the robe back around her once again as she watched Owen fasten his jeans and buckle his belt. Panic began to rise inside of her when he didn't respond.

"You're good." Owen said suddenly as he turned to look at her.

Oh god, Sabrina thought. He knows it's me.

"You just love to fuck with my mind, don t you."

Sabrina frowned. "Ex-excuse me?"

"You give me a taste, you pretend to enjoy it." Owen's eyes were cold. "And the next time I try to touch you, you'll be the cold bitch I've come to know so well."

Sabrina stood up, wrapping the robe more tightly around her. "I wasn't...pretending."

In three long strides, Owen was standing in front of her, towering over her like a deadly tidal wave about to crash down on her. He thrust his finger in her face, his stare icy and his jaw clenched. "Don't..." He growled between clenched teeth. "Don't fuck with me, Celine. I've had as much of your bullshit as I can stand. Maybe you think you can leave me and move in with your sister, but how hospitable do you think she's going to be when she finds out you've been fucking her husband?"

Sabrina's eyes widened as a dizziness began to invade her mind. "What?" She breathed out.

Owen shook his head, the rage suddenly dissipating and leaving him looking tired and worn out. "You're beyond help, Celine. You fuck over everyone who cares about you. And no one loves you like your sister does. It's her love for you that's kept me from informing her of your indiscretions with Charles. Such information would crush her."

Sabrina sank down on the edge of the bed, hugging herself tightly. "Please leave." She whispered, tears thickening her voice.

For a long moment, Owen just stared at her, then he turned and left without a word.

Sabrina laid down on the bed and buried her face in her hands as the truth of this whole arrangement with her sister came to light. Celine and Charles were having an affair. The switch had nothing to do with her sister's marital problems, per se. They had set this up together, to get Sabrina out of the way for awhile.

Anger, pain, and bitterness began to well up inside of her like a swelling flood, and she suddenly understood everything Owen was feeling. But her feelings of betrayal faltered slightly as she recalled the passionate session of a few minutes ago with her brother-in-law. Her sister's husband. The memory of the New Year's Eve party surfaced alongside it.

Sabrina turned onto her back and stared at the ceiling. The only innocent one in all of this was Owen. He'd been drunk the first time they'd made love and didn't even remember it. And this time, he'd thought he was making love to his wife. She was betraying Owen as well. And the man didn't deserve that. She had to tell him the truth.

THREE

Admitting the truth proved to be more difficult than Sabrina could have imagined. This wasn't something she could just blurt out over breakfast. How do you want your eggs? Oh by the way, I'm Sabrina. Your wife and my husband are fucking their brains out over at my place.

Sabrina stared at herself in the bathroom mirror, yesterday morning still blazing in her mind. What should she do? Confront Celine and Charles? Would they just laugh in her face? Would Owen even believe her? Or think

Celine was just playing some kind of sick game with him?

Whatever she was going to do, she needed to decide before tonight when Owen came back to the house. Either make plans to tell Owen...or go see Celine.

Taking a deep breath, Sabrina released it slowly. She left the bathroom and went to the bedroom. Before she could think about what she was doing, she grabbed the phone and dialed her sister's cell number. The went straight to voice mail.

'You know who this and you know what to do.' Her sister's voice chimed.

Sabrina hesitated then forced herself to do it. "Hey sis, it's me. I really need to talk. Soon. I don't think I can do this. Give me a ring when you get this." Sabrina hesitated again as Owen's revelation of her sister's betrayal raced through her mind. She added weakly. "Love ya."

Sabrina put the phone down and sat on the edge of the bed. She felt empty inside. Was it really true what Owen said? Or was he just so distrustful of his wife that his suspicions were all in his head? Sabrina had no doubts that Celine saw other men at times...but Charles? Would Celine really do something like that to her own sister?

Another stab of guilt hit Sabrina. She'd had sex twice now with Owen, her sister's husband. Was she really in any position to point fingers and feel betrayed? But what happened with Owen- both times- were spur of the moment acts. She hadn't planned it. She hadn't set out to sleep with her brother-in-law. Yet if what Owen said was true...Celine had done exactly that.

The phone rang suddenly. Sabrina jumped, then stared hesitantly at the phone as it continued to ring. She reached out uncertainly and picked it up. "Hello?"

"Is everything okay?" Celine asked instantly through the line.

"Uh..." Sabrina faltered. She had no clue as to what to say to her sister.

"Talk to me, sis." Celine pressed. "If it's Owen, don't give him a second thought. He might rant and rave a bit, but he's harmless. I really need this break, Brin. Don't back out on me now. I just need a little time away from home to get my head together. I promise you, no one will be the wiser. And it's not hurting the guys. Please, just for the two weeks. Not a second longer. Please?"

Fuck you. Sabrina flinched at the sudden raw thought. Even knowing what she knew, she found herself once again manipulated by her sister. Why couldn't she just be a selfish bitch like Celine and say what she really felt? "Okay...I guess." She offered weakly.

"Yes! You are the shit, Sabrina Braxton. I love you." Celine squealed into the phone like an airhead teenager.

"So, uh..." Sabrina ventured. "How are things with Charles? Do you think he really doesn't suspect anything?"

"Are you kidding?" Celine laughed. "Charles is clueless. He locks himself in his office and I'm free to go shopping on his dime." She paused. "Oh...you don't mind, do you? I mean, I'm really buying the stuff for you. You're gonna have a great wardrobe when you get home."

Sabrina wondered what was wrong with her current wardrobe. But then, to someone like Celine, if your tits weren't hanging out and your ass was more than barely covered, you were overdressed.

Sabrina sighed. "Knock yourself out."

"Thanks, sis. You re the best. The absolute best." Celine praised. "I'm going shopping today for some new outfits to take on the New York trip. Wanna come with? We could make a day of it."

Sabrina started to decline, then changed her mind. "Yeah, maybe I will. When should I come over?"

"About an hour. I still got to get ready."

"See you in an hour then."

After Sabrina set the phone down, she laid back on the bed and stared at the ceiling. How could Celine act like nothing was going on? Sabrina sat up slowly. What if Owen was wrong? Did he really have any proof besides his own suspicions? Maybe Charles was just an easy target since Celine visited so often.

Sabrina left the bed and hurried downstairs. She grabbed her keys and went out the front door in a rush. If she got to her place before Celine was expecting her and caught her sister off guard...then what? Sabrina slowed her walk as she approached her car. Did she really expect to walk in on Celine and Charles having sex? Was that something she even wanted to witness?

She opened the driver door and paused, looking towards the stables. Was Owen inside? Or out and about somewhere? Maybe she should just tell him the truth. Talk to him about it before she confronted Celine.

Uncertain but determined, she closed the car door and headed for the stables.

The air inside the large structure was musty and somewhat stale, but in a good way. Various horses nickered at her as she moved down the wide isle between the stalls. She walked slowly, allowing her eyes to adjust to the gloom.

"Owen?" She called hesitantly. "Are you here?"

"Hey sexy." A male voice drawled behind her.

Sabrina spun around, startled. A tall man in his late twenties stood before her. His shirt was off and sweat glistened on his well muscled chest and arms. His jeans were dirty but fit him nicely. He held a pitchfork in one gloved hand as he slicked the other hand over his black hair. His clear blue eyes pierced her.

Uncomfortable with the way he was looking at her, Sabrina shifted uneasily. "Is...is Owen around?"

The man stepped forward, leaned the pitchfork against one of the stalls, slowly tugged off his gloves then moved towards Sabrina. "He ain't here." He murmured as his blue eyes devoured her. "But I am. And something tells me I know what you need more than Owen ever will."

"Excuse me?" Sabrina frowned, took a hesitant step back. "I-I don t know what you mean."

The man chuckled. "That's cute. It turns me on when you play with me like that."

"I'm not playing." Sabrina said softly, uncertain how to handle the situation. Who was this guy?

He smiled, moved closer. Sabrina backed away, then stopped suddenly when her back hit one of the stall doors. The man closed the space between them, planting his hands on each side of her, locking her in place.

"I-I don t know who you are." Sabrina tried to sound brave, forceful, but her voice was shaking. "But I am Owen's wife. I-I don t think he'd appreciate a hired hand hitting on me."

The man chuckled again. "You are too good, baby."

"I'm not your baby." Sabrina shoved at his chest but he was like a brick wall, unmovable. "Let me go."

"I'll let you go, baby." He said quietly as he leaned in to nuzzle her neck. "I'll let you go down on me."

"Wh-what?" Sabrina gasped, shocked. Before she knew what was happening, he was slowly pushing her down to her knees before him with one hand while the other quickly unfastened his belt and jeans.

Sabrina was eye level with his bulging crotch. She wanted to flee, but he was standing too close and still gripping her shoulder with one hand.

Panic welled inside her as he tugged his raging erection from his jeans. Was he really expecting her to...

"Come on, cowgirl." He urged, his voice thick with lust. "Suck your cowboy's dick."

"No." Sabrina whimpered and tried to draw back as he pressed the thick head of his swollen dick against her lips. "Don t."

His grip on her shoulder tightened. "Enough games." He said tightly. "Suck my fucking dick. You been holding out on me long enough."

"I-I don t know what you mean." Sabrina trembled, tears in her eyes. "I don t even know you."

Suddenly the man's hand was in her hair, gripping painfully. "Don't fuck with me, Celine." He hissed. "I ain't in the mood. I'm hot and fuckin' horny. You promised me regular visits if I did you that favor but I haven't seen nothin' of you since then."

"What favor?" Sabrina cried. "I don't know what you re talking about?" In desperation, she added quickly. "I'm not Celine. I'm Sabrina, her sister."

"Sabrina?" He stared down at her with disbelieving eyes. "Nice try. I was up by the house yesterday morning, I saw you and Owen fucking. Owen's a stand up guy, he wouldn't fuck your sister."

"I swear." Sabrina sobbed. "It's the truth."

"You're such a lying bitch." He snarled and yanked her head back. With his free hand, he gripped his dick and positioned the head against her lips. "Open your mouth, slut. You re gonna take this dick, all of it. And if you even think of biting me, I swear I ll rip your teeth out one by one."

Sabrina shook her head and held her mouth closed, tears streaming down her face.

"Do it!" He raged, and smacked her head back against the stall. "Open your fucking mouth!"

Terrified that he would actually hurt her, Sabrina slowly parted her lips. He pressed the head of his dick between her lips. "Wider." He ordered. "Open wider."

She hesitated then opened her mouth as wide as she could. Instead of entering her mouth slowly, he shoved his dick to the back of her throat, gagging her. She pulled back on reflex, choking and gagging.

"I can't." She sobbed.

"Bullshit." He hissed. "Now open up and suck on it the right way."

Sabrina slowly opened her mouth again, but this time took hold of his dick herself. Maybe if he thought she was willing, he d let her do it more slowly. Otherwise, she was certain he would choke her, maybe to death.

Forcing her stomach not to lurch, she slowly covered the head of his dick with her mouth and sucked on it. He seemed to relax a bit and his grip on her hair eased. "That's it." He groaned. "I knew you liked this."

When she continued to only suck at the head, he began to nudge her, letting her know he wanted in deeper. He wasn't as big as Owen, but still larger than Charles. And she was barely able to handle Charles. But she had no choice. He wasn't going to let her go until she did this.

She opened wider, allowing him to press in deeper, trying to suck at his hard flesh without raking him with her teeth. She'd accidentally raked Charles' dick with her teeth the first time she'd went down on him, the first time she'd went down on anyone, and he taught her quick to watch her teeth. The week long black eye had been enough to teach her to be extra careful.

Only half his dick was in her mouth and already she could feel herself wanting to gag. Did he really expect her to take it all in? But she knew he did.

Both his hands gripped her head as he began to thrust into her mouth, slowly at first, sinking the head of his dick to the back of her throat and drawing out just as she started to gag on it. He did this repeatedly until she figured out how to relax her throat a bit and take it. But now the bitter taste of pre-cum he was leaving on her tongue and in her mouth was making her want to gag. Was he going to cum in her mouth? She would puke, she was certain of it. Charles never ejaculated in her mouth. Oddly enough he found it revolting. Something she'd been grateful for.

"Yeah, baby." He groaned as he drove his dick into her throat again and again. "Oh fuck yeah." He slowed his thrusts until he wasn't moving at all. "Now your turn. You stroke my dick with your sweet, hot mouth, baby. Show me how you can fuck dick with that mouth of yours."

Sabrina did as she was told, trying to block from her mind what she was doing as she stroked her mouth up and down his dick, sucking at his thick flesh as best she could.

"Fuuuck, baby." He groaned tightly. "I knew you were into this." He placed one hand on the back of her head and helped her stroke, forcing her to stroke faster. "Make me cum, sexy. I wanna shoot my wad into that nasty mouth of yours. And you re gonna drink it, every drop."

Sabrina closed her eyes and felt her stomach turn as she continued to suck his dick until he was panting and gasping and thrusting into her mouth again, this time with urgency. "Oh god, baby. Oh fuck, I m right there. Get ready now. Yes!"

Suddenly her mouth was filled with thick hot cum that didn't want to go down her throat. He held his dick in her mouth as more cum squirted out of him. "Swallow!" He ordered when he saw it trickling from her mouth.

She tried to swallow but it seemed to be getting thicker. She started to gag and pulled her mouth off his dick forcefully, turned to the side and spit the thick fluids onto the ground, gagging and coughing.

He smirked and stepped back, stuffing his dick back in his jeans and refastening them. "That's a down payment, darlin'." He said.

Sabrina slowly turned her head and looked up at him as she wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Her face flushed and tear streaked.

"I'll be coming for the rest of what you owe me later."

Fresh tears filled her eyes and streaked her face. She crawled to her feet quickly and hurried out of the stables.

Chapter 2

FOUR

Sabrina burst through the front door and ran for the bathroom. She dropped to her knees before the toilet and this time vomited full force, emptying the contents of her stomach.

Shaking, she finally stood to her feet and flushed the toiled then closed the lid and sat down. She hugged herself, her body trembling, as she cried openly. What kind of world had Celine created for herself? She was certain that what just happened with the hired hand was more Celine's fault than anyone's. How could her sister send her into all this with no warning? Was she really that heartless and selfish?

Knowing the answer whether she wanted to admit it or not, Sabrina went upstairs and took a quick shower, feeling dirty. Afterwards, she dressed for her meeting with her sister and left the house. She didn't look towards the stables, just the sight of it made her want to puke again.

When she arrived at the Braxton Manor (as Charles so eloquently named their home), she found Celine waiting impatiently inside.

"You're late." Celine announced as Sabrina walked through the foyer of her large home. For the first time in a long time, she took in her surroundings with a fresh eye. It was a beautiful place, with her husband's wealth evident in the expensive art on the walls and sculptures on their marble stands. She did understand why so many envied her for all she had- material wise. But when it came down to the important things, what did she really have? A cheating husband and a sister's betrayal. Even money couldn't buy peace of mind from that.

"Sorry." Sabrina said quietly, her throat tight as she looked at her twin. Despite all that Celine was, they'd still had a sister's bond. Now that was being taken away as well. And it hurt. It hurt like hell.

Celine gave Sabrina a quick once over with her pretty eyes. "You look like hell, sis."

Sabrina forced a smile. "A statement like that could backfire on my twin sister."

Celine laughed lightly. Sabrina could see why men were so taken in with her. She radiated life and excitement. Sabrina was aware that she herself did not radiate the same things. She was quieter and preferred solitude to the noise and chaos of parties and socials. She thought about Owen and Charles. Perhaps she and Celine should have switched places on their wedding days. Somehow she thought they would both be happier now.

"Earth to Brin."

Sabrina blinked. Celine was snapping her fingers in front of Sabrina's face. "Huh?"

Celine laughed. "I see life with Owen is already taking it s toll. It took me a good year to learn to zone out like that."

Sabrina smiled weakly. "Shall we go?" She didn't want to be here if Charles suddenly made an appearance. She was certain he knew exactly what was going on and she wasn't ready to face him yet.

Sabrina sipped at her glass of iced tea. The hot summer sun beat around the edges of the covered terrace of the Huntington Country Club, but the shade did little to ward off the heat.

Across the small round table from her, Celine was smiling and eyeing a good looking cabana boy who was lounging at the bar. Sabrina watched as her sister plucked an ice cube from her glass and began to slowly rub it on her neck and down between her barely concealed breasts, her eyes never leaving the cabana boy who watched with a pleased smile on his lips.

Sabrina looked down into her own glass. "You are married, you know."

Celine glanced from her object of desire, to her sister. "So?"

"So you shouldn't be flirting with other men." Sabrina pointed out. "How do you think that would make Owen feel?"

"Owen?" Celine chuckled lightly. "Oh sis, you have so much to learn about men. Do you really think he doesn't scope out other women? Come on. He is a man, after all. So why can't their philosophy be our philosophy?"

"What do you mean? What philosophy?"

"I may be married but I ain't dead." Celine chimed.

Sabrina stared at her sister. "Do you really think that's how Owen feels?"

Celine shrugged and lifted her glass to her full, red lips. "Don't know, don't care." She slowly licked up her straw then drew it into her mouth with her tongue as her eyes returned to the cabana boy.

"Owen's a good guy, you know." Sabrina said quietly. "And he would be a good husband if you'd let him. Why are you so cold towards him?"

"Been watching Oprah again?" Celine rolled her eyes. "Just because you and Charles have it made, that doesn't mean everyone's marriage is a fairytale. Owen loves that ranch more than he ever loved me."

"That's not true." Sabrina said. "And mine and Charles marriage is hardly a fairytale. Money doesn't equal happiness."

Celine smiled sweetly as if addressing an innocent child. "You are so naÃ¯ve, Brin. Money is everything. Without it, you are nothing in this world."

"You don't really believe that." Sabrina said softly.

"Of course I do." Celine insisted. "Just the fact that you are the Mrs. Charles Braxton automatically sets you up for life. You're blessed, Sabrina." A sour look crossed Celine's face. "Something I'll never be with Owen. The only substance that man has is in his jeans."

"Celine!" Sabrina stared at her sister, incredulous.

"What? I m serious." Celine said smoothly. "Wait till you see it. It is impressive, can't deny that. But that's about all that's impressive about him."

Sabrina's face flushed at the recent memory of hers and Owen's morning love making session. "First of all, I don't plan on seeing your husband's..." She let the sentence finish itself. "And second, how can you talk about him like that? Don t you love him?"

Celine release a short, humorless laugh. "Love." She spoke the word with distaste. "Love is...incidental." She took a long sip of tea through the straw then set her glass back and stood up. "I'm all sweaty from the heat. I'm going to go out to the cabana and take a quick shower."

Sabrina said nothing as she watched her sister pass the cabana boy, smile, and walk on by. Moments later, the cabana boy left the bar and followed after her.

"You don't deserve Owen." Sabrina whispered. But wondered- was she any better than Celine? Did her sister really have to talk her into changing places with her? Deep down, didn't Sabrina want to play the role of Owen's wife, if only for a couple weeks? Twice now she d had sex with her sister's husband, and as much as she tried to deny it, she wanted it to happen again. She could still smell Owen's cologne in her nostrils, feel his strong, rough working man hands on her body. And yes, his impressive cock filling her up to capacity.

Sabrina shook her head as she felt her skin growing hot with a different kind of heat. What is wrong with you? She quietly berated herself. Owen is Celine's husband- not yours.

Celine. Sabrina glanced in the direction of the cabana cabins. Despite her own indiscretions, she was not her sister. She didn't screw every guy she encountered. Just your sister's husband, she reminded herself.

She sipped at her tea but couldn't stop her mind from envisioning Celine with the cabana boy. Maybe if she actually saw her sister in the act of cheating on Owen, she herself wouldn't feel so guilty for giving him what he deserved to get from Celine.

"Thin." She muttered as she left the table. "Fucking thin, chic. But it's all you got."

FIVE

Sabrina crept along the secluded side of the cabana cabin that belonged to her sister. Even before she reached the window into the bedroom, she could hear the unmistakable sounds of two people fucking.

She peered cautiously around the edge of the window. Celine and her cabana boy were stripped naked and on the bed. Celine was on her knees and gripping the headboard of the bed while the cabana boy knelt behind her and fucked her doggy style.

Celine's back arched as she threw back her head and screamed for him to fuck her harder, faster. His hands gripped her hips fiercely as he drove his cock into her wet pussy like a piston in a well oiled machine. Her ample breasts bounced with the force of their fucking as she gasped and panted and moaned.

Sabrina had never watched two people fuck for real. She'd seen the occasional x-rated movie Charles, at times, insisted she watch with him. But that was on screen.

The cabana boy's handsome face glistened with sweat as did his entire muscular body. Deep pleasure resonated from him as he stabbed Celine's pussy with his swollen cock. "You like it like that, bitch?" He growled as he fucked her mercilessly. "Can't get enough of this cock, can you?"

Celine moaned loud and slammed her pussy back on his dick in answer to his question.

"Oh fuck!" The cabana boy yelled suddenly. "I'm gonna blow my wad, baby!"

Sharp cries fell from Celine's lips as she climaxed first. The cabana boy yanked his dick from her pussy as Celine turned around and covered his cock with her mouth and pumped him till he was cumming hard and fierce. She pulled the head out of her mouth and let the cum shoot into her mouth and on her face.

Sabrina felt her stomach turn at the memory of her encounter with the hired hand. But she wondered if it would feel as disgusting if she were doing it with Owen. Somehow she couldn't imagine anything seeming disgusting with him.

She turned away from the cabana room and made her way back to her table. Her body was tingling and a steady ache had settled between her thighs. She could feel wetness down there and told herself she was disgusting for getting turned on by what she just witnessed. Her sister had just cheated on Owen- again. And she got all hot and horny by watching. But wasn't that natural? The sight of two people having sex rarely failed to excite anyone watching. It was a pure physical, carnal reaction. It didn't make her want to join them or take her own turn with the cabana boy. Although it did make her long to be in Owen's bed right about now.

"Stop it." She hissed at herself. "For crying out loud, what the hell is wrong with you?" But she knew, didn't she? Yesterday morning, when Owen reminded her how it felt to be fucked good and hard, he awoke something inside of her she d been carefully holding at bay since that New Year's Eve party two years ago. She'd conditioned herself to a life without intimacy, but that session with Owen yesterday had shattered all that. He'd reminded her that she was every bit as sexual as Celine, just not as loose. She only wanted to fuck one man- even if it was her sister's husband.

Fifteen minutes later, Celine returned to the table looking refreshed and freshly showered. She took her seat across from Sabrina and hailed the waiter for a fresh glass of iced tea, then smiled at her sister as if she hadn't just fucked yet another man who wasn't her husband.

"So." Celine smiled when the waiter set a fresh glass of tea before her and she began to sip at it. "Is all well? Is the plan going to go forward?"

Sabrina gazed at her sister, the recent image of Celine's infidelity fresh in her mind's eye. A part of her despised her twin for the way she was. But another part almost envied her for her lack of inhibition concerning just about everything in life. What did it feel like to just not give a damn about anything? To be totally free of guilt? Sabrina wasn't sure she really wanted to know, but still she wondered at the sense of freedom it must award someone.

"Everything is still on track." Sabrina assured quietly. Despite what she had learned about Celine and Charles, she found that she had no desire to derail their plans. To do so would mean going home to Braxton Manor, returning to a husband who had never really loved her but simply wanted a trophy wife to hang on his arm. Home for her was cold and lonely. But the ranch...even with Owen's hostility towards her...it had a warmth to it, the sense that it could be a real home if it was just given a fair chance.

A sudden, unbidden image of the incident in the stables arose in her mind. The hired hand's words rang in her head. He wasn't through with her. Was she really prepared for another such encounter? One which would likely be even worse next time? But then there was Owen. She would find a way to deal with the hired hand, but for now, despite the deceit- and possible threat- involved, Sabrina wished to stay where she was.

"Awesome." Celine smiled winningly. "You are the best, little sister."

"Little sister?"

"You know I'm older." Celine reminded.

"By barely a minute." Sabrina pointed out.

Celine's laugh floated gently on the afternoon breeze. Her pretty blue eyes sparkled as the breeze lightly lifted her honey blond hair. She was beautiful. Am I really as beautiful as her? Sabrina wondered as she stared at her twin. It didn't seem possible, and yet looking at her sister was like looking in a mirror.

A sudden sadness welled deep inside Sabrina. She was slowly losing her best friend. And it wasn't just Celine s fault. She herself was playing a big part, but she didn't know how to end the game. Didn't know if she even wanted it to end. Not if playing the game meant being with Owen.

"I love you, sis." Sabrina said softly, and she meant it. Despite everything that was crumbling down around them, she still loved her sister.

Chapter 3

SIX

Sabrina had lost her courage. She hadn't mentioned anything to Celine about her knowledge of her sister's affair with Charles. But doing so would have brought everything to a halt, and Sabrina had already concluded that she wasn't ready for it to all come to a stop.

So what now? Sabrina asked herself as she turned onto the long gravel drive that would take her to the ranch. Just gonna go back and keep fucking Owen like it's perfectly okay?

Sabrina sighed. She wanted to believe that, in fact, that was not her intentions. But was she just trying to fool herself? Even now, she ached for Owen with all her body, heart and soul. If he came to her again, even in anger, she knew she would not refuse him. And he would come to her again. Even if he believed Celine was just playing games with him, he still needed the sexual release. He would take what he could get, while he could get it. She was certain of that.

It was almost five in the afternoon when she finally pulled to a stop before the ranch house. Owen was walking up from the stables as she got out of the car. On reflex, she glanced towards the stables and saw the hired hand who'd sexually assaulted her gathering tools and taking them inside. She shuddered and again felt a wave of nausea.

As Owen approached her, he followed her eyes back to the stables, then returned an icy glare to her face. "Fucking Jackson too?" He spit at her. "I guessed as much."

Sabrina flinched at the harsh accusation and turned to stare at Owen's back as he stormed into the house. Was he being serious? If so, why was Jackson still working for him?

Sabrina cast one last quick glance at the stables and caught Jackson leaning against the opening to the stables, watching her. He tipped his hat, grinned and disappeared inside. Sabrina wondered what would happen if Jackson ever really caught her alone? But the thought was too unnerving and she shoved it away quickly and went into the house.

Looking to give Owen space after their brief encounter outside, Sabrina went to her room to change into some lounge wear. The best she could find in Celine's wardrobe was a pair of silky pajama type attire. At least it was actual pants and a shirt. After she changed, she remained in her room for half an hour then returned downstairs.

The wonderful smell of frying steak reached her before she made it to the kitchen. She paused in the kitchen doorway. Owen stood over the stove, tending to the steak in the frying pan. He wore jeans, socks, and a white t-shirt. His wet dark brown hair glistened almost black from his recent shower and his musk cologne mingled wonderfully with the scent of cooking meat.

"Smells good." She said softly, not sure if she meant the steak or the man.

Owen flinched and tossed her a brief glance before returning his attention to the frying pan. "Since when does dead animal smell good to you?"

"Excuse me?" Sabrina entered the kitchen slowly, cautiously.

"Vegetarians don't usually like the smell of cooking meat." He stated without looking at her. "Have you forgotten how much you've bitched at me for stinking up the house with the smell of dead animal cooking?"

Vegetarian? Oh god, she d forgotten. Celine hadn't eaten meat in years. Great. Was she supposed to go the entire two weeks not eating any meat at all?

Sabrina laughed lightly. "Can't a girl's tastes change?"

Owen frowned and looked at her. Really looked at her this time. He eyed her attire as if he d never seen it before. "What the hell is with you lately?"

Panic tweaked the edges of Sabrina's heart. "What do you mean? I'm the same as ever." Of course that wasn't true. Even she could see how her actions and demeanor were worlds apart from that of Celine.

"No. You're not." He said tightly. He covered the frying pan with a lid and turned off the burner then faced her full on. "Ever since you came home the other night from that party at your sister's you've been different."

Sabrina swallowed tightly. "Different? How so?"

"Nicer. For one." He stared at her and she looked away. She knew the truth was in her eyes.

"And that's bad?" She asked softly, avoiding his eyes.

"No. It's fuckin' great." He said with a hard edge to his voice. "But it ain't you. The only time you've ever been this nice was when you wanted something. So why don't you just tell me what the fuck you want and lets be done with the game."

Sabrina raised her eyes slowly and met his. He was searching for whatever it was she wanted from him, when all she wanted was him. But she couldn't tell him that. She backed away and turned from him, moving towards the kitchen doorway. "I don t want anything." She whispered as tears burned her eyes. Nothing I can really have anyway. The tears spilled over as she hurried back up the stairs to her room and threw herself on the bed, crying into her pillow like a heartbroken teenager.

There was no way she could win in all this. She was married to Charles. Owen was Celine's husband. But Sabrina loved Owen. Loved him like she could never love Charles, or any other man. She realized she'd fallen in love with Owen at first sight. That very first time Celine had introduced him to her. That's when it started- not two years ago, but six years ago. How could she live six years- five of which she was married to Charles- without knowing she was in love with another man?

"Stop it." She snapped at herself as she sat up and wiped her eyes. "Just fucking stop. It doesn't matter when it happened, Owen isn't yours for the taking and you'd better get that through your fucking head."

She sat on the edge of the bed and wondered at her language. She'd never used such words before, never wanted to. Even if she had wanted to, Charles would've slapped her head off. It wasn't lady-like to speak that way. Of course, he could spew filth from his mouth and that was fine, apparently. But of course, he was a man and men were supposed to talk that way. But not women. Women were supposed to be submissive and meek and always speak with respect to a man.

A sudden image of Celine and the cabana boy jumped into her mind. Somehow she suspected that Celine didn't use the cleanest words when she was fucking Charles. But apparently that, too, was okay. Just not for his wife.

Sabrina's head was boiling. "Fuck you, Charles Braxton." She spit out fiercely. "You can go straight to fucking hell for all I care."

"Vicious."

Sabrina gasped and flinched when she realized Owen was standing in the doorway. She stared at him wide-eyed. Oh god, he d heard her.

"What s the matter, sweety?" Owen drawled coldly. "Finding out that your perfect man ain't so perfect after all? Now it's all making sense."

Still fuming from her thoughts, Sabrina stood to her feet. "Never once did I think Charles was the perfect man-" She faltered, cutting herself off. "What's making sense?"

"You." Owen said, leaning against the door frame. "Why you're being so nice, why you let me fuck you without giving me shit."

"What're you talking about?" Sabrina pressed, frustration and anger and pain welling up inside her all at once.

"Charles dumped you, didn't he?" Owen smiled but it lacked humor. "And you ain't used to that. A man don t leave you till you're through with him, right? Charles turned the tables on you and now you're feeling uncertain and vulnerable, and you've come running back to me to lick your wounds, not to mention other areas."

Sabrina bit her lower lip to prevent herself from blurting out the truth. Tears filled her eyes. Owen stood and watched without a shred of compassion in his eyes. But why should he feel sorry for her? From where he stood, his wife had just been dumped by the man she was having an affair with. Inside he must be ecstatic, reveling in her humiliation and pain.

"You don't know what you're talking about." She told him quietly. "Can you please just close the door and leave me alone."

"As you wish." He said tightly. "Not like it's the first time you kicked me out of our bedroom." Owen pulled the door closed hard and she could hear his heavy footsteps as he returned downstairs.

Why had he come up here in the first place? Was he going to offer her dinner when he overheard what she said about Charles? Despite the turmoil inside her, she realized she was starving. She hadn't eaten lunch at the club, and the little she'd had for breakfast came back up after her encounter with Jackson. She was running on empty- literally.

Instead of going back downstairs though, she laid back on the bed and tried to fall asleep. She couldn't face Owen right now, and she was certain he really didn't want to be looking at her either.

Out of pure emotional exhaustion, she quickly fell asleep.

SEVEN

When Sabrina opened her eyes, the bedroom was pitch black but for the glowing red digital clock on the night stand. She rolled over and picked up the small clock. Midnight.

She replaced the clock and sat up slowly. She'd slept over six hours, yet her body still felt tight with tension and a throbbing in her forehead was beginning to move steadily through her head.

A faint nausea welled inside her. She needed to eat something.

She turned on the bedside lamp then left the bedroom. She moved quietly through the second floor hallway and down the stairs. The house was dark on the first floor but for the dim stove light in the kitchen.

Sabrina considered turning on the overhead light in the kitchen but decided against it. Owen seemed to fall asleep on the sofa occasionally and the bright kitchen light would reach into the living room. If he was in there tonight, she didn't want to chance waking him.

The stove light was enough to guide her through the kitchen. She opened the refrigerator and studied the contents. There was a plate with plastic wrap covering two of the steaks Owen had cooked for dinner. If she took one, he would know it was her and Celine was a vegetarian. But she was too tired and too hungry to care at this point.

She took the plate to the counter near the stove, unwrapped it and picked up one of the cold steaks. She considered nuking it but didn't want to create any unnecessary noise. Besides, she didn't think she could wait even a couple minutes to eat. She picked up the steak and bit into it. Even cold it was delicious.

She moaned in ecstasy and took another bite. In minutes the steak was gone. She considered going for the second one but decided she'd better leave one for Owen in case he wanted it for lunch tomorrow.

After returning the plate to the frig, she searched for something else to devour. One medium steak was not enough to satisfy her raging appetite. She discovered some sliced ham and grabbed it along with some cheese and mayo. In moments she had a ham sandwich. She poured herself a glass of milk and returned all the contents to the frig, gathered up her midnight snack, and headed back up the stairs.

With her appetite sated for the moment, Sabrina laid on the bed and gazed up at the ceiling. What was she going to do? How could she go on letting Owen believe she was Celine? She hated lying to him. And by not telling him what he had a right to know, in her book was the same as lying.

Her skin began to grow chilled as she lay on top of the blankets. For a summer night, it seemed to be getting awful cold. She started to crawl beneath the blankets when she thought about Owen. Had he fallen asleep on the sofa again? She hadn't checked when she was downstairs. The last time she saw him that night, he hadn't been dressed very warm.

She left the bed and returned downstairs. The sofa was empty. She glanced towards the guest bedroom. Was that his room now that Celine no longer wanted him in their bed? It occurred to her that she didn't even know where he slept.

She crept to the bedroom door and opened it slowly. The shades on the window were open and bright moonlight flooded the room. Owen was asleep in the bed. Sabrina watched him for a moment, started to leave, then noticed his blankets had been shoved down. She went to him quietly, and carefully covered him up. He mumbled something in his sleep, unintelligible words. She smiled sadly and longed to crawl into bed with him, let his warm body chase the chill from her own.

Before she realized what she was doing, she leaned over and kissed his lips softly, lightly. "You're a good man, Owen." She whispered close to his mouth. "I'm sorry for everything."

She started to turn away when he mumbled in his sleep again, but one word was recognizable; Sabrina. Had he really spoke her name or was she imagining it. She gazed down at his sleeping form. "Just my imagination." She whispered and turned away.

"Charles is a fool..." Owen murmured in his sleep. "He don't deserve a woman like you."

Sabrina froze. Her pulse quickened. That's what he'd said to her that night two years ago, just before he'd kissed her. Just before they had...

She walked slowly back to the bed. Was he dreaming about that night? Was that the only time he remembered? In his dreams? Or had he remembered it all along?

Owen began to grow restless. He kicked his blankets off. He was nude and his arousal was clearly visible. "Sabrina..." He moaned.

Sabrina's heart thundered in her chest and throat. He was dreaming of that night. She knew she should go, leave him to his dreams and memories, but instead she sat down on the edge of the bed then slowly laid down beside him without touching him.

Her heart broke for the man. Much like her, he was caught in a life he hadn't bargained for. All he had was a few stolen memories to keep him warm at night. The same memories that warmed her when life itself felt cold and unwelcoming.

She knew it was wrong to be here with him this way, but she didn't care. Celine had robbed him of the life he deserved, as Charles had robbed her of the same. If it was wrong, then it was wrong. She didn't give a damn anymore. You couldn't play by life's rules when life didn't play fair.

Sabrina shed her silky lounge wear then reached down and pulled the blankets up over them both, scooting close to his strong body. He seemed to calm a bit when he felt her next to him. She caressed his face with her fingertips and whispered softly, "Shhh...I'm here, Owen."

He shifted in his sleep and pulled her into his arms. She wrapped her leg over his hip and slid her slick pussy across the top side of his hard dick. He responded instantly, found her mouth with his and kissed her with the hunger of a starving man. His arms tightened and he rolled on top of her, his throbbing cock quickly finding entrance to her aching pussy.

She gasped at his size and thickness as he sank to the very bottom of her canal and the head of his dick pressed even deeper into the opening of her womb. Except for her two other encounters with Owen, she'd never had cock this size inside of her. And even now it was different. Owen wasn't fucking his wife in anger and frustration, and he wasn't drunk. He was with her. Really with her. And unlike the swiftness of their love making that New Year's Eve night, this time he moved against her with slower thrusts as if he wanted to really explore her, make it last.

"Owen." She moaned softly against his ear as she held him close. She wrapped her legs up around his waist and lifted her hips to each of his thrusts, sliding her pussy up his long, thick dick.

His mouth moved to her throat, kissing and sucking her tender, heated skin. His strong hands found her full breasts and squeezed them in his palms, his fingers pinching her hard nipples then massaging away the slight

pain. Then his mouth was on her breasts, sucking and nipping at the firm flesh, finally seeking out a hard gumdrop nipple and sucking it hungrily into his mouth.

She gasped and tightened around him as he continued to fuck her with slow, controlled thrusts. She wondered if it would be sacrilegious to pray and ask God to make this night last forever? Still, she longed for it never to end.

