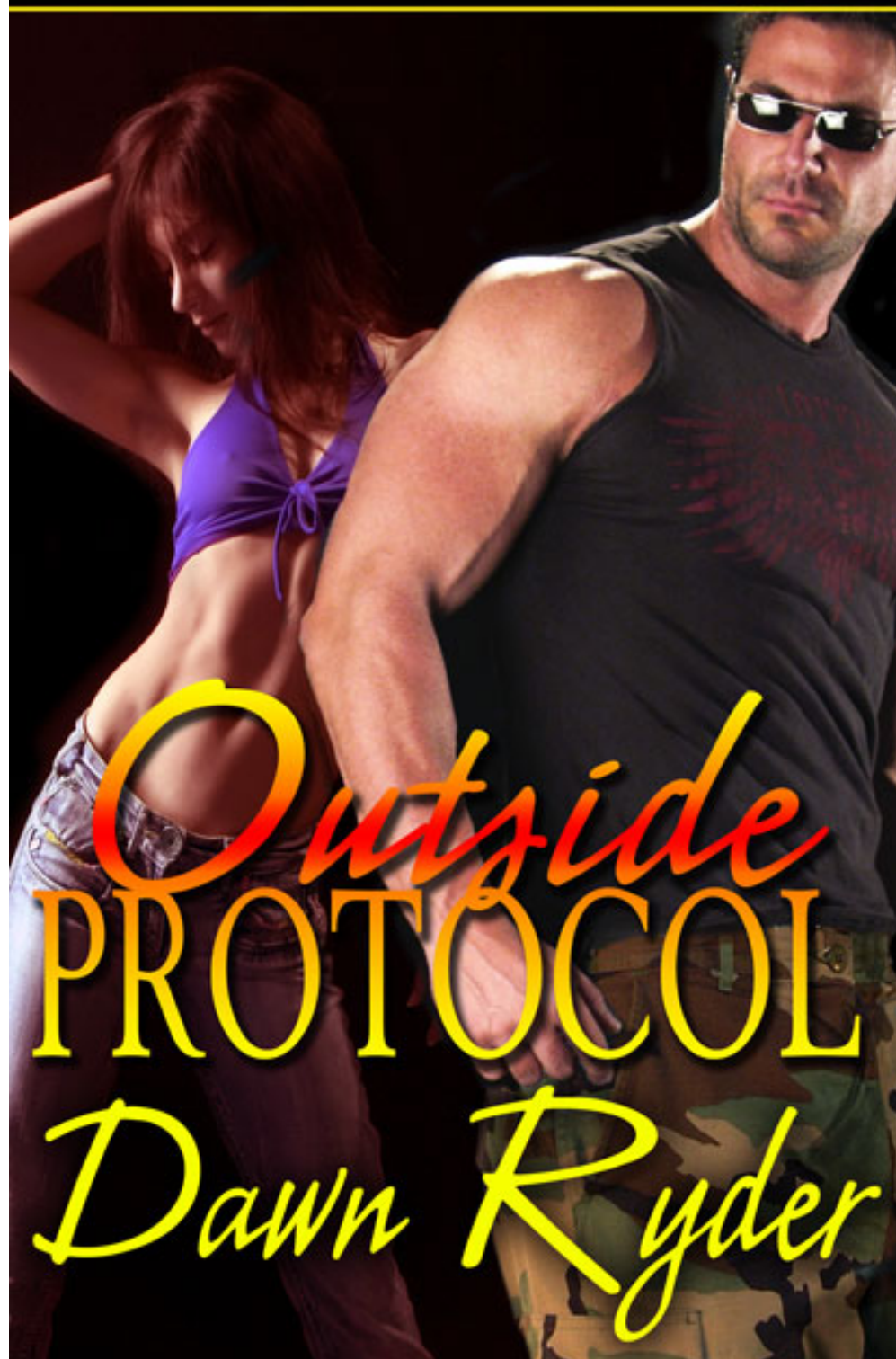


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



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Outside Protocol

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Edited by Sue-Ellen Gower.

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OUTSIDE PROTOCOL

Dawn Ryder

Chapter One

Robyn didn't think it was worth it. *So what if it's Saturday night?* she mumbled under her breath as she stumbled along on her three-inch heels towards the only parking place she'd been able to find. Her girlfriends were parked in the opposite direction, leaving her stumbling through the parking lot alone.

Oh yeah, so what if it was Saturday night! She could have gone to the gym, and been tucked into her bed with the air conditioner on instead of shuffling her way through a parking lot on stupid spike-heeled shoes that pinched her toes. Just exactly what was it about Saturday that turned good friends into demons from hell if you told them going out for margaritas wasn't the most important thing on your to-do list?

Mind you, it was nothing against a good margarita. Just the August heat and the swarms of other people all intent on escaping the hellish weather by crowding every restaurant in town. Some nights, it really paid to take the road less traveled as far as she could see.

The parking lot had been packed, forcing her to park in front of what looked like an office building on the very far side of the huge parking area. Blue light now outlined all the black glass windows as a few men stood on the sidewalk outside it. While most of the cars near the restaurant were gone, all the spaces on this far side of the lot were still full. Whatever was in the building wasn't your standard eight-to-five business. That was for sure.

Great. With any luck, it was a topless bar.

The few men outside it didn't look slimy. In fact, there wasn't a flabby tummy in sight. Robyn looked at the building and there wasn't a sign or any identifying marks on it. The door swung out and two more men left, music spilling out to her ears but not the

blaring sort you might expect from a topless dance joint. Her heel caught another groove in the asphalt as she fished around in her purse for her keys.

She moved around the side of the building to where she'd managed to get her little compact car in between two full-sized trucks. Robyn smiled as her car came into view.

"Please, Jace! Don't be angry with me."

Robyn froze in her tracks as she caught sight of the couple. The woman was actually on her knees in front of one of the biggest men Robyn had ever seen. Whoever she was, she stroked a hand over the man's calf as she aimed a hopeful smile up at his face. The guy had his arms crossed over his chest as he considered her.

"I was just acting on autopilot. It was an honest mistake, just too much curiosity. I want you and Nash to master me."

Jace shook his head in a slow motion and the woman's smile melted away. Her fingers gripped his jeans as she sniffled. "Please, Jace, let me prove it to you."

Jace reached down and cupped her chin in one hand. Robyn was hypnotized by the power radiating from his silent form. She wasn't a nosy person by nature but her breath was frozen in her lungs as she waited to see what Jace would say. It was as if she was getting a glimpse into a world she had always craved. That place where submissives and Doms practiced sexual interactions that were so intimate, it could make you scream out loud with the emotion.

Well...providing women really did scream out loud due to super-great sex. It wasn't something she held any real experience with. To date, anyway.

"I don't share with anyone but Nash, you knew that Carly. Curiosity kills sometimes."

It was like hearing a gavel pound on a desktop. Jace's voice was hard with authority. He stared into the woman's eyes before his fingers left her face and he turned away from her. Robyn heard her whimpers but she really couldn't work up a whole lot of pity for her. Cheating was a big sore spot in her life. Anyone who played around on

their boyfriend deserved to be dumped. Hey, if you weren't honest with your lover, you really needed to break up. What was a relationship without trust? Just sex.

Robyn let her eyes linger over Jace. He really was a superb view. His jeans molded to a firm pair of legs and his button-front shirt was filled out very nicely by a set of shoulders to drool over. He had dark hair but had it cut ultrashort. Okay, maybe the guy was a jerk for letting any woman kneel at his feet but you still needed to be honest in any relationship. In any event, Robyn admitted to envying the girl the ride. A shiver shook her spine as she licked her lower lip—maybe she shouldn't be so hasty about refusing to kneel at his feet. At least once, anyway...for the sheer excitement of the ride.

"Lonely?"

Robyn jumped, the heels on her shoes making it hard to land and balance. She stumbled back as her ankles wobbled. Finding her footing, she looked around to find another large man watching her. His lips were turned up in a little amused expression as he considered her. He tsked at her as he shook his head. Robyn felt her cheeks burn with a blush for being caught eavesdropping but she shrugged and refused to look away from her company. Raising her keys she pointed at her car. Whoever she was facing frowned as he looked at Jace and the fact that he was standing an inch from her driver's door.

"Pity. Are you sure you're not looking for some companionship? I believe I'd like to try getting to know you, Robyn." He returned his gaze to consider her.

A moment of panic gripped her as she heard her name roll out of his mouth. She didn't know him, this wasn't the sort of man any girl forgot. But her brain offered up a reason for him knowing her name as she recalled the personalized license plates on her car. That same sense of power rose from this second man as well, sort of like a twist in the gut. Robyn knew without a doubt this guy was one hundred percent wild. It wrapped around her like a scent, seeping into her brain to trip tiny triggers of sensation.

She caught the motion out of the corner of her eye as Jace noticed them and just walked away from the woman on her knees. His legs carried him across the asphalt

quickly as Robyn tried to force her lungs to inflate before she passed out at their booted feet. That would certainly top off her night nicely.

“Friend of yours, Nash?” Jace stopped in front of her and let his gaze slip down her body. Her nipples tingled before they drew into hard, little points. She actually grinned because the reaction was so quick. Jace raised his eyes and the intensity of his look sent a shiver down her spine that didn’t stop until it reached her clit. That little bundle of nerve endings twitched to life as Robyn fought the urge to step back from both men. A curl of lust made its way through her pussy. Well, there was nothing wrong with her sex drive, that much was for sure. She let her eyes drift over both men as she bit her lower lip to hide a wide smile of appreciation for their brawn. Men like this weren’t exactly the sort she ever found knocking on her door.

“I believe this is the Robyn that nested between our trucks.”

Jace considered her with sharp attention as he stepped up closer. “Our lucky night. I haven’t seen you before. Who brought you to the Play Yard?”

His voice was edged with dark temptation. Robyn couldn’t decide if she wanted to back away from the aggression flickering in his eyes or lean toward him and hold her hands up to feel how hot the fire was. The use of her name felt like a power shift in their favor. She looked at the back of her car for an instant as what had seemed like a fun idea to get personalized plates now hit her as a really poor idea because her personal information was on display. Her eyes wandered back to the club. Play Yard? Now that was temptation wrapped up in a title if she’d ever heard it.

Robyn shrugged. “No one. It was the only parking left when I got here. Guess that’s the Play Yard.” She pointed at the dark glass doors and considered the other men standing just outside. It hit as kind of strange that they weren’t smoking. Most guys left a club to grab a quick nicotine hit, but these men looked like they were more interested in a breath of fresh air. Their frames were all wide and packed with muscles. Of course, maybe they hadn’t gone inside first. Dump the cheating girlfriend outside and then take a look at what the night held.

"Is it some kind of gym?" or *maybe a cop bar*. Robyn brought her attention back to her company and considered the way they had placed themselves. Instead of both standing facing her, she was sort of in the middle of them with their eyes moving over the area surrounding them every few seconds. They never stopped watching.

"It's a private club." Jace's voice hinted at amusement even if his face remained pensive.

Robyn shrugged. "Oh, I get it." It sure explained the brawn standing in front of her and outside the doors. Only the elite were on the guest list and chances were they paid for the privilege of keeping undesirables out. Their ex-girlfriend Carly fit the image too with her ultraslim body and nonexistent butt. The only thing Robyn didn't understand was why the two hunks were still looking at *her*. Maybe she didn't date full-bodied men like them but she wasn't desperate enough for a taste of their chiseled perfection to stoop to fawning over them like Carly appeared willing to do. On her knees no less.

Nash raised an eyebrow at her. "Sure you're not looking for company? Looks like your girlfriends have all departed."

"How did you know that?" Robyn snapped her jaw shut as she listened to her own words. She glanced across the parking lot and felt a shiver cross her spine. Obviously the pair were some kind of cops and Nash had been watching her approach while his partner was busy with Carly. "Whatever, it's a free country."

Nash grinned at her and the expression made her shift from one foot to the other as she tried to decide how to handle them. Her emotions were jumping with a jumble of impulses that all tangled into something unintelligible. The only thing that was making clear connection with her brain was the tingling in her nipples and the wet slide of fluid from her pussy. It was a deeply sexual response, one that made Robyn shiver because her body had never once been so interested in sex. But she didn't want to shake it off either. Who knew when, if ever, she'd get the chance to feel so attractive again. A little flirting wouldn't kill her. If anything, her self-confidence was getting a much-needed boost.

"Nice to meet you." Robyn shrugged again and realized she was repeating her gestures. She was too nervous to control the urge to slip into responses instead of thinking about what she was doing. Damn that. Two hunks staring at her, and she was dissolving into a teenager without a clue as to what to do with them. Well, that wasn't entirely true. Her imagination was thinking of plenty of things to do with them that her brain sternly informed her to forget about. Sex drive versus logic, it was never a dull debate.

"You bitch!"

Jace turned in a motion that was almost too fast for a human. It reminded Robyn of a cobra as it struck—you were too busy looking at its mesmerizing eyes, and its fangs had sunk into your flesh before you noticed its deadly attack.

"Enough, Carly, you made your choice. Go find your new Master." Jace's voice cracked like a whip and Carly jerked to a halt as her eyes widened before she shifted her attention to Robyn.

Carly glared at Robyn with undisguised hatred. Robyn stared back at the stranger, trying to absorb just how she had managed to get in the middle of a lovers' spat. Maybe flirting with them was a bit more dangerous than she had first assumed.

"Excuse me, but I just want my car." Robyn pressed her keychain alarm remote and the taillights of her compact flashed as the horn gave a quick toot. "Hate to break it to you, but the parking lot is not included in your exclusive club membership benefits."

"Oh, thanks for the education." Carly tried to step closer but Jace glared at her and she stepped back. Her lips twisted up into an ugly expression as she propped one hand on her slim hip. "Here's a lesson for you—plain little frumpy Robyn. I don't buy it. You just happen to be parked between their trucks, while wearing fuck-me heels and a paper-thin dress with no bra? Oh honey, you must think I'm stupid." Carly raked her eyes up and down Robyn before she gave a short bark of laughter. "You wouldn't last an hour between them, sweetcakes, so why don't you run home to your vibrator. You're not Play Yard material."

Carly raked her body with a harsh look before she shook her head. Robyn glared right back at the woman because she was not going to let some stranger make her feel self-conscious. And there was no way she was going to apologize for wearing her spike heels. Sure, she knew the nickname for three-inch heels but had never heard someone just belt it out so publicly before, especially in mixed company. Maybe she had even bought the things at some attempt to be daring and wild. Somehow, she'd never pictured someone spitting the label right at her face, even if she was flirting with Jace and Nash just because it turned her on so much. Dealing with their ex-girlfriend really killed the enjoyment.

"You aren't my type either." Robyn tried to step around Jace but he crossed his arms and moved into her path. Her head snapped up to look at him because she was amazed at the boldness of the maneuver. Her nipples tightened further as she looked at his face, and even in the poor light Robyn noticed one thing about him. This man was bold. He had cut off her escape and wasn't concerned a bit about what anyone thought about his actions, or that his action was completely pissing his girlfriend off.

Carly ran a practiced hand over Jace's chest as her perfectly glossed lips formed a little smile. "Being between you two is amazing." Her voice was practically feline as she stroked Jace again. Robyn wanted to gag but the word "between" captured her attention first.

As in *ménage à trois*? Her clit flickered with heat as that image sprang into her brain. There was no stopping the flash of fantasy that paraded right into her thoughts, filling them with the idea of being pressed between these two men.

"Enough, Carly. Leave." Jace laid out his order. His voice was tight and hard and Carly hissed as her face twisted into an ugly look of hatred before she flung a look at Nash. "Fine, take the little bitch home, but you'll be dreaming of me. Mark my words."

"I doubt it." Nash said his words quietly but Robyn stared at the flicker crossing his eyes. Carly turned her back on them and her hips wiggled as she made her way back across the parking lot.

"Excuse me. I'm leaving." All hunkiness aside, Jace and Nash were just going to have to deal with their breakup all by themselves. She wasn't about to get used as ammunition to punish Carly. She did have her standards after all. Robyn stepped around Jace and heard the distinct sound of male amusement as she did. Her nose captured a single hint of his scent and that triggered another flicker of heat from her clit. Robyn forced her feet to deal with her spike heels on her way to her car. She felt both men's eyes on her bottom, and for the very first time believed the heels were earning their nickname. She was acutely aware of the way the shoes pushed her bottom up and exaggerated the sway of her hips. "Fuck me" felt like it was written across the back of her white summer dress as it swished over her thighs.

"Sure, Robyn? Why don't you have a drink with us instead? The Play Yard only accepts a select clientele." Jace followed her and leaned up against one of the trucks. By doing so, he made it impossible for her to open the driver-side door of her car. But curiosity got the better of her as she looked at the double doors the Play Yard was hidden behind. None of her friends even knew the place was there, much less how to get inside.

"Why? Can't handle your own breakup?" She would be disappointed if that was the case. But temptation was too much and she couldn't resist the urge to flirt with them just a little more. "Or will it tear a hole in your reputation if you show up without a ...what do you call it...submissive?"

Nash stared at her for a full minute before he laughed. His chest rumbled with amusement before he spread his arms wide and offered her a bow. "If you'll wear the leash, I'm positive my reputation could use the boost."

Robyn pushed her lips into a frown. "What, no chase? I'm devastated. All my illusions of your exclusive club lie shattered right here in this parking lot. What is the point of having the word 'exclusive' on a place if there aren't leather and chains involved?" She gave him a dramatic sigh. "I bet you don't even own a pair of handcuffs."

"I'll take that bet." Jace inserted himself back into the conversation with a daring grin tugging at his mouth.

Her eyes lingered on his lips for a moment as her own tingled with the curious need to find out how he kissed. Hard? Or slow? Most guys who looked so good didn't need to learn how to romance a woman because they had too many flinging themselves at their hard bodies. They never took the time to learn how to linger over a really good kiss.

Robyn gave a little shake of her head. "It's been interesting, guys, but I don't play handcuff games with strangers. "Night."

"So have a drink with us." Jace lost his grin as he raised an eyebrow at her. "We'll leave the handcuffs off until our second date."

Robyn choked on a laugh. "You've really got a nerve."

"Nerve? I call it confidence." Nash appeared in front of her car. He'd walked down the passenger side of the vehicle as she gave her attention to Jace. It was sort of weird the way they worked together. A couple of friends just didn't move the same way, it was as though they were covering for each other. Nash considered her for a long moment before he held his hand out to her. "If you don't have the guts, fine. Sorry we scared you."

Robyn clicked her remote to lock her car. Her pride bloomed in response. There was no way she was going to scurry home like she couldn't handle a little verbal sparing. Or a pair of hunks. In spite of Carly's lack of confidence in her, Robyn could handle them both...if she was so inclined. She moved right past Jace as she dropped her keys into her purse and zipped it shut.

"You don't scare me, and I only drink the best." She had intended to walk right by Nash too but he turned and was moving along beside her before she made it one step past him. Jace was suddenly next to her as well. Robyn refused to stop long enough to consider her impulses. She was going into that club and she hoped Carly got a glimpse of her doing it too! Frumpy — ha! A few curves just meant she was healthy.

The word club didn't really suit the Play Yard. Robyn scanned the place and didn't find any of the things she expected to locate in a club. The music wasn't blaring at a level that could cause hearing loss and the air wasn't filled with smoke. The interior was all purples and golds with scarlet mixed in. The lighting was low, but muted seemed like a better word to describe the place. In fact, it was rather comfortable and very classy – not the flashy sort of place she would have expected a club to be.

That fit her escort. They only cast the quickest of looks at one another before Jace pulled the door open for her before she had the chance to reach for the handle. Nash's hand lightly cupped her elbow at the same time as he used that touch to direct her through the entrance. It was a perfect team effort that both men appeared to know their place.

Mild curiosity met their entrance. What surprised her was the fact that the men didn't rake her up and down with their eyes. They looked at her escort first and merely gave her an interested look before returning to their conversations. What was odd was the way just about every man in the place noticed the opening of the door. Robyn didn't think a single guy had his back to the entrance and that struck her as really different. It was as though she had walked into a military camp or something. Although the image of soldiers fit the men present. Some might be older but they were all in prime condition. Most of them had ultrashort hair like Jace did, some were plain bald, their hair shaved completely away. It wasn't crowded like a nightclub. Everyone seemed to be clustered around their own group. They kept their conversations low so that you couldn't really make out what was being said. One thing was clear, these club members liked their space.

But everyone was dressed to impress. There wasn't a T-shirt in sight. Even the jeans bore marks down the legs from an iron. Some of the shirt cuffs were rolled up muscular forearms but even that was done neatly. The women were an interesting group too. As far as Saturday nightclubs went, the Play Yard was a single girl's dream come true.

There were far more men than women and every female in sight had guys hovering around her.

“Name your poison.” Nash’s fingers slipped up from her elbow to curl around her forearm. It was so smooth, she might have mistaken it for a caress but the hold was firm and a little tingle moved over her neck in response. It wasn’t a casual touch, she saw it in Nash’s eyes. The man didn’t trust her to not turn around and flee. Her temper flared back up. “Sea Breeze.” Nash raised an eyebrow as he released her.

“Vodka it is.” His fingers released her as he stepped back and let his gaze move down her body. Nash didn’t rush the look, he took his time before looking back at her face. “Suits the white dress.”

Robyn laughed. One little drip and the cranberry juice used in a Sea Breeze would see her dress heading for the donation bin. But maybe that just suited the situation. It felt rather surreal, her current impromptu date. A strange combination of tension and relaxation. Everyone looked at ease in the place but they kept their eyes moving and spoke in low tones that the music covered. So drinking a red drink in her white dress felt rather...correct. Like a dare.

Both men moved in unison again. Jace captured her arm as Nash moved away towards the bar. She was moving forward before she really thought about it. Jace steered her towards an empty table.

The place was furnished with bench seats that ran along the walls. Thick cushions made them look inviting as Robyn sat down on one. The table next to her drew her interest as she realized it had a checkerboard stained right into the wood. Looking at the group near them she realized they were clustered around their table playing some game. The board game was nothing but a farce. The men went through the motions as they exchanged dark looks with their female companions. Robyn stared at the group in fascination—it was an intense form of communication that raised goose bumps on her skin. The idea of sex filled the air but it wasn’t your standard shake and grind of the nightclub scene dance floor. There was no blatant hip grinding present but the long

looks and smooth touches felt a hundred times more suggestive. Hell, her nipples were still hard and Jace's eyes dropped to the little telltale points on the front of her dress. But she didn't want to cover her chest, in fact she enjoyed the way Jace's dark gaze remain focused on her breasts. It was one of those times when a moment swelled into a small eternity.

"You play chess?"

Jace raised his eyes back to her face. There was no shame lurking there for staring at her nipples. Just a hard male appreciation for the effect he had on her body. "Sure."

His lips curved into a grin as he rose from his seat and reached above her head. He didn't look where he was reaching but watched her as his body loomed over her. Robyn gasped as her nipples tingled once again. It was over in a second and Jace pulled a box from a shelf above her. She watched his fingers as they began to pull chess pieces from the box but instead of two opposing colors, Jace sat three on the table. Closer inspection showed her that the board had four places for the chess teams to begin from.

"Quadra-Chess, three or four players." Jace studied her a moment before he pulled the table in front of her. "High stakes games are always more interesting."

A small glass with her Sea Breeze appeared on the table as Nash lowered his body onto the bench seat next to her. That simply, she was surrounded and caged between them and the table. Robyn almost laughed at the ease with which the two men had executed their maneuver. The amount of liquor in the glass also surprised her—it was a single shot served in a small shot glass. Somehow, that fit too. Jace and Nash didn't strike her as the types who got their kicks out of seducing a date through alcohol, and the fact that Nash hadn't brought her a double made her grin. Her flirting game was what was doubling and tripling in its stakes. But she was still savoring the flush of heat that rushed through her blood. There was one thing about the two men that was priceless—they made her feel beautiful with their attention.

Her drink remained untouched. Robyn found her mind battling to keep the game foremost in her brain. The two men picked off a few of each other's men but they

applied pressure to her positions as she tried to consider each and every move. She bit into her lip as she tried to decide which piece to sacrifice as the game became more intense. A single stroke across her thigh made her jump.

"It's only a game, Robyn."

Oh, it was a game all right, only she wasn't sure which competition Nash was referring to. She reached for her castle and moved it before offering Nash a smile. "Sure it is." And the man was toying with her. Observing her and applying stimulation to further test her. In short, he was looking for the weak spots in her defenses.

"Checkmate." Jace's voice cracked like a whip as Robyn jerked her attention over to him. He abandoned his seat near the board and leaned back against the cushion behind him. He crossed one long leg over the other as he smiled at her. "Surrender, Robyn."

