

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE
Quickies

Holiday Love Lessons
TRISTA ANN MICHAELS

White *Hot* Holidays

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Holiday Love Lessons

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HOLIDAY LOVE LESSONS

Trista Ann Michaels

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Starbucks: Starbucks U.S. Brands, LLC

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Chapter One

"I can't believe I'm actually going to do this," Caitlin whispered as she made her way down the hall toward Jonathan and Tim Trelain's offices.

Jonathan Trelain, Caitlin thought with a grin. Gay or not, if there was one man she wanted to give her sex lessons it was him and his sexy bisexual brother, Tim.

She, Tim and Jonathan had worked together for about eight months now. Jonathan was gorgeous, and she'd had the most unbelievable crush on him until she found out from her coworkers that the man was gay.

At first she didn't believe it. How could someone as gorgeous and masculine as him be gay? But the rumors continued and he never did anything to deny it. She had heard he'd dated women in the past, before coming out of the closet, so to speak.

Eventually, she got over her crush and moved on. She just moved on with the wrong man.

Her mind wandered back to one month ago when her boyfriend, Colin, had broken up with her. The things he'd said had devastated her and she'd sought refuge in her office, burying herself in her work. That's where Jonathan had found her, crying her eyes out. He didn't push her to explain. He just held her, silently letting her know he was there for her.

That was Jonathan. He was nice, easy to talk to and always there for her. Especially at work. He'd helped her to talk her way through more than one artistic block in her time at Morgan Publishing. The latest had been the cover for the newest erotic ménage that was due to be released next month. Working on the cover had been where she got the idea for her plan.

Staring at the woman and two men entwined together had made her realize just how lacking her sex life had been. She'd never experienced mind-blowing orgasms or

passion that could make you lose control. She barely even got excited, much less lost control. And she wanted to.

She wanted to learn how to be sexy and seductive. She wanted to experiment and see just how far she could go and what would turn her on beyond reason. What better two men to teach her than the two most gorgeous men in town? And the fact that they were bisexual—well, that just made them safer than a straight man she might end up giving her heart to. The three of them were friends, so there would be no emotional attachment other than that friendship, which meant no expectations and no worries. It was perfect.

But which one did she approach first? Tim, she decided. He was much less intimidating than Jonathan and when it came to propositioning a man for sex, less intimidating was definitely better.

Taking a deep breath, she headed down the hall toward Tim's office. Raising her hand, she fingered the gold lettering across the wood. *Timothy Trelain, Co-Executive Vice-President*. He and Jonathan shared the position but Jonathan worked more with the cover artists and advertising, where Timothy handled the marketing and money side of the business.

"You can do this, Caitlin," she mumbled to herself then knocked softly.

"It's open," Tim called from inside.

Trying to still her shaking hands, she took one final calming breath for courage then opened the door. "Hey, Timmy," she said with a smile.

Tim stared at her over the top of his glasses, his amber-colored eyes shining in amusement. "So it's Timmy, is it? What do you want, darlin'?"

Caitlin shrugged and stepped farther into the room. "Nothing major."

He removed his glasses and set them on his desk. Sitting back in his chair, he brushed his shaggy, dark blond hair from his brow and smiled up at her. "Whenever someone says it's nothing major, it usually is. Spill it, doll."

"Well," she began and chewed at her lip, trying to decide just how to broach the subject. "I have a request."

"Oh god," Tim sighed in mock exaggeration. "When do you need it and how much is it going to cost me?"

Caitlin laughed. "It's not something you can buy. I want to spend the weekend with you and your brother. I want the three of us to have a ménage."

Tim's eyes widened, and he choked, coughing loudly. "I'm sorry. You want to what?"

* * * * *

"She wants to what?"

Jonathan stared at his brother in a mixture of shock and pure excitement. Had he really heard him correctly? Caitlin? The adorable redhead he'd been fantasizing about for months wanted to have a ménage?

"I told her that I would broach the subject with you. So, brother," he added with a snicker. "Think you can step away from your gay lifestyle and help me accommodate the girl?"

Jonathan frowned. "You know damn good and well I'm not gay."

"I can't for the life of me figure out why you let these rumors continue."

"You know why. It keeps the money-grubbing women away."

Tim snorted. "Squat good it did. Now they just want to convert you."

Jonathan shrugged, a sideways grin lifting his lips. "They try. Some succeed, then after we have sex, I give them the 'I just can't do this straight relationship thing' speech and that's that."

Tim dropped his tall, broad frame into one of the leather chairs flanking Jonathan's desk. "Man, you're cold. Are you sure you're not gay?"

Jonathan scrunched his nose. "Ha-ha. So what the hell brought this on anyway?"

"You mean with Caitlin?" Tim asked.

Jonathan nodded and closed the file he'd been looking through.

"I don't know. She approached me early yesterday evening with the idea."

"And you're just now bringing it to my attention? Why didn't you call me last night?"

"Well, I was going to, but I got busy," Tim replied as he studied his nails. "Carlos popped in for a nightcap and well...stayed a little longer."

Jonathan groaned and rolled his eyes toward the ceiling. "Please, spare me the details."

"You're supposed to be gay, remember? You should be clamoring for the details."

Jonathan pinned him with a narrowed stare, making Tim chuckle. "Well?" Tim asked. "You never gave me your answer on the ménage weekend with Caitlin. Yes or no?"

"Like I'm going to pass this up."

* * * * *

Caitlin walked into her office and threw her purse down on the desk. She hadn't heard from Tim last night like she thought she would and disappointment had made her irritable. Had they decided not to go through with it? Had she asked too much?

With a sigh, she dropped into her chair and booted up her computer. She couldn't spend too much time thinking about it. She had covers she had to do. Her hand bumped into the small Christmas tree on the corner of her desk. The tiny glass decorations clinked against one another and she grabbed one that was about to fall off. As she secured it more firmly, she fingered the bright red ball and watched the office light reflected in the glass.

Normally she loved this time of year. The first snow of the season, although a little late, had fallen last night, blanketing the streets of Boston in a thin layer of white.

Decorations hung from street lamps and front doors. Santas stood outside shops ringing their bells while carolers strolled the streets, their voices raised in song.

She just couldn't seem to get into the spirit this year. Maybe it had to do with the fact she still hadn't gotten over her latest breakup. The one that had finally pushed her to make such a drastic request.

She frowned at the tree. Was she as cold as he said she was?

A knock sounded at her door and she glanced up to see Jonathan smiling down at her, a cup of Starbucks coffee in each hand. Her heart flipped in her chest. He was so gorgeous, with the same dark blond hair as Tim, only Jonathan's was just a tad shorter. Long, thick lashes framed chocolate-brown eyes that almost always sparkled with humor.

His wide shoulders and trim waist fairly dominated the doorway as he leaned against the jamb. Six-feet three-inches tall and well muscled, he made quite an intimidating presence. "Morning. I thought we could discuss your request over coffee."

"Tim talked to you?" she asked and walked over to take one of the cups from his hands. Her stomach fluttered with nerves as she took a sip. She was so uptight the taste of the strong coffee she normally savored didn't even register.

"Yes. This morning." He stepped inside and shut the door behind him with a click. "Coffee good?" he asked.

Caitlin wondered if he was trying to break the ice and relieve some of the tension that had filled the small room. "It's great. Thank you."

Normally they weren't this stiff around each other. They were good friends. She just hoped her request hadn't ruined that. Suddenly, she regretted her impulsive action. "Jonathan, if you don't want to do this, I understand. We can just forget I said anything."

"No way," he grinned. "I just want to know one thing."

"What?" she asked as she sat in her chair, relief swimming through her.

"Why?"

"Why?" she asked, surprised.

Jonathan nodded and leaned his hip against her desk. Her gaze strayed to his hard thighs and ass, but then quickly averted. Noticing the password prompt on her computer screen, she busied herself typing it in to buy some time and compose her thoughts.

"Well," she said with a sigh. "I haven't had the best luck with men, you know that. I just want to experience something wild and completely uninhibited for once in my life without any worry of commitment or fear of someone getting hurt. Especially me. I want you guys to teach me how to be sexy, how to seduce and let go."

She chanced a look at him over her computer screen. He watched her thoughtfully, as though mulling over what she'd said in his mind.

"There's more to it that you're not telling me," he said quietly.

With a sigh, she rearranged the files on her desk. "When Colin broke up with me he said I was cold, that I wouldn't know passion and good sex if it hit me in the face. I want to see if he's right."

Jonathan snorted and she frowned up at him. "It was probably Colin that didn't know passion, honey, not you."

"Have you ever been with a woman?" she asked, although she was sure he had.

"A few." His lips twitched—adorable. "Purely experimental, you understand."

"Oh, I do," she said, returning his grin.

"This weekend? The Trelain cabin at the lake?"

"You're taking me up on this?" she asked, her heart racing wildly.

"I believe I am."

"Tim, too?"

He nodded, his eyes crinkling as he smiled.

"You guys are okay with sharing?"