She caressed the back of his head as he moved to her other nipple and devoured it as hungrily as the first. Slowly, his thrusts quickened a bit as he drove his dick into her with more force, beating at the door of her womb. Tears filled her eyes at the thought of having his baby. But that couldn't happen, she couldn't allow it. Yet here she was, no protection, with no will of her own to stop what was happening.

Owen's lips found hers again and he kissed her hard but with passion rather than anger or frustration. He was lost in his sweet dream, and she was awake in hers. She kissed him back, allowing his tongue to slip inside her mouth. She sucked at it, causing him to fuck her even harder.

She broke their kiss with a sharp gasp as he began to rock them on the bed. Her nails dug into his muscular back as his strong body moved against hers fast and urgent.

"Owen..." She cried out softly as she felt the orgasm rising inside her. "Yes...oh god, yes..fuck me, Owen..."

His thrusts gained urgency as his control steadily faded away. He clutched the sheets on both sides of her and used all his strength to drive his dick into her pussy.

"Yes!" She cried out, afraid she might wake him, but at the same time unable to stay quiet.

He panted and groaned loudly, his hot breath searing her skin. His fucking intensified rapidly as he grew closer and closer to ejaculation.

Sabrina gasped and cried out sharply as she climaxed hard. The feel of her inner vaginal walls flexing and squeezing around his cock brought Owen the rest of the way.

He yelled loudly and came hard, filling her up with his hot semen, pumping her fast and fierce until there was nothing left for him to give. He gasped deeply and relaxed on top of her, his heart pounding through his chest, his breathing erratic.

With a satisfied groan, he rolled off her onto his back and lay still, his chest still heaving but slowly settling into the smooth rhythm of sleep. Sabrina gazed at him in the moonlight, breathless but thoroughly satisfied. Could he really still be asleep? She wondered.

After a moment to catch her breath, she left the bed, covered him again with the blankets then leaned over and kissed him softly on the lips. "Sweet dreams, Owen." Her lips lingered against his as she added in a bare whisper. "I love you."

With that, she slipped from his room and returned to her own. Only when she was crawling into her own bed did she remember that she'd left her clothes on the floor beside Owen's bed. But she was too exhausted to return for them.

Maybe he won't notice them, she thought tiredly as she drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 4

EIGHT

Sabrina woke the sound of her cell phone buzzing on the night stand. She grabbed it and answered with sleep in her voice, "Hello?"

"You still in bed, sis?" Celine's light, chipper voice sang through the phone. "It's almost eleven."

Sabrina sat up on the edge of the bed and rubbed her eyes with her fingertips. "Aren't you supposed to be leaving for New York today?" Sabrina asked.

"Yes. But first I wanted to call say thanks again for doing this for me." Celine said. She actually sounded sincere. "I've always wanted to go to New York. I can't wait."

Sabrina felt empty inside. It was as if Celine didn't even consider that she was betraying her own sister. But this morning Sabrina was too tired to point out the discrepancies of the whole situation. "I hope you have a good time." Sabrina offered.

"When I get back, we'll take a day for ourselves and I'll tell you everything I saw and did- in detail."

Sabrina closed her eyes. Please, don't. She thought as she got a sudden image of Celine and Charles having sex in a fancy hotel room. "Okay. Sure." She managed. "And be safe. New York is a big city. Lots of dangerous people there."

A sudden, unbidden image of Jackson rose in her mind. But then, there were dangerous people everywhere.

"Yes, ma'am." Celine chimed. "Hey, I got to go."

"Okay." Sabrina said, then ventured quickly, "Hey, uh...do you know anything about that hired hand named Jackson?"

A slight pause on Celine's end. Then, "Why do you ask?"

"No reason, really." Sabrina lied. "It's just...sometimes, the way he looks at me..."

Celine laughed softly, but it sounded forced. "Jackson is harmless. Just stay away from him and he won't bother you."

Did she really believe that? Sabrina wondered. If not, then that meant Celine had deliberately placed Sabrina in a precarious position by trading places with her. How could she not at least warn her about Jackson?

"Okay." Sabrina said quietly.

"So anyway." Celine announced, quickly dismissing the subject of Jackson. "I got to go. Don't let Owen drive you crazy. His bark is worse than his bite. I will see you when I get back. I love you, Brin. You're the best."

"I love you too, Celine." She said softly. She felt as if she were standing outside her body and taking everything in from a distance.

After she closed her cell phone and laid it on the stand, Sabrina sat for a moment on the edge of the bed. She tried to figure out how she really felt about her sister, now that she knew her twin had conspired with Charles concerning the New York trip. Were feelings of betrayal really warranted, everything considered?

All the questions that filled her head and heart brought on a sense of fatigue, but rather than laying back down, she decided to shower instead.

Once she was beneath the hot spray, her body and mind began to relax a bit. Her first encounter with Jackson had been disturbing, but maybe Celine was right about him not bothering her if she just stayed out of his way. He had only done what he'd done because he had thought she was Celine, and apparently Celine had made promises of a sexual nature. That wasn't hard to believe. So she would just stay away from the stables for the next week and a half, and then Celine would be home and could deal with him as she pleased.

A low ache settled in her chest at the thought of Celine coming back, and her returning to Charles. As tense as this situation was, she realized she was in no hurry to go home. Home posed a whole different level of tension. At least this was new.

Sabrina shut off the shower and stepped out, wrapping a towel around her damp body. She thought about the night before. Did Owen dream of that New Year's Eve party a lot? When he was awake, did he think about what had happened between them? For the last two years, she'd blocked it from her mind with all her force. But these new circumstances she found herself in made the memory impossible to ignore. Especially when she was gradually creating even more memories of her and Owen.

She sighed and combed her fingers through her wet hair. She wished there were some way to just turn her mind off for awhile.

When Sabrina entered her bedroom and headed for the clothes bureau, the bedroom door slammed behind her. She gasped and spun around, fully expecting to find Owen standing there, glaring at her for reasons she could only imagine.

But it wasn't Owen. "What...are you doing in here?" Sabrina gasped as her throat tightened and closed at the sight of Jackson standing at the door, blocking her only avenue of escape. "Why are you in my house?"

"Well, it's like this, baby." He spoke low, his voice moderately deep. Had he not posed a threat, Sabrina might have found his voice to be pleasantly masculine. "I got to thinking about what you said. About you being Sabrina and all." A smile tugged at the corner of his mouth. Again, had he not been a threat, the crooked smile could have been quite charming. "If that's true, then that would mean you and sis are playing a little joke on Mr. Owen Briggs. What happened? You two ladies get bored with your own husbands and decide to swap?"

Sabrina felt like she was being cornered by a grizzly. She'd confessed her identity to Jackson in desperation, hoping it would deter him. But he hadn't believed her. Did he believe her now? And if so, what was he planning?

"It...it's not like that." She winced at the tremor in her voice.

"Oh?" Jackson raised one eyebrow and advanced a foot or two closer. "So that wasn't you fucking Owen the other morning?"

Sabrina felt panic rising inside her. "That wasn't supposed to happen." She whispered, fully aware of how lame it sounded.

"Of course it wasn't." He smiled. His eyes moved over her body with obvious desire.

The towel covered all her important areas but she may as well be standing before him fully nude for all the security it gave her. "Please...leave." She whispered, clutching her towel around her.

He gazed at her as if she hadn't spoken. "I've never done twins before." He murmured. "I wonder...being Celine's twin and all...does your pussy taste the same?" His eyes grew heated as he very slowly advanced closer. "Do you fuck like she does?" He shrugged. "A good fucking, that's what she promised me. But since she's not here, I guess you get to foot the bill."

Tears filled Sabrina's eyes as she backed away, but too soon, she was flat against the wall with nowhere to run.

"Don't worry, baby." He drawled low as he approached Sabrina and fingered the towel. "Hubby's gone for the day. He won't see a thing. You and me...we're gonna have us a good time."

Jackson lowered his hands to the bottom of the towel and flattened his palms on her outer thighs and began to slowly rub them up underneath the towel and behind her. He pressed his crotch against her and she could feel his solid erection through his jeans yearning to get loose.

"No." She whimpered loudly and shoved at him. He stumbled back only a foot or two, but it was enough. She darted away from him, running for the door. But he was much quicker than she'd anticipated. His arm shot out and caught her around the waist, sucking her back against his hard body. Sabrina screamed and kicked as he lifted her off the floor and threw her down on the bed, ripping away the towel.

Jackson quickly straddled her waist, sitting on her, his strong hands pinning her wrists to the bed above her head.

"No!" She screamed, panic welling inside her. She bucked and twisted frantically. "Get off me, you fucker!"

"Yeah!" Jackson shouted as she continued to try and buck him off. "That's it, baby! Show me some spirit! The more spirited the filly the better the ride!"

"GET OFF!" She screamed shrill.

"Oh I'll get off, baby." He grinned. "I'll get off good and hard riding this wild pussy." He gripped both her wrists in one hand and held them pinned while his other hand worked at his belt then whipped it out of the belt loops of his jeans. He quickly wrapped the belt around her wrists and fastened it to the headboard.

Sabrina twisted and looked up at her bound hands. Oh god, this couldn't be happening. He was going to rape her and there was nothing she could do. Tears streaked her face as she watched him unfasten his jeans then reach inside and tug out his fierce erection.

He sat on her, slowly stroking his cock, grinning down at her. His eyes fell on her full, heaving breasts. With one hand still stroking his dick, he grabbed one of her tits with his other hand, squeezed it hard and leaned down, covering the nipple with his mouth. He sucked hard at the nipple then bit it.

Fresh tears stung Sabrina s eyes as the pain shot through her entire breast. "No." She cried again.

As he pinched the nipple hard between his lips, he shifted, positioning himself between her legs.

"No..." She whimpered when she felt his swollen cock touch her moist opening. "Don't..."

With one violent thrust, he slammed his dick balls deep into her pussy. She gasped hard from the force and the pain. Even in his anger and frustration, Owen hadn't tried to hurt her.

Jackson groaned and bit her nipple again, hard, as he drove his dick into her again and again.

Tears streamed from her eyes as the throbbing in her breast and the agony of his violent thrusts combined into one universal pain. She stopped pleading with him and just prayed for it to be over soon.

Jackson drew back and ripped his shirt off then dropped down on her, crushing her breasts with his hard, sweat damp chest. He squeezed her tits with both his hands as he fucked her hard, each forceful thrust twisting his face with dark pleasure. He crushed her mouth with his, forcing his tongue between her lips and into her mouth. He groaned loudly into her mouth, his hot breath rushing down her throat, as he slammed his cock into her unwelcoming pussy.

Just when she was sure she would suffocate from his harsh smothering kiss, he drew back and gasped, his lips brushing hers as he groaned, "Come on, baby, I know you don't break this easy. Show me some more of that spirit."

Sabrina turned her face away as fresh tears spilled from her eyes. She refused to give him what he wanted.

A sudden searing pain spiraled up her neck as he bit her tender skin hard. She screamed and bucked him on reflex.

"Oh yeah!" He shouted. "There's my wild filly! Come on, baby, lets buck and fuck!"

Fear and panic taking over, Sabrina twisted and bucked and kicked, but she couldn't budge him. Her attempts to get him off her only turned him on more and made him fuck her harder until his pelvis was smashing against hers painfully, already bruising her.

"Stop!" She cried out in desperation, choking on her own tears. "Please!"

To her surprise, he did. But she realized too quickly that it wasn't over. He flipped her onto her stomach, spread her legs and began fucking her from behind.

She cried into the blankets beneath her, gasping for air as he slammed his cock into her without mercy. She felt him push up on his hands, giving himself more leverage, enabling him to fuck her with even more force. His pelvis smacked against her ass as his thick cock jack hammered her pussy, bruising her inside and out.

He dropped down on her back, knocking the air from her lungs, as his hands forced under her and once again gripped her tits, squeezing painfully as he continued his assault.

She gasped for air as the weight of his body pressed her down against the bed. His hot breath blasted her shoulder as he panted and grunted with each torturing thrust. He licked her ear and she flinched. He bit her lobe then snaked the tip of his tongue inside her ear, stabbing her ear in rhythm with each thrust of his dick.

Get off me you sick fuck! She wanted to scream but she could barely breathe, much less scream.

"Fuck!" Jackson gasped hard and sudden in her ear. "You are one hot bitch, sis." He swirled his tongue in her ear again, licking and sucking all around it as he slammed his pelvis against her ass with urgency. "Oh yeah, baby, you got me worked up now. This cock is gonna explode." He panted against her ear, tugging at it with his teeth. "Ah fuck!" He released her ear and threw his head back, roaring loudly as he came hard and fierce, his cock spewing hot semen through her vaginal canal.

For a moment, his fucking intensified as he pumped her full of his fluids. Then suddenly, he was done. He collapsed on top of her, panting and gasping. And chuckling deep.

Sabrina said nothing. She closed her eyes and waited for him to go. But he lingered, as if the torture he d already administered wasn't enough. He laid on her back, his cock still thick enough to hold itself inside her, as he rubbed his hands up and down the sides of her body.

"You are some kind of prime meat, baby." He groaned against her ear. He pressed his pelvis tight against her ass, holding his cock inside her pussy. "Did you know, after I cum, I can get hard again in minutes and ready to fuck again?"

No, God, please. Sabrina whimpered against her will. But she knew he wasn't lying because even as he caressed her body with his hands, she could feel his cock swelling inside her.

"How would you like it..." He murmured into her ear. "If I stayed all afternoon with you and just fucked you and fucked you and fucked you?"

Sabrina squeezed her eyes shut tighter. What kind of nightmare had Celine sent her into? Her sister was on her way to New York to have the time of her life, while Sabrina paid for Celine's whorish ways.

The weight of Jackson s body lifted as he sat back. He rubbed his hands down her back and over her ass, squeezing her cheeks forcefully, digging his fingers into her firm flesh. "Fuck, woman. You have a sweet ass." He squeezed her ass cheeks harder, spread her cheeks open and groaned, his cock growing bigger inside her pussy. "You ever been ass fucked, baby?" He rubbed one thumb over the small entrance hole to her ass. "Hmm?"

Sabrina felt her stomach turn. She was suddenly overwhelmed with the sudden horror that this would never be over. Somehow she was caught in a nightmare loop.

"Most women like it." He said thickly, his recently sated hunger welling up again. He dipped his thumb down into her moist pussy then rubbed the wetness over the entrance to her anus. "They say the orgasm is twice as good as when they re pussy fucked."

Shut up! Sabrina screamed at him in her head, too afraid if she spoke aloud it would only encourage him.

He wet his middle finger with her pussy juice then slowly inserted it into her ass. She flinched and felt sick to her stomach. He thrust his finger in a few times then withdrew it. She felt him tug his cock from her pussy and place the thick wet head at her ass opening.

"No." She whimpered against her will.

"It'll only hurt for a minute." He assured. "Then it ll start to feel good. Trust me."

Trust you! She wanted to scream. Are you fucking kidding me?

He held his cock in his hand and nudged the opening of her ass with the thick head. Instinctively the small hole puckered and drew away from the impending intrusion. Jackson dipped his cock into her pussy again and dragged more fluids up between her ass cheeks. When it was wet and slick enough, he again pressed the head of his cock to the small hole, nudged, then applied a pressure that didn't let up.

"Please...no..." Sabrina cried as she felt the thick head stretching her anal opening. New tears burned in her eyes as she began to feel the pain as if he were tearing the hole bigger.

He groaned as the head forced inside. His fingers dug into her ass cheeks as he spread them painfully wide and steadily sank his dick into her asshole. When he was half way in, he drew his cock back out a little then pushed it back in, going a little deeper. "Oh yeah." He gasped. "Such a sweet tight ass. I love to be the first cock in a virgin ass."

The pain was spreading to her lower stomach. She felt like she was going to vomit. Would he even stop then? Or would he make her lay in her puke while he finished ass fucking her? Nothing he did would shock her at this point.

When he was all the way in, he began to long stroke her with the full length of his cock, driving it deep in her ass over and over. He released her ass cheeks and leaned over her, planting his hands on the bed on each side of her as he ass fucked her a little harder, a little faster.

It seemed to Sabrina that he was enjoying this more than when he was fucking her pussy. She wondered if he was bi-sexual and liked fucking men as well.

He panted, grunted and groaned as he drove his cock into her ass, his hard meat seeming to swell thicker and longer with each thrust in. The pain was beginning to subside a little as he'd said it would, but she had yet to find enjoyment in it.

His intensity increased until he was slamming against her ass cheeks, fucking her ass with renewed urgency. Even through her fogged mind she couldn't believe that he could be close to cumming again, not this soon. But to her shock and dismay, he clutched the blankets and cried out in pure ecstasy as he emptied his load deep in her ass.

"Oh yeah." He gasped hard as he drew his cock from her ass and this time left the bed. "Now that's what I'm talkin' about, baby." He grabbed her towel off the floor and wiped his dick off then tugged his jeans up, stuffing his cock back inside. When he came back to the bed, he rolled her back over and stared down at her naked body. Her face was flushed, damp with sweat and tears.

"Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" He grinned. He rubbed his hand over her breasts, fingering her nipples. He leaned down and sucked on one nipple, moaning against her firm tit. "Mmmm." He popped the nipple out between his lips. "Damn, you have some sweet tasting tits."

He sat next to her on the bed and studied her body. He ran his hand down her stomach, over her nearly shaved mound and along her inner thigh. "Just one more thing." He spoke low, conspiratorial. He slid down the bed and leaned in between her thighs. "Can't call myself a good lover if I walk away without giving the lady an orgasm or two of her own."

No. She didn't want to cum for this fucking freak. The very thought made her violently sick. But as he dipped his tongue between her pussy lips and the tip of his tongue teased her clit, she flinched. She couldn't stop it from happening. It was a pure physical reaction.

He spread her pussy lips open with his fingertips and licked at her clit. When he felt her respond, he sucked at it with his lips, using his tongue at the same time.

An unbidden and unwelcome moan rose in Sabrina's throat. She squeezed her eyes shut and tried to imagine it was Owen sucking her pussy, teasing her clit, bringing her to the height of ecstasy. She pictured Owen's handsome face, his warm lips. She let the fantasy take her, knowing it was the only way she could handle what was happening.

Slowly her body began to relax as she envisioned her sister's husband down between her legs, licking her, sucking her, making her...cum. A shuddered cry escaped her as the orgasm let loose inside her. But the mouth in her pussy didn't stop, the tongue continued to lick and tease her sensitive clit, the lips sucked at it hungrily.

She gasped and trembled fiercely as a second orgasm burst free, crying out louder this time.

"Knew you wanted it, baby." Jackson murmured into her wet pussy as he sucked her juices out of her, licking her clean.

Sabrina trembled again, but this time with disgust. Even though she knew it was virtually impossible for a woman not to cum when a man- any man- licked her pussy, she still felt sick inside that he'd made her cum- twice!

Jackson sat up and wiped his face. "Nothin' quite like the taste of hot pussy."

Sabrina turned away and closed her eyes. She couldn't look at him. To her relief, he untied her hands and looped the belt back through his jeans and buckled it. He stooped over and grabbed his shirt off the floor, slipped it back on and went to the door. "It's been fun, baby." He winked at her and opened the door. "But I gotta be getting back to work before boss man catches me with my pants down and my cock in his wife." He shook his head. "Oops, I mean in his wife's sister." He started to leave then turned and flashed her a smile charming enough to be found on the cover of GQ. "You're every bit as good as Celine said you'd be. Better even."

"What?" Sabrina choked out, a new kind of horror invading her mind. But Jackson was already gone. Sabrina rolled onto her side, feeling soreness all through her body, and tucked up in the fetal position and cried, her sobs shaking the bed. Celine had handed her to him like an offering on a silver platter? Had known what he was going to do to her when they'd made their plans to switch places?

Fuck you, Celine! She screamed in her head. I hope your plane fucking crashes! How could she do this to her? How could she just give her own sister to a monster like Jackson? How?!

Sobbing uncontrollably, Sabrina left the bed and slowly made her way to the bathroom where she fell to her knees and vomited in the toilet. When she was done, she stepped back into the shower, slid down in one corner as the hot spray mingled with her tears and tried to soothe her bruised and abused body, heart and mind.

Chapter 5

*** NOTE TO READERS: I began adding Owen's persepctive as well as just Sabrina's. When I considered having this story published, I thought it might be more interesting for the reader to get a clearer idea of what Owen was really thinking and feeling. Before I think about sending it in anywhere, I will no doubt go back and insert more of Owen's perspective throughout the beginning portions. Let me know if Owen's perspective of things adds to or takes away from the momentum of the story. Thanks for reading and I hope you enjoy these next few chapters.**

NINE

When Owen returned to the house that evening, Sabrina was curled up in large chair out on the patio. She was dressed in warm pants and one of Owen's sweatshirts. Celine doesn't own sweatshirts, she'd thought bitterly as she'd rifled through her things. Only slut-wear. So she'd taken the liberty of borrowing one of Owen's sweatshirts.

Now, she huddled deep in the large shirt, praying Owen's scent would somehow soothe her mind and body, and help her erase the horror of that afternoon. But each time she shifted, her bruised body reminded her all over again of Jackson's vile assault. Was it something she was just supposed to accept? Should she call the police? Would they even believe her story?

Sabrina sank lower in the thick warm shirt, pulling it up to her face as she hugged her knees against her body. She wanted to cry again but there didn't seem to be any tears left. Even worse than Jackson's assault was the reality of the depth of her sister's betrayal. Just that afternoon, she'd looked Sabrina in the eyes and told her she loved her. She'd said it with all the sincerity she'd always spoken it with. And if it wasn't true this afternoon...had it ever been true? Had Celine always secretly hated her? Was she so materialistic and superficial that she would actually hate her own sister because Sabrina had the kind of money and life that Celine had always wanted?

When she heard Owen come through the front door, her heart began to thump in her chest. Would he believe her if she told him what Jackson had done? What Celine had done? But in his eyes, she was Celine. And he didn't trust Celine. He would think she was just playing some twisted game with him. But how could she just keep this to herself? How could she deal with it alone? And what about the next time Owen was gone? Would Jackson do it again?

"Is there no limit to how low you will sink?"

Sabrina jumped and looked around quickly. Lost in her troubled thoughts, she hadn't noticed Owen approach the open doorway that led into the house. "Excuse me?" She questioned uncertainly. What had she done this time?

"Don't play me for a fool, Celine." Owen stepped out on the rock patio. His face was hard, his blue eyes once again chipped ice as he drilled her with the shards.

After what had happened today, Sabrina wasn't up for a fight. In fact, she just wanted to be left alone. "What're you talking about?" She asked quietly, emotional fatigue pulling her down.

Owen grabbed her chair and spun it around so suddenly she gasped and clutched the arms. Her eyes were wide and shocked as he clamped his hands on the arms of the chair and leaned down, glaring at her, his face only inches from hers. And that close, she could see the fire raging behind his ice blue eyes. Could he be

pushed to resort to physical violence? Was that how this nightmare would end - with Owen assaulting her as well?

"I saw him coming out of the house." He spoke tightly, his jaw clenched. "Adjusting his crotch. Maybe I can't stop you from fucking every cock you encounter, but I'll be damned if you're gonna fuck 'em in my house!"

Sabrina recoiled from his rage. Trying to explain the truth at this point would be futile, maybe even hazardous to her health.

Owen shoved back from her hard, nearly knocking her chair over with her in it. "I aught to send your cheating ass packing right here and now. 'Cause what we have here sure as hell ain't no marriage."

Sabrina huddled in her chair. "Why don't you?" She whispered. The question was out before she even realized she was going to ask it.

Owen stood with his hands gripping his hips. His chest heaved with anger as he glared down at her. "Because I know you would run straight to your sister. She would take you in, not realizing she was letting a viper into her home. And you would poison her life the way you've done mine." Something flickered through Owen's eyes, another emotion. "And Sabrina already has one poisonous snake in her house. She don't need two."

Was that really why he let Celine stay, after all she'd done to him? Because he was trying to protect Sabrina from the truth of what her sister was? Protect her from the reality of the affair Charles and Celine were having? He would rather suffer himself than shove his problems onto her and be done with all the bullshit?

She lowered her eyes to her hands. "I never realized you cared so much about...Sabrina."

Owen drilled her with sharp eyes. "Don't you dare try to turn this on me. You're the one fucking her husband. Sabrina's a good woman, and I would never put you in her home so you could fuck Charles in her house the way you fucked Jackson in mine."

Sabrina twisted away from Owen and rested her chin on the back of the chair. The tears she thought were dried up, stung her eyes. Somehow his verbal assault was worse than a physical one. "Maybe you should have married Sabrina." She whispered, her voice thick with tears.

"Yeah." Owen said tightly. "I wish."

Then he was gone. Sabrina buried her face in her arms and cried openly.

Though it was only eight in the morning, the sun beat hot on the small balcony outside Sabrina's bedroom. Sabrina stood in the sun rays, arms wrapped around her own waist, and watched Owen come out of the cool interior of the stables and stop to speak with Jackson. Even from this distance, she could detect Owen's frigid demeanor as if he would just as soon knock Jackson's head off as look at him.

"Why don't you?" Sabrina whispered aloud, her voice tight, the horrible memory of Jackson's assault still fresh in her mind. "Why don't you kill the motherfucker? How can you just let him keep working for you?"

Owen turned away from Jackson and disappeared back inside the stables. Sabrina stared at Jackson, standing in the morning sun, shirtless, cowboy hat shading his face. Under any other circumstances he would have been an appealing sight. But this morning, he was anything but appealing.

Jackson was about to return to his duties when he glanced up and caught Sabrina watching him. He grinned and tipped his hat, then slid one gloved hand down and gripped his crotch. Her eyes narrowed and darkened with emotions she'd never experienced before in her entire life. At this precise moment, she knew she was capable of murder. Had she owned a gun and knew how to shoot, she honestly believed she could blow his fucking head off and not blink an eye.

The intense, violent thought disturbed Sabrina and she turned from the sight of Jackson and entered the bedroom. She was halfway across the room before she realized she was shaking. Every nerve in her body seemed alive and on edge. Was this how a person felt when they were having a nervous breakdown?

A wave of dizziness washed over her and she down sat on the edge of the bed and waited for the dizzy spell to pass. When it finally subsided, nausea rose up in its place. Sabrina squeezed her eyes shut and hugged her stomach, fighting the urge to vomit. She felt like she was coming apart inside, piece by piece. She wanted to cry and that pissed her off. It was her weak and submissive demeanor that made her a victim - to both Jackson and Celine.

Despite Celine's betrayal, her control over men - over life itself - was something Sabrina was suddenly very envious of. She longed for the strength and courage to face Jackson head on and put the fucker in his place once and for all. And for that matter - put Celine in her place as well.

Sabrina's chest heaved then slowed into an even rhythm of breathing as her mind began to work overtime. She would deal with this situation once and for all, and in doing so, free both herself and Owen from Celine's poisonous snare. They would all pay their dues - Celine, Charles, and Jackson - and they would pay dearly.

Suddenly very calm as the solution became crystal clear in her mind, Sabrina picked up her cell phone and made the call that would set her plans in motion.

TEN

Concealed in the shadows and gloom of the stable, Owen caught the lewd gesture Jackson made to his wife. His blood boiled and killing the bastard was strong on his mind. But if he were to be totally honest with himself...wasn't Jackson's responses to his wife, Celine's doing? She'd fuck anything with a dick and he had no doubt in his mind that she was the one who instigated her sexual indiscretions with Jackson. The man clearly had no integrity, fucking his boss' wife and all, but few men could resist a woman like Celine. Shit, Owen himself had succumbed to her beauty and sensuality. But even now, he knew he'd given in only because she was the image of his true desire...the one woman he couldn't have.

Owen looked away from Jackson and moved deeper into the large structure. Lately, Celine reminded him so much of her sister and he didn't understand that. The two were only alike in appearance, and that's where it ended cold. Maybe the resemblance he was seeing and feeling in her was what was causing his attacks of extreme jealousy now. Before, he didn't care. He just looked the other way. But now...it was different. Seeing Jackson coming out of his house, knowing he had been in there for God only knew how long, screwing his wife...it had taken every ounce of Owen's will not to pull out his shotgun and blow the fucker's balls off. And when he'd walked in on Celine sucking Jackson's dick, he'd felt a rage and jealousy unlike anything he'd every experienced before when it came to Celine. He'd only suffered that level of jealousy whenever he thought about Sabrina sharing Charles' bed, that worthless piece of shit touching her and making love to her.

Owen shook his head once, hard. "What the fuck is wrong with you?" He hissed at himself. He'd become enamored with Sabrina the very first time he looked in her eyes. He hadn't been married to Celine yet, but Sabrina had been engaged to Charles. Rich, handsome, debonair Charles Braxton. He'd seen the lust and envy in Celine's eyes even then. He should have suggested a trade right then and there - Celine for Sabrina.

Somehow he thought they would've all been happier today.

He shook his head again. Who was he trying to fool? Sabrina was, hands down, a better woman than her sister, but even so...why would she want to give up her life on the mountain of gold to live in the trenches with a man like him?

Choosing to exit the stables through the rear entrance, not in the mood for another face to face with Jackson, Owen walked around the lower end of the paddock fence then leaned on the wooden rails and watched the two year old gelding trotting back and forth inside the enclosure. He'd just purchased the young horse a few days ago and already the animal was making progress, responding well to the training method.

He pressed his forehead against his arms and closed his eyes. He needed to just divorce Celine and get on with his life before she became the death of him. She would do her level best to strip him of everything he had, he knew that, and that was, in part, why he let her stay. He'd worked hard for what he had. Maybe to her it was nothing, but to him it was everything. His whole life. And she would take it and destroy it without a second thought. His chest tightened. He should have never married her. Taking her into his life because she looked so much like Sabrina had been the biggest mistake of his existence. At first, when she was somewhat decent to him, he imagined she was Sabrina. Many times when they were first together, he had to consciously check himself to keep from shouting Sabrina's name in the height of passion.

When Owen raised his head, his eyes were drawn to the balcony outside of the master bedroom. Not his bedroom anymore. And why should it be? He had long since ceased to be the master of his home. He started to look away when he saw his wife approach the door to the balcony and pause. Was she hoping to get another glimpse of Jackson, maybe flirt with him from afar, get him hot and horny-

Her eyes were on him, not Jackson. He could feel her gaze. His skin began to heat up, and not from the morning sun. Lately every time he looked at her he saw Sabrina - and it made him crave her beyond measure. And that pissed him off. Celine manipulated every man she came in contact with. And now she was manipulating him as well. This had to be some kind of game. Maybe she knew about that night in Charles' office when Owen had given in to his deepest desires and hunger and had taken Sabrina without a second thought. That night blazed in his memories day and night, haunting his dreams, tormenting his waking hours. If Celine had somehow found out, she would use his desire for her sister to torture him, pretending to be just like her, making him feel loved and desired. And just when she had him in too deep for him to ever get out again...she would tear him apart.

Yet, despite it all, as he stared up at the woman in the doorway, he wanted her. Every part him begged him to go in that house and up to that room and spend the rest of the day making love and fucking.

Owen realized his pulse was racing and his crotch was aching. He tore his eyes away form her. She wasn't Sabrina and letting his mind go there and pretend she was...it was a dangerous game to play. One he couldn't win - or even survive.

Sabrina held the phone numbly in her hand at her side as she watched Owen from the balcony doorway. Though he was a great distance away, she could feel the intensity of his stare. She longed to run out there to him, tell him everything, beg him to forgive her for deceiving him, and then plead with him to come back inside with her and make love to her for the rest of...forever.

She swallowed thickly when he forcibly looked away. He was in torment and it was, in part, her fault. He surely believed she was Celine playing a cruel game with him. She could feel it in the way he never quite let

himself relax when she was in his arms. Like he was waiting for the knife in the back. The only time he'd been at total ease was when they'd made love while he was dreaming. In that dream, he was really with *her* and he knew he had nothing to fear.

"Soon, Owen." She whispered softly. "Soon we'll be together for real."

After she showered, Sabrina couldn't stop the anxiety that gripped her when she returned to her bedroom, half expecting Jackson to be there again. But her room was empty and she searched her sister's closet for her most decent outfit; a surprisingly elegant and at the same time conservative black pantsuit. Sabrina surveyed herself in the mirror; it would do for her purposes. She had to look like herself; Mrs. Charles Braxton.

Sabrina's face crinkled. That wasn't who she was, not really. She'd never been Mrs. Charles Braxton. She'd simply been Sabrina. Or to Charles' colleagues - Mr. Braxton's lovely wife. But all she wanted to be was Sabrina. She stared at her reflection and whispered, "Sabrina Briggs."

Sabrina Briggs.

Owen's steps faltered outside the partially open bedroom door. A hard frown pinched his brow. Why would she say that? His hand hesitated as he reached out to push open the door. Why had he come up here? His reasons escaped him for a moment before he remembered he'd decided he was tired of the bullshit and intended to confront Celine. Call her bluff on this whole game. But now uncertainty forced him to reconsider.

"Soon, Owen." She spoke softly inside the room. Owen stepped closer to the door and listened. "Soon everything will be put right." A brief silence, then - "Soon that horrid bitch will be out of your life for good."

Owen's frown deepened. What the hell was she talking about? *Who* was she talking about? The only horrid bitch in his life - was *her*. And yet, recently, she didn't seem like the bitch he'd come to know so well. He actually felt good to be around her. She made him feel good. How was that even possible after all the shit she'd pulled? All the times she'd cheated?

Backing slowly away from the door, Owen was suddenly very confused. How could he feel so strongly for a woman whose only interest in him was to tear him down and destroy him? Had he really sank so low, become so desperate that he was willing to go begging for physical gratification from a cull bitch?

Thoroughly disgusted with himself, Owen returned downstairs. His balls could turn blue as the Pacific Ocean for all he cared - but he would never go crawling to her for sex again.

Sabrina was surprised to find Owen in the kitchen when she came downstairs. She had been hoping he would still be out at the stables. She didn't need any questions. And she was sure to get them, considering how she was dressed. She took a deep breath and entered the kitchen, her mind working overtime to come up with an explanation as to why she was all dressed up so early in the day.

True to form, Owen called her on her appearance the moment she stepped through the doorway.

"Well, aren't you looking snazzy." He threw the sarcasm at her with what she suspected was meant to be a fast ball, but it lacked strength and speed. As if he were forcing himself to be deliberately critical. And since Owen didn't usually have to force the sarcasm and criticism when it came to his "wife", this weak attack had her

somewhat stumped.

"I have business in town." She offered calmly, without defensiveness. She plucked her car keys from the key rack by the kitchen doorway.

Owen leaned against the counter, a cup of coffee in his hand, and watched her intently. Why wasn't he out at the stables or working with new gelding he'd just purchased? It wasn't like him to be in the house at this time of day. His powerful stare prevented her from just walking out, although she needed to go.

"Aren't you...working today?" She asked with a bit of fluster. She glanced absently at the clock on the wall.

Owen ignored her question. "Late for something?"

"I told you." She said without meeting his eyes. "I have business."

Shoving away from the counter, Owen moved towards her slowly. Sabrina felt like a prey animal being staked by a predator. "What kind of business?" He asked low. "Meeting *someone?*"

It didn't take a rocket scientist to know what he meant. Of course he would think that. Why shouldn't he?

"The way you're dressed." He said. "It must be someone of higher social status than a sweaty ranch hand." He chuckled but there was no humor in it. "You must have a backup for when Charles is gone, huh?"

Sabrina flinched at both the mention of the ranch hand and her husband's name. She hated both men. Ironically, she was more repulsed by the sound of her husband's name than Jackson's. Jackson had violated her body, but Charles had violated every part of her being. But they would *both* pay for their sins and indiscretions.

"It isn't like that." She told Owen, knowing full well he had no reason to believe her. "I really do have business. Regular business. Nothing more."

He stood over her - towered over her - and planted his hands loosely on his hips. "Then you won't mind me driving you." He said. "I have business in town as well. No need taking two rigs and wasting gas when we can both go together."

Sabrina opened her mouth to protest, then clamped it shut. Something Owen didn't miss.

"Is there a problem?"

How was she going to do what she needed to do with Owen hovering nearby? But if she insisted going in her own car, he would assume she was, in fact, meeting a man. And she didn't have the time or strength to deal with his rage right now.

"No." She raised her eyes to his. "No problem. But I need to go now."

He smiled but it didn't reach his suspicious eyes. "I'm ready."

Anxiety churned Sabrina's insides as she turned and headed for the front door. She would have to figure out a way to separate herself from Owen. He couldn't be a part of her plans.

It could all backfire and she didn't want him caught in the crossfire.

ELEVEN

"How...how is the gelding coming along?"

The question caught Owen off guard. From behind the wheel of the pickup, he glanced at the woman in the passenger seat. She was asking about the horses? That was a first. But then so was her accepting to ride in his filthy truck.

"He's coming along fine." Owen answered slowly, frowning. "How did you know I'd bought a new horse?"

"I saw you unloading him." She said quietly. "He didn't look familiar."

Owen turned his attention to the road. What the hell was going on with her lately? He couldn't say he was disappointed in the change, but he was damn suspicious. Celine had never noticed anything about his work on the ranch except the money it produced...or the lack thereof, Celine had often pointed out. But to actually notice when he acquired a new horse? Or ask how the training was going? Not once in their entire marriage.

"What do you care anyway?" Owen asked with a bit of steel in his voice. "As long as it brings in the cash."

She turned her face away and stared out the passenger window. "Sorry for asking." She whispered tightly.

For reasons he couldn't begin to understand, he felt guilty for his sharp remark. Maybe by some miracle she was actually trying to change, trying to become more involved with the ranch, with him. He couldn't quite bring himself to believe that, but anything was possible. "I'm sorry." He offered. "I didn't mean to snap at you. It's just...you've never asked about the horses before, or about the training I'm doing. It just..." He sighed and finished weakly, "Caught me off guard, I guess."

