

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

ELLORA'S CAVE *Quickies*

Jan Springer

Edible Delights

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Edible Delights

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Gianni Versace: Gianni Versace S.p.A. Corporation Italy

Chapter One

Several days earlier...

Max Rivers couldn't stop inhaling the succulent scent wafting off the lavender-colored letter that accompanied the large sample of edible underwear his elderly assistant had placed on his desk early this morning.

The sweet smell intrigued him. Made his cock stone-hard while memories of a certain sexy redhead bombarded him. After all these years apart he still remembered her sparkling blue eyes, her slender waist, the curve of her wide hips as she bucked against him and oh those alley-cat screams that made him all hot and bothered when his partner Nick and he double penetrated her.

At first he was surprised to discover the sample of her edible underwear on his desk. It wasn't normal for uptight, irritated, seventy-five-year-old Maybell to bother him with such an intimate arrangement unless they belonged to an extremely famous designer.

Why the sudden change?

His design and distribution company Impulse only dealt with veterans in the design industry and Allie Masters had a long way to go before she was a veteran. Small companies owned by sexy redheads who unexpectedly dumped Nick and him in their ménage à trois relationship several years earlier didn't come into the equation.

Come to think of it, why was Allie, owner of Edible Delights, sending him her erotic wear? What was the sexy bitch up to?

He inhaled deeper, allowing the sensual smell to seep farther into his lungs. Those same wild feelings he experienced every time he'd been around Allie surfaced immediately.

It was *her* scent. Intoxicating. Delicious. Fucking addictive.

The throbbing way his cock's blood vessels pumped wicked jolts of hot blood into his shaft could attest to the fact he hadn't lost a smidgen of interest in her. No woman could make him swell this quickly, this painfully.

Only Allie.

Alluring. Sexy. Evasive Allie. The woman who provoked all his carnal senses just by her scent.

She had been his and Nick's assistant. So damned elusive and seemingly businesslike. Until the night the three of them became trapped in the elevator together. The sexual tension sparking between the three of them over the past couple of years exploded that night.

Nick and he took her there. Took turns fucking her hot, curvy body. In the end they double penetrated her.

Fuck! She was so tight with both of them inside her.

So hot. So wild as she stood trapped between them.

He blew out an excited breath and glanced at the address on the package. He did a double take. It was a California address. Allie's company's name was on it but in the care of Allie's older sister Sindie.

Hmm...interesting. Obviously Sindie was up to her matchmaking playtime now that Allie had returned from her stay in Europe. Sindie had a knack for matching up lovers at the right time and it was odd that she wasn't attached.

Max found himself smiling despite the uncomfortable way his cock throbbed. Okay, he would play along with Sindie. It was high time Nick and he got Allie back. Then they could all move back in together again and continue the hottest, most satisfying relationship he'd ever been in.

Slamming a finger onto a speakerphone button, he waited anxiously for his elderly assistant to answer.

"Yes, sir?" came Maybell's nasally bored tone.

He hired Maybell shortly after Allie had left her position and moved to Europe. Maybell was a snobby, prim and proper elderly grandmother and totally not his cup of tea. But she once worked for the competition and quit mere months before her forced retirement. He heard rumors she had done it to spite her former boss' son. He had recently taken over the company where she worked for almost fifty years. The new boss had told her she was being "put out to pasture" and she was too old to know anything about the new fashions.

She proved them wrong by making the jump to Impulse with ease. She brought with her many trade secrets that quickly pushed Impulse to the top in fashionable erotic wear. She also used her contacts to acquire famous, beautiful models to show off Impulse's designs as well as securing choice spots in fashion shows all over the world. With her help they opened their own successful clothing distribution company.

Maybell ran their company with damned accurate efficiency. He knew without a doubt she had brought Impulse to the top of the fashion industry just to spite her old employer. But that didn't matter. Nick and he would be forever grateful for her help.

"Maybell, get a hold of the owner of Edible Delights."

"Edible Delights, sir?"

"The samples you brought in this morning."

"Samples, sir? I didn't— Oh! You mean *those* samples. I noticed they are quite different than what we're used to. Although I'm sure she has her edibles patented, I have contacts who can go around this small-time company. I thought you might want to copy them. Send them to one of our own top designers to duplicate."

Like hell!

"I want a meeting with the owner...Allie Masters...at Club Rendezvous." Club Rendezvous was a swingers club in Alberta, Canada. A friend of theirs owned it. Allie wouldn't suspect Nick and he were behind the meeting if it took place way up in Canada — that is, she wouldn't suspect until it was too late.

"I want Impulse to try out her European Fling line." That's what Allie was calling her latest line of edibles. "Make it this weekend. Saturday night. Tell her to bring enough sexy edibles to outfit at least two hundred people. She'll be generously compensated."

There was a momentary silence on the other end and he could almost picture Maybell pursing her lips in disappointment. Up until now he always followed her ideas and suggestions because he knew her fifty years of experience was a hell of a lot better than his ten.

"But, sir, I thought it would be better for one of our own experienced designers —"

"Maybell?" he cut her off, suddenly feeling very impatient with her.

"Yes, sir?"

"Don't tell her who Nick and I are. Or the company we represent. Give us a couple of famous names from a top competition company."

"Sir?"

He could hear the utter surprise in her voice. Her curiosity about his steering away from the norm. Maybell had never seen his impulsive side so it was understandable she'd be knocked off kilter and question him.

Allie had always brought out his wild ways. Ways he never even knew he had until the sexy redhead had applied for the assistant position.

The way he reacted to her was another reason he loved her so much. Up until meeting her, he had planned everything in his life around Impulse. Since she left, he returned to that boring routine. Even sex with the handful of casual dates over the years was planned. Planned and boring.

It was time he and his good friend and business partner Nick Edwards showed Allie exactly how much they still missed her and how much they wanted her back.

"Make her an offer she can't refuse. And, Maybell?"

"Yes, sir?"

“Thanks.” He cut her off and returned his attention to the elite arrangement of edibles he’d strewn across his desk. The first one that caught his eye was a rose-colored thong with an elegant sparkling of edible pale blue crystal beads that edged the waistband. There were several other items including a skimpy champagne-colored panty and bra set. It was made for a woman who wanted to give the impression she was angelic, a virgin.

Definitely not Allie.

He picked up a red-hot bra and instantly smelled juicy strawberries. Exquisite, delicate red lace edged the sheer see-through cups.

It had been designed for a sexy, daring woman by a sexy daring woman.

Allie.

He let out a tense breath and leaned closer. Stroking his tongue along the middle of the right cup where a tight, hard nipple would have been, he enjoyed the smooth way the material melted onto his tongue. He groaned at the deliciously sweet explosion of strawberry bursting against his taste buds. His eyes widened with surprise as he noted another flavor. Damned if the material didn’t have a hint of Italian sweet port wine in it too. Real wine, if he wasn’t mistaken.

Fuck.

She really learned something working over there in those European fashion companies, hadn’t she? She really had known what she wanted when she left their company and headed overseas to be a red-hot designer.

Nick and he had not supported her efforts. Didn’t encourage her to pursue her dreams. They were selfish. Wanted her all to themselves. Wanted her to remain their assistant and warming their beds.

Max shook his head and shoved aside the feelings of regret and guilt. There was no time for regret. No room for guilt. No time to waste.

He wanted Allie back. Knew Nick had never gotten over the ménage a trois relationship they shared either. Truthfully, it had been a bit awkward for all three of them at first, after that night in the elevator. Having sex with Allie and having Nick there watching them and vice versa. But Nick and he admitted to each other they were in love with Allie. They decided the best way to save their close friendship as well as get the woman they both wanted would be a ménage relationship. Thankfully she agreed. Deep down in his gut he knew she was the only woman they would ever share with each other because she was *the one*.

He gave the bra another lick, loving the way the silky material disintegrated in his mouth. He had never tasted anything so good in edible underwear. Hell, it didn't even taste like edible material. It tasted like strawberries and port wine, and not a hint of an aftertaste.

Nope, he had never tasted anything so perfect. Except Allie's hot, pink pussy.