“Oh, yeah. Tim and I have shared before. Occasionally he gets a wild hair and shows up on my doorstep with a woman.”

He rolled his eyes toward the ceiling and Caitlin giggled. “Wild hair, huh?”

Jonathan stood and began to walk to the door. “Be prepared. Tim can get some pretty wild hairs.” He smiled at her over his shoulder. “We leave at noon on Friday. Come to the office packed. We’ll take my Durango.”

“What should I pack?” she asked.

He grinned wickedly and a slight tremor ran under her flesh. “Doesn’t matter. You’re going to be naked the majority of the time.”

“Oh,” Caitlin sighed as she watched him stroll from her office, a very pleased-with-himself expression on his face.

Chapter Two

Friday arrived and her stomach fluttered with nerves, so much so that when Jonathan knocked on her door at noon, she almost backed out.

"Ready?" he asked, a teasing glint in his brown eyes.

"I think so," she sighed.

Her fingers suddenly felt ice-cold, and she held her hands together, trying to warm them. Jonathan noticed her pensive frown and stepped into the room, shutting the door behind him. "You look a little nervous, Caitlin."

"I guess I am," she said with a soft smile. "Never done this before."

He came to stand in front of her, the warmth from his body flooding over hers in waves. She caught a whiff of his cologne. Inhaling deeply, she sighed. "I love that cologne. What is it?"

"Drakkar Noir. Relax, Caitlin. You'll have more fun."

She hummed and smiled slightly, agreeing with him. But for some reason her stomach just wouldn't listen. Jonathan stepped closer, pinning her against her desk. With a startled gasp, she glanced up at his face and watched helplessly as it lowered to hers.

The brown of his eyes practically smoldered, causing her heart to jump against her ribs. Every pore on her flesh tingled as his hands came up to frame her face. Softly, tentatively, his lips brushed across hers, sending a jolt of fire to her belly that startled her. With a whimper, she opened her lips and welcomed the gentle invasion of his tongue.

He tasted of coffee, and she sucked at his tongue as it came further into her mouth. A soft moan rumbled through his chest, vibrating against her own, and he pressed her

tighter against the desk. Her hands lifted to settle at his waist, balling the soft fabric of his sweater with her fingers.

All too soon the kiss ended. She moaned as he pulled his lips away and leaned forward slightly, seeking their warm touch again. Slowly, she opened her eyes and stared up into his smiling ones. "There. That's better," he said.

A little shell-shocked, she watched him step away and grab the suitcase she'd placed by the door.

Wow. What the hell was that?

"You coming?" he asked over his shoulder as he left her office. "Tim's waiting for us in the parking garage."

"Yeah, coming," she squeaked. On legs that wobbled like Jell-O, she followed him out to the car.

* * * * *

Tim followed them to the cabin in his jeep, which had surprised Caitlin. She'd assumed they would all be going up in the same car. Stepping out of Jonathan's Durango, she gaped at the log cabin.

This isn't a cabin. It's a damn lodge.

The massive three-story house stood on a slight hill, the back sloping to the lakeshore behind it. A porch went all the way across the front, with Christmas lights blinking in the setting sunlight. A huge pine wreath decorated with red and gold ribbon hung from the massive oak door. It was beautiful. Like something in a painting.

"Jonathan, this place is huge," Caitlin gaped.

"Yeah," he sighed as his gaze took in the house. "Thirty-six hundred square feet of Trelain Christmas cheer."

Caitlin giggled. "So do we have it all to ourselves?"

He turned to her with a grin. "Every last foot. Including the oversize bathtub." He wiggled his eyebrows.

Caitlin's mind went ninety miles per second with lots of sexy and wild images. Her hands shook slightly and she gripped them before her silently, convincing herself she could go through with this. Jonathan must have sensed her unease for he stepped forward and covered her shaking hands with his. "Still nervous?" he asked.

She licked at her suddenly dry lips. "A little. But I'll be okay. I want to do this." She smiled slightly. "I need to do this."

Jonathan brought his lips close to hers. His warm breath turned to fog as it hit the cold air between them. She couldn't stop gazing at his eyes. They were gorgeous and full of hunger and passion. "Good," he murmured against her lips.

Tim came up behind her and brushed her hair away from her neck. His hot breath blew across her flesh, making her shiver in a mixture of excitement and apprehension. "Starting without me?" he whispered. "Shame on you."

Caitlin smiled slightly, letting out a rush of nervous air. "We would never dream of starting without you, Timmy," she sighed as his lips touched the sensitive spot behind her ear.

Jonathan's lips nipped at her jaw and her head fell back, offering him her throat. Two men, both gorgeous and sexy, both making her body melt like butter. It was surprisingly erotic and she tried to relax a little and let herself fall into the moment. A cold breeze blew, cutting through her skin like a knife and she shivered.

"Cold?" Jonathan asked as he gazed down at her and brushed a stray hair from her forehead.

She nodded.

"We should get you inside and warmed up," Tim whispered as his teeth bit at her earlobe, sending a tremor down her spine.

"One of these first," Jonathan mumbled just as his lips captured hers in a kiss that sent her reeling. It was so different than the one in her office—so much more passionate. She groaned as her tongue twined with his, twirling and stroking. Oh god. He could keep kissing her right here in the snow if he wanted. She didn't care.

Breaking off the kiss, he stared down at her with that same lazy, sexy smile. "Caitlin, honey. If you're cold, I'm Cher."

"Who said you were cold?" Tim asked in surprise as he stepped around her and lifted her chin with his finger.

"Her old boyfriend."

Tim looked at her for a second in surprise then actually laughed as he grabbed her hand and pulled her behind him to the house. "Cold, my ass."

Her chest swelled with warmth and a tiny grin touched her lips as she followed them up the porch steps.

This is it, no turning back, she thought as she hesitated before stepping through the front door. Jonathan stopped in the doorway and turned to face her. With an understanding smile, he held his hand out. *I can't believe I'm going to do this*. After only a second's hesitation, she placed her hand into his and returned his grin as he pulled her into the house.

* * * * *

"Wine?" Jonathan asked as he handed Caitlin a glass.

"Thank you." She raised the glass to her lips and took a large sip, downing half the contents at once.

"Careful, Caitlin. We want you relaxed, not drunk."

She giggled nervously and lifted the glass slightly in acknowledgment. He couldn't stop staring at her. She was so beautiful. Her blue eyes sparkled with excitement and more than just a hint of nerves. Dark red curls hung over her shoulders, and he brushed his fingers through them, feeling the silky texture as it wrapped around his knuckles.

He hadn't been able to think of anything but this all week. He'd known for a while how he felt about her, but past hurts had kept him silent. This weekend would be the start for them. The beginning of a long and, he was sure, happy relationship. He wanted all of her...forever.

Tim stoked the fire, filling the downstairs den with warmth. The wood popped and cracked and the smell of burning embers filled the room.

"I love that smell," Caitlin said as she inhaled deeply, pushing her breasts out further. Jonathan's eyes strayed to the nipples that stood proud beneath the snug fabric. "It smells like Christmas now. The decorated pine tree over by the bar and now the fire. It's perfect."

Jonathan smiled. She was perfect.

"Turn on some music, Tim," Jonathan suggested.

"Anything in particular?" he asked.

"Something sexy," Caitlin offered as she downed the rest of the wine and swayed her hips slowly. "Something that we can dance to."

"Feeling that wine, are you, darlin'?" Tim teased.

"I'm feeling something," she replied with a giggle.

Tim raised an eyebrow in interest and glanced at Jonathan. "Damn," he mouthed silently and Jonathan lifted his glass of wine in answer.

"No more wine for you, Katie dear," Jonathan said with a chuckle and removed the now empty glass from her fingers. Apparently Caitlin didn't drink very often.

Turning on the stereo, Tim picked out a CD. Music soon filled the room and Caitlin began to dance around them to the soft guitar.

"Take off your sweater, Caitlin," Jonathan ordered.

Caitlin stopped her dance and stared at him in uncertainty. Jonathan placed his glass on the bar and moved to stand next to her. He didn't want her afraid and was going to try and make her relax a little more. Taking one of her hands in his, he placed

the other on her waist and began to move them to the music. Slowly, she began to loosen up, inching her body closer to his. Leaning down, he whispered in her ear. "Strip for us, Katie. I want to see how beautiful you are."

She hesitated for a moment then her hands moved to grab the hem of her sweater. Jonathan's hands moved with hers, helping her tug it over her head. The light of the flames flickered against her tan flesh and he stared in rapture at the cleavage her red lace bra created.

"You're beautiful, Katie," he whispered and brushed his fingers along the lace edge of her bra.

She drew in air sharply and lifted her hands above her head, gently swaying her hips to the soft music. His hands moved to gently cup her breasts and she closed her eyes, sighing softly.

"Keep dancing for me, Katie. Strip to the music and let us see how beautiful the rest of you is."