"I'm sorry." She spoke soft, quiet. So unlike Celine.

"For what/" He asked without looking at her.

"For...never asking." She said. "For never taking any interest in the ranch, or all the work you put in just to take care of us and provide for us. I've been such a..." She faltered.

"A bitch?" He finished for her as he let his eyes slide over to her face.

She looked at him, a bit of shock in her eyes which quickly faded as a smile curved her full lips and she released a small laugh. "Yes, a bitch. Exactly." She shook her head as the smile wavered a little and he swore a look of sadness and regret shadowed her blue eyes as she added quietly, "And so much worse."

Owen suddenly felt at a loss. Somehow she was making him feel sorry for her. How was that even possible? Since when did she deserve his pity? And yet, he couldn't stop the sympathy from rising inside him as he looked at her sad eyes. He forced his eyes away and shifted in his seat, clearing his throat. "If you know what you are." He said. "And you don't like it. Then why do you keep doing what you do?"

Her arms slid around her waist and she looked out the passenger window again. "I'm not going to be that way anymore." She murmured. "Things are going to be different." She faced him, her eyes begging him to believe her. "I promise, Owen. I don't want to be with anyone but you. Not ever again."

Her words hit Owen square in the heart like the fist of a prized fighter. He wanted to believe. God, he wanted so bad to believe her. But history had a way of overshadowing her promise with doubt.

"I wish I could believe you, Celine." He whispered tightly. His eyes were hard as he stared out the windshield. "I really do. But less than forty-eight hours ago you were fucking Jackson in my house, and probably in my bed. That doesn't tell me you have any intentions of changing who or what you are." He shook his head as his jaw began to ache from tension and internal pain. "I'm sorry, but your word alone isn't enough. You've lied to me too much."

He could hear the tears in her voice as she turned away and whispered barely loud enough for him to hear, "I didn't fuck Jackson." Her voice quavered as she added even more quietly, "Not by choice."

A new kind of anxiety twisted Owen's guts. What the hell did she mean by that?

"And I suppose it wasn't by choice either," He said bitterly. "That you were out in the stables the other day sucking Jackson's dick?" He turned and met her startled eyes. "Yeah, I saw that. So how about you give me a fucking break? I know you think I'm a fool, and maybe I am for letting you stay, but don't take me for a moron. I have eyes and I know what the fuck I saw." His throat tightened until his whole head began to ache. "You were on your knees before him because you wanted to be." He shook his head slowly as an ache he wasn't quite sure he understood spiraled through him. "I can't even remember the last time your mouth was on my dick." His chest heaved. The image of her kneeling before Jackson filled his head. Jealousy overwhelmed him like he'd never experienced before. He'd always been disgusted with his wife's ways, but he'd never really felt jealous. Not like this. He felt like he couldn't breathe. "I don't know what kind of fucking game you're trying to play with me, Celine, but it isn't going to work." A sudden, unbidden emotion squeezed his chest and tightened his voice. "You're the same cold hearted, selfish bitch that you've always been. And that ain't ever gonna change."

Owen's words hit Sabrina like poisonous darts. She flinched and felt the stinging wound with each one he threw at her. Tears burned her eyes and she stared out the side window. She knew he wasn't really speaking to her, so why did it still hurt so much? But she understood suddenly that it was *his* pain that was hurting her so bad. Getting a full, head on look at what her sister had done to this good man was cutting her to the bone. How could she and Celine even share the same blood? Her sister was everything Owen said she was - and so much more.

She chanced a glance at Owen as a heavy silence filled the cab. His eyes were hard as he stared at the road before them, but a deep anguish resided there too. He really did want to believe her words. He wanted to believe his wife could really love him that much, really want him and only him. But Celine had damaged the man, and as long as he believed she was her sister...Owen would never trust her or believe in her love for him.

There was so much more she wanted to say to him, to assure him of, but all his ears could hear were the lies of his unfaithful heartless wife. Did he really not sense that the woman beside him was the same woman he had desired and hungered for so desperately two years ago? Was there no part of him that felt who she was truly was? Sometimes when their eyes met, she thought she could see the uncertainty in his eyes. But there was no reason for him to think it was her. He would never believe that "Sabrina" would do something so underhanded and conniving as tricking him this way. Celine, yes. But not Sabrina. What would he think of her when he found out the truth?

Her eyes lingered on his handsome face, so tight with pain and tension. She longed to reach over and caress it all away. But she wondered, would he even let her touch him again once he learned that she, indeed, had deceived him? Or would he write her off as he had Celine?

I know I don't deserve your mercy, Lord, she prayed silently, *but please whatever happens...please don't let Owen be hurt anymore than he's already been*.

"Where do you need to go?" Owen asked. "I'll drop you off. I need to fill an order at the feed store."

The sudden tension that gripped her didn't escape Owen's attention. "I can...I can walk from the feed store."

Owen frowned. "Why? I can drop you off. Now tell me where you need to go." If she was going to cheat on him, he wasn't going to make it easy for her.

She bit her lower lip - something he found surprisingly arousing - then with clear reluctance in her voice, told him, "The Plaza."

"The Plaza Hotel." He murmured as he headed the truck in that direction. "Nothing like being discreet. I bet cheatin' wives everywhere would idolize you."

"What do you mean?" She asked quietly, a sliver of defensiveness in her voice. What brass she had.

"Well." He said. "You ask your husband to drop you off at a fancy hotel...and he does it." He cast her a cool look. "No questions asked."

She said nothing and pulled her eyes from his. Silence settled between them as he drove through the streets and finally pulled up in front of the posh hotel.

"Front door service." He said dryly then looked at her with dull eyes. "But I'm guessing you're gonna get a little *back door* service as well, huh?"

She didn't look at him until she was out of the truck and standing in the open door. There was actual hurt in her eyes. God, she was good.

"I know how this looks, Owen." She said. "But I'm not here to cheat on you. I'm meeting someone for business, in the hotel restaurant. I know you don't believe me and I don't expect you to." An emotion he wasn't accustomed to shadowed her eyes. "One day...you'll see that I'm not the woman you think I am."

She closed the door and walked up the steps to the hotel entrance. A door man stepped forward and opened the door for her and she disappeared inside. Owen stared at the door. For a brief moment, he actually believed her that she wasn't there to cheat on him. That look in her eye, a look of sincerity...and love?

"You're out of your fucking mind, buddy." He berated himself as he finally pulled away from the hotel. "You know how deceitful she can be. Why are you falling for this?"

"Mrs. Braxton." The older man smiled and held out his hand. He was attractive and expensively dressed. His graying hair only seemed to add to his mature handsomeness.

"Mr. Landers." Sabrina shook his hand then sat down as he held out a chair for her at his table.

Landers took a seat across from her. A waiter in a white shirt and black bow tie approached the table. "A drink?" Landers asked her.

She smiled at the young handsome waiter. "White wine." He nodded and left. Sabrina looked at the older man. "I know it's a bit early for our annual review of our estate, but Charles and I are flying to New York tonight and the reality is, planes tend to crash at times. It's a morbid thought but one that can't be denied. In the case of any such event, we want to know everything is handled. So he asked me to schedule an early appointment to take care of this now. I hope that's all right?"

Landers smiled and sipped at his glass of Merlot. "Yes, of course. After all, I am your attorney. I work for you."

The waiter brought Sabrina's white wine. "Can I get you anything else, Ma'am?"

"No, thank you." The waiter nodded once more and walked away. Sabrina sipped her wine then spoke as casually as she could, "I understand that the majority of Charles' business equity remains in my name."

"Yes." Landers said. "Business can, at times, get a bit...vicious, if you will. I suggested that, in order to protect his assets, he place at least half of everything in your name. He opted to place it all in your name."

"All?" Sabrina raised her eyebrows. *All* of it? That was even better, of course, but why would he put everything in her name? But then, didn't she know? He didn't think she would ever have the guts to defy him or steal from him. He had trained her well and she was his puppet. He feared no repercussions from having his entire business more or less in her hands. As far as he was concerned, it was the safest place he could put it. She smiled.

"Yes." Landers confirmed, then smiled. "He must have a deep trust in you. That's nice to see."

Sabrina nodded. "Yes, it's nice to be trusted by the man you love."

Landers dug into a briefcase on the chair beside him and took out some papers. "Now, about the beneficiary of your estate in the case of both yours and Charles' deaths." He looked up and met her calm, beautiful eyes. "You wanted to list your sister?"

"Yes."

"As full beneficiary?" Landers asked.

"Yes."

"Your sister's name?" He asked as his pen hovered over the appropriate line of the document.

Sabrina offered him a charming smile. "Celine Ashley Briggs."

Owen stood discreetly at the corner of the large brick pharmacy across the street from the Plaza and watched his wife exit the hotel. He'd left his truck to be loaded up at the feed store and was now on foot. Something was going on with Celine and he didn't like being played for a fool. If he had to resort to following her around, then so be it.

She stopped at the bottom of the steps and looked around, as if to make sure she *wasn't* being followed. Seemingly satisfied, she started walking down the street away from Owen. When she was far enough away, he stepped out and followed along his side of the street. He'd never secretly followed anyone before and kind of felt ridiculous, but if she refused to be honest with him, then he had to figure this out himself.

When she spotted a cab and hailed it down, he swore out loud. He took note of which direction it went then quickly waved down his own cab. He slid into the back seat and leaned forward. "The cab that just went down 6th street." He said through the partition. "Follow it."

The cabby, an Italian guy in his late twenties and lots of beard stubble, grinned. "Yes, sir."

Owen sat back but his eyes remained alert as he stared out the front windshield. Where was she going now? Because 6th street wouldn't take her to the feed store. She had somewhere else to go that she hadn't told him about.

When they caught site of her cab, he leaned forward again. "Hang back a bit." Owen told the cabby. "Don't appear like you're following them."

The cabby nodded and let up off the gas a bit as the cab slowed.

Owen remained leaning forward, a hard frown on his face as they tailed the other cab down one street and then another and another until they were in a shadier part of town. What kind of *business* did Celine have down here? Was she moonlighting as a high class call girl? It sure as hell wouldn't surprise him. But if that were the case, why would she be down here? Maybe she was just moonlighting as a whore. That was even more believable.

Her cab pulled to a stop in front of a place called The Crimson Shamrock.

"Stop here." Owen said and the cabby pulled over. Owen watched as she left her cab and entered the establishment. "What is that place?"

The cabby cocked his head. "The Crimson Shamrock is an Irish pub." He said. "Antonio O'Brian owns it."

"Who's that?"

"An Irish, Italian guy. Some say he has mob connections in Chicago and New York." The cabby shrugged. "But people say a lot. So who knows?" He glanced at Owen in the rear view mirror. "That your wife you following?"

The muscles in Owen's face flexed with tension. He sat back. "These days...I'm not sure who she is." What the hell was she doing in an old Irish pub? Reportedly ran by a mobster? He sighed. Maybe she was going to hire someone to kill him. Anymore - who gave a fuck? "Let's go." He told the cabby. "Take me back to the Granger's Feed Store."

As the cabby pulled away from the curb and headed back up town, Owen leaned his head back and closed his eyes. He would almost welcome a bullet in the head right about now. He couldn't take anymore. He just wanted peace of mind - anyway he could get it.

"You lost, lass?"

Sabrina approached the bar. The pub was dimly lit and only a couple men lingered at the far end of the bar. She looked at the bartender who'd spoken to her. He was a thirty-ish Irish man, well muscled with the sleeves of his black t-shirt rolled half way up over his nicely developed biceps. His hands were flat on the bar as he looked her up and down. But it wasn't a predatory look like the kind Jackson gave her. It was simply a look of appreciation.

She forced herself to remain calm, cool and collected. "I'm here to see Tony."

The bartender stared at her with dull, though gorgeous, dark eyes. "Tony who?"

Sabrina sighed. "Antonio O'Brian."

The bartender shrugged. "Don't know anyone by that name, lass."

Another slow sigh escaped her and she stepped closer to the bar, her voice lowering. "Come on. I need to speak to Tony. We both know that you know who he is and if he's here." When the bartender just looked at her, she shook her head. "Do I really look like a threat? Do you want to frisk me? Check my purse-"

"That won't be necessary."

Sabrina and the bartender both turned at the same time. A man stood at the far end of the bar, having seemed to appeared out of nowhere. He was just shy of six foot, neatly cropped black hair and very nicely dressed - but not in a "pimp" kind of way. Sabrina recognized him instantly as the man Charles occasionally had over for *special* business meetings. She'd met him once, but Charles had quickly ushered her from the room and closed the door. Did he think she was so stupid as to not know what kind of *business* they were conducting behind that closed door?

On the way out, Antonio O'Brian had taken her hand and kissed it lightly, bidding her good night. Despite the rumors of who he was and what his business consisted of - Sabrina had instantly liked the man. The world was full of dangerous people, but after living in Charles' world for five years, she'd learned that not *all* dangerous people were necessarily bad people. Unlike Charles, she considered Tony to be one of the *good* bad guys.

Tony walked towards her, a charming smile on his handsome Irish-Italian face. "Mrs. Braxton, what a pleasant surprise." He took her hand and, again, kissed it like a gentleman then continued to hold it in both of his gently. Without looking at him, Tony told the bartender - "Sammy, get the lady a drink." To Sabrina - "What will it be?"

"Oh, thank you but I just had a glass of wine."

Tony waved his hand at Sammy to nix the order. He tucked Sabrina's hand around his arm and led her towards the back of the pub. "Now, to what do I owe this surprise visit, Mrs. Braxton?"

"Please." Sabrina said. "Call me Sabrina."

Tony cast her a long look sideways. His smile slowly stretched wider across his lips. "Do I detect a bit of distaste in being labeled Mrs. Charles Braxton?"

She hesitated. Tony O'Brian was, in a sense, a colleague of Charles'...what if he had some form of loyalty to Charles? But as she met Tony's eyes, she knew that wasn't the case. He seemed to fully understand her "distaste" of the Braxton name. "I just..." She started then faltered.

"It's perfectly okay." Tony laughed softly. "Believe me, I understand. I have, after all, met your husband on many occasions."

Tony led her to a corner booth set apart from the rest of the room. He urged her to sit then took his place across the table from her. She thought about what he'd just said and asked cautiously, "You don't like my husband?"

"In business." Tony said. "It isn't about liking someone. It's about the money." He winked at her. "Most of the time."

"I see." Sabrina was suddenly uncertain how to proceed. This wasn't just some lunch date with a business client. How did she say what she really wanted of him? And what if Charles countered her offer and turned the tables on her? If he managed to do so...would he turn it on Owen as well - simply out of spite? Was she really prepared to take that risk?

"Sabrina." Tony took her hand in his and looked at her intently, drawing her from her troubled thoughts. His eyes were so dark they looked black, but not in a disturbing way. They had a way of drawing you in and soothing your nerves. "Why are you here?"

"Business." She whispered and she could hear the tremor in her voice.

"What kind of business?"

She stared into the black depths of his eyes. "Your kind of business." She spoke so low she barely heard herself.

He gazed at her with his entrancing eyes as he held her hand in both of his. "That's *serious* business, Sabrina." He said quietly. "Are you sure you're ready to cross that line? Perhaps you should take a few days to think it through."

Sabrina shook her head slowly. She was shaking. When had she started shaking? "No." She trembled. "It has to be now. I-I don't need to think about it. There's nothing to think about." Her shakes intensified and she could feel the tears running down her face. Suddenly Tony was at her side, his arms around her.

"Sammy!" He called to the bartender. "Bring me a glass of ice water, now." Tony rubbed his hand over her wet cheek as she shuddered and sobbed uncontrollably. "It's gonna be okay, lass." Sammy brought the water and Tony gave her a drink and stroked his hand over her hair. "Just take a deep breath, drink some cold water...then tell me who I have to kill for doing this to such an exquisite woman?"

Owen was just seconds away from saying to hell with it and heading home alone when the cab pulled up in front of the feed store and his wife got out. There was something different about her, like she wasn't quite as "together" as she had been when they'd left for town earlier. When she slid into the passenger seat, he could see that her makeup wasn't nearly as perfect either. It was on the tip of his tongue to remark how her session with her lover had smeared her makeup, but pulled the words back when he noticed the faint redness to her eyes. Had she been crying?

She sat silently next to the passenger door and didn't look at him. She seemed tense, like she was waiting for his attack. Again, he felt sympathy for her and didn't know why. Whatever the reason, he wasn't in the mood to attack.

"Did you get your business done?" He asked as he started the truck and pulled away from the feed store. There was no note of sarcasm in his question this time, which startled even himself.

"Yes." She said quietly. She picked at her clothes as she gazed down into her lap.

Owen thought about asking her if she was okay, but he sensed she didn't want to talk. They drove home in silence, all the while Owen wondering just what exactly his wife had done today. Though it was instinct to suspect her of screwing around on him, he found himself believing that today was about something else entirely. What kind of business did she have in pub owned by a mobster?

He glanced at her. She stared distantly out the window, her mind clearly a million miles away.

What did you do today?

Chapter 6

TWELVE

A chill swept through Sabrina when she stepped inside the house. She hugged herself and turned to watch Owen pulling the pickup down to the stables to unload the bags of grain. Jackson came out and began helping him haul the bags inside. How could Owen work alongside the man? Was it because he couldn't afford to fire Jackson and lose a man who did the work of three? Was his work skills really more important to Owen that the reality that the man was screwing his wife?

Sabrina turned away and closed the door. Considering who Owen's wife was...maybe it was more important to keep a good worker. She couldn't be angry at Owen for putting up with everything the way he did. He was just trying to get through. He'd already lost his wife, or perhaps never really had her, and he didn't want to lose his ranch as well.

The house was cold and would grow colder as the sun slowly descended towards the mountains. Sabrina went to the living room and built a fire in the fireplace. She sat on the hearth hoping the warmth of the fire would chase away the chill inside her, but it wasn't a physical chill. It was that cold breeze that blows through one's soul when they've just taken a step that will forever change who they thought they were. When they've looked deep inside themselves and realized they were capable of acts that would have once horrified them.

The chill was there...but not the guilt. How could there be no guilt? She closed her eyes as her encounters with Jackson played through her mind like a horror movie. She couldn't stop hearing Jackson's words - *You're every bit as good as Celine said you would be*. Celine had used Sabrina to pay her debt to Jackson.

Sabrina didn't realize she was crying until tears dropped on the back of her hands. What Celine had done...there was no coming back from that. No way of forgiveness. No excuses could be made for her sister. She was truly heartless. Not a shred of goodness in her at all. She had poisoned Owen's life, and now Sabrina's as well.

As far as Charles was concerned? Nothing could make her feel guilt over him. The man was a parasite.

She left the living room and went into the kitchen to fix dinner. It was doubtful Owen had ever come in from a hard day's work to find a hot meal waiting for him. It was damn time he did.

The tantalizing scent of pork chops reached Owen before he even set foot in the house. And when he came through the door, a multitude of delicious smells kicked in his appetite. Wondering if he'd somehow stepped into the twilight zone, he moved slowly down the entry hall to the kitchen doorway.

The kitchen was empty but the table was set and two pans were on the stove. He frowned. "What the hell?"

A hand touched his back and he flinched, turning quickly. His wife stood there, dressed nicely, her makeup fixed. "I thought a hot meal might be nice for a change." She smiled warmly. "I mean one you didn't have to cook yourself."

Owen stared down at her. Maybe his twilight zone theory was right after all and this was some pod person posing as his wife. Because it sure as hell wasn't the Celine he knew. If that were the case, he would keep the pod woman and the aliens could have Celine - but only if they promised to never switch them back.

Her hand was still resting gently against the small of his back. It felt good. Comforting. "Go take a shower." She told him softly. "I'll keep dinner warm for you. Then we'll eat together."

At a loss, Owen went into the downstairs guest bedroom and pulled open the top dresser drawer to grab a clean t-shirt, only to find the drawer empty. He checked the other drawers; all empty. He went to the closet and found everything gone. He turned quickly then stopped short when he saw his wife standing in the bedroom doorway.

He frowned and asked slowly, "Where are my clothes?"

"Where they're supposed to be." She said quietly. "In your bedroom. In your dresser. In your closet."

His eyes narrowed with uncertainty. "I don't understand."

"The master bedroom." she said. "That's where your things are. Because that's where they belong. That's where you belong."

Owen stared at her as his chest slowly tightened. He couldn't take anymore of this shit. Tears burned behind his eyes. "What the fuck are you trying to do to me, Celine?" He choked out tightly. "Why do you hate me so much that you feel the need to torture me? To play these cruel games with me? You would be showing me more mercy if you went into the kitchen, got a knife and cut out my fucking heart."

He turned away and sat down heavily on the edge of the bed. He leaned forward with his head in his hands. "Please tell me what I did to deserve your cruelty? Just tell me and I swear to God I'll get on my knees and beg your forgiveness." He choked on a sob. "Just tell me."

"Stop it." She whispered. "God, Owen, do you really think you did something to deserve all the shit you've been handed? You're an amazing man. The best."

Owen lunged to his feet and spun on her. "Knock it off, Celine!" He raged. "Just knock it the fuck off! What the hell are you trying to prove? You've taken everything from me, what do you want now - my balls? Well you've got them too."

He stormed past her and left her standing alone in the bedroom.

Any guilt she might have felt for the choices she'd made that day - were wiped away in one fell swoop. Sabrina wiped the tears from her face. She would make up for everything Celine had done to Owen, and then some. But he was breaking down fast. She prayed he could make it through just another day or so, then they would be free.

She went upstairs to the bedroom. The shower was running in the adjoining bathroom. She opened the bathroom door slowly, quietly. Through the frosted glass of the shower doors, she could see Owen's hands planted against the wall and his head hung beneath the spray of hot water. He looked like a man beaten.

Before she could think about it, she stripped out of her clothes and opened the shower door quietly, slipping inside behind Owen. He was unaware of her presence as her eyes moved over his strong body. How could he look in her eyes and not see how much she really loved him?

She moved forward and slid her hands up his back. He flinched hard and tried to draw away from her touch.

"Please just leave me alone." He groaned, his tone weary. "Whatever it is you're after...you can have it. Just leave me alone."

Sabrina pressed her naked body up close against his and slid her arms around him, caressing her hands up his chest. She kissed him between the shoulder blades and whispered, "You're all I want, Owen."

His hands gripped the wall as a sob shuddered through him. She pressed her forehead against his wet back and let her hands rub down his chest, his stomach, and lower. His breath caught when she slid her hands down the length of his dick, already hard and thick with need. She stroked him slowly with both hands as his chest began to rise and fall more rapidly.

Another shudder rippled through him and she knew he didn't have the strength or will to fight her. He was giving up, surrendering. And she hated Celine for beating him down so fiercely that he'd lost his will to fight back. She pressed closer to him as her hands squeezed and stroked his hardening dick. She moved around in front of him and knelt before him. She stroked his dick a few more times then began to lick up the length of it. A fierce shudder ran through Owen's body.

Sabrina slid her tongue up over the swollen head of his dick then covered it with her mouth. Owen gasped and pressed his face into his arm as his chest heaved. Slowly, steadily, she drew his dick deeper and deeper into her mouth, taking him in until the head pressed into the back of her throat. She held his hard flesh deep in her mouth and sucked at him for a long moment before she began to stroke her warm, wet mouth up and down the throbbing shaft.

"Oh my god." He gasped thickly as he reflexively began to thrust in rhythm with her stroking mouth.

She moaned and sucked his dick harder.

"Fuck." He groaned as he thrust into her mouth. She could feel him getting close to release and the thought of him cumming in her mouth didn't repulse her as it had when Jackson had forced her. Even so, when she felt his dick swell thicker and his breathing become more ragged, he tried to pull out of her mouth.

"No." She gasped softly and continued to suck his dick with fervor.

"Fuck, baby." He cried out unsteadily. His jaw clenched as his body arched and his dick pressed deep into her throat. He released a strangled cry as he exploded, his hot fluids squirting down her throat.

Sabrina swallowed without any sense of revulsion and sucked at his pulsing dick, swallowing every drop of his creamy juice. When she felt the tension slowly recede from his body, she stood up and slid her arms around him, kissing his throat. His arms wrapped around her and held her tight. He clung to her like a man drowning and pressed his face into her hair, his body trembling.

"I'm not playing a cruel game with you, Owen." She whispered against his throat. "Everything is going to change...for the better. I promise." She kissed his throat again, with more passion. "I love you, Owen Briggs. I've always loved you, from the moment I first saw you."

His hands were on her face, lifting her mouth to his. He kissed her hard and fierce, his hunger and passion and desperation all coming out in that kiss. His arms were around her again, his hands gripping her butt and lifting her up. Her legs wrapped around his waist as he shoved her up against the shower wall. His dick was instantly hard again as he drove it into her, stealing her breath. Their kiss broke and he buried his face in her throat as he thrust his dick into her welcoming pussy, again and again, stroking her with all nine hard, thick inches.

"Yes!" Sabrina gasped and clung to him as he fucked her hard and urgent. "Yes, Owen!" She cried out sharply as a fierce orgasm burst. The feel of her cumming intensified his need and he thrust at her harder, faster, fucking her with renewed urgency.

"Oh my god!" He groaned loud and came hard. His thrusts quickened erratically as he emptied himself inside her. He continued to hold her pinned against the wall, though his thrusts began to slow as the hardness left his dick though it remained heavy and ready to come back to life.

Sabrina flattened her hands on his face and kissed him deeply, passionately. When he drew back and looked at her, his eyes were glazed with sexual satisfaction. "I'm starving." His voice trembled. "Do you think dinner is still warm?"

She stroked his face. "If not...I can heat it up for you." She kissed him again.

"Lets go eat." He groaned into her mouth. "Then we can fuck some more."

Sabrina smiled and kissed his mouth lightly. "Sounds good to me."

THIRTEEN

"I need you to answer something for me." Owen said.

Sabrina sat across the table from him as they ate the dinner she'd cooked for them. His statement made her tense a little. "What?"

"In town..." He paused as he lowered his fork and looked at her intently. "What did you mean when you said...you didn't fuck Jackson in our house by choice?"

Sabrina looked away from his penetrating stare. What could she say really? That Jackson had forced her? That he'd *raped* her? How could Owen even believe that when he knew what Celine was? When he'd witnessed the scene in the stables?

"Can we please not do this now?" She whispered, her appetite steadily fading. "It's been a long time since we ate dinner together, Owen. Since we did...anything together. Can't we just enjoy the moment?"

The weight of his eyes was like the weight of the world. "It isn't something we can just pretend didn't happen." He spoke low, but without the usual bitterness or cynicism. It was simply a statement.

Sabrina pressed her lips together and swallowed the tears thickening her throat. "I know."

She could feel him looking at her for a long time as she pushed her food around her plate. "I'm sorry." He said softly. "For ruining...the moment." He sighed and his eyes left her. "God knows, we can use all the *moments* we can get."

The weariness and defeat in his voice lifted her gaze to his face. He stared at his plate as now he too simply pushed his food around. "Things are going to get better, Owen." She said quietly. "I know it doesn't feel that way right now. I know you think...that there's not enough of us left to save. But you're wrong. I love you." He raised his eyes slowly and the look he gave her filled her own eyes with tears. "And when you look at me, I know you love me too." A tear broke loose and slid down her face. "You have no reason to trust me anymore or believe in my love for you, I understand that, Owen, I really do. But please...don't give up on us just yet. Things will get better, soon. I promise."

"Yeah." Was all he offered in response. He didn't believe her and why should he?

Sabrina laid her fork on her plate as a sudden bout of nausea hit her. This stress was too much, it was literally making her feel sick. "I don't feel so well." She whispered and stood up. Her head felt a little light but she managed to walk out of the kitchen without any major dizziness overwhelming her. She felt Owen watching her as she left, but he said nothing to bring her back. Maybe Celine had damaged him beyond repair. Broken him down so much that even Sabrina couldn't bring him back from it.

She climbed the stairs slowly, her hand gripping the rail. The light-headed sensation came and went. About time she stepped inside the bedroom, the slight nausea welled fiercely and she ran to the bathroom, dropping to her knees and vomiting in the toilet. When she had nothing left to deposit, she wiped her mouth with some toilet tissue and closed the lid of the toilet and laid her head on her arms. Her stomach pinched painfully and her throat burned from puking so hard. For a moment, she just wished God would take her from this life. She was so tired of pretending to be someone she wasn't. Even her years married to Charles, she was pretending to be someone else. She just wanted to be Sabrina. And she wanted to be Sabrina *with* Owen.

When she finally managed to get to her feet, she washed her face and rinsed out her mouth with mouth wash. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her face was pale, her eyes distraught. Even her hair looked limp, but she was sure that was just her current impression. "You look like shit, woman."

"Well, not *shit*." Owen said from the bathroom doorway, startling Sabrina. "But you don't look great."

"Who does look great right after throwing up?" Sabrina asked tautly. She wasn't sure why she was suddenly feeling defensive and on edge, but Owen's next words clarified it for her.

"Are you pregnant?" He asked bluntly.

Sabrina stiffened. Pregnant? She turned towards Owen. "I'm not pregnant." She brushed past him and entered the bedroom. But what if she were? And if so...would it be Owen's? She'd only been here a few days. Did a woman even start getting sick that soon? Her greatest fear was that it might be Jackson's, but her encounter with him had been even more recent. Surely it couldn't possibly be his. And Charles...he hadn't touched her in at least a month. But that meant it could still be his, even more likely be his.

Stop it! She ordered silently. Just throwing up once didn't make her pregnant. The level of stress she was under made more sense as to why she was sick.

"Would it be so bad?" Owen asked.

"What?" She whispered as she dug into the top drawer of her dresser for something to sleep in.

"If you were pregnant."

She said nothing. Her hands wanted to shake as she found a moderately decent negligee and closed the drawer.

"If you were pregnant." Owen pressed on. "What are the chances it would be mine?"

Sabrina took the negligee and returned to the bathroom. "I really don't feel well, Owen." She said quietly. "I can't talk about this right now." She slowly closed the door.

Chapter 7

Pregnant.

Was it really possible she might be having a baby? Owen stared at the closed door, mixed emotions churning inside him. He'd wanted to start a family years ago, when he and Celine first were married. But she'd wanted to wait. For what, he didn't know. But then, she never really seemed like the *motherly* type. And now...what *were* the chances the baby would even be his? It could be anyone's; Charles', Jackson's, God only knew who else. Was it even possible that it could be his? That morning a few days ago was the first time they'd had sex in...he couldn't even remember when. He had a nagging fear it was too soon for it to his child.

He left the bedroom and went downstairs into the living room. It was dark but for the low burning fire. He sat down on the sofa and stared at the flames. He didn't remember building a fire. Surely Celine hadn't...he raised his eyes to the ceiling. Would she even know how to build a fire?

"Who cares." He groaned and leaned his head back, closing his eyes. He again felt like he was trapped in the twilight zone. Celine's behavior made no sense to him. He didn't even recognize her anymore. Which wasn't necessarily a bad thing. He chuckled in spite of himself. God, he was losing his freaking mind.

The scene from earlier, in the guest bedroom, played through his mind. She had moved his things back upstairs into their bedroom. Did she really intend for him to sleep in their bed with her? He thought about their session in the shower and his crotch instantly began to throb and harden. In all the time he'd been with Celine, he'd never wanted her this bad. He'd had his sexual needs over the years and desired her that way...but never this intensely. Never on this level. Because it wasn't just sexual. He craved her touch and the way it made him feel inside, not just on the surface. He hadn't felt this kind of emotional need in two years, not since...

He let the thought roll away before it fully materialized. And yet he couldn't deny the truth behind it. He stared at the shadowed ceiling and began to wonder if his wife was really being as passionate and kind to him as he thought she was. Maybe it was all just a figment of his imagination. Had his heart and mind finally been pushed too far - and cracked? Crazy people didn't know they were crazy. They didn't know that the way they perceived the events of their lives were out of sync with reality. Was that where he was at now? Could he really just be imagining it all? Wanting it so bad, needing it so desperately, that he was making it happen - if only inside his own mind?

Owen chuckled dryly and closed his eyes. "Bud, you are one messed up motherfucker."

He opened his eyes slowly and sat forward. He had to get out of here, if only for a few hours. Right now, reality felt too surreal and it was beginning to freak him out. He left the sofa and grabbed his jacket and keys. As he went out the door, a chilling thought clawed at his mind.

What if I really am losing my mind?

After stripping out of her clothes and pulling on the negligee, Sabrina stood at the sink and studied her reflection in the mirror. The stress of the last few days were taking its toll. Her eyes stared back at her, tired and weary. Her skin seemed pale and her hair limp, although she wondered if that wasn't simply her own worn out impression of herself. Owen didn't seem repulsed at the sight of her.

Owen. Outside, a truck started. Sabrina tensed and listened as it pulled around and drove away.

Her hand reflexively went to her stomach. Could she really be pregnant? If she could be one hundred percent sure it was Owen's, she could find joy in the thought. But the chances were very slim that a baby right now would belong to him. And with such odds stacked against her, and against Owen, she prayed that it was merely the stress making her sick. She didn't want a baby until she knew without a doubt that Owen was the father.

Sabrina looked away from her disturbing image and returned to the bedroom. Did Owen really think she didn't want to have his baby? Was that the impression she'd given him when she refused to talk about it? Surely that was how he interpreted it. How could he not?

Sabrina went to the window and looked out. Thunder rumbled low in the dark sky. A summer storm. Sometimes they were the worst. Owen's truck was gone and she wondered if he would be back tonight. If he would be back at all. But of course he would, if not for her, then for his ranch. This was his ranch, his very life. And yet, there was a look in his eyes lately that said he didn't feel like anything here belonged to him.

Weariness and nausea overwhelmed Sabrina suddenly and she went to the bed and crawled under the covers. She pulled the blankets up under her arms and laid on her side, staring at the digital clock on the night stand. It only read eight-thirty. She closed her eyes and thought about where she'd gone that day, and what she'd set in motion. Her hand flattened subconsciously on her stomach. For the first time, a sliver of uncertainty and guilt worked its way into her heart. Was she truly capable of going through with it? And if she were capable of such acts...did she even deserve to have an innocent life placed in her hands?

Sabrina sat up a little as her heart began to race, almost uncontrollably. For a moment she felt like she couldn't breathe, and wondered if the stress of everything had suddenly become too much for her heart. But she forced herself to calm and breathe deeply. Her pulse softened, slowed. It was just anxiety...and maybe a little panic. She'd convinced herself that what she'd done today was an act of retribution for both her and Owen...but laying here alone, darkness pressing at the windows and a storm brewing outside, she began to doubt her own motives. Had she, in reality, just wanted a clear path to Owen? Was she using the crimes and betrayal of others to simply get what she wanted? If that was even a possibility...could she live with that?

She sat up straighter and stared at the cell phone on the stand next to the clock. Could she really gain any peace of mind from it all? Or would it systematically tear her mind apart, and in the process tear her and Owen apart? Owen had suffered so much already. She couldn't risk causing him more pain. She would find a way for them to be together...but not like this. It wasn't right any way she tried to look at it. The others might deserve the punishment...but she couldn't be the one to punish them. Not to this degree anyway.

Not knowing how she was going to keep her promise to Owen that everything would be okay, she picked up the cell phone and slowly opened it.

"Are you waiting for something?"

Tony sat at the bar with a shot glass of Irish whiskey before him. He slowly swirled the dark liquid in the glass then downed it in one shot and looked at Sammy.

"Give me another."

Sammy grabbed the bottle and dumped another shot in the glass. "Is there a reason we're just sitting around?" He asked and replaced the bottle beneath the inside of the bar. He flattened his hands on the top of the bar and watched Tony again swirl the whiskey in the glass then down it.

"Boss?"

"Patience, Sammy." Tony spoke low, his Irish and Italian heritage mingling in his speech. "It isn't time to go. Not just yet."

Sammy shook his head. "I don't under-"

Tony's cell buzzed. He reached casually into his jacket and withdrew the phone, flipped it open and spoke with a gentleness few of his colleagues ever heard. "Sabrina. You held out longer than I expected."

Sammy frowned, started to speak when Tony held up one finger to silence him.

"I understand." Tony said into the phone. "This is a hard line for anyone to cross. A woman like you...don't need that on your conscience. I want you to relax and put your mind at rest." Tony smiled warmly, a real affection in his eyes. "Don't you worry about a thing. Your conscience is clear. Have a good night, lass."

Tony slowly closed the phone and replaced it in his jacket pocket. He slid his glass towards Sammy. Sammy reached for the bottle and dumped some more whiskey in the glass.

"So the gig's off?"

Tony swirled the glass, tossed the whiskey down his throat and set the glass down heavy on the bar. "Nothing's off." He stood up off the barstool. "Grab Bruno and lets go."

Sammy reached behind the bar again and this time came back with a baseball bat. He circled around to the front of the bar. "I thought she called it off."

"She did." Tony said as they headed for the door. "Conscience is a bitch and it holds back about ninety percent of the human beings on this planet from doing the things they really want to do." He looked at Sammy. "Then there's us...the other ten percent. We get the job done for those who are held back by their humanity."

Owen sat silently behind the wheel and stared at the tavern's neon signs. He wanted to get drunk. Hell, he wanted to get downright shit faced. Anything to fill up the emptiness and numb his mind. He was going crazy anyway, why not wrap it up with a wild drunken run off a cliff?

Owen wiped his hand over his face and shook his head. "Are you really that much of a pussy?" He muttered aloud. "Just take the easy way out and be done with it, huh?"

Who the fuck would care? Really? Celine? Owen chuckled, but it was dry, cold. So maybe he wouldn't check out...but he sure as hell could get wasted.

