

Chapter 1

Adela watched the stars in the midnight sky. It seemed as if she could reach up and touch them. The night always seemed to call to her. The whispers on the breeze, as they wrapped around her body, blowing her long dress flat against her thighs. Picking up her dress so it didn't trail on the ground she ran barefoot to the far end of the estate property. There at the far end was the lake she longed to be swimming in. All day she'd think of the cool water caressing her body and at night when she felt it was safe to sneak out of the estate house she'd swim. She realized the lake was still visible to the upper rooms of Chandler house but this late at night when night bathed the land in darkness she thought that no one would be awake.

Now at the lake she felt alive. She could feel the cool breeze and the water calling to her to caress her tired muscles. Removing her dress and undergarments she walked naked to the edge of the lake and slid into the water. She knew she shouldn't leave the estate house at night, but ignoring the possible reprimand of disobeying a house rule she let the water cover her body. The feeling of freedom that would overcome her as she swam in the solitude of the night made her days at the house bearable. The days were taken with cleaning and working as one of the maids - but the nights were hers to sneak away letting water caress the aches from her body. At night she could let the cool water surround her and dream of saving enough money to leave Chandler House and buy a small cottage. She had even planned when she left about being a seamstress to support her cottage. The water drifted around her body, caressing her skin and relaxing her thoughts.

Chaz Chandler had watched from the house window every night - waiting for the figure to again appear by the lake. When the moon and stars were just right he could see her long flowing dress as she walked toward the lake. What he couldn't figure out was from what directions she'd get to the lake. He could make out the silhouette of the woman's body as the dress was shed and she walked naked into the water. Tonight he quickly pulled on a pair of jeans. Barefoot so he wouldn't make any sound he walked out the back door with one purpose - to catch the intruder onto his property. He walked to the stable and taking his brother's stallion, Midnight, he rode bareback to the north side of the lake. He had noticed the figure took a while to return to the south side and took the chance she stayed on the north shore.

Riding through the woods to the north shore he tied Midnight to a tree and walked through the woods to the lake. As he had thought she was swimming toward the north shore. He was standing, leaning against a tree where she couldn't see him. He felt quite annoyed. After all, this was his property and she was obviously trespassing since everyone in the house was already in bed. He thought for a moment about having her arrested and wondered what neighboring property she was from, or she could be from town and have a horse tied close by. In any event he had decided tonight was the night he would confront her. He had been watching her for months using his lake and property and no one used anything of his without his express permission.

Adela swam toward the north shore enjoying the feeling of her body cutting smoothly through the water. The ache in her back and legs lessened from the weightlessness of swimming in the water. Reaching the north shore she walked out of the water and the water seemed to shimmer in droplets on her body. Her long black hair reached to her waist - pushing it off her breasts she twisted it in a long spiral over one shoulder. Walking up a small embankment Adela sat on the grass and gazed up at the night sky and the stars. Looking at the brightest star in the sky she closed her eyes and wished aloud, "Star light...I wish I could save enough money to have my own place...my own love...a man that would cherish me."

Chaz could make out that her voice sounded vaguely familiar but he knew he had never seen anyone with her long hair nor her body that rivaled a goddess. He couldn't imagine someone that beautiful needing a love or having to work. Not wanting to intrude and deciding she didn't really harm anything he silently returned to Midnight and rode back to the stables. Returning Midnight to his stall he proceeded to the house and once inside bolted the door.

The first voice he heard was his brother's, Drago, "Out late tonight, Chaz?"

"Hi, Drago, couldn't sleep and took Midnight for a ride to the north shore of the lake. I'll be heading upstairs now."

Drago kept silent and Chaz left the kitchen climbing the staircase to the upper halls of the house. Entering his rooms Chaz went to the window, but the night sky had turned darker and if she was still out there she was lost to his view.

Drago silently moving to the back door unbolted it and returned to the shadow of the hall. As he had suspected the door opened a few moments later and a figure hidden by her cape whisked through it and bolted it, then through the kitchen and down the hall toward the servant's quarters. Drago smiled to himself knowing he had saved her from being bolted outside the house and returned to his rooms in the lower portion of the house. Pulling off his clothes he stretched out on his bed wondering which servant or visitor of one of them was leaving the house after Chaz had closed the house for the night. He knew asking would get him nowhere. He also knew that if found out Chaz would certainly fire the woman even if it turned out she didn't know about it and it was someone visiting her. Chaz never minded if the servants had relatives stay at the estate but they all had to follow his rules. But, Drago enjoyed a good mystery and was determined to find out who left the house and why. If he needed to he would talk to Chaz about it since Chaz always listened to him and if asked not to fire someone Chaz always deferred to what his brothers wanted. Chaz had even defied their father allowing Drago to become stablemaster. His family kept trying to get Drago not to work in the stables, but he loved the horses and didn't like anyone else working with them. Drago knew that Chaz didn't understand his passion for the horses but he had always let Drago do whatever he wanted even backing him against the other family members objections.

Finally, rolling onto his side he went to sleep knowing in the morning he would be working in the stable and solving the mystery lady of the lake.

The night curled around Drago with dreams. As he restlessly turned from side to side the dream began to slide into his sleep. As always Drago's dream turned to a woman that he wanted but he didn't know who she was. He could feel her soft mouth caressing his. He could feel her breasts crushing against his chest as she brushed her body on his. His voice would always say to her, "Love me, I need you." He would hear her whisper her love for him and he would roll her under his powerful body. He would feel possession driving him on as he would whisper, "Open for me, wrap your legs around me." Without question he would feel her legs wrap around his waist and he would sink himself into her hot depths. Her whimpers would drive him onward to thrust harder into her. He could feel her arching under him to accept each possessive thrust - he felt her need to be his. He would moan in pleasure as he would feel her arching to take him further and further into her heat. As he tightly ground his body into hers she would whisper her need for him to be in her. To take her. As the grandfather clock would chime in the distance he could feel his muscles tighten and he needed release. His voice was deep as he growled, "Come for me baby. Give it to me." He felt her arms tighten around him and her body surge up repeatedly until. Her movements wilder in the dance of passion. Her whimpers frantic and wild as she surged toward her peak and as he rammed into her in a final glorious moment he felt her release. At that moment he groaned in possession and let his body spill into hers. At that moment he also whispered to her of his love for only her and how much he needed her in his life. Even in his dream he wondered who she was and just as he felt he would know the answer he fell into a deeper sleep of relaxation - the answer as always would have to wait.

The upper floor of the house was empty except for one room. In that room Chaz restlessly went over the family books. The estate was financially sound with money to put into accounts for his younger brothers Drago and Edward. The accountant would be there in the morning to set aside money for each of them. He thought of the shadowed figure at the lake but she quickly faded from his thoughts as he went over the figures before him. Tomorrow would be a day of decisions which servant would stay and who they didn't need anymore since their parents moved off the estate and into a townhouse in the next county. He ran his hands in his hair and decided to only go over a few more figures and the rest would have to wait until tomorrow. In a few moments he was asleep.

Tomorrow would be a new day for the estate with new changes.

Chapter 2

It seemed like he had only closed his eyes a moment when there was a knock on his door. Quickly waking up and then running his hand through his brown hair he walked over to the door and opened it. Julie smiled, "Well, I guess good morning Mr. Chandler, I need to inform you that Mr. Ascot is downstairs." She had a nervous look about her and Chaz figured that all the servants by now knew some would be leaving to work at other locations. He had all intentions of helping them find other service and paying them a sum to tide them over. At times Chaz felt that he lived in the present but went by some gothic code from a past life. As head of the family the finances were his responsibility and whoever was in his household equally fell under his responsibility. He looked at Julie who still stood in the room shuffling from foot to foot when he said, "Julie, how old are you?"

Julie looked surprised since Chaz had never asked her questions, "Forty-five. I've worked for your parents over fifteen years. Is something wrong with my work, Sir?"

Chaz chuckled, "Only if I said you were too perfect - I couldn't think of a thing, and my mother would clout me if I ever thought of anything."

She smiled and laughed, "I miss Glenda and wish they hadn't moved."

As they walked down the hall he smiled realizing Julie was the only person that called his mother by her name, Glenda, and she had always been treated more as a daughter by his mother than her personal maid. Well, he thought, at least he knew where he would ask Julie to go work. His mother would be pleased, Julie would be pleased, and his father would stop complaining that his mother missed Julie being around to chat with.

Walking into the library he shook the hand of Joseph Ascot and then walked behind the large oak desk. Taking out his father's leather bound ledger he looked up when he heard Joseph remark, "I'm surprised you still use that old ledger."

Chaz grinned, "Edward wants to get new books but if it ain't broke don't fix it. But he'll dash in here as soon as I'm done and put it into his computer database as if I'm using erasable ink. He says he sorts it all into order but I still just use the ledger. He wants to take over the estate accounts and put them all on the computer and I've decided to let him."

Ascot laughed, "And what does Drago want to do?"

Chaz looked up but saw no malice in Ascot's expression toward his younger brother and simply answered, "Drago wants what he's wanted since he was old enough to climb onto a saddle. He wants to work with the horses. He has a way with horses and any animal. I think any hurt animal within ten miles shows up on the back step."

Ascot's expression softened thinking of Drago, whom he had known since Drago had been born. That was the year he had started as the family accountant and remembered Drago always being the quiet one and Chaz always protecting him. Edward, the middle child of the brothers had always seemed to be the happiest and constantly teased his older and younger brother but the three of them were always a tight knit family and seemed to have their place comfortably staked out within the family. Chaz was the one always at the meetings and would sit taking notes to go over with his father after Ascot had left. Ascot looked at Chaz and wondered if Chaz would do anything other than run the estate and Drago would do anything other than work in the stable. It seemed only Edward liked to go to town and stay there all night.

Chaz voiced the business at hand. "We have too many servants at the house since my parents moved to town."

Ascot felt nervous at the thought of one of the servants, Joanne, not working there anymore. He had been with Joanne only an hour earlier and his cock hardened at the

thought of her kneeling in front of him sucking on his bulging cock. They had been having a dalliance for years, which was the reason he stayed on after retiring as the Chandler accountant. They would meet at the end of the property in a secluded garden an hour before he was supposed to meet with Chaz. There the prim and proper Joanne and the very stuffy accountant would spend an hour of lustful passion. Joanne would remove her black uniform and white apron and stand naked while Ascott would lick and suck at her nipples. He loved to touch her body. He would stand in front of her and run his hands from her collarbones down over her breasts. He would tell her she had silken flesh and describe in detail how her nipples puckered and that he loved their rose color. He would then take each of her pointed nipples between his fingers and roll them until she closed her eyes in pleasure. His mouth would be the next to assault her nipples with kisses and gentle sucking. Tugging on it gently he would reach to her mound and finger her clit. It never took him long to bring her to orgasm and she'd be wet with flowing juices over his fingers. He would then lick his fingers of her juices and push her shoulders downward while he always said, "Suck me Joanne, you're the only woman I want sucking on my cock." His full throbbing erection would be taken in her hand and slowly her mouth would sink onto it. Her hand would cup his massive balls, as his hot swollen flesh would start to drip in her mouth. His voice would get more desperate, "Harder Joanne, suck harder, make me shoot my come in your mouth!" In the quiet garden the sound of male groaning and female sucking filled the air, while his hands guided her head faster and he rammed his rigid shaft into her mouth. The prim Joanne would squeeze his balls and as he shot his hot come into her mouth she'd greedily swallow every drop while he would groan, "Yes, Joanne, suck it all. Drain this cock." She'd wait until his cock had stopped pulsing in her mouth and then continue to lick him until he would pull her to her feet whispering, "We must get back. Meet me here next week?" Joanne would always smile as she started to get dressed and chuckle, "Why, of course, Mr. Ascot. There's no place else I'd rather be." They would then part and go back to their proper station and lives in the Chandler house.

"Ascot! Ascot are you listening?" Chad repeated, "We have too many servants at the house since my parents moved to town. Plus I don't like having women in the house without my mother present. I don't believe it looks respectable and I don't need any lawsuits."

Ascot laughing about looking respectable thought of Joanne kneeling and sucking his cock only an hour before this meeting, but he answered, "Chaz! That's archaic thinking! You're joking right?" He quickly cleared his throat realizing that Chaz was serious and knew of an immediate solution. "Well then how about you or one of you brother's getting married so there's a Lady of the house to supervise things?"

Chaz looked at Ascot like he had just lost his mind but said he would give the matter some thought within the next few weeks. He had already thought about the idea of Edward or Drago settling down but wasn't sure if Edward had settled on any one particular woman he was chasing. Looking back down at the ledger they went over the list starting with Julie and called her into the library. Chaz assertively told her she'd have to work at his mother's and the smile that broke over her face was worth that particular decision. She quickly stopped grinning and stammered that it wasn't because she didn't like any of them but that she had missed being with his Mother. He realized that he was actually glad she would be in town and that he would be rid of her chatter. She quickly quieted, thanked them and

left. Chaz knew she headed directly to the phone to call his Mother and continue her chatter.

Going over what the estate would need Ascot and Chaz concluded that the house would need a live in cook and two women to help, since they actually did their own chores and cleaned the house themselves. Chaz agreed to one cook and two women staying but preferably not the younger ones who always wanted more of Edward than concentrating on their job tasks. Wondering for a moment why the women never seemed attracted to Drago but let the thought go.

Ascot laughed and at that moment Drago walked into the library asking if he could see the list of who was staying. Chaz smiled broadly thinking Drago was finally taking an active interest in running the estate. After telling Drago he was glad he was interested in the house Drago laughed and sat down on the edge of the desk, "You mean there's more on this estate than the stable? Okay, let's have a look at the books as long as it's just women going and not the horses."

Drago made notations on cutting costs of not only the stable but also the main house. Drago then listed things that needed repair, the cost and the names of those that could perform the repairs from town. Finally, when Drago was done he handed the ledger back to his older brother.

Chaz looked over the ledger smiling and impressed with what his younger brother had noted then said, "Well, want a shot at the help that goes or stays?"

Without a word Drago took the ledger back and marked down: Julie to mom's. Clarice stays as main cook. Cindy stays because she is Clarice's divorced daughter and it makes Clarice happy. Joanne goes to Ascot because he should have married her by now instead of his five-year dalliance so I can clean up that garden area! Adela stays since she also likes to exercise the horses. The flower gardener goes, since Adela is the one taking care of mom's garden.

The list went on in the exact thoughts that Chaz had already penned down. When Drago was done Chaz showed him the list that he had made up and the brothers laughed enjoying the similarities of their lists. With that done they handed Ascot the list to work up some figures for severance or future salaries. Chaz would then call the help in one by one and explain what had been decided. He was again surprised when Drago said he would stay when Chaz spoke to the servants. Chaz didn't know that Drago had a mystery he was solving and this was part of his investigation. Chaz rang for the servants to start the process of notice.

The first ten servants were told and it was time for Joanne to be called. Ascot excused himself and said he had a matter to speak to Joanne about prior to her coming into the library. Drago grinned, "Going to finally make an honest woman of her or do I finally have to break your arm?" Ascot smirked and walked out of the room answering, "Well you don't leave me much choice!" The laughter of Drago and Chaz followed him knowing this was the push that Ascot had needed.

They had scheduled the others for later but at this time Clarice, Cindy and Adela walked into the room. Clarice spoke first, "Sir, we want this over with so we're hoping rather than waiting for this afternoon you could accommodate us and tell us what is planned?"

Drago spoke first, "Clarice, would you stay as cook and Cindy would you be willing to stay on as well?"

Clarice answered immediately, "Oh thank you. I was afraid you didn't want me to stay on and this is the only place I want to work. Besides someone has to keep you two boys healthy." Chaz chuckled, "Yes, but you can only stay if you stop smacking my hand when I reach for cake before it's had time to cool. I think at my age it's rather embarrassing." Clarice grinned, "Well then you'd think over the past 30 years you'd have learned not to be ambling about my kitchen when I'm cooking!" Chaz didn't answer but thought back 30 years when he walked into the kitchen and grabbing a knife to cut a cake she smacked his hand. He wondered why she never married and was satisfied to work in the kitchen all these years. He answered, "You're too mean a woman to send to work for anyone else and I'll never learn not to sneak that cake - I'm too old."

They all turned to Cindy who was smiling knowing it would be impossible for her to leave. They couldn't tell her thoughts were straying back to last night and being in the arms of their brother Edward. She could still hear his teasing voice whispering, "Cindy, why can't we tell anyone we're married? It's been a year and you still refuse to let me tell even my Mother." Cindy felt his body sliding over hers and his cock pushing at her entrance. Wrapping her legs around his waist as he pushed his cock into her body she smiled and kissed his neck whispering, "Just leave it as it is for now. You have so much more than I do and it might not be accepted. I don't want anything to ruin what we have." She felt him biting at her nipples as they hardened for his lips to take more. His teeth pulled at them as his hardness pumped into her. She could hear his breathing getting raspy and she wanted him to lose control. She whispered how much she wanted him, "Fuck me hard, Edward. Fuck me and make me yours." His groan was what she wanted to hear as he moaned, "My woman! My woman! My wife - I want to fuck you. I want you to come!" She felt him now rough and slamming his cock deep against her womb. Deep...pulsing...hot within her. She tightened her legs around him, "Now Edward, I want to come for you!" Ramming his cock to the hilt into her, she felt her body spasm around his pulsing erection. His groan filled the air as he slammed one more time into her and released his seed into her body. She felt his need and his want of her. She loved the feel when he finally lost all control and began to pump his seed into her body. At that moment she felt he was truly hers. She relaxed as she felt his full weight on her body and she hugged him tightly to her.

"Cindy? I asked if you would mind staying on here at the estate?"

She laughed and they could see her blushing as she answered, "Oh, I think that would be wonderful. Yes, truly wonderful. Thank you!" She stood up and straightening out her skirt as she walked out the door she was still giggling. She went to leave Edward a note in their special place.

Drago and Chaz looked at each other knowing there was something else that just had transpired with Cindy but not sure what happened. They looked at Clarice but she quickly thanked them and left the room leaving Adela still sitting in a chair staring at all of them.

Chaz looked at Adela's blue eyes that were wide with apprehension. He noticed she had raven black hair but it was always held in a clasp tight to the back of her neck in a bun. For a moment he wondered how long her hair was but that thought only lasted a moment. She had always been aloof and he didn't really care for her very much, but she was efficient and that was what counted in running the house. He continued, "Adela? We'd like you to stay on at a higher wage but it would also entail taking care of the rose garden and assisting light duties in the stables. Would that be satisfactory?"

Her blue eyes gazed into his, "I already do all of that so it would be nice to be adequately compensated - its fine." She didn't sound grateful but very matter of fact. Her tone and attitude had always bothered him and she knew it. She tried to sound less aggressive, "I meant that it would be nice to stay on and that I'm glad you'll compensate my added duties."

They heard Drago laugh and say, "I think you answered the question both times quite well. Don't you think she answered it quite well, Chaz?"

Chaz didn't answer but slightly smiled and went back to making notations in the ledger completely dismissing her presence. He heard Drago thanking her for staying and that they could speak later about how to take over the garden and putting the feed for the horses in an easier place for her to reach. Finally she had left and Drago and Chaz stood facing each other. Chaz spoke first, "She's an odd one isn't she?"

Drago looked at the door she had just left through and answered, "I never really gave her much thought – I prefer light hair with blue eyes. But I notice she certainly gets you angry quite easily."

Chaz just snorted and said, "She should be more grateful. A woman at her age should be glad she gets paid as much as we pay her. I don't care for her cold attitude. She's as old as you are and it's easy to see why no man would want her."

Drago walked over to the wine rack and picking out a bottle turned to Chaz, "Well here's to the women of this house too old to leave so we don't have to get used to new ones?"

Chaz laughed and walked over to get a glass to toast the new way the estate would run when Edward came running in yelling, "You didn't send Cindy to Mom's did you? You can't do things that without telling me! Where's Cindy?" Chaz stuttered, "She's staying - what's the matter?" Without another word Edward went running out of the room. Chaz turned to Drago, "I'm too old for all this! What was that about?"

Drago just held up his glass in a toast, "To the new household and now to two mysteries."

Chapter 3

Edward had heard Chaz saying that Cindy was not being sent away, but he didn't stop running until he entered the kitchen. Clarice looked up from the apple pie she was taking out of the oven, "Edward? Was that you running through the house – shame on you. A man of your age should know better than to run through a house. What can possibly be wrong?"

Edward was out of breath, "Clarice, a man over 50 can do what he wants, but it's urgent that I speak with Cindy. Do you know where, in the house, she is at this moment?"

Clarice looked at his flushed face and heard the worried tone in his voice. Putting the pies down on the cooling table she walked over to him, "Okay, what's so urgent that you break the door down to my kitchen and that you need to speak to my niece? And I want an answer so don't you dare think of running out of my kitchen!"

Edward wanted to tell Clarice the truth but Cindy had made him promise no one could know they were married. He stuttered, "I didn't break the door, it's a swinging door! I found out that you and Cindy were staying and I wanted to tell her that I was pleased."

Clarice smiled, "You ran through the house from the library to the kitchen to tell a maid that you're are glad she's staying?"

Edward bristled, "She's not a maid! Of all people I'm surprised you can even say that about Cindy! How dare you refer to her as that."

Clarice's smile broadened and she baited him, "And just how much more is she than that to you? A romp in the hay between the house owner and the maid for the past year? You think I didn't know my niece is still sneaking upstairs at night?"

Edward was fuming. Cindy walked into the kitchen without them seeing her just as he blurted out, "She's not a romp in the hay and she's not a maid. She's my wife!"

They both turned when they heard Cindy gasp, "OH, Edward, what've you done?"

Clarice went to the refrigerator and taking out a pitcher of lemonade and the chocolate cake she had baked the day before said, "Edward is only verifying what Pastor O'Malley told me last year when he married you. But neither of you two thought to tell me or invite me to your vows. So, now we'll sit down and you can tell me all about it. I have no intentions of telling Chaz or Drago!"

Sitting down Cindy and Edward both laughed and Cindy said, "Well it was quite odd how it all came to be but I had loved Edward for quite a long time before he realized it."

Cindy smiled and as she was speaking she remembered how it all came to be. She used to leave the house going to the pub in town that Edward was known to frequent. He always had women around him but after a few hours he'd sit down at her table complaining about how they just didn't leave him alone. She'd always laugh and say, "Well, Edward, that's what you get for being good-looking and a Chandler." He would always ask which

was more important to her and she'd always reply that neither was important to her, only that he was nice to her. That same scene had played over and over. She was with him when his engagement to someone broke up and she sat with him in the Chandler gardens while he swore he hated all women. Cindy was divorced and knew how things hurt. That night she silently sat next to him wishing she could be the one to make him feel better. She was 30 at that time and he was 45. Although their birthdays were one day apart it wasn't until two years ago on her 38th birthday and his 53rd that things changed. As she kept telling Clarice about their wedding her mind was on a night of heated lustful passion and her thoughts drifted to that first night with Edward.

She'd gone to the pub as always. She had hoped he would acknowledge her birthday since his was the next day, but he was at the pub with friends. Cindy sat with some of the other women that worked at the local estates. The pub was the only one in town so anyone wanting a brew or some conversation would be there, whether estate owners or workers. The only difference was which part of the pub they seemed to sit on. Even there the women and men that worked gravitated to the right side of the pub. The young men and women from the estates played darts and gravitated toward the left side of the pub.

That night, as always, women were around Edward and celebrating his birthday a day early. Cindy waited and waited for him to come over and do his usual complaining but it seemed he was rather smitten with one particular woman who was visiting his friend. Finally Cindy walked outside and disappointed that he didn't even acknowledge her she went back to the house. She'd gone to the garden where they'd sit and she'd listen about all his women but that night she sat alone. She had always wanted to yell at him what about her, but realized she was divorced, only worked in the household and wasn't the type he'd marry.

It was a dark night with only a small stream of moonlight when she heard his footsteps and she quietly called, "Don't get startled – I'm on the bench." He sat down next to her, stretched out his legs in front of him and said, "I was hoping you'd be here, tomorrow is my birthday – I'll be 53 and I have still yet to meet a woman that suits me. Is there something wrong with me?"

Cindy usually would answer something to the effect that he was perfect but tonight on her 38th birthday she looked at him and said, "Yes, you're dense, Edward. You don't see what you're looking at. You're 100% quite dense. As a matter of fact, Edward, you are the epitome of dense."

Edward was shocked, "What? I'm dense? What the hell do you mean by that?"

Cindy stood up and started to pace in front of him, "Well, Edward, I mean you complain about what you want in a woman. You complain you can't find a woman to confide in. You complain you can't find a woman to sit and listen to you. You complain you can't find a woman close to your age and that all the young ones are silly. You've complained to me year after year and not once have you ever looked at me like a woman. Yes, Edward, you're quite dense and tonight is my birthday but you're too dense to even notice that. I'm quite sure you will want me to leave the service of the Chandler Estate after telling you this but you asked."

Cindy had stopped pacing expecting Edward to tell her she could pack her bags and be off the estate within the hour. When he stood up she quite clearly expected to be fired and looked up as he came nearer.