Tim remained silent as he watched her slowly move around the floor, her hips swaying seductively. Her hands still shook a little and her eyes still held a hint of unease, but Jonathan continued to encourage her and she became more comfortable and a little more bold in her movement, which was driving him crazy.

The woman was a vision, and he watched in spellbound attention as she sauntered toward the fireplace, her fingers slowly undoing her slacks. For a second, she hesitated, glancing at Jonathan, then Tim.

"Take them off, darlin'," Tim whispered. "Let me see if those panties match that bra."

Finally, she put her back to them and inch by excruciating inch lowered her slacks over her hips. Her ass was firm, round and the panties indeed matched the bra. An adorable red lace thong separated her ass cheeks and his breathing hitched as her hands slowly moved over the mounds and back up to her waist. Her movements were slow and uncertain. Her innocence was more of an aphrodisiac than the wine.

Jonathan's hands burned to touch that ass, to feel his cock sink into the warmth of her pussy. A sudden thought occurred to him and his gaze shot back to hers. "Have you ever had anal sex, Caitlin?" Jonathan asked.

"No." She stopped dancing and shook her head. Her shaking hands fluttered to her stomach. She'd never done that, but had always been intrigued with the idea. Unfortunately, she'd never had the nerve to give it a try.

"Then come here, darlin'," Tim said with a crook of his finger. "We need to prepare you."

Her gaze glanced toward Jonathan, and he nodded his encouragement. Licking her lips, she walked over to Tim, who now stood by the bar. Jonathan joined them. Standing behind her, his fingers skimmed over the warm flesh of her shoulders.

Caitlin's insides felt like mush. Prepare her? She had an idea what he had in mind, but still her stomach jumped with nerves.

"Don't worry, Caitlin." Tim brushed his finger along her jawline. "We won't do anything that hurts you. If we do, just say so and we'll stop. Okay?"

She nodded and swallowed down the last of her nervousness. These guys were her friends. She could trust them.

"We're also clean. We've both been checked, so you have nothing to worry about. Just relax and enjoy yourself," Jonathan whispered as his hands moved to her back and worked loose the clasp of her bra. Tim lifted her chin, bringing her lips to his. His kiss was soft, seeking, and she melted, her body swaying toward his.

Jonathan removed her bra and dropped it to the floor. His warm palms cupped her breasts from behind, squeezing them and pinching her nipples between his thumb and forefinger. She moaned as her juices flowed to coat her panties. His lips moved to nibble along her neck, and she reached behind her with one hand to bury her fingers in his hair. She was so hot. Never in her life had she thought fooling around with two men could be this arousing.

Breaking the kiss, Tim turned her to Jonathan, who took his turn at claiming her mouth. His hands moved lower, pushing her thong down around her ankles. She gripped his strong arms and kicked the scrap of red lace away, sending it flying somewhere across the room.

Jonathan's fingers moved between her thighs, sliding along her slit. Her legs trembled as Tim added his touch from behind, gently pushing two fingers within her wet depths. She groaned and spread her legs wider. Her whole body burned and it had happened so damn fast.

Jonathan's tongue continued to plunder her mouth while his fingers fondled her clit, circling and teasing to the point she was ready to burst. And Tim. Oh god. He was fucking her with his fingers while his teeth nipped at her ass. It was so wild and hot, so unbelievably erotic.

Caitlin moaned into Jonathan's mouth as Tim removed his fingers and replaced them with a dildo. "Oh, yes," she sighed. In and out he moved it, then pushed it deep and held it in place. "More," she moaned, surprised at her wantonness.

"In time, darlin'," Tim drawled as he separated the cheeks of her ass. Sliding one finger into her ass, he groaned against the small of her back. "Damn, she's tight."

Gently, he added a second and Caitlin had to grab onto Jonathan's shoulders to remain upright. In her ear, Jonathan whispered soft words of encouragement as he continued to play with her slit then moved to take control of the dildo, gently moving it to stroke the pulsing walls of her vagina.

"Oh god," she sighed as her legs became weaker.

Jonathan bent down and captured a pert nipple within his mouth. She sighed, throwing her head back and thrusting her breast more fully into his mouth. She wanted them to fuck her. Now. She needed it so badly her body burned with it.

She gasped as Tim removed the dildo from her pussy and slowly inserted it into her ass. The fullness took her by surprise and she stiffened. "Shhh," Jonathan crooned in her ear. "Relax, Katie."

Slowly, she did and once again melted beneath the dual set of lips and hands turning her to mush. Once she was used to the sensation, others began to intensify.

“Oh god. One of you, please. Fuck me.”

Jonathan let out a growl as he turned her toward Tim and pushed her to her knees. She watched as Tim removed his clothes, revealing a well-muscled torso and long, thick cock. Wanting to see what Jonathan looked like as well, she turned to watch him. He stood behind her and removed his sweater, revealing a hard chest that was much more muscled than Tim's. He even had a sprinkling of hair, where Tim did not. Lowering her gaze, she stared at his cock, only slightly longer than Tim's and just as thick.

She swallowed, wondering how both of them would fit at the same time.

Reaching out, she wrapped her trembling fingers around both of their cocks, gently squeezing them. Jonathan groaned, his head falling back. Tim hissed and moved to stand directly in front of her.

“Take me in your mouth, Caitlin,” he said.

Without any hesitation this time, she did as he asked, finally losing all her inhibitions and enjoying the moment. Jonathan moved behind her and pushed her shoulders forward slightly. Tim dropped to his knees, putting his cock more fully in front of her face. Bracing one hand on the floor, she licked at Tim's cock while Jonathan sheathed himself with a condom.

Holding Tim's cock at the base, she enveloped him in her mouth, her teeth nipping at the head. Jonathan's hands brushed along her hip, massaging her flesh. She moaned and wiggled her hips in silent invitation. She wanted him to ram that big cock into her, to fill her to the womb.

Tim moaned and buried a hand in her hair as she relaxed her throat and sucked him deeper. She'd never dreamed she could do this. She was wild and couldn't get enough of his cock in her mouth. She wanted to taste his cum. Feel him fill her mouth with it.

“Jonathan, please,” she moaned around Tim's shaft.

"I like watching you, Caitlin. I like seeing you swallow him and imagining you doing that to me," he whispered and then bit softly at her hip.

Finally, he rose up and positioned the head of his shaft at her aching pussy. Pushing back, she tried to take him inside her, but he continued to tease, circling the tip around her clit. With a growl, he repositioned himself and pushed inside. She moaned as her body strained to accommodate his girth.

"Fuck," Jonathan groaned as he pushed deeper, sheathing himself balls-deep.

Caitlin screamed, for the moment removing Tim's cock from her mouth. She gaped in wonder as he began to move the dildo and his cock together, their movement one fluid motion. The dual sensation sent shivers of pleasure to every muscle in her body.

"Oh, fuck, she feels good," Jonathan sighed as his thrusts increased, becoming harder.

Once again grasping Tim's cock, she sucked him back into her mouth, her rhythm matching Jonathan's assault on her pussy. It felt so good she could hardly concentrate on what she was doing and she used his thrusts to help push Tim's cock deeper down her throat.

"Oh, yeah. That's it, darlin'. Suck my cock."

Tim's moans soon overrode hers as his seed spewed forth, filling her mouth.

Caitlin quickly joined him as her release gripped her with a vengeance. Every nerve in her body erupted into a mass of light and sensation. The walls of her pussy and anus quivered and pulsed around the two invading rods, sending little quakes of pleasure and pain down her spine. Jonathan fell with them a second later, his body tensing behind her with one final, deep thrust.

Gently, Caitlin continued to lick away the remaining semen from Tim's cock, before closing her eyes with a sigh. What had she been so nervous about? It had been incredible, more than incredible and she wanted to experience it again. Over and over. She could feel passion and she wanted more. "Can we do that again?" she asked.

Jonathan and Tim both chuckled. "As many times as you want, darlin'," Tim sighed. "But give us a second first."

Caitlin giggled. "Just a second?"

"Well," Jonathan drawled with amusement as he slid his cock from her pussy. "Maybe more like a minute."

The three of them laughed.

* * * * *

Caitlin reclined against the soft brushed leather sofa and slowly sipped at her wine. They'd dined on a quick dinner of fruit and cheese earlier, and she'd eaten like she hadn't eaten all day. Which in truth, she really hadn't. She'd been too nervous to eat lunch and most of it had remained back at the restaurant they'd stopped at on their way here.

They were all still nude and to her surprise, completely comfortable with one another. Her gaze strayed more to Jonathan than Tim. They were both very handsome and sexy, but for some reason there was something more to Jonathan. Something she couldn't quite explain.

As though sensing her stare, he turned to look at her, his eyes shining with a mixture of amusement and desire. He stood by the bar, refilling his wineglass. His tight ass and thick, firm thighs flexed as he turned to fully face her and let his brown eyes roam over her body, heating her flesh. Even the way he looked at her set her body on fire. Tim's stare set her heart fluttering, but what Jonathan did to her went deeper.