She laughed at his tone. It was that or gasp at his choice of words. Nash stroked her thigh once more as Jace's fingers found her bare shoulder. They didn't crowd her and that made her shiver. Each man sat a full foot away from her body. They reached across the distance, letting her see their intended touch before she felt it. Her skin tingled in anticipation of the contact before it happened. What her brain was stuck on was the fact that they weren't competing against each other. They were still working as a team, instead of one of them attempting to get the jump on the other in order to win her.

Carly's words bounced around inside her brain again but Robyn shook her head. Guys like these didn't share. There had to be a law written somewhere in the cosmos that stated a girl just couldn't get that unbelievably lucky. One hunk at a time.

Besides...it was wrong...right? *Ménage à trois*. It was just sex and nothing else. She grinned as she cast her eyes over both of them. Yeah, sex just for sex really wasn't her ball game. Flirting was one thing, harsh reality was another.

"Okay, you got me." She crossed her legs and moved her thigh away from Nash as she did it. He frowned at her before he reached for his drink. Jace's hand landed on her shoulder and remained, his fingers smoothly stroking her skin.

"Then surrender your king."

"Oh." Robyn looked back at the game. Somehow, the act of laying her king down seemed too submissive. The fingers on her shoulder pushed her gently towards the board as Nash watched her intently. The odds had been completely against her but that didn't make turning her king onto its side any easier. Her pride raged against the action as she pressed her foot into the floor to hold her back against the seat.

"A little melodramatic, don't you think?"

Jace stared at her. "No." His voice was firm with victory. Robyn shook her head as she refused to knock the chess piece over. He surged to his full height a second later and captured her wrist as he moved. "You owe me a forfeit."

"A what?" She stumbled slightly as she forgot how to walk in her spike heels. Jace steadied her as he placed a solid arm around her waist.

"A public display of victory." Jace moved her towards the small dance floor and a moment later she was held against his body. She felt too small in his embrace as he began to move her in a gentle rhythm while Nash watched them. Jace grinned down at her face as his fingers spread over her back. "You owe me a dance. But only because Nash promised you no handcuffs on the first date."

"You could have just asked."

Jace shook his head as he moved his body in time with the music. "To the victor goes the surrender."

"I believe the phrase ends with 'the spoils'."

Jace's eyes flickered with approval as Robyn tried to press his chest away from her a tiny bit. The arms binding her to his body didn't slacken, they remained solid as she felt her eyes widen with outrage. Jace offered her no apology for his actions. His fingers moved lower on her back to keep her bottom from lifting away from his body. When she bushed against him, there was the unmistakable touch of his erection. She shivered as she moved in tempo with his body; he directed her and she flowed into the rhythm he set. Submission had never tempted her so much as it did right then. It wasn't about

handcuffs but sheer force of will. Jace had an aura that was, quite bluntly, spellbinding. All she had to do was give in to it.

“I prefer the surrender. Unconditional. That covers so much more than just spoils.”

She gasped and Jace took instant advantage. His mouth captured hers as he stopped dancing. He pressed her firmly against his body as the hand covering her shoulders caught her hair and pulled her head back for his kiss. It wasn't a hard kiss and that surprised her. Jace licked her lower lip before sending his tongue into her mouth to mingle with hers. A moan rose from her chest as Jace fisted his hand in her hair to hold her still for his mouth. Her heart thumped frantically as he continued the kiss right there on the dance floor.

“Surrender tastes better too.” Jace muttered his opinion an inch from her ear as he moved her around the dance floor once again. She stumbled through the steps as she attempted to think but found it impossible with her fingertips telling her how strong his heartbeat was. She frantically looked around but found only one set of eyes watching them. Nash held her empty glass in his hand as he looked at them. His eyes flickered with some emotion as she locked stares with him and the glass was set back next to their game. Nash flicked her king over with one hard motion of his hand before he stood up. She shuddered with the intensity of that moment before she bent her knees and ducked out of Jace's embrace.

Robyn gained her freedom only because Jace didn't want to dig his fingers into her dress. Knowing that made her shiver as she turned slightly to keep Nash in her sights as well. Alone, each was deadly. Combined, their assault was overwhelming.

“Thanks, guys, it's been interesting but I have to go.” Her voice was shaky and it made her angry. Robyn moved away from Jace as she retrieved her purse and headed for the door. She gained the attention of other men in the club as she moved. Jace and Nash never let her get more than a pace ahead of them. She pushed the front door open and enjoyed the rush of night air against her skin. Somehow, she had gotten far too hot

inside the building. Her dress was scratching her hot skin and she yearned to just yank the thing over her head to be free of it.

"I'll call you tomorrow, Robyn." Nash watched her fumble in her bag as he crossed his arms over his chest. His frown said he didn't like the idea of waiting until tomorrow and Robyn shivered as she clasped her keys. Somehow, she'd dismissed him as the less aggressive of the two but that had been a mistake. Nash was lighter toned than Jace but his eyes flickered with the same iron will. The focus was frankly amazing because it burned right into her thoughts, like something from a science fiction movie.

"I didn't give you my phone number." And she wasn't going to either. Temptation wanted her to fling her principles aside and keep playing with fire but Robyn refused to give in to the heat pouring through her.

A grin appeared on Nash's face in response. Jace chuckled next to her as he reached out and stroked her cheek with his hand. "Would you?"

"I think it's time to go." Nash actually opened her door for her and she slid into the seat as she tried to decide why he made it so easy for her to leave.

"Too bad." Jace looked at her mouth as he spoke and heat flooded her face and she felt temptation urging her to get back out of her car.

Robyn pushed her keys into her ignition and turned the engine over. No way. She was not going to risk her health for anything. They could have AIDS or any number of sexually transmitted diseases, or beat her up or slit her throat or...

Make every sexual fantasy she had into reality... Ohhhh! Temptation was an evil temptress!

Both Jace and Nash were watching her as she backed up. Robyn tightened her hands on the steering wheel and refused the plea from her body to repark her car. Standing right there was more man-meat than she had ever had any interest from in her entire twenty-eight years of life. They were watching her, tempting her with their hard bodies as her fantasies concocted wild ideas of a *ménage à trois*.

She was never flirting with danger again.

* * * * *

"You're beyond hope, Nash." Jace smirked at his companion. "You scared the little Robyn away."

"And you're an idiot for not catching her with your pretty boyish face. I failed charm class." Nash watched the taillights of the little car as it joined the traffic merging out of the parking lot. *Robyn* was spelled out on personalized plates on the blue, two-door economy model, and he decided it fit the woman behind the wheel. Black hair and red lips and a figure that put a grin on his lips even after she'd cleared out. Women could be the most divine of all creatures. Able to offer a haven from the harsh, cutting wind of reality. But the best ones were addictive, one taste and you craved more. Robyn was in that dangerous category. Nash could feel it twist through his gut as his eye lingered on the road instead of turning around to go find someone more accessible.

"She was a sweet little thing." Jace was disappointed. Nash heard it in his voice. He shared the emotion too. Discovering Carly was roaming outside their relationship really ruined the whole night. Hell, guys always shouldered the rap for being untrustworthy, but tonight the shoe was on the other foot.

Well, at least there was something positive to center his attention on. Since Carly wanted to play around, he could think about little Robyn and how much he would enjoy running into her again.

"I think I'd like to see her again." In fact, Nash was thinking of making it a priority.

Jace raised a dark eyebrow at him. "Dack won't like it."

Nash cussed in response, making Jace grin. Their C.O. wasn't going to like them getting interested in anything as sweet as Robyn. The team operating procedure was women like Carly, who understood it was sex and nothing further.

But attraction was unpredictable. Nash enjoyed the burn of it as it moved through his body. It had been too long since he'd allowed himself to enjoy a woman just for her personality. Too damn long since he had looked at a female as anything but a release for his erect cock.

Robyn wouldn't come to his bed easily and for the first time in a long time that mattered. She was forcing herself to go home instead of embracing temptation. Damned if that didn't impress him. She was full of a tempo that he hadn't heard in too long. Like a luxury you told yourself you could live without, until you came home from the bleak reality of war to find it staring you in the face, and you forgot how much you liked it. Living on the edge of life, in the shadows that allowed him to be unrecognizable, he had slipped away from the kind of passion that could snare a man's attention so strongly. He was willing to face the risk of discovery for a taste of it again. "Let's pack up."

Jace shook his head in response. Nash was suddenly jealous that the other man had tasted her and he hadn't. Jace was still looking at the path Robyn's car had taken out of the parking lot. He turned his head to look at Nash. "I'm going hunting."

It was a hard declaration of intent that Nash knew his partner wasn't willing to be talked out of. The surge of delight rising in his brain only made him frown because he liked the idea far too much to really apply any skill into trying to talk Jace out of his decision.

"How do you hunt a Robyn?" Nash pulled his truck door open as he looked over at Jace. His companion smiled at him over the roof of the cab of his truck.

"With a net. The only tricky part is discovering where she likes to nest." The grin melted off Jace's face as he swung into the driver's seat and turned the engine over. Nash pushed his truck into reverse as they both left. The Play Yard didn't interest Jace any longer. Robyn's taste lingered on his lips and he enjoyed the surge of arousal pulsing through his blood. Maybe tomorrow he'd wake up with enough wisdom to pack his gear and move out before he took a chance with his and Nash's lives.

Somehow, Jace doubted it. His gut was twisting with need as he ignored the smiles of a few females he passed. Maybe it was resentment for finding their lives changed forever through service to their country that was fabled to be noble. Jace didn't know. What burned in his brain was the fact that a good girl tasted so much better than anything he'd touched in years and nothing but finding her mattered to him.

Not Carly, not a dozen willing cunts. But the condition that allowed him to remain among the living stood between him and his current obsession. Cheating death only made that dark specter haunt you even more. Jace cussed under his breath. Actually, being an effective Special Ops meant there were men out there with an ax to grind. His team had been the best, they still were, but that didn't come free. It had earned them a life conducted in the shadows where robins didn't venture.

Tonight, he felt that loss so much it hurt. But it was the sort of pain that made him chuckle. The reason was simple.

You couldn't hurt if you were dead.

* * * * *

Robyn decided she really needed to go buy a vibrator. She had just discovered that cold showers were completely not her thing, and twisting the water control over to warm sent her back into the rather queer state of arousal she'd been in when she left the Play Yard.

Encounter was the only word Robyn had found to describe her meeting with Jace and Nash. There was another odd thing, she remembered their names. Robyn had long ago decided she was the main reason name tags were invented. She could manage to forget peoples' names at the most embarrassing moments. Oh, but she remembered Jace and Nash like it was critical data.

That wasn't the only thing she was remembering.

Jace's kiss lingered in her memory. It hadn't been that long since she'd been kissed but she found her last few dates' efforts paling in comparison to that hot flare of contact Jace had pressed onto her lips. Sure, the guy was a hunk but that didn't mean he knew how to handle a woman. It was a sad truth that great-looking guys often turned out to be lousy lovers.

Jace wasn't lazy. The idea exploded in her mind as his kiss remained lodged in her brain. The man had handled her like a weapon he was completely intimate with. His

tongue had tasted her lips before plunging into her mouth. Every action, each touch under tight control. She shivered at the memory.

And Nash had watched. They were almost opposites in looks. Jace dark, while Nash was light haired with blue eyes. But they shared the same iron control almost like they'd been programmed by the same disk. Maybe they had in a fashion. Military training was said to be life changing, boys became men under boot camp programs. Somehow, she got the impression that Jace and Nash had made their way through more than just boot camp.

Stepping out of the shower, Robyn looked at her reflection. Her nipples were hard little pebbles that tingled with sensation. What she wouldn't have paid to have that kind of reaction to her last boyfriend. It was sad to report that her nipples hadn't been anywhere near as interested. The relationship had fizzled out long before she got anywhere near something that might be called "hot sex". At twenty-eight, she was getting ready to settle for "pleasant sex" because it sure beat the "boring intercourse" her dating career had delivered so far.

Jace had dangled manna in front of her starving eyes. Adding Nash to the equation only made her shiver as surrender became an option she was thinking about. Hell, begging even came to mind. Common sense urged her to forget it. Maybe buy a vibrator and refuse to take a chance with her health, but a sex toy wasn't going to kiss her.

Her panties had actually been wet when she undressed and that wrung another blush from her. How did you manage to get so turned on by a complete stranger? Well, pair of strangers, and Robyn was quite willing to admit that if she was going to get the hots for any two men on the face of the planet, Jace and Nash were both pinnacles of male perfection, but wet panties? It went beyond the curl of heat in her clit. She was actually thinking about how good it would be to fuck them. Not one but both. Carly's words bounced around inside her skull, gaining volume as her body refused to let the idea of getting pressed between those hard bodies out of her mind. Even the idea of

kneeling in front of Jace was sounding better as her fantasies offered up a picture of her face being level with his cock.

Robyn frowned as she looked at her nightshirt—her skin complained about sleeping in it even though she always wore it to bed. She punched the light switch harder than she needed to as she stomped her way towards her bed. She flopped onto the mattress and groaned as her clit pulsed with hunger. Sexual frustration wasn't new but it was absolutely annoying when she was tormented by the fact that she had been the one to decide to sleep alone tonight.

Sometimes she was more stupid than others. She just wished she knew if tonight was an example of wisdom prevailing or a chance lost forever.

Chapter Two

The phone didn't ring until sunset. She stared at her phone for three rings before she reached for it. The day had dragged on endlessly as she tried to be productive. The only real thing she'd managed to do was scrub out her refrigerator. Her arms ached to prove it.

Her hand closed around the phone and she lifted it to her ear.

"Did you dream of me, Robyn?"

Jace was laughing at her. She heard the amusement in his voice as her fingers tightened on the phone. "Nope. I slept like a kitten."

He was silent for a moment. "Good. You won't want to stay home tonight. Seeing as you're all rested. Why don't you come down and join us?"

It was her turn to be quiet for a long moment. She had tossed and kicked most of the night. Her face bore the evidence. "Sorry, I have a date."

"Really?" Jace sounded more amused. Robyn twisted a piece of her hair around her finger—lying to him wasn't sitting well on her nerves. Neither was forcing her body to listen to her toss aside her chance for another kiss from the man.

"He must be late because I don't see anyone else waiting outside your door."

She gasped as a fist landed on her front door. "You found me." She could have bitten her tongue in half for letting those words slip out. But she just couldn't help be impressed. A little wave of fear followed that first emotion because no woman wanted to know that any man could find her personal information without her giving it to him. Still she shivered as she recognized that Jace and Nash were not "normal". She pressed the off button on her phone as she stared at the front door. Her emotions were an odd mixture of temptation and fear. But her feet began moving towards that door before she really reached any decision on just what she should do concerning the two men. They

had found her and she didn't think something like a locked door was going to keep them out if they didn't want to respect her desire to remain home tonight.

Now that was melodramatic! They were civilized men, she could tell them to get lost and expect them to do it.

The hard part would be mastering her own body long enough to get the words past her lips. A second knock landed on the door and she reached for the deadbolt. Jace pushed the door open the second he heard it unlatch. He wore a sports jacket tonight and it should have been against the law to look so sexy in what most men only wore as office attire. She felt drab in her summer skirt and top even though it was one of her better outfits. A day spent doing household chores normally rated shorts and a stained top. There was no point in wearing something she liked while wielding a mop.

"We have different ideas of how a kitten sleeps." Jace looked straight at the dark smudges under her eyes.

Robyn shrugged off his comment. Answering felt vulnerable and she was already fighting the urge to agree with anything he said. Him finding her house impressed her when she knew damn well it should be frightening her. She looked past him, searching for Nash. She found him on the sidewalk leaning against one of the large trucks. Both vehicles were nondescript. Robyn studied Jace and his jacket. The man was cleverly disguising himself. Like a camouflage net tossed over a tank. Wearing the office-standard jacket as a way of making her forget he'd tracked her address down without her even giving him her phone number.

The only big problem with that realization was the fact that she should have been worried, but instead she was feeling ultra attractive once more. Clearly being turned on disabled a woman's thinking ability.

Jace held his hand out. "Hungry?"

"Do I owe you another forfeit for finding my house?"

A soft chuckle was her reply. Excitement raced through her, fueling her courage enough to send her hand reaching for her purse. Life wasn't a dress rehearsal, she'd better grasp the opportunities she ran into.

* * * * *

Dinner was exotic. The journey there was endless. Or so it felt to Robyn. Nash drove and Jace followed her into the cab of the truck. His own vehicle was left in her driveway as Nash placed the truck in reverse and pulled out of her driveway. Jace draped his hand along the back of the bench seat and his fingers found the nape of her neck. Robyn caught a frown turn his lips down as he began to rub at the knots her muscles had formed. He didn't bother to instruct her to relax and that calmed her more than any words might have. Most people never understood that trust was earned. You didn't stop worrying about something until you were comfortable with it. In this case, someone. Jace could order her to relax and that wouldn't make any difference.

Her eyes wandered over the interior of the truck and began to find little details that were not normal. The radio wasn't standard, not by a long shot. Most of the information displayed she couldn't quite understand but it wasn't designed to play the current popular music. Robyn fingered her cell phone as Nash turned off the highway and headed up a tree-lined road.

Their destination was a Japanese restaurant. It was set on top of a hill with a garden surrounding it. Oh, she knew the place all right, mostly because it was way out of her budget. She'd stared at pictures of it in more than one fine-dining magazine, determined to make it there at least once. Water tinkled over smooth rocks as Jace held the door of the truck open for her. It was like stepping through a portal that whisked you straight across the globe. Once they left the parking lot, there was nothing American in sight. The doors inside the building slid sideways like a patio door and they left their shoes on the porch. Soft oriental music filled the air.

Robyn giggled as she watched Nash fight with his boots. He offered her a glare as a kimono-clad woman calmly waited with a pair of sandals for him. Even her western

clothing was going to be abandoned for the night. She followed another kimono-dressed woman to a room where a blue silk Japanese dress hung for her. She ran a single finger over the smooth silk and tried not to think about how much a dinner in such a place cost. It was certainly out of her price range!

Well, the whole situation was out of her normal realm of reality. Maybe that was what made it so intense. She took her clothing off and stepped into the kimono only to frown at her reflection. Her modern underwear showed right through the thin silk. When she moved, her thong was clearly defined where the fabric lay over her hip but the fabric wasn't transparent. Robyn turned and slipped out of her thong before turning back to survey her appearance. The panty line was gone, leaving her looking like a Japanese lady on her way to dinner.

Jace and Nash had changed too. Paper-thin silk was wrapped around each body and her mind went blank as she got a look at each and every ridge she'd suspected was beneath those robes. They waited for her behind another door that slid instead of opened. There was smooth bamboo covering the floor, and large pillows. You could hear the water from the garden coming through an open window, and the kimono was far more comfortable than her clothes had been. The air moved up her leg and cooled her off despite the fact that she was now wearing more fabric than she had been. They had planned the evening perfectly. Maybe she should have been mad but she was excited too. What woman wouldn't enjoy being seduced by these two men?

The room was set for seduction. A small table sat in the center but they were dining alone in the room. The fact that the two men stayed together baffled her. If she were some kind of sex idol, maybe she could understand it. Nash and Jace didn't have to share and yet they were. A soft knock on the door claimed her attention. Nash flicked a small bell that was sitting on the table. The door slid open in response. Robyn felt a blush stain her cheeks as the Japanese woman carried their first course to the table and bowed before leaving once again. She slid the door firmly closed as Robyn felt her face flame.

Nash chuckled at her as he stood up. The room suddenly shrank now that he was standing. "Stop worrying about it. Every date in a crowded restaurant is aimed at exactly the same goal. Here they simply give you the privacy to get on with what you're really thinking about." It was such a blunt statement. She should have been angry but just couldn't overcome her own guilt. How did you chastise someone for thinking the same thing that you were?

"You two don't make sense." Robyn watched Nash to see what he made of her comment. His eyes flickered with something as he considered her in return.

Nash was surprised by her comment. It was simple and lacked the false denial most women made. At least out loud. They would say they weren't interested but that was a sham for the sake of morality. He moved towards Robyn and she stepped back from his approach as she considered him.

"Why do you guys hang together so tight?"

Nash frowned at her question but that only made her more determined to hear his answer. "If you wanted the kind of girl who wouldn't ask...I think her name was Carly. She might be waiting for you to call. But I'm only guessing because I saw her on her knees in front of you."

Nash growled. A second later she was in his arms as he trapped her against his body. His eyes considered her for a moment before he leaned down and kissed her. Slow and hard, Nash pressed her lips apart to admit his tongue. It was pure invasion as he found her tongue and stroked it with his own. She gasped for breath when he raised his mouth.

"What I wanted was my turn to kiss you, Robyn. You left before I got my forfeit last night." Nash released her but held onto her hand and pulled her towards the table.

Jace popped one of the little egg rolls their hostess had left into his mouth as he grinned at her. The table was only a foot off the ground in traditional Japanese fashion. Jace was stretched out like a lion as he leaned on one of the overstuffed pillows provided for sitting. "We're a team."

She folded her knees and sat on one of the pillows. Lifting a teacup, she looked at Jace over the rim while she tossed that little shred of information about inside her brain. It made sense without her understanding why they did it. But they did function like a team. Last night, Nash had watched as Jace danced with her and kissed her. Now the roles were reversed. If one were a bodyguard for the other it would make more sense, but they seemed to function as each other's bodyguards and that confused her.

"What kind of team?"

Nash considered her for a long moment. "There's a few people that don't like the fact that we're alive." He shrugged. "We watch each other's back because we like being alive. Makes us harder to hit."

"Guess I can understand that." At least the living part.

"I'm hungry," Jace announced. "Good food shouldn't be eaten cold."

It was a diversion but one that tempted her. It was a five-star meal—delaying a conversation seemed a small price to pay for the decadent cuisine.

Jace began picking off what he wanted as Nash took a pair of chopsticks to the tray. Robyn decided she was too hungry to waste her time on learning to hold onto her food with chopsticks. She used a fork hidden among the table decorations and glared at the confident way Nash used his chopsticks. Someday she was going to learn to do that. If for no other reason than it would make her look good.

The meal took on the same intense edge that their chess game had. She almost choked when Jace's eyes focused on her mouth. His gaze flickered up to her eyes for a moment but instantly dropped down her body when she stopped coughing. Neither man made any attempt to blind her with small talk. No clever bullcrap to convince her to spread her thighs because they were, quote, "nice guys". No, their eyes roamed over her, clearly letting her know that they found her attractive. There wasn't a spoken compliment in history that could have made her feel more beautiful. This was primitive and dark but heat spread through her body like lava erupting from the core of her brain. It was as unexpected as a volcanic eruption too. She never felt it coming.

Robyn picked up a pillow and hit Nash with it. His reflexes were as honed as she suspected they were. His arm flew up to shield him from the attack, her pillow folding around his limb in defeat as he glared at her. Robyn smiled at his glare. "You know something? Jace totally didn't back you up just now. Some team."

The tie holding her robe closed suddenly slithered away from her body as Jace pulled it free from behind her. He held it up like a trophy as she grasped the sides of her dress to keep it closed. Nash chuckled and offered Jace a high-five.

"We're the best team. Undefeated." Nash untied the fabric belt holding his own robe closed and let the garment fall open.

Robyn gasped as his bare chest displayed all of the power she'd suspected it would. He shrugged out of it and it pooled around his hips, letting her see every inch of his bare body. His cock stood up from his belly with a ruby head and she licked her lips in response. There was a sharp tug on the back of her robe and she gasped as Jace pulled the garment right off her. Her arms were pulled back as the kimono was pulled free. A groan rose from her lips as she ended up kneeling in display for Nash's eyes. He cursed as his eyes lingered on her mons. Hunger blazed from his eyes as he looked at her nude body.

"Why is your pussy bare?" Jace didn't have the right to demand an answer from her but Robyn didn't think the man would care to hear that. Anger drew his face taut, almost as though he was jealous of any other lover she might have. Most women only groomed their pubic hair if they had an intimate friend. That was something a woman learned with the aid of maturity — a bare pussy was far better for foreplay.

"You don't like it? Some men do." Being the center of their attention filled her with a confidence she had never experienced before. It was a unique feeling that empowered her to tease them even as she knelt nude between them. Robyn suddenly understood the difference between sex and having a lover. Or lovers. Right then she was playing and there weren't any taboos when you let your imagination loose. You simply did

what felt good. Heat flooded every inch of her body as she let her eyes roam over both men. "But if you don't like it, you could just hand me back my kimono."