Just before his lips caressed hers he whispered, "Forgive me, I never expected you cared at all for me."

For years she had wondered what his lips would feel like. What his mouth would feel like as it pressed firmly against hers. When his tongue swept the inner sanctity of her mouth she pressed closer against him. Her mind raced with the thought, at last, at last. Cindy didn't care at that moment if he would not want her in the morning – all she cared about was his arms that had moved around her body and held her tight to him.

She felt his hands roaming over her back and over her ass. She felt them squeeze her ass pulling her tight against his groin. He ground his cock against her softness and she felt his hardness through her skirt. She wrapped her arms around his neck kissing him back with passion and need. His moan sent shivers over her body and she moved her hips in invitation against him.

Finally he pulled his lips from hers, "Cindy, I'm not going to ask you to be with me here in a garden. Will you follow me to my room? Well follow is poor wording on my part, what I meant...."

She cut off his sentence by placing her finger over his lips and quietly said, "yes."

Edward had taken her hand and they slipped in through the kitchen door. The house had been quiet and it felt familiar walking through the long halls to his suite of rooms. She had made his bed so many times changing the sheets and covers. That night, naked, she slipped under those covers and into his arms.

He kissed her gently and said, "Happy Birthday, Cindy." She felt his hand close over her breast and a small, soft whimper escaped her lips. He leaned away from her body for a moment and pushing the covers off them said, "You have a beautiful body. You're a beautiful woman, Cindy."

She looked at him with passion and love in her eyes and whispered, "And I've always been yours, Edward."

His lips had trailed down to her hardened nipples as his thought registered that she was his and he realized he had wanted her as his. His mouth sucked on her exposed rose-tipped nipple and he felt his thigh rubbing over her soft legs. His mouth continued its gentle assault on her throbbing tips while she relaxed and let long pent up feelings claim her body.

She felt as his hand pushed her thighs wider apart and his fingers slid between the curls at the juncture of her thighs, delving between the damp petals of her womanhood to that place long in need of filling. She heard him groan in satisfaction at finding her wet and

needy. His fingers slid into the moist heat of her as she widened her legs to accommodate his body moving over hers.

His voice was gruff with emotion and she had never heard his voice so deep with emotion as he said, "Cindy, you meant it when you said you're mine, right? Be mine, please, Cindy?"

It was that moment when she had heard the need in his voice that she voiced the feelings in her heart, "Edward, I'm yours and always have been. I love you." She felt his hard cock sink into her and she lifted her hips to accommodate his final possession. Lightly she felt his body grinding into hers. His lips kissed hers. Her tongue met his in a mating that matched their bodies. She rose to meet each thrust and felt him becoming hers with each push of his body into hers. She was wet and felt him burying his cock deeper with each thrust of his strong hips. He filled her completely and when she felt him losing his control she let her body soar with him. With a whimper of sheer pleasure meeting his groan of satisfaction their bodies climaxed in release.

She felt him on her body. His weight. His kissing her neck and whispering, "Cindy, you're mine"

She ran her fingers through his black hair and whispered, "Always, Edward."

He smiled down at her, "I guess your Aunt will castrate me if I ask you to spend the entire night in my bed? We had better take some steps since we're kind of old to do sneaking around the house don't you think?"

She didn't know what to think or what he meant, "Well, I better get back to my room. I don't want your parents to know or your brothers that I guess I'm your Mistress?"

Edward smiled, "Well that does have an erotic ring to it but I think I'd rather do things differently. I'll leave a note for you in the tree hole at the garden bench where we talk tomorrow at 3:00, okay?"

She had kissed him goodnight and at 3:00 the following day read – Cindy, I've been thinking and missing you all night. Marry me? I promise my family is not as odd as we seem some times and I'm no longer dense. I see what I want and it's you!"

* * * * *

Although her thoughts were on their first night her voice was calm as she finished telling her Aunt, "Well, after we talked for a while in the garden we realized how much we meant to each other and made plans to talk more the next day. The next day we just decided to get married."

Smiling inwardly she didn't mention that she had spent the night with Edward. She was also smiling because she never did tell Edward how odd his family actually was. Only she was allowed by Drago to clean his suite of rooms on the lower floor. Cindy didn't think Edward knew what was on the lower floor and she had only opened the extra door by

accident. What she saw reminded her of some dungeon and just as she had backed up she backed up right against Drago. He just smiled and after she promised not to tell he explained each piece in the room. She was fascinated but not interested in that type of lifestyle, but they had become friends on that day and she'd always kept his secret. She knew late at night he would have certain women over and what the handcuffs and other as she called them oddities were used for. She chuckled as she thought quite an odd family other than Edward.

Looking at Edward she said, "Have you ever gone to the lower floors?"

Edward looked perplexed and answered, "To Drago's dark, dreary rooms? No, not in years. We keep telling him to move upstairs but he likes his own area as he calls it. My brother I think at times is a tad strange."

Cindy walked over to him and kissed him on the cheek, not telling him what Katrina had told her about her night with Drago. It was quite a different night from any Cindy had ever had or wanted to have in her future. She was meeting Katrina later to hear about her latest escapade with Drago that took place just the other night. She smiled and looked at Edward, "What do you think of Katrina from the Kashen Estate?"

Clarice answered, "I've heard odd tales about that one! She's seeing someone in this area I've heard that has some pretty odd notions, but no one knows who he is. One of those men that like to be Master this and Master that or something like that."

Cindy grinned and sat down on Edward's lap right in front of her Aunt. Snuggling in she couldn't wait to get together with Katrina and hear about her night with Drago.

Chapter 4

The house and its remaining occupants settled into a routine. Drago noticed that Clarice seemed happier and was always fussing over Edward but he had thought it was because Edward was being nice to Cindy, who seemed never to have a date, or even leave the house. He didn't know why a grown man like Edward needed to be fussed over, but since Edward enjoyed it Drago didn't give it much thought.

In his notes for solving the mystery of Chandler Estate he noted that 1) Clarice fusses more over Edward 2) The mystery figure still made a journey to the lake at least once every two weeks and 3) Cindy was sillier than usual and laughed at any joke Edward made. He noted that the night figure that went swimming could never be Cindy because she would giggle and obviously drown before she swam to the north shore. He decided the woman of the lake was someone that knew the estate very well. His thoughts went to Katrina but decided she wouldn't be that mysterious and would certainly have him meet her by the lake for a rendezvous.

Walking toward the kitchen he heard Cindy and a voice he recognized as Katrina's. He quickly turned and left the house for the barn not wanting to meet Katrina in the house. The last thing he did hear was Cindy saying, "Tell me more. You have to be kidding!"

Katrina had grinned and continued, "No Cindy I mean it. It all started at the Fourth of July fireworks. I was standing in the back of the field to avoid the crowds. You know the section where the woods start on the north side. Well, I did see you and Edward pretending to ignore each other, did you go to bed with him?"

Cindy laughed, "No, he doesn't even know I exist here in the house. He's very nice to me, but that's certainly all that will ever go on between us! Now, go on with this tale of Drago."

Katrina quickly got up and looked down the hall. Satisfied that no one was listening she went back to the kitchen table and told Cindy of a very odd night.

* * * *

It was the 4th of July and most of the town had gathered at one end of the Chandler Estate, where they would have fireworks display.

As Katrina was standing a distance from the crowd she heard Drago whisper in her ear, "Katrina, so far from the crowd, and by my woods?"

Katrina quickly turned and faced him – he was very close with almost their thighs touching. She nervously took a step backward but Drago just stepped closer. He chuckled at her discomfort, "What makes you nervous Katrina? The loud noise or my closeness to your soft body?"

Katrina looked into his black eyes and shuddered. He ran a finger down her cheek and then pulled her against him, "Easy, Katrina, never be afraid of me. I'd never hurt any woman. Don't be afraid of me."

His arms were strong and sure as he cradled her body against his and slightly rocked. Katrina felt at ease rocking with his body, as if being soothed. She was stunned that she was in the arms of Drago Chandler and wanting to be there.

She wondered if others at the Chandler house had noticed how odd Drago was and quickly thought of the time she had asked Cindy. She remembered Cindy answering that all the Chandlers were odd in different ways, but Drago was the more dominant in an odd sort of way that she couldn't explain.

Katrina's thoughts were pulled back to the present when she felt Drago taking her hand and walking with her deeper into the woods. They had walked quite a ways and it suddenly seemed like a different world. Drago's world.

"Katrina? Listen to the noise in the background - the fireworks - now listen carefully to the night's song among the trees and leaves. Do you hear the sounds of my world above the fireworks?"

It was mesmerizing to Katrina. His voice. His hand pulling her deeper toward him...his world. She had always been attracted to his deep voice, large hands, and his eyes that

seemed to burn into her soul. It suddenly seemed as if the forest came to life and wanted to wrap them in safety and possession.

Her voice was pleasing to him as she confessed, "Drago, I always wanted to be with you. I've been attracted to you for a long time."

His voice was deeper as his hands guided her with him down to the ground, "Yes, Katrina. Be with me tonight."

His hands worked their magic, while his lips kissed her in possessive abandon. When his long, tapered fingers closed on her naked breasts pinching the tender nipples a low moan escaped her lips. It excited Drago to hear a woman moan. His fingers pinched and pulled the swollen tips harder, bringing her passion to full flower. Pinning her arms to her sides his lips found her nipples. He began licking, then biting them. The more she moaned the more he would bite at her nipples...sucking them. He knew she didn't notice when he pulled his slacks off. He knew she was his to take at his pleasure. He knew by her whispered whimpers and closed eyes. He whispered, "Katrina, keep your eyes closed. Will you do that for me? Will you do what I ask of you?"

His hand was cupping her mound when she whimpered her acceptance and the moment she whispered yes his fingers parted her soft pussy lips. Slowly he ran his finger up and down her moist flesh. His voice was deep, "Such a moist pussy you have Katrina. Nice sweet, hot pussy and it wants me to fuck it? Isn't that right?"

He heard her whimper, and his finger pushed its way into her needing pussy. He felt her pussy tighten on his finger. Pulling his finger out he pushed two into her deep channel. His teeth grasped her nipple while his fingers began to fuck her body.

"Katrina, keep your arms high above your head!"

Licking at her large nipples he finally grasped one in his teeth and pulled on it. He felt her pussy dripping on his fingers - he slid them out from within her moist depths. His fingers seemed to have an expertise of their own. Her body was on fire from his touch. Rubbing her roughly up and down between the folds of her pussy he found her clit - his fingers pinched and pulled at it. Rolling it between his fingers he heard her moaning and move her hips higher for more. He knew she wanted all he could give. He could tell she liked the pain and pleasure of her clit being pinched. At the same time his fingers worked magic in her sweet warmth he would bite her hardened nipple. Her body belonged to him this night for his pleasure and ownership.

He felt her hips arching off the ground - he reached for his belt. His voice was mesmerizing and he knew she would want what he offered. "Katrina? Open your eyes now and look into mine!"

The moment she opened her eyes he smiled, then slid his fingers from between her legs and in a quick motion sat down, pulling her over his thighs. She was startled for a moment and tried to pull away.

“Easy, Katrina! I’ll stop any time you want but let me run my hands over your lush ass?”

His hand had already started to rub her ass cheeks in a circular motion. He felt her body weight relaxing and when her full weight was pressing against his thighs he began to pat her ass then rub it. The patting got slightly harder. Rubbing lower between her legs he felt her pussy still wet.

He whispered, “Open your thighs wider for me, Katrina. Let me feel between those wet, dripping pussy lips of yours.”

When her thighs opened wider his fingers played with her pussy lips. Pressing them open, then rubbing her clit. When her moans and whimpers were loud, filled with need, he patted her ass and slapped it lightly. Her moans became more needy and his hand cracked her ass harder and harder. Lightly his hand met her soft, fleshy bottom, but the next thing she felt was his belt.

“Easy, Katrina, feel how wonderful it feels. I’ll touch your pussy and fuck it, but the belt will kiss your ass cheeks!”

Over and over the sound of her moans could be heard. Followed by the slap of leather on soft flesh. Drago watched as she pushed her ass upward toward the belt when she knew it would smack her. He watched as she shoved her pussy onto his fingers and then wanted more of the stinging of the belt. He could feel her pussy ramming harder onto his fingers and her ass was red and hot where the belt kissed her flesh.

“Nice, hot, Katrina, what a nice hot bitch you are. Are you my play bitch tonight? Do you want me to let you come? Do you need to come, bitch?”

His fingers rammed into her and his hand dropped the belt so he had a better position to finger fuck her. Three fingers shoved into her heat and his other fingers reached under her to pull her already swollen nipples. Pulling one tightened peak and then the other he slapped her nipples...pulled them...pinched them. He could feel his own excitement and power. He marveled at it, yet controlled it - every movement of his fingers and body. Slowly he built the tension in her body. Slowly he brought her to his world of giving him her trust. Trust that allowed him to use her body for her pleasure and his. He could feel how wet she was on his fingers and how her pussy walls contracted on them. He could feel them start to tighten. Slowing his movements he would wait until he felt them relaxing. Then when her body rested a moment he would slam them into her.

She was moaning louder and louder. Her cries drowned out by the loud fireworks over the trees. He knew she was nearing her time and as the last crescendo of the fireworks started in a blaze of light he whispered, “Come now bitch! Let it all go now!” His fingers pinched tighter. He heard her scream his name as his fingers thrust home and she exploded in sensations of completion. She kept fucking his fingers while her body seemed to spasm inside over and over.

His voice was still ringing in her ears, “Come bitch. Come bitch!”

When the movement of her body slowed she opened her eyes and found she was staring directly into his. He smiled gently and said, "Good girl, Katrina. You did wonderful and I'm proud of you. You're a wonderful, sensual woman. Are you okay?"

She whispered yes but was not quite sure that she would ever be okay again. Drago stood up and helped her dress. Then walked her back to the open field where he had met her. They stood watching the people begin to gather their things and leave. She turned to him and said, "Drago, will I see you again?"

He picked up her hand and kissing it said, "Do you want to be with me like this again? Did it frighten you?"

Katrina had been frightened at first but wanted more and answered, "Yes. I know this is all there will be but I want to do this again. I don't leave for England for a few months and would like to be with you again.

He grinned and turning away to walk into the woods called over his shoulder, "Then you shall. And, your ass is quite lovely to spank."

* * * *

She turned to Cindy and said, "And that was the entire night! He is such an odd person but it was the wildest night I ever spent!"

Cindy was absolutely speechless and stuttered, "Oh, my! Yes, I can imagine. Uh, can I ask if you saw him again?"

Katrina laughed, "Oh yes. Why? Do you want to know about the second time? It was right here in the house!"

Cindy was about to reply when Adela walked into the kitchen. It was like two cats that disliked each other in the same room. Cindy could have sworn she heard one of them hissing and then the other hissing louder!

Katrina seemed to purr, "Adela, how nice you've come to say hello and tear yourself out of the barn. I hear you have become a new stable hand. Does Drago have you muck out the stalls?"

Adela smiled, "Better to muck out the stalls than be the town muck." Turning her back on Katrina, Adela walked out of the house. Adela could feel the hair on the back of her neck standing on edge as she went into the barn closing the door behind her. She walked up to the stall next to Midnight where Celeste was stabled. Celeste started to nuzzle her hand for a carrot and Adela laughed, "You too? Everyone always wants something from me it seems!"

A deep voice answered from behind her, "And Adela what is they seem to want from you?"

Adela turned around and answered Drago, “Nothing that concerns you, Sir. I apologize for the outburst. I didn’t realize you were still in the barn.”

He chuckled, “I’m hiding out from someone in the kitchen.”

Adela teased him, “Oh? You’re hiding out from giggling Cindy?”

Drago laughed, “You noticed she giggles? Is that what all that noise is?”

Adela smiled but didn’t answer and returned to patting Celeste. Taking Celeste out of her stall she reached for the horse brush and began brushing her flank. Drago walked up to Celeste’s other side and grabbing a brush began brushing her other flank. He began humming a low melodic tune and they both brushed the horse in silent companionship. Drago at times would look into her blue eyes but couldn’t read what her thoughts were. He knew she was always very guarded and didn’t want to breach any barriers she put between them. He watched her hands as they brushed the horse and he wondered what they would feel like running over his thighs and higher to his cock. He must have been staring at her for she suddenly said, “A penny for your thoughts, Sir?”

He stared into her eyes, “Do you really want to know, Adela? Do you really want to know what my thoughts are?”

Adela’s hand stilled on the brush and she looked deep into his eyes, “Yes, but I never will, nor will I allow myself. Goodnight, Sir.”

As she walked out of the barn leaving him to put Celeste back in her stall she heard him say to Celeste, “Celeste, I’ll bet you a bunch of carrots that she’ll find out. What do you think Celeste? Think I’ll win that bet?”

Adela walked back to the house wondering if he was right.

Chapter 5

Adela thought about Drago on her way back to the house. He’d always intrigued her with his quiet ways but there was also something about him that intimidated her. Dismissing him from further thoughts she walked into the kitchen. It was quiet in the kitchen and Adela watched a moment as Clarice put away dishes - Adela started helping. Clarice smiled, “Adela, you don’t have to help. You’ve enough of your own chores to do during the day.”

Adela smiled and continued putting the dishes in the cabinets. She heard the back door open and without looking up knew it was Drago. She was about to say something to him when Katrina and Cindy came back into the kitchen.

Katrina immediately said, “Drago, I enjoyed our last date.”

Drago looked at Adela, but she turned away from his gaze and walked out of the kitchen. He quickly replied to Katrina, “I have to go over some papers, but I agree it was enjoyable.”

Catching up to Adela in the main hall Drago said, "Adela, may I have a word with you?"

Adela's tone was formal, "Yes, Sir, is there something you need?"

Drago grinned and thought yes there are many things I need from you but he questioned, "Is there a problem between you and Katrina that I should know about? Would you prefer I forbid her to visit with Cindy in the house?"

Adela smiled, "Well that is a rather nice thought, but not fair to Cindy. It's best that Katrina and I keep our distance. That will suffice, Sir. Is there anything else?"

Drago turned and walked toward the stairs to the lower floors, "No, Adela. That will be quite all." A dark rage came over him at her attitude - he walked away from her. He had been trying to make her feel more comfortable in the house. But, her attitude was always in control of situations and never did she ask for help. He stormed into his chamber on the lower floor and slammed the door, bolting it. Not that anyone had come to visit him in many years, but there was something about the sound of the door locked that made him feel better. Sitting down on his bed he picked up a letter that he hadn't opened. The handwriting was clearly Katrina's. Opening it he read her letter about their last meeting. It seemed strange reading about it but at the same time it caused a need within him.

Dearest Drago,

My skin still tingles where your fingers traced their possession. It's a strange world that you've introduced me into. At first, I must confess, I thought it was horrible - then I found it fascinating. I'm not saying this well at all, but I want you to know that I'd like to be with you again. Like the last time. The time you tied my wrists and ankles. The time I was on your bed naked for your pleasure. Do you remember, Drago? Was I tantalizing to you?

Drago stopped reading the letter and closed his eyes remembering that night. She'd come to the house to visit with Cindy and before leaving knocked on his door. He'd been quite surprised since no one ventured onto the lower floors of the house. He remembered opening the door and saying, "Katrina? Why are you here?" Then he invited her in and the rest was all pleasure. Her letter continued:

Removing my clothing I kneeled before you, as instructed. Without looking at my nipples I knew they were hard. The site of you stripping naked before me made me shiver in anticipation. When I interlaced my fingers in back of my head I felt pride as my nipples puckered - as if asking for your approval. Even before your fingers grasped each nipple I started to get wet. The pain that rippled through my nipples at your pulling made me whimper your name. I wanted more and didn't know why. I think that what excited me the most was when you pulled me to a standing position by my nipples. Your voice when you told me to lie in the middle of the bed and open my thighs scared me yet thrilled me. I smiled and wanted to do this for you...to be wide open for you. I could feel the cool air on my private flesh as I spread my legs open. You delicately tied a scarf around each ankle then secured it to the bedposts. You repeated it by tying a scarf to each wrist and then

stretching out my arms you secured them to the posts. I felt vulnerable but safe with you. I was aching for your touch.

Then your possession began. Your lips traced a path to each nipple and when you licked them I wanted more and you knew it. Your teeth closed on one peaked tip and tightened until I gasped from the feelings. After you kept nipping my nipples for a few minutes a thin sheen of sweat was on my breasts, glistening in the candle lit room. The nipping finally stopped to be replaced by your sucking harder on my nipple...sucking until they were swollen and red. Then, I heard myself moaning and whimpering caused by so many sensations - and then I felt one more...my pussy getting wetter. Your mouth made me want more of these sensations...pleasure...pain...pleasure.

Suddenly, you stood up and told me to close my eyes. I did so. When your fingers trailed up my legs to my pussy I was shocked. At the apex of my legs I felt a tingling where I wanted you to touch. Your mouth kissed my inner thighs and your fingers started to rub my mound. They sifted slowly through my dark private curls at the top of my pussy. Then they slid lower. Lower - to part the soft pussy lips hiding my sex. I still had my eyes closed but could picture you doing this to my body. Your lips kissed my moist, needy place and I knew I wanted to belong to you. I knew the deeper heat within me needed to be touched. Your tongue worked magical circles on my clit and although I tried to move I was secured. I couldn't do anything but feel and allow you to continue whatever you wanted to do to me. I'd never had anyone kiss and lick my pussy with such possession. You licked my pussy over and over until just the tip of your tongue made me whimper. My flesh was on fire for you. I knew I was arching in a wild abandon, trying to get more of your tongue to lick me. I couldn't lie still, but with the scarves in place I couldn't move. Each time your tongue lashed at my pussy I involuntarily whimpered.

Finally, your hands slid under my hips and lifted me toward your mouth. In subtle, circular motions your tongue found my spot. Your stroking increased as the fire within my body threatened to consume me. The pain when you bit at my clit sent me surging toward some mysterious peak that I could feel but couldn't understand. Then, with your continuous fast licking and nipping at my clit I felt it build between pain and pleasure. I moaned your name when in a blinding, pulsing moment of release my body seemed to explode in sensations of spasm and release. I came - your mouth owned my body.

It seemed like hours until my senses returned. I remember you telling me how wonderful I looked at that moment of release. I remember your broad chest...naked...muscular. I remember it all as I sit here with my nipples now hard and my pussy wet for you.

Drago, I know this is forward but I want you in me. I want to feel you pumping into my body. I want more.

Yours, Katrina

Drago folded the note and placed it in his desk. His thoughts stayed on her last sentence that she wanted him in her. That was the one thing he wouldn't give her. That was the one thing that he would wait until he knew he had the right woman beneath his body. It was a promise he had made to himself years ago when the woman he loved had passed

away. Since then he had pleased women. He had let them pleasure him with their hands...with their mouths and he had pleasure them in return. But to join his body to theirs wasn't to be done. That to him was a sacred joining of spirit and soul, of a man and woman. Like the need and love he had with Andrea, before she left this world. Or the dream woman that now tantalized his dreams who he couldn't recognize but knew she was out there.

Closing his eyes he let the past close over his thoughts. To the days when he had Andrea and her laughter filled his days. Her warm womanly flesh filled his nights. She'd been the woman he gave his heart to and she held it dear to her heart until her last breath. Their nights of love, passion and possession he'd reveled in. In his mind he could hear her voice, "Drago, love me. Own me." Her arms would wind around his neck and he would lift her in his arms, carrying her to the rug before the fireplace. There before the fire he would pin her arms above her head...his thighs would push hers open to allow him between them. His cock would tease her by rubbing up and down her pussy lips until he knew she was ready. Then even when he knew she was ready he would only push into her for a moment and then pull out leaving her wanting more of him. He would leisurely spend time kissing and biting at her nipples. All of her body was his to lick and kiss...caress or nip at. When her pleas for release were whimpers of panting need, then and only then would he embed his cock into her wet pussy. Her legs would spontaneously lock around his waist and he'd fill her completely in a thrusting movement. Entering her fully to the hilt he would ease back out and thrust over and over, feeling the heat of her body engulfing him. His powerful male cock probed and teased. Pumping into her he finally felt her pushing harder and harder to take all of him again and again. Finally, with a groan of male ownership he would sheath himself fully, then stiffen in release, as he would spill his seed into her body. Afterward, as he'd cradle her on his lap she'd always tell him it was at that moment of his release that she felt he was truly hers.