He shoved open the door and stepped out, closing the door hard. He took a step towards the tavern when he heard low organ music, barely audible over the traffic and the rumbling clouds overhead. He looked around for the source. His eyes came to rest on a small Assembly of God church across the street. It seemed so

insignificant, even lost, among the rest of the buildings. As he stared at the church, a dim light came on inside, as if beckoning to him.

Owen raised his eyes slowly to the sky overhead as a few raindrops splattered on his face. "Are you shittin' me?" He asked bitterly. "*Really?*"

He shook his head and started for the tavern again when he faltered and looked at the little church once more. Releasing a harsh breath, he veered off the sidewalk and headed across the street. "What the fuck are you doing, man?" He muttered as he slowly climbed the front steps of the small building. "You gonna pray? Really? You think God gives a damn? Think again."

Despite his bitterness and doubts, he pushed open the front door and stepped inside. The small entry room was dark, a faint glow from the main sanctuary his only light. He moved slowly into the sanctuary. It was small with only five pews on each side of the single aisle. The soft lighting was coming from the front of the room near the podium.

Owen walked up the center aisle, glancing around, looking for whoever turned on the light. He saw no one. On the wall behind the podium was an image of Christ on the cross. Christ's face was turned upward towards heaven, a look of pain and sadness in his eyes. Owen sat down on the first pew before he even realized what he was doing. He stared at Christ's face.

"My God, my God...why have you forsaken me?" Owen murmured, remembering the scripture from his youth. He shook his head slowly. "He turned his back on his own son...why the hell should he care about me?"

"You think God doesn't care?"

Owen jumped to his feet and spun around at the sudden presence. A middle-aged man stood a few feet away in the aisle. He wore jeans and a t-shirt. Owen frowned. "Who are you?"

"Well, not an angel, that's for sure." The man chuckled and stepped forward, holding out his hand. "Hank Matthews. The pastor."

Owen accepted his hand doubtfully as he surveyed his clothes. "You don't dress like any preacher I ever seen."

Hank chuckled again and shrugged. "The last time I checked, God didn't have a dress code."

Owen was suddenly very uncomfortable. There was a confidence in Hank's eyes that, for some reason, scared the hell out of Owen. Why had he come in here? He cleared his throat and ducked his head a bit as he went to step past Hank. "I didn't mean to intrude. I'll be going."

Hank touched his shoulder in a fatherly way. "No need to go. This is God's house, not mine. Everyone is welcome." Hank studied Owen's face as Owen avoided his eyes. "You must have come in here for some reason."

Owen shook his head. "I don't know why I came in."

"I see." Hank nodded slowly, a smile curving his lips. "Then the reason must be God's rather than yours."

Owen looked at the man. Where the hell did his faith and assurance come from? And why did it piss Owen off? "I don't believe in God."

"True blue atheists rarely set foot in a church, son."

"Oh, I know there's a god." Owen said coldly. "I just don't believe in him. I don't believe he gives a fuck about any of us." He jabbed his finger at the image of Christ. "For crying out loud, he forsook his own son."

Hank just looked at him, his eyes warm and understanding. "Is that really how you interpret it?"

"That's how it is." Owen spit out harshly. "Christ did everything his father asked of him and still God turned his back on him."

Hank nodded slowly, looked at the floor for a moment then raised his eyes to Owen's. Tears glistened in the preacher's eyes. "Do you want to know what I see when I read that scripture?" He asked low, soft. "I see a son doing what had to be done, doing what no one else could do. And I see a father who couldn't step in and stop it, but who also couldn't bear to watch his only son be tortured, and had to turn away because it hurt too much to look."

Tears burned Owen's eyes. "I envy you, preacher. Your faith. But there's some things that are just too broken to believe they can ever be fixed."

"Sometimes, son." Hank said softly. "God has to tear things down to the foundation before he can build up something even better."

The tears slid down Owen's face. He looked away and wiped his hand over his eyes. He stared at a delicate glass vase sitting on a small table in front of the podium. He stepped over and picked it up, holding it carefully in his hands, then looked at the preacher and smashed the vase down on the floor.

"*That's* my life." He choked out as fresh tears filled his eyes. "And like that vase...it can't be fixed."

Owen walked away with forceful strides, shoving the front door open hard and rushing out into the storm.

Hank stared after the young man for a long moment, then squatted down and stared at the shattered vase. "He thinks you're through with him." Hank murmured as he began to carefully pick up the bigger shards of glass. "But you haven't even begun your real work in him." Hank raised his eyes slowly to the ceiling and smiled. "Have you?"

Chapter 8

*** NOTE TO READERS: This chapter has been revised due to a lackluster "Payback" for Jackson's crimes :)**

FOURTEEN

She felt the touch through the fog of sleep. It drew her slowly to the surface of consciousness. Relief curled around her; relief that Owen was home and not somewhere out in the stormy night. She moaned softly as his hand reached beneath the blanket and touched her thigh then moved slowly up over her hip and the gentle curve of her waist. His strong body pressed up close behind her as his hand cupped her breast and massaged her warm flesh.

"Owen..." She moaned through the thick fog still clouding her mind with sleep.

He pressed more firmly against her. His dick was hard and he pulled up the back of her night shirt with urgent hands. His mouth was on her neck, his breath heavy, hot. He jabbed the head of his cock against her pussy, then pushed it inside with force.

Sabrina gasped and felt a tendril of unease suddenly wrap around her. The fog began to clear as his hands gripped her hips hard and he began to fuck her with urgency. His hot breath burned her skin as he began to pant and groan.

"Owen...?" Sabrina gasped as his thrusts grew harder, more forceful. Something felt different about him, about the way he was fucking her. It frightened her and she wasn't sure why. "Owen...please...stop."

He bit her shoulder hard and she cried out as he grabbed her arms and held them secure. He pulled his cock from her pussy and began working it into her ass.

"No..." Sabrina whimpered in panic as she realized too late that it wasn't Owen in bed with her. "No!" She struggled in panic against the strong hands confining her. Tears filled her eyes and ran down her cheeks. "No! Please! Let me go!"

"I missed you, baby." Jackson panted against her ear, his steaming breath puffing against her neck. "I've been so horny for another piece of your sweet tight ass. When I saw the boss man in town...I knew you were out here all alone, wishing I was here with you."

"No." Sabrina choked out, tears flooding her eyes. Was this really happening? *Please, God, let this just be a horrible nightmare*. But the searing pain that suddenly spiraled through her as Jackson forced his cock into her ass screamed that this was really happening again.

Sabrina cried out and struggled harder. "Let me go, you fucking freak!" She cried out again as he shoved his dick hard into her ass, repeatedly. In desperation, she twisted her head down and bit his hand. He swore loudly and, on reflex, jerked his hand away. Gaining control of her arm, Sabrina quickly grabbed at the cell phone on the night stand. She managed to get it open and hit a speed dial number before Jackson knocked it out of her hand and sent it flying far out of her reach. She screamed and fought him but he was too strong. He regained control and turned her onto her stomach, pinned her arms at her sides as he lay on her back, his cock squeezed deep in her ass.

The keys dangled from the ignition. Owen's hand gripped them but didn't turn the truck's engine over. He let go of the keys and leaned back. His gaze settled on the small church across the street. Large raindrops began to splatter on the windshield, distorting the structure.

Owen shook his head slowly. What the hell has he hoped to find by going in there? But then, maybe the preacher was right; maybe God had to tear his life down to nothing before he could rebuild it. If that were the case, the destruction was going well.

"What do you want from me?" Owen spoke low, tired, as he stared at the church. "Why can't you just tell me, straight up? At least give me a clue." He closed his eyes as his throat tightened. "Just one clear fucking sign what I should do, right now, tonight? Is that too much to ask? Really?"

His cell buzzed loudly, startling him. He released a shuddering breath and dug it out of his jacket. He stared at the display.

Celine.

"You fucking bite me again, cunt." Jackson gasped hard in Sabrina's ear. "And I'll rip your teeth out one by one." He slammed his dick into her ass for emphasis. "Maybe I will anyway...and make your mouth a lot sweeter hole to fuck."

Sabrina gasped for air as the weight of his body pressed her down into the bed, and a swelling panic gripped her. She had the horrifying feeling that he didn't plan to just rape her this time, but beat her and possibly kill her.

She squeezed her eyes shut as hot tears spilled out and wet the blanket beneath her face. She tried to breathe, but inside was praying she would just suffocate and, once and for all, be done with the nightmare that had become her life.

Jackson violated her ass with long, powerful strokes. His cock seemed extra thick and long, as if he were more turned on this time around than last time. The length and thickness of his invading dick felt like it was tearing skin, sending a shooting pain into Sabrina's lower abdomen.

"Please stop." She cried, her face pressed into the bed while he fucked her as arrogantly as if he had every right to be where he was right then.

He grunted loud, hard, as he shoved his dick in hard and deep. "You know what, baby?" He gasped loud. "You're so much more fun to fuck than Celine. She was too...willing. It's no fun when they're willing."

Owen held the phone in his hand and stared at the name on the display as the device continued to buzz in his palm. A part of him ached to answer it and hear her voice. Lately the sound of her voice had a way of soothing him. He didn't understand it anymore than he understood anything else these past few days. She didn't even feel like the same woman he married. And he found himself feeling extremely grateful for that. He'd come to hate the woman he'd married. But now...

His thumb slid over the *talk* button when the call suddenly ended and the phone beeped, informing him he had voice mail. He hesitated a moment then pressed *Listen Now*.

He held the phone to his ear and waited for the voice message from his wife. He could hear muffled background noise, but no message. He frowned. "What the hell?"

Maybe she had dialed his number by mistake. He started to take the phone away from his ear and close it when he heard his wife scream in the background. A sudden stabbing fear cut through him. He pressed the phone tight against his ear and covered his other ear with hand to block out the rain that was beating down on his truck.

A hard, frightened frown pinched his brow. She was screaming *at* someone. Then he heard it, a male voice. Hard and forceful. His wife cried out again and begged him to stop. The man was panting and grunting loud. Owen's chest heaved as he gripped the phone so hard he heard it crack in his hand.

The man spoke, loud and clear. And the voice was unmistakable. *Jackson*.

"You motherfucker!" Owen screamed into the phone. But it was Jackson's words that turned his blood to ice.

"You're so much more fun to fuck than Celine."

Owen trembled as he tried to make sense of Jackson's words. Then as the angry sky overhead suddenly opened up and dropped down a torrent of rain...the reality he'd been holding at bay, afraid to believe, burst open like a dam crumbling and everything fell into place all at once. His head began to spin and a wave of dizziness hit him so hard he thought he would pass out. Celine had never come home from her sister's party last weekend.

The dizziness began to overwhelm him when his head cleared in a single shot as another cry of pain and fear stabbed straight into his heart from inside the phone.

Owen squeezed the phone fiercely in his hand.

"Sabrina!"

Chapter 9

"Where do you think he is?"

The small house was dark, the chain link fence surrounding it like a mini prison wall. The yard was more dirt than grass, and in the corner a large, multi-breed dog lay half out of a weathered dog house, head on paws. A spike collar was fastened about its neck and a strong chain secured it to a heavy anchor in the ground.

Tony shifted in the passenger seat of the black Sedan and continued to watch the house through the Sedan's deep tinted windows. "I don't know." He spoke low, barely audible. "But I've got a bad feeling."

Tony stared at the house for a moment longer then opened the passenger door.

"What're you doing?" Sammy asked from behind the wheel.

Tony stepped out then looked back in at Sammy. "We're going in."

"He isn't here."

"He has to come home eventually." Tony straightened up and closed the door. The house was located at the far end of a dark, nearly deserted street. The paved road had ended about two hundred yards back, turning to gravel. Tony looked back down the street. It was a seedy neighborhood. The kind where people closed their doors and curtains, turned their television up louder and pretended not hear when one of their neighbors were in trouble. That was good.

Sammy got out of the car, stuffed a handgun in the back of his pants and covered it with his jacket, then grabbed Bruno from the back seat and followed Tony across the road.

The gravel crunched beneath their feet as they approached the chain link fence. The dog's eyes opened and his ears pricked up slowly. He raised his head and a low growl rumbled deep in his throat. A warning to stay out.

Tony looked at the dog and opened the gate. It screeched on its hinges, hung at an odd angle and scraped the ground when he pulled it open. It only opened half way before digging into the dirt and gravel where it refused to budge any further. Tony and Sammy stepped around it and entered the yard.

The dog rose up slowly on its feet, his head low, the growl deepening, growing louder, more threatening. It's dark, multi-colored body nearly camouflaged it in the darkness. Sammy gripped the bat tighter and watched the animal, but Tony touched his arm and shook his head.

"He's all right." Tony said quietly. His eyes passed over the dog's water bowl, barely more than a puddle of mud. A nasty bone with partially rotted meat lay in the dirt next to the bowl. "He lives with a predator, so that's all he knows how to be."

Sammy lowered the bat a little but kept his eyes on the dog as it trotted to the end of its chain and bared its teeth, releasing a deep throaty snarl. When Sammy and Tony moved closer to the house, the dog started to back away. Sammy walked around Tony, unaware he'd moved into closer range of the dog when the animal suddenly lunged at the end of his chain, snapping his teeth and nicking Sammy's leg.

"Fuck!" Sammy jumped, clutching the bat, as saliva from the dog's mouth splattered his leg.

Tony chuckled. "Not an animal lover, Sammy?"

"Not this fuckin' animal." Sammy kept his eye on the dog as it strained against the end of its chain for a moment then backed off again. Sammy pointed the tip of the bat at the animal. "I ain't fallin' for that again, fucker."

Tony chuckled again and shook his head. "I like him already. Maybe we should hire him to guard the Shamrock."

"Yeah, right." Sammy wiped at the wetness the dog left on his pant leg. "The fuckin' psycho mutt would eat our customers."

"Well, considering who most of our customers are." Tony grinned. "That might not be a bad thing."

"You got a point." Sammy spoke low as he stepped up on the small porch of the dark house. He moved to a window and peered inside. The place was pitch black.

"See anything?" Tony tried the door handle. Locked.

"Not a damn thing." Sammy mumbled, straining to see beyond the window. "Black as hell in there."

Tony nodded. "Well, since our host isn't home. I suppose we should just invite ourselves in."

Sammy turned back to the door. "We could do that."

Tony smiled. "It's what he would want."

Tony stepped to the side as Sammy used the tip of the bat and hit the door real hard, right below the handle. The door burst open, tiny splinters from the frame flying loose. Tony rubbed his fingers over the broken lock and damaged frame. "Hardly noticeable."

In the yard, the dog barked and snapped, reefing at his chain.

Sammy turned and looked at the animal. He pointed the bat at it again. "You better pray that chain don't break, motherfucker."

Tony looked at the dog. "He ain't so bad. He's just misunderstood."

Sammy slowly turned his eyes on Tony, a hard frown pinching his brow. "Are you serious? The fuckin' mutt tried to chew my leg off."

Tony shrugged and grinned. "Misunderstood." He stepped through the broken door.

Shooting one more look of warning at the dog, Sammy followed him inside.

"I came prepared this time." Jackson panted against her shoulder as he drove his cock hard into her ass, bringing fresh tears to Sabrina's eyes. He withdrew suddenly, pulling his dick out and leaving the bed.

Sabrina's heart raced wildly. He'd just left her laying there, nothing restraining her. She looked around tentatively, barely able to see him in the darkness of the room. He was by the door, rifling through some sort of bag. There was no way she could get around him and get out the door.

She glanced around the room, frantically searching for a weapon. He'd caught her by surprise, but she'd be damned if she was going to just lay here and let him violate her body any way he chose. But he was already coming back towards the bed before she could think what to do. As he approached her, she grabbed the bedside lamp in a panic and swung it at him. He caught it and threw it to the floor, smashing it.

"Cliche move, honey." He grinned.

Sabrina scooted away from him, fear and anger gripping her, tightening her chest. "Stay away from me!"

"Aw, baby, come on." Jackson reached for her. "Didn't I show you a good time, last time? I know you were into it, you came for me twice. A woman doesn't cum if she ain't enjoying it."

"Shut up!" Sabrina screamed as the memory of her previous rape flashed through her head. It still nauseated her to know he had controlled her body into giving him two orgasms. But that hadn't been her doing.

Jackson rested one knee on the bed. He was totally nude. Even in the heavy shadows, Sabrina could see his cock, long and hard, swollen with need. It curved up a bit towards his stomach and bobbed loosely as he scooted towards her on his knees. He caught her looking and smiled, wrapping one hand around his dick.

"Gorgeous, ain't he?" Jackson stroked his cock. "Bet he feels real good stuffed in your tight ass, huh? You tell me to stop, but I know you don't mean it. The way your ass sucks my cock, mmm...that tells me all I need to know."

"You're out of your fucking mind." Sabrina trembled, her whole body shaking.

Jackson chuckled, clearly amused and turned on by her unwillingness to be fucked by him. His hand darted out suddenly and grabbed her wrist. She screamed and thrashed but he jerked her to him, her body colliding with his hard chest. He secured her arms quickly and held her like a vice in his strong arms. "You and me." He groaned close to her ear. "We're gonna have a lot of fun all night long." His fingertips pinched one of her nipples hard, making her flinch and whimper.

Working one of her hands free, Jackson slipped something over her wrist and then cinched it tight. Sabrina winced as it pinched the skin of her wrist. "What...what're you doing?" she shuddered.

Jackson didn't answer as he untangled his arms from around her and pushed her down on the bed. He stretched her arm above her head and fastened her captured wrist to the headboard, then grabbed her other wrist and slipped the same device on it, cinching it real tight, then fastening that arm to the headboard as well.

Gasping hard, Sabrina watched in horror as he systematically bound her to his will. He straddled her waist and clutched her tits, squeezing and gripping hard. His swollen cock lay against her stomach, his hard balls pressing into her naval. He leaned down and bit the tender skin of her throat. She cried out and bucked, but she barely moved him. His hot mouth moved up the side of her neck, his tongue slowly licking a wet path up over her ear then across her cheek.

Sabrina squeezed her eyes shut as her nausea from earlier that night swelled dangerously. She tried to send up a silent prayer, but her mind refused to release the words. It was clear that God wasn't listening to her anymore. And maybe she deserved to be forsaken. She'd tried to justify her actions, tell herself that it was

okay to be with Owen because her sister was having an affair with Charles, because her sister had put her where she was right this second, because her sister had never really loved her. But she realized quite suddenly as Jackson's probing mouth moved closer to her lips, that the sins of her sister...were fast becoming her own sins as well.

Jackson's lips moved over hers and his wet tongue thrust into her mouth. Sabrina gagged and tired to turn away from him, but his hands came up and gripped her head as he kissed her hard and forceful, his thick tongue snaking around in her mouth like a living thing, wrapping around her tongue, sucking it hard into his mouth. Then his tongue was in her mouth again, probing the back of her throat like his cock had done out in the stable. She gagged again and almost wished she would puke. Maybe if she vomited in his mouth, it would kill his mood. But then again, it might just kill *her*. She forced down the nausea rising fast inside her. Her stomach pinched and cramped as she fought the urge to be sick. The weight of his body and his full, firm balls pressing into her abdomen wasn't helping at all.

Jackson's tongue slithered from her mouth like a recoiling snake. Sabrina continued to squeeze her eyes shut. She didn't want to look at him while he did these things to her.

She felt Jackson scoot up her body until he was straddling her ribcage. His strong, rough hands grabbed her tits and held them together as he slid his hard cock through the tunnel they made. Sabrina squeezed her eyes harder and turned her face to the side as more tears slipped free. Jackson's weight on her ribcage made it hard to breathe and she began to gasp for air. Jackson interpreted it his own way.

"Like that, baby." He panted as he thrust his dick through her tit cave. When she didn't answer, he grabbed her face hard with one hand. "Open your eyes and answer me, bitch."

Sabrina's eyes opened slowly, fearfully. Fresh tears spilled out the corners and into her ears. Jackson was leaning down close, his fingers squeezing her cheeks. His hard, heavy cock lay nestled between her tits, the plump head resting against the hollow of her throat. She could feel the sticky wetness of pre-cum on her skin.

"Open your mouth." Jackson said as he forced her mouth open. "And suck my cock while I fuck your big tits." When she just stared at him and made no move to comply, he slapped her hard across the face. "Suck my fucking cock, bitch."

The nausea welling dangerously, Sabrina tilted her head down and opened her mouth as Jackson thrust through her tit cave hard, driving the head of his dick into her mouth. The juices leaking from his cock left a nasty, bitter taste in her mouth. She waited for him to pull the head out so she could spit out the nasty fluid but he held the head between her lips and fucked her mouth with just the tip as he massaged her tits around his swollen shaft.

Jackson tilted his head back and closed his eyes, groaning loud. "Ah, suck it, bitch. Suck my cock head." He opened his eyes and looked down at her. "Don't just hold it in your mouth, *Suck* it."

I'm gonna puke. A heat spread through Sabrina's face and seemed to inflame her whole head as acid bile rose in her throat. The head of Jackson's cock was thick and swollen and filled up her mouth, pressing her tongue against the bottom her mouth and forcing it to curl back a little into her throat, which only enhanced her need to vomit. She tried to suck on it but could barely work her mouth at all.

With an annoyed, frustrated grunt, Jackson grabbed a handful of her hair on the top of her head and held tight as he pressed his hips forward and drove his cock deeper into her mouth, then began to stroke her mouth. He was driving his dick in too deep and Sabrina's eyes began to roll back in her head as her gag reflex kicked in. Just when she was certain she would vomit and, in turn, choke on it, Jackson pulled his cock from her mouth

and lifted his weight from her body.

Sabrina gagged and coughed and sucked in air. Her eyes were blurred and hazy from her tears, but she could make out Jackson's form by the bedroom door, taking something else from the bag, but she couldn't tell what it was. When he returned, he laid the item on the bed and grabbed one of her ankles. She instinctively kicked and fought his grip, but to no avail as he slipped on another restraint like the ones he'd fastened her wrists with. He cinched it up tight and fastened her leg to the corner post of the bed.

"Why're you doing this?" Sabrina cried. Her voice felt thick, rough.

Jackson looked up at her and grinned. "Because it's fun." He stated simply. "Celine was a good fuck, but like I said, she was too willing." He slid his hands up her inner thighs as he placed one knee on the end of the bed then leaned down and licked his tongue slowly through her pussy. He raised his head and licked his lips. "And you can't rape the willing."

"What a shit hole." Sammy stepped into the dark living room, found a lamp near the sofa and turned it on. A dull light spread through a portion of the room, pushing the shadows to the corners. He moved around the room, looking things over.

Tony stepped across the hall and into the kitchen. He flicked on the light. Dirty dishes lay in the sink, food still crusted to their surface. He opened the refrigerator and winced at a rancid stench emanating from inside. He took out a partially eaten steak sandwich wrapped in plastic. He unwrapped it, smelled it, and recoiled from the smell. He returned to the front door with the sandwich and tossed it to the dog. "Here ya go, buddy."

The dog pounced on the sandwich and devoured it in seconds. When it raised its head again, it looked at Tony expectantly and chuffed. Tony nodded at the animal, returned to the frig, found more food and threw it out to the dog.

When Tony finally entered the living room, Sammy was squatting before the television. In the entire crummy place, it seemed to be the only thing that was new and well attended. Sammy looked up. "What were you doing?"

"Feeding the dog."

Sammy frowned. "Why?"

"He was hungry." Tony said simply. "This prick sure as shit doesn't feed him properly."

"What's with you and that dog?" Sammy asked, shaking his head. "Did you forget he tried to eat my leg?"

Tony smiled. "Like I said, he was hungry."

Sammy shook his head again and went back to studying the television. A black box was hooked up to it with a remote laying on top. Sammy picked up the remote. "How does a guy that lives like this ever get a woman?"

Tony moved closer to Sammy. "His home life is of no consequence. Because he doesn't date. He rapes. And even then, it's highly unlikely he brings them here. He might live like a pig, but he isn't entirely stupid."

Sammy turned on the tv then aimed the remote at the black box and clicked it on. A menu popped up on the tv screen. Short titles in the menu, just two or three words per title. Sammy read them aloud. "Checkout Slut. Bitchhiker. Gag Whore."

"What the fuck is that?" Tony asked as he hunkered down next to Sammy and read the menu silently to himself.

"Don't know." Sammy aimed the remote at the box. "Let's see." He clicked on *Bitchhiker*.

Sammy and Tony watched as a scene came on the screen. A woman in tight jeans and short top that barely covered her tits was walking down the side of the road. The film was being shot from inside a convertible car, from the POV of the driver. The car was moving slowly up behind her. A low, lusty male voice sifted from the tv speakers, as if speaking to himself. *"Oh baby, that's a sweet ass."*

The woman heard the car and turned, walking backwards, holding out her thumb, smiling enticingly at the driver. Her large tits pressed out against her tight shirt. The car slowed to a stop and she walked up to the passenger door and leaned over, resting her arms on the door. She was pretty with long dark hair and big, sexy eyes. She provided a full view down the front of her shirt as she leaned on the door.

"How about giving a girl a ride?" She smiled again, the look in her eyes clearly the look of a slut.

"Hop in." The driver told her.

The woman opened the door and slid into the passenger seat. She looked sideways at the driver, her eyes inviting. *"What's this ride gonna cost me?"*

The screen shot moves up and down the woman's body as the driver looks her over. He looks down at his crotch and the screen shows his hands unfastening his pants. He tugs out his hard cock then reaches over and grabs the woman by the back of the head and directs her mouth down on his dick. He stares down at her as her head bobs up and down in his lap. He groans deep and begins thrusting his cock into her mouth. He holds her head firmly and fucks her mouth harder. She gags a little and tries to pull off but he holds her there, fucking her mouth rapidly, bouncing her mouth up and down on his cock.

When he finally releases her, she sits up and wipes her mouth, frowning at him. *"Fuck, you don't have to be so rough. I would've done it on my own."*

"I like it rough." The driver tells her. A moment of silence as the woman wipes her mouth again. The driver is watching her, focusing on her tits.

Sammy shook his head. "Where's the camera? Wouldn't she see it?"

Tony shook his head slowly and stared at the screen, a hard frown on his face.

The woman looks at the driver. *"What?"*

"Show me your tits."

The woman hesitates only a moment before pulling up her shirt. Her tits are big and nicely rounded, her nipples hard and protruding. The driver's hand comes into view and grabs her tit, squeezing it hard. The POV closes in on her tits as he leans over and sucks on them. He draws back and continues to look at the woman. She's becoming visibly uneasy.

"Why do you keep looking at me?" She asks with uncertainty. *"And why don't you take off those sunglasses, let me see your eyes. I don't like it when I can't see a man's eyes."*

"Do you think I care what you like?" The driver asks bluntly.

"What?" The woman's eyes keep darting outside the car as if she's planning a sudden escape.

The driver's hand reaches over and caresses her tit again, then he runs the back of his fingers across her cheek lightly then combs his fingers through her hair. *"You ever fantasize about being raped?"*

The woman's head snaps towards him, alarm in her eyes. "No."

His hand grips her hair and yanks her head back. *"Too bad."* He says as he punches her hard in the face, knocking her out. *"We could've both enjoyed this."*

The screen went dark for a moment then lit up again. The woman was laying on a bed, face down. Her hands were bound and tied to the headboard. Her feet were left loose. The camera was clearly stationary this time with a clear shot of the bed. A man approached the woman. He had a strong muscular build and was naked. His cock was hard as steel and leading the way to the woman. When she saw him coming towards her, she started crying and begging him to let her go.

The man ignored her pleas and crawled on the bed, opening her legs and kneeling between them. He gripped her under the hips and lifted her up on her knees, her face pressed down against the bed. He spread open her ass cheeks and teased her ass hole with the head of his dick.

"I bet you like it in the ass, don't you?" He said. *"A slut like you. You probably prefer it that way."*

"Please...no." The woman cried into the blanket.

The man slapped her hard across the ass. "Shut up, cunt. Take it like the whore that you are." He shoved his dick into her ass in one single hard thrust. The woman cried out but he ignored her. He grabbed her hips and began fucking her hard and fast.

"Shut it off." Tony said, disgust twisting his face.

Sammy stopped the video and the screen went back to the menu. He stood up. "Do you think all those titles are his personal videos of women he raped?"

"What do you think?" Tony stared at the screen. His eyes narrowed as he noticed a title at the bottom of the menu. *The Boss' Wife*. "Play that one." He told Sammy.

Sammy clicked on it but nothing came on screen. It was only a title with no video attached. "Where's the video?" Sammy looked at Tony.

A severe frown turned Tony's face to granite. "My best guess...he hasn't made it yet." He looked around the room absently as a sense of deep unease tightened his gut. "Or he's making it tonight."

Sammy grew visibly tense. "Do you think he's with her now? What about the other guy? Her brother-in-law?"

Tony shook his head slowly. "She was alone when she called me at the Shamrock. I could feel it in her voice."

"You think maybe this guy knew she was alone too?"

Tony headed for the door. "I don't know, but I have a bad feeling about all this."

The two men left the house in a hurry. The dog rose up and whined at Tony. "Don't worry, buddy." He said. "We'll be back for you."

Sammy cast Tony an incredulous look. "You can't be serious."

Tony smiled but it didn't reach his eyes. The sense of unease was growing stronger, forming into a hunch. A hunch that was telling him Sabrina Braxton was in serious trouble. Tony had learned long ago not to ignore a hunch.

The rain hit the windshield in a torrent, as if buckets of water were being hurled at it. Owen's foot pressed steadily down on the gas pedal. The pickup hit a deep sheet of water on the road and hydroplaned, swinging the ass of the truck one way and another. Owen let up off the gas just a little as his hands gripped the steering wheel so hard he was in danger of snapping his knuckles.

He wouldn't be any good to Sabrina if he killed himself trying to get home.

Sabrina.

The name ricocheted through his head as his face hardened and his eyes narrowed trying to see through the downpour and keep the truck on the road. She'd been with him all along. Everything he'd said and done to her since that night she came home in Celine's stead tightened Owen's chest until he felt he would pass out. The pain and anguish he's caused her, thinking she was Celine. The things he'd unwittingly confessed to her about Celine and Charles.

The tears were running down his face before he knew he was crying. Good god, he'd practically raped her the first morning she was there. With that thought came the reality of where she was at right now, and what was happening to her. He couldn't waste time pussy-footing his way home because of a little rain.

"Fuck it." Owen raged and stomped on the gas, pressing the pedal to the floor. The truck sped forward, spitting rooster tails from the rear tires as the taillights shot down the road into the storm, disappearing into the enraged night.

Chapter 10

Panic swelled like a tidal wave inside Sabrina, crashing down and merging with desperation and anger. Jackson had a hold of her other foot, ready to secure it as well, leaving her completely bound with no fighting chance.

"We're gonna have some real fun tonight, honey." Jackson was panting, just the thought of what he was going to do to Sabrina getting him worked up. He gripped Sabrina's ankle hard in his fist and was about to slip on the restraint.

"No!" Sabrina cried suddenly, kicking her foot hard. Her sudden movement jerked her foot from Jackson's grip.

"So you wanna play, huh?" Jackson grinned and lunged for her flailing limb.

Sabrina overpowered her panic long enough to focus and actually aim a kick. With as much force as she could summon, she rammed her foot into Jackson's crotch.

"Fuck!" Jackson gasped hard and tumbled off the end of the bed and lay curled in a ball on the floor for a moment, sucking in deep breaths and clutching his crotch with both hands.

A new panic rushed through Sabrina. Oh god, what had she done? She couldn't get up and run. What would Jackson do once he regained his composure? She struggled and flailed at her restraints, but to no avail. She was securely bound and would remain that way until someone released her. There was no way in hell she could free herself.

She stared at the end of the bed, her eyes wide and frightened. Her heart beat like a jack hammer in her chest. She could hear Jackson sucking in air, groaning in pain.

Oh shit. Shit! He's going to kill me. What the fuck did I do?

Charles laid back against the pillows and watched his hard dick slide in and out of Celine's mouth. His eyes were heavy with the effects of wine and his need for sleep, but he found it difficult to sleep with Celine in his bed. The woman was fucking hot and insatiable. With her around, his cock never had a chance to go soft. Sabrina had never been able to keep him erect to this degree. She didn't have the heat her sister had.

"Fuck, baby." Charles groaned. Celine's mouth was hot, wet and tight as it stroked up and down his dick. He raised his hips in response, sinking his cock deeper into her throat. She took it like a professional whore, sucking him hard, as if she were trying to swallow his dick.

She moaned loud, the vibration shuddering through his dick and making it even harder and thicker. Charles grabbed her head with both hands and began to fuck her mouth with more vigor. She didn't resist as he drove his cock into her throat repeatedly, feeling the tightness of her throat squeeze the head of his dick on each inward thrust.

"Oh fuck." Charles shuddered and fucked her mouth harder, faster. His ass bounced a little off the bed as her head bobbed on his cock. His fingertips gripped her scalp as his whole body began to tighten with an impending orgasm. "Oh yeah, baby, suck my cock! Suck it! Suck it!"

His dick was whipping in and out of her mouth. She gagged just a little as he drove it in hard and deep, but he knew she could take it. He wasn't about to stop, that was for sure. His jaw clenched and he growled out loud as the cum rose from his balls and exploded down her throat. He didn't release her head as he continued to fuck her mouth relentlessly, emptying his balls. She choked a little but managed to swallow every drop. There was nothing quite like the feel of cumming in a woman's mouth.

He eased off a bit as the orgasm faded. Celine continued to suck his cock. He stared at her. He'd never once blown his wad in Sabrina's mouth. He had implied that he thought it was disgusting, the thought of cumming in a woman's mouth and then kissing her. But in truth, he knew Sabrina couldn't take it. She would've spit it out or vomited. Either of which would have been a severe turn off. It wasn't as if he hadn't had enough women whose mouths he could fuck and cum in. Women who were eager to suck his cock and drink his fluids. Women like Celine.

She smiled up at him as he took his dick from her mouth and licked up and down the shaft. He was still firm and heavy, and would be hard again in no time if she kept licking and sucking his cock.

He watched her lick down the top side of his dick then kiss her way up his stomach and chest until she was laying on top of him. He reached down and pulled his dick up against his stomach as she pressed her hot, wet pussy down against it and rubbed it along the underside of his cock as she kissed and sucked at his neck and throat.

"Marry me." She whispered against his damp skin. She traced the tip of her tongue up the side of his neck to his ear and sucked at his lobe. "Get rid of Sabrina and marry me. Then you could have me anytime you wanted."

Charles gave a short laugh. "I can have you anytime I want as it is."

Celine raised up and looked him in the eyes. "Wouldn't you like to have me as your wife?" She asked quietly, sincerely. She tugged at his lower lip with her teeth. "You know I would be a much better wife than Sabrina."

Charles smiled but it was more of a pitying smile than an agreeable one. "Sweetheart, you're one hell of a lover. And as such, you run rings around your sister." He brushed a strand of blond hair away from her face. "But don't be naive. You could never be my wife. You just don't reflect the right image. People look at you and they see *slut*. And although you and Sabrina look alike, Sabrina gives off a different air. One that is good for my business relations. The men respect her, the women like her." He traced the back of his fingers down her cheek. "But you, baby...the men would want to fuck you and the women would despise you. And neither is good for business."

Celine pushed up away from him. "So you would never marry me?"

"No." Charles admitted bluntly, shaking his head. "You're not *wife* material, Celine. Face it. You're the kind of woman a man goes to when he wants to get away from his wife. You're just not the marrying kind, baby. There's nothing wrong with that."

Celine's face tightened and she rolled off him, leaving the bed.

"Come on, baby." Charles held out his hand and smiled. "Don't be mad. I'm not trying to be mean or insulting. It's a compliment. Men wouldn't be able to function in life without women like you. You're our escape from the pressures of life."

Celine grabbed a short, satin robe off the end of the bed and wrapped it around her nude body, then turned and faced Charles. "Not the marrying kind?" She spit at him. "I *am* married, dumb ass."

"Just because a woman is married doesn't make her wife material." Charles pointed out. "I mean, look where you are. Fucking your own sister's husband. And God only knows who else you're spreading your legs for."

"Fuck you." Celine snapped and turned away. She headed for the bathroom, grabbing her cell phone off the dresser on her way.

"Come on back, baby." Charles called after her. "Let's not fight." Celine slammed the bathroom door behind her. Charles shook his head and chuckled to himself. "Marry you. That's funny. Like I'd ever marry a woman who'd fuck another man."

He laid back against the pillows and stared at the ceiling. He thought about Sabrina staying out at the ranch with Owen Briggs. Sabrina wasn't the type to defy him or betray him. He had sensed that she might be attracted to Owen, but she would never fuck the man. She had too much conscience to be able to handle the guilt of cheating on her husband. And that's one of the main reasons he'd married her instead of going after Celine. He knew from the get-go that Celine was a whore, and although she was fun to fuck, there was no way in hell he'd take her for a wife and have her fucking around on him with his clients and every other dick in town.

Charles closed his eyes. He liked his wife to be a woman he could control. One who felt intimidated by him. A woman who would be scared shitless to ever fuck him over - on a personal level or business level. Celine would fuck him in every way possible, but Sabrina...she was a keeper. And he had no intentions of dumping her for a slutty cunt who was only after his money.

"Motherfucker." Celine hissed. She sat on the closed lid of the toilet and stared at the cell phone in her hand. Rage burned inside her. After all she'd done for Charles, all the sex, the role playing, acting out every fantasy he'd ever had...he had never once considered dropping Sabrina for her. He still just saw her as a whore. His own personal whore.