Jace growled at her taunt but Nash moved and caught her up against his body. His cock pressed against her ribs as his chest hair teased her nipples. He caught her chin with this thumb and fingers, raising her eyes to meet his. "I would never disappoint you, Robyn. Be assured I know exactly what to do with a bare pussy."

His mouth landed on hers, sealing out any response. His hands smoothed over her back to cup each side of her bottom as his tongue stroked hers. It was so raw, she shuddered as her clit burned. She had never been so aware of how good a cock would feel inside her pussy. She trailed her hands down his abdomen and between their bodies. He broke their kiss as she closed her fingers around his cock.

"Go ahead and inspect me, baby." He sucked his breath in as she stroked his length and ran her thumb through the slit on the crown of his cock.

Stroking his cock, she looked down at its swollen head. A hand on her head pushed her gently towards it and she leaned down to lick its slit.

Nash jerked and that pleased her. She cupped the sac hanging at the base before licking all the way around the head of his cock. Closing her mouth over the head, she listened to the sharp intake of breath from her partner. Drawing those sounds from Nash was a compliment she intended to savor.

Nash wanted to cuss. He dug his hands into the pillows surrounding him as he fought off the urge to come. The sweet teasing of her tongue caused his balls to burn with the need to shoot his seed into her mouth. The pure simplicity of her actions made it the most enjoyable foreplay he'd ever endured. Robyn wasn't trying to impress him, she was just enjoying the moment and it suddenly dawned on him how long it had been since a woman had fucked him for the simple enjoyment of the intimacy.

But there was only so much willpower in a man. He caught her head and pulled her away from his cock as the need to come pushed past his control. She grinned at his

struggle as he pushed her back among the silk pillows. Jace moved and pressed her shoulders all the way to the floor as Nash caught her knees and spread them wide.

“Now, about this bare pussy.”

Robyn couldn't breathe. Her lungs froze as she watched Nash look at her spread sex. It was really silly to think that no one had ever just looked at her bare slit before and she wanted to close her thighs to shield the delicate flesh. Jace turned her head to look at him as Nash held her thighs wide. Jace cupped one of her breasts as she felt Nash's breath on her wet clit. It was too much to bear. She bucked up off the floor only to feel both men pushing her back down.

“I can't do this.”

Jace cupped the side of her face in his hand as he brushed her nipple with his thumb. He watched her as Nash laid a soft kiss on her bare mons. A moan rose from her chest as she tried to wriggle away from Nash once more. She wasn't sure just why, only that she had never felt so much sensation in her clit. The abundance was overwhelming.

“Relax, Robyn.” Jace's voice was husky as he pinched her nipple. She thrashed in his hold as Nash spread the folds of her sex further away from her clit. His breath brushed the sensitive bundle of nerves, making her jerk and buck under his weight.

“I can't.” Her voice was a thin whine that Jace grinned at.

He leaned down and licked her nipple. “Yes, you can. Simply surrender.”

She growled at that word but it turned into a gasp as Nash sucked her clit into his mouth. The tip of his tongue flicked back and forth across the nub, making her groan as climax began to twist in her belly. She didn't want to come alone, didn't want to allow them to master her body so easily, but control dissolved under the hot tongue lapping her clit. Jace pinched her nipple again as he leaned down towards her ear. He kissed her neck as Nash continued to torment her clit. Choice became an unimportant thing as her body pulsed with the need to climax. Her hips lifted towards Nash as Jace watched her. Pleasure tore through her as she whimpered but true satisfaction didn't fill her. Her pussy still felt empty.

That need didn't last long. Nash rose up and fitted the head of his cock against her spread slit. His hands grasped her hips as he thrust slowly into her wet body. His jaw clenched as he fought the need to drive into her. The concern for her comfort hit her hard because no man had ever worried about penetrating her body too quickly. Emotion surged into her thoughts but her body interrupted with its bliss. There was no need to think when she was so full. Pleasure began to twist deep inside her as Nash pulled his cock free and pushed back into her. He remained on his knees, pulling her hips onto his cock. The position left her at his mercy—if she tilted her hips, she broke the rhythm.

Surrender...

Robyn hissed against the idea and Nash growled at her. His hands tightened on her hips as he pulled her onto his cock. "That's right, Robyn, take me but wait for me too."

"Jerk." She hissed the label through clenched teeth as Nash held her body tightly in his grasp. He maintained his slow pace as he grinned at her.

"If you want something...ask me." Nash snarled his words at her as she caught the shimmer of perspiration on his forehead. Their battle fed the excitement burning in her pussy. Robyn didn't bother to question why. She pushed her hands onto the floor and sat up before Jace noticed her intention. Her thighs wrapped around Nash's hips as she grasped his shoulders.

"No." Robyn whispered her defiance an inch from his ear as she lifted her body off his cock and let gravity slam her back down. Nash gripped her lower back but a harsh sound from his throat told her he was losing the battle as well now. A hard smack landed on her bottom and she lifted herself up faster.

"Disobedience requires discipline." Nash smacked her bottom again as she moved faster. Only one more blow descended on her bottom before he grasped her hips and worked her faster. He growled as his seed spurted inside her and she whimpered because she wasn't ready to climax again. She needed more, craved a harder possession.

Jace didn't disappoint her.

He claimed her from Nash's lightening hold. He picked her up and a moment later her back was pressed down against the silk pillows. The hunger blazing in his eyes almost frightened her but it sent a curl of excitement through her as well. He spread her thighs wide as his cock thrust hard into her body. He captured her hands and stretched her arms out above her head as his hips drove his cock in and out of her pussy.

"I really don't care for surrender, Robyn." He held her stretched out for his pleasure as he fucked her hard. She whimpered as her body lifted for his possession and she fought to escape his grasp on her wrists so that she might hold on to her lover. Jace leaned down next to her ear. "I admit I enjoy capture a whole lot more." His body moved over hers, thrusting and driving his length deeply into her. His wide hips kept her spread open for his possession as his chest hair rasped against her tight nipples. Climax began to twist into her once again as her hips lifted towards her lover. She bit back her cry but it escaped anyway as Jace shouted with pleasure above her.

Her brain refused to reengage. It denied her any chance to worry about the unsafe sex she'd just had because she felt too damn good to entertain consequences. The silk pillows were so soft and smooth against her back that Robyn let her eyelids fall shut as Jace pulled her against his body. His heat surrounded her as pleasure rippled through every cell she had. Right or wrong had no meaning as she smoothed her hand through the crisp hair on her lover's chest and let her mind drift off into slumber.

* * * * *

Nash was waiting for his phone to ring. Jace was sleeping with Robyn's head on his shoulder. He opened the sliding door silently as he moved out into the garden. Dack didn't disappoint him and his cell phone buzzed a few moments later.

"You're an idiot." Dack didn't raise his voice and that made Nash smile. He had learned to appreciate Dack's bland sense of humor.

"Yes sir."

Dack cursed on the other end of the line. "You weren't supposed to enjoy the label, Nash."

"No shit?"

Dack cursed again as Nash chuckled. He had precious few men he called friend on the globe. Messing with Dack always lightened his mood. Of course that was due to the fact that he knew it ticked Dack off so completely. A man needed to have his hobbies after all.

"I want the job, Dack."

"You and Jace need to pack up and move out. You've been in the area too long. Find another cunt to screw."

"No." Nash didn't yell but Dack knew his tone well enough from years working together. Dack grunted on the other side of the connection as Nash gripped his cell phone tighter. "She isn't a cunt."

A low whistle from Dack was his response. "Nash, you need to take my advice... Move out. Good girls don't take well to our lifestyle. Maybe you got her to toss off her respectability for one hidden night of wild behavior, but trust me. You show up at her office and she'll spit in your coffee."

"She's welcome to try. I want the job. Accept the offer."

Dack was silent for a long moment that rubbed against Nash's patience. His temper rose as he felt Dack getting between him and Robyn. Nash didn't much care just why that was, either. He'd deal with it on his own terms and Dack wouldn't be a part of the discussion. The man was his commanding officer, not his mother. Robyn would be part of the conversation. Simple and direct, that was the way he liked it.

"One week and you and Jace are out of there. Clear?"

"Clear." Nash punched the off button. He walked the perimeter as he waited for his turn on watch to end. He and Jace lived together or they'd be dead together. They never slept at the same time, never fucked at the same time. One always watched the other's

back. Every man from their team lived that lifestyle. It was something they hadn't known about when they signed on but it was a harsh reality of their discharge from active duty.

But Dack was right about one thing, a girl like Robyn wouldn't take to that reality very well. Here, it could be shuffled away into her memories of something she did once...when she was insane and crazy. Like spring break, the only thing you brought home that lingered was a tattoo. You might have flashed a dozen guys and screwed half of them but it stayed in the beach town south of the border you invaded along with all your buddies. Everyone had moments when they gave in to temptation but they always steered their lives back onto the straight and narrow. At least a girl like Robyn would. She wouldn't be adopting it as a way of life. She'd look at that little tattoo and giggle on her way out the door to join the carpool moms.

He just needed to keep her away from that road for a little while longer. Just why, he didn't know and frankly Nash didn't care. All that mattered was that tomorrow night it would be his turn to hold her, and he wasn't going to give up that experience.

Chapter Three

Robyn woke up tired. Monday morning had never been so hated but she wasn't sure if that was due to her lack of sleep or the fact that she knew Jace and Nash were gone from her life. Waking up in her own bed was a pathetic ending to such an amazing weekend. Oh yeah, she'd known that was coming but it still didn't make her feel any better when her dream of being held in Jace's embrace was shattered by her alarm clock going off.

There wasn't enough coffee to placate her lousy mood and she didn't much care if anyone in her office had a problem with that. Bunch of jerks, they devised new and more effective ways of agitating her by the day so it didn't matter. It was just a step on the way to where she wanted to be in five years anyway.

And even if she was cranky because of her own weekend insanity, they could just stay out of her office while she dealt with it. It wasn't the most mature attitude but it was sufficient to get her into her car and onto the interstate instead of calling in sick. Burning a sick day because she was feeling sorry for herself would only make it worse. She was going to work. Nasty mood and all.

She discovered that the day was going to be especially delightful when she crossed the doorway to meet one of the vice presidents lingering in the office reception area. Tom Osford was fussing with his tie as he tried to suck enough of his gut in to get his shirt tucked into his pants. Robyn was slightly amazed to see the man making any effort to look presentable. Tom enjoyed being comfortable and normally worked in a three button knit shirt with a ribbed collar.

"Better watch your step, Woodburn, the boss sent some fancy assessment firm in to critique our efficiency."

Robyn didn't answer Tom — she was efficient. She had heard about other businesses hiring private firms to assess and critique office procedure in order to reorganize and maximize profit. Fine with her, she wasn't the weakest link in this office. If anyone asked her opinion, it was about time the owner found out how many of his vice presidents were unclear on just how many minutes were in a lunch hour. Tom and a few of his buddies thought the number was one hundred and twenty instead of sixty. Robyn smiled for the first time that morning as she flipped the lights on in her office. Sure, the assessment personnel could stand over her shoulder the entire day if they wanted. She worked like a dog and would be delighted to have that information put into a report that went to Owen Penn. She had nothing to sweat over.

"Good morning, Ms. Woodburn. Pleasure to meet you — again."

Robyn didn't jump or even gasp. Jace considered her face when her eyes widened and the tip of her tongue appeared as she licked her lower lip. That little gesture sent heat surging into his cock and he almost grinned with victory. The raw wave of arousal was thick and hot and exactly what Jace had hoped to find when he faced Robyn this morning. The picture she presented was the big surprise. The sexy, fuck-me heel-wearing creature of the hot summer night was trapped inside a gray suit that looked at least a size too big. Any hint of her figure was lost in baggy trousers and a coat that hung halfway down her hands. Her hair was savagely pinned into a tight little bun that almost made Jace wince, and she crowned her office-prude look with glasses that looked like a vintage seventies model.

"Now that's a look, honey." Jace folded his arms over his chest as he looked at the sack-suit once more. "But I can't say that I mind. I always did enjoy unwrapping my sweets before I eat them."

"What are you doing here?" More importantly, when was he leaving? Weekend flings didn't show up in your office! Hunks like Jace and Nash were supposed to not return her phone calls and break her heart with their lack of attention now that they had gotten laid. She was caught between horror and excitement as she faced Jace. Even in

her wildest fantasies she hadn't once considered that she'd be face-to-face with them over her normal, boring desk.

Jace smiled as he fought off the urge to laugh. One stroll through the office and he'd already made one vital observation. The place was brimming with overstuffed egos. She was camouflaging herself to throw them off her scent. Heat surged through him and into his cock as Jace looked past her saggy suit and spotted the hints of his night-Robyn. It was there in the flicker of hunger that crossed her dark eyes behind the glasses. But her temper made him angry. They were not finished, not by a long shot.

Jace leaned towards her and flattened his hands on top of her desk. "Aren't you happy to see me, Robyn? I don't underbid my services for just anyone. You should enjoy the compliment."

"Underbid?" Jace loomed over her desk and she fought the urge to back away from him.

"Owen Penn was grateful Nash and I took the job—a team of our expertise is out of his price range." Jace let his gaze lower to her mouth. "I confess to having a personal interest in this job."

"That's insane." The words just slipped out of her mouth and Jace didn't like them. Anger flared up in his eyes.

"What's wrong? Did you think we were finished?"

His words taunted her with every girlish fantasy she had ever dreamed. Reality couldn't be that good. Confusion swept through her thoughts as she caught the scent of his skin and tried not to let it trigger any further ideas. Sitting down, she pulled her chair towards her desk and typed in her password. She needed a dose of reality and quick. Men like Jace did not follow girls like her and if she started to believe that, she was going to be cradling a broken heart until her dying day. "I have work to do."

Jace hit the reboot switch and her laptop shut down with a flash of blue light.

"Hey!"

Robyn was out of her chair before she realized the motion brought her face-to-face with Jace because he was still leaning over her desk. His hand cupped her chin and her breath froze in her throat. Her heart tripled its rate and her clit flickered with hunger. An ache twisted through her pussy as she caught the scent of his skin. Her memory taunted her with exactly how good Jace felt when he was feeding her cravings.

“Eight hours, Robyn.”

“And then what?”

His lips curled back from his teeth as his fingers tightened on her chin to hold her in place. “The suits mean nothing. Professionalism won’t be between us once we both clock out. In fact, I’m looking forward to there being nothing between us at all.”

“Is that why you’re here?”

His mouth landed against hers for a bare moment that was more a taunt than a kiss. Jace released her chin and was halfway across her office before he turned and looked back at her. “You are why I’m here.”

And for some reason it mattered that she know it. Jace considered the confusion sweeping across her face and he grinned in response. Yeah, that was exactly what he wanted. He needed to know that she understood that he wasn’t finished with her. He wasn’t going to be stored in her memories so quickly because, well, he didn’t know just why only that she made him feel damn good.

It had been too long since he’d enjoyed feeling good.

Robyn sank back into her chair as her fingers curled into twin fists. Her temper didn’t come to her rescue. She frowned as she waited for a spark of anger to rise up from her pride in response to Jace’s smug confidence that she would be taking her suit off for him tonight.

She couldn’t quite get mad because that would make her a hypocrite. There were a whole lot of things Robyn was, but that was not one of them. It was her own stupid fault. She knew from experience that men were after only two things in life—money

and pussy. The second you flashed them some thigh, it was all about pussy. Ten minutes after ejaculation, it shifted back to being all about money.

Her own game had landed her right in the middle of a pot of boiling water. Boy, as far as lessons went, she was gaining an education this week that was going to sting for months to come.

Well, Jace and Nash were just going to have to understand that she had worked far too hard for her chance at a vice presidency to let her sexual fling get in the way. Their weekend had to stay buried in the past.

Robyn rubbed her hand across her mouth and groaned. She didn't understand it. For the first time in her life she was counting on being dumped and that was when fate turned the tables on her. Damn but she hated it when life insisted on being unfair.

Nash was waiting in the hallway as Jace left Robyn.

"Her mother would be proud, I didn't hear her cuss you out." Nash felt his cock stir at the idea of just when Robyn would use a word like fuck. Too many people applied the verb to their temper but it could be so much more effective when used between the sheets.

"Her eyes said she wanted to." Jace smirked at Nash as Nash growled at him. Jace lost all amusement as he watched the hunger flare up in Nash's eyes—there was no mistaking it. In any other man, Jace would have wanted to smash his fist into his jaw. But Nash was part of his life. There were women who enjoyed that fact, females who craved more kink. *Ménage à trois* was a current trend that made it simple for him and Nash to find a willing partner for a few nights.

Robyn was different. Jace looked through the doorway and considered the prude sitting at her desk. They shouldn't be here and they were. He struggled against the surge of hunger hardening his cock. Both urges battled against each other as Jace tried to talk himself out of hunting the little Robyn. He should be done with her, ready to direct his attention back to the task of staying alive.

But it didn't work. It was almost like he could feel again. There was something about her that turned up the music he'd lost track of. Whatever it was, Jace knew one thing for sure. He was going to touch that symphony and let it wrap around him at least once more before he went back to the silent reality of his life.

Nash shook his head as he turned and began moving towards their job. The pathetic office wouldn't take much effort to analyze. The inhabitants were sorry excuses for men, and sniffing out facts was their strong point.

"Dack's pissed, Logan's grumpy and the team thinks we're assholes for doing this job for the shitty pay when there are six months of work waiting for us at full price."

"No kidding."

Nash stopped and glared at Jace a second before he looked back down the hallway towards Robyn's office door. "Fuck 'em, we can afford the week. I'm not finished with it yet."

There were times Nash had a better grasp on words than he did. Jace grinned as he fell into step with his partner. Their team mentality kept them alive. No man could look over his shoulder one hundred percent of the time. Together they had a far better chance of surviving. Sure, there were women out there who liked to be shared between two men but Robyn wasn't that type by nature. She resisted her own passion because it was dragging her right into a relationship that their world told them was wrong.

Well, getting killed was wrong to his way of thinking too. Nash agreed, so they were chained to each other.

Robyn would have to adjust as well.

At least for a week, she would. He needed it more than water. Jace wasn't interested in questioning his own motivations. He was used to planning missions to achieve goals. He hunted and he won. Robyn was his current objective.

Chapter Four

Both large trucks were parked on either side of her car when Robyn left work. All her well-thought-out plans dissipated as she looked at the two powerful machines flanking her little, modest car. There were too many similarities for her brain to absorb all at once – what struck her the most was that right there, in a parking lot, was the long and short of her life. She was always trying to be the unnoticeable one, and somehow her office attitude had spilled over into her private life.

That really chafed.

Jace and Nash were polar opposites. Being in their company highlighted just how hard Robyn was trying to force herself into a mold. It was really strange to notice it so vividly because she wasn't exactly sure when she had shoved everything aside in favor of a job that she should be able to hold through skill. Exactly when had she stopped living? She was an accountant. That meant she was stuck working this armpit job for five years, because you needed five steady years with one company on your résumé before you could go out and get a job worth having. That sentenced her to three more years of incarceration among jerks who freeloaded on her efficiency. But that sure as hell didn't mean she couldn't have a life outside the office.

"Glad you could join us, Robyn."

There was that plural idea again. She turned to find Jace leaning against one of the pillars that framed the entrance to her office. He was still one of the biggest men she'd ever seen, at least six and a half feet and if there was any fat on him, she hadn't found it yet.

"That suit is a deadly weapon." Robyn jumped as Nash appeared behind her. She jerked her head around and heard a few cracks from her neck in response to the abrupt movement. "A really ugly one too." A flicker of amusement lit Nash's eyes as he

stopped a single pace from her. Her nipples tingled in response as she noticed he was in striking range. Maybe it was a tad dramatic the way she always thought about them but it just fit. Nash and Jace weren't like the guys she'd tried dating. They weren't even "guys" — men was the word that fit their aura of control and precision. They really did remind her of cobras — even among snakes they were in the deadly category.

She fingered the edge of her coat. "Don't you just love it?" She had gone to a lot of trouble to find the thing. "Have fun today, boys? I think half the staff might call in sick tomorrow due to stress poisoning."

"They wouldn't be missed." Nash looked disgusted but the expression wasn't aimed at her. Robyn watched the shifting focus as he shrugged off any more attention on her coworkers and aimed his eyes back at her.

"Let's get some dinner. I need to escape this place." It was an odd mixture of order and request. Robyn stared at Nash as he moved that last step between them and caught her arm. He kept right on moving and took her with him. It wasn't that he yanked her body along in his wake, just the opposite. Nash controlled his strength perfectly, his other arm landed across her back as he pushed her forward towards their trucks. But he and Jace didn't bother to wait for her answer to whether or not she wanted to have dinner with them. That made her shiver as she watched Jace pull open the passenger side of one dark burgundy truck and offer her a hand to climb up into the monster machine. It felt about as close to kidnapping as she had ever been.

"But will we be eating?" She couldn't resist asking. Excitement was building up inside her, tempting her with more of what she had spent her morning convincing herself she wasn't going to get again.

"If I'm lucky...no." Jace flashed her a grin that gave her a rare hint at the boy he must have been. A hint of humor crossed his face in plain sight before the man took control and guarded his expression once again.

She reached up and stroked his face. It was a purely emotional response to the tightening of his face. Almost a soothing touch aimed at whatever had transformed him

into the hard male he currently was. She wasn't even sure why she reached for that part of him, only that she did.

"Dinner's not a requirement." Nash sent her a look over Jace's shoulder that turned her knees to jelly but it also sent a spark of apprehension through her. These men did things to her that she had never believed possible. It was going to catch up with her at some point, she felt that reality twist into her gut as her fingers moved over Jace's jaw.

One moment she was looking at Jace's face and debating the issue and the next he gripped her waist and lifted her off the ground, sitting her on the truck seat.

"Maybe I don't want to go anywhere with you two. Did you think of that?" She was suddenly grateful for the fact that she outworked the rest of the office. There was no one watching the show. Her coworkers had hit the parking lot the second it turned five in an effort to escape Jace and Nash's observation.

Jace was already going around the hood of the truck but Nash filled the doorway. His head was at her breast level and her nipples tingled again as he stroked the front of her suit jacket. "Then why are your nipples hard?" Nash grinned at her as he leaned over her thighs and inhaled.

"My cock has been hard all day just thinking about what you look like underneath that sack. Aren't women always complaining about the fact that men lie to them? Well, the truth is, I want to take you home, no dinner, no movie, just straight to my bed."

Robyn should have gasped but she wasn't shocked. A shiver of excitement raced down her back and straight into her pussy. All of the "dating steps" a girl was told to follow before having sex suddenly felt like barriers between her and what her body craved.

"Following impulses can be a big mistake."

Nash raised an eyebrow at her words. "Sometimes, acting on instinct can be a lifesaver."

"Something tells me you aren't just talking about sexual impulses anymore."

Nash frowned at her comment, sort of like he didn't like her noticing something so personal about his words. No one liked their space invaded but she got the feeling that Nash would like it even less than most men. But the way he glared at her suddenly bothered her. They were the ones showing up in her life.

"If it bugs you that much, step aside and I'll just go home before I notice anything else you want to keep to yourself, Nash. You were the one who brought up honesty."

Nash suddenly stroked her face and caught her chin when she would have jerked away from the touch. The skin-to-skin contact practically burned, it was so hot. Sensation shot down all the tiny nerve endings that were attached to the delicate skin on her cheek, to her spine where it rippled through every cell in her body. Nash watched her with intense eyes that made her quiver as Robyn almost felt the man touching her thoughts. A second hand stroked her cheek, only this one came from behind her as Jace reached over her shoulder.

"Yeah I did." Nash didn't sound very happy about it either.

"Maybe you should just step aside, Nash." It was the most logical thing she had said since encountering them but hearing it out loud made her miserable. Reality sucked.

"I should."

But he didn't. Nash stood there and stroked her cheek once again. He watched the way she turned her face into his hand and studied the details of her eyelashes fluttering. Jace leaned over to kiss her neck. She jumped in response and Nash watched the way she struggled to deal with enjoying both men touching her. Nash held her chin and watched her reaction the whole time. He hadn't been raised to share a woman either but when the alternative was doing without her, Nash decided sharing was preferred.

"I hate this bun." Jace growled his comment from behind her. A second later he pulled one of her hairpins free and tossed it onto the floorboard of the truck. He leaned close to her ear as his husky voice hit her. "I can smell your arousal, did you know that, Robyn? It's a primitive response that the feminists would like to swear doesn't exist, but

when you see a man your brain sometimes decides without your reason that he's the one you want to ride. Your nipples tighten and your pussy heats up and there isn't a thing you can do to prevent it. Nature's a pain in the ass at times. My cock has been hard all day because I could smell how wet your pussy was." Jace nipped her earlobe with his teeth before his fingers went back into her hair. "Holding you down was exciting. Admit it. You came faster and harder because I demanded it from you."