Her cottage had been on the far end of their property. She was the daughter of the stable master when Drago was in his early forties. She'd exercise the horses with him and her father would laugh, as the two of them would race the horses out of the barn like two teenagers instead of adults. They'd canter to her cottage that his father had allowed her to use and spend the afternoon in each other's arms. Her body was the softest he'd ever felt. He'd hold his weight on his arms so as not to hurt her. When he'd slide into her body and she'd pull him tighter to her he felt an overwhelming sense of protection for her. His Andrea, until the night she fell ill and shortly after it turned to pneumonia. It seemed she had tried to hold on to life for his sake but finally said to him, "Drago, I have to leave you. Love and take care of the horses but let your heart love again. Promise me?" He'd held her until the dawn broke over the hills and she passed away in his arms - then a rage took over him that stayed in his heart even to this day. Shortly after that morning her father had left the estate and Drago had taken over the stable refusing to allow another stable master onto the estate. He'd never allowed anyone into the stable to care for the horses...until Adela. Not that he had allowed her. It was a day he was in a dark mood and had ridden one of the horses harder than he should have. The horse was lathered, overheated and was pulling toward the water trough. When he swung off the horse Adela grabbed the reins yelling at him that the horse had to be walked down and left Drago standing at the stable entrance. He was too stunned to say anything as she walked away in her long dress with the horse in tow to cool him down slowly. He'd have never let the horse drink

water but he was too stunned to yell after her, and instead he stormed into the barn. She'd apologized to him when he came out of the tack room while she was brushing down the horse. He picked up another brush and that was the first time they stood on opposite sides of a horse in silence, but allowing the other person close to their private territory.

Drago dragged his thoughts back to the present. Smiling at the thought of his lost love he touched the locket that he wore around his neck. It was the heart shaped locket she wore and he'd never answer any questions about it. He looked at the clock on the mantle and saw it was close to midnight. Midnight was the time the mystery woman of the lake usually was taking her swim. Too much had passed in his life to be wondering about mystery women swimming in the lake, or if Adela felt comfortable in the house. He closed his eyes and before falling asleep had decided to talk to Adela in the morning and set her straight on a few things.

Chapter 6

Drago woke up the next morning and was still angry. His first thought was finding Adela and telling her what he thought of her attitude. Climbing the stairs to the main floor he heard voices. He stopped at the top stair not opening the door recognizing his brother's voice and Cindy's. He heard Cindy saying not to tell Drago. He wondered tell Drago what? Then it got more confusing that someone was married but it needed to remain a secret. He opened the door, "Well that was an interesting piece of news. Care to tell me the entire story!"

His brother turned on him, "How long were you listening and don't speak to my wife like that!"

Drago looked around confused thinking that perhaps there was another woman standing there that he hadn't seen. Drago could see Edward was upset, Cindy was starting to cry and the situation was way out of hand. Looking at Edward he said, "Everyone calm down, I've no idea what's going on." Then looking at Cindy with tears falling and Edward clearly wanting to soothe her it became clear. Drago smiled at Edward and pointing at Cindy said, "I think perhaps it would be a good idea to comfort your wife. Not a very good husband letting her cry." For a moment Edward didn't say anything then he hugged Drago, said thanks, and put his arm around Cindy.

"Come on Cindy, it's going to be okay. Drago has it all figured out so let's just tell him, Okay?"

Drago did something very out of character for him and said to Cindy, "I think it would be nice to know when I became a brother-in-law?"

Cindy smiled and said, "Oh, brother-in-law, that does sound very odd." She then quickly told him about their marriage. Drago was shocked that he'd no idea this had been going on and that Edward who could never keep anything a secret managed not to tell anyone he was married. Drago kept his expression blank not wanting to upset Cindy and Edward was smiling. Finally, Edward said, "Well, say something! Say anything – are you upset with us?"

Drago quickly got his thoughts together, “Well I’m upset that you didn’t feel you could tell me. I guess you had your reasons but that’s now in the past. I assume Clarice is already a party to this secret so we’d better find Chaz and impart this news to him and then to our parents?”

Cindy begged, “NO! You must tell no one. They won’t approve and it will ruin everything.”

Drago looked at her like she was daft since they were adults and wondered who wouldn’t approve. He was his usual voice when he said, “I don’t see how it quite matters at your ages who approves of whom and as long as you’re married I’m sure all will approve, if it even matters that they do.”

Edward cut in, “See Cindy, Drago approves of you and I know my parents will be thrilled?”

Drago realized what Cindy was worried about and wanting to get away from this discussion said, “I’m going to find Chaz. Cindy, Edward obviously approves so that’s what counts. If it makes you feel any better I approve and if any family member doesn’t I shall personally thrash them on your behalf.”

He walked away to find Chaz but heard Cindy laughing so he assumed what he said had the desired effect. He never would understand women and walked to the library where Chaz was reading and Adela was dusting.

He couldn’t resist, “Chaz, there’s something I think you need to know. I confess that Cindy had to marry to a member of this family.”

Chaz jumped up dropping the book, “You bastard!”

Drago laughed at Chaz’s enraged expression and the look of disbelief and shock on Adela’s face, “I doubt that mother would agree with you and besides I’m not the person who married her.”

Chaz sat back down, “Well, we have a problem since she’s Clarice’s niece.”

Adela at this point was getting mad but pretending she wasn’t listening and continued to clean the library. Drago sat on the edge of the desk near Adela and grinned, “Now what kind of way is that for a brother-in-law to feel?”

Chaz bellowed, “I thought you said it wasn’t you?”

Edward and Cindy entered the library and Cindy looked faint and scared. Adela dropped her duster and ran over to Cindy telling her to sit down before she fainted. She helped her to the couch and Edward laughed saying, “Drago for once is innocent. Well I take that statement back – Drago is never innocent but this time I’m the culprit so to speak, but we’ve been married and it was a decision we made quite a while ago. Besides at our ages it was just easier to get married quietly.”

Chaz looked at Drago who explained he'd just had found out a few moments ago but that they should move forward. Clarice came running into the library looking at Chaz, "Sir, please, I've never asked this family for anything. I've worked for you and never asked for any favors but now I am. Don't ask them to get an annulment or divorce."

Chaz looked at Drago who explained that the entire female staff had seemed to gone daft and then Chaz looked at Clarice. Chaz was shocked that she'd think he would do anything to upset her. He had taken care of her needs and her family's for years without ever asking anything in return. He had spent his own money on things her relatives asked her for that he knew she couldn't afford to help them out. He looked at her and in a stern, shocked voice said, "Clarice, how could you think I'd ever do that to you? Why didn't you tell me they were married? How could you keep something this important from me, I'm head of this household."

Drago looked at Adela. She looked back at him and shrugged her shoulders giving him a look that clearly told him she had no idea what was going on. She was sitting rubbing Cindy's back while Edward sat on the arm of the couch. She clearly gave Drago a look that said do something!

Drago stood up and said, "Everyone please – no one is getting divorced. Cindy and Edward just forgot to mention they got married and no one is to upset her. I think we should open a bottle of champagne and toast the couple. Edward then you and Cindy are to go to town and tell our parents – mother will be pleased she had a daughter-in-law. Clarice, why don't you and Chaz go to the west wing and decide which rooms to fix for them. It's clear that Edward needs to move off the second floor and this skulking around at night really should come to a halt."

Cindy jumped up and ran to Drago thanking him. He was very uncomfortable but accepted it. Then he stood up, "I have to go to the stables." Quickly walking out he made it known he was done with this topic of discussion and felt it was all in the past.

Walking to the stables he was still mulling over all that had just transpired. He really was glad that Edward had found someone. He was surprised it was Cindy but she was as good as any woman and thinking back she did seem to always have a thing for Edward. He wasn't sure what was going on with Clarice but she was always like a mother hen either pecking at or protecting all around her. He walked into the stable and the peace he always felt there started to relax him.

He walked over to the stall and Midnight nuzzled his neck. He rubbed the stallion's neck and heard a voice behind him. "You actually were nice to Cindy. I'm surprised, but quite pleased."

Drago turned around and walked past Adela into the tack room calling over his shoulder in a snide voice, "Well then, my morning is a success. If you're pleased then I can continue with my life." He closed the tack room door and went over to his desk.

Adela stood there staring at the door. She was supposed to tell him to meet Chaz and Clarice in the west wing for his approval of their changes. She called through the door, "I

take it that whatever Chaz and Clarice decide meets your approval?" Not hearing an answer she returned to the main house and told them that Drago had not voiced any objections to them making the west wing decisions. She then sat down with Edward and Cindy listening to their tale how they had gotten married. She watched Chaz and Clarice head out of the library to the west wing and wondered what was wrong with Drago.

Chaz brought the ring of keys to the west wing, which was comprised of a master bedroom, four smaller bedrooms, an office room and small library. It hadn't been used in many years since his uncle and aunt that used to live on the estate moved.

Opening all the rooms he called to Clarice who was still standing at the end of the hall, "This is the Master Suite, do you think Cindy would like it?"

Clarice walked down the hallway thinking if her niece didn't like it she would have to be insane. Clarice had not been to this section of the main house in over three years but remembered it as the nicest of all the rooms. Walking into the Master Bedroom she looked at the four-poster canopied bed and maple antique furniture.

Chaz turned to her, "Maybe too old fashion?"

Clarice realized he was talking but not looking at her, "Chaz, since when do you speak and not look at a person?" When they were alone away from the other family she always called him Chaz instead of Sir.

He laughed, "Since you stopped letting me steal apple pies? See, my behavior that I've attained in my old age is all your fault."

"Chaz, I apologize for how I came into the library. It wasn't fitting my station here in your employ and it wasn't fair to you."

Chaz sat down on the bed and rubbed the bridge of his nose. His headaches were coming back more frequently from stress and this one promised to bring a good deal of pain. He had enough to deal with and now he had another dilemma that needed attention. He felt Clarice sit down next to him and heard her say, "You've always felt the weight of family decisions and never shared the load with anyone."

Keeping his eyes closed he continued rubbing the bridge of his nose, "It's just the way the cards fall in life. But I do know that this household couldn't run without you. Do you want to move to this wing? We can arrange that, if it would make you happy. And now what do we do for someone helping you in the kitchen and with the cleaning? I guess we can hire someone. And Cindy may want a personal maid and we just cut the staff. There's just so much now to plan for."

Clarice looked at Chaz as if he were from another era. They'd always maintained the formality that was called for in their respective positions but this time she placed her hand on his shoulder.

“Chaz, Cindy will never allow another person to wait on her or Edward. And, she has no intention of giving up taking care of a house that she has loved for so many years. This is now part of her and she’ll want to continue taking care of it.”

Chaz groaned, “I’m too damn old for this!” He flopped back on the bed with his eyes closed. The room was quiet as Clarice stared down at him. Then her hand moved to his leg and rubbed it. His eyes flew open in shock but she said, “Close your eyes Chaz. Do as you’re told and close them and don’t lift a hand to stop me. Do you understand?” He didn’t answer but nodded his head and closed his eyes. Her hand expertly unzipped his pants and she pulled off his shoes. Then with his help she slid his clothing off his body. He never said a word but leaned back closing his eyes.

Clarice was amazed he didn’t question anything that was happening. She didn’t kiss him like she wanted but started to run her hand up and down his hard erection. He was thick in her hand and already dripping. She didn’t care if he thought they were too old for anything - her tongue started to lick his cock up and down. She heard his moan of sheer pleasure and her mouth closed over the head of his cock. Sucking him deep into her mouth she cupped his balls. She’d wanted to suck on his cock for years. She’d imagined him coming into her kitchen and that she would sink to her knees taking his cock out of his pants. Now, it finally wasn’t a dream over the many years. She squeezed his balls tighter and the more he moaned it felt good the tighter she cupped them. She’d thought it was almost too much, but he kept groaning for her to squeeze them tighter and she squeezed tighter. The very formal Clarice took the very formal Chaz Chandler into her mouth sucking on his hard cock. His hands twined in her hair as he moaned how good it felt and his hips began to pump his cock fucking her mouth. He began to pump faster as she tasted his come dripping into her mouth while she sucked. He tasted wonderful to her and she wanted it all. She wanted the very formal Chaz Chandler to come in her mouth. Her hand began to squeeze his sacs harder and harder as her other hand jerked him in her mouth. She could feel his legs stiffening as he neared coming. His hands were pulling her mouth tighter onto his cock when he finally groaned, “Now, Clarice, suck my cock hard!” She didn’t need him to moan it again - she sucked and felt his cock start to shoot come into her mouth as she greedily swallowed. When he was done his hands were still holding her head - he tipped her chin up to him. He smiled down at her and without saying anything stood up and pulled on his pants. She quickly adjusted her clothing and stood up watching him.

He walked to the door, “Clarice, think we can have some apple pie in the kitchen? I think they should move to the east wing. I think this room should be used for something else. What do you think?”

Clarice smiled, “I just happen to have baked your favorite type of apple pie today with cinnamon but don’t go thinking you can just walk into my kitchen and eat it all whenever you want!”

Chaz held the door as she walked past him, “You’re still a mean woman Clarice Johnston not letting me have apple pie in your kitchen when I want it.”

Clarice tried not to smile and sounded her usual stern voice, “And you Mr. Chandler are spoiled in getting what you want and have been since you were sneaking around that kitchen as a young man!”

* * * * *

In the stable Drago was at his desk writing down all the things that had transpired at Chandler Estate. It wasn't a very long list -Edward was married, Cindy was married, Clarice was a spinster and would probably remain such doing nothing more with her life than baking every day. Adela was a bitch. And there was the midnight swims at the lake. He wrote the time – midnight. Then next to it he wrote:

Sept. 5th, 2000 - Midnight – Go swimming in the lake.

He stared at the notation and then stretching his legs under the desk decided that sounded like a good time to go for a swim. He started doing the rest of the stable accounting looking forward to the day being over and for tonight's swim in the lake.

Chapter 7

Hours later Drago finished the accounting, but instead of going back to the house climbed the ladder to the hayloft and fell asleep. He woke when he heard the soft sensual whimpering of a woman. He didn't move for a few minutes thinking that it was his imagination, but then he again heard the soft sounds of pleasure. Slowly he moved toward the end of the loft and peered down into the stall that held fresh hay. He was quite shocked at what he saw. Not that the site of a woman touching herself was odd to him but that it was Adela! Adela was by herself and it appeared that she must have been napping. She had placed a blanket on the soft hay and he remembered that she once said she sometimes took a nap in the stable. Now he remembered their conversation and that this must have been where she meant that she napped. He gazed down at her and she was on her back with her knees bent with her dress drawn up around her waist. He could clearly see she had her panties off and her fingers were touching her pussy. He wanted to tell her he was there but he just watched amazed at her abandon in pleasuring herself.

Adela was in a world of her own touching her tender nipples. In her mind a man was touching them. She imagined all the touching was by her lover. Pulling on them until they swelled in pleasure at his touch and she'd moan his name in need. She imagined him telling her that her breasts were magnificent and honey soft, just before his lips would capture her nipple and suck on it. She gazed down at her own fingers pulling on them but fantasized it was him. The only man she seemed to want but couldn't have. She'd squeeze them together as if offering them to him, for him to suck on and kiss. The tips of her nipples were hard points of need when she pinched them harder, bringing forth a moan of pain from her lips. She knew she was wet and needed to come. She knew she had to return to the house but for just these few minutes she'd pretend he was in her pussy...fucking her.

Her hand slid to the apex of her long legs and then her fingers spread her pussy lips. She didn't see Drago watching her fingers slide up and down her slit, then shove deep within

her. She pulled them out and pinched her clit. She pretended it was his fingers roaming over her private folds of pleasure. She pretended it was his fingers dipping into her slippery softness and spreading her wider with his sensual invasion. Whimpering his name she pushed her fingers into where she was moist and soft. Her hips rose off the fresh hay arching against them. Arching toward the exploring fingers she moaned for her imaginary lover to fuck her. Her hips began to move restlessly seeking release for her body's need. Rocking onto her fingers to her own sensual rhythm she began to surge and ebb - her whimpers became pants of need. She writhed in need as finally her body began to fuck her fingers harder and harder, until she cried out his name in an erotic release of a woman's pleasure, "Drago!"

Drago's mind froze when he heard his name. He thought he'd heard her wrong and that it must have been his neighbor's nickname that she had called. His neighbor was his age and they had been best friends since they were kids. His name was Craig but for years they called him Crago to tease him, and it seemed that everyone still called him that instead of Craig. Craig was divorced and Drago made a mental note to visit Craig tomorrow and find out if he was seeing Adela. He watched her button her blouse and put on her panties. Then she straightened out her skirt, folded the blanket and walked out of the stable as if she'd been watering the horses instead of touching herself.

Drago stood up and his cock was hard and rammed against his jeans. He had no intentions of jerking off but had to open his jeans and ignoring the need to come he adjusted his cock away from the zipper. Finally, he walked to the house and ignoring Chaz and Clarice in the kitchen walked down to his rooms. Anger seemed to well up inside him at the thought of Adela with Crago while he was trying to make her stay at the house easier. He finally thought if she wanted to be Crago's bitch she could go work at his estate with the other whores he hired. Craig may be his best friend but Drago knew he fucked every skirt that worked on his estate.

Pulling a book off the shelf he read until it was time to go to the lake. At the chime of the grandfather clock he walked barefoot to the stable and rode his horse to the opposite end of the lake. He could feel the excitement of the chase as he waited for a swimmer to appear. He was hidden in the shadows when he saw a woman walking toward the place he had tied his horse. Walking toward her he was surprised and said, "Katrina! What the hell are you doing here?"

Katrina was never one to take a reprimand and answered, "I'd think Drago that I can ask you the same question!"

Drago laughed, "I don't think so. I own the fucking property. So, what the hell are you doing sneaking around my grounds at this hour?"

Katrina was standing in front of him with her back to the lake. Looking past her, as the moon flooded the lake with light, he saw in the distance a swimmer. Katrina was standing close and Drago thought to himself that he didn't want Katrina knowing what he was really up to. He pulled her against him and whispered, "Well, whatever we're here for it can wait. I want to play with your nipples and suck on them. I want to do things to you that you'll need and crave."

Without waiting for her answer he kissed her, pulling her back toward the trees and pushing her down onto the soft grass. The one thing he did like about Katrina is that she never played those hard to get games. He unbuttoned her blouse and pulled her skirt down her legs. He chuckled, "No, panties? My Katrina is so enterprising when she finds me."

Katrina smiled a woman's smile of knowing she'd have him. Spreading her thighs for him she watched as he grinned down at her and he said, "Give me your wrists, Katrina."

He took the scarf she was wearing and quickly tied it around her wrists. Pulling her arms above her head he tied the end of the scarf to the end of a lower branch of a bush that they were in front of.

With her arms secured he took his time running his fingers over the soft curls of her mound. His mind quickly forgot the swimmer as Katrina was stretched in front of him with her legs open for his pleasure. Drago gazed down on the shadows of the night playing across her pussy and slid between her legs. He didn't waste time and began to lick up and down her pussy. Hoping the swimmer would hear Katrina's moans and swim away he sucked harder than he usually would at first.

The swimmer reached the shore and recognized the sounds. Starting to turn to swim away she stopped. Instead she soundlessly walked to the sound. Parting some shrubs she saw two figures but couldn't recognize them. The woman was on her back with the man clearly sucking and licking the woman's pussy. Adela started to move away when she heard the woman moaning that she had to come. Afraid that she'd be caught she crouched lower and although at first she looked away she looked back at the silhouettes.

Katrina opened her thighs wider unaware they were being watched. Her arms were stretched above her head and she felt his tongue sliding up and down her pussy. Her body was receptive when he shoved his tongue into the center of her. Her body arched when he licked at her clit then sucked at it. She was sweet warmth and he played her body with a tune that made her need to hear it more and more. Her clit was throbbing from his constant sucking and she grabbed his head holding his mouth to her pussy as her body had its final explosion of a shattering release. Her whimper was soft but seemed to echo into the night, "Drago."

Adela froze and her mind raced with the thought Drago and Katrina! Rage flowed through her as she quietly backed away from the scene. Rather than go to the lake she slipped past the two figures still engulfed in lust. Walking swiftly and quietly to his horse she untied him. She walked the horse slowly away so the least amount of noise would be made. When she turned the bend she swung her body into the saddle. Naked she raced the horse to the other side of the lake where in a fluid movement she grabbed her clothes and galloped into the barn.

Drago heard a horse galloping but never thought of his own. He finished with Katrina and sent her on her way with promises of seeing her the following week. He really did enjoy her abandon when she was with him and that she never asked for promises. He was glad

that the swimmer had left without seeing them. Walking toward his horse he was surprised when he wasn't where he tied him. He whistled a few times but the horse didn't appear. A chill went through him when he thought back to the sound of a horse galloping away. He began the walk back to the property still not believing the horse got loose and galloped back to the stable but it was possible. When he arrived at the stable he stood in the middle surprised, confused and angered. The horse was already in his stall. Unsaddled, fresh hay, and a bucket of fresh water. One thought raced through his mind. ADELA! That bitch!

He stormed through the back kitchen door to be stunned for the second time that night.

He turned to Chaz who was sitting at the kitchen table, "What the hell is he doing here?"

Craig looked at him, "Drago? What the hell has gotten into you. You look like you're ready to cut someone into fish bait."

Drago turned to Clarice, "How long has she been here?"

Clarice stood up, "I don't know what you've been drinking tonight but Adela works here, unless you've lost your mind baying at the moon or something. And Crago has been coming to this house since you were both ten years old. Where have you been looking like you ran across the entire county?" Clarice gave him a stern look.

He snarled at Adela, "Was it good?"

She stood up and glared at him, "I don't know what you are talking about but you are as nasty as everyone in this county says you are!"

Chaz broke in, "Wait a minute! Adela, you don't speak to someone in this family like that! How dare you speak to a Chandler in that tone."

Adela stood up, "Then I'm no longer in the service of this family? Is that what you're telling me?"

Chaz was now in a rage. "Yes, pack your things and I'll write you a check for severance but you're no longer with this estate!"

Craig and Drago looked at each other and as Adela stormed out Craig pulled Drago back out onto the porch, "Drago what the hell is going on? Has your family gone daft since three weeks ago? Where the hell is Adela going to go at this time of night?"

Drago looked at him, "Well, you should know since you've been fucking her."

Craig laughed, "That bitch? I'd never even go near that bitch. I haven't fucked another woman since I started fucking Katrina over four months ago."

Drago stuttered, "Katrina!"

Craig laughed, "Yes. She has some rather interesting tricks she does with scarves and things. She's quite aggressive if you can believe that of her. Anyway, in all honesty I've been quite satisfied with her. Now, what the hell are you going to do about Adela leaving?"

Before he got a chance to answer Adela walked out the back door and looking directly at Craig said, "Crago can I work on your estate. Clarice will give you a reference."

Craig could see Adela was shaken and actually looked like she was going to burst into tears. He looked at Drago who silently sent him the same look they had used since kids when they were in agreement.

Craig answered, "Uh, yes, that would be fine. We can discuss salary in the morning. Drago, can we take a horse for Adela and I'll bring him back in the morning?"

Drago turned to go back into the house, "Sure, Adela is very adept at taking horses and returning them to the stable. She can take her pick. She usually does what she wants anyway."

As the door opened they could hear Chaz and Clarice in an argument in the kitchen, but they headed to the stable. Craig asked, "Look Adela are you sure you know what you're doing. Drago can be quite dense at times. Well, make that Drago is dense most of the time but he's really a good man."

Adela grabbed one of the horses and began to saddle her for the ride. She turned to Craig, "Shut up Crago and let's go to the house."

Craig grinned, "Shut up? Lucky you're my second cousin or I'd fire your ass and I haven't even hired you yet."

She smiled at him. Their blue eyes laughing as they looked into the other's eyes seeing the deep blue that only their family had.

Craig continued as they rode toward his estate, "Well, I guess you can help with the estate accounting and keep out of the way of the other women. We can talk in the morning and figure all of this out. You do realize that Drago thinks we are having a sort of fling? I told him I'm being rather faithful to Katrina."

Adela stuttered, "Katrina!" Then she decided not to tell Crago what she saw tonight and find out what was going on with Katrina. She turned to him, "Us having a fling? Well that may just be a rather interesting rumor to keep going."

Craig chuckled, "Uh oh, I know that tone of yours since we were kids. Is this aimed at my poor friend Drago?"

Adela grinned, "Drago who?"

As they neared his estate Craig knew his friend Drago was in for a rough time with Adela and anything she was planning.

Chapter 8

While Craig was showing Adela to her room and deciding to pay the gardener, Janella, a late night visit the kitchen back at Chandler estate was still a scene of chaos.

“Clarice, don’t tell me I was in error to fire that witch, Adela.”

“Fine, Chaz or rather Mr. Chandler, I’d never think it was my place to tell a Chandler what they can or can’t do. After all, I’m only the cook and take orders, not give them.”

Chaz glared at her but she glared right back as he said, “Oh drat! Clarice, it’s late and I don’t want to argue. Perhaps I may have been a tad hasty but it’s done and she has left to work on another estate.”

Clarice was bustling around the kitchen clearly still agitated and not ready to let him off the hook, but not in a position to reprimand the eldest Chandler. Finally, clearing all the plates and placing them neatly away she turned to him, “Well, Sir, my duties are over for the night and I’m tired. If you’ll please excuse me I’ll take my leave of your company, since my day starts very early.”