At the memory of how juicy and sweet she tasted, his cock swelled to yet another painful level. This time the sensations felt sharper. Fiercer. He found himself shifting uncomfortably in his chair. Maybe this weekend was going to be too long a wait for him. He looked down and watched the harsh way his pants tented beneath his erection. He'd waited a long time to react this way to a woman again. Too damned long. Nick and he would make Allie cat's pussy purred and rest assured, they'd make her think twice about leaving them again.

Chapter Two

Several days later...

Allie Masters nervously inspected the crisp bouquet of edible undergarments she laid out on the long table. Everything looked perfect. Just like a buffet. From the tasty panties and matching bras flavored to taste like ice wine in a bright watermelon-color to the brown-and-green-colored striped thongs for men tasting of Irish mint chocolate alcohol.

She brought along every savory piece of erotic clothing she had available in the factory on such short notice including her most popular side dishes—Austrian raspberry brandy nipple shields and Swiss chocolate edible condoms.

To tell the truth, she still couldn't believe her luck. The assistant to one of the United States' most popular adult clothing designers had called and asked if she would be interested in presenting a demo of her opening European Fling line.

Hell! Who wouldn't be interested? She said "yes" before she realized she hadn't even targeted that particular company or known the full details of supplying a club full of swingers in Alberta, Canada as a test for her clothing line.

Later that same day she received a hefty certified check via courier sealing the deal.

Her first instinct had been to decline the offer. She knew the swinging scene would bring up too many memories of her time with Max and Nick. Even now as she thought about her two former bosses and what she experienced with them, she felt so hot she literally had to fan herself with one of the panties she held in her hand.

Sex with Nick and Max had been awesome. She would have stayed with them for the fantastic sex alone but she discovered she wanted more from the three-way relationship. She knew she had their love but she also wanted their support. She hadn't found that support. When she decided to spread her wings and pursue fashion design,

Nick and Max had seemed more concerned in keeping her as their assistant and in bed with them rather than helping her achieve her goals. It had been a blow to her self-esteem and to her confidence. Realizing her need for independence, she left Impulse and her two well-hung lovers, accepting a job at a prestigious erotic wear company in Italy. She moved up the ranks, getting jobs in Portugal then ending up in Paris, France before gleaning enough experience to return home and launch Edible Delights.

Business was brisk following her round of fashion shows and now she could barely keep up with supplying her customers her unique designs and erotic-flavored edible fashions. All her hard work and sacrifices had paid off. But now it was time to jump into the big time and she needed a distributor to help.

With her dreams fulfilled she was happy career wise but unhappy personally. Not to mention she was awfully horny without Max and Nick. Lately she craved them as never before. She wanted to pick up their relationship but pride kept her in California near her sister Sindie and away from New York City where her two ex-lovers lived and ran their lucrative fashion design and distribution company. The last thing she wanted to do was to go begging for some red-hot sex from the two men she abandoned.

She hadn't even realized what she left behind until she'd been in Europe. She hadn't realized how much she loved the untraditional setup of their ménage a trois relationship either. Two men who adored her so much they willingly shared her. She knew too if they ever forced her to decide between them, she wouldn't be able to. She loved them both dearly.

Max hid his sensuality behind a stern, rigid routine she finally managed to collapse. A man who made her heart skip a beat every time she thought of him.

And Nick whose easygoing attitude and dreamy brown eyes turned her hotter than hell with just one bold "I'm going to fuck you" look.

They were absolutely the perfect combination for her. They were straight men, boyhood friends, who happened to have the same ideas of designing and distributing erotic wear. Men who just happened to fall in love with the same woman.

Her.

She let out a tight breath as she caught her reflection in a nearby mirror. Her shoulder-length wavy red hair glowed brilliantly beneath the overhead lights. She wore little makeup. Just a dusting of gold eye shadow and a zip of pink lipstick.

Tonight she dressed herself in a sexy curve-hugging, gold-colored Gianni Versace viscose-jersey dress with soft fuchsia pantyhose and snappy high-heeled shoes. She wore blue sapphire drop clip-on earrings that highlighted the blue in her eyes and diamond line bracelets that clinked gently every time she moved her arms.

Allowing the zipper of her dress to remain open to mid breast, she gave everyone a curvy glimpse. She also allowed several necklaces to scatter prettily along her chest area. Necklaces that included a diamond sun medallion pendant and an imitation diamond sautoir necklace. She hadn't wanted to look like the perfect businesswoman but instead opted for a fresh, alive appearance. Someone of confidence. A carefree woman comfortable with her own sexuality.

"Why so glum?" Her older sister Sindie asked as she entered the room with the last box full of edible wear. "You should be ecstatic, woman. Free rein of a swingers club and two top designers who want to sample your stuff. I'd be over the moon, Al. How come you're not?"

"Oh I am happy," Allie replied as she pounded the nervous butterflies back down her throat. She grabbed a handful of clothing. Laying them out on the table, she made sure to put the appropriate note in front of each pile to let the swingers know the name of each item and a warning to beware of alcoholic content in the clothing.

"You don't sound it, sweetie." Sindie frowned as she lifted a bundle of Spanish mango champagne-striped panties. She settled them between the almond-colored Italian Assassin-flavored and the buttery yellow-colored Italian Limoncilla drink flavored outfits.

“Okay, so I’m nervous as hell,” Allie admitted. “This is probably a once-in-a-lifetime chance. If these Nico and Leo guys don’t like my designs and decide not to distribute my lines, that’s it, game over. I may as well just stay small-time.”

“First of all, you aren’t even small-time. You can barely keep up with the orders. Second, you already have a second factory waiting to prepare upcoming orders and third—trust me—these guys will love you and they’ll love your designs. No one can deny an Edible Delights erotic wear.”

“I wish I had your confidence, sis.”

“That’s why you asked me to come along.” Sindie wiggled her eyebrows. “Because I inject confidence. What else are sisters for? And it’s perfectly normal for you to be nervous. This is something big and exciting.”

“I just don’t understand why you went behind my back and sent that company my samples? They’re one of the top distributors. They shouldn’t be giving me the time of day.”

“Because you are one of the top, that’s why.”

“They could easily have had someone duplicate my designs. I would have been knocked out of business.”

Sindie laughed. “That’s what they have patents for. And yours are all up to date. Besides, you should have an agent to represent your stuff. I’ve told you that so many times. But just don’t worry. The big guys want to look at your wear in action. That says something.” Her sister winked. “And you can do a little swinging on the side just like I’m going to do tonight. No-strings sex is right up my alley. And I’m going to have fun showing off your French Stinger lingerie and have even more fun when my catch of the night nibbles it off my body.”

Allie felt herself flush. “Like I said, I wish I had your confidence.”

Sindie had loads of confidence. She was a beautiful woman, five years Allie’s senior. Tonight she wore a gorgeous baby blue slinky tube dress with a cutout front area that showed off her gold belly ring. With mid-back-length auburn hair and

glittering hazel eyes, not to mention a gorgeous body that most women would die for, her sister looked like a top fashion model and Allie had used her quite often for her fashion shows.

With an extremely profitable wedding planner business, several employees working for her and lots of friends who adored her, Sindie appeared to have it made. But her sister was also one of those women who played matchmaker to everyone and ended up the bridesmaid and never the bride at those friends' weddings. Allie hoped her sister's luck would change. She hoped her own luck would change too. Since leaving Max and Nick she was spoiled from ever having a normal relationship with just one man. In Europe she went out with several men and dabbled in sex. She always compared them to Nick and Max. Those European men had always come up short, in more ways than one.

Dammit! Would she ever get over Max and Nick?

She would have to try. Tonight after her business meeting. She would play with the swingers. Have some wild, hot, no-strings sex. It would be her "coming out" party. Or if she were lucky, it would be a sex party to celebrate a business venture with the two designers who were so interested in distributing her European Fling line.

"There, that's better," Sindie giggled. "It looks as if you're starting to be happy. Hold that thought and that smile, little sister. It's time to party!" She grabbed Allie's hand, pulling her away from the buffet of clothing and toward the door.

The minute they erupted into the stairwell, Allie's heart began a frantic pound. The music sounded wild and loud as it drifted from below. Several men and women were already heading up the narrow staircase. The men's eyes glittered with lust as they eyed Sindie and Allie.