Nash's hand stroked up her thigh and a little moan escaped her lips. Her clit throbbed as it pleaded for that hand to journey all the way to her sex. Nash grinned at her as he moved his hand slowly back towards her knee, his strong fingers massaging the muscles as he stroked over her leg. His eyes flickered with hunger as Jace pulled another pin from her hair and sent it sailing past her eyes to join the other pin in the footwell.

Nash moved his hand higher on her thigh this time but stopped an inch from her sex and watched her face to witness her reaction. Nash grinned as she shivered and squirmed back from him. A second later Robyn stiffened as she found her body pressed completely against Jace.

Another kiss landed on her neck as Jace's hand cupped the side of her face to hold her in place for the touch. His breath brushed her ear as he whispered next to it once more. "You've been thinking about it, haven't you? All three of us pressed skin to skin as we explore the combustion effect we seem to have?"

This time it wasn't the surge of passion that tempted Robyn to lean back against Jace. It was in the way Jace was gently stroking her face instead of threatening to smash Nash in the jaw if he didn't get his hands off her. The lack of single possessiveness and the fact that she was being surrounded by their dual form of seduction.

"Forget dinner." Robyn didn't care where the courage came from to voice her desire. All that mattered was the low growl next to her ear as Jace's hand tightened around her face and Nash's mouth pressed into a hard line. He looked back into her

eyes for a moment as his thumb pressed over her clit. He rubbed the throbbing little bud through her pants as she fought back a whimper.

“Yes ma’am.”

Nash was gone a second later. He pressed her legs into the truck before firmly shutting the door. Jace moved her shoulders until she was sitting in the seat correctly. He caught her chin in his hand as he brought her eyes around to his. A slight smile curved his mouth as he considered her. An odd sense of accomplishment filled her as she witnessed some kind of admiration flickering in his eyes. It mixed with the lust burning in both of them and transformed it into something deeper.

Jace turned the ignition over as he pulled out of the parking space. Sexual attraction was one thing, but tonight he was riding a wave of emotion. A surge of enjoyment filled him as he pulled out of the parking lot with Robyn in the seat next to him.

He was driving on autopilot but he still took different turns and made the journey longer to throw off anyone attempting to tail him. Nash drove his own truck and hung back far enough to watch for any suspicious cars. It was their way of life. Looking over his shoulder in order to survive. Just because your team won the day didn’t mean the war was over, that was a hard fact he hadn’t been expecting. His discharge papers hadn’t been the release he’d imagined.

But tonight Robyn would be his, and tomorrow could go to hell. No one would bother her as long as he and Nash kept it smooth and quiet. Maybe that was what really pissed him off, the fact that he couldn’t even think about keeping a girl like Robyn.

Was it just a taste for forbidden fruit? Jace didn’t know.

Chapter Five

The urge to chicken out hit her as she realized Jace was driving in circles. By the time he pulled into a gated underground parking area, she was hopelessly confused as to where they were. Jace didn't offer any information and that made her temper flare.

"Afraid I'll turn into a stalker if you let me see how to get to your place?"

Jace pushed the truck into park and shot a hard look at her. "Maybe I'm just upping the stakes in the game, to see if you can keep up."

"Bull." Robyn pronounced the word very precisely as she caught a grin trying to work the corners of Jace's mouth up. He'd been covering his tracks and she knew it. But all that bit of knowledge did was send a little chill down her spine.

She reached for the door handle and Nash pulled it open before her fingers touched it. He raised one dark eyebrow as he looked at her face. Robyn couldn't disguise her feelings quickly enough to mask her sudden attack of insecurity but Nash didn't mock her for it. She expected a smirk from him but instead he reached forward slowly enough for her to avoid his hand if she wanted too. His fingers stroked her lower lip with the lightest of touches. One corner of his mouth did rise into a grin as she gasped in response to that single touch.

"Desire is a deadly hunter, isn't it? You don't even realize you're being stalked until its venom is flooding your blood."

Robyn shivered as she felt Jace move closer behind her, his body heat cutting through her suit as he smoothed his hand up her arms and the back of his fingers stroked the sides of her breasts. Instead she found she trusted them. Whatever kept them watching over each other she didn't doubt that they could outsmart it. But it was insane for her to place herself at such risk. She shivered again as that twist of fear mixed with the excitement coursing through her body. The combination was explosive and it

didn't make any sense. She should call a cab and spend the rest of the night forcing herself to forget that either man existed. But that was never going to happen. Tonight was a gift she couldn't bring herself to reject.

Nash wanted to rip into her right there. His cock didn't want to let him step back so Robyn could get out of Jace's truck. The scent of her arousal filled his senses as he noticed how simple it would be to tear her pants open to bare her wet pussy for his possession. It was amazing how the baggy suit suddenly suited his mood perfectly because it would be so simple to open it without hurting her. The extra fabric would let him rip the crotch seam apart to bare her. One quick jerk and he could thrust deep into her without any further thought.

But a quick fuck wouldn't be enough. Nash ground his teeth together as he captured a wrist and pulled her from her seat. He could see the battle her common sense was fighting against the surge of need flooding her. Falling on her like a fresh kill would only spook her, so Nash pulled her with him as he fought for the control to not fuck her up against the wall of the private elevator that would lift them to their penthouse suite.

Was it really so simple? Robyn tossed her loose hair over her shoulder as she forced her quivering legs to move towards the elevator. Wasn't sex supposed to be serious or complicated, or something besides easy?

As her own question sank into her brain, Robyn had to fend off the urge to laugh. Maybe that was exactly her problem! She was always taking men too seriously. Sex wasn't just about whatever conclusions you came to in your brain. Sure, a girl needed to be careful out here in the big world but the thing that made it worth taking a reckless chance for was the hot surge of need filling her right then. That unexplainable release of hormones that her body controlled most of the time. She was powerless to open that dam. But maybe that was what made Jace and Nash so exciting. That uncontrollable portion of their encounter. She saw it flickering in their eyes as well. They didn't have

any polished pick-up lines or gentlemanly smiles. Both were raw and direct and blunt and Robyn felt her clit burn even hotter as she considered the way Jace had spoken in her ear. He used all those cuss words that weren't really profanity at all. They were sexual terms misused by the rest of the population. Jace had said "fuck you" because he wanted to get his cock into her. It wasn't an insult, in fact, it was exactly the opposite. She felt a smile lift her lips because she had never thought about how idiotic it was for people to say "fuck you" to someone they were angry with. Wanting to fuck a person meant you found them attractive enough to mate with them—it was the most primitive form of a compliment.

But there was something about her that mesmerized them as well.

It was a deep idea that sort of frightened her a little at how uncontrollable her own body was. It was the first time she had really looked at that darker side of herself where all the good intentions and morals she held dear couldn't hold back her true nature. Right then she was walking across a garage with not one guy but two. Maybe it was a little more acceptable to have sex outside of marriage in the twenty-first century but *ménage à trois* was still pushing even modern limits.

Maybe that's what made it so hard to resist. Robyn shook her head and her body eagerly followed Nash as he went towards that elevator. Reality was a million miles away and she was in deep.

She stared at the little brass key Jace pulled out of his pocket and fit into a lock on the elevator control panel. Her clit throbbed hard enough to get her attention again as the doors of the elevator opened and a male hand slipped under her hair to gently rub her neck. Nash was watching her with that intently focused look again as he waited to see what she would do. Part of her just couldn't resist playing with him once again.

"You two are really presumptuous." Robyn took a step and turned her back on them. A giggle filled her throat as she started to walk away. She made it exactly three steps back into the parking area before a strong male arm snaked around her waist and pulled her back against a hard body.

“And your pussy smells very wet.”

That giggle died as Jace bit her neck and then inhaled next to her throat. The idea that he could smell her wet panties made her shiver. The animal inside her rejoiced being noticed on such a primitive level. Jace held her tight against his body and his cock pressed into her back as he inhaled again. He slowly licked the bite he’d inflicted on her neck before whispering next to her ear.

“There are cameras here, but I don’t really care. Do you, Robyn? Would you lift your bottom for me right here? Your pussy smells like my cock would slide in so easily, all I need to do is bend you over my arm.”

Nash suddenly appeared in front of her. His face was still set into that calm mask as his hand cupped her chin. He looked into her eyes a moment before leaning forward to kiss her. It was a hard possession as his mouth pushed her lips apart and his tongue swept in to tangle with hers. A little moan escaped her throat as Jace kissed her neck at the same time. It went beyond overwhelming. Everything lost meaning as her body demanded full and complete immersion in this moment. Her hands reached for Nash and she stroked over his arms and found the solid steel of his muscles beneath. Her skin caught on the wool of his suit jacket as he lifted his mouth from hers. Jace’s arm released her and for a moment Robyn was afraid she might actually collapse because of the tremors running down her legs.

She needn’t have worried. Nash captured her wrist and bent one knee as he pulled her right over his lowered shoulder. He pushed back up to his full height in a smooth motion before he moved towards the waiting elevator.

“Hey!” Robyn had no idea just what she was protesting—either Nash’s abduction or her own traitorous body. The doors of the elevator slid shut and she was slipping down Nash’s body at the same time. Her mind went blank as she moved down the hard surface of his frame. Her nipples screamed to do that again when they were free of their clothing. A hard whack hit her bottom then Jace sandwiched her between Nash and his

own body. She jumped at the unexpected blow but it sent a wave of excitement into her clit that made her moan a moment later.

“Now that’s interesting, Robyn.” Jace rubbed a large hand over the side of her bottom that he’d spanked. “I thought I noticed you enjoying having your tail spanked. That’s a bit of intel I think I just might exploit.”

The elevator jerked as it began to pull them up. The buttons on the front of her shirt suddenly popped as their threads were snapped by a hard jerk from Nash’s hands. He held a fist full of each side of the pinstriped fabric as he snapped the two sides away from each other. The buttons all fell to the floor as the elevator continued to rise.

“Damn ugly suit. I thought long and hard about ripping it to shreds all day.” Nash suddenly growled low as he pushed the ruined shirt open.

There was one thing Robyn enjoyed and that was pretty lingerie. Her bra collection would have tantalized a Las Vegas showgirl. She took special care of her lacy underwear, even breaking out the iron to make sure every lace cup was pressed to perfection. Nash pushed her shirt right up over her shoulders and Jace pulled it and her jacket down her arms as he stared at her blue and ivory lace bra.

“You are one hidden surprise after another.” Nash stroked the top swells of her breasts as the elevator jerked to a halt. He pulled his eyes off her cleavage to look into her eyes. “I don’t guess you have those fuck-me heels hidden in your bag, do you? I wanted to abduct you Saturday night as your ass went wiggling past me in that excuse for a dress.”

Oh, Robyn wished she did have the heels stuffed in her purse! The idea of holding both powerful men at her command as she appeared in just her lacy underwear and her spike heels made her almost desperate enough to tell them to wait while she went home to get the things. Her pussy vetoed that idea instantly as Jace hooked his arm under her knees and literally carried her into the apartment the elevator opened in front of. Robyn got a glimpse of a hallway with carved wood handrails, and then a double-entry door opened as Nash slid a key into its lock. Jace swung her inside before she got around to

remembering that she was bare-chested and in a hallway. Nash shoved the door shut behind Jace as he tossed her wadded up jacket and shirt onto a polished coffee tabletop.

Jace let her feet touch the floor as she got her first look around. The immaculate penthouse suite stunned her. All the furniture was high-end stuff and if there was a single item out of place, she couldn't find it. Her balled-up clothing looked odd because it was the only messy thing in sight. Nash's shirt and jacket landed right on top of her clothing as Robyn was looking at it and her face burned with a blush as she realized she could hear the soft sounds of both men undressing. While the posh living arrangement was exactly what she expected of professionals like them, something didn't feel quite right. There was an unlived-in feel to the place. That nagging feeling she'd had about Jace and Nash doubled as she looked around the penthouse.

"You don't really live here." The words just rolled out of her mouth as she tried to understand her suspicions. But all motion froze as Jace shot her a hard look. A hint of suspicion flickered in his eyes before Robyn shrugged. "Not that it's really any of my business or anything."

"We rent this suite." And Nash wasn't very happy that she thought it wasn't his home. It wasn't something she might explain easily, only the feeling that the penthouse was like a modern, round hole and these men were square with very sharp edges.

Hot sex was something she craved but shallow sex was too dry for her to swallow. She stared at the perfection of Nash's bare chest and backed away from him. "I made a mistake coming here."

"Robyn—"

"No." Robyn didn't shout but her words were solid. The lust curling through her pussy only made her more resolved. She grabbed her clothing from the table and shook it out. "I just can't treat either of you like meat. Sorry, but I thought I could and...I can't. It's just not right and lust doesn't make it acceptable. At least not to me. I think last night taught me that." The lingering hunger she'd awoken with hit her as the proof that

she just wasn't like Carly. She could try to argue with her conscience all day and that wouldn't change.

"You don't want to tell me anything about yourselves but you know every detail of my life. Sorry, but that makes it fucking. Maybe Carly is a better fit for you two after all. As lame as it sounds, I'm not that kind of girl."

Jace stared at Robyn for a minute that felt like an hour. Her words hit him right in the chest, in that place where his heart might be if he still had one. He was positive he'd lost his heart somewhere along the trail that had led him to a life lived in a string of rented suites supported by invade-and-conquer jobs. There was only Nash and a few other team members who joined them from time to time. No one ever saw past their exterior.

Until Robyn.

It should have made him mad. He should have been attempting to decide how to control the leak, instead he was looking at the sweetest woman he'd ever set eyes on. It was hard to admit that he liked being seen as a man instead of a cock. It had been a hell of a long time since any woman had looked past his shoulders and turned down what her own body craved because she wouldn't use him to get her own jollies.

"Shit." Nash muttered the word but Jace was thinking it. The man Jace spent his life with suddenly shook his head and ran his fingers through his short hair. He stared at Robyn for a moment before he offered her a half grin.

"Sorry, Robyn." That grin turned into a guilty smile. "Once upon a time I had a mother who taught me not to cuss in front of a lady." Nash enjoyed the burn of guilt that worked across his face because it had been a hell of a long time since he'd come anywhere near the idea of shame. She scared him just then. Somehow, she had the ability to flip on switches he'd hardwired down. Lust was one thing but need was terrifying territory for a man who lived his life checking over his shoulder.

But fear had never been able to turn him away from what he wanted.

Robyn felt her face burn again. Lady? Her panties were wet and her shirt buttons were lying scattered on the floor of an elevator. None of her behavior fit into the definition of a lady. Her body still begged her to finish her wild adventure. Add in a second chapter, that she might read back through when she was nursing her bruised heart.

She couldn't do it.

Jace suddenly moved in that quick, cobra-striking way. His arm curled around her waist as he stepped towards her, and just that fast she was held against his body. Robyn gasped as her fingertips landed on the bare ridges of muscles. His skin was so hot and she actually caught his scent as she felt Nash move behind her. He pressed her towards Jace as his hands smoothed over the curve of her hips. She raised her head to see Jace staring at her mouth.

"Leaving would be an even bigger mistake."

Jace kissed her but it wasn't the hard breaching of her defenses that she'd received from them both up until now. This was a firm demand for surrender that Robyn couldn't find a scrap of willpower to defy. The lust that had flared up so hot returned, but this time it was mixed with the emotion that had made her willing to leave without satisfaction. It transformed the heat licking through her clit into something much more intense. Nash smoothed his hands over her hips as Jace's tongue slid down the length of hers. He took his time as Nash sent his fingers over her belly to the button at the waistband of her pants.

Robyn smoothed her hands over Jace's chest as she stroked his tongue in return. She might not be able to fuck them like meat but she had no resolve against this sweet seduction. It was a deadly form of sweet poison, so toxic she didn't even want to resist. It even took her will as Nash opened her pants and the oversized garment easily fell to her ankles.

“Sweet Robyn, you are a naughty girl underneath your prudish office look.” Nash chuckled next to her ear as he rubbed both sides of her bare bottom, taking full advantage of the flesh bared by the thong that matched her bra.

Her pussy burned hotter as she broke off the kiss with Jace to arch her neck. Jace trailed his head down the column of her neck, laying little kisses as he went. Nash stroked lower and lower over her belly, teasing her with how slowly he trailed his fingers over her skin. They both lingered over each touch, there was no rush and it intensified every second.

Both men still had their pants on and Robyn trailed her own fingers down the hard muscles of Jace’s chest to his abdomen. He sucked his breath in with a harsh sound when she hesitated at his belt. She could feel his cock pressed against her belly but it wasn’t enough. She wanted to wrap her fingers around it as she stroked it. There was no way she was going to have Jace thinking of any other woman and that just meant she would have to make sure that she was catering to his fantasies. Leaning forward, she pressed a kiss to Jace’s chest. She moved towards one flat nipple and licked it. His hands curled into her arms as he sucked his breath in. Nash sent his fingers under the straps that held her thong over her hips and there was a pop as he jerked the little garment apart.

The control Nash had over his strength made Robyn shiver. He didn’t jerk the fabric against her. He held each side and snapped the part of the fabric that was between his hands. She didn’t even feel a tug against her skin as he broke the straps and her thong fell to her ankles. Moving one of her arms, she sent her hand over Nash’s thigh and up towards his cock. Each of her palms were suddenly pressing over two hard lengths of male flesh. She whimpered at the sheer excess of that moment.

“Say please,” Jace ordered and tightened her grip on his cock.

“Please call me a cab. But I’m sure Carly will be happy to do whatever you order her to.” She couldn’t resist the urge to tease them. If they wanted her to beg, she would make sure they were kept guessing on what would come out of her mouth.

Nash hissed next to her ear and a smack landed on her bare bottom. Robyn jumped at the unexpected smack but it sent a ripple of excitement into her clit. Nash clasped his hands over her hips and lifted her out of the puddle of her pants. Her bare bottom hit the polished table as Nash set her on the edge of it. He moved towards her and his hips pressed her thighs apart to allow for his body. She leaned back, pressing her hands onto the table behind her to keep from lying down.

"I think you've spoiled me." Nash's eyes slipped down her body to her exposed nipples before moving lower. His face suddenly tightened into a look that frightened her with its hardness. A harsh snarl came from his throat as Nash pressed a hand to the inside of each of her spread thighs to push her legs wider.

"Tell me why you shave your pussy."

Nash touched her slit with one finger, slipping over the hairless area. Her hips lifted towards his hand and he chuckled as he gently fingered her clit. Jace appeared stripped with nothing left to separate their skin. His eyes watched as Nash moved his finger to the opening of her pussy and then back up her slit.

"Who do you bare your pussy for, Robyn?" Jace sounded jealous. She looked into his eyes and caught the flicker of possessiveness as his eyes watched Nash's finger touching her. Something flared up inside her, an emotion that was a whole lot like enjoyment. To think that a man like Nash would be jealous over her filled her with confidence. To know that Jace wanted to watch her being pleased turned that excitement up even further.

"I swim."

Both sets of male eyes suddenly swept her nude body. It was another one of those hints at how dangerous they really were. Neither man took her word for anything, they were looking at her arms for the muscle tone that would back up her claim. "Why else?" She couldn't resist teasing them, just a bit. They really did need a little joking anyway. Both men were way too serious. In a way, that made her want to stay even

more, that idea that she might introduce some of the fun that appeared to be missing in their world. No one should live without joy.

“Were you jealous? Good thing I’m lying down, I wouldn’t want to faint and hit my head or anything.”

Nash snorted at her. Jace rolled his eyes but a little mischief sparkled in his eyes. Jace stroked her cheek as he considered her. “What? You can’t see me as the jealous type?”

Robyn rolled her eyes over to Nash and Jace chuckled before tapping her chin with his thumb. She returned her attention to his face to find his grin completely gone. “Actually, I’m very possessive.” His voice said that he was telling her the honest truth too. That idea returned her into that realm where having both of them was acceptable because it was a reality of their life. They didn’t leave each other’s company, so that meant they shared one lover.

Jace stroked her face once more. “Remember that.”

“Does that mean I’m allowed to remember you?”

Jace’s face tightened as his hand gripped her chin. He leaned over her, his mouth hovering above her lips for an endless moment. “You’d better. But I’ll do my best to help you have something worth recalling.” His mouth captured hers in a hard kiss.

Nash smoothed the thigh his hand still rested on as his fingers began to move up the center of her slit again. Sweat beaded her forehead as that finger got closer and closer to her clit. She was desperate for release, just one touch would do it, and Robyn felt her spine arching as she leaned further back on her hands.

“Tell me what you want.” Nash never touched her clit. His fingers stopped just below the little bundle of nerves and spread the folds of her sex away from her clit. Robyn whimpered as it pulsed and burned. She was panting with the need to climax—she didn’t crave pleasure, she needed release. Her bottom was twitching up off the polished tabletop as Jace reached over to pinch one of her nipples. Robyn cried out in a long, thin sound. She didn’t care anymore. She needed to let all the tension out of her

body any way she could. Desperation broke through the last remnants of civil behavior she clung to as she let her knees fall as wide as possible.

“Fuck me!”

Jace chuckled as he pinched her nipple again. The table vibrated as he laid his body right across it with his head over her chest. His cock thrust out from his lower abdomen as he grinned at her. “Bare pussies need to be eaten. We’ll get around to the fucking in an hour, if you’re a good girl.”

Her eyes widened as her brain tried to reengage enough to think about his words. Robyn lost the battle to think as Nash lowered his body and knelt between her spread thighs. His breath brushed against her spread slit before he lapped her with a long stroke of his tongue. Jace pressed her further back, until she just surrendered and lay on the cool surface of the table.

Nash found her clit with the tip of his tongue and Robyn cried. He didn’t move too fast and climax taunted her. Just a tiny bit faster and she would come, but instead Nash held her slit wide as he flickered his tongue over her clit and then down to the opening to her pussy. He circled that entrance as her hips jerked upward in little, uncontrollable jerks. One thick finger penetrated her pussy and she whimpered for the thick cock lying so close to her face. Her fingers reached for Jace’s cock as he leaned over her chest and captured a nipple between his lips. His cock was hot and hard in her hand as Nash worked that finger inside her pussy. He added a second finger and fucked her slowly with them.

Jace sucked on her nipple as she closed her fingers tighter around his cock. He moaned softly as he pushed her bra down to her waist and cupped her breast in his hand. Nash pulled his fingers from her pussy and lapped her slit once again. This time he caught her clit with his mouth and sucked on it. Pleasure shot into her pussy so hard, she jerked off the tabletop. Jace’s body kept her from escaping as Nash added his tongue, and climax ripped into her. She screamed out because there was far too much sensation to contain. Every muscle tightened until it felt like she was a string strung on

either side of a bow. She was pulled tighter and tighter by the hunter until he let the arrow snap free.

Robyn was gasping for breath when she managed to remember where she was. Nash flashed her a grin before he reached for her wrist and pulled her up. Jace moved and caught the hooks on the back of her bra, unlatching it before Nash once again bent a single knee and pulled her right over his shoulder.

"Were you a fireman or something?" Robyn knew it was the "something" but she was back to teasing them as Nash carried her slung over his shoulder across the penthouse suite. The carpeting was a blur as she wrapped her arm around his waist to steady her body.

"Caveman." Her body became airborne and bounced on a bed as Nash offered her a mock Tarzan yell. "I was captured as a young man and forced to live like a civilized human but you can't keep the wild man completely contained."

Robyn folded her legs back and watched Jace follow them into the room. He looked so damn confident. She wasn't sure that was fair for any person to be so supremely smug while walking around bare-assed naked.

"And what about you, Jace?"

Jace considered her from behind that calm mask. Emotions flickered across his eyes but he kept his face an impersonal tapestry that told her nothing. Oh, but Robyn could practically feel it. Power surged out from him, like heat did from a stone-fire hearth. You could smell the smoke and feel the heat even if the fire had died down to embers. "I was never captured."

Nash laughed and rolled his eyes at Jace. Jace shrugged at his friend before looking back at her. "I decided to hang around with Nash because the poor sod was going soft. He needs a good example to keep himself in touch with his inner beast."

"Beast? So, am I the prey?"

They both grinned like jackals as she groaned. "Well, ask a dumb question..." She let her voice trail off as Jace snickered.

She rolled her eyes at him and caught her own reflection above her. In a large circle right over the bed was a ceiling covered in mirrors. Large segments were fitted together like pieces of pizza. Her face turned scarlet as she considered being able to see herself as she fucked with Jace and Nash.