Chaz didn’t know what to say or how to get her to stay, “Fine, Clarice, thank you for taking such good care of the kitchen. Sleep well. If you need anything I’ll be in the library for a while reading.” He walked out of the kitchen closing the door behind him. Once in the library he sat at his desk leaning his head in his hands. He’d wanted her to come to the library with him. He’d wanted to do something romantic and sit in front of the fire with her. He laughed out loud at that thought since it was so out of character for him. He thought wooing the cook at his age was a daft idea but then his thoughts turned to when they were in the bedroom and she was sucking on his cock. His cock hardened at the thought but he didn’t know how to get her to come to the library. He’d started reading a book when there was a knock at the door and he told whomever was there to enter. He was quite surprised to see Clarice and asked if everything was okay.

“Before I retired I wanted to apologize for some of the things I’d said in the kitchen. I was out of line and I know you’ve enough stress to deal with.” She hadn’t moved any further into the room than the doorway.

Chaz wanted her to come into the library but dared not voice his needs, “Well, Clarice, I do appreciate you taking the time to tell me and I accept your apology. Additionally, I apologize for my behavior which was not becoming to a Chandler.”

Clarice stared at him.

He stared at her but didn’t know what else to say. He knew he’d like to say would you like to come in and suck my cock, but that was too far out of character for him - so he sat and stared at her.

She took a small step into the room, "Sir, shall I close the door or would you like to be by yourself to read? I don't think I'm quite tired enough to sleep and perhaps you'd like to go over the menu for the rest of the week?"

Chaz smiled, "I think going over the menu sounds like a great idea. I can't think of anything else I'd rather do. Certainly not read what I was reading. What did you have in mind for the menu?"

Clarice had walked up to his desk, "Well, Sir. If you wouldn't consider it too brazen I had hoped I would be the menu?"

Chaz stuttered, "Yes. Yes. In front of the fireplace."

Clarice laughed, "What?"

Chaz stood up and taking off his jacket continued, "The fireplace. I know that sounds rather silly, but I was thinking of sitting in front of it. Do you think that's silly?"

Clarice smiled and walked over to the fireplace, "Chaz, at our ages there's no such thing as silly anymore. There's only catching up."

The fire glowed as the proper Chaz Chandler undressed himself placing his clothing over the couch, so as not to wrinkle them. He then assisted Clarice in removing her uniform and he placed that next to his clothes on the couch. Then naked they sank to the soft carpet in front of the fireplace and made love in a not so proper fashion. Chaz had started in his usual fashion kissing her breasts and sucking on her large nipples. His cock was hard and already dripping. He gazed down at her, "Clarice, I hope you don't get insulted but I like your ample bosoms." He nearly fainted when he heard her tell him to call them tits and to relax and just fuck her. Being a man to rise to the occasion of a challenge, fuck her he did. He cupped her breasts, "Clarice, I want to suck your tits and fuck your pussy." He leaned forward and in a moment was sucking on her plump nipple – pulling on it with his teeth while she spread her thighs for him. Before his fingers slid down to her wetness he let her nipple go, "So, you want me to fuck you? I want to fuck you hard. I think I've been wanting to fuck you for years, Clarice." With an intensity of years pent up of wanting each other their bodies rubbed on each other. His fingers delved between her pussy lips slipping into her heat. He felt her sucking on his tongue as he kissed her and his fingers pumped in and out but that wasn't enough. Pulling his mouth from hers and his fingers from her dripping pussy he growled, "Get on your knees. I want to fuck you from behind." They changed position without another word to each other. As Clarice positioned herself on all fours in front of him his hands ran over her large ass...squeezing each cheek before his fingers slid back to her pussy. Then after fingering her until she moaned in pleasure, he grabbed her by the hips and drove his hard cock into her in one swift motion. He heard her gasp of surprise and for a moment the realization came to him that he was fucking the cook on the floor. But, her whimpers of pleasure and the site of her creamy ass cheeks drove his cock in and out of her and all thought from his mind. He ground his cock into her. He pulled her hips forcing her back onto his cock. He pulled out to the head of his cock and rammed into the dripping wetness of her. He liked when she told him his cock

felt good ramming into her. He liked when he felt her pussy pushing onto his cock. He liked fucking her in this position. Chaz was in a world of pleasure and need for Clarice. He'd never wanted another woman like this and he knew he wouldn't want another one. His cock was pulsing and throbbing and he knew his balls were tightening from the friction of her pussy. Her pussy was tight...hot...wet. He felt her ramming back onto him and knew from the way she was moving she was going to come. He wanted to feel her come, "Clarice, come on my cock. Come while I ram my cock into your pussy. Fucking you. Fucking you like you want me to Clarice!" He heard her whimper she was coming and felt her start to shudder in uncontrollable spasms as she reached her orgasm. He continued, "Now, Clarice I'm going to come in you. I'm going to shoot my load into your hot pussy!" With a loud growl Chaz arched his back thrusting his hips and plunged into her while his cock claimed her. His voice was strained as he came, "Clarice. Clarice. I'm coming in you. Don't move."

Chaz finished coming in the most shattering release he'd ever experienced. His breathing was hard and finally as his breathing slowed he pulled out of her. Clarice turned around and sitting on the carpet said, "I'd better get something or I may stain the carpet." Chaz pulled her down onto the carpet and whispered in her ear, "To hell with the carpet!" He pulled her into an embrace and they fell asleep unaware that later the library door opened.

The couch was in the way of his vision and Drago couldn't make out who was on the floor, but knew it was Chaz. He figured Chaz had probably paid one of the women from town to service him and didn't notice the uniform on the couch. Closing the door he went back to the stable to sleep. It was too hot in the house and at times he needed the freedom of not sleeping in a house. Stretching out on a blanket in the loft he thought back to when he had watched Adela pleasuring herself. As he fell into a fitful sleep he imagined her fucking Craig. Meanwhile Adela was snuggling beneath the covers quite alone wondering who would be helping Drago with the horses and the gardening at Chandler House. She knew Craig would help her with any plans she had but he'd told her he wouldn't be back until the morning. She knew her cousin and his reputation for liking women and knew exactly what he would be doing for the remainder of the night.

Craig walked through the garden in back of his house to a small cottage. He'd built various cottages on different areas of his property so the staff didn't have to live in his home. He also felt that if the women had their own places they'd be more apt to stay in his employ, not to mention he could visit one without the others knowing if he stayed all night. He made sure the cottages were away from each other and out of direct sight of each other. Knocking on the door he heard Janella answer, "Come on in Craig."

He walked in and she was in bed. He smiled, "Hello, Janella, I do hope you're quite naked under that quilt."

Janella's teasing hazel eyes gazed seductively back at him, "Well, why don't you come over and find out?"

Walking over to the bed he sat down on the side and slid his hand under the covers, "Yes, I can see you got my note and such nice flesh to be naked waiting for me."

Janella moved the covers off her body so he could see her, "And, since I've been waiting here naked for you what do you have for me?"

Craig had always liked her open way with sex. She was uninhibited and liked to fuck as much as she liked to breath. They'd been fucking for over six years and until Katrina he'd been satisfied with Janella but he needed to be honest with her. "Janella, there's something I need to speak to you about and I think you may not want me in your bed after I tell you. But, we've always been honest with each other."

Janella sat up, "Yes, yes I know your fucking Katrina. The entire county knows your fucking Katrina and she's fucking you and your buddy Drago so get undressed because I really don't care."

The look on his face made her say, "Oh no! You didn't know about Drago?"

Craig was silent for a moment as rage ran through his body that earlier he said something to Drago and Drago never said anything to him about Katrina. If it wasn't so late he'd ride back over and knock him out, but right now he wanted to fuck to get Drago and Katrina out of his mind. The thought of them together, naked, fucking, was a thought that made him angry enough to fight. He looked at her, "It doesn't matter but yes that was what I was going to tell you. And no, I didn't know they were fucking. Guess I'm the ass in the situation."

Janella pulled him into the bed and pushed him onto his back, "Well I actually heard that Katrina wants you and not Drago. I'm not making excuses but you men have a tendency to get things very loused up and Katrina does want you."

"Janella, I don't want to talk about that bitch, I want you."

Janella laughed, "Well I actually want to be with Miriam, but since she's not due back for another week you'll do."

Craig had known she liked to be with other women but no one else would ever think it of her and she and her lover were quite safe from rumors since they both lived on the estate. He leaned over and began to fondle her nipples that hardened into tight buds. With Janella he could do whatever he wanted. "Janella, do you think when Miriam comes back you'd want to both to have a tryst so to speak?"

Janella smiled, "Yes, we've already talked about both of us having you at the same time. Now, enough talk. Switch positions and you get on top and get down between my thighs and suck my clit. And, do it like you mean to please me."

Craig enjoyed when she demanded what he should do and he didn't have to take the lead. He slid down her body as she told him to and started licking her clit. She had spread her thighs and brought them back to her chest so she was open in invitation.

"Lick it, Craig. Now!"

He licked. His mouth and tongue concentrated on her clit and his lips closed on it. Pulling at it gently he felt her hands in his hair and her voice demanding he suck harder like he meant to eat pussy. He sucked harder and she laughed telling him he'd better do better than that. His index and middle finger rammed up her pussy at the same time he bit at her clit. Her moan told him he was doing it right this time. He pushed another finger into her pussy while sucking her clit harder and tighter. He heard her whisper, "Good boy, suck me Craig! Do it right and later I'll let you come."

His mouth was sucking as Janella pinched her own nipples...pulling them hard. She was dripping as he sucked and kept fingering her with three fingers and curling his others to push more and more of his hand into her pussy. Janella liked it rough and liked to give it rough. She grabbed his hair and pulled his face tighter against her clit. "Suck it! And push harder into me. Yes, like that...suck it...suck it hard now." He sucked and then as he felt her pussy tighten on his fist he bit her clit without being gentle – she whimpered and she came. He didn't let up as she was coming and he sucked harder even as she started to push his mouth away from her clit. Finally, he let it go and looked up at her with his hand still inside her pussy.

"So, Janella – did you come hard enough!" He pushed his hand into her again and as she leaned back on the pillows in complete satisfaction he grinned, "Yes, I guess you did. You're such a dominating bitch, you know that?" Pulling his hand away he licked her juices off it as the door opened and they heard Miriam's voice say in an apologetic tone that she'd gotten back early and she'd leave.

Janella smiled at her, "No, come in and join us. But, lock the door before his cousin Adela comes in or something."

Miriam laughed, "His cousin is here? Oh fantastic she's such a live wire to be around."

Craig stood up and started to help Miriam off with her clothes as he said, "Well, this is turning out to be a good night after all. Adela is sleeping in the guest room and will be here for quite a while. She's probably sound asleep by now."

As both Craig and Miriam climbed onto the bed with Janella, Adela silently climbed onto the horse to return him. Taking another horse in tow she'd decided she didn't want to wait until the morning when she may encounter Drago. She decided to return the horse now, in the middle of the night, put him in his stall and ride the other horse back to the estate before Craig even knew she had gone. She figured Drago would be on the lower floors and not even know she had entered the barn.

As she rode through the night to the barn Drago fitfully turned over in his sleep still dreaming of watching her fingering herself. He woke once thinking he had heard someone but looking over the loft noticed it was only a cat. He fell back into a deep sleep as Adela entered the gates of the Chandler Estate and dismounting started to walk the horses toward the barn.

Chapter 9

Quietly Adela tied her horse to the rail outside the barn. Swinging off her horse she untied the lead from the saddle horn and led the borrowed Celeste into the barn. Celeste didn't need any direction and headed directly for the stall. As Adela was opening the stall door she heard an odd sound. Adela stood very still listening to where the sound could be coming from and what it could be. She heard the sound again and realized that it was someone moaning. She quickly ascertained that there was someone in the loft and she knew right away whom it would be. She thought that she'd again spy on Drago and Katrina but this time she'd tell Craig about Katrina.

Slowly moving to the ladder she quickly and quietly scaled it to the loft. She moved like a silent cat and swiftly hid behind a bale of hay. She loved the night and was used to making out objects in the dark. Tonight there was a full moon and the moonlight was shining in from the open loft hatch. She could clearly make out a figure. As she hid behind the bale of hay she watched Drago fitfully rolling back and forth seeming to be asleep and having a nightmare. He was thrashing about in his sleep and she waited for Katrina to wake him up. Finally she realized that Katrina wasn't about and that it was only Drago that she'd heard moaning. She moved toward the ladder to leave when she heard him call the name Andrea. Freezing her movements she waited for him to say something else but then realized he was in a deep sleep. She moved closer to him and saw that he was in a deep sleep calling for Andrea. She'd heard stories about Andrea and Drago and decided she'd wake him from his nightmare and then quickly leave. She was about to call his name when she heard two horses enter the barn. Looking down from the loft she saw Edward and Cindy entering the barn and dismount.

Cindy was saying, "I don't think telling your parents went very well. I didn't think that it would but I was hoping your mother would at least try not to look so disgusted."

Edward smiled at his wife, "I think Mom will get used to it and, Cindy, she really didn't take it quite that badly."

Cindy smirked, "Edward, she looked at your father and told him to do something, and he said it apparently had already been done, and then she turned to you and asked how you could marry someone when she'd always planned for you to marry Georgette. I don't think we can quite call her reaction not taking it badly. And, who is Georgette?"

Edward had already put his horse in the stall and walked Cindy's horse to the stall and closed him in. Turning to Cindy he pulled her into his arms, "Well, by the time we left she was used to the idea. You must admit that you both did get along quite well after her initial surprise."

"Surprise? Edward, she was shocked and nearly fainted. Julie was wiping her brow with a wet cloth and your father was fanning her with the local newspaper. I think we shall have to classify that as more than a surprise. And who is Georgette?"

Edward could hear in her voice that she was working herself up into being upset and he had other things on his mind. "Well then, wife, who shocked my poor mother. One, Georgette married and moved away seven years ago and has a brood of seven children. Number two, how about if your husband has a surprise for you?"

Cindy giggled as he rubbed his groin against her, "Oh, you mean like perhaps you shall take me to town and buy me a new dress?"

Edward kissed her neck and whispered, "Well, first we'd need you to remove the one you have on for me to properly decide what the size of the dress should be. Tomorrow how about we go for a dress and then to the pub so we can tell everyone we're married." His hands had already started unbuttoning the front of her dress when she told him that they should wait till they returned to the house. Edward grinned and pushing her back against the wall slid to the stable floor to his knees. She was grinning down at him, "Edward, and just what are you doing on your knees? Are you going to ask me to marry you again?"

Edward was already pushing up her dress, "No my dear, that would mean I was only on one knee. As you can clearly see I'm on both knees and that would mean I'm going to dig under this dress of yours and find your panties." Reaching under her dress his fingers slid up her thighs to her panties and slid the frilly material down her legs. She gingerly stepped out of them and was already touching her own nipples, while reprimanding him that he was undressing her in the barn and at their age it was quite inappropriate.

Adela was staring down at them thinking that she agreed with Cindy but that their timing was lousy and that made it inappropriate. She then heard Drago thrashing and quickly went over to quiet him and wake him. Kneeling on the hay next to him she leaned over him whispering, "Drago, wake up. You're having a bad dream. Wake up, Drago." In the next instant his arms encircled her and she was flipped onto her back. In his sleep his lips found hers while he whispered in a feverish nightmare for Andrea to hold him and never leave him. Adela's arms went tightly around him to hold him while she tried to wake him up again. She realized he would be angry but she didn't want Edward and Cindy to know someone else was in the barn while they were fooling.

Drago's hands cupped her full breasts and began caressing them through her blouse. His kisses felt like fire as they trailed over her lips. When he started to speak Adela just whispered, "Quiet. Don't speak Drago. It's going to be okay. Wake up." He didn't wake up. His lips again caressed hers and instead of pulling away Adela kissed him back. She knew he'd wake up at any moment but for just this second she wanted to know what his lips tasted like. Her hands roamed freely through his black hair while his fingers had opened her blouse. She didn't wear any underclothing since she'd quickly dressed. His fingers trailed across the flesh of her breasts and then flicked her nipples. They caressed the tight buds and then softly pinched them. Adela now instead of trying to wake him kept quietly whispering to him to touch her more. His hand had already slid under her riding skirt and cupped the apex of her legs. His hand didn't move but stayed still on her mound of soft black hair, slowly caressing her feminine flesh. Adela knew he thought he was with someone else and she prayed he wouldn't wake up. She knew she was taking a great chance but when his finger starting sliding between the damp lips of her pussy she spread her thighs wider parted. She heard Cindy and Edward leaving the barn and knew she should wake Drago putting an end to what was going on. Instead her lips found his and she arched her pelvis so his finger slid directly onto her clit. She knew she was wet as his finger slid easily toward its goal. Their tongues met in a battle of lust and his finger slid into her hot, wet sheath. She'd been without a man for many months and was tired of

touching herself. Having a man's fingers stretching the walls of her body made her whimper with pleasure and she began to roll her hips in fine circular motions. As if in a hypnotic state their kisses blended with their joined movements. Her caressing hands and his thrusting fingers moved on the other's flesh in total harmony. Obeying an instinct she didn't know she was capable of her lips moved to his ear as she whispered, "Own me Drago, own my body, make me yours and be my Master."

She didn't realize she'd reached him on an instinctive level - even in his sleep he growled and his mouth demanded possession. She suddenly felt his fingers that had been gently moving within her now slamming in and out fucking her. Her body was writhing with need and she whimpered for him to own her. His fingers began demanding her wetness as they began to pump and his thumb caressed her clit. His mouth was devouring hers as she whimpered between his deep kisses. Passion crested and she plunged over the edge. As her pussy clenched on his fingers she heard him growl in his sleep, "My bitch! Mine!" She held tightly to him as her body kept waves of sensations running through it. His fingers slid from within her and he hugged her tightly against him still whispering "My bitch. Mine."

His breathing slowed and he slept peacefully with his arms tightly around her. Adela felt the warmth of his body and allowed for a few more minutes to lean against him. Then realizing she could still get away without being noticed she slowly slid from his arms and down the ladder. Taking her cousin's horse she quietly walked out of the barn and swung into the saddle. Not waiting till she was away from the barn she broke the horse into a gallop as if the devil himself was after her. The sound of the horse's hooves over the partial cobblestone drive woke Drago with a start. His first thought was a horse thief had taken a horse. Still not awake he climbed down the ladder and ran out of the barn. Turning to look into the barn he quickly noticed all the horses in their stalls including Edward's and Cindy's. Then he noticed Celeste had been returned. He ran to the main road. In the distance he could make out a rider just before the rider turned to take the left fork in the road. He felt anger as he realized the left fork went to Craig's estate and the right fork went to the Kashen's estate. He knew it wasn't Katrina - it had been Adela!

Standing there a moment his thoughts returned to his dream of Andrea. He touched the locket on his neck and thought how real it had felt as if he was holding her in his arms. He could still feel her gently moving under him while he talked her into letting him touch her. Suddenly his thoughts touched on that in his dream Andrea wasn't gentle and delicate but demanding he dominate her. Something was beginning to feel very strange but he heard Chaz, "Drago?"

Drago saw Chaz walking toward him, "Chaz, what are you doing out here?"

Chaz walked over to his brother and explained he was waiting at the lake for a trespasser but fell asleep and had no idea if she'd actually gone to the lake or not. Drago laughed and said he had also been wondering who was using the lake over these last few months. They walked to the back of the house and entered the kitchen to find Clarice, Edward and Cindy all eating apple pie.

Chaz tried to sound stern, "Doesn't anyone in this house sleep anymore. I'd think tonight was enough excitement with Adela leaving."

Cindy turned to him looking shocked, "Adela leave? Why would Adela want to leave? Adela would never leave!"

Chaz by now was exhausted and grumbled, "Well, she's gone! I'm going to my room. Clarice, are you coming upstairs?"

All eyes suddenly stared in shocked silence at Chaz at the same time he realized what he'd said. Clarice calmly said, "Yes, Sir. I'll bring your pie to you in a few moments. You don't need to eat it here since you seem to be in a mood."

Chaz didn't answer but walked out of the room as he heard Cindy saying she didn't understand why he was always so bossy and assumed Clarice would automatically bring him his pie when he could certainly carry it for himself. Clarice cut a large piece of pie and explained she'd been doing this small task for him for a number of years and if it made him happy to have a piece of pie brought to him it was the least she could do for him with all the responsibility he had to deal with.

Edward turned to Drago as Clarice bustled out of the kitchen with her plate of pie and said, "Drago don't you think Chaz could have carried his own pie?"

Drago looked at the two of them, "I'm going to the lower floor." He walked out of the kitchen without answering since it was too trivial for him to think about. When he opened the door to his room something again began to play on the edges of his thoughts. He rubbed his chin and then noticed a very feminine scent on his fingers. Shocked he stared at his hand and suddenly his thoughts shot back to the loft. Closing his eyes tightly he heard the words in his mind, be my master. Andrea never would have uttered those. He smiled thinking that Katrina must have snuck into the barn with him and not wanting to wake him she then rode off into the night. He thought of the horse and rider he'd seen but the rider had taken the fork away from the Kashen estate toward Craig's estate. He couldn't understand why Katrina would be going over to Craig's but decided first thing in the morning he would ride over to Craig and see if Katrina has been to visit Janella. With the thought of Katrina sneaking into the loft to be with him he soon fell back to sleep. His other thought was to tell Chaz that he had to agree that Clarice did enough work during the day and that he could certainly carry his own plate of apple pie.

At that moment Clarice was climbing the few stairs to the east wing. The family didn't even question when Chaz had moved to the east wing so Cindy and Edward could maintain residence on the upper floor. At the end of the upper floor was a short set of stairs and then a long narrow hall to the east wing. At the first knock the door opened.

Chaz smiled, "I guess I rather made quite a blunder of wording in the kitchen. I must thank you for covering so elegantly my blunder."

Clarice walked past him putting the plate on the nightstand. Turning to him she began to unbutton her outfit and smiled, "Well then, Mr. Chandler, show me just how grateful you are for my covering your error of wording."

Chapter 10

Morning came quietly, but that was all the quiet the day would find. Adela had returned to Craig's estate early that morning and went to sleep. She woke with memories of Drago holding her and of his lips scorching heat through her body. She dressed with thoughts of his hands caressing her, even though he didn't realize it was she. Later as she was walking toward the kitchen for breakfast she heard him speaking with Craig.

"Look, Craig, don't tell me Adela wasn't on Chandler property last night. The horse she borrowed to get to your place is back in its stall and it didn't just walk in and lock the stall door behind it. Not even a Chandler horse can do that!"

Craig was about to answer when Adela walked into the kitchen. "Good Morning, Craig." She ignored Drago and walking to the counter poured herself a cup of coffee. Picking up a scone and buttering it she walked to the kitchen table and sat down. Drago thought her behavior wasn't quite fitting her role as a maid but didn't know what to say. He only knew he resented her being so familiar and relaxed in Craig's household

Adela continued ignoring Drago and looking at Craig said, "Last night for me was very exciting. I hope you had as good of a time as I did." She sighed and took a sip of coffee.

Drago looked astonished and said to Craig, "You didn't, did you?"

Craig looked between the two of them and quickly standing up walked to get a cup of coffee. With his back toward them he answered, "Well, last night seems to be filled with intrigue. Apparently, it seems we all must have done something of sorts, somewhere, with someone." Craig smiled to himself with that answer since it didn't answer anything but left it all up to the interpretation of the listener.

Adela continued, "Drago, you look rather piqued? Do you feel well?"

Drago looked into her eyes, "Do you care how I feel?"

Adela turned away, "Well you're a friend of my new employer, so yes I do care about all his friends, associates and business partners."

Drago looked at Craig and gave him an old signal of theirs. Craig turned and without a word walked out of the kitchen leaving them alone.

Adela yelled, "Craig, where are you going? Come back here!"

Drago laughed since that was very out of character for Adela to question her employer. Drago didn't want to argue and explained he had an odd experience the previous night and after it was over he'd thought he'd seen a horse and rider turn toward Craig's estate rather than the Kashen estate.

"Oh, and do you think it was Katrina with you last night? Is that why the rider should have turned toward the Kashen estate?"

Drago leaned back in his chair, "I never said I was with someone. I said someone returned the horse and left."

At that moment Janella walked in the back door, "Hi, Adela. Give this to Craig. He forgot it last night." Janella walked out of the kitchen not saying anything to Drago.

Drago said, "Guess Craig was rather busy all over the estate last night?"

Adela ignored the remark, "Sir, do you have something to discuss? I have to get today's chores started. Last night I think your brother made it clear I wasn't to return to the house. I'm now employed here and I don't wish to argue with you."

"Then, Adela, what exactly is it that you wish? If you had a wish what would it be?"

Adela turned to gaze at him a moment. It was the tone of his voice that made her turn towards him. It wasn't demanding. It wasn't provoking. It was just a question. She looked into his dark eyes and quietly answered, "A place of my own. The women on this estate all have their own cottages. I want my own cottage but I want to own it." She thought for a moment that her dream was now impossible. Craig would not pay her and without the salary of the Chandler estate she'd never afford her own place. She did have a small inheritance and being related to Craig she knew he'd help her financially if she asked him to. She didn't want to ask Craig. She'd almost enough saved to purchase a small cottage that she'd seen on the property that was adjacent to the Chandler Estate.

"Adela, do you want to return to Chandler House? I know Cindy and Clarice miss you. As a matter of fact I believe they may go on strike if you don't return."