Allie's pulse pounded erratically as one of the men, a very Italian-looking hottie of maybe ten years her junior, rubbed his thick erection against her thigh as he squeezed past.

As the swollen flesh pushed against her, she found herself shivering with both nerves and excitement.

"You two. Upstairs. I'm hot tonight," he said softly, and stopped on a stair above them.

"She's taken, stallion," Sindie laughed, and pulled Allie along farther down the stairs.

"Maybe later, gorgeous ladies?" the man purred after them.

"Sure, later. It's a date," Allie called out to him, and couldn't believe what she just said.

"Wowsa, woman. You're getting into this fast. But first you need to meet these distributors. Remember? The business meeting? Come on. The private dining areas are back here."

She was pulled through an almost dark room jam-packed with dancers. The hordes of men and women danced erotically to a pounding beat of wild ear-splitting music. It was hot in the room. Hot and wild. She could literally feel the music sift into her body. Could feel herself begin to gyrate and hum.

The magic was broken as a moment later they pushed past a thick set of doors and entered another hallway.

At least it was a little quieter. Quiet and totally deserted.

"Here, Dining Room Number Seven. This is your room. Go on in. I'll see if I can't find them."

Before Allie could stop Sindie and remind her that the distributors might already be inside, she had swept down the hallway leaving her alone. The rush of nerves hit her again as she stared at the closed door.

She thought about taking off. Of pretending these two men weren't going to show. She could melt back into her little business. Back to the status quo. But she didn't want the status quo. She wanted full distribution like the big guys. She wanted to be with the

big guys. She wanted recognition for her hard work. Recognition and a good sexual release.

The last thought made her flush. Then reality bit into her again.

Business first. Playtime later.

Taking a deep breath she summoned the nerve to knock, waited a moment and then opened the door.

She stepped inside. And froze.

Two men sat at the table reading menus. When they looked up and saw her, lust shone brightly in a pair of glittering blue eyes and a pair of breathtaking brown eyes.

Fuck! Her knees almost melted at the intoxicating way they gazed at her.

"Hello, Allie cat," Max's deep voice sparkled along her nerve endings bringing a long forgotten warmth shooting into her body. Max was the spitting image of Richard Gere. With gorgeous white teeth as he smiled at her, a light dusting of silver stranding through his black hair, he looked absolutely stunning wearing a black tuxedo and crisp vanilla-colored shirt with a sprig of white freesia peeking out from the breast pocket.

"Long time no see, kitten," Nick, the younger of the two partners, added. He also wore a black tuxedo with a shimmering white shirt. A striking red rose was stuck in the breast pocket.

As he placed the menu back on the table, he studied her boldly. Nick wasn't as shy as Max and he looked as gorgeous as ever. He wore his golden brown hair shoulder-length and always had a sexy five o'clock shadow. Her pussy creamed as she remembered how erotic that beard felt brushing against her sensitive inner legs all those times he went down on her.

"What are you two doing here?" She could barely talk, her voice coming out in a breathy, sexy whisper.

"Having a meeting," Max replied casually.

"Oh I must have the wrong room."

She felt flustered. Too stunned to move. Too surprised to even formulate a thought.

She should leave but all she could do was stare at the two men who captured her heart several years ago.

"Since you appear to be staying, let's have a drink for old time's sake," Max said as he grabbed a bottle of wine chilling in a nearby crystal bucket.

"Yes, come on, kitten. Join us," Nick drawled.

Shit. She needed to leave. Needed to think.

"I...have a meeting." Yeah, that's it. She had a meeting. A very important meeting. "I must have made a mistake about the room."

"Oh there's no mistake, kitten." Nick smiled. "If you're looking for Nico and Leo, you've found us."

What?

Max poured the wine into three goblets and held one up to her. "Cheers to your sister for bringing us together again."

Disappointment rolled through Allie in one horrible wave. "My sister?"

"She set it up for us to meet," Nick said smoothly.

Her stomach plummeted in disappointment. God! How cruel of them to get her hopes up like this. What in the world had Sindie been thinking?

A sudden burst of tears bit the back of her eyes and damned if they were going to see her cry.

"I'm outta here," she said quickly. Turning on her heel, she headed for the door.

God! She worked so hard to get tonight together. Had her hopes pinned on this meeting. Until now she had no idea how high those hopes had been. Sparing no expense, she had persuaded her workers into overtime to produce more garments at such short notice. Some of them had given up valuable family time during evenings to help her out. Obviously it had been all for nothing.

“It was my idea for you not to know. I was afraid you wouldn’t come.” Max’s soft voice stopped her at the door.

Chapter Three

Nick broke in quickly, obviously noting her distress. "There really is a business meeting. We wanted to talk to you about your...edibles."

The strangled way he said "edibles" made her think he was talking about more than just her clothing line. Despite the devastation, she felt her face heat as she remembered exactly how good his tongue felt when he tongue-fucked her.

"Don't look so disappointed, Allie," Nick soothed. "We're extremely interested in seeing what you have to offer after your European fling."

She stiffened at his remark and turned to face the bastards.

"Fling?" The familiar anger burst from inside her. The sons of bitches had never taken her seriously when she informed them she wanted to become a designer instead of just their assistant. Why in the world did she still care what they thought anyway? She knew she shouldn't give a rat's ass about their opinions, but she did.

"Isn't that what you're calling your new line?" Nick said coolly. "European Fling. Edible underwear with a European taste. Love the hint of alcohol in the material by the way."

"There is no business meeting between us. I can make Edible Delights big on my own. I don't need your help."

"Ah yes, the ever independent woman. It's one of the reasons we were so attracted to you, kitten," Nick answered softly.

Were? As in past tense. A painful spear of hurt ripped through her. They considered her their past, just as she should be considering them her past.

"We've upset you. Please, sit down, cat." Max lifted one of the wine goblets and held it out to her while taking a sip from his own then smacking his luscious lips,

groaning his appreciation. "We truly want to talk about your edibles. What have you got to lose?"

My heart, dammit! She wanted to say. Even though they didn't support her dreams, she still wanted to have them in her life. Other than not being behind her career choice, they had been so attentive to her emotional needs and sexual cravings. She always felt loved by them and never regretted living with the two of them.

Although they may consider her a part of their past, Max's blue eyes glittered with the same intense interest he always looked at her with. And she could read the same amusing glint in Nick's brown eyes that had always been there for her. She found herself marveling again at how these two men were a perfect combination. Max, ever-so-serious, planned his every minute of the day, while Nick his total opposite, had no schedule and just simply flew by the seat of his pants. But together they made the perfect team, owning an extremely successful distribution line of erotic wear as well as designing men's and women's erotic clothing with such intricate care they were the envy of competing designers.

And she fell into the envy trap too. Wanted to be just like them. Wanted to be their equal in every way. Was that been such a bad thing to strive for?

"Don't let our rift screw your future for Edible Delights. You've got a winner on your hands," Nick said coolly as Max continued to hold out the wine goblet for her.

She snatched the goblet away and sat down on the empty chair. Holding Nick's gaze, she felt a burst of boldness and immense pride at her accomplishments as she stared him down. Sure, she knew she shouldn't base her self-worth on what other people thought of her, but this was Nick. He was a man she lived with for several years. A man who fucked her daily. He loved to tease her and please her. He was a weakness of hers and it felt good to be acknowledged by him.

She took a big swig of the sweet wine, marveling at the sweet explosion against her taste buds. Max always had damned good taste in wine and by the soft way he was smiling at her, she knew he was just as proud of her as Nick.

Her earlier disappointment at being duped was disintegrating fast. If it were a business meeting they wanted, they'd soon realize she wasn't so easily pushed around.

"You're damn right I have a winner, Nick," she said firmly.

She watched with smug satisfaction as a look of surprise washed over his face. She wasn't one for accepting compliments easily and it was obvious he hadn't expected her to agree. In the past she would have fluttered and gushed like a teenager but now she was prepared to fight to expand her company.

"Looks like our kitten has grown claws," Nick teased, and guzzled back some wine.