Oh, dear, she thought to herself and quickly downed the last of her wine. He's gay, Caitlin. You can't fall in love with him.

She frowned. He certainly didn't act gay. Jonathan was strong and masculine, sexy and hot. Just looking at him turned her on. Her pussy began to pulse between her legs and she shifted, striking what she hoped was a more sexy pose.

"Minute's up, boys."

“Boys?” Tim snickered from his position by the fireplace. “I see no boys here.”

The orange flames reflected on his tan skin, making it appear golden. She smiled at him and stretched her arms over her head, thrusting her breasts out. “Neither do I, actually,” she purred.

Tim’s lips lifted in a slight grin. “I think we’ve created a monster.”

“I agree,” Jonathan mumbled as he walked over to Caitlin and stood over her. “And I like it.”

His cock thickened before her eyes and she licked her lips in anticipation. Her gaze skimmed back up his chest, past the washboard abs and the bulging pecs, and her hands fisted above her head, wanting to sift through the light dusting of hair. God, he looked so good.

“Do you like that I’m brazen?” she purred, surprised with the way she was behaving. Surprised at how her body reacted to two gorgeous men staring at her like she was water and they were dying of thirst.

“That I do,” he murmured. A muscle in his cheek jerked as his gaze slid to her splayed thighs. “Spread them wider, Caitlin. Let me see your pretty pussy.”

A thrill shimmied down her spine and she used her hands to push her legs wider. Slowly, she slid her fingers up the inside of her thighs and brushed lightly across her labia.

Jonathan glanced over at Tim, who looked just as entranced as he was. Damn, the woman was hot. Juices glistened in the hair just above her pussy. Her bright pink nails scratched lightly at her flesh, and he practically dropped to his knees right then. No doubt about it. She was going to be the death of him.

“You are one hot little piece of ass, Caitlin. And I’ve got to taste you.”

Her eyes moved to Tim’s bulging cock and her adorable lips spread into a saucy little grin. “Then what are you waiting for?” she purred and undulated her hips.

Tim settled between her splayed thighs and bent down to lick his tongue along her slit. She moaned and lifted her hips against his face. Jonathan's heart was about to jump free of his chest. Whoever the hell told this woman she was cold didn't have a fucking clue. He'd never met a sexier woman. Or a woman who had more quickly wormed her way into his heart.

"God, she tastes good, Jonathan," Tim sighed as he continued to lick away her juices.

It was a hot picture, and when Caitlin's hands moved to massage her breasts it was even hotter. Jonathan's cock throbbed with the need to feel her mouth wrapped around him, sucking him dry. Climbing onto the couch, he braced his knees on either side of her hips. Her questioning gaze shot up to his and he smiled down at her as he braced his hands against the wall over her head. "It's my turn now, Katie. Suck me," he said as he positioned his cock before her lips.

Chapter Three

Caitlin was on fire. Tim's tongue was driving her mad as he licked and fucked her with his mouth. It felt so good. She used to not like oral sex, but apparently her jerk of an ex-boyfriend hadn't been doing it right. This was incredible! Her whole body convulsed in pleasure.

Reaching up, she ran her finger along Jonathan's length. It twitched and she smiled, leaning forward to lick her tongue around the purple head. She watched as Jonathan's eyes closed on a sigh. It made her feel powerful, sexy. Opening her lips, she sucked him into her mouth, wanting to please him as he'd pleased her earlier.

She felt Tim leave her pussy and she groaned around Jonathan's cock, wanting the feel of his tongue against her clit again. "Tim," she growled. "Don't stop."

"I'm here, darlin'. Just getting a condom." Tim purred as he lifted her legs over his shoulders. "I'm gonna fuck her, Jonathan."

Jonathan groaned an answer as her teeth moved to nip at his tight balls. She yelled her pleasure as Tim pushed his thick cock into her. Over and over he fucked her, hard and deep, his balls slapping against her ass. Her mouth matched his movements on Jonathan's cock while her hand squeezed at his balls.

The three of them moaned in unison, each lost in what the other was doing. "Oh god. I'm so close," she sighed and nipped at the head of Jonathan's cock with her teeth.

Jonathan gasped as she opened her lips wide and swallowed him deep, her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked harder. "Oh, yeah, baby. Just like that," he growled and moved his hips, pumping his cock in and out of her hungry mouth at the same time Tim pumped her hungry pussy.

"Oh god, she's got one hot little pussy," Tim sighed. "Just like lava, Caitlin."

Pushing deeper, he ground his hips against her clit and she exploded. The muscles of her pussy squeezed at Tim's cock, pulsing and pulling him deeper. She sucked harder at Jonathan's cock, just like her pussy milked Tim's. She wanted them to come with her.

With a shout, they both tensed almost simultaneously, and she hungrily swallowed every hot drop Jonathan spewed forth until there was nothing left. Opening her eyes, she met Jonathan's startled stare. Emotions she wasn't expecting flashed across his eyes before he closed them, preventing her from seeing any more. His and Tim's sighs faded and their bodies relaxed. Hers continued to tingle and pulse. Amazingly, she still wanted more and she moved to slowly drag her tongue along Jonathan's shaft from his balls to the tip.

He shuddered and grinned down at her. "My greedy little wench," he purred.

"The two of you make me crazy," she sighed with a smile.

Tim dropped onto the couch next to her and smiled. "No crazier than you make us, darlin'."

She grinned back at him and touched his cheek with her palm. Jonathan dropped to the other side of her and turned her face to his, placing a gentle kiss against her lips. "How about a bath?"

"That sounds wonderful."

Jonathan stood and picked her up. With a squeal, she wrapped her arms around his neck and held tight. The muscles of his chest bunched and flexed against her, and she marveled at just how gorgeous and strong he was. She was so glad she'd done this. Glancing over his shoulder, she grinned at Tim and he winked back, making her giggle softly.

* * * * *

Tim returned to the den for their wine while Jonathan ran the water and filled it full of lavender-scented bubbles. He glanced at her over his shoulder as he replaced the bottle on the shelf. "Can you believe the bubble bath is Tim's?"

Caitlin smiled. "Well, lavender is very relaxing. Maybe it helps him sleep," she offered.

Jonathan raised an eyebrow. "I don't think that's it," he chuckled and held a hand out to her. "Careful going over the side, it's kind of high."

She held tight to his hand as she slipped her foot into the warm water. It felt heavenly and she quickly immersed the rest of her into the water. Jonathan settled behind her, pulling her back against his hard chest.

The tub sat within a bay window that overlooked the lake behind the house. He'd kept the lights out, only lighting one candle, so that they could see the snow-covered mountains outside. The snow hung from tree branches, blanketing everything, and she sighed at the beauty of the scenery. "It's so peaceful here."

"Especially with all the snow," Jonathan added.

His fingers massaged her shoulders then smoothed down her arms, relaxing her. It felt right sitting here in the tub with him. She gave herself a mental shake and reminded herself this was only physical. A weekend interlude between friends – nothing more.

Tim walked in carrying a bottle and three glasses. "Is there room for one more or did the two of you hog the whole thing?"

"There's room," Caitlin said with a smile.

"Down there," Jonathan pointed to the other end of the oversized tub.

"Figures," Tim drawled as he handed Caitlin her wine.

"All right, you two. Play nice...or I'll have to spank you."

"Ooh," Tim crooned. "A woman after my own heart. Will you spank me hard, darlin', and make my ass red?"

"Would you shut the hell up and get in the tub if you're going to?" Jonathan said in exasperation, making Caitlin grin.

Tim laughed and raised his foot to step over the side when a cell phone rang in the bedroom, stopping him. "Who the hell is that?" he snapped.

"I turned mine off," Jonathan drawled. "Let voice mail get it."

"It might be Jake with those figures I need. You guys stay here, I'll go handle this."

Grumbling about rotten timing, Tim left the room, shutting the door behind him. Jonathan reached toward the counter and grabbed her hair clip. With gentle hands he piled her hair on her head and secured it with the clip. "With it up," he murmured against her neck, "it makes it easier for me to do this."

His teeth nipped at the sensitive spot behind her ear, sending her senses reeling. "That's nice," she sighed and rested her head back against his chest.

"How are you doing, Katie? Is it what you expected?"

"It's much more than I expected. But I'm a little worried."

"About?" he asked, his fingers trailing softly across her shoulder.

How did she explain it? How did she tell him the crush she had on him when they first met was coming back full force? She couldn't let herself do this. He was gay. This had been fun, but a real relationship would be out of the question with him.

"Katie?" he questioned.

Placing her wineglass on the tub ledge, she sat up and turned partway to look down at him. Instead of what was really bothering her, she chose a different concern. "I've never felt anything like I've felt today. You and Tim...you're amazing. But I'm starting to get concerned that I can only feel like this with two men. That one man alone couldn't satisfy me."

"That's silly, Katie. Of course you can feel these things with just one man."

He brushed her bangs from her eyes with such a gentle touch it made her heart ache. "Can I?" she whispered.