Sabrina. What the fuck was so special about her? Celine wasn't stupid, or blind. She knew about Sabrina's and Owen's little fuck-fest two years ago. But she hadn't said anything to Owen or Sabrina because she enjoyed the fact that they both felt guilty. She wasn't certain why she hadn't told Charles about it. But something had always kept her from it. And now she knew. Charles would have been furious to know his sweet, innocent wife wasn't so innocent after all. And Celine didn't want Charles to care. She wanted Charles to want her more than any other woman. But he didn't. He just wanted to fuck her, and nothing more.

Maybe she'd always known that on some subconscious level. And maybe that was why she had handed Sabrina to Jackson, knowing that fucker's perverted preference for forceful sex. She wanted to destroy Sabrina's innocence. Not just destroy it but completely and totally annihilate it. She hated the way people looked at her sister. The reverence and respect she saw in their eyes. Something she herself had never seen in any set of eyes looking back at her. Men viewed her as nothing more than a place to ram their cock. And women...the women despised and resented her because their men wanted to fuck her.

"You deserve what you're getting, *sis*." Celine spit out vehemently. "I hope he fucks you ten ways from Sunday." Her face twisted with hate and rage. "I hope when he's done with you, you're no good for anything but a hole for men to shove their cocks in. Owen will see, you're just another whore. He ain't gonna ever touch you again after Jackson fucks every hole you got."

She trembled, squeezing the phone in her hands. She was seething inside. Hot tears filled her eyes. "I wish you were dead." She whispered tightly, cold and hateful. "I wish Jackson would just..."

She calmed suddenly and stared at the phone. She slowly, methodically began to dial a number on the keypad.

Chapter 11

Oh God! Oh God! Sabrina's heart pounded so loud in her head that all other sound in the room was muffled and dull. She could faintly hear Jackson's labored breathing and tight cursing squeezed out through a clenched jaw. She struggled at her restraints, panic taking over. But there was no escape. She was completely and totally at Jackson's mercy...and Jackson had no mercy to offer.

Jackson's hand shot up and clutched the end of the bed. His head slowly rose into view. Ice chipped eyes stabbed through her. Jackson's words rose from deep in his throat, swelling from a labored groan into an enraged roar.

"You fucking cunt!"

Jackson gripped the bed with his other hand and slowly pushed himself to his feet. To Sabrina's shock and dismay, Jackson's cock remained hard and solid. In fact, it seemed even bigger and thicker than before. How was that possible?

"You're gonna pay for that, bitch." He growled thickly, an audible strain still evident in his voice. "You're gonna pay dearly."

He reached for her free leg and she jerked it back. Her fate was already sealed, so why not get in a few more kicks before it was all over? She thrust her foot hard at his head, but rather than connecting as she'd done before, his hand caught her ankle. He gripped her hard, squeezing until she cried out in pain.

"Enough games." He growled tightly between clenched teeth. "You kick me again and I'll break your fucking leg. Got it?" When she just stared at him, wide eyed, he squeezed her ankle hard, digging his fingers in. " I said do you *got it?*"

Sabrina trembled and whimpered. "Yes."

Jackson dropped her foot and moved away. His walk was slightly jarred as the effects of her direct kick lingered. He reached down and picked up the other restraint from the floor where he'd dropped it when he'd went down. Sabrina's eyes were wide and rounded as she watched him turn back towards the bed. He was clearly still in pain, and that would surely be taken out on her in every vile, vicious way Jackson could conceive.

"Please..." She heard herself whimper and hated herself for it. She'd rather die than beg this asshole for a mercy he wasn't even capable of giving.

Jackson's eyes darkened at the sound of her plea. The corner of his mouth twitched. "That's it, sweetheart." He murmured so low and deep it sounded like distant thunder. The precursor to a violent, destructive storm. "Beg me for mercy."

A tremor shuddered through Sabrina's body. To her surprise, she wasn't trembling in terror...but rage. "Go fuck yourself." She spit at him. "I'll never beg you for anything. *Anything.*"

He just looked at her. Oddly unaffected by her show of rebellion. "We'll see, honey." He murmured in that low thunder voice. "We'll see."

A sliver of fear worked itself through Sabrina's armor of bravery, burrowed into her heart's core and slowly began to fester.

Jackson grabbed her foot again and slipped the last restraint around her ankle and cinched it extra tight, pinching her skin. Sabrina winced but bit back any sound that might try to slip out. Jackson fastened her foot to the other bed post, spreading her legs open and exposing her to him in a raw, immodest way that left her feeling more vulnerable and whorish than she'd ever felt in her life.

She closed her eyes and laid her head back. She couldn't stop Jackson from using her as he pleased, couldn't stop her own body from feeling him, but she didn't want to watch. She didn't want to look at him while he stripped her of every last shred of dignity she might still possess.

Forgive me, her mind whimpered. Whether she was speaking to God, to Owen, to her own soul...she wasn't certain. All she knew was that she was suddenly overwhelmed with the need to be forgiven, cleansed of her sins, freed from the guilt of her actions.

A heavy darkness seemed to weigh around the edges of her mind, pulling her in. She didn't resist. Anyplace had to be better than where she was right now. As she let go and allowed the darkness to engulf her, a sound reached her from a great distance away. A strange buzzing. A familiar sound but she couldn't place it. She fought the darkness as she struggled to understand what she was hearing. Then suddenly she knew.

A cell phone was vibrating.

Owen. His name rippled through her mind. She resisted the darkness pulling at her. Was Owen trying to get through?

Jackson snapped the cell phone closed and stared thoughtfully at the woman on the bed. He considered the conversation he'd just had with Celine Briggs on the phone. The woman had clearly lost her mind, but in doing so had also untied Jackson's hands. He suddenly felt more free than he'd ever felt with any of his other women. Sabrina Braxton was now at his complete disposal. And even though a dull, heavy ache was still sitting solidly in his groin from the woman's foot in his balls...he smiled.

But it was clear the woman was shutting down and that wasn't acceptable. That wouldn't do at all. Jackson went to the bag and took out a small hand held camcorder and a mini tripod. He set it up on the bureau directly across from the bed, angling it for the best possible, most revealing shots. He pressed the *record* button.

"Wake up, beautiful." He turned towards the bed. "You're on Candid Camera."

She reluctantly opened her eyes and lifted her head, looking at him, then past him to the camera. "What...what're you doing?" She rasped.

"Doesn't every beautiful woman want to be immortalized on film?" He grinned and returned to the bed. He gripped her ankles with both hands and slowly slid his hands up her legs as he rested one knee on the end of the bed. His gaze rested heavily on her exposed pussy, the lips slightly parted, revealing the tiniest glimpse of her plump clit. His dick throbbed and a pulse ran through the entire shaft, making his balls quiver. "And you, baby." He groaned with strong sexual craving. "I'm going to make a super star."

The woman visibly cringed and on reflex tried to yank her legs away from his touch. He smiled and squeezed her thigh muscles firmly. God, she had sexy legs. He leaned in and kissed her left inner thigh, licked it then bit the tender flesh. She gasped and cried out unsteadily as his teeth pinched her skin. He wondered what her blood tasted like. He'd never actually drank human blood before. He'd crossed many lines that could never be uncrossed, but he had yet to cross *that* line. Yet, the curiosity weighed on him more and more with each woman he brought under his control. He was beginning to crave them in ways that far surpassed the sexual realm. And yet, the thought of crossing that line stimulated him in such a powerful, sexual way that the thought alone could nearly bring him to orgasm.

He chuckled as he released her skin and his thumb rubbed over her thigh where his teeth indentions remained. *You really are one sick son of a bitch, Jackson my man*.

His hands slid further up her inner thighs as he leaned in closer and sniffed her pussy. His eyes closed and he grinned as a deep groan rose in his throat. "Mmm, pussy smells so good."

The woman shuddered. He could make her cum at will. That reality alone made his cock leak. The women were totally at his command. It appalled them when he made them cum...which turned him on to great lengths. He spread open her pussy and flicked the tip of his tongue across the peak of her clit. Her body flinched and her pussy flexed and retracted, her plump clit drawing back a fraction. But it couldn't get away from him, nor did it really want to.

"I should've brought my mini recorder." He groaned. "This calls for an extreme close-up." He teased her clit again, watching it pull back then relax, wanting more. He grinned and slid his tongue around the base, again and again. Her pussy hole was flexing fiercely, secreting clear creamy juice. His tongue slithered down and lapped it up, probing the flexing hole before returning to her pulsing clit. It was getting firmer and fatter. A plump little delicacy just begging him to pluck it.

His cock was hard as granite and he pressed it into the bed, rubbing it hard against the blankets as he spread her pussy wide open and, using his whole mouth and tongue, sucked her plump, juicy clit into his mouth. She flinched hard and tried to muffle her cry as he sucked mercilessly at her sensitive button. Thick fluids were seeping from her pussy hole. He was turning her on whether she wanted to be turned on or not. And that only engorged his dick more. He ground it hard against the bed as he sucked her pussy, drawing her orgasm to a head as his own orgasm rose along with it.

"Fuck." He gasped against her hot wet flesh then sucked harder. Did it feel as good to a woman to get her pussy sucked as it did for a man to have his cock sucked? His silent question was answered as she suddenly cried out sharply, her body arching slightly as her orgasm burst forcefully. The feel and taste of her spasming pussy and flowing juices turned Jackson's cock to solid steel.

"Oh my god." He gasp hard, trembling. No other woman had ever had this powerful of an effect on him. He wasn't sure he understood it, but it excited him to no ends. He moved up quickly and drove his steel cock into her pussy. Her inner muscles were still pulsing with the orgasm, squeezing his dick. He released a strangled cry and lost control as he began to fuck her relentlessly and erratically.

She turned her face away and squeezed her eyes shut, crying silently as he ravaged her body. His hands clutched her tits fiercely, clawing her flesh. He sucked her nipples, bit them hard, clenching them between his teeth. She cried out then screamed. He held on a moment longer then released them from his teeth and sucked them hard, tasting blood. The flavor of her blood in his mouth drove him on like a man crazed. He rammed his cock into her pussy, hitting bottom hard, ripping cries from her throat. His pelvic bones racked forcefully against hers, bruising himself as well as her, but still he couldn't stop. He felt obsessed, out of his own control, and that freaked him out, but at the moment, he could do nothing about it but fuck her harder and harder.

He was tearing her apart inside. An involuntary cry erupted from deep in Sabrina's throat. The force of his violent thrusts sent electrifying shocks of pain spiraling up through her stomach and into her chest. Her arms ached and her shoulder sockets were beginning to scream, making her neck hurt and her head throb.

"*Stop...*" The word shuddered off her lips, barely audible. She was gasping for breath and tears flowed from her eyes, filling up her ears and wetting her hair.

Jackson's hot, steamy breath puffed and panted against the side of her face. His lips were heated and wet as he grabbed at her ear, pulling with his lips and teeth. Then he was biting her neck, pinching the tiniest bit of skin between his teeth. A hard choking cry erupted out of her. She wasn't sure if the wetness she felt on her neck was blood or his saliva, but a part of her wished he would just rip her throat out and let her die.

The pain racking her body made her oblivious to whether or not he was close to orgasm. She couldn't tell by the force and urgency with which he was fucking her...he'd started out erratically. But his sudden intensified grunting and gasping told her he was right on the edge.

"Oh fuck, baby." He shuddered in her ear. "I'm gonna blow so hard...then I'm gonna fuck you some more...and more...and then..." He hammered her pussy as his words twisted and died out as his whole body grew tense and tight. His jaw clenched fiercely and his body arched as a low roar welled up inside him and exploded as he came hard inside her tortured pussy. His intensity increased dramatically for a few moments as he emptied his balls and filled her with his hot cum.

Jackson gasped hard and sharp then collapsed on top of her, panting and sucking in air. His sweaty body stuck to hers. She wanted shove him away and run to the shower, but she couldn't move. The weight of his body barely allowed her to breathe. With each breath she let out, it seemed her lungs collapsed in a little more, not allowing her to draw in more air.

Just when she was sure she would pass out, he finally shifted and lifted himself off her. He sat on his heels between her legs and looked down at her. She looked away and closed her eyes again.

Jackson leaned over the top of her, planting his hands on the bed on each side of her, supporting himself above her. She could feel the heavy weight of his eyes boring into her.

"Do you know who was on the phone, honey?" His voice spilled down on her in a low rumble. "Your darling sister."

Sabrina stiffened. Against her will, she turned her head and slowly opened her eyes, looking straight up into Jackson's crisp blue stare. She didn't speak, but she could feel the intense question in her own gaze.

He leaned down until his lips were a bare two inches from hers. "She handed you to me...like a sweet, luscious dessert on a silver platter." His lips brushed across hers and she turned her face away. His lips moved down to the curve of her jaw and up close to her ear. "She wants me to fuck you till you're not good for anything else." He nipped her ear lobe and she flinched. "And when I'm through fucking you...she wants you gone."

Gone. The way he spoke the word sent a chilling sensation creeping through her. Even amidst all this, all Jackson had put her through and was still putting her through...some part of her mind had insisted that Celine had never intended for him to go this far, to hurt her this way. She hadn't been able to make herself fully believe that Celine could care so little for her that she would pass her own sister over to a monster to be tortured and humiliated. But Jackson's words were quickly bringing her to reality, and she was more terrified

of that reality than she was of Jackson himself.

"Don't." She whimpered through a rough, painful throat. She closed her eyes and shook her head slowly as fresh tears spilled free.

"Tell me...what did you do to her to make her hate you so bad she wants you scraped out of existence?"

Sabrina sobbed openly. Even if she'd cared to respond...she had no answer to his question. The full weight of her sister's betrayal dropped on her like a stone wall crumbling down...and still she didn't understand it.

Celine wanted her gone.

Dead.

Chapter 12

Celine opened the bathroom door, took one step forward and stopped abruptly. Charles was standing right outside the door, shirtless, wearing only his suit pants. Before she could speak, his hand snapped out and slapped her hard enough to knock her to the floor. She gasped and clutched her stinging face. Sparkles of light glittered around the edge of her vision. She looked up, stunned.

Charles stood over her, his chest heaving, his face enraged. "You bitch." He growled dangerously low. "What the fuck did you do?"

"I don't-" Celine cried out suddenly as Charles reached down and yanked her to her feet, tearing the cell phone from her hand.

"Who were you talking to?" He hissed in her face.

"Wh-what?" She trembled in his grip. She'd never seen him this enraged.

"I heard you." He informed tightly. "*Who* were you talking to?"

A powerful gust of wind hit the truck from the side and shoved it towards the shoulder of the road. A torrent of rain hit the windshield, diminishing visibility to nearly zero. Owen gripped the steering wheel tighter, fighting against the storm that seemed bent on holding him back.

Panic tightened his chest until he could barely breathe. Jackson had Sabrina. Right now. He was raping her *right now*. Owen's entire head throbbed from clenching his jaw forcefully. His eyes stung with hot tears, distorting his vision even more.

"I'll kill you." He choked out. He slammed his hand hard against the steering wheel. *"I'll fucking kill you!"*

He grabbed up the cell phone as his foot stomped the gas pedal into the floor board. He speed dialed as he glanced back and forth between the phone and the distorted road before him, swerving badly as gusts of high wind beat at the truck from all sides like creatures trying to break through.

Celine stared at Charles, wide-eyed. What she saw in his eyes made her truly fear for her own life. He'd heard her on the phone? Heard what she'd told Jackson?

He grabbed her by the back of the neck and dragged her across the floor. She cried out as his fingers dug into her skin, gripping hard. He threw her down on the bed. As soon as she was free of his grasp, she scooted across the mattress away from him.

Charles turned to the bureau. His briefcase lay on top and he opened it. When he turned back towards Celine, he was gripping a 9mm in his fist. He aimed it at Celine with deadly purpose. "Tell me what you did to Sabrina."

Celine shuddered and pressed back against the plush pillows, her eyes wide as she stared down the barrel of the handgun.

The taillights appeared on the road ahead, seemingly out of nowhere. Sammy quickly shifted his foot from the gas to the brake, pressing down on the pedal a bit and slowing the Sedan. The taillights were distorted in the darkness and the heavy downpour, and weaved back and forth across the middle line, swinging into the opposite lane then back into the road in front of Sammy and Tony.

"What the fuck is he doing?" Sammy snapped. Frustration twisted his handsome face and his knuckles whitened a bit as he gripped the steering wheel tensely. A faint green light glowed dim in the cab of the truck ahead. Sammy's eyes narrowed. "He's talking on the fucking *phone?* Driving in this storm? What kind of fucking moron..."

He bit off his words, his foot aching to stomp on the gas and speed around the idiot, but the truck continued to swerve back and forth between lanes.

He glanced at Tony. The man sat in silence, his face hard, eyes narrowed. Tension visibly gripped him. Sammy almost pitied the fucker who had pissed off Tony. Almost...but not quite.

The truck ahead swerved again. The cell phone light glowed once more.

Sammy smacked the steering wheel. "Come on! Fuck!"

Just moments ago she had been in control, had everything methodically planned out. How had it all turned to chaos so suddenly and without warning?

She stared at Charles' strained and enraged face. He was furious at the thought of her causing her sister harm. Once more, her jealously of Sabrina arose unbidden. Her eyes burned with hot tears. Against her better judgment, she began to scream at the man holding her at gun point.

"What do you care?" She cried out, shaking. "You don't even love her!"

Charles moved so quick Celine gasped with shock when he was suddenly straddling her waist on his knees and gripping her throat with a strong hand. The barrel of the gun was thrust in her face.

"And you think I love *you?*" He hissed in her face, his hot breath exploding against her cheeks. "That I could ever love a whore like you?" He shoved her back against the headboard of the bed, his hand squeezing her throat. "You were just a luxury, a play thing. Sabrina is a necessity. An *asset.*"

Celine clawed at his hand, panic welling as he steadily cut off her air.

"I will *never* let Sabrina go." Charles growled, his twisted face a mere inch or two from hers. "And certainly not for a slutty cunt."

Celine trembled with both fear and a sudden, overwhelming rage. "Fuck you." She choked out around his clutching hand. "Your sweet, innocent wife...is fucking my husband." She coughed and tried to suck in air. "She fucked him...in *your* house."

Charles slammed her against the headboard, eyes burning. "Shut up! Shut your fucking, lying mouth! You bitch!"

Darkness pressed at the edge of Celine's vision and she realized quite suddenly that she was going to die. An image of Sabrina flashed behind her eyes...and what Jackson was doing to her right this moment. Celine laughed weakly as the darkness crept in closer.

"You're never...getting her back." Celine gasped forcefully, trying to breathe. Still she smiled. "I...made sure of...that."

Charles squeezed her throat fiercely and shoved the gun hard against the underside of her jaw. *"What did you do!"*

"She's...gone." Celine spit at him with a raspy laugh.

Chapter 13

"Don't give up on me now."

Jackson's lips brushed over Sabrina's ear, his hot breath and unnerving words pulling her back to reality. She wanted to close her eyes and give up, let her mind close down. But the woman inside her refused to surrender. Even now she could feel her fighting and struggling to get out.

"You're going to die." The shallow whisper slid off her lips and she wasn't sure from where they originated.

Jackson slid his fingers through her hair. "You talkin' to me?" He murmured close to her lips. "Or to you?"

Forcing her bleary eyes to focus and meet his ice blue stare, Sabrina's low, unsteady voice hardened. "He's going to kill you."

Jackson grinned and dragged his lips across her cheek and grabbed her mouth. She tried to turn away but he dominated her with a forceful kiss, thrusting his tongue deep into her mouth. He groaned deep and long, shifted his body's position and pressed his hips between her thighs. Another powerful groan escaped him as he drove his hard cock to her very core with a single hard thrust.

Sabrina gasped into his mouth and he drew back, panting a little. He continued to grin down at her as he fucked her with long, deep, hard strokes. "Trust me, darlin'." He groaned breathlessly. "I ain't too worried about the boss man."

Sabrina swallowed tightly as Jackson thrust at her hard and forceful. "I didn't mean...Owen."

Halting his assault, Jackson stared down at her, a tight frown slowly pinching his brow. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

A weak smile touched Sabrina's lips. Her eyes weighed heavily as she stared up at him. "He's going to...cut your fucking balls off."

Jackson's brow pinched harder. "Who the fuck are you talking about?"

A low, raspy chuckle shuddered up Sabrina's throat. "You are so...fucked."

Jackson's face twisted. His hand was suddenly squeezing Sabrina's throat. "Who the hell are you talking about?" He raged. *"Tell me, bitch!"*

"Fuck...you." Sabrina choked out, then spit in his face.

"Cunt!" Jackson's other hand became a fist and hit Sabrina hard in the face.

Tony leaned forward and narrowed his eyes as he watched the truck ahead of them suddenly whip off the road and onto a long gravel drive. Sammy shot him a hard, startled look.

"What..."

"It's him." Tony said tightly. "That's Owen Briggs in that truck."

"He's driving like a maniac." Sammy said. "Do you think he knows..."

Tony sat back against the seat, his face still tight. "He knows something."

Sammy guided the Sedan onto the gravel drive as well. Tony withdrew a handgun from inside his coat, checked the clip then held the weapon securely in his right hand.

"Turn off the headlights." He told Sammy.

"What?" Strong winds slammed the rain against the windshield. "I can barely see as it is."

"Follow the truck's lights." Tony said. "No one needs to know we're coming. Owen Briggs needs to focus and not become distracted by our arrival."

Sammy switched off the headlights. "What do you mean?"

Tony's dark eyes remained narrow and hard as granite as he watched the truck's distorted lights through the stormy night. "When it comes right down to it...this is his show, not ours." Tony glanced at Sammy through the dark interior of the Sedan. "We're just here for cleanup."

Celine stared at Charles' contorted face through bleary eyes. The barrel of the handgun shoved hard against the underside of her jaw. Would he really pull the trigger? She realized quite suddenly that she didn't care; almost welcomed it. She hated her sister because she was good and decent. How fucked up was that?

Charles' hand squeezed her throat. Blackness swam at the edge of her vision. *Just get it over with*. She closed her eyes.

"Why do you hate your own sister so much?" Charles hissed at her through the heavy black fog swirling around her.

Celine opened her eyes slowly and with effort. Charles still had her by the throat but he had ceased squeezing for the moment. "What does it matter now?" She rasped, her throat bruised. "I'm damned to hell."

To her surprise, Charles released her throat and sat back on his heels, lowering the gun to his lap in an almost subdued manner. "If you're damned...so am I." His tone had lost its heat and rage. And as he sat there, holding the weapon limply in his lap, his head slightly bowed, he looked like a man beaten.

Celine's brow furrowed uncertainly. She slowly scooted up a bit against the pillows.

Charles raised his head and Celine froze in place. "I'm sorry." He spoke low, with what felt to Celine like true sincerity. But only seconds ago, he'd had his hand clamped around her throat and a gun shoved up under her jaw, so she was naturally cautious.

"For what?" Celine whispered with a roughness to her voice. Her throat hurt when she spoke.

"For what I said...about you being only good for one thing."

"You didn't say that." She stared at him, searching. Was this a game? "Not in those exact words, anyway."

Charles shrugged and lowered his eyes again. "It was implied." He looked up. "I fucked up with Sabrina. I only married her because she was sweet and likable. And I knew that would be good for business relations. But..." His eyes moved heavily over Celine's body, barely concealed beneath the short silk robe. "You were always the only I truly wanted. Truly desired and hungered for." He met her distrusting stare. "I should have just married you and to hell with anyone who didn't like you...or liked you too much. I would've been just as successful with you by my side. Maybe even more so because you understand the importance of money."

"What kind of game are you playing?" Celine whispered. Tears filled her eyes. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Charles laid the gun on the bed and leaned forward, planting his hands on each side of her, his face close to hers. "I'm not playing any games, Celine." He spoke low, soft. "For a split second there, I did want to punish you for whatever it is you did to Sabrina, but then..."

Charles' lips hovered close to hers, his breath warming her face. Even though he'd just tried to strangle her, Celine found herself still extremely in need of his touch. "But what?" She breathed out unsteadily.

"But then I realized quite suddenly that...I felt relieved." He brushed his lips over hers. "Like a huge burden had been lifted from my shoulders. Sabrina was never the right woman for me." He kissed her more firmly. "It's always been you."

Trembling, Celine kissed him back. She couldn't help herself. Charles had always been the one man with whom she was not the one in control. And something about that had always been exciting, perhaps because every other man could be so easily manipulated - even Jackson. There was something about feeling vulnerable that fueled her sexual fire.

Charles' hand slipped inside the robe and cupped her breast as his kiss deepened. Celine moaned and spread her legs, welcoming him. He peeled her robe open and lowered his mouth to her breasts, suckling her nipples, nipping at her tender flesh. He slid one hand lower and stroked her clit firmly.

"Yes..." Celine moaned, lifting her hips to his touch. She gasped when he drove two fingers deep into her pussy canal and began to finger fuck her with strong steady strokes. He bit one her nipples harder, making her cry out a bit but it only made her want him more.

Charles groaned deep around a mouthful of tit flesh as he fucked her harder with his fingers, working fiercely at her G-Spot. Celine arched to his fingers and cried out loud and shrill as her orgasm broke with mind shattering force. He continued to stroke her a few more moments then withdrew his fingers and rubbed her creamy wet clit until she was cumming again.

"Oh god!" Celine gasped hard as the second orgasm shuddered through her.

Charles smeared his wet fingers over her nipples then sucked them clean. He unfastened his pants and shoved the front down, releasing his rock hard cock. "God, baby." He groaned. "I can't get enough of you. I could never do without you. Don't ever think I could."

Celine wrapped her arms around his shoulders as he shoved his hips between her thighs and drove his cock to the very bottom of her pussy, pressing in deep and hard, stealing her breath. "Fuck me." She shuddered in his ear.

His hands slid under her and grabbed her ass, lifting her up a bit. He thrust at her hard, with long strokes, steady but not too fast, letting her feel every inch of his dick as it slid in and out of her tight, wet pussy. "Does that feel good, baby?" He groaned, then grunted hard as he shoved his cock in extra deep.

"Yes." Celine gasped then trembled against him. His dick felt thicker and harder then ever before, filling her up, possessing her. Tears stung her eyes as she fucked him back with urgency and desperation.

Surprisingly, Charles gripped her hips and held her back a bit. "Easy, baby." He smiled. "We have all night. No need to rush it."

"Of course." Celine murmured and kissed his throat. "I'm sorry...but you turn me on so much."

Charles pulled his cock from her pussy then removed his pants. "You turn me on too. Like crazy." He rubbed his hand up her hip. "Lay on your side."

Celine did as he asked. Charles pressed up close behind her in the spooning position. He lifted her upper leg and squeezed his dick back into her hot pussy, grinding it in as deep as it would go.

Celine moaned. "I love it when you do that."

"It feels real good to me too." Charles whispered against the nape of her neck. He kissed her heated skin and began to fuck with slow, steady, long strokes.

Closing her eyes, Celine smiled and covered his hand with hers as he cupped her breast and began to thrust his dick into her with a bit more force and intensity.

Jackson trembled. His hand remained clutched around Sabrina Braxton's throat as she lay unconscious beneath him. His hard cock was still buried deep inside her tight, unwelcoming pussy.

You're fucked.

Her words ricocheted through his head. Had she been fucking with him? If not...who was she talking about if not Owen Briggs? She had to be bluffing. She wasn't the type of woman to seek revenge, for fear of repercussions if things went bad.

He released her throat. His dick throbbed from the intense amount of adrenaline rushing through him. He began to stroke his cock into her pussy, faster, harder, urgently, erratically. He gripped the blankets on each side of her in clenching fistfuls as he drove his dick into her forcefully, panting and gasping, grunting hard each time he struck bottom. He felt the cum rising from his balls. The orgasm coming to a head.

"AaaAAAHHHH...FUUUCK!!!" He released the strangled howl as his dick burst, flooding her pussy with hot, thick cum. He fucked her hard and fast, pumping out every last drop, emptying his balls. "Yes! Yes! *Fuck Yes!*"

His body was still gripped in the throes of the fierce orgasm when he was suddenly ripped off the woman. His dick was heavy and dripping cum as it came out of her along with him. He didn't have time to react as he was slammed against the dresser, a violent shocking pain stabbing through his back and spiraled up his spine.

Owen Briggs' face was suddenly inches from his. Until this moment, he'd never feared the man. But the look on his boss' face at this second told him his time was up. Owen was going to kill him.

"*Motherfucker!"* Owen's head felt like it would explode, the rage inside him nearly more than he could take. He threw Jackson to the floor and began kicking him with his cowboy boots. Jackson curled in on himself, gasping and grunting hard with each nailing swing of Owen's boot.

From the corner of his eye, Owen could see Sabrina laying on the bed, bound hand and foot, naked and unconscious or...

A strangled cry of rage erupted from deep in Owen's chest. He dropped down and curled his hands into tight fists of granite and began pummeling Jackson in the face. Jackson's face turned to a bloody mess before Owen's eyes and still he couldn't stop. He would beat the motherfucker to death and bury him in the back forty. No one would be the wiser.

As hard as he hit Jackson, it didn't feel hard enough. Owen was gasping and crying and raging as he struggled to channel more force and strength into his fists. He straddled Jackson's chest and beat his face with both fists, back and forth. Jackson was no longer conscious and his head flopped from side to side as Owen mangled his face.

"I'll kill you!" Owen choked on his rage and tears and intense fear that when he went to Sabrina...she would be gone. His fists were caked in Jackson's blood and his own where his knuckles were tearing up bit by bit as they struck Jackson's jaw and skull. *"Fucker!"*

Cold steel suddenly pressed to the back of his head and through his fog of rage he heard a gun cock.

"That's enough, Mr. Briggs."

When Owen Briggs ceased his assaulted on the unconscious man, Tony stepped back but kept the weapon aimed at the distraught man. Owen remained where he was, straddling Jackson's chest, hands clenched into tight bloody fists at his side. His large frame trembled violently like a long dormant volcano about to erupt.

"Who...*the fuck*...are *you?*" The rage in Owen Briggs' voice was barely contained. He clearly didn't understand why anyone would be in favor of saving the life of a man like Jackson.

Tony didn't answer. He looked at Sammy who was standing in the bedroom doorway, the baseball bat gripped tightly in his fist. Tony nodded towards the bed. "Check her."

Owen's head raised a little and his fierce eyes followed Sammy to where Sabrina lay unmoving. "If he fucking touches her, I'll kill you both." Owen ground out between clenched teeth. Tony had no doubt the man could and would make good his threat.

"We're not going to hurt her." Tony spoke with a low, even tone. Anything could set Owen off right now and throw him into a frenzy. He glanced at Sammy. "Is she..."

Sammy checked her pulse. "She's alive." He said with a strong measure of relief. He knew as well as Tony did that if Sabrina had been dead...they might well have had to kill Owen in pure self defense. The man was

strong willed, but even the strongest men could be broken by the loss of the woman they loved.

Tony saw a visible relief shudder through Owen. He stood slowly to his feet, non-threatening, and looked at Tony through hard, distraught eyes. "He's not walking out of here." Owen's tone was dangerous, concrete, as he glanced at Jackson's motionless body. "You can shoot me if you want, but this motherfucker is going to pay for what he did to my..." His sentence rolled away unfinished as he looked at the still figure of the woman. Owen Briggs clearly understood now that the woman on that bed was not his wife.

"I'm not going to shoot you." Tony put the weapon away. "I just needed reassurance that you would listen to what I had to say." He glanced at Sammy. "Get her out of those fucking restraints and cover her up."

Owen watched Sammy cut Sabrina loose and cover her with a blanket. Tony didn't think the man was even aware of the tears streaking his face. The love and fear in Owen Briggs' eyes as he stared at the abused form of the woman he loved was overwhelming. Tony was startled to feel his own eyes stinging with tears. He turned away momentarily and looked at the man on the floor - and regained control.

In his line of business, Tony didn't often meet good and decent people. So when he did encounter them...he saw it as a sign from God, reminding him that the world and those in it weren't entirely cruel and heartless without a shred of decency. It was easy to start believing that, so Tony felt truly blessed when he was reminded otherwise. And Owen Briggs and Sabrina Braxton was his reminder tonight.

Sammy stepped back as Owen went to Sabrina, sat on the bed and gathered her up into his arms. Tony watched him hold her tight, whisper assurances to her. Again his eyes began to sting and he looked away.

You're getting too soft for this job, man.

Her inner muscles squeezed and flexed hard against Charles' cock as her orgasm peaked and burst. Her nails dug into his hand and she gasped sharply. A warm, wet heat flooded his dick as her pussy sucked and pulsed around his rock hard member. A shudder ran through her fevered body.

Charles pressed his dick in deeper and held her tighter until her inner pussy muscles began to relax a little. When her whole body was relaxed, he stroked at her pussy again, fucking her a bit harder, a bit faster. His balls were full and hard, he wouldn't last much longer. Her pussy, though filled with her own cum, was tight - like a silk glove squeezing his cock. He thrust his dick into her silky caverns, bumping bottom, bouncing back and driving in again until he was fucking her with urgency.

He lifted her leg higher and wrapped it back over his waist and fucked her hard. His groin slapped against her wetly, his heavy balls smacking her clit, urging her towards another orgasm. She clutched his arm and cried out sharply, nearly screaming as his thick, solid cock beat at her pussy.

"Fuck!" He gasped out fiercely as he fucked her relentlessly. His dick thickened and hardened even more as the cum began to rise from his balls. A tightness spread upward through his chest and into his jaw as his semen steadily surged towards the plump, fat head of his cock as it whipped in and out of Celine's tight, flexing pussy.

A strangled cry erupted from Celine as she came again, hard. Her pussy squeezed Charles' dick like a vice and again coated him with her hot creamy slick juices. He grunted and panted forcefully as he fucked her erratically. This was it. The moment he was waiting for. He couldn't hold it back any longer.

Celine's back was arched and her ass pressed tight against his pelvis as he fucked her to near delirium. She wouldn't even know what happened. He drilled her with his swollen cock as he slowly slid one of the pillows down behind her head. He reached behind him and picked up the gun, touching the barrel lightly to the pillow. He squeezed his eyes shut and fucked her as hard as he could. His orgasm peaked in an instant.

"You're the best fuck I've ever had." He whispered close to her ear then pressed the barrel of the gun into the pillow and pulled the trigger as his cock exploded and emptied his balls inside her still pulsing pussy.

Chapter 14

NOTE: Fair warning - this is a "quickie" chapter. Just consider it a part of the last chapter, probably should have been :)

"Who are you?" Owen held Sabrina's head close to his chest. She still wasn't conscious and that scared the hell out of him. He looked hard at the black haired man who had pulled the gun on him. "Why are you here?"

"I'm Tony." He said then motioned towards the younger, muscular man with him. "That's Sammy. Your..." He faltered then began again. "Sabrina came to my pub to speak to me about her...situation."

Owen frowned. "How did she know to go to you?"

"I've done business with her husband."

Owen wondered if that in itself should tell him all he needed to know about this man, but his gut was telling him to trust the guy.

Tony smiled and nodded when Owen just stared at him. "Sometimes business is just business. You don't always like who you're doing business with, but that's just how the game is played."

"What business, exactly, did she discuss with you?" Owen asked slowly, putting the pieces together in his mind but finding it hard to believe the picture he was coming up with.

"She wanted to hire me to kill Jackson." He stated bluntly. "And her husband and sister."

Owen's eyes widened. He couldn't be serious? Sabrina? "And that's why you're here? Because she paid you to knock off Jackson?"

Tony smiled and shrugged. "She didn't pay me. I offered to do it pro bono." He sighed and leaned against the wall. "She backed out. She called me and said she couldn't go through with it. I knew she would call. She may have every right to want the job done, but she's too decent to be able to live with such a decision. That's why I didn't act on her request immediately. I knew she would back out."

"So what are you doing here?"

Tony shook his head slowly. "Just because she couldn't go through with it, didn't mean the job wasn't necessary. I know men like this fucker right here. And they don't stop. Not until someone stops them. I planned on getting to him before it went this far, but unfortunately he was a step ahead of me."

Owen tightened his arms around Sabrina. "Why did you stop me?" He whispered thickly. "Why didn't you just let me kill him?"

Tony nodded towards Sabrina. "Because of that woman there in your arms." He said. "She's strong, I'll give her that...but I don't think she'd hold up so well if she lost you too." Tony pushed away from the wall. "You did your part. You saved her before it was too late. Now it's up to you to make her life good, to make her happy. The rest of this mess..." Tony swung his arm around, indicating Jackson's bloody, motionless form. "That's for me and Sammy to take care of. Our hands have a lifetime of blood on them, but up to this point -

your hands are clean." He glances at Owen's bloody hands and smiled. "Metaphorically speaking. And they need to stay that way if you're gonna be any good to that woman right there."

Owen kissed the top of Sabrina's head and asked sincerely, "Why do you care what happens to us? You don't strike me as the kind of man who..."

"Has a soul?" Tony grinned. "It's there. But it takes a special kind of folk to help it show through. That woman there...I knew she was special the moment I met her. I knew she deserved much better than that piece of shit husband she had, too."

Raising his eyes, Owen looked at Tony. "And what about him? And my wife? Are their fates in your hands as well?"

Tony looked thoughtful. "I believe what comes around goes around. Karma will deal with them."

"What are you gonna do with Jackson?" Owen asked as Tony nodded towards Sammy and the younger man grabbed Jackson under the armpits and started dragging him towards the door.

"The less you know the better." Tony told him as he followed Sammy and his unconscious cargo. Tony paused at the door and looked at Owen. "But rest assured...he will wish he was dead long before that wish comes true."