Allie found herself gazing around at her environment for the first time. The tablecloth looked exquisite in a solid coral shade with a cream-colored embroidered overlay. An arrangement of gorgeous white flowers—dahlias, tulips, snapdragons and clustered hydrangeas sat in a clear glass container in the middle of the table. A pang of nostalgia hit as she remembered receiving a similar bouquet of flowers the morning after the fantastic night they'd spent fucking her in the elevator when it had stalled between floors.

She inhaled quickly as she remembered their guttural grunts, the sharp slap of flesh against flesh. Could still remember how hot it felt to be sandwiched between their hard masculine bodies. Her yowls during climaxes and mews while being aroused had earned her the nickname of "cat" from Max and "kitten" from Nick.

"No, this is no business meeting," she found herself whispering. It was a setup to take her down memory lane.

"Your face is starting to flush," Max said in a hoarse voice.

Despite the heat enveloping her, Allie forced herself to meet Max's eyes. "I'm sorry, but it won't work, gentlemen. I won't be seduced by either of you tonight or any night." Hell, the last thing she wanted to do was play easy. Oh she wanted them all right, but she wanted them on her terms.

"We've missed you, kitten. We want you back in our lives. Back in our bed. You're the only woman who makes us feel alive and loved." Nick's admission had her blinking

in surprise. He usually made a point in a teasing way, not at all serious as he was suddenly being now. And the way he was looking at her with deliberate seriousness had her breath catching.

"You've taught us a valuable lesson, cat," Max said. "We won't forget it. We realize we can't live without you. Obviously we didn't appreciate you as a whole woman. A woman with dreams and goals. We were selfish. Infatuated with the fantastic sex and not willing to realize you had other needs as well."

"You've got that right," she said coolly. Inside however, she was burning up with excitement. Her two men still wanted her, even after all this time apart.

"We should have come after you, Allie," Nick said. "But we were stubborn. Later we realized you needed your space to grow into the independent woman you wanted to be. We would just have been in the way."

"Hmm, that's nice of you two to admit, gentlemen." She managed to continue to keep her voice calm and businesslike, although inside she was crying with a giddy immature happiness. They missed her just as much as she missed them.

Suddenly both men were standing.

Mercy! She'd forgotten how tall they both were and —

"Oh my God," she found herself whispering as a wave of erotic shock rolled over her.

Neither man wore pants! Nor underwear. Just their tuxedo jackets, white shirts and impressive solid erections.

A split second later her surprise wore off and she shifted uncomfortably as the familiar hot flush of sexual awareness raced through her.

"Um," she found herself saying as she nervously licked her suddenly dry lips, quite unable to keep her eyes from going from one luscious cock to the other.

"Wh-what's gotten into you two?" Like, duh! As if she didn't know.

They'd shared many a business meeting having sex. She shouldn't be so surprised. But she was.

At her question, Nick's lips pursed into an amused pout. Max's eyes blazed with a rush of intense need. Both men watched her as they began stroking their long, thick cocks.

She became all too aware of how wet and pleading her pussy had suddenly become. How intensely hard her breasts were pushing against the tight restraints of her business suit.

As they touched themselves, both men came toward her from her right. She could literally see the web of veins throbbing in Max's huge, flushed penis. His plum-shaped cock head had already burst free from its sheath. Her fingers clenched as she remembered how heavy and silky his two swollen balls would feel in the palms of her hands. And Nick's cock, her heart fluttered wildly, his cock was just a little thicker and longer than Max's. One lone blue vein ran along his entire shaft topped perfectly with a huge mushroom-shaped head shaded purple.

She blew out a slow breath remembering both men were well over eight inches long and three inches thick.

"As you can see, we've missed you, cat," Max said. His voice sounded strangled and aroused.

"Missed you is quite the understatement," Nick hissed. "Get down on your knees, kitten."

His commanding voice intoxicated her.

Ah shit, she thought as her self-control disintegrated and she found herself going down on her knees before the two.

Reaching out, she grabbed Max's swollen balls and opened her mouth for Nick.

Nick's thick cock head came quickly inside. Hard, needy and hot, it pulsed against her lips.

Both Max and Nick groaned at the same time. The guttural sounds were like music to her ears.

Oh she missed this so much. Missed touching them. Tasting them. Fucking them.

The heat of Max's scrotum laced her palms and she began a hard, sensual massage just the way she knew he liked it. Tightening her lips around Nick's shaft, she felt the lone vein pulse against her tongue. The long, thick shaft sunk into her, his mushroom-shaped cock head tickled the back of her throat. He quickly withdrew and then came into her again.

"We want to hire you to run Impulse's edible line," Nick growled. "You'll have full control over the division. Full creative access. Full hiring capabilities. The works. You'll be the boss of Edible Delights as well. But we want exclusive rights to your edibles and to have the trade secrets you've acquired under the protection of our company."

"In other words," Max growled as she continued her massage, not quite believing what she was hearing.

"We want you as a full partner in the business," Max finished.

Allie was stunned. Both at the way her body responded so brilliantly to their moans of arousal and at their proposition. She would be their equal. Their partner. It was something she had only hoped for in her wildest dreams. Not to mention having full access to her two lovers again.

It would be a perfect union. Something she wanted. She would have an even wider access to suppliers.

She stopped massaging Max's cock and let go of Nick's penis with a pop.

"I'm already the boss of Edible Delights," she whispered hoarsely. "I won't deny my current clients. You can't have exclusive rights but you can have subsidiary rights."

She opened her mouth and Nick slipped in again. She restarted her massaging of Max's hot flesh.

"Fuck," Max moaned.

"Jesus," Nick whispered as she raked her teeth along his rigid shaft.

She loved the way it jerked in her mouth. Loved the hot brand of Max's swollen spheres in her palms, but she had another delicate area to tend to. She let go and grabbed the base of Max's shaft with both hands. Velvety heat licked her fingers as she began a gentle twisting motion she knew he loved.

"You're a shrewd...business...woman," Max gasped.

In answer she gave his cock an extra hard twist.

"Ouch," he hissed, grabbing her wrists, stopping her cold. "I think I understand. We better be good to you."

She winked at him, signaling he understood her point perfectly. She devoured Nick's cock, taking it deeper into her mouth, allowing his hard velvety flesh to come down into her throat. He slid his fingers through her hair, holding her head, forcing her to look up and meet his intense gaze.

Max let go of her wrists and she could hear the zipper on the front of her dress lowering past her breasts. He pulled aside the cloth and warm air brushed against her flesh. Although Nick's cock impaled her mouth and she couldn't see what Max could see, she noticed his eyes glaze over and knew immediately he liked the bra she wore beneath.

She had picked the cream-colored, strawberry-champagne-flavored one. One of her latest creations using her softest material to date. She watched him lick his full lips. Nice and slow as he studied her heaving breasts. She knew what he wanted to do and she could feel the sexual haze begin to intoxicate her business smarts.

Bastards. They weren't going to seduce her into getting anything less than what she wanted.

"What are your demands, Allie cat?" Max asked.

Nick slid out of her mouth allowing her to answer.

"Edible Delights remains as is. Under my full control," she said, sucking in some needed breaths during the break.

Edible Delights was her baby. Hers alone. Was it wrong not to share it with the two men she loved? *No*, an inner voice answered. *It isn't wrong. It's a sweet deal but the company is your dream. Hold on tight to her. You made her.*

"As I said, I'll grant Impulse subsidiary rights. But for certain future lines that I decide to design for Impulse. And of course I want Edible Delights to get full distribution with Impulse's lines."

"We deal only with exclusive rights, Allie cat. You know that," Max growled. Despite the serious way he spoke, he licked his lips again and lowered his mouth over her right nipple. Heat and moisture seared through her tender flesh and she could literally feel the cloth disintegrate. Pleasure-pain burst through her nipple as his sharp teeth began a rough nibble.

In answer, she grabbed a hold of Max's balls and ran her sharp fingernails along the bottom of his sac.

"You're a fucking tease," he mumbled, and let go of her aching nipple. But she knew he enjoyed the pleasure-pain she inflicted. He looked up at Nick who nodded and traced his swollen cock head as if it were lipstick along the contours of her lips.