A small smile touched his lips as he put his hand behind her head and tugged her down to him. "Why don't we test it and see," he whispered against her lips.

His kiss was slow and gentle, his tongue leisurely exploring. He was such a good kisser and she mimicked what he did as she kissed him back. Her arms wrapped around his neck as she repositioned herself and straddled his thighs. His palms gripped her ass and moved her up, settling her over his hard cock.

She moaned and rubbed along his length causing the water to ripple around them. The motion sent little shocks of pleasure through her stomach, and she moaned into his kiss. She'd been so wrong. She could feel these things with one man. Jonathan. Now what the hell did she do come Monday?

"Jonathan," she sighed.

"Shhh."

Cupping her face, he pushed her upward, sitting them up straight. Her clit pressed into his stomach and the pressure against the sensitive nub made her gasp in sheer pleasure. Everything about his touch and the atmosphere around them seemed to move in slow motion. He was so tender, much different than the passionate, wild side of him from earlier. Her chest tightened with longing for something she knew she couldn't have—something she shouldn't even want.

His lips sipped at hers. Soft, teasing little nips that left her whimpering for more. She wanted him to kiss her. Really kiss her. Plunder her mouth with his tongue. This might be their only time alone and she wanted it to be memorable. Something she could keep in her heart.

Finally, his tongue licked into her mouth, giving her exactly what she wanted and she groaned, grinding her pussy against his growing length. With a growl of his own, he bent her backward over his arm. Brushing the foaming bubbles from her breasts, he suckled one aching nipple while palming the other one. He was driving her insane. She needed him so bad her pussy pulsed and quivered. It had gone beyond tender and turned hot, fast.

His fingers pinched her nipple then moved lower between their bodies and through the water, toward her dripping sex. "Oh, yes," she sighed as he slid two fingers deep within her clenching pussy.

"You're so wet, Katie," he whispered in her ear. "You want me, baby?"

"Yes," she moaned, rocking her hips with the movement of his fingers. "Please, Jonathan."

Removing his fingers, he lifted her hips and positioned her over his bulging shaft. Very slowly, she lowered herself until all of him was embedded deep. He was so big, so thick he stretched her to the point of pain, but at the same time it felt incredible. Closing her eyes, she groaned deep in her chest and began to move back and forth, each motion taking him deeper. She wanted—no needed—to get as close to him as she could. She wanted to make this so great that neither of them would ever forget it.

Jonathan threw his head back, his eyes held tightly closed. "Damn, Katie. You feel so good."

He hadn't put on a condom and the feel of her hot, tight walls encasing his shaft with nothing between them felt like heaven. He shouldn't have done it, but he couldn't stop long enough to get one. He wanted her too badly. They were alone, just the two of them for the first time and he didn't want to break the spell that surrounded them. The undeniable need that held them both in its grip.

He loved her and wanted desperately to shout it at the top of his lungs, but not yet. He wanted to wait until after Tim left. They'd worked it out already and he'd stick to the plan.

"Still worried, Katie?" he whispered against her lips. She tasted of wine and mint, a combination that was distinctly her, and he couldn't get enough.

"Oh, no," she sighed, shaking her head. "You feel so good."

Her walls tightened and pulsed around him as she screamed her release. He gritted his teeth, concentrating on her, on prolonging her pleasure. His balls ached and his cock swelled to bursting until finally he couldn't hold it back any longer.

With a growl, he lifted her from his lap, ignoring the large amount of water that sloshed over the side and onto the floor. Caitlin's hand gripped his cock in a firm hold. He lifted his hips out of the water and placed his hand over hers as she quickly pumped his shaft. Closing his eyes, he groaned and spewed his seed onto his chest.

"Oh god," he sighed, suddenly missing the warmth of her pussy surrounding him.

"You didn't have to do that, Jonathan," she whispered. "I'm on the Pill."

He cupped the back of her head and pulled her back into his arms. "I'll remember that next time."

With a sigh, she rested her cheek on his shoulder, her face nestled within his neck. Her warm breath fanned his skin and he wrapped his arms around her more tightly silently praying to himself that his plan would work and he could make her fall in love with him.

I love you, Katie.

* * * * *

Jonathan settled Caitlin in the middle of the king-size bed and climbed under the covers with her. It felt so right sleeping here with her in his arms. The bedroom door opened quietly and he looked up just as Tim climbed in behind Caitlin.

"That was a long phone call," Jonathan whispered.

"It actually ended a while ago. I just thought I'd give you guys some time alone. Did you tell her?"

"No. I'm waiting until you leave, remember?"

Tim nodded. "Do you want me to leave now?"

"No. She still hasn't experienced both of us yet." At Tim's raised eyebrow, Jonathan added, "At the same time."

Raising up on his elbow, Tim looked down at Caitlin with a worried expression. "Her ass is pretty tight, Jon. Think she can handle it?"

"She'll be fine."

Tim nodded and brushed a stray hair away from her face. "How long has she been asleep?"

"Not long."

"Just thinking about sinking my cock into that tight ass of hers has me hard as a damn rock."

Jonathan chuckled. "I know the feeling."

A slow grin spread across Tim's face. "I think we should wake her up."

"You're going to wear the poor woman out. Not to mention me."

Tim snorted as he pushed the sheet down, exposing one smooth tan shoulder. "You love it and you know it."

Bending, he placed a soft kiss on the exposed flesh, then moved to nibble on her neck. Caitlin moaned, shifting slightly to allow him better access. Jonathan joined in the seduction and took a nipple into his mouth, his tongue gently flicking back and forth across the hard pebble.

With a gentle shove, Tim pushed her to her back and took the other nipple in his mouth. Caitlin moaned, arching her back as both he and his brother paid homage to her breasts.

Am I dreaming? Caitlin thought as white-hot lust shot throughout her body. Opening her eyes, she glanced down and saw Jonathan and Tim's dark blond heads. Tim licked and nipped at her breasts while Jonathan slowly worked a path down her stomach.

She lightly touched Jonathan's head and let her fingers sift through his hair. He lifted his head and smiled slightly. Her heart soared at the tender look in his eyes, then pounded furiously as they darkened in passion. His fingers moved to sift through the hair at the juncture of her thighs and she parted them, anxious for his touch where she ached the most.

Moving between her splayed thighs, his tongue slowly slid along her slit and her hips bucked upward. “Yes,” she sighed as juices flowed from her core to soak the mattress beneath her.

“Mmm,” Jonathan moaned, his voice vibrating against her clit. “You taste good, baby.”

His tongue tormented her, licking away her juices and sinking deep within her pussy as he searched for more. Tim continued to play with her breasts, and she screamed as he bit down on a nipple. The shot of pleasure mixed with a little pain sent her senses into a tailspin, desperate for more.

“Change position, Tim. Get on your back,” Jonathan ordered.

Tim moved to his back while Jonathan helped Caitlin to straddle his face. Bending forward, she grasped the base of Tim’s cock and slowly pumped it with her palm. He was hard and soft, like velvet over pure steel, and she watched in fascination as it grew even thicker.

Tim’s tongue resumed the exploration of her pussy and she gasped, intrigued with this new position and the feel of Jonathan sliding his fingers into her pussy. After a few deep strokes, he removed them and moved to the tight puckered hole of her anus. At the tender invasion of his two thick fingers, she gasped, shocked at the burning need that gripped her there.

“Am I hurting you, Katie?” Jonathan asked.

“No,” she gasped, shaking her head. It felt strange, but good at the same time.

“Tim, where’s the lubrication?” Jonathan asked.

“Top drawer, beside you,” he mumbled.

Jonathan gave the side of her hip a pat. “Don’t move.”

She couldn’t move if she wanted to. What Tim was doing felt too good. Using the tip of her tongue, she flicked across the head of Tim’s cock to lick away a small drop of

pre-cum. His hips jerked upward and she did it again, this time making him growl low in his throat. "Oh, fuck. Don't stop there, darlin'. Take it all."

Opening her lips, she drew his cock deep into her mouth just as he slid two fingers into her vagina. She moaned around his girth, moving her hips in time with his thrusts. Jonathan returned to his position behind her and spread a cold substance around her passage. With two fingers he worked it deeper, stretching and loosening her muscles.

She braced herself, trying her best to relax and accept the impending invasion of Jonathan's cock into her ass. He was much bigger than the dildo they'd used earlier, and she couldn't stop the sudden flutter of nerves.

Tim removed his fingers and moved then to toy with her clit. Closing her eyes, she concentrated on what Tim was doing as Jonathan slowly pushed his way in. At first it was overwhelming, and she stiffened. But the wilder side of her—the one that wanted this more than anything—pushed against him.

Jonathan pulled back and took a deep breath before sliding forward again, seating himself almost balls-deep.

"Oh my god," he ground out as he held himself still.

Caitlin was beyond turned on. She felt full and so hot, so consumed she didn't want him to stop. Didn't want him to be gentle. Tim's tongue returned to her clit and his fingers moved back to her pussy, gently fucking her with the same rhythm Jonathan used. Slow and steady.