Sammy shoved Jackson's body into the trunk of the Sedan and slammed the lid. It was still raining hard, but the force behind the storm had backed off. Once behind the wheel, he looked at Tony and raised one eyebrow. "Karma? *Really?*"

Tony chuckled as Sammy started the car. "Karma's a mean son of a bitch, Sammy."

The Sedan idled as the rain pelted the windshield. Sammy stared across the dark interior of the car at Tony. The older man raised an eyebrow. A slow grin stretched Sammy's lips as Tony's meaning dawned on him. "That's fuckin' rich."

He pulled the Sedan away from the ranch house and steered it back down the long gravel drive.

The gun hung loosely in his hand. Charles stared at it, waiting to feel a sense of guilt or revulsion for what he'd done. But those emotions failed to surface. He sat naked on the end of the bed and handled the weapon lightly, studying it. He'd never taken a life before, not by his own hand anyway. He wasn't sure what he expected to feel, but he was shocked to find his dick instantly hardened by the rush of his actions.

He closed his eyes and replayed that final moment in his mind once more. His swollen cock buried to the hilt in her tight, flexing pussy, fucking her wildly and blasting inside her as he blasted her brains all over the pillows.

He opened his eyes. His balls ached. He looked down. His dick was throbbing and leaking, swollen to the max. It wasn't until this moment that he truly realized what a sick, twisted son of a bitch he really was. He turned and looked at Celine's lifeless, naked body laying still on the bed. Her legs were bent and he could see his cum oozing from her pussy. For a split second he actually considered crawling up there and relieving

himself again. Her body was surely still warm.

Charles turned away and chuckled. He was sick, but not quite *that* sick. Fucking her while he felt the life leaving her body was one thing, but fucking her *after* her life was gone? That was going a bit too far. Even he might have nightmares following such a perverted act.

But the fact still remained - the whole scenario had turned his cock to steel again. He wrapped his hand around his thick dick and began to stroke. He closed his eyes and leaned back on his free arm, thrusting his dick through his tight fist as he again replayed his last fuck with Celine Briggs.

"What exactly are we going to do with him?" Sammy asked without taking his eyes off the road. The rain beat at the windshield. Not as fiercely as before, but still enough to distort the two lane highway in the headlights.

Tony watched the road as well. "I think he deserves special treatment." Tony looked at Sammy. "I was thinking...Jericho."

Sammy's foot eased off the gas on reflex and he glanced quickly at Tony. "Jericho?"

"Too harsh for our passenger back there?"

Swallowing tightly, Sammy's foot pressed down against the gas pedal again. He shook his head but there was a glint of unease in his eyes. "No." He said thickly. "It's exactly what he deserves."

"I can go alone." Tony spoke low, studying Sammy's tense face. "It's not a problem."

"No." Sammy shifted in his seat. "No. I'll go. The fucker just gives me the creeps is all."

Tony chuckled low. "Shake hands with a friend." He murmured. "He creeps me out too."

A nervous laugh rose in Sammy's throat. "Sure." He said sickly. "But he ain't got a hard on for you."

Tony ducked his head and laughed despite the younger man's sincere anxiety.

Chapter 15

The first thing Sabrina became aware of as she floated towards consciousness was the throbbing ache resonating in the entire left side of her face where Jackson had hit her. The second thing was the strong arms confining her. And the third thing her mind registered was that her hands and feet were no longer bound.

She felt lips brush her cheek and her mind exploded into a frenzied panic. She'd had all she could take. She would rather be dead than allow Jackson to violate and abuse her to any greater degree.

A strangled cry rose suddenly in her throat and she took advantage of her loosed limbs. She still floated beneath the surface of consciousness like a swimmer immersed just a few feet below the surface of the water. Her surroundings were mere blurred shadows. She struck out at the dark figure trying to hold onto her, crying out and lunging backwards. He grabbed for her and she kicked at him, scrambling off the far side of the bed, dropping to the floor heavily.

The darkness was slowly receding and her mind was struggling to focus and clear her vision. She could hear a male voice, but it was muffled and distorted. Hands grabbed at her again and she screamed, striking out with one foot. She felt her foot connect with a solid chest, heard a sharp grunt and a faint thump as her assailant tumbled back heavily. Then, suddenly, he was on her, his strong arms wrapped tightly around her torso, pinning her arms to her sides, holding her back securely against his chest. She kicked her legs frantically but he was behind her and out of striking reach.

"No..." Sabrina cried out but the word fell from her lips in a mere whimper. She struggled some more but her strength was leaving her. She couldn't fight anymore. She didn't have the strength or the will. She sagged in his powerful embrace and sobbed, hating herself for allowing him to see her so weak but unable to stand up to him any longer.

She squeezed her eyes shut and waited for the assault to begin again, waited for him to drag her back to the bed and rip away what little dignity and self respect she might still possess.

Owen held her in a vice grip until she stopped thrashing and finally sank back against his chest. He could feel the submission in her body, the defeat taking over. She was crying softly. Tears streaked Owen's face as he let his arms loosen just a bit. He kissed her hair.

"It's okay, baby." He choked out, his lips close to her ear. "You're safe now. I'm here. No one is ever going to hurt you again." Owen's throat tightened, strangling his voice and filling his eyes with fresh tears. "I swear to God no one will ever touch you again. I'll die before I let that happen."

Sabrina continued to sob quietly and a deep, gripping fear squeezed Owen's heart and mind. Had he got to her in time? What if Jackson had damaged her emotionally, to a degree that she couldn't come back from?

"I'm here, Sabrina." He cried openly against her hair and held her to him. "I'll always be here." His arms tightened just a bit and he pressed his face into the curve of her shoulder. "Please don't leave me now."

The hot shower felt good, cascading down over his naked body, soothing his mind and giving him the sense of being cleansed from his sins.

Charles smiled and turned his face into the hot spray, closing his eyes. He felt like a new man, exhilarated and exonerated. It didn't phase him that a woman lay dead in his bed as he casually showered. In fact, it rather excited him. Had he known how liberating it was to take a human life by his own hand, he may have done so sooner. The sexual charge was mind blowing. As soon as he dealt with this situation, he would find himself a woman to fuck, perhaps two or three at once. And he knew it would be a fuckfest unlike any other he had experienced. Just one woman certainly wouldn't be enough to cool the raging heat blazing through him.

His cock throbbed and stretched out thicker and longer than he'd ever seen it. He wrapped his hand around his shaft and gripped it tight. It was a solid steel rod in his fist. His balls hung heavily between his legs like huge ball bearings, filled to capacity and aching like a motherfucker.

Charles flattened his free hand against the shower wall and leaned on his arm as he began to jerk himself off once again. The skin of his dick was stretched tight like cellophane wrapped around a steel bar. He squeezed his cock hard and stroked fast, urgent. It took only moments for his balls to give up their prize. He shouted loud, throwing his head back, bellowing out his ecstasy as a powerful stream of thick cum shot from his cockhead, splattering against the tiles of the shower wall and sliding downward. Multiple shots of cum squirted forcefully from his dick and drained down the shower wall.

His chest heaving, Charles hung his head and stared at his dick still gripped in his fist. It was still hard, though not to granite status, but easily still hard enough to fuck a woman. He wondered how long he would walk around with a raging hard on before the thrill of killing Celine would subside and allow his dick to soften. But at the moment, he didn't mind the fierce, unyielding erection. There were enough women out there for him to drive his cock in. He would just have to keep a healthy supply of pussy on hand until his dick finally yielded.

He turned off the water and stepped out of the shower, not bothering to dry off or wrap a towel around him as he returned to the other room. He went to the bed and brushed the hair from Celine's face and turned her head a bit so he could look at he. The bullet had went through the top of her head and left her pretty face unmarred. It was uncanny, almost unnerving, how much she looked like Sabrina.

Sabrina.

Your sweet, innocent wife is fucking my husband.

Celine's hateful words snapped through his head.

She fucked him in your house.

Charles' pulse quickened as his blood began to boil. A quick image of Sabrina and Owen Briggs flashed in his mind. Briggs' hands on her, his cock in her pussy...and her crying out in ecstasy. Charles' face twisted. Sabrina had never refused Charles, but she had never displayed any real enjoyment in their sex either. But she was his wife. *His* wife. And he'd be damned if he let some fucking grungy cowboy steal his greatest asset.

A cold sneer pulled at Charles' lips. Owen Briggs was no match for him. Sabrina belonged to Charles, and no one - *no one* - took what belonged to Charles Braxton.

But first things were first. He had to deal with the situation at hand. And he knew just who to call for a clean sweep.

The Sedan sped through the stormy night, the bright headlights cutting a path through the driving rain. Sammy's eyes were focused on the road, steady hands on the steering wheel.

Tony's cell buzzed loudly, shattering the silence inside the car. Sammy glanced at Tony as the other man retrieved his cell and looked at the glowing display.

Sammy frowned. "Who is it?"

A low chuckle rose in Tony's throat as an amused grin cut across his lips. "Well ain't this a fuckin' kicker."

Sammy started ask again who was calling, but Tony held up one finger to silence him - and answered the phone. "Mr. Braxton." Tony's amused smile widened as he met Sammy's quick, sharp look. "How can I help you."

The strong arms continued to hold her securely...but they felt different somehow. Less...threatening. Was she losing her mind? Slipping into Stockholm Syndrome? Sabrina didn't struggle as she tried to force her mind to shed the last of the fog and cobwebs. She became aware of the warm blanket wrapped around her naked body, lips pressed softly against her bare shoulder. His head shifted and he pressed his cheek against her shoulder. His face was wet.

Sabrina's brow pinched in confusion. She twisted her head just a fraction, but that slight movement brought him to life. She tensed, her pulse shuddering as a sudden fear stabbed through her. But then he was speaking...and she felt her herself begin to shake.

"Sabrina?" Owen's voice was unsteady, hopeful. "Sabrina? Baby?"

Sabrina's shakes intensified, she couldn't stop them. "O-Owen..." Was she hallucinating? So terrified of Jackson's assault that her mind was breaking?

Strong hands turned her around gently. Her eyes fluttered then partially opened, fearful that it would be Jackson staring back at her. The face blurred and swam before her then slowly began to focus. Suddenly she staring into Owen's warm blue eyes. Eyes that looked back at her with both fear and hope. She watched those eyes glisten with tears, watched the tears slide down his handsome face.

"Owen..." She whispered unsteadily. She was still shaking, every nerve in her body rising to the surface of her skin.

Owen held her securely with one arm and cupped her face with his other hand. He kissed her forehead, her eyes, her cheeks and finally her mouth. His lips trembled against hers as a shuddering sob rose in his throat and he kissed her more deeply. "Sabrina." He whimpered then pulled her against him and buried his face in her neck, his body beginning to shake as well.

Sabrina. It hit her suddenly that he was calling her *Sabrina*. Her hands shook badly as she reached for his face and lifted his head. Tears ran freely down her face and his. "You...you called me...Sabrina."

He gazed at her intensely. The love she saw reflecting back nearly ripped her heart apart. He knew the truth. Knew who she was. But how...

The guilt of her actions, of her deceit, bubbled to the surface in an instant. She began to cry, sobs intensifying the shakes in her body. She ducked her head and covered her face with her hands. "I'm sorry, Owen...I'm sorry..."

His arms were around her, holding her tight, his lips pressed against her hair. "Shhhh...baby. Don't. Don't." He ducked his head and kissed her face. He moved her hands and lifted her chin, kissing her lips firmly, passionately.

Sabrina's arms grabbed for him suddenly, desperately, as she kissed him back.

A deep groan slid up Owen's throat on the tail of a sob. He had to forcefully break their kiss. He caressed her face and pressed his forehead to hers. His tears ran freely, seemingly flowing from an endless well.

"Don't say you're sorry." He shuddered. "Please don't. I've treated you so...awful. Forgive me, baby. Please forgive me." He kissed her forehead then her lips again. "You should have told me, I wouldn't have sent you away. You're all I've ever wanted. I would've never made you leave." His lips trembled against hers as sobs tightened his throat and squeezed his words. "You should've told me about Jackson. What he...he did to you." His sobs intensified and shook his body. His hold on her tightened as the rage seeped back into him. "You should've *told me*. I...I would've killed the motherfucker!" He squeezed her in his arms and cried harder. "I would've fucking *killed him*."

Sabrina closed her eyes, her face pressed tight against his warm chest. His heart beat like a jack hammer behind his ribcage. "You thought I was...Celine." She cried softly. "Would you have...believed me?"

A violent shudder ran through Owen's body. He was blaming himself for all this, Sabrina could feel it in him. She pushed back against his arms, forcing him to loosen his hold. She looked up at his face. As expected, the overwhelming guilt was there, in his eyes, slicing him apart inside.

"Don't do that, Owen." She whispered. "Don't you dare blame yourself for Jackson. You didn't cause this...Celine did." Fresh, hot tears ran down her cheeks. "She...she handed me to Jackson...she wanted him to...to do this to me." She broke down and pressed her face to his throat. "She hated me...I thought...I thought she loved me." Her body shook with sobs. "I loved her so much...and she..."

Owen held her tight again. "Shhh." He kissed her hair. "Every thing's going to be okay, baby. I promise."

Swallowing through a thick throat, Sabrina raised her head. "What about Celine and Charles? What're we...going to do?"

Owen stared down at her, his eyes hard with determination. "They can do whatever the fuck they want to do. You're staying with me. And Celine will never again set foot in this house, on this property. If I ever so much as see her again, I swear to God...I'll put a bullet in her."

Laying her head on his chest again, Sabrina stared blankly at the wall. Charles wouldn't let her go, that reality came to her suddenly. He didn't love her, obviously...but he saw her as his possession. He would try to keep her for that reason alone, if for no other. And as much as Owen was determined to keep her...Charles had money, and money gave him power.

I shouldn't have called off Tony. I should've had him kill all of you.

The sudden, violent thought didn't phase her as she expected it to. She realized what a relief it would be to her now if Tony had done the job and gotten rid of Charles and Celine and...

"Jackson." Sabrina whispered and raised her head again, looking fearful at Owen. "Where is Jackson?"

Owen stared back at her, eyes hard and veiled. "He's gone. That's all you need to know." He kissed her forehead lightly. "He will never hurt you or anyone else ever again."

"Did you..." Sabrina licked her lips.

"No." Owen spoke low. "I didn't."

"Then who?"

Owen traced his fingertips down her face and kissed her lips softly. "He's gone. That's all that matters now."

A shudder of relief rippled through Sabrina, but was instantly replaced by anxiety. Owen could clearly feel the sudden tension in her.

"What is it, baby?"

Sabrina licked her lips again and met his eyes. "Charles." She whispered. "Charles will come for me. He...he won't just let you have me."

Owen kissed her again and murmured softly against her lips, "Charles *won't* be coming for you."

Chapter 16

Tony pressed the *end* button on the cell phone. Braxton was making this all too easy. He had no idea that he'd just jumped into a viper's nest by coming to Tony for help in cleaning up his little *mess*.

"What was that about?" Sammy asked.

Tony chuckled low, deep, as he punched out a new number on the cell phone. "It seems Mr. Braxton has gotten himself into a bit of a mess." He pressed the phone to his ear.

A puzzled frown pinched Sammy's brow. "A mess?" He asked. "What kind of mess?"

Tony simply smiled, was silent a moment then spoke into the phone as someone answered on the other end. "It's Tony. I got a clean up for you." He glanced at Sammy again as the corner of his mouth twitched with a grin. "A clean sweep." He listened briefly then added, "The Plaza. Top floor. Charles Braxton."

Tony ended the call and tucked the phone back inside his jacket. He leaned back against the seat and smiled coolly. "I almost wish I was there to see his expression when he learns his own wife put a hit out on him." Tony chuckled and shook his head slowly. "That would be priceless."

"Technically she doesn't have the hit out on him anymore." Sammy reminded. "She called it off."

Tony grinned and shrug. "She didn't mean it."

Laughing low, Sammy turned the windshield wipers down a notch as the rain eased up a bit. There was a sudden loud *thump* in the trunk. Sammy glanced in the rear view mirror on reflex. "Sounds like our passenger is waking up."

"Good." Tony spoke low, a resonating chill to his voice. "I want him awake and clear headed when he meets Jericho."

Sammy shifted uncomfortably behind the wheel.

Tony chuckled again. "Relax, Sammy boy. We come bearing a *gift*. Although..." Tony looked Sammy up and down. "He ain't nearly as handsome and sexy as you."

Sammy shot him a sharp, fierce look. "Shut up, man." He shuddered with exaggeration as if trying to shrug off Tony's words. "God." He shuddered again.

"It's your curse, Sam." Tony tilted his head back against the seat and released a laugh. "You're a hot, sexy young man."

"Shut the fuck up!" Sammy's voice was unusually high pitched, which made Tony laugh harder. "It ain't funny. For two years now that fuckin' freak's been trying to..." Sammy bit off his own words, clear revulsion on his handsome face.

"Get you to play with his ding-a-ling?" Tony finished for him, still laughing.

"Fuck you, man." Sammy looked like he was about to vomit, his eyes hard and staring out into the stormy night ahead.

Tony released an amused sigh. "Shit, Sammy. I'm just fucking with you." Sammy grunted but didn't answer. Tony grinned. "Better me than Jericho, huh?"

Sammy squirmed and released a repulsed groan. Tony chuckled.

Tony had set the wheels in motion to deal with this mess. Charles thought the man might be of psychopath stock, but he knew how to make a problem go away. For the right price. And Charles had the means to always pay the right price. That was the magical thing about wealth - it could buy a man out of any fucked up situation.

Dressed in an expensive suit, Charles sat on the edge of the bed and made one more call. As the phone on the other end of the line rang in his ear, he turned his head and gazed at the dead woman. A sliver of regret needled at him. She had been a hell of a lover, very eager to please. He had liked that. He would miss that. If she hadn't crossed the line and fucked with his relationship with Sabrina, she would still be alive this very moment, her pretty face buried in his crotch, her hot, sexy mouth giving him the most mind shattering blow job he'd ever received from a woman.

He shifted as his cock began to throb again. Why the hell couldn't she have just accepted her role in his life rather than insisting on being something she wasn't.

"Such a waste, baby." He murmured. "Such a waste."

"You need to go to the hospital." Owen helped Sabrina put on one of his t-shirts to cover her naked, abused body. He had to focus. He couldn't let himself think about the details of what Jackson had done to her. He thought about her nausea from before. If she was pregnant, she needed to be checked by a doctor after her assault. She needed to be checked anyway.

"I'm okay." She sounded weak, tired. "I just need to sleep."

"Baby, I really think..."

"Owen." Sabrina touched his face as he sat next to her on the bed. "I don't need a doctor. I just need you." She laid her head on his chest and closed her eyes. Owen held her close, his throat tight and his rage carefully held in check. Barely.

"I won't insist on going to the hospital tonight." He said as he helped her lay down. "But in the morning, you're going. Okay?" He leaned over her and gazed down into her eyes. Her every movement told him she was in some level of pain. Jackson had hurt her more than she was admitting to. Her eyes were slightly glazed as exhaustion reached for her. She nodded and closed her eyes.

Owen's chest tightened until it felt as if it might cave in on itself. He held her gently but securely as she slipped into what he prayed was a fitful sleep. He stroked his fingertips across her cheek. His eyes burned. Even if Sabrina could get past this...could he? Could he ever forgive himself for not seeing what was right in front of his eyes? For allowing this to happen? She insisted it wasn't his fault, but the guilt was there and it was slowly grinding his heart into tiny, irreparable pieces.

His arms tightened just a little around her. He buried his face in her hair and tried to stifle the sobs that rose in his throat and threatened to choke him.

God, please...

But nothing else followed. His soul felt dry, barren. After everything that had happened...did he even still believe in a God who gave a damn?

Blackness surrounded him. Something hard was digging into his back and he shifted. His entire head hurt like a motherfucker and made it extremely difficult to focus his thoughts and remember what the hell had happened.

Owen Briggs had come home. He remembered that. He remembered the intense rage in the man's eyes as he threw him to the floor and began to beat the shit out of him. He remembered coming to the realization that he was going to die.

Well, he wasn't dead. He could hear the sound of the car, feel the movement as it sped down the highway. He'd been dumped into the trunk - naked. But by who? Owen? Somehow he didn't think it was Owen. The man had been pissed off enough to just kill him right there in the bedroom. But he hadn't. What had stopped him?

He's gonna cut your fucking balls off.

Sabrina Braxton's words beat against the inside of his skull.

You are so fucked.

She hadn't been talking about Owen, but she'd refused to tell him who it was. That's why he'd hit her.

The car suddenly swerved off the smooth paved road and onto a rough, gravel road. Jackson grunted as the car jounced over the rough road, knocking him around the trunk.

"What the fuck?" He tried to brace himself with his arms.

Where the hell was he being taken? And what would be done to him once they got there?

He fumbled around the dark trunk with his hands, searching for something, anything, he could use as a weapon. He may die tonight, but he wouldn't go down without a fight.

The car rolled to a stop and the engine died. Jackson's pulse raced wildly. He grabbed blindly in the darkness. Car doors opened and slammed shut. There had to be something. Footsteps crunched in the gravel, at least two men. His hand fell on a tire iron. A key slid into the trunk lock.

His hand closed around the tire iron as the trunk lid popped loose.

Come on, motherfuckers. Let's dance.

Chapter 17

Exhaustion was luring Owen into its warm, soothing embrace. Sabrina's warm body was pressed up close to him, providing a level of comfort Owen had never known before. His eyelids felt weighted down and where he had wondered if he would ever sleep again, suddenly all he wanted was to close his eyes and lose consciousness for awhile.

He didn't fight the pull of slumber as a welcomed relaxation began to seep through his body. He hugged Sabrina closer and rested one hand over her heart. It beat in that calm rhythm of sleep. There was nothing to indicate she was having bad dreams. Still, a part of him longed to stay awake, just in case she awoke and needed his assurance that the nightmare was really over. But the need for sleep was more than his weary body and mind could resist. God, he felt he could like he could sleep for years.

He pressed his lips against her hair, breathed in her scent and allowed the tension to finally start to ebb away. "I love you, baby." He murmured sleepily as a low sigh escaped him.

The phone rang, shattering the quiet of the bedroom, snapping Owen fully awake.

He grabbed up the cordless phone off the nightstand before it could ring again and possibly wake up Sabrina."Hello?" He hissed, a bit too sharply.

There wasn't an immediate answer from the other end, but Owen could feel someone there.

"Hello." Owen spoke tightly, feeling his gut tighten for reasons he couldn't pinpoint.

The caller cleared his throat, clearly male. He spoke with a tone of authority, though his voice was low, quiet. "Put Sabrina on the phone."

Owen's jaw clenched a bit as tension gripped his face. Who knew Sabrina was here? Hadn't she come here under the guise of her sister?

"Who is this?" Owen spoke so low it was a near whisper, hard and laced with warning.

"That is of no consequence to you, Mr. Briggs." The caller's voice remained at a quiet level, but radiated a hard edge. "Let me speak to Sabrina."

Owen swallowed tightly. His brow pinched as he looked down at Sabrina, somehow sleeping peacefully after having just endured a traumatizing experience. He would protect her at all costs. And his gut was warning him that the caller was a threat to her new found peace.

"You must have the wrong number." Owen said slowly, cautiously. "This is the home of her sister, Celine."

A brief silence screamed in Owen's ear. Then - "Don't *fuck* with me, Owen." The caller hissed tightly. "Put Sabrina on the fucking phone."

A knot twisted up tight in Owen's guts, creating a sudden nausea. It struck him suddenly that the voice was familiar. Vaguely so, but nonetheless...familiar.

"Who is this?" Owen left the bed and moved away towards the bedroom door. He slipped out into the hall and closed the door behind him.

"I'm tired of this game." The caller said as irritation steadily infected his voice. "Let me speak to my *fucking wife!*"

Tony drew his weapon and held it ready. He nodded at Sammy. Gripping the baseball bat in one hand, Sammy popped the trunk with his free and threw it open.

Their passenger came out of the trunk like a viper striking at its prey, tire iron clenched in one fist, swinging wildly. The makeshift weapon grazed Sammy's face, leaving a minor scratch in its wake as Sammy lunged back, avoiding a full on crack to the jaw.

"Motherfucker!" Sammy clamped both hands onto the baseball bat, choked up a bit on the handle, and brought it around like a pro hitter and caught Jackson in the gut, knocking him back against the trunk with a loud grunt of pain. Somehow the bastard managed to hold onto his weapon and lunged forward again, a bit more awkwardly but still dangerous.

A strangled growl erupted from Jackson. He sprang for Sammy.

Tony stood back, his weapon lowered but ready. Sammy might seem just a sexy pretty boy to some, but Tony had seen him take down guys twice his size. Jackson didn't have a prayer.

The fat tip of the wooden bat caught Jackson in the face, spinning him around. Blood sprayed from his mouth as he dropped heavily like a sack of potatoes. Sammy stepped forward quick, the bat already cocked back over his right shoulder again, the muscles in his arms bulging.

"Enough!" The deep voice boomed from the shadows, halting Sammy instantly.

Tony turned slowly and watched the looming figure steadily appear through the lightly falling rain, forming out of the darkness and mist like some Frankenstein monster from an old horror movie.

Sammy squeezed the bat fiercely, lowering it only a bit as he moved back away from the man on the ground and the one coming towards him.

"Jericho." Tony put away his weapon but wouldn't hesitate to draw it again in a moment's notice.

Jericho moved past Tony as if he weren't even there. The man was truly of monster stock, a good six foot seven or eight and build like a rock mountain. Tony suspected the man would have been locked away long ago if there had been a cage strong enough to hold him.

"If you damage him, Sammy." Jericho's steel gray eyes bore into Sammy from beneath a thick, strong brow. "You'll have to take his place."

Even from where he stood, Tony saw the shudder run through Sammy. The younger man took a few more steps back, clinging to the bat like a shield. Yes, Sammy had taken down guys as big as Jericho. But Jericho was a breed all his own and had Sammy swung on him, Tony was fairly certain the bat would've shattered into splinters against Jericho's granite frame.

Jericho stopped when he came to the man on the ground but his eyes remained on Sammy. Even Tony couldn't prevent a shudder from running through himself as he watched the formidable man study Sammy like a starving predator surveying its next feast.

Sammy was clearly afraid to take his eyes off Jericho, as if the man might pounce once he looked away.

"Don't be frightened, Sammy." Jericho said as his eyes raked over Sammy's solid, muscular body. "I could never mar such perfection." His eyes narrowed suddenly and he cocked his head just a bit as he stared at the minor cut on Sammy's face. He stepped over Jackson's groaning form and approached Sammy in a flurry of long, quick strides. Sammy tried to move away but Jericho was right there before he could flee.

Sammy's chest heaved, short, fast breaths gusting from his throat as Jericho reached out and traced his fingertips over the small gash on Sammy's cheek. A real rage flared up in Jericho.

"Did he do this?" Jericho spoke low, barely audible, but Tony knew his words were ricocheting like bullets in Sammy's head.

Sammy's eyes were wide. His throat worked fast as his pulse shot through the roof.

Jericho stood just inches from Sammy, his fingers lingering on the younger man's face. Tony's attention was drawn to Jericho's free hand, hanging at his side. His hand twitched, then flexed loosely. Tony slowly reached inside his jacket and gripped the butt of his weapon. He fucked with Sammy about Jericho, but the man was unpredictable and extremely dangerous - and had a strange, disturbing fixation with Sammy. Tony wouldn't hesitate to blow the man's brains out if he suddenly became a real threat to the younger man. Tony viewed Sammy like a younger brother, and in every situation they found themselves in, his safety was Tony's first and foremost priority.

"Easy there, Tony." Jericho said without looking around. "I mean your boy no harm." He let his fingertips fall away from Sammy's face, stroking down the younger man's jaw line as they went. He gave Sammy one last lingering, longing look before turning back towards his gift. His body instantly tightened as he walked to the man on the ground. Jericho turned and cast another glance at Sammy's slightly scuffed face then drew his foot back like a sledge hammer and nailed Jackson in the side with enough force to flip the man over onto his back.

Tony's brow raised as he shot a quick look at Sammy, who was watching the scene with a kind of sick horror on his *nearly* perfect face. He had to stifle the chuckle that rose in his throat. He could only imagine the thoughts spinning through Sammy's head right about now as Jericho - in his own twisted, perverted way - defended Sammy's honor.

A tightness squeezed Owen's chest, cutting off his air. His hand clenched the phone fiercely as he pressed it hard against his ear. Charles Braxton was the caller on the other end.

Charles Braxton.

Electric shocks of pain stabbed up through Owen's face as he clenched his jaw so tight his teeth threatened to break. His chest heaved and his breath plumed through his nose like a bull about to charge.

"Stay away from Sabrina." Owen growled low, dangerous.

"Stay away from my wife?" Charles murmured coldly. "You're telling me to stay away from *my* wife? Who the fuck do you think you are?"

"You have my wife, and you can keep her." Owen said tightly. "If either of you set foot on my property or come anywhere near Sabrina...I'll put you in the ground."

"*You* are threatening *me?*" Charles laughed humorlessly. "You're a funny fucker, Mr. Briggs. You clearly have no idea who you're dealing with."

Owen was shaking. The full impact of all that had happened in such a short period of time was coming on him all at once. "I know *exactly* who you are. And if you think for one second that I'm afraid of you...you come on out here and pay me a visit."

Charles chuckled. "Oh, it isn't that I think you're afraid of me. It's that you *should* be. I have connections, Mr. Briggs. Deadly connections. Right there in the very town we reside in. So don't fuck with me."

Owen's grip on the phone loosened just a bit. "Connections?" Owen spoke low, and with a sudden intrigue. "You do mean connections at The Crimson Shamrock? An Irish/Italian fellow by the name of Tony? The same man your own wife hired to kill you? Is that the *connection* you're speaking of, *Mr. Braxton?*"

The tiny hairs at the nape of Charles' neck prickled and stood on end as Owen Briggs' words penetrated his thoughts and infected his mind like a deadly virus. It was on the tip of his tongue to call the man's bluff...but there was no bluff. Owen had mentioned Tony specifically, as well as The Crimson Shamrock. Briggs knew *something*.

The same man your own wife hired to kill you.

Charles was shaking. That wasn't possible. Sabrina wasn't capable of taking such steps. She had a healthy fear of crossing him. A fear he'd made certain he instilled early on. She was an obedient, loyal wife...whether she liked it or not. She had never talked back to him, never defied him. She just wasn't capable of something this...bold and dangerous.

"I'm coming for my wife." Charles was careful to hold his voice in check and not allow his uncertainty to ring through.

Briggs' next words turned his blood to ice and caused him to react out of character as he snapped his phone shut so suddenly it slipped from his hand and hit the floor with a dull *thunk*.

His heart raced and thundered through his head.

You won't make it out of New York alive.

The sudden, severe pain coiled in her lower abdomen and began to squeeze. Sabrina came out of her sleep, crying out sharply, hugging her stomach and curling into a fetal position. Through the fog of agony, she heard the bedroom door burst open and then Owen was there, his arms around her.

"Sabrina?" Alarm weighed down his voice. "Sabrina, baby, what's wrong?"

"It...hurts." Sabrina gasped, her words weak and barely audible.

"What hurts?" Owen asked tightly, fearfully.

Sabrina shuddered and gasped, the excruciating pain in her stomach making it difficult to breathe. "My...stomach." Another severe stab of pain and then she felt wetness on her inner thighs. Her hand shook badly as she reached low and touched the inside of her leg. When she brought her hand back, it was stained with blood.

"Oh my god." The fear in Owen's voice intensified when he saw the blood. He wrapped a blanket around her and scooped her up into his strong arms.

Everything seemed to spin around her as Owen rushed her outside to the truck. She felt raindrops hit her face, a cool breeze skip across her fevered skin. Then she was laying on the seat of the truck, her head on Owen's thigh as he backed the truck around and sped down the long gravel drive.

Owen's hand rested tensely on her head, his fingertips subconsciously stroking her hair. The pain was getting worse and a heavy blackness reached for her mind, pulling at her.

"Just hang on, baby." Owen whispered. His voice was tight, strained.

She could hear the tears in his voice, tightening his throat, as the blackness swarmed around her. Her own eyes burned and she wanted to tell him she was sorry, so sorry for all the tears and grief she had caused him. But her throat wouldn't work and the blackness was carrying her away. The last thing she heard before she faded out was Owen's thick, terrified voice assuring her - "I'll make everything all right, baby. I promise...I promise."

Chapter 18

Blackness enveloped him as the air was forced from his lungs by the violent kick to his side. As if on the outside looking in, Jackson felt his body lift off the ground and flip over, smacking down onto the wet, muddy surface beneath him. He was still naked but that was the least of his concerns.

A huge, powerful hand gripped his throat, squeezed until the blackness swelled in tighter, then jerked him up off the ground and slammed him against the side of the car. Jackson's feet barely touched the ground and still his assailant towered over him. He couldn't see him, his vision still black. But he could feel the other man's breath surging against his forehead. The man's immense, solid body pressed against Jackson, pinning him tightly against the vehicle.

Jackson sucked for air, but his chest was being squeezed and compressed by the pressure of his captor's powerful body. Something extremely hard and solid was pressing into his lower abdomen. Horror and revulsion swelled up inside him when he realized it was the man's cock digging into his gut. And from the feel of it - the man was monstrously endowed.

The man shoved hard against him, causing his erection to grind painfully into Jackson's stomach. His assailant was clearly turned on, to massive proportions. Suddenly, Jackson's lack of protective clothing was a concern.

A fresh wave of revulsion swept through Jackson when the man's face dropped to his neck and sniffed deeply, moving up the side of his face. The cock digging into his naval jumped and, Jackson swore, hardened even more. Jackson flinched hard when a thick, wet tongue suddenly licked from his jaw up over his cheekbone. The invasive cock responded again.

Jackson's chest heaved as his pulse shot straight into his head and beat at his skull like a jack hammer. His eyelids fluttered erratically but his vision was still fucked up from lack of oxygen and his recent beating. But though he couldn't see the man's face, he could feel it. He jerked his head away when the tongue licked over the corner of his mouth then across his lip. His stomach convulsed and he pressed his lips tightly closed and tried to jerk away. The man's grip on his throat tightened and held his head in place.

Jackson managed to lift his arms and grabbed the man's forearm, struggling against his squeezing hand. The forearm was like a chunk of thick steel beneath Jackson's hands. He couldn't budge it.

"Let me go..." Jackson croaked. *"You sick fuck."*

The wide-eyed look of horror on Sammy's face would have been comical if not for the disturbing scene between Jericho and Jackson. Tony stood back, experiencing his own level of revulsion. But it nowhere near matched that of Sammy as Jericho's penetrating eyes locked onto the younger man as he began to sniff and lick Jackson's face. Every now and then, Jericho would thrust himself against his captive and Tony didn't want to know what was going on *down there*.

Sammy's face was slightly pale as it became obvious that Jericho was imagining it was Sammy, rather than Jackson, in his grasp.

Jericho's tongue slid across Jackson's mouth, causing the man to clamp his mouth shut again. Jericho's stare was boring into Sammy as he probed Jackson's lips with his tongue. The level of animal hunger in Jericho made Tony exceedingly uneasy - especially the way he was drinking in Sammy while he sampled his gift.

"Can we get the fuck out of here?" Sammy's voice was shaking. Visible shudders rippled through him.

"Yeah." Tony said thickly, a sliver of nausea welling in him as well. He didn't want to be here when Jericho quit restraining himself and...

Tony's stomach twisted and pinched as he forced away the remainder of the thought. He really didn't want to go *there*. This time he was the one who visibly shuddered.

Jericho pulled Jackson away from the side of the car as Tony moved around the hood, keeping his distance from the huge man, not taking the chance of seeing anything that might be permanently branded onto his mind's eye. He nodded quick at Jericho and opened the passenger door.

"It was good seeing you, Sammy."

Sammy flinched hard as he reached for the driver door, his eyes snapping to Jericho against his will. Tony looked from Sammy's pale, sickly expression to Jericho, who was holding Jackson by the throat with his back pressed against Jericho's stout body. Jackson's nakedness made the sight doubly disturbing.

"I'll be thinking of you, Sammy." A smile twitched the corner of Jericho's mouth. He dipped down and licked Jackson's ear, causing the man to jerk and struggle. Jericho held him firmly in place, his eyes burning into Sammy.

Sammy's pale face turned white as a sheet as he hurriedly climbed into the car. Tony slid into the passenger seat and shut the door. Sammy's hands shook badly as he tried to ram the key into the ignition.

"Fuck!" Sammy hissed, his voice shaking. He managed to get the key inserted and cranked the engine, stomping hard on the gas. The car shot forward, spitting mud and gravel behind them. A fit of shakes gripped the young man as he wiped his hand over his mouth. "Mother*fucker!* Fuckin' *freak!*"

Tony leaned back against the seat and held his peace. To laugh at this point would very likely get himself a knuckle sandwich. Possibly two or three.

The waiting room was empty and dimply lit. An ominous weight hung in the air. Owen paced along the row of windows, his hands flexing at his sides. He paused briefly and looked out into the darkness. The storm was picking up again and rain ticked hard against the glass. This whole night seemed surreal, like he'd somehow slipped into an alternate dimension. Nothing felt real. There seemed to be no end to it all, as if the night was on some endless loop, playing out one horror after another.

Owen rubbed his burning eyes. He had lost all perception of the last time he'd actually slept. Between the tears and severe need for rest, Owen's eyes itched fiercely. He rubbed them again.

A sudden tight groan rose in his throat and turned away from the window in a fast spin and left the waiting room. He strode quickly down the hall to the nurses' station and smacked his hand hard on the counter.

"What the hell is going on?" He snapped, his nerves frayed. "I need to see my wife!"

My wife. The words felt natural, right.