"Okay, you win," Max grumbled. "We'll have the lawyers draw up the details and they'll contact you. I'll have our purchasing department contact you first thing when we're finished. We'll send a hefty advance so you can prepare for the order."

Fuck! She's done it! Woo Hoo!

"It's been nice doing business with you, gentlemen."

She opened her mouth and allowed Nick's hot cock back inside her mouth. In turn Max began a wild suckle at her breast, making her gasp at the wicked intensity.

* * * * *

Nick couldn't believe how the vixen kitten had been able to get what she wanted so easily. He promised himself he would tease her for as long as possible, but one look at the disappointment crushing her face at having been duped and one second of having her lush mouth latch around his cock, she literally sucked all business sense out of him.

He loved Allie.

She made him hot. Made him feel protective of her, teasingly loving and just plain happy. She had him from the moment Max and he interviewed her for the job as their personal assistant.

A young woman. Full of ambition and so sensual. He found himself masturbating to her resume photo right there in his office. He'd masturbated since she left for Europe too.

Sweet shit! All the years they lost. But the three of them needed the separation. He knew that now. She needed to grow and Max and he needed to grow up.

It had been hard to move out of Max's place after she'd left and try to move on without her. Fucking hard not to go to Europe and yank her on to the first plane back to New York. But now she was back. She would run her own company within Impulse's protection and she would be their partner in every sense of the word.

His erection throbbed as he looked down at her. Necklaces glittered across her perfectly shaped chest, pretty pink lips were stretched around his cock and she stopped her ministrations. Her blue eyes were glazed and she mewed those cute kitty sounds as Max's mouth sucked on her full breast.

"Jesus," he found himself muttering at the erotic sight of another man at her breast. He knew a normal man might be jealous. He wasn't. Not where Max and Allie were concerned. He trusted the two of them so implicitly that sometimes it hurt.

He watched Allie's cheeks flush a deeper red as she caught his gaze. Her blue eyes grew darker and her chest heaved harder.

Oh yes, she missed this too.

He pulled his cock from her tight mouth and pushed into her again, loving the sensual way her smooth lips moved over every sparking nerve ending.

She mewed sweetly again and he lost himself. Circling his fingers around the area of his shaft to where he knew she could take his penis into her, he began a barely controlled thrust in and out of her voluptuous mouth. He closed his eyes and shuddered as an orgasm quickly snowballed.

He thrust once. Twice. Three times. Then his entire body tightened into an erotic ball of pleasure. White-hot blades of arousal licked his scrotum and seared straight up into his shaft.

He exploded on a strangled shout, spurting into her throat and loving the way her muscles contracted as she eagerly swallowed his seed.

Ah, yes. She hadn't lost her sensual touch. Not by a long shot.

* * * * *

"Fuck! You're so damned beautiful," Nick said a few minutes later as he reached down and with a linen napkin dabbed at the semen drooling from Allie's mouth. Having her on her knees before him made him feel fantastic. Having her pink lips wrapped tightly around his shaft, her warm tongue sliding along his sensitive flesh once again was unbelievably great. Even watching Max sucking on her nipples created an erotic sight that aroused him to new heights.

He had dreamed of this day for so long. Now it was finally happening. He could see the lust glowing bright in her eyes. The need for pleasure. The craving to be fucked again by her two lovers.

"Get dressed, kitten," he said.

"Where are we going?" she asked breathlessly.

"Phase two of our business meeting."

And he could barely wait.

Chapter Four

Allie watched with growing excitement as women giggled and men grinned while they browsed the edible underwear her sister and she had laid out on the table earlier.

As she watched, she tried to ignore the strong, demanding masculine scents of the two men who flanked her. Not to mention she found it hard to overlook the throbbing of her aching breasts where Max had suckled. As well as the intense way her weeping pussy demanded to be filled.

Not even half an hour had gone by since she left this second floor room. Most of the garments were gone and there was still a lineup of swingers eagerly waiting to get something edible to wear. She noted all her business cards were gone too.

A shot of nervousness coursed through her.

"I didn't bring enough for everyone. I'm so sorry," she whispered anxiously.

"You're a hit, cat. We knew you would be," Max said softly against her right ear where he began a bold nibble on her neck behind her earlobe, which sent wickedly delicious shivers racing through her.

"I can go back to my hotel suite and get more," she said in a rush. There were no more edibles back at their hotel. Sindie and she had brought everything with them in their rental van, but it would be a good excuse to leave and gather her bearings. To try to establish some semblance of self-control. She knew they were in the process of successfully seducing her. Knew it was a matter of time before she fell completely under their spell. She always felt so sexually helpless around the two men. Had managed to be elusive for a long time, until that night they'd been trapped in the elevator.

That night she acknowledged what she wanted from them. A need to be fucked by her two bosses. They obliged. Tonight they gave her what she wanted again. Equal partnership. The need to be fucked was just as bad as that first time in the elevator.

Maybe she should get out of there before she caved totally. Before it was too late and she lost her heart all over again.

She made a move.

Nick grabbed her hand stopping her cold. "Uh-uh, you're staying here with us. Our meeting is far from over, kitten."

Max leaned in close to her right ear. "Yeah, cat. We haven't even gotten to the main course yet – you."

Allie shivered as Max once again drew her earlobe into his mouth and nibbled saucily. Nick's hand slid over the curve of her ass making her moan softly as he started a slow massage against one of her cheeks. His fingers dug into her flesh so perfectly that she could barely concentrate on watching the rest of the men and women quickly pick through the remaining underwear before vanishing through a nearby doorway.

When all but a handful of people stood around the tables looking dejected, Max intertwined his hand with hers and Nick took her other hand.

"Let's go find the changing rooms," Max whispered as they brought her to those mysterious doors where the swingers had disappeared. Her heart crashed a mile a minute as both men silently led her down a long hallway. Doors lined each side of the hall and sexual tension wrapped all around her despite the relative quietness.

The silence was a big contrast to the wild music from the floor below. Instead, there were soft giggles from behind closed doors. She swore she could even hear the rustling of clothing as people undressed.

A nearby door opened and several men and women dressed in her sexy edibles pranced proudly down the hallway toward them.

One of them was her sister!

And she was with the man who hit on them earlier. The Italian stallion.

He wore a skimpy red, strawberry and sherry-flavored thong that enhanced a most impressive package. Allie shivered wonderfully as she spied the vivid outline of his long, thick cock pressing boldly against the material and the two perfectly shaped balls begging to be fondled by a woman's hands.

"Remind me to kill you tomorrow, sis," Allie said when she sufficiently recovered from ogling the stallion.

Sindie smiled prettily, cocked an eyebrow at her then grinned at Max and then at Nick.

"Oh? And would that be before or after you thank me?"

"How's about that date you promised me earlier? You join us, sexy lady," stallion interrupted. His eyes were heavy-lidded with wanting and Allie's breath caught imagining having sex with this man and her sister.

"I've never had the privilege of pleasuring two sisters at the same time."

"Easy, stallion. Those two are her men," Sindie replied. "They don't share with anyone but each other. Besides, you'll have your hands quite full with me."

The man's gaze narrowed as he casually inspected Nick and then Max, who now wore their entire tuxedo outfits, if not a bit rumpled. "You two are a bit overdressed, aren't you?"

"And you're not underdressed?" Nick said coolly, eyeing the stallion's erotic attire.

Allie stifled a laugh. She sensed the hostility seething beneath Nick's calm exterior.

"She's off limits to you tonight, studly," Max said just as coolly.

"Another time then." Stallion looked hopeful as he winked at Allie before her sister tugged him along with her down the hall.

When the three of them were alone again, she noted the tension in both men as they continued to watch the door where the stallion had disappeared with her sister.

"Hey, feel free to join them," she teased, knowing they were more concerned about Sindie like big brothers than lovers.

Both men turned to her and Max replied huskily, "I guess we should have left it up to you if you wanted to join them. Old habits die hard. This is a swingers club and you're free to do what you want."

Nick's gaze narrowed as he watched her closely for an answer. He'd never been much for sharing her with anyone else but Max so she knew he must be seething.