But it sobered her too. Clearly they had lovers here often. The bed was huge and had a large post at each corner. Robyn shivered as she considered Carly's words again. Didn't that "master" thing have something to do with bondage? If there was ever a bed set up for a game like that, she was currently sitting nude in the center of it.

"We never brought Carly here." Nash looked surprised by his own words as she stared at him. He and Jace were on either side of the bed and it felt like they were circling her.

"Right. I'm sure the mirrored ceiling was just a decorator whim."

"It's so I can see what's on either side of the bed the second I open my eyes."

Robyn looked back at the ceiling. It made too much sense, in a cloak-and-dagger sort of way.

The bed moved as Jace knelt behind her. He wrapped his arms around her and pulled her back against his chest. It left her breasts exposed to Nash who was still standing in front of her.

"So, are you both staying this time?" Jace's hands spread out over her belly, sending little ripples of delight through her.

Nash cupped a breast, his gaze on her puckered nipple. "This place is secure unlike the restaurant."

She shivered as Jace leaned down to whisper against her ear.

"Stop thinking about Carly. I'm not. She was a confessed slut who liked to be dominated and she made sure the men she hooked up with understood the type of game she liked." Robyn shivered in his embrace and Jace savored the delicate feel of her body quivering. Her feminine scent filled his senses as he smoothed his fingers over her

skin. How long had it been since he'd held a woman who didn't spend her time chasing her own pleasures? Sure, there were plenty of girls lining up at the Play Yard but they didn't think about you once they'd shared sex with you. It was a simple deal, mutual gratification and no callbacks. He honestly couldn't remember that last time he'd held a woman and needed to consider her tender feelings. Somewhere along the way he'd managed to convince himself that all he needed was a willing cunt. He'd accepted that a slut was the best he'd ever hold. Maybe that was the reason Robyn fascinated him so completely. His cock was throbbing with the urge to fuck but he wasn't in a rush to get inside her. He wanted to stroke her skin, inch by inch, and listen to her whimpers as he sucked her clit.

She shivered again and Jace smoothed his hand over her belly until he found her clit. He and Nash were scaring her, in that rational part of her brain where a girl like her knew she was dealing with dangerous men. She didn't know the details but instinct was setting off a warning bell that Jace intended to distract her from hearing. He needed her, had to hold her against his body and taste what it was like to have a true lover in his bed just once again before he went back to the type of female he could discard without guilt. It wasn't that scarring Robyn's heart didn't bother him, it was the fact that Jace knew he'd carry her scent in his head when he left as well. She was watching his hands in the mirrored ceiling as he cupped her breasts.

"Carly wanted more kink. She was addicted to it. Bondage, cuffs, anal penetration." He pinched her nipples and smiled at the shudder that shook her. "We took it to a higher pitch because she had two masters."

"She used you." Robyn whispered the words.

The understanding in her tone made Jace groan.

Chapter Six

Her brain was shutting down again. Robyn jerked against the hold Jace had on her because she knew with another few rubs from his finger she'd be his slave again. That single digit was directly on her clit, rubbing the little bundle of nerve endings as her hips lifted towards the motion without any thought from her. All that mattered was the way Jace was making her pussy burn again. Nash stood in front of her with his hand holding his cock. He grasped the thick staff and moved his closed hand down to the base and then back up to the ridge that circled the head. One little drop of fluid reflected the light as it appeared in the slit that was on the head of his cock.

Had Jace said an hour? A whimper escaped her lips as she watched Nash move his hand down his cock once more.

"Spread your thighs, Robyn." It was a firm command that Nash expected her to obey. She pulled her gaze off his cock and stared at the firm expectation written on his face. Jace had pulled her up off the bed and her bottom was against his thighs. His finger was between the folds of her sex but her knees were still close to each other. Nash looked at her mons and frowned.

"Spread your thighs and show me your pussy." Robyn shivered as she looked up at the mirror. She never had thought that ideas might be as exciting as the sex itself. Her pussy was aching as she considered spreading her thighs to let Nash look at her. Excitement raced along with her blood as she considered how submitting to his command was really up to her.

"Do it, Robyn." Jace's husky voice hit her ear as he rubbed her clit faster. Pleasure shot up into her pussy as she slid her knees apart. Jace moved his thigh right between her open ones and spread his knees apart so that her legs were held open by his hard thighs. Her pussy was completely open as Jace held her against his body. His cock was

hard against her bottom as she leaned back onto him. Nash looked at her spread body and grunted approval. His eyes returned to hers as he let his cock go.

“Now, Robyn, admit that surrender can be fun?”

“But I guess it depends on who is making the demand of you...doesn’t it?” Jace ran his finger from the front of her slit to the opening of her pussy as she wiggled in his embrace. “Be still.”

“No.” She snapped the word as Nash grinned at her.

Jace pulled his finger from her pussy and lifted it above her spread folds. He held the hand there for a moment before he smacked her pussy with his open hand. She yelped as the controlled blow sent a jolt of pleasure up her pussy. It was so sharp her vision turned black for a second but a low moan of appreciation came from her open lips as her clit throbbed with approval. Jace chuckled next to her ear. “Punishment will be immediate, Robyn. Discipline can be very arousing. Ever knelt and waited, just waited for the touch to land on your bare skin?” Jace moved a finger up one of her thighs and sensation shot into her spine from the contact. “Has anyone ever fucked your ass?”

“No.” Her voice was thin as she gasped for more air. Her lungs couldn’t seem to keep up with her heart. Her eyes widened as Jace lifted that hand once again and waited to make sure she saw it hovering over her exposed slit. She gasped as it moved towards her pussy and smacked it once again. She almost climaxed but not quite. Instead her clit twisted with the need to be rubbed or sucked or smacked – anything to relieve the twisting tension. Jace bit her neck as he cupped one breast and pinched her nipple. The pain shot down her spine to combine with the throbbing in her clit. Her eyes slid closed as her head lay back on Jace’s shoulder. The bed moved and Nash closed his hand around one of her wrists. He pulled her toward him as Jace used his body to push her off his thighs and onto her knees.

A little click made Robyn open her eyes in shock. A silver manacle was locked around her right wrist. It wasn’t really a handcuff, but was about two inches wide and

lined with some kind of velvet. Jace closed his hand around her free wrist as she stared at the chain attached to the manacle. Nash pulled her manacled wrist towards the end of the bed, so that she was on all fours. Jace covered her back as he held onto her free wrist and his cock teased her wet slit. It thrust between her thighs, lying against her sex as the head rested against her mons. Robyn moaned as she moved her hips and rubbed her clit against that hard cock. She worked her hips faster as Nash reached for her free wrist. "Make me come". They weren't the only ones who knew how to demand.

"No, Robyn. You will only come when one of us makes you." Jace smacked her bottom as he straightened up.

Nash clicked the second manacle around her free wrist and secured the chain to the bedpost as Jace rubbed the side of her bottom that he'd smacked. She stared at the chains locking her to the footboard of the bed as her brain battled against her need. Fear rose up in a thick wave as she realized how helpless she was. She couldn't even call for help now. Jace left the bed and Robyn trembled. Her hands were chained but she was able to move because the chains weren't tight. She folded her lower legs under her and knelt on the bed. She needed to protect her tender flesh so she pressed her thighs together in spite of her throbbing clit. Fear raced along her skin making her shiver as Jace moved across the polished wooden floor. He opened a drawer and looked inside it for a moment. Nash suddenly caught her chin in his hand. His eyes glittered like a cobra again as she tried to mask her uncertainty.

"Fear can be an interesting addition to bedroom play." His fingers gently massaged her jaw. It was amazing the way both men controlled their strength. The ability to rip her clothing told her how much strength they really had but they touched her with the most gentle hands. "But distrust is something else. We will not harm you, Robyn."

Nash watched her face to see if she believed him. Trust was earned. Overwhelming with stimulation was simple enough for men like him and Jace—they had spent hours learning the right touches to get a woman to yield her body to their cravings. When a

man took the time to really study the art of sensual foreplay, fucking became deeper and far more satisfying than shoving your cock into a wet pussy for a few minutes of thrusting. Robyn's body was full of places to stroke. Nash wanted to touch each and every last one before his cock took over. He enjoyed the bite of his own need as it fought against the restraint he'd tied over it. He would let the two forces clash inside him as he tried to hold back the beast that wanted to fuck. Each time she cried out with delight, his cock would burn. The taste of her pussy clung to his tongue as his balls tightened with the urge to ejaculate.

"Have you ever played with bonds?" Robyn shook her head quickly as Nash felt her face quiver in his hand. "But you liked having your pussy spanked, didn't you?"

Oh Lord! She had! Robyn licked her lower lip as she listened to Jace's actions being put into words. She had always thought spanking was kinky but it did excite her. Hearing it spoken out loud made her clit burn once again for another smack. Nash chuckled at the surprise on her face.

"Amazing, isn't it, Robyn? The way the body erupts with all sorts of primitive responses, true animal instinct. Stop trying to think and let's see what your body responds to."

"You're a demon. Did you know that? You must have escaped from a lower level of hell just to tempt me into damnation." His words shimmered like precious gems behind a jewelry store window to the beggar walking past on the street. Her eyes moved over the ridges of muscles coating his chest just like a pauper would have gazed at stones worth more than their meager lives could afford.

"Maybe." Nash grinned at her as he stroked his cock again. "Even if I'm not, the idea of role-playing sounds...stimulating."

Jace moved back across the room and Robyn shivered at the idea of being the sole focus of both prime males. Excitement shot through her once again as Nash let his cock go.

"Raise your bottom," Jace commanded her and she jerked her head around to look at him. She gasped as her eyes caught sight of something on the blue satin of the coverlet. She stared at the three items as she tried to decide what they were. Jace chuckled and there was a similar sound from Nash as he lay across the foot of the bed length-wise and picked up one of the items Jace had retrieved from the drawer. He held it up for her to see.

"I can't wait to get inside you, Robyn, but I confess that I enjoy playing with my toys." He turned the object over in his hand. "Tonight, you are my toy. I'm going to stretch your bottom so that I can fuck it later."

Her eyes went wide but she couldn't decide if she was excited or enraged. It was on the tip of her tongue to say no, but she had liked everything so far. Temptation hung in front of her, daring her to try the next new experience just to see if it drove her excitement up another notch. Jace suddenly smoothed his hand over her spine and she jumped at the shock. Her skin was ultrasensitive, all of the nerve endings firing off as his warm hand moved over her bare skin. Nash watched her face for a moment.

"Raise your bottom, Robyn, get on all fours like a bitch." Her pussy shouted yes. There was another word misused all around her. Bitch. How many times had she heard it muttered under the breath of her office coworkers, but the way Nash was using it sent a curl of heat through her pussy as she imagined what it would be like to have Jace mount her like she was a bitch. He could thrust his cock deep into her as he gripped her hips and she could look up and see their reflection in the mirrored ceiling.

But a butt plug? Even in her wildest fantasies she had never seen herself allowing that kind of intimacy. If she did, then both men could fuck her at the same time...

A little whimper of surrender escaped her lips as Robyn obeyed. She pushed back onto her knees and raised her bottom into the air. The idea of being pressed between Jace and Nash was mesmerizing. It grew until it was the only thing she could think of, there was no room for taboos or someone else's opinion that anal intercourse was immoral. She had to feel it. It became a craving that dragged her towards discovering

what it was like to be sandwiched between two men as two cocks entered her body at the same time.

"Spread your knees." Jace didn't wait for her to comply, he used his hands to pull her thighs apart. He smoothed his hand up her inner thighs and right between her bottom cheeks. He held them wide for a moment as she realized exactly what the object in Nash's hand was. Nash rubbed his thumb over the tip of the butt plug, teasing her with the way he fingered it while Jace trailed his fingers over her back opening.

"It's exciting, isn't it, Robyn? Waiting for a command, anticipating what we might demand of you." Jace touched her back entrance and she jerked. It was an unconscious movement, one born from the mixture of fear and excitement that was flooding her blood. His finger moved to her pussy and thrust deep. A low moan rose from her chest as she found her body pushing back towards that penetration.

"Your pussy is ready, isn't it?" Jace worked his finger back and forth as she felt the walls of her body trying to grasp his finger. It wasn't thick enough to feed the hunger gnawing at her. Robyn opened her eyes and looked at Nash. He stood up and walked around the foot of the bed to watch her as Jace finger-fuck her. There was something even more exciting about seeing his gaze focused on her and Jace. But she couldn't keep her eyes on Nash's face, his cock thrust out at her face level and she stared at the swollen rod as she licked her lower lip. She wanted to taste it, lick the little slit on its head, anything to have it touching her body. A hard smack landed on her bottom as Jace pulled his finger from her pussy.

"You didn't answer me, Robyn." Jace smacked her bottom twice more before he pulled the cheeks apart again and she felt the touch of something smooth against her back entrance. "So, I won't fuck you."

Robyn gasped. "Yes...um...it's ready."

Jace reached down and picked up the tube that was sitting next to the butt plug. There was a click as he flipped the cap open and then he applied the end of it to her

bottom. There was the smooth glide of some kind of lubricant as he held her cheeks apart.

“What is ready, Robyn?” Jace chuckled. “If you leave the details out, I can play with any part of your body I’m ready to touch.”

He used the tip of his finger to push the lubricant into her bottom. She lifted her chin and watched in the mirrored ceiling as Jace fingered her. He reached for the butt plug and carried it to her bottom. A little flicker of excitement flared through her. She knew that Nash was watching too and that made her skin flush with heat. The tip of the plug pressed forward as the tight muscles of her bottom protested. Robyn listened to her own little pants as Jace firmly pushed the plug into her body. Her skin stretched as her thighs quivered in a moment of uncertainty. But Jace pulled the plug out of her bottom and then pressed it back in. This time the fat portion opened her tight muscles, allowing him to push it into her body.

She moaned low and deep. The noise didn’t even sound human. It was pure need and she didn’t think she would survive much more.

“Sweet, sweet Robyn.” Jace’s voice was rough. He smoothed his hand over each side of her bottom before he grasped the handle of the plug and pulled it out. He pressed it back into her body as Robyn pushed her ass higher. She should have protested the invasion of her bottom but she didn’t and that made his cock even harder. There were few women on the face of the planet who could relax and sample every aspect of intimacy. She was embracing her own curiosity and it was a privilege that she allowed him and Nash to be her guides. The idea of binding her to his side shimmered dangerously as he worked the plug in and out of her ass again. Jace wanted to freeze time and just exist in the moment. His cock throbbed for a taste of each tight sheath. Jace felt his control eroding as he worked the plug all the way into her bottom.

Robyn heard the chains attached to her manacles clink as she pulled on them. Her eyes opened as she realized she was pushing backwards across the bed towards Jace and the penetration of her bottom. If she'd taken any time to think about it, she would have rebelled against having a plug inserted into her body, but her flesh had its own ideas that didn't see any need thinking, she was just swept along in a flood of sensation.

Her gaze settled on Nash and his cock once again. Robyn licked her lower lip as she shivered. Neither man was in any hurry and that made it even more intense. The fact that they were leashing their own hunger made her want to test their resolve. Pushing forward again, she came into contact with Nash's cock. He had leaned over the edge of the bed as she pushed back, offering her bottom to Jace. She lapped the slit on the head of Nash's cock and smiled as he snarled. He moved back in a swift motion as Robyn smiled at him.

"What's the matter, Nash? You can dish it out but you can't take it?" She moved her arms so that her chains clinked again. "Afraid to let me loose?"

Jace smacked her raised bottom and Robyn moaned as pleasure shot up into her pussy. Tension was tightening the muscles around the plug in her bottom, making her desperate for her pussy to be filled. She turned her head and raised an eyebrow at him. "What's wrong, Jace? Worried about what I might do if you were the one chained up?" She purred her words at him and laughed at the surprise that flashed across his face. Turning her head back to look at Nash, she licked her lower lip and made sure Nash saw her tongue slipping along her lip. "Most guys wouldn't turn down a blowjob. Besides, I thought Doms ordered their submissives to open their mouths for deep-throating."

She was daring him. Neatly tossing down a challenge that made his knees wobble. The tip of her tongue appeared again as Robyn slowly ran it over her lower lip in suggestion. His cock jerked as Nash lost the battle to control his body. His feet were closing the distance between that little pink tongue and his cock as his hand threaded through her hair to hold her in place.

"Suck me." Nash didn't wait to see if she would obey him or not. His hand tightened in her hair as the head of his cock entered her mouth. Robyn relaxed her jaw as she took his cock and sent her tongue around the ridge that circled the head. She was drowning in the flood of sensation again as the scent of Nash's skin filled her senses and his cock pressed deeper into her mouth. His fingers tightened in her hair as she made her tongue move around the cock inside her mouth. Her ears caught the harsh sound of his breath and that filled her with confidence. Their roles reversed so quickly, she might be wearing the chains but Nash was bending to her whim right then.

And then Jace forced her back into submission as his shoulders hit the bed between her spread thighs and he pulled her down on top of his face. His tongue found her clit as he held onto her hips to keep her pussy pressed against his mouth. She felt her eyes roll behind her closed lids as pleasure tried to twist her into a knot. Climax didn't break that tension, instead Jace licked and sucked all around her clit but never long enough on the center of it to grant her release. Robyn found her thighs grasping Jace as she curled her hips forward to offer her pussy to his mouth. She opened her mouth wider for Nash's cock as the minutes seemed to swell into hours.

"Enough!" Nash growled at her as he pulled his cock from her mouth and got onto the bed.

Jace pushed her up and away from his mouth in the same instant. She needed to come so badly, it hurt. But their constant demands for surrender rubbed her pride. "Has it been a whole hour?"

Nash caught her gaze with his as he reached for her nipple. "Bitch." A sharp pinch sent a ripple of pleasure down her spine as he stood back up and walked towards the headboard. The bed moved as he climbed onto it and knelt behind her. He gripped her hips as the head of his cock penetrated her pussy. "Sweet bitch." With the plug still lodged in her bottom, she was tight and his cock felt too thick. The bed moved with their motions as Nash pulled his cock free and then thrust it back into her body. Jace appeared in front of her as he grasped her hair and lifted her head to his cock.

“Maybe we’ll fuck for an hour instead. Suck me.”

The bed had looked too high when she first saw it but now Robyn realized that it was level with both men’s cocks. Jace was able to stand in front of her and his cock was right at the level needed for her to suck his cock while Nash fucked her from behind.

The head of Nash’s cock slipped between the wet folds of her slit as he watched her body spreading for his penetration. Her spine arched out of need as she felt her pussy being stretched on that thick cock. The plug in her bottom made it so tight she wanted to scream just to let some of the sensation out. Her clit pulsed with need as Nash pulled free and then thrust back into her.

His cock penetrated her completely as he gave a harsh sound of enjoyment. “Yeah, I say we just fuck for an hour.” She shivered as Nash held onto her and moved his cock in and out of her. She even heard the little wet sound of her body being penetrated but because he was behind her, she didn’t climax.

It was a hard possession and he held her hips in an iron grip as he drove his cock in and out of her pussy. Nash increased his speed as his thrusts became even harder. There was something intimate about being able to watch Nash as he gave in to climax. This wasn’t a man who let his emotions be viewed very often. He snarled as he buried his cock in her pussy and she felt the hot spurt of his ejaculation, but it was the tremor in his hands that touched her most. He rubbed the curves of her hips when the first wave of pleasure passed, gently massaging the spots he’d gripped so tightly.

Jace push Nash away from her body a second later. His hand found the plug in her bottom and pulled the toy free before Jace gripped her hips and his cock was splitting her pussy just as Nash’s had a moment before. She whimpered as Jace fucked her, because his cock fed her need to be filled, but her clit burned with the craving for friction. Jace thrust hard and deep into her body as Nash lay across the foot of the bed once more. He locked stares with her pleading eyes.

“I’ll take care of you, Robyn.”

He reached forward as Jace growled and increased his pace. He thrust his cock deeper and harder against her bottom as Nash found her clit and rubbed it. His eyes watched her face as Jace growled and she felt his ejaculation begin to pump up inside her. Nash rubbed her clit harder as his lips hovered over hers.

“Come, Robyn.” It was a harsh command and one her body obeyed instantly. Jace snarled as her pussy contracted around his cock. Nash pressed a hard kiss against her mouth as pleasure ripped through her body. There wasn’t a single cell unaffected. Her body became a single, snapping sensation that left her a quivering mass of limp muscles. Robyn collapsed and whimpered softly as she was scooped up by strong male arms. She wasn’t sure who held her, only that she was freed from her manacles and turned until she was sandwiched between her two lovers. Her mind refused to care beyond the twin heartbeats and the smoothing hands that roamed over her bare skin. Neither really spoke, they made soft sounds as they both tried to hold her. Somehow, she hadn’t expected that. This cuddling after she had surrendered her body so completely.

But she craved it. Their touch slid over her like water and she absorbed it like greedy desert land. The tiny kisses laid on her head felt so real, she couldn’t stop her heart from feeling them. Maybe it was fantasy but it was better than any she had managed to concoct on her own.

Chapter Seven

"You didn't use a condom." Robyn sat straight up in bed as her words erupted through the haze of slumber that had captured her. The room was dark and she was confused for a moment as she tried to determine where she was. The bed jerked in response to her abrupt motion. Her wrist was twisted behind her back as her face was shoved into the mattress. A heavy male chest lay across her a moment before she heard a low curse and she was pulled right back up off the mattress. Light flooded the room as Jace pointed a polished black pistol into the room from the doorway. He pulled the barrel up a bare three seconds after running his eyes around the room. He stood in the doorway and made a sweep of the room with his eyes before looking back at her wide eyes.

She turned to look at Nash and caught him tucking another gun into a cleverly disguised wooden panel on the side table next to the bed. It was just an extra piece of wood that looked sort of like a magazine rack, only now she saw that it cradled another black handgun perfectly. Nash stretched his neck as he rolled out of the bed and captured her wrist as he moved. He was still naked like she was and looked like he was shaking off slumber. Jace on the other hand was alert and looked like he was on duty.

"You're using birth control pills to regulate your menstrual cycle and we go for exams every month. Blood tests, the works. There was no need for a condom."

Nash pulled her along with him into the bathroom before Robyn cleared enough fog out of her brain to absorb his words.

She had to think about what her question had actually been before she could understand his answer. "Whoa! How did you know that?"

Nash flipped the shower on before turning and raising an eyebrow at her. His lips were set into a smug, male expression of arrogance. She stared at it as a shiver shook

her. She really was in way over her head. It was one thing to suspect Nash and Jace were dangerous but she was now running smack into the realities of that. Not only had they tracked her down, they had investigated her too.

Hunted. That word echoed through her head as she tried to think of the smart thing to do. "You've got some nerve. Ever heard of privacy?"

Nash simply watched her with his cobra eyes. There was no hint of apology for probing into her personal information and she got the impression he wasn't sorry.

"Do you wake up like that often, Robyn?" Steam was rising from the twin showerheads as Nash reached over and caught her wrist again. He pulled her into the huge corner shower with him. There was no glass enclosing it, the shower took up half the massive bathroom and was tiled floor to ceiling like a locker room. Only this was dark green tile and there were two showerheads pumping out hot water, one set at chest level and the other above her head. The hot water felt wonderful against her skin as she turned so that it soaked her.

"Answer the question, Robyn."

Robyn jumped as she turned to find Jace in the bathroom. He was dressed in a set of baggy dress pants and the gun was tucked into the back of his waistband. It was odd the way they worked together. The more time she spent with them the more they reminded her of some kind of military team. The guns only added to that idea, as did Nash's reaction when she'd startled him awake. Robyn rolled her shoulders and decided not to do *that* again. She glared at their supreme attitude and propped her hands on her hips.

"You first. Just what exactly is this? The CIA? My gynecology records aren't even remotely critical data."

"That all depends on the mission objective." Nash ducked under the water and let it soak his head. He stepped out of the spray and opened his eyes to stare at her. "I sure as hell wasn't going to let the lack of a condom mess up a perfectly planned seduction yesterday."

"So, you could have just bought a box and *asked* me if we needed them." Steam rose from the water but Robyn wasn't willing to join Nash in the hot water. She wasn't going to say "yes sir" just because he was good at seduction. He should have asked her. Not pried into her personal life.

"Unless you're allergic to latex." Jace stared her down from the center of the bathroom. He took one long step towards her and she felt her temper sizzle as she recognized they were working together against her.

"Which brings us right back to *asking* me." She turned sideways to keep them both in sight. "It's time for a little information sharing."

"Nope." Jace crossed his hands over his chest and Nash simply reached for her.

Robyn jumped away from his hand as she held a single finger out at them. "Then call me a cab."