Adela started laughing. The thought of the Chandler House staff on strike and Clarice and Cindy refusing to take a Chandler order was preposterous, "Drago, I highly doubt Clarice would ever refuse Chaz Chandler anything and incase your forgot Cindy is married to Edward." Sitting down Adela continued to laugh.

Drago didn't smile or laugh. He was concentrating on the way she'd said, Drago. Suddenly standing up he walked to the back door, "Well, have a good day. If you have free time this afternoon if you recall you'd given me your word you'd assist with the garden. I fired the gardener on the assumption you were going to help with the stables and gardens. I'd be appreciative if you could at least assist late this afternoon after your duties here are taken care of."

Adela answered, "I always keep my word. But, if you recall your brother fired me. Would he let me back on the property?"

Drago walked out the back door and said, "Chaz can't fire anyone. Chandler House and its property are mine. I won't hire you back since Craig is my best friend, but I'll expect you late this afternoon. I'll tell Clarice you'll be on the property at my request. It will make her fret less if she can talk to you so perhaps you can also spend a few moments with her after we're finished with the garden."

She said that would be fine - the door closed and he was gone. She thought she'd like to see Clarice. She'd heard Clarice arguing with Chaz on her behalf when she'd left, and didn't want Clarice to be in trouble. She knew Clarice had been with the Chandlers for years, but still she wasn't sure if Clarice's loyalty mattered to Chaz Chandler.

Chaz Chandler was at that moment saying, "Don't leave yet, no one is in the house but Edward and Cindy and they won't be looking for you."

Clarice turned back toward the bed and slipped under the covers, "Well how would you know who is or is not looking for me?"

Chaz moved lower and sucked on her nipple. In between sucking and licking he said, "I'm that master of the household and I insist no one should look for you until at least lunch time."

She laughed, "Oh and is that because at that time I'm suppose to make you lunch?" She saw his look and confusion as to the situation they were in. When he stuttered that he wasn't using her and what he was doing wasn't very honorable she laughed, "Chaz! Honorable is when we were in our thirties. But I remember back then you were too wrapped up with your estate bookkeeping and responsibilities. This is fine, and I'm quite satisfied to continue this way - that is if you are?"

She could see him weighing all the options and knew he was thinking about consequences of their actions when he said, "I'm too tired to deal with all the things that need to be dealt with. The only time I feel relaxed is when I'm with you - and I don't mean eating apple pie in your kitchen. I'm going to move all my things to this East Wing and lock it. Drago has his basement door locked - well then I can damn well lock the East Wing. The only keys will be yours and mine. That way you can decorate it or whatever women like to do to with an entire wing of a house. Yes, as a matter of fact I'll move everything later today. You can even move some things - that is if you think you might want to. No, better than that you'll go buy yourself some new things. That way you keep them here so you'll be comfortable - purchase a new bathrobe and slippers. Then we can be comfortable. There, now that's solved and put to rest." She smiled as he didn't wait for an answer and just went back to licking her nipple. She thought to herself that Chaz Chandler had never changed. He was still the young man who would worry, then decide, then take action. That was something she'd loved about him for the past years. He would consider everything, but always decide things that benefited everyone as much as possible. With that thought she pulled her employer tighter to her breast and felt his teeth pulling on her nipple. Without words she moved her body and Chaz let go of her nipple and smiled at her. Moving between her parted thighs he told her the same thing he always seemed to say before entering her, "You know we're too old for this." She in turn would chuckle seductively, "Yes, we are Mr. Chandler, so stop wasting precious time."

Time at that point for Chaz Chandler would turn back and he'd feel young and virile being with the woman he seemed to have always wanted. She'd always been beautiful to him but it was her loyalty to his family that had attracted him. She was his safe haven in the kitchen. It was always the one room in the entire estate that no one could yell in, unless it

was Clarice doing the yelling. It was orderly, clean and she'd always represented stability and security. His movements were different from the time they were in the library that he demanded her on her knees. Slowly he pushed into her body...inch by inch. His kisses were gentle – his hand cupped the back of her head caressingly...possessive. He felt his cock sliding all the way into her waiting body, and as always, she moaned in pleasure pulling him tighter to her. As he buried himself deeply inside of her he felt her legs wrap around his waist. His lips left hers as he groaned in a voice of need, "Clarice, I feel good with you." His lips crashed back down upon hers and he thrust within her - embedding himself deeply where she was moist and desperate. Into the heated core of her he began to fuck harder, enjoying the feel of her body under his. He felt her hands on his back pulling him tightly against her. He felt her teeth lightly nipping at his shoulder as he continued to take them to the pinnacle of their movements. His feelings were sharp and his body tightening when in a moment of blinding release he groaned her name in a tone of need. He heard her whisper that she loved him and in that instant he knew he'd always be with her. He fucked her with all the need in his body and felt her come - her hips rose to meet him in her final climax of release. He collapsed next to her and pulled her into his embrace.

"Clarice, do you realize what you said?"

She didn't answer but said, "I think we should get dressed. I have a lot to do in the kitchen."

He didn't press the issue, "Well, I guess we shouldn't delay too long but will you give some thought as to moving things in here?"

She turned to him and smiled, "I think you mean my new purchased things?"

He laughed, "Yes, Clarice, your new purchased items."

She was the first to leave and at the doorway turned to him, "Well, perhaps if you haven't too much estate business today you can get those keys made?"

She left the East Wing and proceeded to her kitchen where she opened curtains and windows letting in a cool breeze. As she bustled around the kitchen Cindy walked in wearing her white uniform with the black apron.

Clarice said, "What are you wearing that for?"

Cindy grinned wickedly, "I'm meeting Edward for lunch in the library. We are kind of pretending it was one of the first times I was dusting the library. I finally admitted while he was working on his computer I would purposely bend over further than I needed to."

Clarice turned, "You would what? I raised you like my own daughter to bend over while dusting?"

Cindy laughed and walking over to Clarice kissed her on the cheek, “No, I thought of that one all by myself while Edward was looking at me one day. I actually read it in a book about a man who had his wife dress up like a parlor maid.”

Clarice pretended she was shocked, “Well, then be off with you and go dust. I have dinner to start preparing for tonight and sandwiches for lunch.”

“I looked for you in your room and then came to the kitchen but it wasn’t open yet. Where were you?”

Clarice kept her back to Cindy, “I’m too old to be answering to a young pup like you. Much less one that plans to go play hanky panky in a maid’s outfit in the Chandler house!”

Cindy laughed and as she started walking out she said, “Oh, sometimes you are as stuffy as Chaz Chandler. You two should spend more time together. You’re both old fashion and I swear at times have no imagination.”

Clarice huffed, “Well if it means getting trussed up and bending over I would hope not!” Then she thought of herself on her knees before the fireplace with Chaz pumping into her pussy and his fingers digging into her fleshy hips. She didn’t say anything else and Cindy went sashaying down the hall to the library.

She knocked on the library door and a voice answered, “Yes, please enter.”

She walked in, “I’m sorry to disturb you Edward but I’m scheduled to dust the library at this hour.”

Edward looked up for a moment from his computer, “Yes, of course. Please come in and do your dusting.” He turned back to his computer as Cindy walked to the low table on the other side of the library and began to take off the objects. Reaching to the far end she bent over and looked back. As she knew he would his eyes were glued to the hem of her short skirt. She smiled and went back to moving objects and bent further over.

She heard Edward, “Excuse me, Cindy. Do your realize you’re missing your panties?”

Cindy continued to dust, “Sorry, Sir. I know how you hate when dusting is late. Would you prefer I waste time and go to put them on?”

Edward’s voice was deeper, “No, Cindy. That won’t be necessary. Please continue to dust. I think the legs of that table are rather dusty, perhaps you should reach them as well.”

Cindy smiled and ignored him. She bent further over and opened her legs in a wider stance. Dusting was going to be such fun for the next few hours.

Chapter 11

It was late afternoon - Drago and Clarice were in the kitchen talking about the household situation. It seemed that things had changed drastically in the last year since the elder Chandlers had moved to the city.

“Well, Drago, some things have changed for the better if you’re asking my opinion. Cindy is happier and your brother doesn’t seem the worse for not marrying into a wealthy family.” Clarice didn’t mention that at the moment her niece was in the library dusting and teasing his brother, Edward.

Drago smiled and knew better than to argue with Clarice on any subject matter even when it came to his own family. She was like a mother hen and would argue with anyone if they were talking ill about someone in the Chandler household. He was about to continue speaking when Chaz came through the back door.

“Chaz, where have you been all afternoon? Clarice said you went to town.”

Chaz looked over at Clarice but didn’t say anything. He turned to Drago, “I had to have a key duplicated but that’s not important. What is important is that woman Adela is putting her horse in the stable as if she’s visiting! Clarice – did you invite her here?”

Clarice looked at him and answered, “No, I didn’t, but she’s always welcome in my kitchen, or do you now tell me whom I can and can’t have visit in my own kitchen!”

It always amazed Drago that even when he was a child this room was always considered Clarice’s kitchen, as if it wasn’t under the house rules. He recalled a day when Clarice ordered his father out of her kitchen because he had dirt on his boots. His father went to his mother and told her he was going to fire Clarice for demanding he leave a room in his own house. His mother answered that his father shouldn’t have been in Clarice’s kitchen with dirt on his boots and it wasn’t as if she ordered him out of a room. It was she ordered him out of her own kitchen. It seemed from that day on the kitchen was always known as Clarice’s kitchen. Now Drago watched as his brother Chaz came face to face with the same kitchen situation.

Chaz stood a moment thinking and then said, “Well, then she better not step one foot out of your kitchen into the rest of the house. I’m going to the library.”

Clarice nearly fainted and yelled, “NO! You can’t go to the library.”

Chaz turned, “I can’t say who is allowed in the house. Now, I can’t go to the library?”

Clarice turned bright red with embarrassment, “Well, you can’t go to the library because Cindy is dusting and Edward is studying.”

Chaz and Drago looked at each other and Drago grinned, “Dusting and studying? Well those two go together if I ever heard of a combination – right Chaz? Don’t dusting and studying go together?”

Chaz was rubbing the bridge of his nose feeling a headache coming on from all this chatter about things he couldn't understand, "I'm going to the east wing! I'm moving into the east wing. Drago, you have the lower floors and I'm moving to the east wing. It's only fair. I want the east wing!"

Drago gazed at his older brother seeing the lines of worry, stress from responsibility and answered, "I think that's a good idea. The east wing should be used and there's a library and office on that wing you can use. Clarice, can I impose on you this afternoon to assist my brother moving his things to the east wing of the house?" With that Drago got up and started walking out of the house, "I'll take care of Adela. She owes me a day working in the garden and I wasn't about to let her off as easy as Chaz did. I want the work done."

As he was walking out he heard Clarice saying, "I have some more baking to do and then I'll help you move a few things to the east wing. Does that sound okay with you?"

He'd thought he heard Chaz saying that he had a key for her, but that was impossible. Drago knew Chaz was too private of a person to let anyone have a spare key to anything he ever owned. He walked down the stairs and to the west of the house where the rose garden was. He saw Adela already kneeling in the garden cutting flowers. He walked in back of her but she didn't look up at him. He moved next to her and kneeling down went to reach past her for the small hand spade to dig out a few stray roots. She was moving to straighten up and his hand grazed the side of her breast. She jumped. He froze.

He spoke quietly, "I didn't mean to touch you. I'm not going to say it didn't feel nice but I didn't do it on purpose. I also wish to speak with you and not argue. I hope you're not going to take offense."

Adela didn't answer but leaned forward and began cutting more of the overgrown roses. Drago took that as a positive sign and continued. "Adela, I realize things didn't go well the other evening with Chaz and that you're now employed by Craig. To be quite blunt I want you back here at the house." He didn't look at her and began digging up roots to a dead vine. He lifted the roots out of the ground and frowned looking at them, "Roots without the proper nourishment can't grow life. Sometimes roots are so delicate that everything becomes too much for them and no matter how beautiful the plant is, it dies."

He crushed the roots in his hand and flung them onto the pavement in back of them. He was staring at the earth that he had just dug into when he heard Adela speaking quietly, "Roses are quite delicate flowers as well. It's the earth that gives nourishment to many plants. Even if the earth causes a flower to die it soon replaces it with another type of plant. The earth is always changing and life changes with it. Things do grow again, even on parched earth. It may take many years, but life starts again with a small blade of grass or a tiny plant and soon life is renewed."

They continued to cut and dig without saying anything further. The sun was getting lower and lower and the light was drifting from the garden over the estate walls. Drago stood up and reached down his hand to her, "Thank you. I think that's all we can do here for the time being. Maybe now that everything isn't choking from being overgrown we can plant something new?"

Adela looked over to a corner of the garden that no one spoke about. It had been Andrea's portion of the garden. She'd heard Drago destroyed it in a rage when Andrea had died and forbid anyone to ever plant anything. Adela decided it was time someone spoke about it, "The far corner has very good earth but the flowers seemed to have been torn out. Perhaps it's time for new flowers. Perhaps something to remind of those beautiful memories when the garden had life and bring it new life."

Drago was walking out of the garden gate when he turned and looked at the corner of the garden, then he looked at Adela. He didn't smile or have any expression but answered, "Perhaps." Then turning he said, "I'll walk you to your horse."

As soon as they entered the stable it felt comfortable to both of them. They both sighed at the same time in relaxation and then both laughed at their sighing. Adela spoke first, "There's something about this stable that feels very secure and relaxing."

Drago didn't answer her thought but said, "Would you consider returning to help me tomorrow? I'm cleaning out the tack room. The work isn't heavy but I'd get it done in half the time with your help. I need to take an inventory of what's needed to be repaired or replaced. I'm riding to the north shore for new livery supplies and to buy a horse."

Adela couldn't help but ask, "What breed of horse? From whose stable?"

Drago was saddled her horse and led it to the middle of the barn throwing its reins over a post as he answered, "Only one stable on the north shore worth buying from, right?"

Her eyes widened, "You're riding to Wynn Estate? You're going to buy one of the Wynn horses?"

Drago could see the excitement in her eyes at the thought of a horse from the Wynn Estate being added to their stable, "Yes, if you're not doing chores that day perhaps you would go and assist me?"

She was standing in front of him about to take the reins of her horse when she turned to him to answer that she'd go with him. She was too close. She looked up and his lips came down on hers and his arms wrapped around her. He didn't hold her tightly but she felt them around her. She knew he held her so she could break the hold if she wished to. He wasn't kissing her passionately, or hard, or with want. He was just kissing her. She knew the next move was now hers to make. She thought of him and Katrina and all she'd seen. Then she was surprised as the next thought that burst through her entire being was that Katrina couldn't have him! Her arms moved up his arms and around his neck. She felt his arms tighten. She pulled him toward her tighter. His arms tightened slightly and his kiss deepened. She moved against him – His arms wrapped like a vise around her body and he held her flat against him. His lips demanded more and her mouth opened allowing him access. The electricity of emotion was so strong between them that they both pulled back at the same time and stared at each other. Her voice was shaking, "Drago, I'd better leave."

Drago planted a quick kiss on her forehead, "Yes, it would be better for now if you did leave." He helped her up on her horse, "Adela? Will you join me the day after tomorrow to go to the Wynn Estate?"

She smiled, "Yes, Drago. I'll join you."

As she rode out of the stable Drago thought to himself that she'd no idea just how much he had plans for her to be joined to him.

He left the stable and walked to the house, entering the front door. As he walked past the library door he thought he'd heard giggling. Shaking his head he kept walking not wanting to disturb the dusting and studying. He chuckled at the thought of his brother and Cindy fooling around in the library.

Inside the library Edward was sitting at the desk but studying was far from what he was thinking about. He was watching his wife, in her uniform, with her legs spread open on the couch. He smiled, "Cindy? Since you're done dusting and forgot your panties I think you should touch yourself more, don't you?"

Cindy's skirt was up around her waist and her legs were open so Edward could see her pussy. She knew she was wet from showing off for him and now her fingers were sliding up and down the inside of her thighs. She answered in her most dramatic voice, "Oh, yes Sir, dusting is soooo tiring on a young parlor maid. I think I truly must recline here and try and replenish my strength." Then giggling she opened her pussy lips for him to get an eyeful. She heard him groan and watched as he leaned forward on the desk to stare at her body. She moved her fingers closer to her clit. "Yes, Sir, I think I must touch my clit and try and relax." Her delicate, slim index finger began to move in a circular motion over her clit and she sighed in pleasure. Her voice took on a whispery quality as she moved her finger lower and pressed it into her wetness. "Oh Sir, this feels very good after dusting. Do you want to come closer?"

In a moment Edward was sitting on the floor in front of his wife studying every movement of her fingers as they pushed in and out of her pussy.

Cindy grinned at Edward, "Sir, I think I may need some help. Would you like to spread my pussy lips for me?" As his fingers held her pussy lips apart Cindy rubbed from her clit to her most sensitive spot. She heard him telling her to rub herself and to fuck herself with her finger. She obliged, after all he was a Chandler. She felt the wetness and heat of her own soft flesh and began to move harder on her finger. She felt Edward take his finger and rub her clit. The sleek wet heat began to drip from her body drenching her own fingers. She began to move with abandon and need. His voice was now drifting to her as he told her to move and come for him. Cindy rocked and shifted restlessly as her orgasm began to build within her. Her strokes increased until she was whimpering and when he demanded that she come for him her body exploded in a dizzying orgasm of release. She heard him telling her how beautiful she looked and to keep coming for him – and she did. When she was done she looked into his eyes and for a moment was embarrassed, "Oh Edward, I can't believe we did that. We were like some kind of weird role playing couple." Edward pulled her next to him on the couch, "No, Cindy, my dear. Weird role playing

would have been if I were wearing the parlor maid outfit and you were studying!" They both started laughing at that thought and she snuggled closer to him, secure in being Mrs. Edward Chandler. Edward felt like the luckiest Chandler and wondered if his brother Chaz would ever find someone to put up with his stiff ways and if his brother Drago would ever find someone to put up with his dark personality.

What Edward didn't realize was that at that moment Chaz Chandler and the cook, Clarice, were busy setting up their East wing. Chaz was saying, "Clarice, while I was in town I took the liberty of buying matching bathrobes. Of course different sizes, but I've always wanted to sit in my own home with someone and we had on the same color bathrobe."

Clarice just smiled at the simple things that made this man feel secure and grounded. She'd understood his needs for years although never voicing any opinions or ideas to him. She knew he needed the sense of belonging to more than just a house and answered, "I think that's a splendid idea and thank you."

They had all his clothes put away and she'd noticed that when she kept putting things in the two top dresser drawers he would take them out when she was doing something else and put them in the closet. When they were done he said, "Well, there seems to be room in the dresser if you think you might want to move a few items into this room. That way you don't have to always be worrying about someone seeing you come and go from here. I didn't say that very well did I?"

Clarice smiled, "No, you didn't. I better get back to the kitchen to start dinner and then I'll have to return here and you'll have to try and say it all over again." Clarice smiled as she started walking to the door and he said, "Wonderful idea. We can wear the matching robes then and you can see if you like it."

Clarice answered with a wicked grin, "Oh, Mr. Chandler, I think I'll like it just fine." Chuckling she walked out and started toward the kitchen.

Chapter 12

Clarice was bustling around the kitchen. She was thinking what she'd move to the east wing. She'd finished cooking a stew for dinner when the back door opened and in walked the elder Mr. and Mrs. Chandler.

"Clarice, it's so good to be home and that stew smells wonderful."

Clarice for a moment was speechless since the elder Chandlers had not returned to the estate since they'd moved to town. "Mrs. Chandler, welcome home, you're both in time for dinner."

As the Chandlers walked through the kitchen Mrs. Chandler stated, "Wonderful, we'll find our sons and have dinner in the formal dining room."

Clarice quickly went to the formal dining room and set the table for them. Suddenly she realized she should set a place for Cindy since she was indeed a Chandler and should sit at the table with the family. At that moment Cindy came racing into the formal dining room.

“Clarice, what am I to do? They’re here!”

Clarice laughed, “You’ll put on that nice dress that your husband purchased for you and you’ll take your place at the table as his wife.”

“No way! And leave you to serve me dinner as a maid?”

Clarice smiled and realized that she was going to have to serve the Chandlers dinner. As the cook that had never been her station but now there was no one else to do it. She felt as if she had been lying to herself that she and Chaz meant something to each other. Now reality came crashing down on her and she felt like the old family cook hired to only serve the Chandler family. It had been months since dinner had been served in the formal dining room. Since the staff had left they ate in the large kitchen. She’d put out plates and everyone would go to the stove and counter taking whatever food and biscuits they wanted. Then later it seemed they’d all eventually converge back in the kitchen for apple pie and coffee. This had been the way it had been for months until tonight. Tonight she realized how it had been and how it really should be. Standing there looking around the formal dining room she decided not to move things to the East Wing and stop fooling herself with silly notions. She felt Chaz probably only felt gratitude toward a long-standing employee. At that moment the elder Mrs. Chandler walked into the room followed by Chaz and Drago.

Drago spoke first, “Mother, we seldom use the formal dining room since we let most of the staff go. It’s quite a distance from the kitchen.”

Glenda answered, “Don’t be so silly, of course we’ll eat in the dining room. Adela and Cindy have always served dinner in the dining room.”

“Mother, Cindy doesn’t serve dinner to Edward. She’s married to him and Adela is working for Craig.”

Glenda ignored his remark and turning to Clarice said, “Clarice, please serve dinner to the family in a few moments and remove the extra place setting. We’ve no guests this eve, it’s only my husband and my three sons for dinner.”

Clarice didn’t look at Chaz, “Yes, Missus, I’ll get dinner right away.” She didn’t make any move to remove the place setting and started to the dining room door.

At that moment Clarice heard plates being moved and thought Mrs. Chandler was removing Cindy’s place setting. She turned to say something when she saw Chaz picking up all the plates. Glenda said, “Chaz just what do you think you’re doing? How dare you remove the china. What are you doing?”

Drago was staring at his brother and was stunned. He couldn't remember a day when Chaz ever did anything to displease their parents. Clarice stood frozen in the doorway and Chaz continued picking up the china plates and putting them in the china cabinet as he said, "We, mother, are eating in the kitchen as we've done since you've moved. I don't see any reason to change things on your occasional visit. The kitchen is warm and the table is large enough for the family. We're rather informal since you've moved to town and Drago and I are quite satisfied with the way we are eating dinner."

Glenda turned on Drago, "You? You'd be satisfied to eat in the barn!"

Mr. Chandler had been quietly standing on the side but answered in a tone that brooked no argument, "Well, since I don't have oats on my diet I think the kitchen will do fine. I'll see everyone in Clarice's kitchen including my new daughter-in-law. I expect to hear stories how she's keeping my son on the straight and narrow."

Passing Glenda he held out his arm for her to take, "Glenda, dear? May I escort you to the kitchen where I believe, if I can remember far enough back prior to any staff, you once baked cookies until we found something else to occupy our time in the kitchen."

They heard Glenda gasp – "Richard! Shhh!" She didn't look at anyone and placing her hand on his arm looked like she wanted to drag him out of there as quickly as possible.

Drago looked at Chaz, "Cookies?" Before Chaz could answer Drago left and followed his parents to the kitchen.

Clarice turned to Chaz, "Sir, I'll finish putting up the China and serve dinner in a moment." She realized her tone sounded very formal and she started putting up the remaining dishes and continued, "It isn't necessary for you to stay I'll count the silverware prior to putting it in the chest."

Chaz was rubbing the bridge of his nose and had his eyes closed. She heard in his tone defeat and he sounded tired, "As you wish Clarice, as you wish." She heard him leave the room.

When she entered the kitchen it was the most out of place scene she'd ever seen but Richard Chandler had it under control with his wife seated on one side of him and he'd placed Cindy on his other. As soon as Clarice went to the stove to serve the stew Richard Chandler was the first one with his plate and his wife's plate in his hands. Clarice placed the stew on them and mouthed a silent thank you. He said very quietly, "We'll speak later." Edward moved next and quickly grabbed plates for him and Cindy, "Well, I've got to follow what Father does so I'll get mine and Cindy's. Chaz you and Drago can argue who gets the other's plate." This brought a laugh to the table and the dinner proceeded quietly but friendly. Clarice stayed very busy for a few minutes making sure everyone had what they needed, but didn't go to the table. As she walked out she said, "Leave the plates on the table, I'll return later to tidy up." She left them all there, but felt very glad that she could hear Cindy laughing and Richard Chandler's deep voice teasing her about Edward being very stable looking since they'd married.

Clarice waited a period of time and returned to the kitchen. She was surprised to find all the food put away, the plates washed and the kitchen was spotless. Walking back to her room she opened her door. Tonight was supposed to be the night she'd move a few things upstairs. She mentally chastised herself for being such a silly goose with notions of a teenager. As she walked in she said out loud, "You're such a silly goose!"

She jumped, startled when she heard Chaz, "Well, I've been called many a thing in my day but no one has ever referred to me as a goose, nor as a silly goose."

She stared at him, "Sir, you're in my room."