She didn't want slow, damn it. With a growl, she ground her hips, taking both of them deeper. "Fuck, Caitlin. You're killing me," Jonathan gasped. "I'm trying to take it easy on you, baby."

She shook her head, almost beyond words. "I don't want easy. I want it hard. Deep. Jonathan, fuck me," she begged.

He gave her what she wanted. Hard, deep thrusts that almost had her falling forward. Tim's fingers kept the same tempo then curved inward to hit her g-spot. She whimpered, her lips opening to once again suckle Tim's cock. They worked together,

the three of them pleasing each other. Caitlin went first, her body exploding around Jonathan's cock and Tim's fingers. Never in her life did she imagine it could be like this. This erotic and wild. This good.

Sucking harder, she brought Tim to climax, licking away the semen that escaped her mouth and ran back down his cock. Jonathan followed, his growl of satisfaction following the feel of his hot semen filling her.

Slowly, he pulled out, and she fell over to her back, her breathing erratic and shallow, her body totally sated. Every muscle shook and tingled with little aftershocks of pleasure. So much so she could hardly move.

Jonathan braced himself on his hands above her and claimed her lips in a kiss she felt clear to her toes. When the kiss ended, Tim rolled over and gave her one of his own—one that was much sweeter and not quite as possessive. His was nice, where Jonathan's had left her breathless.

"Don't move, darlin'. I'll be back in a sec to clean you up. I think brother dear is beyond the ability."

Caitlin grinned and turned to look at Jonathan, who had fallen onto the bed next to her. His eyes were closed as his breathing slowly returned to normal. With the back of her fingers she brushed his cheek, wondering how in the hell she was going to get over him. She was in love with him. She knew it now. The only problem was she didn't have a clue what to do about it.

His hand captured hers and brought the back of her fingers to his lips. He placed a soft kiss against them then held them entwined with his own on his chest. With a sigh, she rolled over, resting her head on his shoulder. She could hear his steady heartbeat in her ear and realized with surprise that it beat in time with her own. With a smile, she snuggled closer and waited for Tim to return and clean her up.

Chapter Four

Caitlin stepped out of the shower and towel dried her unruly curls. She didn't want to take the time to blow-dry it straight so she picked at it, fluffing the curls so that they could dry naturally. Jonathan had told her once he liked her hair when she left it curly.

With a sigh, she stared at herself in the mirror. *What am I doing? He's just a friend. That's it. I can't fall in love with him.*

"But I already am," she whined out loud. "What the hell was I thinking?"

With a growl of aggravation, she grabbed her makeup case and applied a little blush and mascara then headed to the kitchen to see what the men were up to. As she strolled down the hall, she rubbed her hand along the tongue-and-groove paneling that covered the walls. This was such a beautiful house and so big. It had six bedrooms, four bathrooms, a den, a media room, a gourmet kitchen and an oak table that could seat as many as thirty people.

Jonathan had told her his mother had the house built when he and Tim were teenagers. She'd wanted a place where the whole family could get together for the holidays. And in two days, on Christmas Eve, the house would be bursting at the seams with Trelains.

She would be out of here by then and on her way to see her own family—her mother in Florida. As an only child, she sometimes longed for the house full of family and friends that Jonathan and Tim experienced every year. Maybe one day, when she had her own family...

As she came down the stairs to the main level the smell of bacon and eggs caught her attention. She inhaled deeply of the wonderful scents and her stomach growled in response. She was starving.

With a smile, she stepped into the kitchen and surveyed the scene before her. Jonathan stood at the stove, spatula in hand. Tim stood at the sink, sipping coffee. The two of them talked to one another in hushed tones. Both of them still wore their pajama pants, their chests bare. Jonathan's muscles flexed as he moved, making her stomach flutter with hunger for more than just food.

"Wow," she said as she walked over and poured herself a cup of coffee. "The two of you can cook?"

"Well, Jonathan can cook," Tim replied, his lips spreading into a grin behind his coffee cup.

Caitlin stared at Jonathan in surprise. "I didn't know that about you."

"There's a lot you don't know about me, darlin'," he drawled, mimicking Tim.

"Like what?" She stepped closer and stood next to him as he stirred the scrambled eggs.

"You'll find out soon enough, my dear. I promise. But for now, how about we eat? Hand me that bowl, would you?"

"Sure." She handed him the bowl and studied him as he scooped the eggs from the pan. What didn't she know about him?

"Curiosity killed the cat," Jonathan purred without looking at her, his lips quirked as though fighting a smile.

"Well, after a comment like that, what do you expect? That I wouldn't try to figure it out?"

Tim chuckled and set the small kitchen table. The morning sunlight streamed through the tall windows, heating the wooden floor. He looked good, the morning sun highlighting the blond in his hair and giving his tan body a more golden hue. "Knock it off, wildcat," Tim drawled.

"What?" she asked with mock innocence.

"Looking at me like that."

"Or what?"

"Or you'll find yourself bent over that table and I'll have you for breakfast instead of the eggs."

"Oh, you think I'm afraid of that threat?" she teased.

"I would be," Jonathan drawled, making Caitlin laugh.

"Kiss my ass," Tim replied with a grin.

"You wish."

"Okay," Caitlin yelled. "Behave yourselves."

"Where's the fun in that?" Tim chuckled.

"Exactly," Jonathan replied with a lazy grin.

Caitlin shook her head as she listened to the two of them. They were definitely brothers. Sitting at the table, she grabbed some bacon and sausage. "I think it's great how close the two of you are."

"We're as close as two twins can be," Jonathan said with a grin.

"Twins?" she asked in surprise. Moving her gaze between the two of them, she studied their faces more closely.

"We're not identical," Tim said with a sideways grin.

"Well, obviously," she replied dryly. "I just had no idea."

"I thought I'd told you that," Jonathan said, his brow creasing in a frown.

Caitlin shook her head. "I don't think so. If you did, I forgot."

"You just didn't listen," Jonathan teased.

"I'm sorry. What were you saying? I wasn't listening."

Tim laughed. "She's a spunky little thing, isn't she?"

"Yeah, which is going to make later all the more fun."

Caitlin raised an eyebrow at the devilish expression on Jonathan's face. Just what did he mean by that? "What are you up to?"

"It's a surprise." Taking a bite of egg, he sat back in his chair and chewed thoughtfully.

"Think she can handle it?" Tim asked.

"Oh, I'm sure she can." Jonathan never took his eyes off her as he spoke, and prickles of a mixture of delight and trepidation ran down her spine. "She's tough, aren't you, Katie?"

"Tough?" Her voice squeaked and Tim glanced down at the table, trying to hide his grin. "Why do I need to be tough?"

He just smiled, which sent her heart racing out of control. "Eat. You'll need your strength."

Caitlin stared at him silently wondering what he had in mind for her later. She knew he wouldn't do anything to hurt her, but for just a split second a little tremor of fear snaked down her flesh. Surprises, she decided, were highly overrated.

* * * * *

Caitlin tugged on the tie to her robe with anxious fingers. After breakfast, they'd cleaned the kitchen with a few stops occasionally to play around. Between the two of them, she'd been so turned on she could hardly breathe and begged them to fuck her right there in the kitchen.

But to her disappointment, Jonathan shook his head no. "I have other plans for you," he whispered and led her to the den.

With each step down into the basement den, her heart hammered harder. She had no idea what they had in mind, but she soon found out. Dangling from the ceiling was a pair of handcuffs. Her breath lodged in her throat. With trepidation, her gaze moved to the two brothers, who now stood before her completely naked, their cocks standing thick and proud. She swallowed just thinking of what those cocks could do to her.

"What is this?" she asked.

Tim smiled devilishly as he swung the leather fringe of a flogger before him. "You said you wanted to try everything."

"S & M?" She gulped.

"Trust me, Katie," Jonathan said as he held his hand out to her.

Squaring her shoulders, she took his outstretched hand. She did want to try it all. She could do this.

Jonathan smiled softly into her eyes as he untied her robe and pushed it down her shoulders. It fell to the floor in a soft puddle around her feet, leaving her bare and incredibly warm.

They'd put her before the fire and the heat of the flames was hot against her skin. Almost as hot as the smoldering heat of Jonathan's stare. Lowering his head, he placed a soft kiss against her lips while Tim lifted her hands and secured them in the cuffs.

Her heart pounded furiously at the click of the locks sliding into place, but not with fear. Something else swam through her veins. Something darker.

Jonathan's lips moved to her neck, sending currents of lust through her limbs. Tim still stood behind her, his palms skimming lightly over the flesh of her back and ass. His lips soon joined Jonathan's as they worked a path over her heated skin, leaving no part of her untouched or neglected. She squirmed, tugging at the cuffs that held her trapped, wanting desperately to touch them in return.

Palming her breasts, Tim squeezed them before lifting one and offering it to Jonathan. His lips covered her nipple and she moaned at the engulfing heat.