"Sir. Please calm down." An older nurse with dark hair and firm but caring eyes approached him. "The doctor will be out to see you in just a few minutes."

"My wife..." Owen trembled. "Is she...okay?"

"She's stable." The nurse assured him. "But you will need to speak to the doctor about the details of her condition. Now please, take a seat in the waiting room and the doctor will be right to talk to you."

Owen nodded slowly, rubbing his hand over his mouth, as he backed away unsteadily. He returned to the waiting room and dropped heavily into a cushioned chair. Resting his elbows on his knees, he buried his head in his hands. His throat squeezed tight as a sob formed at the base and slowly crawled and clawed it's way up.

"God..." He choked past the swelling sob. "Why is this happening?"

The spent bullet was replaced. The clip was once again full. He snapped it back into the weapon. Tony had said he would take care of him. Now those words had an ominous feel rather than one of assurance.

Charles dragged a cushioned chair over close to the bedside lamp and sat down, the handgun gripped lightly in hand and resting on his leg. The lamp was the only light on in the hotel room, putting off a dim glow and chasing shadows into the corners. Charles reached over and turned off the lamp, casting the room into total darkness, but for the city lights pressing around the edges of the heavy blinds closed down over the windows.

He sat in the darkness, waiting. And thinking.

Was it possible that Sabrina could've gone so far as to put a hit out on him? It was unfathomable. *His* wife? Now Celine he could believe...but Sabrina? It just wasn't in her to even contemplate such a thing. Try as he might, he just couldn't bring himself to believe that what Owen Briggs had said was true.

And yet here he sat. Waiting for Tony's cleanup crew. Expecting the worst.

When the knock on the door finally came, Charles' hand tightened around the weapon as his pulse steadily quickened.

"Come in."

Chapter 19

TO MY READERS: I've had to do some mild revising, thus having to remove some chapters and then re-posting. I've taken out the majority of the scenes with Jericho and Jackson from this main story BUT am posting them in a separate stand alone piece titled "Jackson's Punishment". I understand that, for some, homosexual related content is unappealing or offensive, and this way those who wish to read this story without wishing to read that part of it can do so. And those who wish to read the detailed events between Jericho and Jackson can do so as well. I know I can't please everyone, all the time, but I will do my best to please as many of my readers as I can, as much as I can :) If I have offended anyone with the scenes I wrote involving Jericho and Jackson, then I apologize. I certainly didn't mean to. I hope this new setup of the story will be more approachable for all. Thank you all for reading :)

Real, unmitigated fear was a foreign notion to him. Even as a child he had never experienced that raw, teeth-chattering fear nearly all children suffer at some time or another. It had just never been present within him.

Until now.

The huge man's wet tongue slithered across his ear like a slimy reptile as the two men who had brought him here climbed back in their car and sped away, clearly glad to be going. Watching their taillights fade into the dreary night, leaving him alone with his new captor, Jackson was introduced to the mind chilling fear he had evaded all his life. Had he been given the choice, he would have opted for whatever torture the two men might have brought down on him - as opposed to being left here to an unimaginable, vile fate.

"You scuffed Sammy's beautiful face." The man murmured heavily in his ear. His hot breath plumed against Jackson's neck, making his skin crawl. One of his strong hands reached around and gripped Jackson's cock in his fist, squeezing just hard enough to make Jackson wince in pain. "You're gonna pay for that."

The man's other hand held his throat from behind, positioned perfectly to snap his neck if he back talked or struggled. Jackson clenched his jaw as a shudder ran down his naked body. The storm was swelling again, the wind beginning to whip raindrops against his chilled skin in tiny stinging bites. His cock throbbed as the pressure around it held. The man was grinding his crotch against the small of Jackson's back, his hard dick gouging at him uncomfortably.

"You like to ass fuck?" The man's lips moved against Jackson's ear, caressing it. The cock pressed into his back jumped and ground against him harder. "I like to ass fuck. I want Sammy...but I'll take you for now." His hot, slick tongue stabbed into Jackson's ear and his voice grew heavy with lust as he groaned deeply, "I'm gonna tear you a new one, cowboy."

Jackson was suddenly spun around facing the monstrous man. Everything went black in an instant as a granite fist hit him hard in the jaw. The last thing he registered before fading out entirely was his body sagging into the man's arms and being hoisted up on his shoulder. His last conscious thought was to pray for death to take him before this sick, twisted pervert fucked him five ways from Sunday.

"Mr. Briggs?"

Owen flinched at the sudden voice and raised his head from his hands. He stood quickly, towering over the short Asian doctor, yet felt only half the man's size, helpless and weak.

"I'm Dr. Kwon." He wore a long white lab coat that made him appear shorted than he was. Owen felt like a tidal wave hovering above the man, threatening to crash down with the slightest unwelcome news.

"My...my wife?" Owen trembled. His fists flexed anxiously at his sides.

"She's going to be fine." Kwon assured. "She's had a particularly difficult miscarriage. Lost a lot of blood. But she's stable and recovering."

Owen sank unsteadily back down in the chair.

"Mr. Briggs." Kwon started again, a note of caution in his voice. "When I examined your wife, there was evidence of forced sexual activity." He paused briefly as Owen's anguished eyes met the doctor's stare. "Was your wife recently raped?"

Tears burned Owen's eyes. He looked away and dropped his head in his hands once more, hard sobs shaking his body. "Yes." He choked out thickly. "Tonight."

A measure of sympathy touched Kwon's voice. "It's our policy in rape cases to have an officer come in and speak with you."

Owen lifted his head and cleared his throat, swiping his hand across his eyes. "I understand." He stood slowly, his knees shaky. "Can I see my wife?"

"Of course." Kwon nodded. "But she's weak and she needs her rest, so it's best if she doesn't try to talk too much just yet."

Owen nodded, the anxiety from the night's events twisting his guts into painful knots.

The light from the hallway sliced through the dark of the hotel room as the door opened a few inches. Charles' fist squeezed the handgun, imprinting his palm with the pattern of the handle.

"Mr. Braxton?" The deep voice resonated from behind the partially open door. The lack of trust was clearly mutual and the newcomers felt no comfort entering a dark room.

"Come in." Charles said again. He raised the gun and cocked the hammer, the sound of the simple action a harrowing echo to anyone not in possession of the weapon.

"Mr. Braxton, we're here for a clean up." The deep voice spoke low, even, calm. But Charles didn't trust it. Not after his enlightening conversation with Owen Briggs. "Please lower your weapon."

Charles stood slowly, holding the gun out in front of him. "Come inside."

The door pushed open wider and a tall figure filled the doorway. Another stood behind him, slightly shorter but stocky. Charles kept his eyes on the men as he reached over and snapped on the lamp. The faces of the men were surprisingly appealing and didn't seem to fit the persona of henchmen.

"If you're here for clean up." Charles said, holding the gun steady. "Then you don't need me to hang around and won't mind if I take my leave."

The taller of the two men raised his hands and shrugged. "As you wish. Whatever makes you comfortable."

Charles motioned with the gun for the men to move deeper into the room. They followed his leading as he slowly worked his way around to the door.

"No worries, Mr. Braxton." The tall man smiled charmingly. "We'll take care of everything."

Charles nodded slowly as he stepped backwards out the door. "Very good." He closed the door, quickly concealed the weapon and hurried down the hall.

The limo driver snapped to attention when he saw Charles coming out of the hotel lobby. He had the door open before Charles reached the car.

"The airport." Charles barked at the driver.

"No! Are you serious?"

Charles' head snapped around at the sound of the woman's frustrated, distraught voice. She was tall and slender, wearing a tight black dress that nicely accentuated every curve of her sexy body. She was at the curb, trying to hail a cab, all of which seemed to be ignoring her. Something Charles couldn't fathom. Her long blond hair lifted and flowed in the breeze of the traffic. Something about her reminded Charles of Celine. He stepped towards her.

"Miss? Can I help?"

The woman turned, startled. "What?"

"Do you need a ride somewhere?" Charles asked, indicating the limo. "I have plenty of room."

She glanced quickly back at the moving traffic then back to Charles. She smiled uncertainly. "Uh...yes. I am so late for a flight."

"Perfect." Charles smiled. "I'm headed to the airport myself. Please, join me."

The woman hesitated only a moment before nodding and flashing Charles a lovely smile. "Thank you so much." She slid inside the limo as Charles stepped back.

"You're quite welcome." Charles's eyes slid over her tight little ass as she stepped through the door. His previous concerns of Tony's motives were wiped away in a sudden rush of lust and desire. He was still high from the rush of shooting Celine and now that Tony's men were no longer a threat, he was overwhelmed with the desperate need to fuck.

When they were both settled in, Charles nodded at the driver then closed the heavily tinted window between the front and rear partitions of the car.

"I can't thank you enough." The woman flashed him another smile that made his cock throb and balls tingle. "How can I repay you?"

Charles stared at her, a smile playing at the corner of his mouth. "Don't worry about it. It's my treat." It was usually best to play the chivalrous gentleman than the horny playboy. Women seemed to respond much better, and were usually quicker to spread their legs when they were treated with respect.

"Well, surely there's *something* I can do." The woman's hand slid up his thigh. "I believe in paying my own way."

Charles gazed at her with interest. He had certainly planned on fucking her before they reached the airport, but he hadn't known it was gong to be this easy. "Show me what you can do." Charles murmured.

The woman smiled with seduction and rubbed her hands over his crotch then unfastened his pants. She scooted down on her knees between his legs and tugged his thick, hard cock from its confines and gripped it with both hands, one on top of the other, and began to twist and stroke in opposite directions, up and down his solid shaft.

"Fuck..." Charles breathed out unsteadily. Her hands were like silk, sliding around his cock, the opposite frictions making his head spin.

She covered his cockhead with her hot mouth and sucked firmly as her hands continued to work his dick. Her wet tongue slid all over the head of his dick, tantalizing his senses. Even Celine hadn't been this good.

"Suck it." Charles groaned thickly. "Suck my cock."

The woman's wet, smooth mouth drew his cockhead in deeper, squeezing it firmly as she sucked his cock in until the head was nudging the back of her throat. Her whole mouth suctioned to his dick and created a vacuum sensation unlike anything he had ever felt before.

"Oh fuck!" Charles gasped and gripped the edge of the seat on each side of him.

The woman was taking his dick in deeper, as if she meant to swallow it, slowly pushing her mouth down on his shaft without gagging until her lips were touching his course pubic hair. She held him in deep like that, sucking him with such pressure he thought his dick might come off.

He leaned his head back on the seat and closed his eyes tight, his breath ragged and uneven. He'd never been sucked like this before, taken in this deep. A fierce shudder ran through him when she began to stroke him, keeping the same pressure and suction, her mouth moving up and down his prick.

"Oh my god." Charles trembled, his whole body shaking with both anguish and ecstasy. His hard balls were sucking up against him and tingling maddeningly. "Oh fuck...I'm gonna cum."

His cock was slowly drawn back deep into her throat as she sucked him with enough force to pull the cum from his balls. Charles' fingers dug into the edge of the seat as he yelled hoarsely and came so hard he saw sparkles and stars at the edge of his vision.

The woman took his load but didn't release his dick. She continued to suck him until he was hard again, which only seemed to take moments. When she finally pulled her mouth off his cock, it was standing stiff and thick once more, his balls already refilling.

He watched through bleary eyes as she peeled off her dress and knelt before him naked but for her dark, thigh high nylon stockings. Her tongue slid out over her luscious lips as she gave him a look that nearly made him cum again right then and there. She turned slowly, her body seeming to flow with each movement as she

positioned herself on her hands and knees before him.

Charles stared hungrily at her firm ass and glistening pussy. He dropped onto his knees behind her and gripped her ass cheeks in his hands. He leaned down and sucked and bit her ass then sucked at her pussy like a starving man. The woman moaned loudly when he spread her open and tongue fucked her fast and hard, stabbing her wet, tight hole.

Panting hard, Charles raised up and gripped her slender hips, pulling her pussy back onto his cock. The swollen head squeezed through the first layer of her pussy flesh, popping inside. He gasped as her hot body sucked at him, her inner muscles flexing and squeezing. He pushed in deeper, savoring the feel of his thick dick passing through each layer of her pussy until her tight ass was pressed up against him and his cockhead was rubbing the bottom of her juicy hole.

He shuddered as her pussy canal squeezed his cock as forcefully as her mouth had done. He drew out to the head and thrust back in, using his whole dick. He repeated the thrust, again and again, faster, harder. Sweat dampened his body as he panted and grunted and fucked her wildly.

The taste of his cum was in her mouth. He didn't taste bad. She moaned loud and thrust her pussy back on his cock. His fingers dug into her hips as he fucked her with urgency, his swollen dick ramming her pussy. He was good at fucking. So was she.

She always gave them one last great fuck. Much like a condemned prisoner's last meal. She believed even the worst of men deserved one more good fucking before they checked out.

She smiled and fucked the man with enthusiasm. His cock filled her up nicely.

Karma loved big cock.

Chapter 20

Night pressed heavily at the large windows. Rain ticked and splattered in a non-stop assault as the strong wind whipped it against the glass.

An emptiness hollowed out Sabrina's chest. Too much had happened too suddenly and her mind was struggling to deal with it, piece it all together and figure out how it fit. The only good thing in this nightmare that had somehow become her life - was Owen.

As if he had been cued, the door opened and Owen entered. She didn't have to look to know it was him. She'd grown familiar with the sound of his footsteps, his strong stride. And the way her heart just seemed to know when he was near, even when her mind didn't.

He grasp her right hand in both his, his warm, strong fingers closing around it. Her eyes closed briefly as the warmth spread throughout her body, easing her physical and mental anguish. A tear slid down her cheek. His warm lips kissed it away.

"Sabrina." A tightness squeezed his masculine voice, resonating a fear that she felt responsible for. She had suffered more than her share in this night alone, but Owen had suffered as much or more. He was the innocent bystander riddled with the shrapnel of this chaotic battle. A battle between her and her sister that she hadn't even known was raging...until it was too late.

"Sabrina. Baby, it's me."

Sabrina opened her eyes slowly. Her head felt heavy as she turned to him. His handsome face gazed at her, tight with tension and fear. But a deeper emotion overshadowed the worry, enhanced the warmth inside her and chased away the chill of that awful night.

"I love the way it sounds." Sabrina whispered, gazing softly at Owen.

"The way what sounds, baby?" Owen asked thickly, squeezing her hand gently.

Sabrina drew her hand from his and touched his face, tracing her fingertips over his lips. "My name on your lips."

Owens eyes glistened. He smiled. "I love the way it sounds too, baby." He leaned over and kissed her mouth, then took hold of her hand again.

"Did...did you talk to the doctor?" Sabrina whispered.

Owen drew up a chair and sat down. "Yeah. I did."

Sabrina bit her lower lip as fresh tears filled her eyes. "It wasn't yours, Owen. It couldn't have been...not yet."

"I know." Owen pressed his lips to the back of her hand.

Tears slid down Sabrina's cheeks. "I...I feel relieved." She choked out over a sob. "God, Owen, what kind of person does that make me? To feel relieved that I'm not...that I'm not going to have another man's baby? How horrible does a woman have to be to feel relief that she...she lost her child?"

A fit of violent sobs overwhelmed her. Owen left the chair and pulled her into his arms, holding her tight against his warm, strong body.

"Don't do this, Sabrina." He murmured against her hair. "It was God's choice to take the baby. You didn't give it up."

"But how can I feel..." She choked on a sob and buried her face in his throat.

"Answer me something, baby." Owen whispered, holding her securely. "Would you have loved this baby if it had been born?"

Sabrina trembled in his arms. "God, yes."

"Would you have resented it because it wasn't mine? Because it belonged to a man you didn't love?"

Hard sobs shuddered through her. "No. Never."

"Then that's all that matters." He told her softly. "There are a lot of awful, horrible people in this world." He drew back and lifted her chin so he could look in her eyes. "But *you*, my darling Sabrina, are *not* one of them." He dipped his head and kissed her lips.

"I love you, Owen Briggs." She trembled against his mouth. "I've always loved you."

"I love you too." Owen kissed her again, more deeply. Sabrina could feel the passion in him flaring even now. She also felt him resist it and pull it back, knowing this was not the time or place.

The door opened suddenly, drawing both their attention. Dr. Kwon stepped in. "The officer's here to speak with you."

Owen nodded. "Can you give us just a minute before you send him in?"

"Of course." Kwon stepped out, closing the door.

Sabrina tensed in Owen's arms. "What officer?"

"It's all right." Owen assured her. "He just wants to ask us about what happened tonight."

"They have to do it right now?" Nausea pinched Sabrina's stomach. The last thing she wanted to do was recount the night's horrifying events.

"Apparently so." Owen looked down at her, his eyes sober, serious. "I need you to do something for me."

"I would do anything for you, Owen."

Owen drew in a deep breath and released it slow. "I need you to tell the cop that you don't know who...attacked you. Tell the cop the man was wearing a mask."

"Okay." Sabrina said slowly, frowning. "But why do I need to lie?"

Owen cleared his throat. "Jackson has been dealt with. He can't be implicated in this. If he is...the cops will start looking for him. And when they can't find any trace of him..."

"They might look to you as a suspect." It wasn't a question. Owen would be their prime suspect when the man who raped his wife suddenly disappeared. She met his eyes. "Then I'll lie."

"Why are we going back to the guy's house?" Sammy was still visibly on edge from their encounter with Jericho, every now and then a shudder running through him as if he were trying to physically shed the unsavory sensations left behind.

Though amused, Tony pitied the younger man. Nothing like a huge beast of man wanting to get his cock in you to undermine a young man's masculinity.

"I made a promise." Tony said.

Sammy glanced at him as they pulled up to the old fence that wrapped the grungy yard. He followed Tony's eyes to the mangy dog laying half out of its dog house. Sammy began to shake his head slowly.

"Oh, no fucking way." He rubbed his hand over his mouth and shot Tony with a hard stare. "Are you fucking kidding me? That thing hates me."

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Sammy snorted. "This night just keeps getting better and better."

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"Marry me." The words shuddered off his lips before he realized they were there, but he had no desire to draw them back.

Tears glistened in Sabrina's eyes. "And Celine?"

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Owen smiled and slid his arms around her, hugging her tight against his chest. "To hell indeed."

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Chapter 21

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"Didn't Tony call for a clean sweep?" The short, stout man went to the bed and looked at the woman.

"DonÂ´t worry about Mr. Braxton, Ian." Ace said absently. "HeÂ´s taken care of."

Ian glanced over his shoulder at the taller man. "Karma?" He raised an eyebrow.

Ace nodded and looked around, then settled his attention on the body on the bed. "Is it clean?"

Pressing two fingers beneath the curve of the womanÂ´s jaw, Ian held them in place a moment then withdrew his hand. "It's clean."

Karma straddled Braxton's hips and rode his cock with enthusiasm. Her full, beautiful tits bounced in his face. His hands gripped her ass tightly and moved her up and down on his shaft.

"Oh fuck yeah, baby." Braxton panted hard. "Get it, girl. Get this cock."

Karma moaned loud, whimpered and cried out as she arched her back and worked her pussy on his member. They liked it when the woman made noise, made them feel like they were getting the job done. Not that Braxton wasn't getting the job done. Her moans and cries weren't forced. He knew what he was doing.

He laid her back on the floor of the limo and held her knees in the crooks of his arm as he fucked her deep and hard. His cock was like a steel rod. He'd already cum once, but he hadn't went down. The man was insatiable. But Karma had yet to meet a man she couldn't handle.

"Yes!" Braxton grunted hard and he slammed his cock into her, hitting bottom with force. "Fuck! Baby, give it to me! Give it to me!"

Karma fucked him back, thrusting her hips up to him, pumping her pussy on his cock.

"God, I love a horny bitch!" Braxton growled, gripping her legs and pulling her onto his cock forcefully. His body slapped against hers as his face twisted with sexual agony. He began to howl with the intensity of a powerful orgasm, then drove his cock in hard and held it as his back arched and he yelled out loud, bursting inside her, filling her with more cum than most men excreted in two or three ejaculations.

"Oh fuck." He gasped hard when the orgasm released him. He dropped back against the seat, his cock slipping from her full pussy. It remained firm and heavy, laying up against his heaving stomach.

Karma scooted up beside him, rubbing her hot, damp tits against his chest. He grinned and played with her hard nipples. She rubbed her hand up and down his cock.

"Suck it again." Braxton said breathlessly as he gripped the back of her head and gently but firmly pushed her mouth down to his wet cock.

Karma took his cock in her hand then sucked it into her mouth. She could taste herself on him, but she had tasted herself many times on men's cocks. She liked the taste of her own heat. Braxton leaned his head back and closed his eyes, groaning thickly. His chest rose and fell as his hand rested on the back of her head, holding her on his cock.

"Damn, baby, your mouth was made for cock sucking." He thrust his dick into her mouth, moving her head up and down on it. "Oh my god...my cock could live in your mouth. Maybe one day I'll invite you out to my mansion and you can spend days on end fucking and sucking me. How's that sound, honey girl?"

Karma moaned around his cock.

"Yeah, baby...I'd love to fuck you in my large bed."

Karma raised her head, drawing her mouth off his cock. "You're not married?"

Braxton grinned, his eyes were beginning to droop from sexual exhaustion. "Sabrina? Shit, I've been fucking around on Sabrina since before we were married. She's not a problem."

"Good." Karma smiled. "Some wives can be such bitches to the women their husbands are fucking."

Braxton chuckled. Karma's phone vibrated in her small black purse. She retrieved it and read the new text message. A smile pulled at the corner of her mouth as she closed the phone and put it away.

"A boyfriend?" Braxton asked.

Karma shrugged. "Something like that." She nuzzled his neck, licking his damp skin. "Not important."

Braxton drew in a deep breath and released a sigh. "We're almost to the airport." He said reluctantly. "We should get dressed."

Karma drew back as Braxton scooted up on the seat and slipped back into his shirt then tugged on his pants. He leaned against the back of the seat and began fastening his shirt buttons. Karma dressed and sat on the seat next to him. She slipped one hand into her purse as she combed her fingers through his hair with the other.

"Want to know a secret." She murmured close to his ear.

The limo pulled to a stop. The driver's voice came over the small intercom announcing their arrival at the airport. Braxton pressed a button on the roof. "One moment." He smiled at Karma and raised an eyebrow. "Sure. Why not."

Karma kissed his ear softly, sliding her tongue around the perimeter. "That woman you shot?" She whispered. "She's waiting for you in hell."

A sudden tension gripped Braxton and he jerked away from her, looking at her hard. "What the fuck did you say?"

Karma smiled coolly. "Is something wrong, Mr. Braxton?"

"Who the fuck are you? How do you know my name?"

Karma slowly withdrew her hand from her purse, bringing with it a very small handgun. "My momma named me Carmen. But my special friends call me Karma."

Braxton stared at her uncertainly, even fearfully. "Special...friends?"

Karma slowly raised her hand, bringing the gun into view. A slow smile curved her sensuous lips.

Braxton's chest heaved as he whispered thickly, "Tony." The name dissipating in the sudden soft gunshot.

The intercom came alive. "Sir? What was that?"

Karma kissed two fingers and pressed them to Charles Braxton's dead lips. "It's been fun, baby." She murmured. "You were a great fuck."

Karma opened the door and stepped out, walking away through the crowd as the limo driver's door flung open and he rushed to the back. She reached up, peeled off her blond wig and tossed it into a trash can then slid into the backseat of a black car idling at the curb.

She glanced out the rear tinted window as the car pulled away. The limo driver was searching the crowd as he stood at the open rear door of the limo. She turned away and smiled, ruffling her hand through her short black hair.

"When can I go home?"

Owen squeezed Sabrina's hand, kissed it softly. "Tomorrow, baby. The doctor just wants to keep you overnight for observation."

"I wish we were home, in our bed together." Sabrina whispered.

Owen smiled and pressed his lips to her hand again. "You know we couldn't make love."

"I know." Sabrina gazed at him and she could feel the love pouring from her own eyes. "But you could still hold me."

A troubled look skittered across Owen's face. "Are you sure you can even sleep in that bed again, after...Jackson..."

"That's *our* bed, Owen." She spoke softly, tears in her eyes. "And the more we make love in it...the more it will wash away what Jackson did there."

It broke her heart to watch the tears slide down Owen's beautiful face. She wondered if he would ever fully get over the guilt he felt for what happened to her. She longed to be able to make him understand that he was in no way at fault, that he was the only truly innocent one in all this insanity.

Chapter 22

A bitter chill clung to the air inside the house. Owen pressed his hand lightly against Sabrina's lower back and guided her to the doorway of the living room. He felt the tension enter her body the moment they stepped through the front door, and wondered if she would ever truly feel safe and secure in this house again. If not, they would move. Simple as that. He loved the ranch, but it was just property, just buildings. It could all be replaced. Sabrina's sense of well being took precedence over everything else.

"I'll build a fire." He said quietly as he moved into the living room and went to the fireplace. As he squatted down by the hearth, he glanced back at her. She remained in the doorway, arms wrapped around herself. Her pretty face was tight, though she was trying to hide her anxiety. When she caught him looking, she forced a smile.

"It's good to be home." She said softly, but she clearly wasn't feeling her words. And how could he expect her to? Yet, the natural way that she called this 'home' still filled him with joy and peace of mind. Just as he had so easily called her his wife at the hospital. This was meant to be, and they both knew it.

Owen went about building a fire, gathering newspaper and kindling. When he stood up to grab the box of matches from the mantle, he realized Sabrina was gone from the doorway. His face tightened with worry. He didn't want her going back to the bedroom alone. Not the first time back in the house.

He quickly lit the fire, made sure it was going well, then went to find her.

Sabrina hugged herself tightly as she stared at the closed door of the bedroom. She forced back the images of the events that took place in there, and gripped the door handle, twisting slowly. She opened the door and stared into the room.

The light was still on from the previous night. And the blankets on the bed still messed and crumpled. Sabrina's pulse quickened. The ties Jackson had used to fasten her hands to the headboard were still there. She began to shake and hugged herself again. Her eyes burned as the images began to rush back in.

She cried out when hands gripped her shoulder, and spun around quick. Owen grabbed her and pulled her against him, drawing her back out of the room, closing the door. She clung to him, crying.

"You shouldn't have went in there." He said tightly. "I haven't even back here since last night."

He led her back downstairs to the living room and sat her on the sofa..

"We'll sleep down here, in the guest bedroom." He said softly, stroking her wet face. "I don't even want you going in that room, not for a few days anyway. Just get comfortable being in the house again."

Sabrina sniffed and wiped her eyes. Her hands trembled in her lap. "Do you think...everything will ever really be okay again?" She raised her wet eyes to his. "Will our lives ever really be whole, Owen? Is it even possible?"

Owen slid his arms around her and held her tight against his chest. He closed his eyes and pressed his lips to her hair. She felt his comfort, the assurance of his arms...but there were no words telling her it would be all right.

This is my life and it can't be fixed.

Owen held Sabrina tight against him, his lips touching her hair, and stared blankly at the fire as the image of the shattered vase on the church floor filled his mind. They had both spoken words of encouragement and hope to each other at the hospital, but now, back in this house, back in this life...Owen felt an anxiety creeping back in. He wanted to believe their life could be good, that it could be their own. But though he believed Tony would deal with Charles Braxton...what about Celine? She wasn't the kind of woman to just back off and leave them be. After what she had deliberately done to her own sister, she would make it her life mission to make their lives hell.

Owen squeezed his eyes shut. He wished the woman were dead. *God forgive me, but I do*. He waited for the guilt of his thoughts, but it never came.

Drawing back, Owen lifted Sabrina's face. "Do you want to lie down while I fix us some dinner?"

She shook her head slowly. "I don't want to be in another bed right now, unless you're in it with me."

Owen smiled and kissed her softly. "Does that mean you'll help me make dinner?" He smiled.

"That it does." She murmured and kissed his lips again.

They fixed a simple meal and ate in the living room on the sofa, just watching the fire, not talking much but just enjoying being together with no secrets between them.

When they were finished, Owen took their dishes back tot eh kitchen then returned, sitting next to Sabrina, holding her close. She intertwined her fingers through his and he found a strangely powerful comfort in that simple touch.

"Everything *will* be okay, baby." He murmured. "It will."

Sabrina raised his hands to her lips and kissed them warmly. "What if it's wrong for us to be together?" She whispered thickly. "What if it's wrong in God's eyes, and doesn't bless us?" She kissed his hands again as tears slid down her face. "What if He never lets us have a baby?"

Owen turned her to face him and caressed her face softly with his fingertips. "This is right, Sabrina. Us, right here, right now. Together." He kissed her forehead. "It was our former lives that were wrong. That were never meant to be." He kissed her lips. "We were *always* meant to be together. I will always believe that." He kissed her again. "We haven't done anything wrong. And I believe God will find a way to show us that this is where He wants us, that our being together is blessed in His sight."

Sabrina smiled and pressed her face against his warm throat, kissing his tender skin. "I wish we could make love." She whispered. "I want to be with you so much right now."

His arms tightened around her. "I want that too." He said thickly. "But soon, baby."

"I feel like..." Sabrina's voice thickened with tears. "I feel like we haven't even really made love yet. Not you and I." She drew back and gazed into his blue eyes. "Do you know what I mean?"

He nodded slowly. "Yeah. I do."

Sabrina gazed at him for a long moment, then whispered, "I want our first real time together... to be as husband and wife."

He smiled, kissing her mouth. "I want that too." He laughed softly. "But we better do it soon, because as soon as I can make love to you...I really don't think I would be able to resist."

"Me neither." She smiled.

When they finally went to bed, Sabrina wore one of Owen's t-shirts and slipped beneath the blankets. She watched Owen undress down to his boxer briefs. She couldn't keep her heart from racing at the sight of him, knowing that everything she saw before her truly belonged to her now. That the heart keeping that body alive...loved *her*. Wanted only her.

Tears burned her eyes as he put his clothes aside and came to the bed. His beautiful eyes drank her in. A tear slipped free and he brushed it away as he slid beneath the covers with her. He kissed her face then her lips.

"What's wrong, baby?" He murmured against her soft lips.

"Nothing." She choked out softly, kissing him back. She stroked his face. "For the first time in my life...nothing is wrong."

He pulled her into his arms and kissed her more deeply as they laid down on the pillows. His warm body pressed firmly to hers and his intense hunger for her couldn't be denied. She ached to give him all he longed for, all she longed for. But they both knew they couldn't go there yet. The miscarriage, even more so than Jackson's abuse, prevented them from making love as they both ached to do so.

Owen groaned into her mouth then drew back away from her and lay on his back, his chest heaving. He raked his hands through his hair and released a shaky breath. Sabrina cuddled up close to him and kissed his chest. He looked down at her, his eyes burning with desire. She met his stare and smiled, then began to drop warm kisses all over his chest then lower to his stomach. Her hand softly caressed down over his fierce erection, confined by his briefs.

His breath caught and his hand covered hers, halting her progress. "You don't have to do this, baby." He groaned, his voice ragged. "If you have to wait, then so can I."

Sabrina kissed his naval. "Hush." Was all she said as she drew her hand from beneath his and slipped it down inside his briefs, wrapped her fingers around his hard flesh and worked at him as she continued to kiss lower down his stomach.

"Oh god." Owen shuddered, his breath quick.

Sabrina moved in between his legs and tugged down the front of his briefs, releasing his throbbing cock. She took it in both hands, stroking him with a spiral motion, inciting gasps and deep groans from him.

"Baby..." He gasped. "Are you sure you're...you're ready to be doing this? I don't expect you to..."

"Stop talking, Owen." Sabrina whispered as she licked her tongue across the surface of his cock head, making him flinch. "Nothing I do with you, or to you, will bring back bad memories. So just relax...and enjoy. You more than deserve this."

Owen groaned and smiled, combing his fingers through her hair as she covered the plump head of his dick with her warm mouth and began taking him in deeper and deeper.

"Fuck..." He shuddered.

Sabrina squeezed his hard shaft with her whole mouth, pulling him into her throat, sucking him hungrily. His body trembled beneath her lovin' and it excited her to excite him. She slowly began to stroke her mouth up and down his cock, applying adequate pressure. Owen was beginning to pant and his fingertips pressed into her scalp.

"Oh god, baby, yes..." He trembled hard. He lifted his hips, pressing his dick into her mouth as she worked on him. He began to thrust with her stroking, his breath puffing from between his lips. "Please..." He begged with a shuddery gasp. "Oh god, please...don't stop..."

Sabrina had no intentions of stopping. After all Owen had went through, this was just a mere taste of what he deserved. And she would take great pleasure spending the rest of her life giving him all he deserved and more.

She massaged his scrotum with one hand while she sucked and stroked him with more urgency, feeling the tension beginning to grip his body.

"Oh my god!" Owen gasp sharply, gripping her head more firmly. "Oh fuck, baby!"

Sabrina sucked him harder, faster, pumping his cock with her mouth.

A strangled cry ripped from him. "Fuck! Baby! I'm gonna cum!"

His shaft thickened in her mouth and she knew he was right there. She stroked him with more hunger, wanting his fluid love, starving for him in every way. Another fierce, strangled cry erupted out of him as he released her head and clawed the sheets, his jaw clenching hard as his orgasm burst, squirting hot cum down her throat.

Sabrina sucked and stroked, drinking his love, drawing out every drop. Owen clutched the sheets in fistfuls, panting hard, his chest heaving as Sabrina took all he had to give. And only when the tension began to release him did she moved back up beside him. He grabbed her and kissed her hard, rolling them over, covering her with his strong body.

His hot mouth moved to her throat, biting and sucking her warm, tender skin. Tears streamed from her eyes. "I love you, Owen." She cried softly. "I love you so much."

He grabbed her mouth again in a kind of desperation that overwhelmed her, kissing her with so much love and passion that she felt intoxicated. "I love you." He gasped into her mouth, panting hard. "I love you, Sabrina. I love you so much."

He ravaged her mouth, and then her body, setting her on fire. She knew knew he couldn't take her all the way, but she didn't care. Soon he would be able to put the fire out, and until then she didn't mind burning alive beneath his fiery touch and scalding kisses.

Chapter 23

Owen came awake to the ringing of the phone. Sabrina was cuddled against his body, her head on his chest, asleep. She stirred as he moved, but didn't wake. He grabbed the phone and answered it before the ringing could disturb her peaceful sleep.

"Hello?" Owen's voice was thick with sleep.

"Hello." A male voice came through from the other end. "May I speak with Celine Briggs?"

Owen frowned and glanced at Sabrina still fast asleep. It took a moment for his mind to clear. "She's...still asleep." Owen said slowly. "This is her husband. Can I help you?"

There was a pause on the line, then, "This is Detective Riley from the New York police department."

Owen's guts tightened and cramped. The *New York* police? "What is this about?" Owen asked cautiously, quietly. He glanced at Sabrina again then slid out from under her and left the bed. He was still naked and grabbed his jeans as he went to the bedroom door and slipped out into the hall.

The detective hesitated then offered reluctantly, "Your wife's sister - Sabrina Braxton - was found dead in her hotel room this morning. Gun shot...to the head."

Though the real Sabrina lay safe and asleep in his bed, just hearing the detective speak her name, say she was dead...it filled him with a crippling sickness and dread.

"I...I don't understand." Owen spoke low, unsteady. "She was...murdered?" Owen's mind was spinning. Had Tony somehow... "And her husband...Charles Braxton?"

"Mr. Braxton was found shot in the back of his limousine. It seems Mr. Braxton had given a woman a ride to the airport, according to the limo driver. But the driver didn't get a look at her. He heard the gunshot but the woman was already out of the car and gone before the driver saw her."

Owen frowned. "A woman shot him?"

"According to the driver."

"And...Sabrina? Was she the one who..."

"The thing is." Riley stated slowly. "The bullet that killed Sabrina Braxton...matches Charles Braxton's gun, which he had on him when his body was discovered."

Owen frowned and shook his head slowly. What the hell? "*Charles* shot Sabrina?"

"It appears that way." Riley said. "But this is an ongoing investigation and we're still gathering facts."

Owen spoke with the detective a few more minutes then went to the kitchen. He set the cordless phone on the counter and tugged on his jeans. It was still dark outside but the clock read 4:45. He fixed a fresh pot of coffee as his mind raced. Had Charles *really* shot Celine? Or had it merely been set up to look that way? When Owen had asked Tony about Charles and Celine, the man had simply said Karma would take care of it. He wondered now what exactly Tony had meant by that.

Owen returned to the bedroom, shed his jeans and slid back under the blankets with Sabrina.

"Where'd you go?" She murmured through her sleep.

"Nowhere, baby." He kissed her hair and laid back on the pillows, staring at the ceiling. Sabrina cuddled up to him once more and laid her head on his chest, quickly sinking back into sleep. He stroked her hair with his fingertips.

Am I supposed to feel bad, God? He asked silently as his entire marriage flashed behind his eyes, scene by scene, heartache by heartache, betrayal by betrayal. Images of Jackson rose in their place. Jackson raping Sabrina right here in this house. In Owen's own home. Celine had handed Sabrina over to the bastard in payment for her own debts.

"Forgive me, Lord, if I don't get choked up." Owen whispered tightly. He looked down at Sabrina sleeping peacefully on his chest. He stroked her cheek with his fingertips. "We're free, baby." He murmured. "It's over. Rest easy."

Sabrina opened her eyes slowly and reached for Owen. When she touched empty bed, her eyes opened wider. Owen wasn't in bed. She pulled his pillow into her arms and breathed deep, the lingering scent of his cologne still clinging to the pillowcase. She smiled and closed her eyes.

"Lucky pillow." Owen spoke up suddenly from the doorway. He held a steaming cup of coffee in each hand. A incredibly sexy smile danced across his lips, making Sabrina's heart flutter in her chest. "I'm jealous."