He smiled, "Well since we're doing fact finding – Clarice, you're in my house." He patted her bed next to him where he was sitting.

"If your Mother ever finds you here, even at your age, there'll be all hell set afoot."

Chaz chuckled, "You've got the oddest expressions but believe me this is the last room my Mother would ever look in for me. And she has one of her headaches and has taken to bed with the vaporizer next to her. She claims it's to give mist to the depressing air in this house!"

He started to undress when she shrieked, "CHAZ CHANDLER, don't you dare get naked in my room!"

He grinned, "Well, then what clothing of yours do we move to the upstairs wing? Or did you forget? I didn't. I refuse to give up our night of matching bathrobes because my parents are in the house – I'm too old and set in my ways to care. And stop calling me, Sir. Or don't you care for me anymore?" He was buttoning the lowest button on his shirt when she reached over and starting undoing his top button. They smiled at each other as she wickedly said, "Well, at my age I may as well have a naked man in my bed." As midnight came to the Chandler Estate Clarice for the first time since she'd worked there had a naked man in her bed. And a Chandler no less!

Drago at the moment was standing outside the barn looking at the full moon. He wondered if Adela would really show up in the morning to take inventory of the tack room with him or if she'd get back to Craig's estate and change her mind after being with Craig. The thought of Craig in bed with Adela angered him. He wondered if they were watching the full moon as he was. Cursing he turned and walked back to the house.

As Drago walked into the house on the Chandler Estate Craig was on his own estate very aware of the full moon as he said, "I like fucking under a full moon. I like to watch the shadows on your body." He had Katrina in front of him. He'd heard about her dalliance with Drago and now decided that he'd take her the way he'd always wanted.

She could see anger in his eyes but she could also see lust and determination. She smiled, "Yes, Craig I know you do."

“Katrina, you don’t know the half of it, honey. Get on all fours, knees and palms on the ground, and do it now!” He smiled as her smile quickly disappeared and she looked uncertain as she said, “We’ve never done it that way before.”

He laughed, “Well, we’ve never done it that way before, but apparently we’ve both done it that way before with others, so why not just do it together. Now get down, Katrina, on all fours.” He watched her slowly kneel down then place her palms on the soft grass. He stood in back of her, gazing down at the woman kneeling in front of him. The thought of Drago crossed his mind for a moment and he confronted it, “Katrina, I can walk away and you can fuck Drago until he figures he really wants Adela or you can keep your ass in line.” He grinned thinking her ass was very in line at the moment. She hesitated answering and a loud crack on her ass echoed in the night. Her answer came immediately, “I should have told you. I don’t even love Drago. It was just an attraction but nothing lasting. And...and Drago never fucked me. I think there’s something physically wrong with him.”

Craig was kneeling in back of her rubbing the fleshy cheeks of her ass not wanting to talk about Drago. He wanted to fuck the woman kneeling in front of him. His cock was hard. He felt her pussy making sure she was wet but she seemed nervous and only slightly wet. He changed his tone of voice, “Katrina, none of it matters anymore. What matters is that I want you. What matters is that I need you. And what matters most is that there’s only you and me here tonight.” He was spreading her soft pussy lips and letting his finger slide up and down between them. Slowly he massaged her clit until he felt her getting wetter and wetter. When he felt her move her pussy back onto his fingers and slightly sigh in pleasure he moved his cock tighter to her.

Slowly he rubbed his cock up and down her slit making it lubricated with her juices. Then he pushed toward her entrance and slid the head of his cock inside her. “Easy, Katrina...I won’t push in quickly. I know I’m thicker and larger than most men so I’ll go very slowly.” Her body was pushing back pushing her pussy onto him. Without him moving she pushed her pussy all the way onto his hard cock. He was surprised but pleased because he wanted it hard tonight. Grabbing her hips he slid in and out of her making sure she was wet for his thrusting. When she whispered for him to fuck her harder he let loose and drove into her, filling her completely. He ground his cock into her over and over with full powerful thrusts. Watching her ass bounce from each ramming movement of his hips he felt himself deep inside her. “Katrina, who’s fucking you?” Her whimpered answer of his name made him penetrate her harder and faster. He kept a steady beat of his cock into her body and pulled her back by the hips harder and harder onto it. Finally, she was whimpering his name and asking begging to come. He bucked within her. With a groan of satisfaction he called her name and that she belonged to him. He arched his back and exploded in orgasm, flooding inside her body with his come. He felt her coming and held her around the waist. He kept his cock deep within her until he felt himself soft and her body relaxing.

He pulled out and helped her to stand, “Katrina, come into the house with me and stay the rest of the night?”

As they walked arm in arm up the stairs to the bedroom they passed Adela who only said, “Night Katrina...Night Craigo.”

Adela whispered, "Craig, she doesn't even get jealous that you want me instead of her?"

As they entered the room Craig cracked her on the ass, "Shame on you saying that about my cousin wanting me."

As the door closed you could hear a shocked voice, "COUSIN?"

Adela laughed at the sound of Katrina's voice and went to her room to plan what to wear tomorrow to help Drago clean out the tack room.

Chapter 13

Adela was looking over her outfits at Craig's estate while over at the Chandler Estate Clarice was getting out of hers. It seemed odd to Clarice having Chaz in her bed, but then this was the first time she'd had any man in her bed. Removing her uniform she laughed, "Chaz Chandler, don't you think this is rather odd of you being in the cook's bed?"

Chaz reached for her pulling her under him, "Well, Clarice, since you are indeed the cook it would be odder and a tad more dangerous if I were in your oven. But, as the elder Chandler's son I can't think of a better room to be in. Now, since you're supposed to listen to me, since as you've said I'm a Chandler how about kissing me? I think we've quite got this down to a very enjoyable relationship, don't you?"

Clarice was already kissing his neck feeling as if she were a naughty child instead of a woman in her sixties. She watched as he slid down lower over her body, kissing her ample breasts. She smiled knowing even though she was very heavy that he liked her body. She'd watched as he'd push her large breasts together and kiss one nipple then the other. He'd suck on them kissing and licking them for a long time before moving on. Tonight was the same - her nipples hardened from him licking and sucking on them. She opened her thighs wider as his body rested between them. He kissed lower down her body and she said, "Chaz? What do you think you're doing?"

He gazed up at her and slid lower until his mouth was kissing her pubic hair, "Clarice, I believe I'm going to have you serve me dessert. Oh, and you're the dessert."

She smiled as Chaz Chandler's mouth covered her clit and began sucking at it. She reveled in the feelings of this man licking her pussy. For years she'd loved Chaz Chandler. As her body began to tingle she wondered why she'd always thought of him as Chaz Chandler instead of just Chaz. The thought didn't last long as his finger found its way into her passage – then two fingers and she whimpered in pleasure. His constant licking at her wetness and heat was making her need more of him. His fingers were pumping in and out of the sleek wetness of her and his licking turned to deep sucking on her clit. He'd take her swollen clit in his lips and press his lips together pinching it. Then he'd go back to kissing and sucking at it. She was breathing harder and reaching down she held his head tighter to her pussy. It was the signal he seemed to be waiting for and she felt him unleash an assault on her body. His fingers thrust deeply at the same time his tongue ran up and down her clit before he'd continue sucking on it. She felt him slide another finger into her pussy and it sent her over the edge. She cried out his name and undulating on his fingers

in abandon erupted in orgasm. Her large breasts were heaving as her body kept fucking his fingers.

She felt like she'd fallen asleep for a few moments because the next thing she noticed was that he was asleep next to her and had pulled the blanket over them. She quickly turned on the bedside lamp and then touched his shoulder, "Chaz? I fell asleep?" He woke up and looking at her smiled and said, "Quite. Actually it's been well over a few hours and it's dawn. It seems that I'm quite adept at exhausting you."

She moved closer as he put his arm around her, "Yes, Sir, I'm learning you seem to be quite adept at many things."

He chuckled, "And this from the cook who said she'd known me for years?"

Smiling into his eyes she laughed, "Well, there's knowing that Chaz Chandler, and then there's knowing this Chaz Chandler!"

He smiled, "Well, turn off the light and I'll allow you to learn more about this Chaz Chandler. Actually I've grown very fond of the Chandler cook's hot oven."

She laughingly reprimanded, "Chaz Chandler, what a thing to say – what language!"

As the light was turned off she heard him answer, "Well bring those big tits over here and I'll tell you what I intend to shove between them."

Clarice had the definite impression this was a Chaz Chandler she never knew existed - but intended to find out all about.

* * * * *

Dawn found Drago putting the last of the fresh hay in the stall with Midnight. As he was putting the fresh hay on the floor he said, "So, Midnight, do you think we'll ever figure out whose using the lake at night. I haven't thought of her for a few weeks – have you seen her, or are you going to keep it a secret?" Midnight nudged him and at that moment he heard Adela's voice behind him.

"Midnight keeps secrets very well from what he's told me. Do you need help with anything? I know I'm early but I couldn't sleep and didn't expect you to be down here in the barn this early."

Turning to her Drago looked into the blue eyes of Adela. He grinned and said, "Well, does that mean if you knew I'd be down here you wouldn't have come over this early? You wound my heart."

She coyly answered, "Or it could mean that perhaps I would have come over earlier. I believe I'm suppose to start in the tack room?" Before he could answer she walked away from him and to the back of the barn. Entering the tack room she turned to see him watching her. She smiled and closed the door. Walking over to his desk she picked up

the inventory ledger to see what he had written down to go over. Then, walking over to the bridles she quickly looked them over for the ones needing repair. It had been about a half hour when she heard a knock on the door.

Laughing she walked over and opened it and said, "Can I help you?"

He gazed into her eyes, "I don't know, can you?"

She took a step backward not answering. Drago stepped into the room closing the door behind him.

Nervously she answered, "I already have helped. I've looked over the bridles and saddles and marked what should be repaired. I figure we have about an hour and then we should leave for the Wynn Estate to make it there by noon."

Drago turned and locked the door, "Oh? Adela, have you figured anything else out while you were in here?"

He turned toward her and could see her nervous look had turned to anger. She fumed, "I figured if you think I'm that skirt, Katrina, then you'd better think again."

Drago stood his ground, "Ah, and now she tells me what I'm thinking, and calling a friend names. Katrina is a friend of mine. But since we want the pot to be calling the kettle black how about you doing it with my best friend, Craig."

Adela stared at him like he was nuts, "Doing it? And Sir, exactly what is it that you think I'd been doing with Craig. And what business is it of yours if I were doing "it" or not, and with whom I was doing "it" to or with. Know what? To hell with this idea!" She started to push past him.

Drago blocked the door and suddenly didn't know how this got so out of control, "Wait. I don't want to argue. I swear I don't want to argue. We always seem to get into an argument. Let's please start this over. Okay?" The air was still charged with emotion but Adela turned and walked over to the desk.

"As I said. I looked over the bridles and saddles. If you want we have an hour to go over the rest of the room. What do you want to do?"

Drago walked over and sat on the edge of the desk, "I just want us not to argue for today. Do you think that's possible between us?"

Adela looked away, "I've certainly no idea what's possible anymore or what's not possible. For a Chandler with the Chandler money I assume all things are possible don't you?"

Drago walked over to the door, unlocked it and walked out sneering over his shoulder, "Money didn't stop her death." He stormed out and climbed the ladder to the loft.

Adela sat a moment wondering why this always happened. Then she walked out and climbed the ladder to the loft. He was sitting looking out the loft window, that he'd opened. He was sitting in the same place she'd once found him sleeping. Not saying anything she walked over and sat down next to him on the soft hay. He didn't say anything but he didn't get up and walk away. She took that as a good sign. She sat quietly and then whispered, "I didn't lie but I didn't give you the correct impression. Craig is my cousin and I made him promise not to tell you. He didn't like the charade but I'm very proud and didn't want hand outs from my cousin. I wanted to work and make my own money. So, Craig is my cousin. My father was kicked out of the family when he married my mother. They didn't approve of her gypsy heritage and it was she or the family inheritance. My father chose my mother. We were never allowed to visit, but my Uncle and Aunt would sneak over to see my father and bring Craig. When my parents died in an accident Craig's parents wanted me to move in with them, but I wanted to make my own way. Your father knew my father and when my parents died he offered me a job knowing that I'd never come here on charity. I've never asked for anything from anybody. I'm telling you all of this because I didn't do anything with Craig. He's very much in love with Katrina."

Drago glanced at her and chuckled, "Cousin, huh?"

She smiled, "I'm sorry about what I said. You don't seem to bring out the better side of me."

Drago looked back at her and laughed, "You mean there's a better side?"

She laughed, "Is there a better side to you?"

He looked pensive for a moment, "No, Adela, I don't think there's a better side to me. I'd like to tell you there is. But, since we're being honest my life is dark with ghosts that rattle my nights and my days aren't much better. Your best move now would be to climb back down that ladder and ride back to Craig's."

She gazed into his black eyes, "Is that what you want?"

He smirked, "I think that's one of the questions that when I answer will get us back into an argument. Best to leave it unanswered and maintain the truce."

She moved closer and asked, "Is that what you want?" Her body was remembering him the time she was against him. She thought just one kiss and it will be enough. Just one kiss and she can go back to Craig's and know what it was like to be in Drago's arms.

He didn't move away and answered, "No, Adela that isn't what I want."

Her arm was touching his...her voice lowered, "Drago, then what is it you want?"

His eyes seemed to glow in the dawn light, "Adela, you know what I want. You know it and if you don't want it for the sake of us get the hell out of here and don't come back. Run for your life from me."

She didn't move and in a sure voice answered, "That night you saw the horse turn to Craig's estate - that night I was with you Drago. I was the one in your arms while you slept."

She saw a light of recognition blaze in his eyes. She saw him seeming to wrestle with a thought and then she heard him say, "I'll only ask this one more time, Adela. Are you going to get up and leave?"

She took the boldest move she'd ever had done in her life. She ran her finger down the side of his cheek and over his lips. "No, Drago. I'm not leaving. I don't know what will happen after and I'm not thinking that far ahead - but I'm not leaving the loft."

He bit the tip of her finger as it gently trailed over his lower lip and his hand grabbed her wrist holding her hand to his lips. Kissing her palm he said, "Then, the truth be told? I want you to stay."

As his lips covered hers she heard Midnight snort and stomp in his stall. Her arms twined around Drago's neck and she felt their strength. He pulled her across his lap to almost the same place she'd been with him that other night. His lips were everything she'd dreamed about. They'd kiss her butterfly light and then would feel like a predator seeking its prey. She moved sensually against him and heard him groan as his body pressed down on top of hers. Fully clothed she could feel the hardness of him pressing against her. He felt hard...big and powerful. She kissed him with passion and a longing that she never knew existed. She felt his hand sliding up her riding skirt and the heat of his fingers on her soft thigh. She heard her own whimper and felt her legs spreading wider - giving him silent acceptance that she wanted him to touch her. His lips never left hers when his fingers slid over her panties...then down into them to her private flesh.

She heard him groan in satisfaction when his fingers slid between her folds and found the warmth between her legs. Her tongue played with his - Her fingers dug into his shoulders pulling him tighter to her - Her body gave him the answers to his unspoken questions.

She felt his fingers in the slick wet heat of her. His hand cupped her mound and squeezed tightly before his fingers opened her pussy lips. His one finger slid up and down from her clit to her wet depths. She was waiting each time for him to slip his finger inside of her. Each time she'd feel the need and each time he kept sliding his finger back to her clit. Her body was writhing under his fingers, trying to get him to press harder...slide into her. His kisses seemed to press and tease the same way his fingers were playing her body. As his fingers would teasingly press she felt her body automatically arching to meet them...waiting for them to enter. He didn't. The heat within her was unbearable and her body was surging upward each time his fingers teased her. She finally felt his lips leave hers and his voice whispered, "Are you mine, Adela? Is the heat in your body so hot that you need me? Tell me, Adela...Are you mine?"

Black eyes gazed into blue ones in challenge and possession. She felt on fire. She felt his fingers moving over her wetness and pause at her opening. She felt his finger tip pressing in and heard him again whisper, "Adela, feel it...feel what you want is yours. Are you mine?"

As if in a daze she seemed to hear her own voice answering, "Yes, Drago. I'm...I'm...I'm yours." She didn't get to say anything else. His lips crashed down upon hers and his fingers thrust into her. She whimpered against his lips at the sudden thrust but her body accepted it needing more. Slowly her hips rotated in the motion his fingers demanded. Surging upward – Pushing – Pulsing. His fingers probed and demanded – owned her silken wetness until her whimpers were no longer hers to control. Her passion was his to control and as he slid his lips from hers he whispered, "Now, Adela, let me feel you come for me. Come for me Adela. Come Bitch. My bitch."

Adela in a feverish pitch worse than that first night with him felt her body respond to his demand and in a burst of blinding completion felt her body coming. It felt like tingling starbursts had taken over her skin while his voice soothed, "Good bitch. My Adela. Come for me baby. Let it flow over your skin for me." Her whimpered yes was caught in his kisses as he gently let her body and breathing return to normal. Sliding his hand out from under her skirt he straightened it out and leaned on his elbow looking down at her.

"Adela, open your eyes. Are you okay?"

Adela was more than okay. She felt relaxed but now the reality of their actions came crashing down on her senses and she didn't want to open her eyes. She thought for a moment and then the calm secure feeling of being herself and in control of her life made her look directly into his.

"I'm fine Drago. This is what I asked for."

He noticed the slight tone in her voice but since moments before she was begging him to be his bitch he answered, "Was it as satisfying to you as it was for me? I liked it, Adela. I liked it very much." He was trailing his finger over her nose and down over her cheek to her lips. "Adela? Was it pleasurable?"

His black eyes were gazing into her blue ones. Adela didn't answer for a few minutes then being honest she said, "Yes, it was for me. But, how could it have been satisfying to you, if you didn't come?"

Drago was quite stunned since no woman had ever asked him that before. "It was mentally satisfying. I'm not saying I don't enjoy coming, but this was fine for now."

Adela smiled, "For now? Does that mean that once wasn't enough?"

Drago grinned, "Do you want more?"

Adela laughed, "What do you want?"

Drago stood up reaching down his hand to hers, "I'm not answering that Miss Adela. Last time I recall it led to quite an argument between us. So, for now I want to saddle the horses and ride to the Wynn estate."

Adela stood up and challenged, "And, Sir Drago, in that case what would you perhaps want later?"

He was already climbing down the ladder when he stopped and looking up at her answered, "Later I want my bitch under me. Hot...wanting and all mine."

He didn't wait for an answer but climbed down the ladder and walked to Midnight to saddle him. As Adela walked past him to get the other horse she ran her hand across his ass. He turned shocked and saw her grin, "Well, I think it may be arranged if you show good horse sense in picking out a horse."

He laughed, "You do, huh?"

As they rode out of the barn they noticed a light on in the East Wing. Adela said, "Drago, who could be in the East Wing this early in the morning!"

As they turned the bend Drago only said, "It must have been a trick of the morning light." Adela quickly turned but seeing that there was no light in the East Wing agreed it was probably a reflection of some type.

In the East Wing Chaz Chandler had pulled the curtains closed to ward off the morning light. He was about to show Clarice a side of him that even he didn't know he possessed.

Chapter 14

Chaz gazed out the window watching Drago and Adela ride off the property. He stood at the window for a moment wondering if perhaps he should talk to Craig about letting Adela return. Then closing the drapes he turned to Clarice.

"Do you think that I should perhaps talk to Craig about Adela?"

Clarice was putting on the matching robe and thoughtfully replied, "I would prefer you talk to your father about Edward and Cindy. I know it isn't my place or my business but I didn't quite care for Mrs. Chandler's attitude. What if they move back to this house?"

Chaz was sitting in the rocking chair across from where she sat in a matching one and quietly answered, "They can't move back to this house."

"Why can't they move back to their own house?"

Chaz gazed into the fireplace at the logs that were burning low, "Because Clarice this isn't their house and hasn't been their house for many years."

Clarice watched as he began to rub the bridge of his nose and then his temples. He was looking down and he suddenly seemed very weary to her, "Chaz? Exactly who owns the Chandler Estate if not a Chandler?"

Chaz smiled, "Oh it is quite owned by a Chandler and always will be."

“You?”

Chaz grinned and then laughed, “No, not me. Years ago father got in a bad way when the rest of the county went through financial ruin. Remember when all the estates were being sold?”

Clarice thought back to that year and recalled many families had let servants go and sold their estates or the mortgage holders went in selling the furniture that had been in the family for generations. She recalled a few of the owners committed suicide rather than fall to financial ruin. She walked over to him and he pulled her onto his lap, “Chaz, I remember that year very well. I recall many nights bringing your father and you hot cocoa as you sat in the library. But, I assumed all was well since it didn’t seem to affect this household at all.”

His hand slid into her robe caressing her large breast, “Do you also remember who returned to the Chandler home that year, after being gone for over ten years?”

“Well of course I remember. Drago showed up dressed in black on that black devil stallion of his and scared your mother half out of her wits. I was in the garden with your mother. Drago came galloping onto the property as if the devil himself was on his coat tails. He didn’t even say hello to your mother – he jumped off that horse and strode into the house looking for you and your father with his muddy boots leaving a trail behind him.”

Chaz pinched her nipple and chuckled, “Yes, that was the day the Chander Estate was being foreclosed and Drago came back to tell us he had purchased it. Drago has owned Chandler Estate for many years but we’ve never mentioned it to anyone. I’m only telling you this so you don’t worry about Mother moving here. The only caveat to the purchase was that eventually when the time came Father and Mother would move to town.”

Clarice was trying to concentrate on the conversation but her nipples were now hard from him pulling on them. “He kicked them out?”

Chaz bent lower and sucked on a nipple for a moment then said, “Not really. Mother was beginning to be, how shall I say this, she began to nag at Drago more than usual and rather than Drago being nasty in return he felt it was time to put space between himself and mother, again. I don’t quite know why it was but I don’t recall a time when she was ever nice to him. Anyway, he told father he’d cover all their expenses but he didn’t want her around anymore. Now, speaking of something being around something, I think I’d like something around my cock.”

Clarice laughed, “Chaz Chandler, I think you’d better watch your language!”

As she stood and walked to the bed Clarice stopped thinking about Edward and Cindy. What she didn’t know was that they were in her kitchen making quite a scene, if someone had been there to witness them.

* * * * *

“Edward? What do you think your parents did here in the kitchen while they were baking cookies?”

Edward was standing at the refrigerator when he turned and grinned – “Oh, I know that story very well. It’s been quite a tale among us brothers that Chaz had told us years ago.”

“Well, what did they do?”

Edward walked over to the kitchen table and moved the placemats and centerpiece to the side - he motioned for Cindy to get on the table.

“Edward, have you gone daft in the head? What if someone walks in?”

Cindy laughed since she was already climbing up on the kitchen table, positioning herself so her skirt was around her waist.

“Well, Cindy, let me try this out now for the sake of factually seeing if the story could be true.”

He pulled her panties off and flipped them over his shoulder. Then he stepped out of his pants and pushed the chairs to the side. Grabbing her legs over his shoulders he said, “Well let me see now. I believe that I need to put something somewhere. Any ideas how the story may have been told? And then he walked up to the table and?”

Cindy giggled, “And then he shoved his cock up her pussy?”

Edward stepped closer and his cock pushed at her opening. He watched her expression - he didn’t push in all the way and just let it slide inside a little. He grinned down at her, “What did you say he did?”

Cindy gazed into his eyes, “He shoved it in her!”

He held his position for a moment. Then telling her he thought he recalled that was how the story was told he thrust his hips and impaled his wife deeply onto his cock.

Cindy felt him deep within her and whispered, “And then he kept fucking her. He pumped his cock until he shot his hot come.” She felt his hard shaft inside her and enjoyed making him want to fuck her harder, “Then she knew he was going to have her come and sank his cock deeper.”

She heard him groan as her words drove him on and on, until she felt him losing control.

She whispered, “Then he came. Hot and hard!”

Edward growled her name and climaxed at the same moment he felt her pussy tighten on his cock. He watched as her come as he kept shooting hot come into her. Finally her body quieted. Smiling down at her he said, “And then I believe they baked chocolate chip cookies.” Laughing he pulled out of her and helped her get off the table.

As they put back the place settings she said, "I can't believe you actually know they did such things and that Chaz could actually speak of it."

He grinned, "Well, actually I have no idea since Chaz only had said they baked cookies. I improvised on the beginning part. I wonder where Chaz is this morning. I haven't heard anyone in the house?"

Cindy laughed and punching her husband in the arm quickly walked over and put on her panties.

She replied, "Knowing Chaz he's staring at figures in his book."

* * * * *

Chaz was staring down at his cock sliding between the largest pair of breasts he ever saw. He grinned down at Clarice, "Do you like this?"

Clarice was embarrassed and when she didn't answer and he again asked, "Well, do you? Do you like me fucking your breasts? And, don't you dare tell me to watch my language!"

Clarice was gazing down at his cock and then up at him, "Chaz Chandler, I never knew you even used such language – well, yes, I like it."

She was very embarrassed and Chaz for one of the few times in his life enjoyed being with someone. He grinned down at her as he kept up the rhythm of sliding in and out of her breasts and said, "Well this is actually the first time I've said such things and you're actually the only woman I feel comfortable with saying them to."