Tim moved away from her and cool air rushed across her back. She shivered just before the sting of the flogger caught her hip. She gasped in surprise, shocked at the ripple of pleasure that snaked down her spine. Again Tim flicked it, catching her across her thighs.

Jonathan placed one more kiss against her lips before joining Tim in their little game. Each flick of the soft leather against her flesh sent her soaring. She'd never

imagined anything like this. One wrapped the flogger around her thighs, while the other caught her ribs, sending a stinging slap to the side of her breasts.

She groaned, her hands fisting and pulling at the bindings that held her immobile. They stopped and she whimpered for more, her pleas filling the quiet room. Their heat engulfed her as one stood in front and one behind, sandwiching her between them. "Please," she pleaded.

"Is this what you want, Katie?" Jonathan asked as he pushed two fingers into her throbbing pussy.

"Yes."

"Or this?" Tim whispered in her ear as he slid two lubricated fingers into the tight passage of her anus.

She moaned as the two of them moved their fingers in unison. Plunging in then out, over and over. Her head fell back as the pressure in her belly built.

"She's so fucking wet," Jonathan growled. Removing his fingers, he stared intently at her as he licked her juices from his knuckles.

Tim removed his fingers as well and replaced them with a dildo. It was cold and wet and she groaned as he slid it deep within her anus, stretching and filling her. Slowly he began to move it, pulling it almost out then plunging it back in. She was helpless and so close she could scream. Moving to his knees, Jonathan licked his tongue across her clit. She screamed as a shudder passed through her.

Lifting one of her legs, he placed his face more fully between her legs and fucked her with his tongue. She moaned in ecstasy as the two of them matched their rhythm exactly. Oh god. They were going to kill her with pleasure. She just knew it.

She couldn't take it anymore and sobbed. "Please, Jonathan. I need you. Both of you, fuck me."

Jonathan stood immediately and covered her mouth with his. She could taste herself on his lips and it only fueled her desire. Made her wilder. Placing his hands

behind her thighs, he lifted her. In desperation, she wrapped her legs around his waist and welcomed the full invasion of his thick cock.

"Oh, yes," she sighed.

Tim continued to thrust the dildo in time with Jonathan's slow tempo, but she wanted more. She wanted both of their cocks inside her. "Tim, god, please. Take that damn thing out and fuck me."

With a growl, he removed the dildo and dropped it to the floor. Jonathan's movements stopped as he grabbed her ass and spread her wide in preparation. Tim slipped on a lubricated condom then positioned himself at the tight entrance to her anus and gently probed her opening. Jonathan pulled almost out then the two of them pushed in simultaneously, filling her beyond anything she'd ever felt before.

"Oh my god," she gulped, trying to capture the air that had escaped her lungs. She could hardly breathe as they pushed deeper, burying themselves balls-deep.

"Easy, baby," Jonathan crooned as they slowly began to move.

She closed her eyes, relaxing between them. Their lips each worked a side of her neck, nibbling and licking her sensitive skin. Tim's hands massaged her breasts, his fingers pinching her nipples. Every part of her body was caressed at once and she felt as though she'd die from the sheer pleasure.

Experimenting, she began to wiggle her hips, brushing her clit against Jonathan's stomach. She gasped and clenched her muscles around their cocks. Tim groaned as though in pain and Jonathan smiled. "Ah, that's it, baby. Come for us."

She moaned and wiggled her hips again, adding more pressure to the sensitive nub. Jonathan and Tim increased their rhythms, the head of their cocks brushing along a spot she never dreamed existed.

"Oh god," she groaned. "It feels so good. Don't stop."

"Ah, baby. I couldn't if I tried," Jonathan whispered. "You're so hot, Katie. So tight. And so fucking sexy."

Tim licked at her ear. "Hurry, darlin'. I'm not going to last much longer. Your tight ass feels too good."

Caitlin trembled at their naughty words and realized she liked it when they talked dirty. The first tremors of her release rippled through her muscles and she bit down on Jonathan's shoulder.

"Ah, Katie," Jonathan groaned as his tempo increased again.

Their thrusts became harder, deeper and she screamed as her body exploded into a white-hot mass of sensation. Her muscles clenched around them, milked them as her orgasm continued on for what seemed like forever. Every muscle in her body tensed and tingled, then relaxed only to tense and explode again in a pleasure so strong blackness engulfed her.

With a final thrust, Jonathan and Tim came together, their moans drowning out her quiet whimpers.

Jonathan looked down at her head on his shoulder and softly pushed the hair from her face. "Katie," he whispered. "Katie, baby. Answer me."

"I can't," she mumbled.

Jonathan grinned at Tim over her shoulder. "Let's get her in a warm bath. Let her relax."

Tim slowly slid from her body and she flinched in her sleep.

Jonathan was sure she would be sore and the warm water would help. He held her tight as Tim released her hands from the cuffs.

She was so beautiful, and he couldn't wait until later to tell her how he felt. She held his heart in the palm of her hand and that scared the hell out of him. He'd been hurt more than once in his life. God help him if she didn't return his feelings.

Chapter Five

Caitlin awoke in the bed and glanced out the window. Snow clouds darkened the sky and she shivered beneath the covers, moving closer to the warmth next to her. What time was it? Glancing at the clock, she noticed it was almost time for supper. How long had they been asleep?

Vaguely, she remembered sitting in a warm tub, Tim and Jonathan washing her body. Wow, had she really had both of them at the same time? Begged for it even? She grinned and stared down at Jonathan. He looked so peaceful, sound asleep. Glancing behind her, she looked for Tim, but realized he was gone. Where was he?

With a frown, she grabbed her robe and headed downstairs. She found him in the kitchen, pouring coffee into a thermal mug. He wore jeans and a thick sweater, his leather jacket was slung over the back of a chair. "Are you leaving?" she asked.

He spun around to face her, a look of surprise on his face. "Hey, darlin'. Did I wake you?"

"No. I just woke up and noticed you were gone. Where are you going?"

"I'm bowing out," he said with a grin.

"Excuse me?"

"This was worked out before we came up here."

She shook her head, thoroughly confused. He wasn't making any sense. "What was worked out?"

"Caitlin, darlin'. Don't you see it?" Tim asked as he softly touched the side of her face. "He's in love with you."

"Who?" Her eyes widened in shock "Jonathan?"

Tim smiled. "Yes."

"But he's gay," she exclaimed.

Tim rolled his eyes and shot her an amused grin. "Jonathan has never been gay. He's as straight as they come. I, on the other hand, can go either way. Although I prefer men."

"He's straight?" She wasn't sure whether to clobber Jonathan or hug him. "Why would he let people think he's gay?"

Tim shrugged. "Ask him."

"I think I will," she snapped and headed back up the stairs to confront him, Tim's confession that Jonathan loved her momentarily forgotten in her haste to get answers to her other questions.

Why would he do this? It didn't make any sense.

Stepping back into the bedroom, she grabbed a pillow and hit him square in the chest. "Damn it, Jonathan Trelain. Wake up!" For good measure she hit him again.

He awoke with a start and stared at her warily. "What's wrong?"

"When the hell were you going to tell me you weren't gay?"

For a second he just stared at her in shock. "Are you just now figuring that out? What the hell took you so long?"

She gaped at him. What? "I didn't figure it out." She again hit him with the pillow. "Tim told me."

"He what?" Jonathan asked.

"Why, Jonathan? Why would you allow everyone to think that? Why would you allow me to think it?"

With a sigh, he patted the mattress next to him. "Sit down, Katie."

Pursing her lips, she watched him in uncertainty. Suddenly she felt as though she didn't know him. He stared up at her with pleading eyes, melting her resolve. They were puppy dog eyes, and she had to bite back a grin at how cute he looked. "All right," she finally relented with a sigh.

Instead of next to him, she chose to sit on the edge of the mattress facing him. Silently she waited while he sat up and rested his back against the headboard, the sheet crumpling around his waist. It was hard not to stare at his hard chest. How often did he work out to get so big?

"A few years ago," he started, and she turned her attention from his body to what he was saying. "I was in love with this girl. Tim didn't like her. Hated her, actually," he said with a grin. "Anyway, he was convinced she was up to no good. Of course I wouldn't listen, so Tim forced me to see her for what she really was. He found out about her boyfriend and set it up so that I would see them together."

"Oh, Jonathan," Caitlin began, but he held up his hand, stopping her.

"I was furious. And hurt. I confronted them and she very bluntly informed me she only wanted my money. Needless to say I had a hard time trusting women after that and my distrust only intensified when I ran into two more situations that were achingly similar."

"But how did the rumor get started?"

"Well, after money grubber number three Tim convinced me to go with him to a new bar that was opening up in Boston. I reluctantly agreed and we ran into a couple of coworkers. Since it was a gay bar, they just assumed I was gay." Jonathan shrugged. "And I never denied it. It actually worked out well. Women, for the most part, overlooked me. Some tried to convert me, but it was only the challenge they wanted and not the money. I felt much safer that way, so I let it continue. Until I met you." He smiled softly at her. "You stumbled into my office, literally."