Sabrina smiled. "Well, then, come here and take it's place."

Owen grinned and came to the bed. He wore an open button down flannel shirt that exposed his deeply tan, muscular chest, and jeans. He handed her one of the cups and sat on the bed next to her, his back against the headboard and his legs stretched out on top of the blankets, ankles crossed.

Sabrina scooted up to sit beside him. She held the sheet up over her naked breasts with one hand while she sipped her coffee. Owen sipped from his own cup as his hungry eyes lingered on her chest. He set his cup on the bedside stand then reached over and slowly tugged the sheet away from her breasts.

"Shouldn't cover up such a beautiful sight."

Sabrina smiled and held the cup with both hands as Owen gently caressed her full breasts. Her breath quickened a bit as his thumb circled a hard nipple.

"I love how your hands feel." Sabrina murmured as she touched the rim of the cup to her lips and gazed at Owen from beneath her thick lashes.

"My hands love to feel you." He smiled and leaned in to kiss her neck. He squeezed her breast more firmly and sucked at the tender skin of her neck.

"Owen..." Sabrina moaned. She set her cup aside and gripped the back of his head.

Owen's mouth moved lower to her breasts. He tugged at her stiff nipples with his strong lips, moving from one to the other, sucking, biting gently, igniting the fire inside her.

"Oh god, Owen..." She shuddered. "You don't play fair."

Owen lifted his head and gazes at her with heavy, heated eyes. "Do you want me to stop?"

"Never." Sabrina breathed and smiled.

Pleased by her answer, Owen pulled her down lower in the bed and began to taste every inch of each breast, licking up between them, underneath each swell of flesh, biting and sucking her nipples. Sabrina gasped and clutched at him. Her inner core ached fiercely, painfully, as her body cried out to be taken by Owen.

Her hands grabbed desperately at the fly of Owen's jeans. She could feel his raging hardness beneath the course material. Owen dropped one hand down and helped her unfasten his pants as he panted against her heaving breasts. He gasped hard when her hands tugged loose his throbbing erection and began to stroke him firmly. The plump head was already leaking juices and Sabrina used them to lubricate the thick shaft as she stroked him with more urgency.

"Oh fuck, baby." He gasped around a hard nipple as he thrust his cock through her hands. "Oh my god, I want to be inside you so bad."

Sabrina gripped his shoulders and shoved him over onto his back. She left the blankets and knelt between his legs, wearing only silky pajama shorts. She grabbed his jeans and tugged them down his legs as he kicked them off. His chest rose and fell rapidly as he watched her slide her hands up his legs then lean in drag her tongue up the underside of his dick.

"Oh my god." He shuddered violently.

She engulfed his cock in one shot, taking him deep into her throat. Owen swore sharply and clutched the blankets on both sides of him, gasping hard as she began to stroke him and suck him with enthusiasm.

Owen gripped the blankets more fiercely as his jaw clenched. "Oh fuck, baby!" He thrust his cock into her mouth in time with her strokes. "Yes...oh god...your mouth feels so good..."

Sabrina sucked and stroked him until he was panting and groaning erratically. A sudden strangled cry rose in his throat as his cock swelled in her mouth. She worked him with hands and mouth.

"GOD!" Owen cried out fiercely and released.

Sabrina closed her eyes as an intense sexual pleasure rushed through her as she accepted all Owen surrendered to her.

When he began to relax, she moved up beside him and dropped warm kisses on his damp chest. He cupped her face and kissed her deep, passionate, his breath hot and ragged against her lips.

"When you're able, baby." He groaned through their kiss. "I'm gonna pay you back a hundredfold for what you're doing for me now." He kissed her with hunger. "You'll pass out before I'm done with you." He kissed her again. "But I know how to revive you."

Sabrina smiled and touched his face. Her soft lips brushed across his mouth in a light kiss. "I love you."

"I love you too." Owen murmured against her lips, then drew back and gazed at her. Something flicked through his eyes.

"Owen...what is it?" Sabrina asked softly, uncertainly. Something in his eyes was making her insides tighten with anxiety and she didn't know why.

Owen stroked his fingertips across her cheek. "Get dressed." His voice had a veiled tightness to it. "We need to talk."

"Is something wrong?" Fear invaded Sabrina's heart. She knew there was a part of just waiting for everything she loved to be ripped away from her. She didn't know if it was an irrational fear, but it gripped her nonetheless.

Owen kissed her softly. "Just get dressed, baby." He murmured against her lips. "And then we'll talk." Owen left the bed and pulled on his jeans. "Come down to the kitchen when you're dressed." He opened the bedroom door then looked at her. "It'll be okay, baby. Don't worry."

Sabrina nodded slowly. He left the room and closed the door behind. The anxiety inside her remained. She was certain Owen wouldn't let anything tear them apart now, but there was clear unrest in his eyes when he said they needed to talk.

Leaving the bed, Sabrina began to dress slowly.

Please, God, let everything be okay.

Chapter 24

Though hunger was the last issue on his mind, Owen distracted himself by cooking breakfast for himself and Sabrina. He was certain neither would feel much of an appetite, but still he needed something to do. When Sabrina came downstairs, he would have to tell her about her sister and her husband. Though Sabrina was feeling no love for either of them...it would still be a shock. And there would be a level of grief...at least for he sister. One didn't spend their whole life loving and caring for someone, and not feel the pain of the loss when they were gone. Even if that person had turned out to be someone you really didn't know.

Sabrina entered the kitchen a few minutes later and went to Owen, wrapping her arms around his waist as he stood at the stove. She smiled and kissed his chest. "I've never had a man cook for me before."

A charming smile graced his lips. He kissed her warmly. "Well, it's just one of the many things you're gonna have to get used to as my wife."

Sabrina smiled and moaned, hugging him tighter. "I love how that sounds."

"What?" Owen asked, knowing what she was going to say.

"When you call me your wife."

Owen slid an arm around her shoulder and leaned down for another kiss. "Well, it'll be so soon enough. And in truth...you were always the one meant to be my wife." Owen knew a measure of tension was showing through, despite the pleasant subject.

Drawing back, Sabrina moved slowly around to the end of the counter and watched him. "What did you want to talk to me about?"

Owen glanced at her. "Maybe you should eat first." He dished scrambled eggs onto a plate and added a couple pieces of bacon. He came over and set the plate on the counter before her. "You may not feel much like it afterwards."

Sabrina barely gave her plate a second glance. "What is it, Owen?"

"Eat first." Owen insisted as he fixed his own plate. When she didn't move, he picked up her plate as well and carried both to the small table. He set them down then pulled out a chair and looked at her. "Sit. Eat."

Sabrina just looked at him, concern in her eyes. "Is it about Celine? Or Charles?"

Owen snapped his fingers and pointed at the chair.

Shaking her head slowly, Sabrina approached him. "I'm really not very hungry, Owen. Just tell me what you need to say?"

Taking her arm gently, but firmly, he sat her down in the chair. "Eat." He insisted. "You've eaten anything of consequence in the last few days, at least. You just got out of the hospital, you need sustenance."

Sabrina raised her eyes and gazed at him from beneath her long lashes, a smile playing across her lips. "I got plenty of sustenance from you."

Nodding and smiling, Owen sat down across from her. "Unfortunately, that doesn't count." He looked back at her with a heat in his eyes that instantly set her body, mind and heart on fire. "If I could nourish you that way...baby, you'd never go hungry."

Clearly fighting the urge to lunge across the table and rip away his clothes, Sabrina forced herself to pick up her fork and bring a bite of scrambled eggs to her mouth. As soon as she swallowed the first bite, her appetite kicked in and she realized she was starving - and not just for the man across the table.

Owen watched her, thankful she was eating. Though he was glad to be free of both Celine and Charles, he still dreaded telling her the news. Celine was still her sister...even if Sabrina had seriously considered having her killed. But desperate times called for desperate measures, and he would be the last person to judge her on that. He'd lived long enough with Celine.

He was feeling no pain at the reality of her death.

You reap what you sow...the bible tells me so.

That was good enough for Owen.

Owen's reluctance to just get to the point was making Sabrina anxious, uneasy. Owen took their plates to the sink, even washed and dried them, while she sat patiently at the table, unsure if she wanted to push him to tell her. Was it something she even wanted to hear?

Finally, Owen returned to the table and sat down. He took her hands in his and there an uncertainty in his eyes that put her on edge.

"Owen." She said quietly. "What's wrong? What did you need to tell me?"

He seemed to struggle with finding the right words, then simply said, "Celine...and Charles. They're..." He faltered then added in a near whisper. "They're...dead, Sabrina. Murdered."

Was this what she had been suspecting he had to say? Her breath escaped her as surely as if she'd been punched in the gut. They were *dead?* After all her *plans*, all her intentions...the news still hit her with a physical blow. Without warning, images of her and Celine as children rushed through her head. Despite their inner differences, they had been close, had loved each other dearly. Or so Sabrina had believed. But on the tail of those images, came visions of Jackson and all her own sister had given him free rein to do to her. Even encouraged him to do. She'd hated Sabrina so much that she'd wanted to break her spirit, reduce her to what Celine herself was.

Had it not been for Owen, his love for her...Celine's plan may have worked.

Tears burned in her eyes and she ducked her head. Was she crying for her sister's death? Or for the cold reality that Celine had always hated her and used her final time on this earth to try and destroy the one person who loved her more than anyone else could have?

Owen was at her side, pulling her into his embrace. She slid her arms around his neck and cried into his shoulder. It was over, Celine was gone. And Sabrina would never know if there had ever been a time when her sister had truly loved her.

"Sabrina?" Owen stroked her hair.

She swallowed tightly and gazed blankly at her hands resting on the table. "I don't...I don't know how I'm supposed to feel, Owen."

"Any way you feel is okay, baby." Owen said softly. "I'm not going to be angry at you if you feel regret for either of them being gone. Celine was your sister. And Charles..." Owen seemed to nearly choke on his words. "Charles was your husband...for better or worse."

"For worse." Sabrina whispered thickly then looked at Owen, tears swimming in her eyes. "There was never a *better* with Charles. Not once." She touched Owen's handsome face, then slid her arms around his neck and rested her cheek against his shoulder. "Charles means nothing to me. I don't care if he's dead. Maybe that makes me an awful person...but I don't care."

Owen kissed her hair and held her tighter. "It doesn't make you an awful person, baby. Charles never deserved you. He never did right by you. No one has any right to expect you to grieve for him."

She drew back and Owen gently wiped the tears from her face. "I have to tell you something, Owen. Something I did." Fresh tears welled up. When she actually considered telling Owen what she had planned, how she had went to Tony to have him...

She ducked her head and cried softly. What would Owen think of her? She knew he hated Charles, Jackson, and Celine. Mostly for what they had each done to Sabrina. Still, he saw Sabrina as kind and caring, loving. What would this revelation do to his view of her?

"Sabrina?" Owen spoke low, soft. "Baby, what is it?"

"I..." Sabrina choked back her tears. "I don't want you to think badly of me, Owen." She stroked his face and cried softly. "You're all I have in this world. If you ever left me..."

"That cannot happen." Owen said firmly. "I've loved you since the moment our eyes first met...I'm not going anywhere, baby. I promise."

Sabrina met his blue eyes and basked in the love that resonated from their depths. She licked her lips slowly. Her voice shook badly as she whispered, "I hired Tony to...to kill them."

Spoken aloud, the words, the confession, sounded horrifying. She shuddered and covered her face with her hands and broke down. The fact that she had backed out of the deal made no difference - she had still went there. Had still crossed that line.

Owen's arms slid around her once more and pulled her tight against his strong, warm body. He kissed her hair and murmured simply, "I know." His arms squeezed her tighter. "And I don't give a fuck, baby." He kissed her hair again. "To hell with them. They deserve what they got...all of them."

Images of Jackson swelled in Sabrina's mind. Had Tony killed him? Though Owen gave up no details, she was certain Tony was the one who had disposed of Jackson...not Owen. And Tony wasn't a man to take a man out before he'd paid his dues.

What kind of hell would Jackson endure before he begged for death and got it?

God, please, Sabrina's face tightened as Owen held her securely. *Please let him suffer the same hell he put me through.*

Chapter 25

"I want to offer my most sincere condolences, Mrs. Briggs." Abbott Landers held Sabrina's hand between both of his, deep, genuine sympathy in his gray eyes. Guilt simmered in her heart. She had always liked Landers, and she hated deceiving him.

"Thank you." She leaned forward and kissed his cheek.

Landers motioned towards the plush arm chairs before his desk. "Please, have a seat."

Owen took the chair beside hers and held her hand. She didn't like having to go under the guise of her sister. After everything, even using Celine's name made her shudder. She was still in shock at the depths of her sister's hatred for her, that the woman would go so far as to deliver her into the hands of a man like Jackson. Now and then, she found herself wanting to break down in tears, grieving the loss of the sister she *thought* Celine had been.

"Now," Landers sat down behind his desk. "I met with Mrs. Braxton just before she and Mr. Braxton went to New York." He looked at Sabrina and there was a flicker of *something* in his eyes that betrayed a deeper knowledge. Did he know she wasn't Celine? If so, he seemed content to keep it to himself. "Your sister chose to award you sole beneficiary of her estate, upon the event of her death."

"*Sole* beneficiary?" Sabrina forced the mild shock into her voice. She glanced at Owen; his shock was genuine as his eyes met hers, a question hovering behind their blue depths. And beneath the question, a look that mused - *Aren't you a clever girl*.

Still, he seemed confused about one thing. "What did her estate consist of? Wasn't everything in Charles' name?"

"Actually," Landers said. "Mr. Braxton - in the interest of protecting his assets - placed all his accounts in his wife's name."

"Really?" His eyes slid over to Sabrina, one eyebrow faintly lifting. "So..." he shifted his focus back to Landers. "So you're saying...my wife has just inherited the entire Braxton enterprise?"

A smile played at the corner of Landers' mouth as he nodded slowly - and that's when Sabrina became certain he *knew*. "That is what I am saying, Mr. Briggs."

Owen looked at Sabrina again and murmured, "Please...call me Owen."

The man smiled and nodded. "All that is left to do..." he picked up a pen and held it out to Sabrina. "Is for you to sign a few forms and you should have access to the accounts within one to two weeks."

Sabrina looked at Owen then stood and took the pen and began signing on the designated signature lines, consciously reminding herself to write *Celine Briggs*.

"You set this up the day I took you to town?" Owen asked as they left Abbott Landers' private office building.

"Yes." Sabrina admitted. "But I hadn't known that Charles had put *everything* in my name, though I knew he had put some." She stopped and looked up at Owen when they reached the truck. "He did it because he saw me as weak, and submissive, and didn't believe I would dare cross him by stealing his money." She shrugged. "And I haven't stolen anything. That money was legally mine, even if he were still alive."

Owen stared at her as she picked at the buttons of his shirt absently, head slightly ducked. Did she think he *disapproved* of what she had done?

"Owen." She lifted her eyes. "I did this for us. He owes us both. He stole my life...and he was sleeping with your wife. I don't feel wrong. At least this way, something good will have come from my marriage. And you, more than anyone, deserve a break." She slid her arms around him and kissed his throat. "You're the most honest, hardest working man I've ever met. And all you've had handed to you was *shit*. It's time the good guy came out on top in reality."

Dipping down, Owen kissed her hair, then lower, seeking out her lips. "*You* are the greatest thing I have received in all this." he murmured. "Money or no money."

She smiled and kissed him softly. "But we still *do* want the money - right?" Her eyes sparkled.

"*Fuck yeah*, we want the money, baby." he laughed and squeezed her in his arms, making her squeal.

"What is that?" Sabrina leaned forward, placing her hand on the dash of the pickup as they pulled up in front of the house. Down by the barn, a long, large expensive trailer had been backed up to the paddock gate.

A frown pinched Owen's brow. "I don't know." he murmured. He parked the truck and they both got out then walked down to the barn.

A funny tickle played through Sabrina's gut, but it wasn't really a *bad* sensation, just...one of excitement. Though she didn't know what she was supposed to be excited about.

Two men were unfastening the latches on the rear of the large trailer as Sabrina and Owen approached. Owen started to speak when they let down the ramp. Noticing Owen, one of the men nodded towards the paddock. "Open the gate."

A puzzled look pinching his face, Owen walked to the paddock, unlatched the lock and shoved the gate inward. Sabrina moved slowly to the paddock fence as the men disappeared inside the trailer. Seconds later, the sound of shifting hooves and an excited whinny burst out the rear opening.

Sabrina watched in awe as one of the men led out a bald-faced, dark bay horse - the most beautiful animal she had ever seen. He walked the horse down the ramp and, though alert and excited, the animal didn't act up as it followed the man into the paddock. He looked at Owen. "Go ahead and close the gate."

Seemingly in a state of shock, he stepped in and dragged the gate closed as the second man closed up the trailer. "What...is this?" Owen asked uncertainly. "Whose horse is this?"

The horse was turned loose and the man walked up to the gate from the inside. "Are you Owen Briggs?"

"Yes." Owen frowned, glancing between the two men.

"Then I believe he is your horse, sir."

Owen's frown deepened, cutting grooves across his brow. "My...horse?"

The guy stepped through the gate as the other man brought him a large envelope. "These are his registration papers, proof of ownership." he smiled. "The whole shebang."

"I don't understand." Owen shook his head. "I didn't buy a horse."

Sabrina watched the animal canter around the perimeter of the paddock, ears pricked forward, releasing an occasional whinny to the horses in the barn. "Does he have a name?"

The man who had led the horse into the paddock nodded. "Gunnin For You."

Sabrina smiled. "I like that."

"Out of *Spooks Gotta Gun*." he said. "Damn fine stud."

Owen looked at him sharp. "His sire is...*Spooks Gotta Gun?*" His eyes widened as his focus snapped to the young horse in the paddock.

"What?" Sabrina asked him.

"That's...one of *thee* top reining studs in the industry." Owen breathed, clearly in shock. He finally blinked then shook his head again. "I still don't understand." he looked at the men. "How is he...mine?"

"I believe everything you need to know, is within that envelope."

When the two men climbed in the truck and pulled away with the trailer, Owen watched them go, shock still evident on his face.

"Owen?" Sabrina said quietly. "Are you okay?"

His chest heaved as his breath rushed in and out of him. Turning slowly, he stared at the horse. "I never thought...I would ever own an animal like this?" He looked at Sabrina. "Who would have..." His gaze dropped to the envelope. He tugged it open and pulled out a small stack of papers, most of which were registration papers and blood line history. Another, smaller envelope was inside as well, and Owen opened it, taking out a single page note.

Owen & Sabrina,

Just a little something to get you started in your new life.

Best Wishes,

Tony

Sabrina looked at the note. "Tony." Her eyes lifted to Owen's stunned face - and smiled. "It pays to be on the good side of a bad guy."

Owen tucked the note away, slipped the papers back into the large envelope then wrapped his arm around Sabrina's shoulder as they walked over to the paddock. He smiled down at her. "He isn't so bad." The corner of his mouth dragged his smile into a grin.

No, Sabrina thought. *Not bad at all*. She watched the young horse. "So this is a good thing." she said softly. "Owning a horse with his bloodlines?"

"Yeah." Owen hugged her close and kissed her. "A very good thing."

She leaned into him, their bright future somehow embodied in the beautiful seal brown bay colt moving gracefully around the paddock. "And the money...that will help too?" Her lips twisted as she gazed up at him.

He chuckled. "Oh...sure..." he winked. "Every little bit helps." They both laughed.

She had never heard of a few million referred to as a *little bit*.

Chapter 26

The Days and nights ahead were a bittersweet hell. Having the woman of his dreams sleeping next to him every night, waking up to her each morning, feeling the love and desire in her touch - and yet being unable to truly *love* her to the full extentâ¦it was like a child holding his favorite toy in his hands and being instructed not to play with it.

Sabrina took special care in making sure he didn't suffer too much during this *wait*. Though she herself was in her own agony, still she continued to pleasure him with hands and mouth, affording him some level of release and relief.

When it came around to where he was allowed to touch her the way he was aching for, he planned for her to be the center of attention - all night long. It was time to give back to the woman he loved all she had given to him, and then some.

Though she would have been fine with Owen simply taking her to the bedroom, he instead insisted she slip into her sexiest dress, then took her to dinner at a fine restaurant, slow danced with her as the movement of their bodies heated them both with anticipation. Half way through the dance, Sabrina touched her soft lips to his ear and whispered, "I can't wait any longer. Please take me home."

Owen was in no shape to argue, his body burning to be pressed against her naked flesh, taken inside her. No time was wasted in paying for dinner and making their way to the truck. The drive home was tense, the cab of the pickup static with sexual energy. Sabrina kept to her side of the seat, both knowing full well that if she moved closer, they would never make it home but rather end up parked in some farmer's field, going at each other like mad.

Her faint scent of perfume tantalized his senses and hardened his crotch to painful proportions. A quick glance at her chest and the notable budding of her nipples against the sleek fabric of her dress, and Owen was barely able to keep the truck on the road. *Eyes ahead, buddy. Don't even look at her until you're home. Don't want to end up in a ditch alongside the road.*

Even with his attention forward, he couldn't close off his peripheral vision, and the occasional shift of her hips told him that she was more than ready to be fucked good and thorough, and he was the man for the job.

The urge to stomp on the gas was near to impossible to resist, but he forced his foot steady. Tremors were running through his body by the time they pulled up the long drive to the ranch house. The look Sabrina cast him as she opened her door, caused his cock to lunge against the fly of his jeans and start *weeping*.

He walked a bit disjointed alongside Sabrina as they headed for the porch. At least a horny *woman* didn't have to deal with trying to walk normal with a steel bar between their legs.

Once the door closed behind them, that was the last straw, there was no more waiting. Without warning, Owen swept her up in his arms, inciting a gasp from her, and strode quickly towards the stairs at an odd gate as his cock fought the confines of his pants, about to bust seams. Sabrina's mouth went to his neck, his ear; kissing, biting, sucking. Her hand snaked down inside the collar of his shirt, her nails raking against his upper back.

His knees almost gave out with need but he managed to a stay afoot and kicked open the bedroom door with an echoing *bang* as the brass knob slammed into the wall. Two long strides took him to the bed where he dropped her on the soft comforter. Her breath was quick, uneven as he hurriedly disrobed her down to

nothing, then nearly ripped his own clothes from his ignited body.

Sabrina moaned in sweet agony as his cock stretched and thickened larger than it had ever been, swaying stiffly as he crawled onto the bed, pushing open her legs. Of her own accord, she widened them more then lifted her hips in offering as his trembling, anxious hands rubbed slowly over her glistening pussy, thumbs slipping in between her swollen folds, teasing her clit. She instantly bucked a little and gasped. *Oh fuck, baby, you are so ready to give it up*.

A scream ripped from her as his mouth went to her hot core, no preliminaries, fingers spreading her puffy lips, exposing her plump, firm nub. He grabbed on with strong lips, sucking, massaging with his tongue. Sabrina screamed again and her body arched, fingers gouging the blankets as the cords in her slender neck stood out from the force of the orgasm that broke quite suddenly.

Owen thrust his stiff tongue inside her tight, pulsing entrance, drawing out her delectable nectar. When she began to relax, panting hard, he used his tongue to fuck her until she was writhing and coming again. His flat tongue dragged up through her split and he sucked her clit once more, getting one more orgasm before moving on up her trembling body.

"Oh god, Owenâ¦" she panted, beautiful breasts heaving with the force of her short breath. "Oh god, babyâ¦I want you so bad."

As much as he ached to push his hard cock inside her hot, wet caverns, he took his time working his way to her breasts, then covered a pebble hard nipple with his mouth and sucked it hungrily. He shifted his hips and slid his steel cock through her split, back and forth, raking her ultra-sensitive clit.

"*Uuuhhh!!*" Sabrina cried and her legs went around his waist, squeezing tight as she stroked herself on his dick.

Owen groaned and nearly cried out himself, her silky soft wetness causing the cum to churn in his balls and start to rise. "Fuck, baby." He gasped around her nipple, hands clutching her tits as he began to stroke with her. "Come for me one more time then I'll give you everything you been wanting."

The words were barely out of his mouth before she was clawing his shoulders, hips slamming up against him, rocking, sliding, gliding against the rippled underbelly of his cock. A loud choking cry burst from her and then she was coating his member with hot juices.

Owen's hips jerked back and with one hard thrust, shoved his cock into her slick, tight pussy, squeezing through her soft pulsing inner muscles until he struck bottom. There was no playing around - his balls were pushing their load up into the shaft of his cock. "Fuck, baby!" He gasped hard, jaw clenching, grinding. "I can't hold this one!"

"Just fuck me!" She cried, nails digging into his waist as she clutched at him desperately, pulling him against her, into her. Her thighs squeezed fiercely and her inner muscles clenched his cock. That's all it took.

"*Fuuuck!!*" He thrust at her hard, deep, fast. Fucking in desperation. He pulled her into his strong arms and held her tight, possibly too tight, but he couldn't loosen his grip as his hips pounded against her urgently, hammering his cock head against the door of her womb, even entering a few times, the resistant soft wall massaging the sensitive head until it began to leak seconds before his balls emptied, cum surging through his shaft, swelling him thicker, then unloading inside Sabrina. "*Oh Fuck - Fuck - Fuck! God!*" His throat closed, face pinching hard as he pushed into her with force, his cock still pumping his load into her. He grabbed a sudden, sharp breath and gasped then fucked her with short, hard rabbit punches as the orgasm worked itself

out.

Falling onto the bed on his back, his hand plastered to his slick chest, Owen panted, sucking for air, hair clinging to his wet brow. "Shit." He wiped his hand over his flushed, sweaty face, then twisted his head on the pillow and looked at Sabrina. "Are youâ ¦okay?" he breathed unsteadily. "Didn't mean to get soâ ¦overzealous."

Sabrina's eyes weighed heavily but a thoroughly satisfied smile curved her perfect, full lips that were, at the moment, slightly parted and puffing breath in and out. "You areâ ¦a sex god, baby." She laughed softly and looked at him. "Everything you doâ ¦is perfect."

"A sex god." Owen looked thoughtful and grinned. "I can live with that." He rolled over and kissed her softly, dragging his fingertips lightly over her stomach, causing her muscles to jump and quiver. He traced a fingertip up around the outer swell of her right breast, sliding the pad of his thumb over the hard nipple. "You know," he murmured against her mouth. "I didn't reallyâ ¦soften much." He kissed her again. "That littleâ ¦quickieâ ¦was just the appetizer."

Sabrina moaned and cuddled close to him. "That's good to know." She kissed his damp neck, teasing his salty skin with the tip of her tongue. "Because I'm nowhere near *full*."

Tipped her face up, Owen kissed her warm lips. "How about I go grab us some chilled champagne to cool us down, and thenâ ¦" he smiled darkly, dipping his head and flicking his tongue on her nipple as his hand slid down between her heated thighs and a single fingertip dragged between her wet folds, teasing her clit real slow. "Sound good?"

Her head tilting back, eyes closing, Sabrina moaned and swallowed thickly, her legs squeezing Owen's hand. "Yes." Breathed out on a shaky whimper. "But please hurry back."

"I'll be quick as a flash." He kissed her, then smiled, "To the kitchen and back, I mean. Notâ ¦" His gaze slid down her body then back up to her face. "I plan to take my time this next round."

When Owen returned with the bottle of champagne resting in an ice bucket, and two glasses, Sabrina's heart rate was only just beginning to settle down. But the moment he walked in wearing only the slightly snug boxers that were not at all effective in concealing his massive erection, her heart rate spiked once more, stealing her breath.

He placed the bucket and glasses on the night stand then poured them both some champagne. He sat on top of the blankets and handed her one of the glasses. "What should we toast to?" he asked, slipping an arm around her and drawing her naked body against him.

Sabrina gazed up at his handsome face, wondering how she could feel so at peace after everything that had happened. Both her sister and husband were murdered, and no doubt Jackson as well - if not, he would surely beg for death before Tony was through with him. She wondered it if should bother her that none of it phased her now. But it didn't.

She touched her glass to Owen's as she kissed him softly on the corner of his mouth. "To the one thing I never knew existed in this life."

Lifting an eyebrow, he murmured, "And what's that?"

"A happy ending."

Owen smiled and kissed her, then clinked his glass gently against hers. "To a happy ending." They both took a drink of the bubbly liquid, then Owen set their glasses aside and slid his boxers down his legs, tossing them away. He drew Sabrina beneath him and he was more than ready for round two, his member nicely stiff, even rigid.

Smiling, Sabrina pushed him over on his back and straddled him, taking his cock deep inside, moaning softly.

"So this is how you want to do it, huh?" Owen murmured, clearly agreeable.

"Well, it's like they sayâ ¦" she leaned down and rubbed her lips over his mouth as she began move her hips slowly, rocking gently on his hard member, dragging a series of groans up his throat. "Save a horseâ ¦*ride a cowboy.*"

TO MY READERS: I sincerely apologize for how long it took me to finish this story. So many of you have remained faithful readers nonetheless and I am so thankful :) This is just the first draft, and in editing (when I ever get the time) more will be added. I hope the ending isn't disappointing or that you feel cheated in any way. The last chapter could have served as the end, but I thought they deserved one more wild ride ;) they earned it.

There will be an EPILOGUE, but it will be about Tony and Sammy :) Hopefully I will have that up real soon. When I get the chance, I will work on "Eve of Passion" and "Jackson's Punishment" as well. I still love those stories and want to see them completed. My time is just very scarce right now.

Thank you all for all your comments and support during the creation of this story, and "WHEN" the hard copy becomes available, I will let you know - for anyone who feels it's worth buying ;) haha No obligation :) LOVE YOU ALL! God Bless!!

Chapter 27: Epilogue

EPILOGUE

.....

The mongrel dog laid on the floor at the end of the bar and watched every move he made, studying Sammy warily as if it hadn't seen him every day for over a month. And it couldn't lay in some out of the way corner, but rather square in the path where Sammy had to step over it each time he moved out from behind the bar. A low, bubbling growl rumbled its chest whenever Sammy's foot crossed over its back.

"If that fucker ever bites me," Sammy cast a sharp look back at the dog at he walked over to the booth where Tony sat. "It's gettin' a baseball bat up alongside its fucking head."

"Ah, he's harmless." Tony smiled, and winked at the animal. "Just a big ole baby, aren't you, Precious?" The dog lifted its head and whined, it's tail swishing once across the floor.

"Harmless." Sammy scoffed and dropped into the booth. "The bastard bit me the first time it saw me."

"Almost bit you." Tony corrected, "And besides, he was hungry."

"And what'd I look like? A fuckin' pork chop?" Sammy shook his head and looked over at the animal. Its head was on its paws again, still watching him. "That thing is as messed up as its owner was."

"Hey now." Tony said. "Don't insult the poor animal. He's just misunderstood. Now Jacksonâ¦he was just fucked up." He chuckled low. "Quite literally after Jericho got through with him."

A shudder ran through Sammy and he shivered visibly. "Can we not talk about that?" he muttered. Nearly a month later and he still couldn't get the image of Jericho out of his head; the guy staring at him, telling Sammy he would be thinking of him. He didn't want to think about all the things he'd done to Jackson while thinking of *him*. That was the stuff nightmares were made of. *His* nightmares, anyway.

"So you're not flattered that you're so special to the guy?" Tony smirked.

"Yeah. Just what every guy wants," Sammy returned sarcastically. "A monster cock with his name on it."

Tony grinned, "Some guys wouldn't mind."

"Even *those* guys wouldn't want *that* after them."

Tony laughed and nodded. "You could be right." He sobered a bit and stared at the younger man.

"What?" Sammy frowned uncertainly.

"Nothing." Tony shrugged and glanced away, twisting his shot glass on the table. "It's just thatâ¦Jericho didn't used to be this messed up." He raised his eyes. "Maybe someday I'll tell you the story."

Sammy cocked a skeptical eyebrow. "He has a *story?*"

"Don't we all?"

Shifting on the cushioned bench seat, Sammy leaned forward on his elbows. "What I want to know is why the fuck does he have such a hard-on for *me?* And how do I make it go away?"

Tony left the table and went to the bar, grabbed a bottle of whiskey and brought it back with him, then refilled the shot glass. "Jericho," Tony said low, lifting the glass in his fingertips, "Sees someone else in you." He threw back the whiskey in one gulp and set the glass down. "Someone...who became a beacon of light in his very dark world." He dumped in more liquor and slid the glass over to Sammy.

The young man gripped the glass but stared at Tony. "Who?"

"Your uncle Samuel."

Sammy frowned. "I was named after my uncle." He murmured and downed the shot.

"Indeed." Tony nodded. "And you're his spittin' image."

"Soâ ¦" Sammy hesitated. "What happened with them?"

Tony cleared his throat and gazed at him. "They gotâ ¦very close."

Sammy's face pinched a little. *How* close?

Noticing Sammy's distaste, Tony spoke with a measure of defensiveness in his tone. "Jericho was eighteen when they dumped him in a maximum security prison. It don't take a genius to figure out what happened to him."

Sammy looked down. It was hard to picture Jericho as a vulnerable eighteen year old kid, but when he didâ ¦a different kind of sickness tightened his gut. Those men in that placeâ ¦they would've brutally raped him.

"When Samuel first walked into Jericho's cell," A thickness strained Tony's voice. "The boy was sitting in the corner, trying to tear open his wrists with his teeth." He met Sammy's troubled stare. "That's how desperate he was to escape that unimaginable hell."

"What did," Sammy cleared his throat as it suddenly knotted. "What did Samuel do?"

Tony tipped the bottle and let the liquid slowly fill up the shot glass. "He saved him." He whispered, then glanced up. "And he loved him."

The door to the pub opened suddenly and the dog rose slowly to its feet, hackles slightly raised, growl rumbling. A young boy in his late teens, early twenties stopped short when he saw the dog, eyes glued to the animal. A ratted pack was slung over the kid's shoulder and he stood frozen in place. When Tony started to speak to the dog, the animal calmed on its own and padded cautiously to the kid, sniffed the cuffs of his worn jeans, his old sneakers - then plopped onto its butt and pawed the kid's leg, whining.

Sammy watched in shock as the boy let the pack slide slowly off his shoulder as he set it on the floor and squatted down, tentatively reaching out with both hands and stroking the animal's head and ears, murmuring something too low for Sammy to hear.

Standing up, Tony walked over to the boy. As soon as the kid saw him, he rose to his feet, lifting his pack off the floor. "Evening." Tony nodded. "You look like you could use a drink."

The kid nodded. "Yeah."

Sammy approached as the kid's eyes instantly darted to his face. Something flickered behind his ice blue stare that stabbed Sammy's gut with an unexpected, *disturbing* twinge. Moving away from the boy, he walked around behind the bar and grabbed a bottle of beer, popped it open and set it on the bar top. "Here you go." He mumbled, trying to avoid the kid's gaze, not liking how those eyes were wreaking havoc on his senses.

Not liking it one *fucking* bit.

The young man tried his damnedest not to stare, but it had been over five years since he'd looked in someone's eyes and felt this effect. But even then it hadn't really beenâ¦mutual. He'd only been sixteen, and the other boy even younger than that. An ugly situation that had thrown two broken souls together. When the ugliness had turned into hellâ¦he'd ran. And left the boy behind. After five years, the guilt still gutted him.

"Thanks." He murmured, taking the beer. He dropped the pack on the floor again and took a seat at the bar. The bartender seemed uneasy about him looking his way, so he tried not to. But it wasn't easy. It had been so long since he'd felt even a twinge of anything for another person that he found himself wanting to cling to it, explore itâ¦nurture it. But his attraction to guys obviously wasn't a shared attraction with *this* guy.

It doesn't matter. You're just here for a drink, then you'll be on your way. You don't need attachments anyway. And God knowsâ¦you don't deserve anything good in your life.

"So where do you hail from?" The older of the two men slid onto the stool next to him.

"Uhâ¦all over." He mumbled and lifted the bottle to his lips, his eyes moving on their own, gliding over the bartender's strong torso, beautiful face. A mere knick of a scar on his cheek the only disruption of his beauty, but it was barely noticeable.

"Where'd you start from?" the man smiled. His friendliness seemed genuine, and there was no sense of threat about him.

The kid hesitated then whispered, "Wisconsin."

The man glanced between him and the bartender as he seemed to pick up on the silent exchange between them. "You looking for work?" he asked. "We can always use an extra hand."

With that question, the guy behind the bar stiffened and shot the man a hard look. Clearly he wasn't in favor of hiring. But even though the guy clearly wasn't comfortable with this, the kid couldn't deny that the prospect of spending more time in the man's presence was appealing.

"Maybe." He murmured and dropped his gaze from the bartender.

The older man offered his hand. "I'm Tony." He nodded at the other guy. "That's Sammy."

Sammy. The boy rolled the name across his tongue and found that it tasted good. It was foolish to even think of sticking around, but as he silently repeated the bartender's name again and caught the guy's stare briefly as something - *something* - sparked behind his eyes, he knew he wouldn't be walking out that door when his beer was gone.

He grasped the man's hand tentatively. "Ivan."

NOTE: For any of you who happened to read a portion of my upcoming book "Evil That Men Do" (part 2 of 'The Brokenhearted Necklace') you may remember Ivan. For those of you who haven't, you'll just have to wait to meet him when that book comes out :)

Again, thank you all for being so faithful and continuing to read even though the last few chapters of this book were so sparsely posted. I apologize again for the extreme delay in completing this. It should have been finished at least a year ago. But I hope you have enjoyed it, and I do plan to have a hard copy available soon. I will let everyone know just when, for whomever is interested :) I love you guys! God bless :)

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