Clarice smiled at him and not missing an opportunity to please him said, "Fuck them then Chaz, I like you fucking my breasts and squeezing them."

She watched as her words nearly put him over the edge. She suddenly enjoyed the womanly sexual power she had to make him happy. Watching him close his eyes she felt a new womanly feeling – the feeling of being sexually pleasing to a man. Of being the one woman to make Chaz Chandler forget proprietary and be a man. She continued, "That's it Chaz pump your cock and squeeze these nice big breasts you like. I know you love pushing between them."

He opened his eyes and started down at her, "Yes, Clarice, tell me more, please."

She wasn't quite sure what to say not having done anything close to this but as a woman she knew what he needed, "Harder Chaz, pump harder and let me see your cock poking through. Yes, like that. I like watching your cock fucking my breasts. I know you want to come on my breasts." She couldn't quite use the words tits, but what she said was enough and she watched him start to drip come.

Again and again she told him to fuck her breasts. Again and again she loved hearing him moaning as he pushed her breasts tighter together, putting pressure on his throbbing cock. Finally, she heard him telling her he couldn't hold back and she watched as he began to shoot come onto her chest - some hitting her on the chin. She was shocked but loved every minute watching him come. He opened his eyes and smiling at her he quickly reached for a cloth to wipe her chest. Grinning she pushed his hand away and massaged the stickiness onto her skin. Moving to her side he said, "That was okay what I just did, wasn't it? You're not upset?"

Clarice turned onto her side and answered, "I'll only be upset if you say you aren't going to do that again. I quite liked it."

Pulling her into his arms he said, "I quite like you. We've hours before we need to do anything. Do we have anything we need to really do today?"

Snuggling against him she laughed, "I have cooking to do! I'll get up in an hour and then I must get a roast on for dinner."

Smiling to himself he pulled her tighter to him thinking he had the best friend, lover and cook a man could have. As he fell asleep he thought of his brother Drago leaving the estate with Adela.

What he didn't know was they were stopping at that moment to have a breakfast of muffins and jam that Adela had brought.

Chapter 15

Drago tied the horses and watched Adela setting out a blanket on the grass. On it she was placing a plate with breakfast muffins and a thermos of juice. It seemed out of tune with her usual nature, but then he realized he didn't know anything about Adela as a person. Walking toward her he sat down on the blanket. She handed him a muffin and his mind wondered if he wanted to get to know her or was this going to be a one-day trip and then she'd return to Craig's and never return to Chandler Estate's.

She gazed at him, "A nickel for your thoughts?"

He laughed, "A nickel? What happened to a penny for your thoughts?"

She had a wicked grin when she said, 'A penny? For a Chandler?"

He stretched out on the blanket rolling onto his back and looking at the morning sky, "I'm not your average Chandler from what I'm told."

She looked at him, "Nor from what I've heard."

He looked at her but didn't ask what she had heard. He'd never cared for gossip especially when it had been about him. It usually didn't come close to his real intentions on matters. He continued to stare at the sky and he heard her asking if he wanted to hear

what she'd heard. He didn't answer and she moved closer thinking he'd fallen asleep since his eyes were closed.

Leaning closer she whispered, "Drago, are you sleeping?"

He grinned, "Yes, kiss me and I'll possibly wake up."

She laughed, "I'll certainly not kiss you!"

He stared into her eyes, "Then, would you grant me permission to be allowed to kiss you good morning?"

He could see her nervously looking away and he said, "Never mind! It was only a question, not like I'm about to jump on you and force you. You listen too much to others."

Her gaze pinned him with anger, "Don't you ever tell me that I listen to others. You don't know what I do listen to or what I don't listen to. You're so full of yourself Drago Chandler I don't know why I bothered to come with you today."

She turned and started to pack the basket when she felt a strong arm around her waist and lips on the back of her neck. She held very still as she heard his deep voice saying, "Don't fight with me, not today. I want today to be special. Today has to be special!" It was the tone of his voice when he said his last sentence that made her turn toward him. He almost had a plea of desperation in his voice as she turned and gazed into his eyes. Her hands slid up his arms and her fingertip gently rubbed over his lower lip, "Drago, we won't fight today, today will be special. Today we'll find your horses."

He let her run her fingers over his lips and he didn't move. He felt them run over his jaw and back over his lips. He licked her fingertips as they passed over his lips. He felt her fingers stay still as he gently licked them and then he kissed them. He opened his eyes and gazed into hers. He didn't move. She didn't move. Then he heard her whisper, "You have permission and I'd like to feel your lips on mine."

His arms wrapped around her pulling her across his lap. With her body cradled against his chest he tipped her chin up and said to her, "Then you should always have what you want, Miss Adela." His lips touched hers and caressed them slowly with a delicateness she'd never thought he was capable of. Like the gentlest butterfly she felt his lips moving over hers. Her body relaxed and she pressed tighter against him wanting to be closer. She felt the hesitation in his hand as it slowly slid over her collarbone and rested on the top of the soft mound of her breast. Finally, she felt his hand cupping her full breast. The feelings she had thought were long dead within her began to surface and her kiss deepened. Her hands pulled at him to kiss her harder. Instead he gently stopped kissing her and said, "Adela, I want you. But, although were in a hidden alcove and at this moment there isn't anything more that I want to do I think we'd better stop."

Her voice sounded quiet and hurt, "Yes, I guess we'd better. We wouldn't want any mistakes made, would we?"

He held her tighter as she tried to pull away and said, "I have no problem making mistakes. You wouldn't be a mistake, but I don't want anything to ruin this day."

She tried to pull away again as she said, "So holding me and kissing me would ruin this day?"

Drago didn't quite know what she was talking about and he'd no idea that she wanted him as much as he wanted her. He'd no idea she felt that if she didn't have him now that she'd never have him – that he'd go back to Chandler Estate and never want to be with her again. Drago thought for a moment longer and felt the darker side of his personality emerging. Now not caring what she thought of him he only knew he wanted her...naked...fucking him.

His voice broke into her thoughts and she noticed it had taken on a deeper tone and his arms had tightened around her, "Adela, your choices have become very limited. I don't care about mistakes. Kissing you isn't enough for me. I want to feel your body naked under me. I want to do quite a bit more to you but for now your choice is being under me getting fucked or getting on your horse and riding away." He saw the shocked look in her eyes at his choice of words and he softened his words, "You aren't just a fuck to me so get that out of your head. I want you. So, under or ride away? Which is it?"

He watched her eyes gazing into his and her answer was simple but surprising to him, "Under." He didn't answer right away stunned that she had only said that one simple word. He felt a need coursing through him that made him close his eyes for a moment. When he felt her fingers moving over his lips he opened his eyes and gazed into her clear blue eyes. Then, he rolled onto his back and unzipping his pants pulled them down his long muscular legs. He was already hard as he turned toward her and watched her gazing over his legs...higher to his full throbbing erection. She surprised him again by standing up and with a graceful movement she slid out of her riding skirt. He noticed she nervously looked around and then seemed satisfied that she was safe. He watched her gaze into his eyes and then she reached for his hand and pulled him down with her back to the blanket.

He knew he should go slowly but he'd a driving need burning now in his body and as his mouth claimed hers he moved over her soft body and between her thighs. With his knee he shoved her thighs apart and made it quite known to her that he was about to take full control of what was about to happen. He heard her whimper and he pulled his mouth from hers, "Adela, I'll never hurt you but you made your choice and I want you now." As he said that he moved his hips and felt her body accept the thrust as the head of his cock slid into her body. "Look at me Adela. Know who is above your body. Know who is moving within you to finally own you." With that last sentence he thrust harder and buried himself deep inside her. He heard her intake of breath at the force with which he embedded himself filling her completely. Between kissing he whispered, "Know me Adela. Know the full force that I want you." He felt her hands pulling him tighter to her and heard her whisper, "You Drago."

The morning became a fury of feminine whimpers and masculine groans. Drago plunged deeply feeling her wetness soothing his cock and easing his way with invitation. The pumping caressing from his cock was driving them both on in need. His hands found her

breasts and squeezed them through her blouse as he growled, "Next time I want you fully naked!" For now he didn't care as his shaft rammed in and out of her. He felt her body arching under his to take more of him. He felt her rhythm and slowed it down or made her move in a frenzy of need. He controlled her need. He controlled her wanting release. Slowly and provocatively they moved until the heat became more than either could endure. Crying out his name Adela climaxed in a blinding release. Her hands held him tightly. Her body shattered over and over in ecstasy. Finally, she felt his last powerful thrust as his cock jerked harder within her and his body shuddered in the strongest orgasm he'd ever felt. He moved a few more times within her enjoying the heat of her body engulfing his cock and then stilled to get his breathing under control.

His voice was deep and raspy, "Adela, are you okay?"

He heard a dreamy quality to her voice, "I think so. Are you okay?"

He chuckled, "I don't think so." Rolling off her he grabbed a napkin and wiped come still dripping from his cock. Then he stood up and reached a hand down to her. He saw her smile at him and in a teasing tone as she took his hand and stood up she said, "Want a muffin, Drago?"

He laughed as he pulled on his pants, "I think I just had a muffin. This was quite a breakfast you packed."

She pulled on her riding skirt and quickly gathered up the blanket. As they mounted the horses she turned to him as her horse cantered away from his and said, "Breakfast? Think what my dinners may be like."

She heard his laughter as she galloped away from him knowing he'd catch up to her in a few minutes. When his horse pulled a long side of her he smiled, "Adela, do you have to return to Craig's tonight?"

She looked thoughtful for a moment then answered, "No, but I don't think your brother would want me in the house and I don't want to cause trouble."

He grinned, "You've caused trouble from the moment you entered the household. But, my brother doesn't go to the lower floor and there's an entrance to the lower chambers from the outside garden on the side of the house."

She didn't answer right away and he said, "I'd never hurt you or do anything that you wouldn't like."

She still didn't answer and he said, "Are you worried?"

She looked at him and laughed, "Yes, that I may hurt you and do things you don't like."

He laughed, "I'll take it. So, you'll come to the house?"

As she answered yes they turned the last bend and could see in the valley the Wynn Estate and a pasture with the horses they'd gone to look over. It reminded her of when she was young and would go visit Craig's Estate. She hoped things went okay last night for him with Katrina.

* * * * *

The previous night Craig had closed the door to his bedroom with Katrina asking questions how Adela could possibly be his cousin. He didn't answer any of her questions other than to tell her that Adela was his cousin and that was all he was going to say on the matter.

He walked to his bed and stripped off his clothes, "Katrina, you can talk all through my fucking you but you really do need to help just a little by taking off your clothes."

She looked at him for a moment and then started to laugh, "Oh, this is great. Drago doesn't even realize it but he's in love with your cousin?" She smiled, "Oh, well, or I can think that I'm in love with Adela's cousin?"

He stared at her, "Are you?"

She had her clothes off and walked over to the bed. Sliding next to him on the bed she ran her hand over his chest and down lower toward his erect cock. She watched him as he looked over her body and he repeated, "Are you?" She grinned at him wickedly and said, "Am I going to suck on you?"

He laughed, "Both."

She slid lower on the bed and between his open thighs. Taking his cock in her hand and cupping his balls her mouth kissed the head of his cock. Licking around it she heard him groan, "Damn, baby, that feels good."

Just the moment before her mouth covered the head of his cock and she sucked it into her mouth she whispered, "Yes. To both."

He watched her mouth moving up and down on his cock. Her lips stretched wide as her mouth sucked down to the base. He whispered, "Yes, Katrina. Yes, that feels good and more yes, I love you and have for a long time." He heard her whimper and watched his hard shaft being sucked. He moaned when he felt her hand tighten on his balls and squeeze them. Leaning back he relaxed and let her do all the work sucking and squeezing on his balls. He groaned, "Harder, Katrina. Squeeze my balls tighter. I like them being squeezed tight. That's it. Tighter and pull them down." He felt her doing exactly what he wanted and how he liked it. He tried not to push up shoving his cock deeper into her throat but in only a few moments he wanted to come. Her mouth sucked and licked until he couldn't stand it any longer. "Katrina. I have to come. If you don't want to swallow pull away now." He felt her suck harder and deeper and with a groan of satisfaction he felt his cock start to spurt into her mouth. He watched as she swallowed all of his come and she continued sucking lightly until he reached down and he pulled her next to him. Pulling her into his arms he grinned, "So, you love me, huh?"

She looked into his eyes, "Well, someone has to, so it may as well be me."

He laughed, "True, and since Drago is my best friend it's my obligation to marry you."

She stuttered, "I didn't say marry. I didn't mean that."

He laughed, "Oh, so you're turning me down. Okay, we can just fuck."

She stuttered even more, "No! I didn't say that either."

He looked at her and smiled, "So, what is it? Yes, you love me and want to marry me? Or, yes you love me and only want to fuck me? Or yes to both. So far you seem to do much better answering yes to both."

She moved up next to him and snuggling into his arms answered, "Yes, to both!"

He grinned, "Good. Let's sleep and when we wake up we fuck to celebrate?"

She smiled, "I always did like the way you think."

He fell asleep wondering how he'd explain this to Adela and although she'd never have to leave his house he didn't expect Adela and Katrina suddenly to become friends.

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Adela and Drago dismounted their horses. As they walked toward the stables Adela wondered if Katrina at least liked her cousin enough to stay the previous night with him. As they walked into the stables and were greeted by Roland Wynn all she could think about was one of the horses she saw in the pasture.

Chapter 16

Roland Wynn looked out of the stable watching Drago and Adela ride into the yard. He noticed Adela kept looking back at a horse that was standing alone in the west side of the pasture. He thought how odd that someone would look at one horse and another wouldn't pay it any attention. But to Roland horses were like women and what was one man's pleasure was another man's poison. He walked up to Drago as they entered the stable.

"Drago, it's good to see you after all this time. I have already put a few of the quarter horses in the side corral for you to look over. As they walked out to the corral Adela walked over to the fence to the outer pasture and whistled. The horse looked over at her and began to slowly walk over. In a few moments the horse was nuzzling her neck and you could tell the two had an immediate bond. Drago called over, "Adela? The horses over here are the ones I was thinking of for Chandler Estate, what do you think?"

She walked over but kept looking back at the chestnut mare with a white streak up her nose. Looking over the horses in the corral she had to agree they were in beautiful condition and would do the Estate very well. Drago smiled and told Roland that they would take three of the horses. He explained that his younger brother had taken a wife and that two would belong to Edward and the other would belong to Chaz. They talked about other purchases but Drago said he would only be purchasing the three horses. After an hour of looking over additional horses the final decisions were made and three were chosen from the coral.

Turning to Adela he said, "Well, what do you think? You picked out the two for Edward and Cindy and I think they will like them. Anything else you think needs purchasing?"

She didn't answer for a moment and glanced over at the horse in the pasture but answered, "No, the ones picked out are good horses."

Roland smiled, "Good, how about stepping into my office so I can take some of that Chandler money from you?"

"Adela? Want to come into the office?"

Drago and Roland walked into the office as Adela walked back over to the pasture area but the horse had gone to the far end behind the hill. Adela didn't return to the office but walked over to their horses they had ridden in on.

In the office Roland was writing up the proper transfer papers when Drago said, "What is with the horse in the pasture – the chestnut one."

Roland grinned, "Nothing really. I didn't think you'd be interested in that horse since she's seven years old and you usually prefer younger horses for the Estate."

Drago didn't smile but answered, "I want her. But I want her delivered to the cottage stable. I want her on a different receipt as well."

Roland looked at him questioningly, "And can I ask why?"

Drago finished signing the papers, "No."

Roland laughed, "Hell, Drago, you never change at all, do you?"

Drago looked up at the other man who'd known him for many years, "Well, at least I'm the one constant at the estate."

Roland knew better than to ask Drago about Adela and walked with him back to the horses. Adela was already in the saddle and Drago swung up into his.

"Roland, can you deliver the horses tomorrow late afternoon?"

After they agreed upon the time Drago and Adela rode back to the estate.

As they rounded the hill Adela looked at the chestnut horse and said, "Some day I'm going to come back here and buy her. I don't know how but I'm going to do it."

Drago ignored her statement and remarked, "She seems to be a good horse. I could have bought her if you wanted her."

Adela looked at him surprised, "You would have purchased her? But she's older than what you have in your stables?"

He laughed and didn't look over at her, "I'm older too. Are you going to stay for dinner? I think Clarice misses you. Cindy is always hanging on Edward and I don't think spends much time in the kitchen anymore. Clarice is doing all the work only because it seems Edward and Cindy don't come out of his rooms other than to eat."

Adela laughed, "Love? Or are they plotting something?"

They'd been riding past the point where they had breakfast and they both fell silent thinking about what they'd done only that morning.

Drago kept his eyes straight ahead and said, "Will you come to the lower floor tonight?"

Adela chuckled, "Dinner, lower floor how about breakfast at that rate."

She saw him get that angry look and realized he hated any type of rejection even in jest. She realized that he wasn't sure she was teasing and that he thought that he'd really be turned down. She decided to test her theory and answered, "Should I come to the lower floor?"

He didn't answer then snarled, "Do whatever the hell you want."

Adela was shocked and mad at first, but then realized that he thought that she didn't want to say yes and that he'd never put himself in a position to have an outward no said to him. They were almost at the Chandler Estate entrance and he kicked Diablo into a gallop leaving her before she could tell him she'd come to dinner and to the lower floor later that night.

She watched him gallop into the yard and then directly into the stable. When she entered he was taking the saddle off Diablo and he didn't look up at her.

She started to unsaddle her horse and said, "Yes."

He looked over at her, "Yes? Yes, what?" She could see he had no clue as to why she said yes.

She smiled, "Yes, to dinner. Yes, to lower floor. Yes, to breakfast."

He looked the other way, "I never said breakfast."

She laughed, "Would you like breakfast? You seemed to enjoy this morning's breakfast, right?"

Drago looked back at her enjoying her sense of humor, "Will you serve muffins?"

She grinned, "The tastiest you'll ever wrap your mouth on."

He laughed, "Yes, Ms. Adela."

They had finished up and Drago and Adela walked out of the stable and toward the house when Chaz walked out the back door and up to them, "Drago, glad you're back – someone broke into the cottage last night. It doesn't look like anything was taken but the door was forced open."

The look of rage that crossed Drago's face made Chaz take a step backward. Without a word Drago turned and started walking toward the end of the property. When he turned the corner to the barn he broke into a run and didn't stop until he was at the cottage. Standing on the porch with his hand on the door knob memories flooded back of laughter – hers. Shaking his head he walked into the cottage and inspected the door. It looked like it had been broken but it seemed as if were broken for quite a while. He hadn't been there in quite a while and perhaps one of the storms had broken the door, which really hadn't been in good condition for many years. He walked into the living room and sat down in the chair he'd always felt comfortable in when they had lived there. Closing his eyes he could hear her laughter and thought he heard her calling his name.

"Drago?"

He opened his eyes and Adela was standing in the room, "Drago, are you okay?"

He laughed, "Okay? Sure."

He stood up and said, "Let's go back to the main house. This should be torn down."

She nearly screamed, "No, this is the house I want to buy from your brother. Don't you dare think of it."

He turned to her, "This house? You want to buy the Cottage adjacent to the main property?"

She looked away, "Well, I've looked over the deed and it isn't part of the estate but it doesn't state the owner's name. The deed only says Chandler so I'm sure your brother must own it."

"Do you have the money to purchase it?"

She looked away, "I would ask Craig to help and I'd work it off. I am a seamstress and if I can purchase some sewing machines I can make clothing for women and I could pay him off, as well as do chores for free and he can include that in the payment."

Drago sat down again in the chair and Adela sat down in the rocker that had belonged to Drago's wife. He stared at Adela for a moment and was going to tell her that she couldn't sit in that chair, but then he remembered when he once said that to Chaz. Chaz had visited and sat down in the rocker. Drago had told him that he couldn't sit there. His wife, Andrea, came into the room laughing and said that it was only a chair and that anyone could sit in it. Drago smiled and didn't say anything.

Adela asked, "Nice thoughts? You're smiling for once."

Drago looked at her and then around the room, "We should leave."

Adela didn't move and answered, "Drago, it doesn't bother me that this house belonged to Andrea and you. I can see there was a lot of love here and those things should always be remembered. And, I don't feel any ghosts between us sitting here in her chair. Yes, I can tell this must have been her rocker."

Drago sat back in his chair, "Of all the small cottages you want to buy are you very sure this is the one?"

Adela stood up and walking around the room opened a door to what appeared to have been the bedroom, "Yes. Would you mind if Chaz eventually sold it?"

Drago got up and started walking toward the front door, "Let's get going back to the main house." He didn't answer her and walked out of the front door. Eventually Adela caught up to him and they walked toward the main house. As they passed the gardens they heard someone saying not to make so much noise. The giggle they heard from behind the hedges they recognized as Cindy's. Chaz grinned and Adela muffled her laughter. They continued to quickly walk to the house and entered the back door into the kitchen.

As soon as they entered Clarice smiled at Adela, "Adela, I'm so glad you're here. Dinner will be ready in about a half an hour. Can you stay? I'm sure Edward and Cindy will be here shortly."

Adela said she'd stay and then laughed when Drago said, "I'm sure Edward and Cindy will come very soon." After saying that Drago walked out of the kitchen saying he would return in time for dinner.

Meanwhile behind the large hedges in the garden Edward was on his back with his wife's pussy a few inches above his mouth.

He teased, "Well from this point of view I think I need a snack. Have anything you'd like to lower?"

It only took a second and Edward's tongue began lapping at the sweet nectar of Cindy. At the angle she was at he could push the tip of his tongue into her pussy and at each thrust she'd moan and pinch at her nipples like he had instructed her. He had his hands giving her support under her thighs and as she moved back and forth over his mouth he kissed and sucked harder.

He heard her telling him, "Yes, Edward tongue fuck me. I like you licking my pussy." Then he'd feel her grind down harder on his mouth and he'd suck harder licking her up and down her slit. Again he heard her, "Harder, suck my pussy – I want to feel your tongue up inside me!" He felt her push down and his tongue began to push into her. He liked her taste. He liked her scent. He moved his tongue harder and tasted her juices dripping. He grabbed her hips and held her tight to his mouth. He sucked her clit biting it and then sucking it more. He knew just where to put the pressure on her clit and heard her start to whimper. Over and over he sucked her clit pressing it between his lips. He felt her try to move away but he held her tightly to his mouth – sucking. He had her just about to come and he loved the feeling. When he heard her saying that she needed to come he began to lick at her clit and flick it with his tongue. He heard her cry of passion at the same time he felt her body climax. He pushed his tongue into her to feel her pussy muscle clenching. He grinned as she fell to the side and he rolled her onto the grass and moved over her. He was about to shove his cock into her when they heard Clarice yelling their names. They froze and didn't answer but quickly and quietly got dressed.

Entering the kitchen Clarice asked, "And just where were the two of you?"

Edward took his seat at the kitchen table and said, "I was having a snack. Hi, Adela have you been here long?"

Adela grinned, "Long enough – how was your snack?"

Drago walked in and raised an eyebrow at the conversation he'd overheard. He sat down and quipped, "Well I would think then only a snack would give you quite an appetite for more. I assume you're hungry?"

Cindy was scarlet red and looking at the roast on her plate like it was the most fascinating thing she'd discovered. Drago decided not to tease them since they didn't know that he knew and said, "Well, it doesn't matter – Clarice, is my brother Chaz coming to dinner or do we start without him?"

At that moment Chaz walked in and instead of proceeding to the table walked to the cabinet taking out a place setting and placing it on the table. Edward said, "Clarice already set a place for you over here."

Chaz didn't look at anyone and answered, "Yes, this one is for Clarice. Adela why are you here?"

Drago cut in, "She's here at my invitation."

Chaz looked at Adela and said, "Well, I'm sure Clarice is glad you're here." He didn't say anything more. Clarice sat down feeling uncomfortable but smiled when Cindy was clearly

happy that she was finally sitting at a Chandler table. The strangest dinner ever held at the Chandler estate had begun.

Chapter 17

Dinner civilly proceeded for the group sitting at the Chandler kitchen table. As dessert of apple pie was being eaten Chaz inquired, "Well, Adela, how are things at Craig's. I assume you're happy with your new surroundings and employer?" Chaz had meant this to be conversational, but it didn't go over that way.

Adela replied with an attitude, "Well, considering I was kicked out of this position I would guess I'm lucky to have any. So, I guess I'm pleased with my new surroundings and employer." She didn't look at anyone when she'd answered that but she heard Clarice gasp.

Clarice said, "Well, Adela, I'd not go that far that you didn't play any part in what happened that night to have the final outcome that Mr. Chandler asked you to leave."

Everyone including Chaz Chandler turned to stare at Clarice whom until that moment had never stuck up for a Chandler in all the years she'd worked at the estate. Even Cindy was stunned but Adela simply smiled at Clarice and answered, "Yes, Clarice, you're correct. This was not the time or place to verbally attack your Chaz Chandler." No one noticed the look that passed between the two women but Clarice smiled back.