"I'd rather hang out with you two," she said truthfully. "I'm curious as to what else you've got in store for our business meeting."

"Curious, are you?" Max winked.

"I must admit I have enjoyed it so far."

"By all means then, let's continue," Nick said. From his breast pocket he drew a glistening gold key and inserted it into the door. When it opened, he bowed to Allie as if he were a prince and she a princess. She couldn't help but feel all bubbly and warm that Nick was acting so chivalrous. It was quite out of character for him.

"Your clothing awaits, my lady," he grinned.

She stepped into what appeared to be a large bedroom-sized changing room.

The two men crowded in around the open doorway. Both their faces were flushed with excitement. The hot looks literally made her tremble with anticipation.

"Meet us in Room Three. One floor up, after you get dressed," Max whispered. "And we will make all your wishes come true."

The door closed and she was alone, surrounded with a vista of mirror-tiled walls. She caught the flushed redness of her cheeks, the windblown appearance of her red hair and her lips, full and swollen after sucking off Nick.

Tonight had turned into anything but the business meeting she anticipated. While negotiating with her ex-lovers she sucked one of them off and had her nipples tended to

by the other. And now she was in a changing room ready to have sex with them after all these years of being apart.

And she could hardly wait to be impaled by them. Just as she had barely been able to wait to have both of them inside her the night they'd become trapped in the elevator.

God! It felt as if it were only yesterday...

"We're trapped," Allie sighed as she finally gave up on pressing the red emergency button on the elevator panel and slumped heavily against the nearby steel wall. The elevator had come to a grinding halt a good ten minutes ago. There was no phone to call for help but surely at this late hour someone would eventually notice that it hadn't arrived at the first floor?

"Don't sound so down about it, Allie, I'm sure we can find something to do to amuse ourselves until the morning," Max said softly from beside her.

Her pulse picked up a wild speed as she looked up to find him watching her. Lust shone brightly in his blue eyes and she felt her heart flutter as it always did when she looked at him.

Oh boy. This was not good. She could not spend too much time in here with these two gorgeously sexy men. Since becoming their assistant, she tried like hell to remain aloof and professional around them but it was getting harder and harder. Especially in the almost overwhelming sexual way she felt attracted to both of them.

"That's right, sweet lady. We've got all night," Nick whispered in a strangled breath.

"All night? Surely there's someone around?" She tried hard to ignore the wicked way her pulse was picking up speed at the thought of being alone with Max and Nick all night.

"We're the only ones left in the building. Remember?" Max said in a tight voice. "Today was a holiday. No one is coming until the morning."

Her gaze snapped to Nick who suddenly seemed closer to her. Actually both men seemed rather closer.

Oh boy. It sure was getting hot in here.

"I think it's time we show her exactly how we feel about her. Don't you think, Nick?"

"Yes, we've been discussing you behind your gorgeous back, Allie," Nick agreed.

They'd been talking about her? She began to feel her face flush with heat.

"We've been talking about how nice it would be to get to know you a hell of a lot better." Max came closer. His dominant scent washed around her and pinned her to the wall. The intoxicating warmth of his body slammed through her thin summer dress and licked flames along her skin.

"We know you want to get to know us a lot better too, Allie. We can see it in the way your nipples peak whenever one of us is around you. Just like they're doing now."

She held her breath as Nick ran a finger down her bare arm. The heat of his touch made her moan softly.

"And the way your eyes sparkle when one of us looks at you," Max commented as he began to unbutton her dress at the collar.

She looked down. Watched in stunned fascination as Max's fingers quickly and efficiently popped the tiny buttons through the buttonholes with his long fingers.

"I...I don't do any such thing," she protested, knowing full well she was lying. Even now as Nick's hand slipped beneath her dress, she could feel her vagina cream and her nipples ache and swell in anticipation of their touches. The instant Nick palmed her pussy, she arched herself against him.

"Oh shit," she whispered as she bonded with his touch.

"We want you, Allie," Max growled hoarsely. "We've discussed our attraction to you. Talked about which one of us should pursue you. In the end we decided we both should."

"What...what about what I want?" she found herself asking, unable to keep her thoughts straight as Max pushed aside the opening to her dress to expose her bra.

All three of them were breathing heavily now. She could barely concentrate as Nick massaged her pussy with his palm, bringing out a long buried arousal.

"Do you have any lotion in your bag?" Nick asked.

"Lotion?" Confusion zipped through her.

"For later. Are you an anal virgin?"

She found herself shaking at the thought of anal sex and shook her head. She'd tried it with an old boyfriend a few years back and had enjoyed it. She couldn't wait to have Nick and Max taking her there.

"Yes, hand lotion. Yes, in my purse," she replied hoarsely.

"That'll do."

She felt her breasts jiggle and swell as Max undid the front clasp to her bra. A second later her breasts fell free.

"Fuck, you're so yummy-looking." Max grinned. She held her breath as he lowered his head. "I'm a breast man, Allie. And I have to admit you've got the most perfect breasts I've ever seen."

Fire zipped through her as his tongue caressed her nipple.

"We've wanted you for so long," Nick rasped as he got down on his knees before her. He hoisted her dress up around her waist. She trembled and automatically spread her legs as he lowered her panties and slipped them off.

"She's got a nice, nude pussy, Max. Just as we suspected."

Max made a guttural sound at her breast and just kept on sucking. His other hand cupped her breast and he began tweaking her nipples until she mewled.

This can't be happening, she found herself thinking as Nick's head lowered to between her legs.

This was the stuff her fantasies about her two bosses were made of. God help her, she cared and loved them dearly. Wanted this so badly.

In order to steady herself, she reached out and grasped Max's broad shoulder with one hand, placing her other hand on the top of Nick's head. It was an awkward position, being pinned to the cool elevator wall with a man sucking at her breast and another man about to go down on her, but it felt so damn good.

So damned right.

It was at that point she knew she could never go back to the way she'd been living. Never go back to avoiding her feelings for them because they'd just told her they wanted her. By her surrendering to them, they knew she wanted them just as badly.

She screeched when Nick's mouth latched on to her pussy and he began a hard, delicious suck that unraveled her.

She could smell her arousal now. A wild scent erupting from a woman who'd been craving these two men to fuck her for far too long.

"Fuck me!" she demanded as her emotions speared to the surface. She felt hot. Her body tight. Every inch of her on fire.

"Oh God, please fuck me!"

A low keening sound unleashing from Allie's throat snapped her from her memory.

Her breathing was rapid. Her body felt tight. So ready to be fucked. Just like she'd been that night.

She blinked wildly as she remembered what had happened between them on the first floor tonight. Moaned softly as she thought of what would happen when she left the security of this changing room.

Could she have sex with them tonight? An inner voice of doubt taunted. Would she lose her independence? Lose sight of her dreams? Would she lose her heart to them all over again?

Ah hell, her heart was already lost to them.

But were Max and Nick truly serious when they said they wanted her back? Would they end up ignoring her dreams again? Would she end up in their bed 24/7 because she simply loved having sex with both of them? But she also enjoyed the independence of running her own company and had grown used to living alone.

Why did life have to be so hard? Why couldn't she just be satisfied with having red-hot sex with the two men she loved tonight and see what happened?

She blew out a tense breath and watched a stray strand of her strawberry red hair flutter around her flushed face.

Yes, she was ready for a good roll with Nick and Max. She would think about other things afterward.

With trembling fingers she unzipped her dress and noticed the melted fabric of her bra around her rosy nipples. The sight of it made her even hornier.

Yes, she wanted sex tonight. Afterward she wanted more than sex from them. Being here with them had dredged up the familiar feelings of frustration again. She knew she should be pushing them aside, but she just couldn't seem to do it. They said they'd learned their lesson. She needed to trust them. Needed to follow her heart.

Her gaze dropped to the bench that extended along one mirrored wall of the changing room. A puffy pink terrycloth robe lay neatly there. She lifted it and spied the gorgeous outfit beneath the robe.

A bra and thong set she designed.