"Now you're being ridiculous." Nash surged forward and caught her wrist. He stepped past her and locked her arm down as he did it. Her body went dancing around his and right into the shower. She sputtered as the water rushed into her eyes.

"There is nothing ridiculous in wanting to know if I'm having a relationship with mobsters. You dig through my personal information and won't answer a simple question? Well, I'm out of here now that there are guns involved."

Robyn had a way of shocking him. Nash didn't think anyone on the globe could top her ability to jerk his chain. The word relationship stopped his heart for a second. Her demand for a cab tossed gasoline on his temper. The fact that she had every right to be pissed off at him shouldn't have mattered, it would make it mighty easy to send her on her way but that was where he came full circle and found himself staring at that idea of relationship again.

That changed things. "Marines—not mob. Special Operations. Jace and I were teammates—we still are. We were the best, but all that means is there are some mighty unhappy bad guys out there who would love to plant us in the cemetery. The penalty

for doing our job well means we have to look over our shoulders for any relatives who might still be holding a grudge against our team.”

Robyn wasn't sure what shocked her more, the information or the fact that Nash had answered her. A twist of pity went through her as she recognized how devoted both men were to their cause. They had served the nation and even sacrificed their own personal lives.

“I thought your identities were protected in those extreme units.”

Jace snorted from his position across the bathroom. “That’s assuming you don’t end up with a rat in your command who sells you out for a few hundred grand in an offshore account.” A dark look crossed his face. “Once that happens, you don’t want to drop your guard.”

“That sucks.” Totally and completely. Serving your country shouldn’t include living life on the run or constantly on guard like Jace and Nash were.

“Yes ma’am, it does.” Jace considered her. “Still want that cab?” Jace was watching her with a stony, expressionless face but she caught a flicker of need in his eyes that humbled her. She didn’t fear that he wouldn’t call a cab if she asked. The fact that he didn’t want to get rid of her made her want to smile. It was a compliment that men like these didn’t grant many people. She believed them because everything fit. All the little suspicions about them—it was hard to explain but she didn’t find either man self-centered enough to be career criminals. Weakness like that tended to emerge between the sheets. As lovers went, Jace and Nash had spent more time pleasuring her than themselves.

“No.”

Nash grabbed the bar of soap and rubbed it over her breasts.

“Good, I seem to have trouble concentrating on the conversation when you’re naked and within reach.”

Robyn welcomed the change in mood but the bathroom mirror behind Jace showed her the deadly black pistol tucked into his pants. She stared at that stark example of just

how far she had journeyed away from her safe life. The waters here were uncharted and turbulent. It was not a place to travel without consideration.

“Scared of me, Robyn?”

The twist of fear tightened in her gut as she moved her gaze to Jace as he watched Nash washing her. He leaned back against the countertop with one eye on the bedroom and one on them. He was watching her to judge her response. It was somehow important to her that she passed this test of her character.

“The word ‘cautious’ fits a little better to my way of thinking.”

Nash offered her a chuckle. His hands caught her hips and pulled her towards his body. Her senses filled with the scent of his skin as her nipples brushed against the crisp hair covering his chest. Nash began to wash her once again but his hands were firmer, warning her to stay in place or be captured once again. “The first rule is easy. Don’t startle either of us. That includes sitting up and shouting when one of us is sleeping right next to you.”

“Only one of you?”

“We alternate duty.” Nash turned her and began washing her back. “We don’t sleep at the same time.” She was staring at Jace once again but couldn’t help sighing as Nash massaged her tense shoulders.

“Got it.”

Nash turned Robyn to face him. He looked over her head at Jace and found his partner offering him a relieved look. It wasn’t what Nash expected. Jace should have been angry that Nash wasn’t helping Robyn find her clothes on her way to the front door. They should let her keep that last vision of them with their guns as a little parting gift to make sure she didn’t do anything like trail after them hoping for affection. A shiver shook her shoulders and Nash felt it stab into his heart.

“We’re going to run out of hot water.” It would be simple to linger under the spray but the scent of Nash’s skin was making her attention wander away from the task of

bathing. Nash's hands smoothed the soap over her. He didn't miss a single spot as she caught sight of Jace stripping.

"We'll create our own heat." Nash's voice was husky. He cupped her breasts and raised them so that the water carried the soap away.

Jace walked right into the steam and joined them in the water. She jumped as her hand touched his thighs and found his clothing missing. A quick look over her shoulder told her he'd stripped and left his clothing on the counter. Everything except the gun. The black pistol was sitting on the lip of the tub in easy reach of the shower. With no door it would be simple for him to reach for the weapon.

"You're right about that," Jace whispered next to her ear but his hands tightened around her torso. His fingers found her nipples and rolled them before gently pinching them. Pleasure flowed into her pussy as she felt his cock brush her thigh.

There was some primitive instinct that Nash and Jace touched inside her. She had never even known it was there, hidden behind the simple realities of her carefully planned life. A simple, yet proven career in a safe little field that wouldn't kill her with stress. What Robyn had missed was the fact that her accounting job was bleaching away all of the color that made life vibrant.

Jace and Nash were the polar opposite. They were double-edged, deadly weapons that sliced deep every time they touched her. She was scared of the emotions they could unleash inside her own body because she would never be able to control them.

She was even more frightened of learning more about them. Every touch was one more memory that would haunt her once they disappeared into the shadows. It would happen, she could feel it. They knew everything about her but there wasn't a single shred of personal information for her to notice in the penthouse. No pictures or personal books or even DVDs to give her clue as to what they enjoyed. Nothing that might point out where they would go when they got into their trucks and left.

She should have been able to resist the growing need but Robyn failed as Nash washed her and rubbed over her clit. Jace cupped her breasts and his fingers pinched

her nipples. There was no holding back the need this time. Having tasted the pleasure their touches delivered, her pussy heated quickly as her hands landed on Nash's shoulders. The skin was hot and his body hard as he let the water rinse the soap from her mons. As he stood up he hooked each of her thighs with his arms and picked her up. Her back went up Jace's hard body as Nash moved between her thighs and spread them wide. Jace wrapped his arms around her waist to help support her weight as Nash's cock nudged her pussy.

Steam rose around them as Nash thrust slowly into her body. Her hands tightened over his shoulders as his thrusts pressed her against Jace. Jace still held her breasts and he played with her nipples as Nash fucked her. Pleasure raced through her blood, eliminating her ability to think beyond the sensation. She was in the center of the flame with a hard cock inside her and two hard bodies holding her for the possession. Climax jerked her into its violent storm of pleasure as Nash growled and thrust hard against her clit. Robyn cried out as the rapture refused to remain contained inside her body. Her partners moved as Nash pulled her tighter against his chest and his arms took her weight. Her thighs were still wrapped around his hips as he slid his arms around her and curled his fingers around each side of her bottom. Nash leaned back against the tile wall as the water rushed down her back and between her bottom cheeks.

A single finger found her back entrance as Jace used the water to penetrate her bottom. Nash growled against her neck as she shivered. That finger slid into her and then was joined by a second one. Jace worked them in and out of her in slow thrusts as she wiggled against Nash.

"Relax." Nash sounded like he was ordering her and she found it funny. You couldn't force someone to relax during sex, it was an issue of trust. In so many ways she should have been a ball of tension but she wasn't. The guns alone should have scared all the passion right out of her, instead she craved more as Jace pulled his fingers free and grasped her hips.

The first touch of his cock against her bottom made her wriggle. Robyn gasped as the tight entrance protested but Jace pressed forward until the skin parted for his cock. He only inserted the head. Nash's cock was still lodged in her pussy making her so full, it was almost unbearable.

"You were made for this, Robyn. To be fucked by us." Jace wasn't sure if he was trying to convince her or shout it out as a victory. All that mattered was the sweet sound of her whimpers as he pulled his cock free and thrust it back into her ass. Excitement shook her body as she arched her head and he could see her fingernails biting into Nash's shoulders.

It was too much but yet not enough. Robyn wanted to scream when Jace held still too long. She needed to feel him moving, driving his cock deeper into her body.

"Fuck me." Her voice was full of need and both her lovers groaned in response. Jace moved behind her, thrusting his cock deeper into her bottom. Sensation flared out from being stretched. Jace moved in a steady rhythm, pushing her into Nash as he fucked her. The force of each thrust rubbed her clit against Nash's cock. She listened to her own cries bounce off the tiles. Pleasure coursed through her as climax twisted her tighter and tighter. This time it was going to tear into her womb as well. Jace fucked her faster as Nash moved his cock in little thrusts that made her clasp him tighter with her thighs. Jace growled behind her and Robyn let the climax take her. She flung her head back onto Jace's shoulder as the pleasure jerked her away from conscious thought. Nash snarled against her neck as he joined them.

Hot spurts of seed hit her in both places and it triggered pleasure she had never known her body could feel. It was a good thing both men held her because her body twisted and snapped with the sensation without any care to what might happen if they lost their hold on her. Robyn didn't worry about it. There was no room for thought as pleasure crested over her and drowned out everything else. Four male hands stroked and gripped her as her lovers groaned with their own rapture. If the water turned cold

no one noticed or cared. Robyn couldn't hear over her own frantic heartbeat and she didn't want to.

Nash cupped her chin and kissed her as she regained her senses. It was a slow kiss designed for intimacy instead of seduction. Their tongues mingled as Jace pushed her off his cock and smoothed his hands over her bottom. They turned her in the water to wash their newest passion away before Nash pulled her out of the water and wrapped her in a towel like a little girl. She giggled at that image as Jace caught her against his frame for a kiss of his own. When he broke the contact he raised an eyebrow at her.

"Still looking for a cab?"

Robyn giggled again as Nash picked her up and shot Jace a venomous look. Her feet kicked in the air as he stole towards the oversized bed and sat her in the center of it.

"I'll worry about it later."

Chapter Eight

Morning wasn't kind. Robyn woke up to her stomach growling due to her lack of dinner. Her hair was tangled around her face because she hadn't braided it before going to sleep like she normally did. She gasped as she sat up because her pussy was sore. Her cheeks flooded with hot color as her bottom smarted as well, reminding her in vivid detail that she really had thrown caution to the wind last night. The scent of coffee teased her nose as she looked around the masculine bedroom for anything to wear. Her suit was probably still lying on the table, and memory kicked in with the fact that her shirt was ruined along with her underwear. A glance at the clock told her she had barely enough time to make it home and get in to the office before she was late.

Robyn sighed with relief as she pushed the bedding off her legs and scooted to the edge of the bed. How exactly did you part company with the sort of fling she'd managed to get herself into last night anyway? *Gee, I had fun* didn't seem to fit.

She froze as she stepped into the bathroom. Her suit was hanging from a hook set into the wall. Every button was back on her blouse despite her very clear memory of Nash ripping it loose last night. There wasn't a single wrinkle anywhere on the fabric of the pants or jacket either. A set of matching underwear was lying on the countertop along with her purse and a new toothbrush.

She shivered. Marines—well the attention to details certainly backed up that statement.

"I think that's just about the ugliest suit I've ever seen."

Robyn shrieked as she turned to find Nash in the doorway. His eyes moved over her nude body in slow motion as her nipples tingled and tightened in response to his appearance. "But I love your taste in underwear." Nash placed a cup of steaming coffee

next to her purse before stroking one of her tightened nipples with his thumb. His lips lifted into a grin when she shivered.

“Easy, Robyn, aren’t you a little more used to me by now?”

His words were some kind of test. She reached for her bra as she tried to decide what Nash was looking for. “When I see you coming. I’m still working on the emerging from nothingness.”

Nash grinned like a little boy with a freshly caught frog. He waggled both his eyebrows before reaching forward to lift her breasts into her bra cups. Robyn stared at his hands in amazement. There was just something not quite normal about a man who knew how to adjust a girl’s breasts correctly. But it was incredibly sexy too.

“You should call in sick.”

An alarm went off in her brain as she caught a flicker of something in his eyes. “Why? It might be a miserable job but it’s my path to a better tomorrow. So, I endure.”

She pulled her shirt from the hanger and pushed her arms into the sleeves. Her fingers began to work the buttons as Nash frowned at her. “And you wear ugly suits to throw off the rest of the jerks you work with.”

Robyn grinned as she cut him her best attempt at a salute. “Yes, Sir!” She reached for a brush and began to pull it through her hair. “Besides, Nash, if I spent the day just resting up, and you and Jace went to work...I might just break you when you came back in.” She almost used the word home and then decided it didn’t fit the penthouse at all. Home was a place where you relaxed enough to be yourself.

“I love a challenge.”

Nash hooked one of his arms around her waist and pulled her against his body. His strength and the control that he tempered it with amazed her again. He wasn’t hurting her but she was held completely captured against his body as Nash cupped her chin and raised her eyes to meet his.

"We aren't finished, Robyn." His mouth landed on hers, and his hard kiss felt like a brand of ownership. Nash slid his hand around her throat to the back of her head where he held her in place for his kiss. His lips pressed hers open for the hard thrust of his tongue. She was suddenly so full of him that nothing much else mattered. Robyn let her tongue mingle with his as she kissed him back. Nash raised his mouth from hers and she caught a tiny moment of confusion flickering in his eyes before he released her. Her lips tingled with little zips of pleasure as she stared at him.

As if on cue, Jace appeared behind Nash, his face set into a hard mask as Nash turned and looked at him. Jace considered her as Robyn reached for her hairpins. They too were resting in a neat pile on the tile.

"You should stay away from the office, Robyn, it's going to be a bad day for a few of your coworkers."

She froze for a moment before she shook off her shock. What had she expected? Jace and Nash were employed for one reason and it wasn't to be friendly with the staff they evaluated. The personal details of their relationship didn't have anything to do with it. But having the two of them attempting to coddle her did.

"I'm going to my job, boys, and the next hand that tries to soothe me is going to get bitten." She glared at them both before shrugging. "So, if you're going to fire me, you'll just have to do at the office."

Nash grinned at her again. "Hardly. You're the only one in the accounting department worth keeping." Jace offered her a half bow before stepping out of the doorway so that she could leave the bathroom. Grabbing the coffee, she pulled a couple of large mouthfuls of caffeine down before abandoning the cup in order to go and face her day.

She moved through the penthouse suite with Nash in front of her and Jace behind her. The two men moved with practiced precision and they swept her along with them. The bright morning sunlight burned away all hints of last night's recklessness. Robyn

mourned silently as Nash drove towards her office. His knuckles were white from his grip on the steering wheel but she refused to investigate that telltale emotional clue.

* * * * *

They were finished with key elements of their evaluation. Jace stared at the report he'd just printed up but didn't flinch at the harsh contents. He wasn't paid to be nice. His job was to point out the weak links. That was something he and Nash did to perfection. It was a skill they'd learned in combat—put enough pressure on your enemy and they would react. It was interesting to see that skill utilized so effectively in the civilian market. Owen Penn would be getting exactly what the man had paid for.

In his and Nash's case, their team leader made the contacts and they showed up to do the job. The pay was top dollar and they had a waiting list fourteen months long. The reason was simple—no owner wanted to be the bad guy. Paying for an outside team somehow absolved them of guilt when the ax started to fall. He and Nash were used to being the detective, jury and executioner all in one.

Jace punched the enter key on his laptop and sent his chair away from the desk with a hard kick on the floor. His body was pulsing with impulses and most of them were aimed at Robyn. She was a mystery to him that his brain was determined to poke at. He'd had more experienced women, plenty of them. But unlike the others, Robyn wasn't slipping out of his brain now that he'd had her body. The damn report would have already been forgotten if Jace could have wiped her from his mind. Instead he sat on his ass, double-checking details that he already knew because he was looking for a way to shield her from the upheaval about to invade her workplace.

It was time to apply action and he knew it. This job didn't even require an entire week—the office was that pathetic. It amazed him that Robyn even tolerated the conditions. Dack Tyden was already demanding to know exactly what about Robyn made him and Nash hesitate. The smartass was rubbing their noses in her ability to distract them beyond sex. Jace snarled as he considered Tyden catching sight of Robyn. The man would never bother with Carly because she was a slut.

Tyden was bent on revenge for an undeserved, dishonorable discharge. The entire team was behind him and Jace wasn't planning on quitting until justice prevailed. But operations took funding, so they did jobs like this one to produce the capital needed to track down a traitor.

A half-grin covered his face as Jace moved down the hall towards Robyn's desk. The games Special Forces played were deadly but men like him and Nash were cut out for them. Even now, he would never blend into the civilian population, and the fact was Jace didn't want to. He hadn't been kidding about being wild. He savored it. There were only a few rare moments that he begrudged the things that his lifestyle denied him.

Like Robyn.

But the thing that held him back was the fact that she hadn't balked at the *ménage*. She should have, Jace had seen her battling against her personal taboos, but she had stayed and now he was trying to pry his brain away from the idea of taking her with him.

Now that was his own taboo. Was there really a woman who would hitch herself to a man who didn't exist? Add in his partner, and most girls turned and ran just because of the numbers. There weren't many women comfortable enough with themselves to simply not care what society thought about their actions. Sure, they might play with fire, maybe have a fling with two men, but they didn't follow those same guys home. Maybe that was what really left the sour taste in his mouth today. He was tired of being considered inferior.

But Robyn didn't look at him that way. It was a dangerous observation but one that stuck in his thoughts as he felt his lips rising into a grin. It had been a hell of a long time since he'd felt good about a relationship.

Jace stopped as he caught Tom Osford's voice floating into the hallway. He cleared his mind as he got on with the task at hand.

* * * * *

The office was as silent as a funeral home. She fought against the urge to get out of her chair and peek into the hallway. Normally, she shut her door in order to muffle the noise but today you could hear the coffeepot sizzling.

Well, death was in the air. Two members of their happy little nonproductive team were already gone. Robyn had watched them pack their cars with their personals before they cussed at Jace and Nash, and left. Now she was just waiting to see whose head rolled next. She honestly couldn't work up a whole lot of sympathy, she was the accountant after all. She had watched the profits diminish over the last year as corporate costs increased and production went into the sewer. She had sent the information to the owner and presented it at office meetings.

All that earned her was a position as the office traitor. Her coworkers were too dense to recognize the chance she handed them to clean up their act. Instead their lack of production increased as they found new things to spend company profits on. They had attempted to fire her twice and the owner flatly refused. But she found herself waiting for the third to roll around.

"Well, you're one smart cunt."

Robyn jumped as Tom Osford came through the door next to her desk. He'd come from the file rooms and that was odd, the man never pulled his own files. He ran his poor secretary ragged instead.

"Excuse me?"

Tom hissed at her before moving further into the room. "I saw you leave with them last night." He leaned closer as Robyn pushed her chair away from the fury on his face. "Not bad, I might have sucked their cocks too if I knew it would save my job."

Tom yelped as he was pulled away from her desk. Jace twisted the man's arm behind his back as he marched him into the hallway. Nash looked at her from the doorway as she heard Tom cussing on his way towards the front door. Nash didn't say anything and Robyn decided that fit the moment. Except for one detail.

"I'm good at my job." And she hadn't used her body to keep it either.

Nash offered her a half grin. He was gone a second later. Robyn turned to watch the parking lot as Tom was pushed towards his car. He shouted at Jace with his hands flung out in rage. A few minutes later, it was finished.

The lack of any confirmation from Nash made her neck tense up. The numbers on her screen failed to make sense as she listened for any approaching footsteps that might tell her that her head was next.

She hissed and stood up. Well, she wasn't sticking around. She put in more than forty hours a week, so she was leaving. Watching the ax fall didn't interest her at all.

After all, Jace and Nash didn't appear to have any problem getting their hands on her personal information. Grabbing her cell phone, Robyn ducked out the back door. She had a few errands to run anyway and the afternoon traffic was already building. She knew she was running but sometimes finding a safe place to collect your thoughts was a wise plan. Jace and Nash might not follow her—it was a possibility that sent a bolt of pain through her heart. It was stupid but she liked thinking that she mattered to them. The odds were against that but her emotions still clung to the idea.

Reality sucked sometimes and she pulled out of the parking lot with the knowledge that she was heading for a really big dose of it.

* * * * *

Jace frowned as he got a glimpse of Robyn's empty desk. He reached into his pocket and pressed two keys on his cell phone. It was a hell of a lot more than just a cell phone. The little bit of advanced technology wasn't available yet, except to teams like the one Dack ran. Nash came around the corner almost instantly as his unit vibrated in response.

"Where is she?"

Nash turned and looked out into the parking lot. Jace heard Nash cussing and he moved towards the door before the sound faded. His gut wrenched as he made it

through the front door and confirmed that Robyn's little car wasn't there. She'd snuck out. The fact that she'd succeeded made him grin as he climbed into his truck. Jace put the truck into reverse and refused to think about just why he was chasing her. Nash beat him to the driveway, and staring at his taillights banished any further concern over why they were following her. They were both in deep, so Robyn could start adjusting to that idea. Jace was going to see to it personally.

* * * * *

Robyn was exhausted when she pulled into her parking garage. Even so, her bed looked like the most uncomfortable thing she'd ever laid eyes on when she got into her bedroom. That was so dumb but she couldn't change the way she felt. Her entire body was a jumble of tension.

Oh Robyn...

She needed a dose of reality and fast. The next thing she'd be thinking was that they cared for her beyond the fact that she'd spread her thighs for them.

It was all about pussy...

Robyn repeated that truth to herself as she began to rummage around in her refrigerator.

Money and pussy...

She pulled a frozen dinner out of the freezer and opened the microwave door. Yup, men were after two things and neither of them were commitment. That only happened in movies or as a side effect of not being able to get their pussy any other way. Well, Nash and Jace wouldn't be reduced to getting married in order to get laid. It was a fact that there were plenty of women who would spread their thighs for the chance to experience the ride with the two prime examples of manhood.

So, maybe she did have to work like a dog at the office but that didn't mean she couldn't be herself when the time clock hit five. Yanking her suit off, she tossed it across her bed and pulled out her hairpins. She rummaged through her drawers and found a

set of garnet and gold thong with matching lace, push-up bra. Robyn punched the radio as she hooked the bra in place and lifted each breast into position. She wiggled to the music as she found the fuck-me heels that had begun the entire event.

Now, that was a bitch.

She grinned at her reflection as she sauntered back into her bathroom and turned to look at her bottom. The spike heels did their job, pushing her bottom up into a display that without a doubt said “fuck me”.

All the nights spent in the pool swimming laps had definitely paid off. She danced around her bathroom as the music filled her head. The carnage at the office was expected and she needed to let it slide right off her back. She might even get a suit that fit her after it was finished.

And maybe she would buy herself a couple more pairs of fuck-me heels while she was at it.

“Work it, baby, and I’ll make it worth your time.”

Every muscle she had tightened until it was taut. Robyn didn’t jump because recognition was instant. She turned and had to move to the side to see Nash. He was watching her from the hallway but at an angle so that she hadn’t seen his reflection in the mirror. Her heels clicked on the floor as she sidestepped and looked for Jace. She knew he wouldn’t be far and she found him on the opposite side of the doorway. She shivered as she recognized the lack of respect they had for boundaries. But that fit with their predator image. Hunters didn’t exactly play fair, they either set a trap or ran their prey to ground and in the end it was the kill that mattered.

Nash stepped into the bathroom and Robyn moved back. It was an involuntary motion born from the idea that he was hunting her. The locked front door hadn’t given them any trouble and she felt that little spark of fear grow into a flame as Nash closed the distance between them, neatly stalking her, pinning her in a corner where he was the dominant creature. One dark eyebrow rose as he moved closer.

"Who's pissed off at you, Robyn?"

His question confused her. "Um...what do you mean?"

Nash yanked a robe off a hanger and tossed it around her shoulders. He pulled her through the bathroom door as she frantically tried to get the little silk robe closed before her neighbors got a flash show. She had to pull her wrist out of Nash's grip to get her arm into the sleeve of the garment and Jace took over holding onto her by cupping her elbow.

"What is up with you two?" Her spike heels made poor track shoes as she tried to keep up with their longer strides. Her front door stood open and Robyn gasped as she looked at it.

Huge globs of yellow paint were all over her door and front step. She had come in through her garage and never looked at the front of her town home. The horror of it had her jaw gaping open like a freshly caught fish. Paint was standing in puddles all over her front walkway. It looked like multiple gallons had just been opened and thrown at the front of her house. A hard arm around her waist stopped her before she made it out the door to investigate the damage closer.

Nash shut the door as Jace held her inside. "Let me go!"

"No. Whoever did it might be waiting for you to poke your head outside."

Robyn wiggled against Jace but he only frowned at her before catching her wrist and bending her arm up behind her back to trap her against his chest.

"That hurts!"