Chaz quickly said, "Well, I didn't mean it quite the way I stated it. Clarice is always telling me I don't quite say what I mean. I would of course have you return at any time you wished. It was a misunderstanding. Yes, that is what we'll call it. It was just a misunderstanding of sorts, that got quite out of hand." He then looked at his apple pie and didn't look up until Clarice said, "Well, now that we have that clarified, will you consider returning Adela?"

Chaz's head shot up so fast he nearly sprained his neck and Adela simply replied, "Well, let's see what transpires so we don't have another misunderstanding."

Until that point Drago hadn't said anything and then said, "Well, I've decided to sell the cottage."

All heads turned to Drago and all parties said at the same time, "WHAT?"

Drago got up from the table and headed toward the kitchen door to the lower floor, "I never repeat what I already said. It was a pleasure having dinner with all of you but I have things to do in my room." With that he disappeared without another word.

Clarice stood up and laughed as she said, "Well, I guess that officially ends dinner."

Adela said goodnight and left. Cindy and Edward chatted a few more minutes then took their leave to go to town to visit his parent's.

As Adela walked to the barn she wondered if she should stay and use the side entrance to meet Drago or go back to her cousins. She owed Craig some explanations of what she wanted to accomplish with her life. She wondered if he even knew she'd been missing all day and what he did when he'd woken up that morning to find her note that she went with Drago to buy horses.

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Katrina was sleeping soundly when she felt her legs slowly spreading wider and wider. Smiling to herself she allowed the warm hand sliding up and down her inner thighs to spread her legs open. She sighed and felt lips kissing languidly along her shoulder. Keeping her eyes closed she ran her fingers through his hair and pushed his lips toward her nipples. She loved how he started licking then she felt the pressure harder until his teeth bit gently at them. His body covered hers and he pushed his cock into her waiting body. Katrina thought that although Drago was an interesting lover this was more what she wanted. At that moment she knew she'd made the right decision and arched her hips to sink him deeper into her body. Her body moved against him. She felt hot, wet and moved under him in abandon keeping him deep within her. She felt his lips leaving her nipples and he whispered in her ear, "Take what you want Katrina, fuck me." Slowly and provocatively she moved her hips claiming him as hers. She wanted her body to be the only one Craig ever wanted. She kept the movements up until she felt him starting to ram into her harder and harder. He satisfied her completely by plunging into her while telling her how much she satisfied him. Thrusting into her with quick sharp movements she began to whimper and suddenly her body had to come - with a burst of pure sensation coursing through her body she began to come. Over and over she told him how much she loved him. Craig heard her words and it sent him over the edge. Driving into her deeply he buried himself to the hilt. She purred like a satisfied cat as his body climaxed and she felt him shooting hot come into her body. Exhausted from not only the sex but the emotional feelings they both had experienced they just held each other tightly.

Finally she smiled at Craig and said, "I'm supposed to be moving from this area. Now perhaps I should stay?"

Craig smiled, "Yes, as Mistress of my Estate and being my wife, I'd think it rather awkward if you left. But, one thing Katrina - The other women are allowed to stay and continue working."

Katrina laughed, "If you mean the two lesbian lovers, yes they're more than welcome to keep each other company. I've known they were lovers for quite a while. This county is too small to keep secrets, but Adela being your cousin was one that just never got around. Odd that the Chandler Estate never knew it."

Craig hugged her and said nothing. He knew his Katrina well enough to know what information she didn't need to know. As his mother used to say Katrina had that gossip tongue and didn't know when to leave well enough alone. Well, he'd keep her in her place as best he could. Figuring everyone would find out soon enough about their formal engagement he smiled at the thought that Drago would say his usual I told you so. He got out of the bed and putting on a robe turned to Katrina and said, "Well, shall we take a look

around the house, now that you'll be walking through it as my future wife?" He smiled when she quickly jumped out of the bed and ran to his side. Wearing only her nightgown she grabbed his hand almost dragging him out of the room to walk through the house.

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Back at the Chandler Estate Adela decided that she didn't feel like waiting for a designated time and made her way to the side garden. She carefully walked along the wall looking for an entrance but couldn't find one. She wondered if he'd been lying and just putting her off so she'd leave, but then she noticed part of the ivy that appeared very thin. Walking to that section of the wall she moved the ivy and found that the wall had indeed an entrance. The door opened very easily and although the hall was dark it was not very long and she could see the light at the other end. She closed the entry door behind her and feeling a long the wall made her way toward the light. Halfway down the hall she suddenly feared what if it didn't take her to the correct lower floor and she couldn't get the entry way open again. Then she saw a dark figure appearing at the other end and a voice quietly saying, "Adela? Is that you?"

Still being nervous and afraid she said without thinking and in a rather snide voice, "Why, how many other woman may suddenly appear through the garden wall?"

She didn't hear Drago reply anything and thought he was going to get in one of his moods when she heard him chuckle, "I'll make sure to have a lock put on the entry door with only you having the key. Will that appease you, Ms. Adela?"

By then she was at the lower floor entry and blinked a moment from the light hitting her eyes but she said, "I'll take it under consideration Mr. Chandler. So this is the lower floor I've always heard about?"

Drago made a swooping motion with his arm, "I'm not going to ask from whom you heard anything, nor do I care to know. How about another pact that we don't fight."

Adela looked at the large center room she was in with four doors. "What are all these doors to? Bedrooms?"

Drago pointed to one and said, "That one leads to the upper kitchen. That one is to my office. That one is to my personal library. This one is to my bedroom. Pick a door?"

She walked to the library door and opened it to find his bedroom. Turning to him she bumped right into him since he'd moved close in back of her. "Drago, this isn't the library!"

He moved against her pulling her into his arms. As he pushed against her so she stepped back into the room she heard him chuckle, "I lied." He closed the door. "Will you stay with me until the morning?"

A light from the candle on his dresser threw shadows on the largest four poster bed she'd ever seen. She wasn't sure but she answered, "Yes, I've been quite curious about you for quite a long time and I may as well appease that curiosity."

Drago grinned, "If that's what it takes Ms. Adela then I'm at your service to appease that curiosity."

The night at the Chandler estate had begun.

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Chapter 18

Adela walked over to the dresser at the far end of the room and picked up a small picture. She immediately realized that the picture was Drago's deceased wife and looked closely at the woman smiling back at her. Adela was surprised how plain the woman was but there was something about the woman's smile that made Adela know that the woman was kind and had loved the roses that she was holding in a basket when the picture had been taken. Turning to Drago she said, "Roses are beautiful and so was your wife."

Drago ignored what she said and picked up the picture putting it into a drawer. He only answered, "It's the past and none of your worry."

Adela could feel her anger surfacing and said, "I think I've learned enough about you to satisfy my curiosity. I'm going back to Craig's." She started for the door and had her hand on it pulling at it to open. She realized it was locked and stormed back to Drago. "Give me the key!"

Drago looked down into her angry blue eyes and said, "Give you what?"

Adela snarled at him, "The key, damn you, Drago. Give me the key."

Drago turned away from her and answered, "Do you swim in the lake at midnight?"

She was thrown off her thought of the key when he asked that question since she'd thought no one ever knew she'd left the house at night. "Why do you ask such an odd question?"

Drago walked over to the bed and sat down on the edge, "Well, Adela, because Chaz always locked the kitchen door and I'd always unlock it so the woman could sneak back into the house and down the hall. Now, I could have left that door locked. But, I chose to unlock it. Therefore, there are doors I choose to keep locked and doors I choose to unlock. Was that door that I unlocked all those nights for you to get back in?"

Adela was getting confused and figured since she didn't work at the estate anymore it didn't matter if he knew she used to sneak out of the house and she answered, "Since I can't be fired again I may as well let you know it was me. So, I guess thank you for unlocking the door."

Drago stood up and walked in front of her, "Adela, I don't want to unlock this door until morning. I already unlocked a door for you and now it won't be this one." His arms

wrapped around her before she could think of a protest and his lips came down to meet hers.

At the precise time that Drago's lips met Adela's, Edward's lips met Cindy's while they stood in town, on the doorstep of his parent's house.

"Now Cindy, just this one time try to ignore my mother and we won't have to come into town very much."

"But Edward, your mother dislikes me and you know it?"

Edward kissed his wife on the nose, "Yes, she does but I don't and you married me not my mother."

The door opened at that moment and his mother beamed, "Why, Edward, how wonderful of you to come visit! Edward, come in."

Edward dragged Cindy by the hand past his mother and Cindy replied, "Hello Mrs. Chandler, it's nice to see you again."

Mrs. Chandler didn't answer and walked into the den with Edward and Cindy following her. Mrs. Chandler was about to say something when Mr. Chandler walked in and said, "Ah! There's my favorite daughter-in-law!"

Cindy giggled, "I'm your only daughter-in-law so how can I be your favorite?"

Mr. Chandler winked at Edward, "Well, then I guess you have no competition so that clinches it in your favor!"

Mrs. Chandler coughed and Mr. Chandler looked at her, "Edward would you step into the office for a moment with me?"

Edward glanced at Cindy but his father was walking out and he obediently followed him, leaving Cindy standing in front of the couch where his mother was sitting.

Cindy was nervous and looking at the floor began speaking very fast and stuttered, "Would you care for a cup of tea? If you tell me where the kitchen is I can find it and bring you tea. I can make a pot for Edward and his Father. Edward loves chamomile tea but doesn't like people to know he drinks tea. He's afraid he'll look silly. Should I make him tea, too?"

Mrs. Chandler looked at the young woman standing in front of her. She'd known Cindy since she'd started at the Chandler house and never knew her to stutter or to be so nervous. She'd always seemed so like a fresh breeze. Rather silly at times, but always a happy young woman. That Cindy knew Edward liked chamomile surprised her. Her youngest son would make her pretend the tea he was drinking was hers, if ever his Father walked into the room. She recalled the one time that she'd told his father she was drinking two cups of tea so she didn't have to call one of the maids to bring her another. She would

always make up some story to protect her son from having to admit that he liked tea. How silly since his Father loved tea, but Edward had this image that he shouldn't drink tea. Sighing she looked up at Cindy and said, "Why don't we both find the kitchen and make the men a pot of tea and we can make our own pot. After all, I have a lot of catching up to do with my daughter-in-law. I'll not lie and say I liked the idea, but I think we have a common purpose as Chandler women and that shall be enough for now. My son, Edward, obviously loves you and you obviously love him. Now, let us get the tea, shall we?"

Cindy shyly smiled, "Yes, Mrs. Chandler let us get the tea for the men, and our own pot."

When Edward returned he could see there was a calm atmosphere in the room. He knew there wasn't a tight bond between the two women but he could see they had come to some kind of truce of sorts. He'd no idea the common truce was him.

Upon leaving he shook his Father's hand and said, "I never knew that about Drago. Thank you for telling me. It does seem like something he'd do and never admit to. And, all these years I had thought it was all Chaz's. Does Chaz know?"

As the door was closing his father smiled and replied, "Yes, but no one will ever speak of it at Drago's instructions. Additionally, your mother is to never know and that is at Drago's instructions. Edward heard his father chuckle and add, "How like my boy Drago, always giving instructions to follow – just like his father."

With his arm around his wife, Edward and Cindy escaped the confines of town and went back to their home at Chandler Estate.

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As Drago's lips gave silent instruction to Adela's her arms wrapped around his waist and her thoughts of wanting him took over. She still didn't care for many things about Drago Chandler but she liked that he didn't mind her fiery temper and could match her wit and even anger. Moving tighter against him she wondered what would happen if she moved back to the Chandler Estate. Eventually he would either leave her for someone of his own financial background or they would be found out and Chaz would surely demand that she leave.

She felt the bed at the back of her legs and for a moment pushed away from him. She saw the shocked look on his face and she smiled as she started to unbutton her blouse, "Well Mr. Chandler, you weren't going to wrinkle my clothing all night, were you?"

Drago turned and lit a candle on the night stand as he heard her moving onto the bed. When he turned she was sitting with the covers pulled up around her shoulders. Smiling at him she patted the pillow next to her, "Drago, can we go slowly into the things that I've heard you like? I'm not quite sure I'd like them."

Drago stripped off his clothes and strode to the side of the bed. Looking down into her eyes he answered in a tone that left no discussion, "What we do is what we decide is best

for us. The talk you heard is probably all true if it included handcuffs, whips, chains, spanking, and poles.”

Adela stared at him, “Poles? I’ve never heard about them! What the hell are those for?”

He moved under the covers and pulled her under him, “I lied about the poles. I have no idea. The point is it’s my woman that counts and not the accessories we choose to play with or we choose not to play with. For tonight, you set the pace but promise me on tomorrow afternoon I set the pace – unless you start to find it uncomfortable, dissatisfying or you just want to stop – then you’ll always set the pace.”

Adela’s lips met his as her legs widened feeling him pushing them apart. She whispered between kissing, “Yes. Tomorrow you’ll set the pace.” Her hips were already shifting restlessly beneath his body wanting it to push into her. She knew he was waiting for her, letting her set the pace or was he controlling it. All she knew was that she was getting more and more wet and needed him inside her. She heard him whisper did she need his cock in her and moving in response she thought he would slide into her wet pussy. He didn’t – “Adela, say it. Tell me to fuck you. Tell me to shove my cock into you?”

She wasn’t used to asking and gazed into his eyes. The passion and lust she saw blazing in his coal black eyes made her whimper but she answered in a soft voice, “Drago, fuck me and shove your cock into me.”

She felt his cock push into her body but then stop. She looked up and he was gazing into her eyes as he said, “Yes, my Adela. Into your body I belong and it belongs to me.” She felt the power of his body before he moved and his thrust into her stretched her pussy wide. She slowly rotated her hips feeling him shoving deeper into her. She felt his lips kissing and sucking lower until he licked at a nipple. His teeth started to nip but she knew he stopped when her body tensed. She felt him start to lick and suck tight on them with his lips. She felt him pulling on her nipple with his lips and decided it felt good. Her hands ran through his hair and she pulled him tighter to suck and pull on it.

When he stopped he looked into her eyes and smiled, “Good, my Adela. I like sucking on your nipples. I like my cock pushing into your wet pussy. Do you want to come for me?”

She’d never had any man speak to her about what he was doing and she felt odd answering but he was starting to pump in and out of her faster and she could only gasp yes as the fire began to build within her. He felt like molten heat pumping into her body. His movements were so quick that she felt like he was impaling her pussy on his cock with each thrust going deeper and deeper. Finally her nails started to dig into his back as she held him and he groaned, “Yes, Adela, dig your nails in me. Let me feel your need for me. Come for me, Adela, fuck my cock until you come on it.”

His voice alone was enough to send her over the edge but his sudden frenzied movements ramming into her made her body start to come. “Drago, I can’t hold back, I need you.” With that sentence whimpered her body reached its pinnacle and riding a wave of pleasure coursing through her she held onto him as she came with his cock ramming and thrusting into her. She felt him continue driving into her without stop...plunging...ramming. Then

she heard a groan starting deep within him and with a final sharp thrust she felt his cock pouring hot streams of come deep within her. It felt like time had stopped. She didn't move. She felt his complete weight on her as he didn't move. His breathing was hard and his arms had her wrapped tightly to him. She whispered, "Drago, are you okay?"

She heard him chuckle and then push up onto his elbows, "Yes, Ms. Adela, I don't recall being this okay for a long time. Are you okay?"

She thought for a moment and then truthfully said, "I'm okay but not sure what is really happening between us nor am I fully sure why."

Drago was surprised since he'd always had the impression she was so sure of every thing she ever did, or said, or even snarled at him. He pulled out of her and rolling to his side looked at her, "What happens is where we want it to go." Then he grinned at her and said, "And the why part of your wondering is answered by no one else would put up with either of us long term?"

She smiled, "Should I still stay the night?"

Drago thought of the cottage and the barn where a horse that was being delivered the next day and answered, "Yes, you promised me breakfast. I have something I have to do at the cottage tomorrow and want you to accompany me if you will."

She was feeling very sleepy and smiled at the thought that she was finally on the lower floor of the Chandler house and it wasn't as frightening as she'd always heard from Katrina or Cindy. As Drago reached to pinch out the low flame of the candle he heard her answer that she'd go to the cottage with him.

As they fell asleep Drago wondered what Chaz would say when he told him of his plans. Drago had no way of knowing that at that moment Chaz was making plans of his own.

Chapter 19

Clarice was waking up in the east wing of the Chandler Estate in the rooms of Chaz Chandler. Upon waking she saw on her nightstand hot cocoa and quickly turned over to find Chaz Chandler sipping a hot cup of cocoa.

"Good Morning, Clarice. It seems that no one in the house is awake. I did go to the kitchen but it seems that the Chandler cook is missing and her kitchen was unguarded, so I made cocoa."

Clarice started laughing not sure if she was laughing at the thought of being served in bed or imagining Chaz Chandler trying to find his way around the kitchen.

"Excuse me Clarice but does something amuse you?"

Clarice sat up in bed, “Chaz, I’m not sure what to say. I’ve never in my entire life thought I’d ever wake up and have hot cocoa already made for me to relax and sip.” She reached for the hot cocoa and said, “I know I shouldn’t bring this up but I’m not sure what would happen if it was known that I’ve spent time in your east wing. What would Drago say? He could ask you to have me leave?”

Chaz stretched and yawned when he answered, “Drago could ask us all to leave. Drago has owned the estate for years and is the reason my parents had to move to town. Mother had wanted you, Cindy, and Adela fired so she could hire younger women that she said were more suited to the new way she wanted the estate run.” Chaz chuckled and then laughed out loud, “You should’ve seen Drago when she said that perhaps he should leave with the staff. A week later Father suggested that he and mother move to town. I guess we can say Drago kicked Mother out of his house but no one knows for sure. The day after mother left the house Drago mentioned that he’d never allow anyone to have you and Cindy removed from the house. I don’t think he particularly at that time cared if Adela stayed or not but, you’ve always been a stable force for Drago.”

Clarice was shocked, “I thought that all happened rather suddenly with your father wanting to move to town and the staff suddenly being let go. I remember that day in the library I was so afraid Cindy would be let go. I never knew Drago cared about anything. Ever since his wife died he’s been so withdrawn from everyone. But, do you think if he knew about me staying here would it bother him?”

Chaz put his cup down and taking hers placed it next to his on the nightstand. He pulled her into his arms, “Clarice, I don’t think Drago would care as long as you never stopped baking him apple pies. If you recall after his wife died you were the only one he’d talk to and you always gave him a slice of pie no matter what time he ever entered the kitchen. And you would talk to him about her. You were the only one that would talk about his wife and how nice she was. I never actually knew her very well and she stayed out at the cottage all the time. But, you were his light in that dark time. And besides he already knows. He asked me outright if you were finding your way to the East Wing. My exact answer, before you ask me what I answered, was that if you didn’t find your way to the East Wing I’d have to find my way to your room and my East Wing is preferable. His answer was it’s about time. ”

Clarice was more stunned that Chaz was talking so openly about how much she meant to Drago and that he admitted he wanted her to his brother. She said, “Did you know how I cared for you all these years”

Chaz grinned and took the cup out of her hand. Pushing her onto her back he said, “No, Clarice, actually I never knew. But, now I do and I’m not such a dolt that I’ll ever let it go, but maybe you had better show me?”

Clarice chuckled, “Yes, Sir, Mr. Chandler, perhaps I’d better show you over and over.” Her legs spread wider and she showed Chaz Chandler just how much she had always cared and what the days ahead in the East Wing of the Chandler Estate would be like.

* * * *

Drago and Adela approached the front of the cottage. Adela turned to him, "Drago, if you'd rather that I wait outside that's fine."

Drago ignored her and walked into the living room of the small cottage. As she followed him he heard her gasp in surprise, "Drago, this is the furniture from my rooms at the Estate. What have you done? Why did you move them here? I don't understand."

Drago proceeded into the bedroom and started to remove his shirt and pants when he turned to her, "Take your clothes off?"

Adela wasn't sure what was going on but she did remember she had said he could control this afternoon so she walked into the room and removed her clothes. She wasn't quite certain what to do next and knew that she looked rather nervous.

Drago grinned, "Adela, no whips and chains." He flopped onto his back as he heard her asking why he'd moved some of her furniture into the bedroom and that she wanted to know why or she wasn't doing anything further.

He relaxed placing his arms in back of his head, "Well, Adela, furniture can be moved wherever I choose to move it."

She glared at him, her anger rising, "NO. I was going to purchase this cottage from your brother. I was going to make him an offer for this cottage in a few weeks."

Drago looked at her and quietly said, "I own the cottage. I own the estate and in a way that you don't understand yet - you own me. Therefore, logic would prevail that you own the cottage."

Adela couldn't understand anything he was saying but she did grasp on to the sentence that she owned the cottage, "How, Drago? How can I own the cottage. What do I have to do? I'll do anything. I can pay you monthly. I can pay you weekly? What?"

Drago was surprised. He thought it would be a long battle of wills between them and then realized how much owning the cottage really meant to her, "You can have the cottage on only one condition and one condition only. Marry me, and then you can pay me nightly?" He had a wicked grin on his face and added, "Oh come on, Adela, who else would put up with you swimming stark ass naked in the lake, or your temper, or my ways."

Adela walked over to the bed and climbed on top of the man that she'd come to know. She had realized months ago that he wasn't as odd or frightening as rumors always said he was. She felt his hands grab her hips and pull her down onto his hard, erect cock. She gazed down into his eyes, "What do we do Drago if I don't like all your odd ways?"

He shoved his hips upward and pushed deeper into her warmth, "Well, Adela, practice makes perfect. We practice?"

While their bodies blended in rhythm, their thoughts of why's and how's changed to sighs of pleasure. She knew he'd never force her to do anything she didn't want to. Then, she

felt him thrusting into her while his fingers pinched her nipples to hardened points of pleasure. She gazed down at him then down toward their joined bodies watching his cock sliding in and out of her hot, wet sheath. Answering his thrusting hips she began plunging down harder on his cock. She smiled when he opened his eyes and stared at her in surprise. She grinned raking her nails down his chest, matching his upward thrusts by slamming down harder and harder. Moving in harmony with his body she watched him pinch her nipples harder. It all felt good to her. It felt like the freedom she felt swimming at midnight. She heard herself whimper that it felt good a moment before a dizzying explosion of sensations slammed through her body. She felt her pussy hot and burning tighter around his cock as she came with a soul-shattering intensity. She felt another spasm slamming through her pussy when he rammed harder and shot his load into her. Her fingers continued digging into his broad chest until she finally flattened her body against the hard slab of his belly. She felt his arms wrapping around her while his muscled chest pressed against her soft breasts.

She kissed his shoulder and whispered, "Drago, it was beautiful. I think I might consider it nightly."

His hand rubbed down her back and cupped her ass, "Adela? Consider it and just answer."

She leaned upward and looked into his eyes...she grinned, "Do I have to live at the estate or only the cottage?"

He looked like he was contemplating a difficult decision, then chuckled, "Adela, you can live in the barn if you want. I really don't mind where you want to live. But, make no mistake I'll be with you at night whether it's here, the estate, or the cottage barn with the new horse in it."

"What new horse?"

Drago stood up, reached for his clothes and while getting dressed smiled as she kept asking about what horse he mentioned. He started out of the bedroom, "Adela, if you want to know what horse then I'd suggest you get dressed and follow me to the barn."

He was only in the barn a few moments when he watched her running across the lawn and into the barn. He pointed to a stall on her right and when she gazed where he pointed she saw the chestnut mare with a white streak up her nose that she'd seen at the Wynn Estate. He leaned against an empty stall and said, "The barn was really a bore, so she was thrown into the bargain when I purchased the other horses. I've heard she's older the horses I purchased and she's rather fussy. She has quite a temper as well."

The horse was nuzzling Adela's hand and Adela kissed the white streak on the mare's nose. Adela glanced sideways at Drago, "Well, Sir Drago Chandler, perhaps it's just that no one has quite known how to handle her." She watched him walk up to her, stand in back of her then reach over her shoulder to stroke the mare. Leaning down he whispered in Adela's ear, "Many, many nights at the estate, the cottage and I think we'll need to fix up the loft here in the barn. What do you say Lady Chandler?"

She grinned and turning in his arms said, "Tonight, do you feel like a midnight swim?" Their kiss sealed the many nights ahead of them in all places with all things.

CONCLUSION:

To everyone's surprise Adela moved back in the Chandler Estate and had rooms on the lower floor, as well as owning the cottage. No one knew that Adela and Drago had married other than the other two brothers and the two women at the house who attended the wedding. The Chandler Estate became the source of many conversations and many rumors in the town.

The town rumors always settled on discussing the odd Chandler brothers who no one would ever marry and the old maids who still lived there taking care of the estate. Only Cindy and Edward ever ventured into town and no one ever asked them about their relatives. Rumor had it that Drago had turned into a recluse and never ventured off the property. Chaz Chandler was seen in town buying the household needs with the old maid Clarice, who had worked at the estate but no one could remember for how long.

But at the Chandler Estate, which held the secrets of the family, three brothers lived out their lives with the women they loved.