A leopard print dotted with delicate pink rosebuds. She knew the black spots were dark-chocolate-liquor-flavored. The beige-spotted areas were vanilla brandy and the white areas of the print were flavored with white Swiss chocolate. She added the rosebuds for romance and made them strawberry-ice-wine-flavored. This design had been her most challenging to date and her most expensive. She planned to have it in her European Fling line but she hadn't been able to bring herself to duplicate it for anyone.

It was *her*.

Sexy and playful. A sentimental reminder of Nick and Max who enjoyed calling her kitten and cat respectively.

Yes, she would kill Sindie for removing it from her factory. But first she would thank her for reuniting her with her men.

Excitement flared as she removed her jewelry, undressed and donned the silky bra and thong. The material felt as soft as a flower's petals and smelled delicately delicious.

Allie would cherish tonight. Cherish her memories of whatever developed as a result of making love with her men. If things didn't work out down the line, so be it. She would at least have given their relationship another try. No one died of a broken heart. No one got what she wanted either if she didn't at least give something she wanted badly enough a second chance.

Her breath stalled as she wrapped the toasty pink robe around her and stepped from the changing room. Several men wearing various shades of her edible underwear walked past with a gorgeous brunette.

The woman wore one of Allie's designs. A virgin white panty and bra set flavored in vanilla brandy.

Obviously the men were preparing her for a ménage. Allie's pussy creamed as she watched one of the men wink at Allie before leaning his head down to start licking at the cup on the brunette's right breast. The material quickly dissolved to reveal a plump burgundy nipple. The man moaned in pleasure. Allie imagined how the edible material burst sweetly against his tongue.

She wondered how the woman could even walk with the man nibbling on her nipple the way he did. The other two men were too busy to notice Allie was watching because one had attached his mouth to her earlobe and the other had his fingers inside the woman's ass, plunging in and out in a gentle manner.

Allie swallowed and followed them up the stairs to the third floor. Here the hallway was alive with sounds. Slurping noises. Flesh slapping against flesh. Hushed whimpers and hoarse moans.

Her pussy continued to cream warmly at the erotic sounds and she moved quickly along the hallway. Through one door she spied a young couple going at it in a doggie position. The woman's mouth was open in a silent scream while the man pummeled her with his huge cock.

Quickly she passed the door and found Room Three. Her legs trembled as she twisted the knob and entered. Nick and Max hadn't arrived yet and she found herself dazzled by the ultra-huge king-sized bed in the middle of the room. It was decked out with plush black satin pillows and leopard print satin sheets that matched the design of the edible clothing she wore.

She smiled warmly.

Bastards. Obviously they'd wasted no time in duplicating her rose leopard design. She should have had it patented. At least then she could have used it to blackmail them into hot sex whenever she wanted it. For a moment she smiled at that thought then frowned as another thought followed. Having that kind of control over her two men would only make things less spontaneous between them.

She looked around the room and didn't miss the racks lining a far wall. Racks containing different sizes of whips, packaged ball gags and other types of bondage gear such as leather restraints and handcuffs.

She wasn't into any of that. Neither were Max and Nick. The three of them had more than enough pleasure without the help of toys.

She noted the scent of freesia in the air and discovered a bundle of white flowers in a nearby crystal vase. A lone white candle flickered in one of the two windows. Her men still had a taste for romance. The thought made her smile.

She jumped as a pair of hot hands curled around her shoulders. Immediately she smelled Max's spicy aftershave and Nick's musky scent. Her senses jolted into

awareness mode. Body heat slammed into her, making her nerve endings sparkle with excitement.

"You like?" Nick purred and quickly kissed the sensitive area behind her ear.

"It's gorgeous," she admitted, loving the tingles his kiss created. Loving his hot breath caressing her neck.

"You're gorgeous too, Allie," Max said softly from beside her.

She held her breath as Nick slowly pushed the pink terrycloth robe down her shoulders. The robe didn't have a sash so it quickly dropped off her and puddled around her feet.

She watched Max's eyes widen with appreciation. Then she sighed as Nick's hands cupped her leopard-clad breasts. His palms felt like two white-hot brands, his fingers like fire as he boldly pinched her flesh with expert touches. He had her nipples scorched with pleasure and her moaning within seconds.

"I've missed being with you, kitten. I've missed us," Nick whispered hoarsely.

She found him pressing her forward, toward the bed.

"I have too," she admitted. "More than you know."

"Stand beside the bed, Allie. Bend over, grab the sheets for support. Spread your legs. I need to taste you, bad. I can't wait any longer."

Allie's heart beat wildly. She felt flushed. With fiery excitement she leaned over and took the required position while Max stood by and watched.

Nick's hands were hot as he cradled her ass curves.

"You smell so good, Allie. Such a succulent package."

His hot breath whispered between her legs. She cried out as his mouth nestled between her cheeks. His moist tongue dissolved the fragile material there and he began a mad lick against her labia.

Heat coursed through her pussy. Her fingers wrapped tighter into the leopard satin sheets.

"Oh fuck," she swore as Nick's tongue boldly stroked her clit.

"I can't believe I didn't go after you in Europe, kitten." He lapped harder. The velvety sensations of his tongue between her legs made her pussy clench with wicked anticipation.

"We thought we'd lost you forever," Nick growled. He grabbed her hips, holding her steady. Sharp, sweet pain zipped through her labia as teeth bit her delicate flesh. He rubbed the trapped ends with his tongue and she found herself hissing at the kiss of flames. Found her thighs tightening as his teeth let her pussy lips go and his tongue smoothed over her sensitive clitoris again. He began an erotic circular stroke, the firm pressure making her arch her back, making her mew and whimper for more.

She wanted to tell him he and Max had never lost her. That her heart yearned for both of them, but she couldn't speak from all the pleasure screaming through her. She waited for them to come for her in Europe. She knew that now. Why else had she been unable to start any serious relationships with the men she dated? She wanted to tell Max and Nick all those things but Nick's tongue was now drilling her clit so hard and fast it left her literally panting for air.

Her hips were moving now. Gyrating with need at Nick's every bold stroke against her sensitive flesh. She could feel the heat of her liquid gushing down her vagina toward him. His tongue expertly manipulated her pleasure center until her body ached and she literally felt the inferno of lust raging through her.

"I can see that Allie cat is being nicely primed," Max replied hoarsely as he came into her view. He was undressed and stood in front of her, breathing heavily as he massaged the huge bulge of his erection covered by a skimpy yellow thong.

It was one of her designs. She had to admit it looked very nice on him.

His body looked hard too. Every inch of him a perfect male. His abdomen was rigid and tight. Not an ounce of fat on either of her men.

His muscles were smooth and tanned. She knew they both worked out daily at the company gym. Knew they tanned naked up on Max's penthouse balcony every weekend. At least they had when she lived with them.

God! She couldn't wait to move in with them again. Couldn't wait to start fucking them on the balcony. In the elevator. On the kitchen table. In the whirlpool.

She jerked and moaned as Nick's tongue hit an extra sensitive spot on her engorged clit. It felt three times bigger – swollen and throbbed so hot against Nick's tongue.

Her breaths came faster and faster. The blood in her body heating with passion as she watched Max gingerly rub his covered erection.

"We've got lots to make up for," Max cooed. His eyes glittered darkly and his lashes lowered with a lusty-lidded look as he climbed up onto the bed in front of her.

"Now it's my turn to take that pretty little mouth of yours, cat." He pressed his thick erection close to her face.

Her mouth instantly watered as she smelled a wonderful scent wafting from the edible thong he wore.

Banana daiquiri. Her absolute favorite drink.

Chapter Five

She took a long lick and enjoyed the way the material disintegrated. Banana daiquiri flavor exploded against her tongue. Sweet and scrumptious.

She took another swipe. The hole in the fabric got bigger and her tongue found his hot, smooth cock head. A few more wet licks and she had the thong falling off Max.

His erection speared into the air at her. She couldn't help but moan appreciatively at the sight.

His penis appeared even bigger than earlier when they'd been down in Dining Room Seven. The plum-shaped head, swollen and needy. His cock flushed and rigid. She couldn't wait to have him thrusting deep inside of her. She found herself remembering the intense way Max's mouth had suckled earlier on her breasts. Her nipples still ached and she rubbed them back and forth against the edge of the mattress, loving the way every nerve ending sparkled with pleasure.