"Only if you move." Jace didn't tighten the hold but he was correct, if she twisted pain went shooting down her spine. Jerking her head up, she hissed at him. "Jerk."

Jace grinned in response and she wanted to hit him, but he held her in a solid embrace. She heard Nash flip open his phone and punch in a line of numbers.

"Now, Robyn, focus for a second. Who's out to get you?"

"Let me go."

Jace did but he turned her first so that his body was between her and the front door. Robyn propped her hands on her hips as she considered the immovable mountain of strength he made standing in her little entryway. His head almost scraped the top of the doorjamb. He held his hands out with the fingers wiggling suggestively and stepped towards her. She hissed but backed away from him and he kept coming in a slow pace that allowed her to maneuver in her heels.

"Who?" Nash demanded the information as Robyn reached the first step that led to her second floor. Why had she never noticed how cramped her town home was? Jace filled the hallway, so there was no room to slip around him.

She planted her feet firmly on the third step and crossed her arms over her breasts. "Who knows? I doubt it's personal, most likely bratty teens who think it's some kind of joke."

"We're not laughing." Jace moved up another step and her courage faltered. Robyn backed up more stairs.

"Neither am I, but I hate to break it to you two—out here people don't need a reason to pull idiotic stunts. It's just not my lucky day. So get out of my way and let me clean it up before it dries."

"Maybe...maybe not. Pack a bag, you're not staying here tonight." Jace backed her up into the upstairs hallway. He abandoned his chase and simply blocked the stairway with his body.

"Short of you kidnapping me, I am staying here." Jerks! She was not going to be run off her own property. At least they hadn't smashed her windows and thrown paint inside onto her carpet.

"Fine with me." Jace sprung at her. She was lying over his shoulder before she had time to cuss him.

Nash watched from behind his partner and offered her a sharp salute. "Yes, ma'am."

Robyn gasped as Jace carried her back into the bathroom. He set her back on her feet as he pulled his tie free. There was something very primitive about the way he yanked that little garment off his neck, like he set the beast inside him free. That silk tie represented civilization, and her memory was filled with what happened when Jace and Nash closed the door on society.

"Your terms are acceptable, Robyn."

"This is insane." She tried to sound demanding, possibly judgmental but her voice betrayed her acknowledgment of their ability to do whatever they wanted with her. She could call them jerks but they were strong jerks. Powerful enough to abduct her if they decided.

Nash raised an eyebrow at her. "Really? But did I ever claim to be sane, Robyn?" He watched her as he pulled his own tie free and ran the strip of silk through his fingers. "Get a bag or you're leaving with what you have on. Personally, I like that outfit. Don't overpack on my account."

She felt her cheeks flood with heat as both men backed her closer to her closet. "This is ridiculous!"

"No, it's precaution. You don't lay your head down when someone's gunning for you. You're leaving for a few days until we track down the culprits. You choose the evacuation method."

The thin silk lay in his hand like a gauntlet he was about to toss down at her feet. Robyn felt her temper sizzle at their commanding attitude. She shook her head in defiance because she couldn't think of another thing to call them besides jerks.

Jace sprang at her a second later and she was caught in his hard embrace before she even managed to move a single step. Jace turned her around so that she faced Nash and a moment later the tie went right between her teeth like a gag. Nash caught her wrists and imprisoned her while Jace tied the tie behind her head. It was solidly in place but he didn't pull her hair. She jerked against Nash's hold and he released her.

Robyn stared at her free hands in stunned shock for a second. It was a fatal mistake. Nash looped his tie around her wrists before she realized his intention. The coverlet from her own bed wrapped around her the second Nash finished tying her wrists together. She screamed behind the gag and Jace kissed her neck in response.

"Sweet Robyn, what exactly are you afraid of? What we might do to you? Or what we won't do?" She shuddered in response. Jace smoothed his hands over the coverlet. "I'll tell you one thing that isn't going to happen, sweetcakes. I am not taking the chance that someone really is pissed at you. If they were willing to spend the cash on that much paint, striking out at you is important to them. They took the cans, so the register labels couldn't be traced to the store they bought the paint from. Teenagers don't think like that. Having succeeded with the first assault they might return for a bigger strike."

She turned her head to glare at him, amazed at the way his mind worked. She would have thought that whoever did it had the paint sitting around in their garage and she hadn't even consider looking for the cans. The way Jace striped down the scene was almost frightening with its efficiency. It was so bluntly military.

Her feet left the floor a second later as Nash tossed her over his shoulder like a firefighter would. She caught a glimpse of Jace walking into her closet before Nash carried her right out of her own home through her kitchen door. His stride was even and silent as he moved through the dark to his truck. She landed across the front seat in a bundle of bedding, unable to push her body up because of her bonds.

Nash leaned over her for a moment and his eyes shimmered in the dim light. "I admit abducting you is mighty enjoyable, honey. I just might let you make the next few choices since you do so well at it."

He stroked her face with warm fingers as she shouted at him through her gag. Amusement flickered across his face as he reached for the seat belt. He had laid her body on the bench seat with her feet in the footwell. She struggled to sit up as Nash snapped the seat belt over her body. He pressed her back onto her back.

"Stay down. I don't want anyone to know where you are. Behave, Robyn, or I'll hogtie your sweet ass."

Jerk...jerk...jerk!

She chewed on his tie as he closed the door. He'd do it, she didn't doubt it. The driver's door opened and Nash climbed into the truck making it completely real as he inserted the key into the ignition and turned the engine over. He glanced over her body and smoothed a soothing hand over her thigh before offering her a smug grin of satisfaction.

"You might want to take a little nap. I think we just might keep you up all night long."

She snorted and Nash chuckled as he sent the truck into motion. Robyn battled against the combination of anger and excitement. She should have been at least a little frightened but she trusted the two jerks too much. Fear didn't show up and the rock and sway of the bench seat lured her into sleep as her adventures of the weekend began to take their toll. The most annoying thing was the part of her brain that recognized their logic. Not only were they jerks, they were correct. At that moment, her body didn't care. She was warm and tired, her eyelids refused to stay up when there was no need, and she could make up some of the sleep she'd missed at Jace's and Nash's hands. She grumbled behind her tie as she felt her body giving up the fight.

Nash heard the change in Robyn's breathing that said she'd dropped off into slumber. The vibration of the bench seat had rocked her to sleep like a baby. He smoothed his hand over her thigh again anyway as he pressed the accelerator down even more. His phone chimed and he pressed the COM link function key to activate his earpiece.

"She asleep?"

"Yeah. You won't be wearing this tie again. I think she's trying to chew through it." Jace cussed as Nash nodded his head in full agreement. He checked the mirrors in an

ongoing motion to know exactly who was near him on the interstate. As he left the city behind there were fewer and fewer vehicles besides Jace's truck behind him.

"We're stretching it. Dack isn't happy about company. Especially female kind."

"Too bad." Nash knew Dack was going to be pissed but he wasn't leaving Robin to face whatever was going on. Sure it might be simple but it was a lot more possible that his and Jace's actions in her workplace had landed on her shoulders. Tom Osford was on the top of his list too.

He and Jace might be a pair of jerks but they weren't leaving her to deal with their decisions.

And he and Jace never left loose ends behind.

* * * * *

Robyn slept like a baby. It was embarrassing how relaxed she was when she began to wake up. One annoying thing about trust was you never got to really make a choice on just whom your fickle mind would settle that particular feeling. There was no way to bribe it, no way to banish it just by thought alone. Nope, you just found it inside yourself when you were in the company of different people. She had fallen off to sleep effortlessly because she trusted Nash and Jace. They were a pair of egotistical asses, but there you had it.

Her eyelids began to flutter as she heard the change in the sound of the truck engine that told her Nash had left the interstate. Her brain urged her to wake up as the bench seat she was lying on rocked harder. Wherever Nash was headed, the road was rough. Robyn squeezed her eyes shut again as the rocking of the truck cab made her stomach twist with nausea because she couldn't see outside, only a crazy view of the dashboard as it dipped and bounced.

The truck suddenly stopped and a click hit her ears a second before the seat belt retracted. She opened her eyes. There was a rush of cold air across her head as Nash got out. A moment later the passenger-side door opened, sending another rush of cool air

into the cab. Jace chuckled as he lifted her off the seat. Her body made an involuntary motion to reach for him but her bonds held her captive. She was quite helpless as Jace carried her away from the truck, and his amusement frustrated her.

"That was one of my favorite ties."

Robyn growled behind her silk gag and ground her teeth on it. Nash snickered from in front of them as he moved faster to hold a door open for Jace.

Jace carried her up the front steps of a cabin-style house. It had a huge A-frame roof, telling her that they were in snow country. Even in August, the night was brisk and she let her face sink down into the comforter as Jace passed Nash. Being untied sounded like a good demand but there was no way she was letting the comforter out of her grip in this chill!

The door shut behind them and Robyn landed on a sofa a second later. The house was silent. She heard the soft step of both men as they moved around the dark interior. There was a flash of light as a match was struck, and a soft hissing sound. A moment later the fireplace in front of the sofa erupted into blue flames, casting light over Nash as he tossed the match he'd struck into the flames. He turned the gas control up a little more and nodded approval at the height of the flames. Robyn felt the heat hit her cheeks and nose as Nash turned to consider her. His face was bathed in the firelight but nothing else and she decided it fit him. The primitive edge that she was drawn to was further reveled in the firelight. The fact that neither man flipped on a light switch only added to their predator image. Maybe that was what her life had lacked, a man willing to take her. While her feminine pride hated that concept, her pussy shouted approval. She had dared them to take her and they had. A rush of satisfaction filled her as she glared back at her captors.

Robyn growled through her gag as Nash continued to study her. He offered her a mocking smile before moving towards her.

"Guess it's time to let you blister my ears." Nash reached for the gag and she bowed her head to let him at the back of it. "Not that I'm sorry."

His voice was rock hard as he stated that. The gag hung from his fingers as Robyn worked her jaw and glared at his smug expression. There wasn't much point in arguing with a boulder. "Jerk."

"I won't argue with that assessment."

His hand smoothed over her shoulders and untucked the sides of the comforter. His fingers gently massaged her arms making goose bumps rise all over her bare skin. Her breath froze in her throat as she stared into Nash's eyes while he untied her. Even mad, she still found the man sexy as sin. Her nipples tingled as she considered what she was wearing and how his eyes had enjoyed the view before they'd wrapped her up in the comforter.

"I haven't heard any cussing." Jace moved back into the room as Robyn pulled the comforter close.

"You're not worth shaming my mother."

Jace thought about that for a moment before he laughed. He laughed so hard he shook with it. Robyn stared at the raw, excess of emotion. Coming from Jace, it was like a transformation and she suddenly understood why.

Looking around the room she found all those details the penthouse had lacked. The place was masculine but there were hints of the owners here. A picture of Jace, Nash and some other men was placed up on one wall, a Stetson hat hung on a hook near the door. There was a big wooden bow with a quiver bearing arrows over the hearth.

This time they had brought her home. That single idea warmed her heart. Nash was watching her when she finished her look around the room. He was waiting to see what she thought of the place but for the first time he look relaxed.

"No palace, but we like it here. Snow in the winter, not too hot in the summer. Great fishing and good hunting. Small population."

"A wild man's paradise." She couldn't help but recall what Nash had first said he was. As far as palaces went, this was a grand one according to wild men standards.

Jace leaned over the back of the sofa and smoothed his hands down her arms. He kissed her bare neck gently before nibbling on her ear. A zip of delight shot down her spine in response. "I'm glad you understand." He whispered his words but Robyn didn't miss the ring of appreciation in his voice.

She suddenly felt included in their lives. It was a simple thing but a personal one that she couldn't shake off as unimportant. A feeling of unity hit her and she was almost certain she saw it flicker in Nash's eyes too. She didn't understand it but need flowed through her bloodstream so thickly, she would have surrendered anything they asked of her right then. The craving to be pressed between both their hard bodies rose within her once again. Her eyes were glued to Nash as he moved his fingers to the buttons on his shirt. Jace was still leaning over the sofa she sat on and she could feel his breath hitting her neck as his fingers curled around the comforter and slowly pulled the fabric away from her chest.

"You guys are overreacting."

Jace hissed from behind her but he raised his head. "How do you figure that?"

"You fired half the office staff. Stands to reason that since Tom saw me leave with you, someone else might have too."

Nash frowned as he considered her comment. Robyn smiled at his surprise. "What? Did you somehow think that they would fail to think I was in on it? I've been sending reports to Owen Penn quarterly showing him just how inefficient his staff were."

"We've seen the reports. That's why you still have a job." Jace stood up and considered her with another frown on his face. She just lifted her eyebrow at him. "Just check Tom's web page. He loves to air his dirty laundry on the internet."

The look that crossed Nash's face twisted her stomach with something that felt a lot like fear. His eyes glittered dangerously as he cut a quick look at Jace. He turned a moment later and crossed the room to a computer sitting on the counter near the kitchen. The room was so quiet, Robyn heard the keys being punched as he logged in and went looking for Tom's blog page. Jace looked right over his shoulder but tension

drew his shoulders tight as both men read the information displayed on the screen. She didn't need to look at it. The last six months had given her enough experience in dealing with Tom to know that she was better off not reading his blog. He was a petty man who was also a cyberspace bully. He blasted off harsh commentaries against anyone and everyone while safely hiding behind a computer. Now that he didn't have to worry about being fired, she could just imagine how delightful his posting was today.

Nash pulled out his cell phone and dialed a number. He didn't speak into the line, just listened for a moment before punching in another line of numbers before snapping the phone shut. He turned his head to look at her watching him. "Get some clothes on. We've got company coming."

Robyn snorted before tossing her head. Jace held up the ruined tie he'd bound her with. "Damn shame. I'll have to keep this handy for later."

"Fat chance!" Robyn struggled to her feet as she tried to keep a hold on the comforter. One dark eyebrow lifted before Jace hooked his hands into her shield and pulled it right off her body. She yelped as the cool air hit her skin. A hard knock landed on the door and she glared at Jace, but decided that running for cover was more important than cussing him out. She ran towards the hallway that led to the back of the house. Jace's amused chuckled followed her as she grumbled.

"I told you it was time to clear out." Dack Tyden didn't raise his voice. The man never did. Jace considered his commanding officer and shrugged. He'd made his choice and he wasn't backing down. Shit happened, that was reality. Dack glared at his unrepentant look and turned his displeasure on Nash.

"We weren't finished." Nash's voice was rock hard with confidence.

"You got the finished right." Dack turned his attention to the computer. "Your picture has been up for nine hours. You two are going to be trading slots with Kane and Rudy."

Jace nodded. The switch in duty assignment didn't bug him. It was about time he and Nash got to do the background work for a change. The two men on the front line in an office assessment were only part of the team that took on the job. There were other team members who did the research and compiled the reports, shifting through the data to form a picture that satisfied the client. It might sound like boring work but attention to detail was essential and it also came with the rather nice touch of being able to do it from their own home. That was something Jace was going to enjoy, especially with Robyn in residence.

Jace looked up as Robyn entered the room. She looked at Dack for a moment before she walked straight towards them. Her chin never lowered as she looked the other man in the eye. Dack tuned away from the computer to consider her.

"So, *you're* my problem."

She raised an eyebrow at their company. Whoever he was, "jerk" didn't quite cover how she felt about his comment. He had that same rough look to his face that told her that beneath his jacket he was cut just like Jace and Nash. "I might be trouble, but right now Jace and Nash are on the top of my list. Unless you'd like to apply for the position."

One side of his mouth twitched but that was it. His face remained an unreadable mask. "Sweet. Real nice. In case it hasn't sunk in, honey, this isn't a game."

Robyn offered him a smile. "Actually, I've figured that out."

This time the man smiled but it sent a chill through her. The look in his eyes was icy. "You haven't figured anything out but since you're not going anywhere, you've got the time. I'm Dack."

Dack turned and left as soon as his words hit her ears. Robyn watched his wide shoulders as they cleared the door, before looking back at Jace.

"I think he's starting to like you, Robyn."

Nash rolled his eyes in response. "Dack isn't famous for his joyful manners." Nash stared at her for a long moment. "You'll get used to him."

"Maybe." Jace grinned at her response. He closed the space between them, the heat flickering in his eyes telling her the man was intent on changing the topic. She pointed a single finger at him. "This conversation will be continuing."

Jace caught the hem of the male shirt she'd found to wear and pulled it right over her head. "Fine. Just as long as it continues later." His hands stroked the top of her breasts.

"You look good enough to eat, Robyn," Jace whispered as he stared at her lace-covered push-up bra. Hunger flashed across his face as Jace trailed his fingers over the tops of her breasts once more. Sensation shot down across her skin as she heard a small whimper escape her lips. Jace scooped her up and cradled her against his body as he moved back towards the sofa. She landed on the soft cushion and Jace pulled her baggy sweatpants down her legs as he let her go.

That quickly she was exposed once again. It was such an odd mixture of exposure and delight, being the center of their attention. Robyn knew she was sinking into addiction, moving even further into that emotional state that would see her sobbing on her knees when they left her, but at that moment all that mattered was the fact that they had actually abducted her.

All right, it was strange to be grateful for something like kidnapping but if they didn't care, she wouldn't be sitting on display in front of them. Some people might just label that as lust, but love needed a healthy amount of animal attraction added into the relationship. She was practical enough to acknowledge that blunt fact.

Nash's hands moved to his pants and a moment later his cock was free. It stood stiffly away from his body as he stepped out of his pants. She stared at the thick erection as her pussy demanded a taste of the hard flesh. Nash grasped his cock and moved his fingers from the base of the organ to the head. He watched her face as he stroked his length once again.

"Frustrating, isn't it, Robyn?" Nash's gaze followed Jace's fingers over the upper swells of her breasts. His words trailed off as hunger took precedence for a moment and then he stared back into her eyes as he moved across the carpet with the firelight bathing him a crimson gold. "I don't think I've ever had emotion take my brain over so completely before. What's your secret?"

Robyn gasped. She was the one presented up like a sacrifice and yet Nash was admitting to being caught in her spell. It was that power shift that intoxicated her. Sex had never been sandwiched between all the emotions like it was with these two men. It was more than lust and hotter than affection alone. She needed to be pressed against his hard chest, she wanted to feel his skin as Jace pressed against her back. In short, she wanted to be surrounded by them so completely, she might lose where her body ended and theirs began. Their threesome embrace became the embodiment of the idea of intimacy as Nash lowered his body to one bent knee in front of her.

"On second thought, don't tell me, Robyn. I want to remain your captive." Nash grasped each of her knees and pressed them apart. He leaned forward to fill the space with his body as she caught the scent of her own pussy.

Jace growled next to her ear. Nash stared at her spread body and grinned. Excitement rippled through her as he chuckled.

"I'm liking the idea of you being our captive." Nash ducked under her hands and moved his chest against her.

The crisp hairs covering his chest rasped against her soft skin and she whimpered. The hunger in her pussy was too hot. Being so close was more than she could bear, knowing that his cock was hard and ready. "Then get around to the ravishing part. Thongs get uncomfortable after a bit you know. I didn't put it on for it to stay on."

Twin chuckles filled the room along with the flicker of firelight. Nash pushed up a little further and her hands ended up clasped behind his neck. Her thighs were spread wide by his body and his hands smoothed over the curve of her hips. A sharp tug and

Robyn heard her thong snap. She hissed at the careless destruction of one of her matching sets of lingerie. "Stop ruining my underwear."

Nash's mouth sealed her temper inside her lips as he kissed her. It was a hard touch of male lips that pushed hers open for his tongue to stab deeply into her mouth. Her fingers twisted into his hair as his hand moved to cup each side of her bottom. A second later Nash pulled her towards him and the head of his cock was slipping into her spread slit.

"I'll buy you more."

Nash broke their kiss as he pulled her onto his cock. He groaned as her body easily took his length. His cock filled her completely, stretching her pussy and wringing a sound of delight from her. Nash pulled her right off the sofa as he knelt back on his haunches on the floor in front of the sofa. With her hands around his neck he held her against his body with his hands on her bottom. Her knees clasped his thighs as he lifted her off his cock and let gravity push her back down his length as he stopped supporting her body weight.

"You can model every set for me."

Nash groaned as he pulled her off his cock again. A warm hand cupped her face as Jace appeared beside her. Nash lifted her bottom and pressed her back down as Robyn opened her mouth to taste Jace's cock. Jace threaded his fingers through her hair as his hips thrust his cock into her mouth with tiny motions, and Nash used much smaller movements to continue fucking her. Nash didn't hurry, he used a steady pace to lift her off his cock and let her slide back down it. Her thighs grasped his hips as need tried to move her faster but she really was his captive, the speed of their fucking held at Nash's command. The cock in her mouth only made her more frantic. Robyn opened her jaws and let Jace push more of his erection into her mouth as she caught his groan.

"I want to stay right here all night." Nash gripped Robyn's hips almost too hard as he fought off the urge to buck beneath her. His balls burned with the need to ejaculate. The wet clasp of her pussy tempted him to release his seed for more than just

pleasure—mere ejaculation wasn't going to be enough. There was something burning in the back of his brain that wanted his seed to be pumped into her pussy. Tonight, Nash wanted to brand her, do something to keep her with him. It didn't make a lot of sense but not much concerning Robyn had since meeting her. All he knew was it felt damn good.

But he wanted to know she had climaxed first.

Robyn whimpered as she slid down Nash's cock again. Everything was tightening into a knot that pulsed with sensation so acute she wasn't sure if it was pain or pleasure. All that she was certain of was that she craved more. She flattened her feet on the carpet and pushed herself off Nash and then let her weight take her back down onto his cock. She rested one hand on his shoulder for balance as she let her other hand curl around Jace's cock. She was once again between them and the feeling banished reality. There was only them and absolutely nothing mattered except the euphoria they could create together.

A hard smack landed on her bottom as she lifted off Nash's cock. Robyn cried out around Jace's cock as she pressed her pussy back down. Nash smacked her bottom again as she felt her pussy grip his cock and pleasure jerked her away from any further thought. She screamed around her mouthful as her body surrendered to climax. Nash tightened his hold on her as pleasure robbed her of her control. He thrust his cock up into her contracting pussy and she felt the hot spurt of his cum hitting her. Her thighs clamped around Nash as her hips strained towards his body to ensure his cock was as deep as possible. She sucked harder on Jace's cock and he groaned as he lost the battle to hold off his own climax. A hot stream of fluid hit her tongue as Robyn purred around his cock head.

She drifted in a pleasure-induced haze. Hands stroked her skin as the fire's warmth hit her bare flesh. She felt cherished at that moment, in a way that she never had before. The embrace was so complete she never might have understood it if she wasn't experiencing it. It wasn't something you might explain to someone, it just was, and

right there with the firelight bathing their satisfied bodies, there was nothing but enjoyment.

Chapter Nine

Nash was sleeping and she carefully moved off the bed, wincing at every small motion the mattress made. Her nap had recharged her and her mind was unwilling to sleep when there was something to explore. Pulling a masculine bathrobe off a hook in the bathroom, she moved towards the living room again.

The moon was big enough to touch. Robyn looked out the front windows of the house and marveled at the night sky. All the stars looked brighter and the moon appeared huge. But the night air was nippy, making her clasp her borrowed bathrobe tightly against her neck. She wasn't quite willing to let the chill chase her away from the view just yet. Jace had to be somewhere because Nash was sleeping. She hugged her robe closer as she looked at the moon-bathed forest.

Two hands landed on her shoulders as warm male lips nuzzled against her neck.

"You seem to be enjoying the view." Jace sounded like he was surprised to discover her liking his mountain house.

"Why does that surprise you?"

He wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her back against his body as Robyn waited to hear his reply. Her skin rippled with enjoyment of his body heat but a little wave of suspicion rippled through her as Jace held her in front of him so that she was unable to look at his face to judge his emotions. Robyn knew it was by design—neither of her lovers gave away the advantage. Even on something that might appear a benign topic. Any information was guarded.

"Most people find it boring."

Robyn laughed softly as she leaned back onto his solid strength. Held in the moonlight by a handsome man, there wasn't a woman alive who would call that boring.

It was a feast of sensation and all of them quiet. She took a deep breath and savored the serenity.

“Traffic is pretty annoying. I could really go for a nice long vacation from it.”

It was a simple conversation but Robyn found it heartwarming. Jace wasn't the sort of man who just talked to a girl—he felt at ease in her company and that was a compliment she savored. She rubbed her hands over the top of his larger one and felt a slight tremor shake his frame. It was a tiny emotional response that fed her growing fantasies about them having a relationship. Jace caught her fingers between his and held her captive as his breath brushed the side of her neck.

“Glad to hear it. I brought your laptop, you can work from here tomorrow.”