The heat of a blush moved up her cheeks as she remembered that day. She'd tripped as she came into his office for her interview, falling flat on her face.

"You were so cute and so talented. I thought your portfolio was amazing and hired you right on the spot. As I got to know you, I..." Again he shrugged. "I found out you were in the middle of a relationship with...what's-his-name," he said with a sneer, making Caitlin grin. "So I left you alone."

"But he dumped me," she said quietly.

"Yes, he did and I wanted to kill him. I didn't come forward then because I didn't want you on the rebound. We were friends and I tried to be happy with that. Then Tim told me about this outlandish idea of yours. I thought, here's my chance. She'll realize I'm not gay and that she loves me and the two of us will go on to live happily ever after."

She licked at her lips nervously. "You love me?"

"Oh, yes, Katie," he said. "You hold my heart in the palm of your hand. It's up to you. You can either keep it, or crush it."

Her heart soared. He loved her. He really loved her. With a smile, she moved to straddle his thighs and cup his face between her hands. "I think I'll keep it, if it's all the same to you."

"It's yours forever, my Katie," he sighed into her kiss.

Wrapping his arms around her back, he flipped them, settling his body atop hers. His weight felt wonderful as it pushed her down into the soft mattress, and she deepened their kiss, hugging him closer to her.

Jonathan moaned and broke the kiss to stare at her. Brushing her bangs from her eyes, he placed a soft kiss on her forehead, then moved to her cheek and jaw. "Say you love me, Katie."

"You love me, Katie," she teased, then laughed as he buried his face in her neck and growled.

"I love you, Jonathan," she said once her laughter subsided.

He rewarded her with a kiss.

"I love you," she said again, and again he kissed her, this time letting his lips linger on hers just a little longer. They played the game a couple of more times, each kiss becoming longer until finally he slipped his tongue into her mouth, swallowing her moan of delight.

Gently, he feathered his hands along her flesh. He loved the feel of her beneath his hands. She was so soft and fit within his arms so perfectly. She was everything he'd ever wanted and the best thing about it was they'd started out as friends.

Not one inch of her body went untouched as he set out to explore and taste every part of her. She moaned and writhed beneath him, silently begging him for more. She was so passionate. How on earth could anyone think she wasn't?

Moving slightly to the side, he slid his hand up the inside of her thigh. Deliberately teasing, he bypassed her pussy and moved back down the other leg.

"Don't tease," she groaned, but he just smiled, enjoying watching her squirm.

"My beautiful Katie," he whispered against her skin as his lips worked a path down her stomach. He wanted to taste her. Needed it. He loved the taste of her along his tongue. She was sweet, like honey, and he couldn't get enough.

Spreading her thighs, he separated her labia with his fingers then blew hot breaths against her clit. She moaned and bucked her hips upward toward his waiting mouth.

"Mmm, so good, baby," he sighed as his tongue lapped at her cream. Gently, he pushed two fingers into her pussy, lubricating them, then moved to the tight hole of her anus.

She gasped as he pushed deep and began a slow, steady rhythm. He loved the feel of her hot walls as they gripped his fingers, clenching them tightly. He remembered how they had felt against his cock and strained to keep his control, to keep it slow.

With a patience he never knew he possessed, he leisurely licked at her pussy, the tip of his tongue teasingly circling her clit. He was driving her mad. He could tell by the shallow rise and fall of her breasts, the way the ring of her anus pulsed around his knuckles.

"Come for me, baby," he commanded and increased the pressure to her clit at the same time deepening the thrusts of his fingers.

She gasped, her hips rising from the bed to grind her pussy against his face. He growled, sliding his tongue deep within her hot, wet walls. She screamed and exploded around him, her juices flowing out to coat his chin.

Rising above her, he placed a kiss against her lips. Holding his face between her hands, she licked her juices from his chin and he smiled down at her lovingly. "You are such a hot little thing," he purred. "I know I'll never get bored."

She returned his smile and slid her foot up his leg seductively. "I love you so much, Katie."

Placing her palm along his cheek, she pulled his face down to hers. "Show me how much."

"Gladly, you wicked little witch."

She giggled, and he silenced her with a kiss, letting her know with his body how he felt about her. He kept it gentle and slow despite how badly he wanted to just thrust deep and bury himself inside her. He wanted it to be a night of making love, not just sex.

Settling above her, he kept his gaze locked on hers as he sheathed his cock within the wet walls of her vagina. Pushing deeper, he went balls-deep as her legs lifted and locked around his waist. She felt so good, like a hot glove encasing his length. It was perfect and he began to move, pulling out then thrusting back in, creating a friction he knew would drive them both over the edge.

She moaned into his kiss, his tongue mimicking his cock as he fucked her mouth just like his cock fucked her pussy. Over and over he plunged as her walls gripped and squeezed him, pulling him deeper still. Her vagina tightened and he thrust harder, his balls slapping against her ass.

It quickly went from slow to out of control as he pushed up on his hands and fucked her hard and fast. "Oh god, yes," she screamed. "Fuck me, Jonathan. Harder."

Repositioning himself, he went up on his knees. Throwing her legs over his shoulders then leaning forward, he rested his hands by her head. The position put him impossibly deep and she gasped, her tiny hands gripping his shoulders.

"Too much, baby?" he asked, afraid he'd hurt her.

"No." She shook her head and closed her eyes on a groan as he began to thrust in and out. "It feels...so...Jonathan," she gulped as her release hit her, making her pussy muscles quiver around his cock, and he fucked her harder, pumping into her over and over.

"Caitlin," he shouted as his own orgasm gripped him and he thrust hard one final time, spilling his seed deep inside her. "You're mine."

* * * * *

Two days later, on Christmas Eve, the log home was full of boisterous Trelains, all welcoming her with open arms. There was food and gifts everywhere, the closeness of the family was obvious as they all gathered around telling jokes and stories, each congratulating the others on accomplishments that had been achieved over the last year.

Jonathan had even flown her mother up so that she could meet him and the rest of the family. She'd never been happier or loved anyone more.

"Merry Christmas, Katie," Jonathan whispered as he handed her a package over her shoulder.

"What's this?" she asked as she took the small package from his hand.

"Open it."

With a smile, she tugged at the shiny red ribbon and lifted the gold lid. What she saw inside made her gasp and tears sprang to her eyes. A diamond engagement ring.

"When did you get this?" she asked in surprise as she lifted it from the box with shaking fingers. It was a beautiful square-cut diamond surrounded by a thin gold band.

“Actually, Friday morning before we came up here.” He grinned. “I was optimistic.”

She watched as he took the ring from her fingers and lowered himself to one knee right there in front of the soft glow of the Christmas tree lights and the anxious stares of their family. “I love you, Caitlin,” he said. “Will you marry me?”

The room had gone silent as she looked down at him, tears of joy sliding down her cheeks. She didn’t pay them any attention. The only thing she saw was Jonathan and the love shining in his eyes as he watched her expectantly.

“Yes,” she laughed and the whole room burst with applause and shouts as Jonathan slid the ring on her finger. Dropping to her knees she wrapped her arms around his neck and hugged him tight. “I love you, Jonathan. I love you so much.”

He smiled and kissed the tip of her nose. “Not as much as I love you – and I look forward to continuing this argument for the rest of our lives.”

Tim came over and pulled her to her feet, engulfing her into his strong arms. “Welcome to the family, darlin’,” he purred, then grinned. “I’m free February. I think we should go to the Caribbean for the honeymoon.”

Jonathan snorted. “What makes you think you’re going?”

“Hey. It was worth a shot, right?” Caitlin laughed and placed a kiss on his cheek.

What was she going to do with the two of them? A devilish smile crossed her features as she stared up at Jonathan.

“No,” he growled. “That was a one-time thing.”

She stuck her lower lip out playfully, teasing him. She really didn’t need the two of them, Jonathan was plenty for her, but she couldn’t resist toying with him.

“You, woman,” Jonathan growled as he pulled her close to him, his eyes twinkling in laughter. “From this day forward are a one-man woman. Understand?”

She smiled. “I understand, and I couldn’t be happier.”

The End

About the Author

Trista penned her first ghost story at the age of eight. She still has a love of ghosts, but her taste and writing style have leaned more to the sultry side. She started writing erotic romance two years ago and with the help of her critique partners was soon published and she's been running full steam ever since.

Raised an Air Force brat, Trista surprised her family by marrying a Navy man. But just as she knew he would, her husband won them over despite his military choice. Together they've had three children, and she attributes their successful marriage to the fact he's away flying a lot. Separation does make the heart grow fonder. After all, if he's not there, she can't kill him.

All joking aside, her family and writing partners are her biggest form of support and encouragement. Trista's a big believer in happily ever after and although she may put her characters through hell getting there, they will always achieve that goal.

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Also by Trista Ann Michaels

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