"You're more than ready, aren't you Allie cat?" Max hissed as he aimed his cock at her mouth.

She nodded numbly and parted her lips. His cock scorched her like a brand and her jaw ached as she opened wide to accommodate his big size. He tasted of man and lust and she eagerly slurped her tongue along the thick webs of veins that ran throughout the length of his stiff shaft.

"Oh yes, that's it, cat. Beautiful. Just fucking beautiful."

His soft guttural compliment made her blood sing. Made her slurp quicker. Made her suck his shaft harder. He groaned his approval and grabbed both sides of her head, trapping her as he took control of her mouth with his cock.

His solid flesh thrust deep and quick.

Silence followed, interrupted by intermittent slaps of flesh against flesh. A moan here, a cry there, as the two men kept a steady erotic rhythm. Her eyelids grew heavy with the haze of arousal from Nick's well-placed tongue strokes to her pussy and Max's plunges into her mouth.

"Sorry, cat, but your teasing licks are just way too much for me," Max growled.

Her fingers gnarled tighter around the sheets as the arousal snowballed. Her thighs tightened. She bucked against Nick and pleasure whipped through her at lightning speed.

She exploded on a scream. The sound a muffled alley-cat screech around Max's thick erection.

"That's it, cat," she heard Max soothe. "Ride the wave."

Violent spasms tore through her, ripping her body apart. Her pussy clenched as Nick removed his tongue and thrust two fingers in and out of her. Tremors gripped her hard and heavy.

All too soon the climax ebbed away. Max pulled out from her mouth and Nick withdrew his fingers.

An aroused after-climax daze drifted over her. She found herself being lifted onto the bed.

"Climb onto me, cat," Max whispered a few seconds later.

She blinked. Hadn't even realized he now lay on the bed beside her. She moaned at the sight of his huge erection. Mewed as she mounted him.

Crouching over his spearing cock, she cried out as she impaled herself on his stiff flesh. Slurping sounds ripped through the air as her vagina greedily clamped around him.

Max groaned hotly. Reaching out he popped the front clasp allowing her bra to drop open then he grabbed her pink nipples. His fingers twisted and pulled until the line of fire screamed into her pussy. She began a mad grind, gyrating her hips, crushing

her pussy into his body, then lifting herself and coming down on him, her sheath enveloping his cock again.

In no time flat she had a nice steady rhythm going. Quickly she slipped her finger between her legs and over her swollen clitoris to begin a hard massage.

Ah, this feels wonderful.

She looked down and watched her breasts bounce erotically while Max continued to pull and squeeze her nipples. She saw the perspiration beading Max's forehead. Felt it dot her enflamed body.

Movement to her right made her aware of Nick. He stood beside the bed and through her sexual haze she watched as he greased his turgid penis.

Wow! He looked so huge. It made her remember that she hadn't been anally penetrated for so long. Yet she couldn't wait to feel the pressure of his penis inside her as both men impaled her. The erotic feeling of having two men double penetrating her. There was nothing else like it on Earth.

Max tugged harder at her nipples and her fingers frayed desperately.

She felt the climax coming and cried out as it rammed into her. She exploded on a scream. Max groaned as her pussy clenched around him. She drew air into her lungs in quick, labored gasps and continued to pump herself over him.

She whimpered as a warm pair of greased hands settled over her shoulders, moving her forward.

"I need to come, kitten. You two look too damned hot."

Nick's lubed finger pressed intimately at her ass. She cried out as the tight ring of sphincter muscles gave way and he slid into her. Pressure bit deep, throwing her off balance.

"So damned tight. Forgot...how...tight." Nick groaned as he slowed his intrusion. She tried to relax and immediately her anal muscles accepted him. A moment later he slid a second finger inside and began a slow erotic exploration that had her gasping.

"Your ass seems to remember me," he chuckled as a third finger entered. Pleasure-pain burst through her and her muscles eagerly gripped all three digits.

"Very nice," he cooed, and began a thrusting motion that made her squeeze her eyes closed. She panted softly and concentrated on the wonderful buzz starting inside her ass. Before long she was completely relaxed and enjoying the spearing rhythm.

When he withdrew, she opened her eyes and eagerly awaited his next move. A second later his generously lubed cock head slipped into her.

She moaned at the pressure. Fought for breath at the sweet, intense pain.

He bucked his hips and he sank deeper. Another thrust had her coming down on Max. Her mouth was inches from his and she suddenly realized they hadn't kissed each other for years. He must have realized the same thing for his eyes grew dark with lust and longing. His mouth parted slightly. She watched him lick his lower lip in a sensual swipe that had her heart skipping a beat.

How in the world could the sight of a man's tongue turn her on so much? But it did. It always did. His hot breath washed against her face breaking her from her fetish.

After years apart, should they not have kissed when they'd first met again? No, her mind reassured her. Kissing came when the time was right.

The time was perfect now.

She caught his mouth and his lips melted against hers. While Max and she explored each other's after such a long absence, Nick began a wonderful thrusting motion. Every plunge forced her clit against Max's hard erection. Another volley of pleasure lanced her.

She shattered and shook as the flames licked her body, screaming into Max's mouth.

Nick plunged deep into her ass. He kept up the demanding thrusts for a delicious eternity. She lay sandwiched between them. Her soaked cunt impaled on Max's cock. Her mouth fused and her ass filled.

The next climax came quickly on the heels of the last. Sweet and oh-so beautifully violent it rushed through her in one hot wave. Within seconds she became lost in yet another brilliant pleasure storm.

* * * * *

Max had never been able to get enough of Allie. Years without her just about made him crazy. Now she was back and the three of them would make up for all the lost time. He was stupid for not going after the woman he loved so badly. When she left, it felt like a knife thrusting deep into his heart.

Pride prevented Max from going after her. Over the years maturity pushed his pride aside and now he felt selfish. The three of them always had great sex and a loving relationship.

This time around he would commit to supporting Allie. Support her as a partner in their personal and professional lives. Why he didn't see it earlier, he had no idea. But now he knew what she needed. It was more than love and sex.

"She's quite a woman, our kitten." Nick grinned from the other side of Allie. Up until now they remained silent as they watched her sleep.

"She taught me a lesson walking away the way she did."

"Knocked sense into you," Nick chuckled.

"I won't be letting her get away again."

"We didn't know what we had until she was gone," Nick echoed his thoughts.

Max read the longing in Nick's eyes when he discovered Allie had walked out on them. He knew Nick loved Allie just as much as he did. Knew he wanted to go after her and bring her home.

But he didn't.

Neither of them did. Deep down they both must have known she needed space and the two of them needed to realize how much they missed her.

"It was only a matter of time before we hooked up again," Nick stated as he began stroking the length of his quickly hardening shaft. "She needed space to follow her dreams without us hanging all over her. I figured it would only be a matter of time before it sank through your thick skull that she's a jewel, inside and out."

Max nodded in agreement. He was stubborn, he admitted it. Sometimes something drastic had to happen before he came to his senses. And Allie leaving them had been drastic, that's for sure.

He reached down and began toying gently with Allie's exposed nipple. Both men watched as her nipple blushed a deeper shade of pink and hardened into a beautiful rosebud. Nick took her other nipple and pinched it.

She moaned softly and her eyes blinked open. Surprise crossed her face until she realized where she was. Then she smiled. Max could barely breathe at the beautiful sight of their woman looking so happy to see them back in bed with her.

She cocked her head questioningly and watched as they both played with her nipples.

"What are you two guys up to?"

"Ready to purr for us, Allie?" Nick cooed as he brought his mouth over Allie's exposed breast.

Max watched as she hissed and arched her back, making the sheets move lower on her waist until her nude pussy became exposed.

Fuck. She was simply too beautiful to ignore.

"Are you gentlemen ready to roar for me?" she moaned as Max's mouth latched on to her other tight nipple.

Both grinned and nodded in agreement.

Allie made them roar many times that day and for many years after.

About the Author

Jan Springer is the pseudonym for an award winning best selling author who writes erotic romance and romantic suspense at a secluded cabin nestled in the Haliburton Highlands, Ontario, Canada.

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