“Excuse me?” She tried to turn around but Jace tightened his embrace. His feet were spread wide giving him the balance to absorb her struggle. “You cannot just take over my life, Jace.”

“For now, I am.”

“It was just a little paint.” Sure, she was pissed off about it but you couldn't go though life hiding because someone was mad at you. It happened.

“I'm not willing to take the chance on it escalating into something more.”

She sighed. Jace was talking in that hard tone of voice she had come to recognize as his command voice. Her temper itched to be allowed to explode but there was a silly little smile twisting her lips because he cared enough to impose his protection on her.

“Not going to call me a jerk? I'm crushed.”

Robyn shook her head before turning around. She hooked her hands around his neck as she rubbed the back of his neck. “Why waste my breath? Besides, I wouldn't want to become predictable. You might just change your mind about keeping me around.”

He chuckled but it wasn't a friendly kind of amusement. “I think I want to keep you, Robyn.” In fact, he was thinking a whole lot about it. Never had he been so happy

to see a little vandalism. Jace lowered his head and caught the fresh scent of her hair as he gently rocked her in his embrace. It was like being in the center of a drop of spring rain, everything was perfection and they were sealed into their own world.

Jace stiffened as he faced the harsh reality that would puncture their little dream world. "But that means Nash as well."

"Was that a warning?" If it was, Robyn decided she took it wrong. Instead of her temper rising up because Jace intended to share her, excitement blossomed inside her because she wouldn't have to choose between them.

"Maybe." He considered her for a long moment before he nodded. "That's the way it is. Both of us. There's no me without Nash, no Nash without me."

Jace caught the back of her head and kissed her. It was brand of ownership that she happily took. Tomorrow she'd find a way to make sense of their relationship. Tonight, she wanted her fantasy. Right here, everything was perfect. She didn't need to worry about what anyone thought except Jace and Nash.

* * * * *

Robyn awoke to starvation once again. She grumbled once she made it to the kitchen, about men and their lack of consideration for her meals. The morning sunlight streamed in through the windows as she began pulling eggs and cheese from the refrigerator. There was already a coffeepot brewed and sitting on the warm cycle. With the way Nash and Jace took turns on watch, she decided the coffeepot must be a constant in their lives.

"You're a temptress." And she was. Nash stared at the relaxed smile sitting on her lips as she shrugged before turning back to the range. He listened to the silence of the morning and nodded his head in approval. There was no approaching motor and the soft calls of the birds told him no one was moving around out in the forest. Animals always quieted when there were predators in the area. That was one reason he and Jace

lived there. Actually, the entire area was owned by their team, it was their haven, and Nash felt his gut twist while he stared at the woman who seemed to fit right into his life. Robyn grinned as she cooked and he sniffed the air appreciatively. She handed him a plate as she cracked more eggs and began another omelet.

“Careful, Robyn, I just might decide to keep you.”

“I’ll pour salt in your socks if you try it.” She turned and pointed her spatula at him. “Relationship—fine; kept woman—I’d have to make your life miserable. It’d be a point of honor.”

Nash considered her for a long moment as he chewed. A light footstep from the hallway announced Jace and she slid the second omelet onto a plate and held it up like a treat. A huge grin was her reward as Jace took the plate and dug into the steaming food. He made a sound of enjoyment under his breath as he took a second bite.

A hard rap on the door made her look up because it was three quick knocks instead of just one. The door opened a second later and she wrapped her arms around her bathrobe as she fought the urge to scurry away into the bedroom. Nash flashed her a grin but Robyn didn’t return it as she noticed the two men entering the living room. Her muscles tightened as she looked at Jace with suspicion on her face. Although the two men were tall and very muscled, she wasn’t interested in anyone joining her intimacy with Jace and Nash.

She didn’t have to say anything though. Both Jace and Nash shot their early morning company a disgruntled look that was downright territorial. She stared at it in wonder as a warm, fuzzy feeling spread through her.

Oh yeah...she was sunk. Heart already taken by the pair of them.

Well, she still didn’t regret her actions. The two new arrivals considered her with the same intense stares Nash and Jace used. They held their bodies like they knew how to use them as weapons. She suddenly smiled as she realized this really was their home. The men standing in the living room were their kind of people and the rules were vastly different from the civilian ones she normally encountered.

"That's Logan, and you remember Dack." Each man nodded at the mention of his name as Robyn caught sight of a shoulder harness peeking out from under Dack's jacket.

A piece of her tapestry luggage hung from Logan's hand. The flowery design looked ridiculous in his hand. He frowned at her a moment before offering the bag to her.

"Nice lingerie."

Robyn frowned at him as she grabbed her luggage. She aimed a glare at Jace as she went to the bedroom to change. Male amusement followed her down the hallway, making her hiss. Only Jace and Nash were left in the house when she returned from dressing. They were hiding behind their expressionless masks once more. Nash considered her a moment as he pointed to a desk near the dining room table. Her laptop was set up and already running through its morning cycle of downloading email.

"We have to go back in and finish some things." And Nash's face told her he was planning on leaving her right there for the day.

Jace moved around her as Nash talked and Robyn found herself turning sideways to try to keep an eye on both of them. It was sort of impossible because they kept moving and she was getting a tension headache from trying to focus on the ever-changing dynamic of the moment.

"Dack and Logan are going to be running cover for you."

Both men crossed their arms over their chests and Robyn felt her temper ignite. "Now just hold on!" Working from home for one day was fine, being baby-sat was another!

But she never got the chance to let her temper loose. Jace had moved behind her as she spoke to Nash and she'd foolishly let her attention wander away from what Jace was doing. A hard grip captured her left wrist as a metal click hit her ear.

"That's the way it is, Robyn." Jace used a hard tone with her as she turned on him. The glint of a handcuff shone from her manacled wrist as Jace locked the other side of

the handcuff around the iron leg of the desk. He looked into her furious eyes and winked at her. "We only promised to leave the handcuffs off for the first date, honey."

"Just exactly when did I join up to take your orders, Jace? I'll take my chances." She jerked on the handcuffs but all that did was send pain shooting up her arm as the metal cut into her skin.

"No, you won't." Jace backed her against the desk. He clasped her upper arms as he pressed against her body. "I don't take chances, Robyn, get that understood right now. You're never going to take any chance with your life. Is that clear?"

It was certainly loud enough. The window rattled with the force of his voice as he tightened his grip on her arms and waited for her to respond.

He was gone a moment later. Nash followed him as she jerked on the handcuffs once more. Her temper sizzled as Dack and Logan walked towards the kitchen without a single concern that she'd just been left shackled. Somehow, she'd landed in an alternate universe. Casting a look at her manacled wrist she tried to absorb the blunt reality that she'd been left handcuffed to a desk, with guards no less, for the day.

"Jerks."

A suspicious muffled sound came from the kitchen as she dropped into the chair and tried to work. She had to push her laptop to the edge of the desk to get her left hand on the keyboard. She growled as she hit as many incorrect letters as the ones she wanted. A shadow moved behind her but she noticed it too late. Dack caught her wrist and held it as he unlocked the handcuffs. He wasn't setting her free though. He secured a second set to the desk and locked that pair to the pair holding her hostage. The linked cuffs gave her enough slack to type with both hands on the keyboard.

"You are kidding, right? This is stupid." She jerked on the handcuffs and hissed as another jolt of pain went down her arm. Dack lost his amused expression. The look in his eyes sobered her with its blunt seriousness.

"Making sure my men stay alive is never stupid. Spending the day up here isn't too much to ask when life is at stake."

And he didn't much care for the fact that she wasn't taking the threat as seriously as he was. Robyn felt the weight of Dack's disapproval and bit into her lip as she considered it. But she stared at it as well, simply because it was such a stark contrast to her safe, normal world. She felt the reality of Jace and Nash's struggle to survive tearing at her. What were her petty complaints compared to living your life on the edge?

"Well, maybe if I understood the reason, I wouldn't think you're such a jerk." She tried to sound serious but her voice was more grouchy, betraying her sympathy to their situation.

Dack snorted. He caught his amusement before any other evidence made it to his face but his body relaxed just a tiny bit. "Don't worry, you're right about that one thing. I am a jerk. Proud of it."

"Figures." She glared at Dack but found the man considering her in return. It was an interesting sort of assessment. The urge to straighten her back flashed through her brain before she turned her attention back to work.

Another snort of male amusement hit her ears before a cup of coffee landed next to her laptop. Steam rose from the dark beverage as she heard Dack move away again. Robyn indulged in the scent of that coffee but she didn't drink it. Being reduced to asking to go to the little girls room when her bladder filled up wasn't high on her list. She was just going to have to endure without caffeine.

"But don't think I didn't notice that you dodged my question, Dack."

"Ever heard what curiosity did for the cat, Robyn?"

Turning her head, she stuck her tongue out at Dack. He raised an eyebrow but lost his battle to not laugh at her. He raised a hand and touched the brim of his hat. "Bravo. You know, those two surprise me sometimes. You just might fit in around here."

Robyn gave the handcuff a jerk and they rattled against each other. Dack's gaze lowered to her bound wrist. A small silver key came sailing across the room towards her. She grabbed it in midair as Dack offered her a nod. "Don't go solo or I'll cuff you

back up. Purely as a precaution against Jace and Nash moping over your untimely demise.”

“Of course.” Robyn unlocked the handcuff and swiveled around in her chair. That warm and fuzzy feeling invaded her heart again. They were jerks for getting her a babysitter but they felt something for her or they wouldn’t have bothered. A frustrated sigh escaped her lips. Yeah...warm and fuzzy all over.

She picked up the coffee and considered Dack over the rim of the mug as she sipped at the hot brew. Dack stared back at her but there was a hint of approval in his eyes that hit her as a compliment of sorts. That kind of thing that guys only gave to girls who managed to pass their ideals of practicality. High-maintenance females failed the moment they placed their own comfort in front of necessity.

“This isn’t going away. You got that, right?” Dack suddenly moved. His body was taut with suppressed anger as he moved towards the back windows and surveyed the area outside. “You settle in here, it’s my rules.”

“I think it’s between me and Jace and Nash.” It no longer felt so odd to just say something like that out loud. Robyn sipped at her coffee to hide the smile that wanted to turn her lips up. Yeah, she didn’t have a problem saying it anymore. They both belonged to her.

Dack turned and offered her a raised eyebrow. “Oh, I’m part of it too, honey. Even if I’m honest enough to admit I’m a little jealous. There aren’t a lot of females out there who can handle a two-man equation and still mix love into it.”

“I didn’t say anything about love.”

“But it’s written on your face.” Dack moved past her and into the kitchen. “And it was on their faces too. Consider it a gift. Some of us aren’t so lucky.” Dack stopped and looked back at her. “Love is the only damn thing in this world worth fighting to stay alive for.” A little flicker of regret went through his eyes and she found herself feeling sorry for him. He looked lonely. No man who was as dedicated to his men should be so alone.

“Well, you have that part right.”

Dack didn't stay to listen to her. He disappeared behind the kitchen wall to hide his emotions from her. She knew that was the reason and her heart twisted a bit for him. There was such strength in him, some girl would be lucky to have his love. It would be the sort of devotion that Jace and Nash gave her.

She frowned over her coffee. Life was a complex riddle you spent most of your years trying to decode. Jace and Nash fit right into that mess. She didn't know if it was right or wrong but she did know that the idea of being separated from them tore a hole in her heart. The thing about love was that you always questioned it until you saw it taken away. Distance did make the heart grow fonder because you finally noticed just how good you had it.

Setting her mug down, Robyn turned around and began working. It was time to get on with her life, and this was her life.

And she was damn lucky to have so much. She had no intention of letting someone else's likes or dislikes ruin her newfound happiness. She loved two men and she was going to keep them both.

It didn't get much better than that.

* * * * *

Jace admitted to enjoying a good hunt. That was a part of him that had always enjoyed special operations. Being forced to be polite and civilized grated on his nerves after a while. Today was brilliant example. According to the law, he needed to be controlled when he informed Tom that messing with Robyn was a bad idea.

Well...he'd be calm but that was no promise that he was going to be operating within the legal limit when he dealt with the pompous idiot.

“I'll take the front.” Nash was heading around the side of Tom's rundown house a second later. Jace headed towards the rear of the shingle-sided place. He stopped at a pair of large trash cans. Pulling the lids up, he inspected the contents, frowning as a

small bit of bright yellow caught his eye. Reaching into the top bag, he tore the plastic open further and picked up a used glove. It was an old work glove but the fingertips and most of the back were covered in fresh yellow paint. He grunted as the sweetest relief swept through him. It threatened to buckle his knees. Moving towards the front door he listened to the sounds of Nash pounding on it. A shadow moved inside the house and Jace kept an eye on Tom as he stood in front of the door, deliberating over answering it.

He rapped against the side window and watched Tom jump. The man turned and glared at Jace. His mouth moved in a slow curse as he reached for the front door and opened it. Jace stepped around the corner and tossed the glove at Nash as he moved. Tom never had a clue as to what was about to hit him. Jace moved right in through the open door and shoved the man back against the wall. Nash followed them in, closing the door as he entered the house.

"You should be more careful with your evidence, Tom."

"Get off me." Tom thrashed frantically but Jace enjoyed the scent of fear he caught rising off the man. He pressed his forearm under the man's flabby chin and enjoyed the slight bulging of his eyes as terror hit him.

"This is my house. Get out!"

"Touch my woman again, even post one nasty comment and I'll be back to show you how little your property border means to me." Jace released Tom and the man shook out his frame as his mouth worked open and closed with his rage.

"Your woman? She's a slut who sleeps with both of you. And I can post what I like, ain't no law against free speech." Tom puffed up his chest as he sputtered.

"Vandalism is against the law, but you don't need to worry about the local cops." Nash held the yellow-stained glove up in front of Tom's face. "I'll be looking after our own interests, and let's get one thing straight. Robyn is our concern."

Tom never saw the blow coming. Nash sent his fist into the man's face and Tom rolled into his living room with the force of the hit. Jace and Nash stood still as they watched him cuss and stagger back onto his feet.

"The little cocksucker ain't worth shit." Tom added a thrust from his hips to his statement. "Stupid slut. Used her pussy to keep her job."

Jace sent his fist into Tom's face and he stumbled further back into his living room.

"I'm calling the cops." Tom wiped blood off his lips and shook a shaking finger at them. "That's right. This is assault! I'm going to sue you for every cent my ex-boss paid you."

"Go ahead and call them. I've got great pictures of Robyn's town home and this glove from your trash... Don't guess you were smart enough to pay for that paint with cash, were you, Tom? It would be real easy to track the sale to your checking account if you used an ATM card."

"You pair of dicks!"

Tom's voice shook. It betrayed his guilt. Jace smelled the fear on the man and it made him grin. Scum like Tom needed to have a healthy respect for retribution. It wasn't something you learned among decent people, it was the law of the jungle. Tom was just a jackal that fed off what he found. Pulling his gun from his shoulder harness, Jace enjoyed the way Tom shuffled back across his carpet.

"I may be a dick, but my cock is harder than yours. This gun isn't registered and it can't be traced back to me." Jace lined the sights up on Tom's crotch. "You really don't want to see me again, Tom." Pointing the gun at the ceiling Jace lifted an eyebrow at the sniveling coward in front of him. "So, don't give me a reason to come looking for you." Jace holstered the gun and stuffed the stained glove further into his pocket. Nash opened the front door and they both left. They moved away towards their trucks without a word but heavy satisfaction sat on both their shoulders. Jace drove away without a second thought. His mother might be ashamed but his father would bust with pride.

Sometimes, a man had to stand up for his family. It was something women didn't always understand but they loved you for anyway.

* * * * *

"Tom was responsible for the paint."

Robyn whirled around and Dack chuckled at her. She rolled her eyes at his amusement before pointing towards the door. "It's been delightful, Dack. Now, go away."

Dack spread his hands out and bowed. He shot both Jace and Nash a smirk on his way past them. "Lovely girl. I guess if you have to be wrapped around anyone's finger, she's a good choice."

"Bite me."

Jace caught her around her waist and obeyed instantly. He held her squirming body against his as his teeth lightly teased her neck. "That wasn't an invitation, Jace!"

"That's really unkind, Robyn. Cut me deep." Jace licked the spot he'd just bitten before he allowed her to wiggle away. He offered her a grin as he took off his jacket. She watched him and Nash as they moved around the kitchen, relaxing. It was surprising because they had always been focused on her so intently. She didn't miss the attention though because their current attitude was a form of acceptance that didn't come lightly. They weren't men who let many women see this side of them. It was like being inside a bubble, safe and hidden from everyone on the globe.

That was what true intimacy was really about.

There was a little chink of metal against metal. Robyn turned to see Nash holding the handcuffs up by a single finger. He raised one eyebrow at her. She shook her head but held up her hand and crooked her finger at him. Toys didn't interest her tonight. She wanted nothing between them but passion. Jace caught her from behind and she laughed as he swung her up against his chest.

"I'm really beginning to enjoy this teamwork thing."

Jace angled her feet down the hallway as Nash opened the bedroom door for him to carry her through and into the bedroom. Jace settled her onto the bed, leaning over her as his hands captured both sides of her face.

“Allow me to spoil you, Robyn. I want you to be so damn spoilt that you’ll never even be tempted by another man.”

His mouth landed on top of hers. He pushed her back as his tongue thrust deep into her mouth. Hunger rose between them like a flame, licking over her until it burnt away every thought except him and Nash. Their clothing bothered her and she tugged at his shirt as he slid his hands over her breasts and down to the bottom of her sweater. Her sweatpants suddenly slipped down her legs as Nash pulled them free. He pushed her legs apart and spread her thighs wide as he hovered over her mons.

“I love this bare pussy. You’d better keep it shaved even if you aren’t swimming.” He spread the fold of her slit open with his fingers and blew on her exposed clit. A shiver raced into her pussy as she twisted beneath his touch. “Keep it nice and bare, Robyn.”

He meant it to be an order but she caught the note of pleading in his voice. He leaned down and sucked her clit. Every thought shut off as he tongued her. Pleasure shot up into her pussy as her hips lifted off the bed to press that little bundle of nerve endings harder against his tongue. He pressed her back down, holding her steady for his tongue. He lingered over her clit, licking it slowly, never pressing hard enough to allow her to climax. Instead he tormented her with hot laps that fueled the need building inside her pussy.

Another tongue found her nipple as Jace freed her from her bra. He tossed the garment aside as he cupped and suckled on the hard tip of her right breast. Being the focal point of both men sent her body into a blaze of heat that consumed her. There was no thought, only sensation. She couldn’t return any of the pleasure and somehow, she understood that they wanted it that way this time. Like they were proving something to

her. Illustrating just how much she had to gain by remaining in their unorthodox relationship.

But it really wasn't a choice. She had never felt so comfortable in any relationship before. The conflicts between their arrogance and her stubborn nature only enhanced the bond.

Passion was in a rush tonight, but not only hers. Jace and Nash seemed restless, like they needed to get deep inside her in some form of reunion. Nash rose above her body and pressed his cock deep. Her hips thrust up as pleasure split her. She was too excited to hold off climax and it twisted around her as Nash rode her hard. A low groan betrayed the fact that he wasn't able to last any longer than she was. His arm shook as she felt his cum hit her womb.

"Jace..." She reached for her second lover and he grasped her hands. He pulled her towards him as Nash rolled onto his back. Jace rolled her right over his body and onto her back before his cock impaled her. She wrapped her thighs around his hips as he thrust hard and deep into her body. This time the pleasure didn't rush through her. It built by small degrees and Jace didn't disappoint her by moving too quickly. His lips wandered over her neck as she gasped and felt a second climax breaking through her.

She ended up between them, their legs tangled and her head on Nash's shoulder as Jace stroked the curve of her hip. She suddenly realized that they were both in bed with her at the same time. Opening her eyes she found Jace staring at her.

"You're both here."

Jace offered her a grin. "We're home and the team is here."

"Oh." She wasn't sure what to think, only that she really need to know what they were thinking. "Does that change anything?"

Jace caught her chin in a firm grasp.

"That only changes the fact that we can both indulge at the same time. Nothing else. It's still both of us, Robyn." Jace placed a hard kiss against her mouth, almost as if he

wanted to seal any response she might have inside her lips. Nash's hand gripped her breast as the two stroked her.

"But you're welcome to think about it, as long as you want, right here."

Jace's words were too tempting by half. She stroked his chin before placing one finger against his lips. "Be careful. I'll only fall deeper in love with you. That would ruin your whole wild image, you know. A clinging woman in love with you two."

"That's a gift, Robyn, not a threat." His eyes shimmered with emotion and it touched her heart. She stroked his face again as Nash hugged her tight against his body. The night closed in around them as Nash whispered against her neck. Robyn lost track of their words because she was only interested in one. Love. It whispered over her skin as they held her. Her hands stroked them in return, sending that tenderness back towards them as their bed became the most important place to remain.

No one claimed life was perfect but love certainly felt like it was.

* * * * *

"Dack and Logan will be shadowing you again today."

Robyn turned to glare at Jace. "Why?" She should have been blistering his ears with feminine outrage, instead all Robyn saw was the shine of need in his eyes. It was something you couldn't fake. Something that just grew and she realized the same need was spreading through her.

Nash cussed behind them before he wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her back. "You've been seen with us, that makes you a target. Those pictures are almost impossible to completely track. But there's always a possibility, Robyn. Understand?"

And it mattered to them. Robyn felt that truth hit her hard right in the center of her heart. She should have been scared but all she could think about was the fact that it mattered to Jace and Nash enough that they were willing to piss her off by caging her. But the point that really warmed her was the fact that neither man offered her the option of cutting her ties with them.

"All right."

Jace offered her a confused look. "Why is it all right with you, Robyn?" He looked at her suspiciously as she wiggled away from Nash so that she could see them both.

"Because you explained it to me. People in relationships talk to each other. I can handle that."

Nash raised an eyebrow at her. "Sure about that?"

"No, but that doesn't mean I'm not willing to try. So get going and you better call me before you head home tonight...or I'll turn vindictive, thinking you view me as an easy lay."

Jace grinned as he moved towards her. "Nothing easy about it, you demand full service every time." He kissed her as she hissed at him and then he was moving towards the door as Nash caught her against his body. He stared at her for a long moment before he kissed her. It was a hot kiss that felt like he was making sure she remembered it for a good portion of the coming day. When he released her she shivered as the chilly morning air hit her. Nash turned and left as she caught sight of Logan in the stairwell. The man didn't really bother her, in fact it made her even more secure in knowing that Nash and Jace hadn't lied to her. Their lifestyle was a necessity. Practicality was something every relationship had to endure...only Robyn got the idea she was going to enjoy adjusting to this little fact of life a whole lot more than she normally did.

Chapter Ten

Nash remembered to call her. Her cell phone buzzed and she looked at the restricted number label before answering.

"There better not be salt in my socks."

She giggled before purring into the phone. "Guess you'll just have to wonder." It was a silly conversation but the kind that made her heart swell even more because Nash bothered to have it with her. Dack moved past the front window and she didn't shiver anymore. Somehow, she felt at home here. It didn't make sense but people said love didn't follow the rules.

Jace was the first one through the door. He gave her a suspicious look "Salt?"

Robyn propped her hands onto her hips. "Am I going back to work tomorrow?"

His expression changed as he shrugged. "Owen is closing the office. You can be maintained as a remote employee but the overhead is cutting into profits. You'll get an email from him tomorrow."

Robyn almost laughed, but she frowned too. She had been telling her boss the same thing for months. Nash moved into the room and watched her reaction. "Most people would be happy about that."

"Yeah, well this person doesn't understand why her boss needed a pair of men to tell him what she was telling him months ago."

"Well, a lot of guys are jerks." Jace smirked at her and she hit him. He caught her against his body as she hit his chest once more for good measure. He chuckled at her temper as he held onto her squirming body. "But we still have hearts, beneath the jerk exterior."

His confession deflated a good portion of her anger. She tried in vain to stop the heat rising across her skin. Her nipples tightened now that she could smell his scent once again.

"I wish I knew what to do with you, Robyn." Jace muttered his words as his eyes lowered to her mouth. She clung to him out of a common need to endure the frustrations tearing at her. Jace was a companion in that war of emotions and her body arched towards his as he pressed her to his body.

"Well, I have no idea what to do about you either." Just maybe, she didn't need to think about it either.

Jace scooped her up and took her towards the bedroom. He laid her on the wide bed before pushing her sweatshirt up and nuzzling against her bare breasts for a moment before he licked one of her nipples and sucked it into his mouth. Robyn gasped as heat shot from her nipple to her clit in one fiery bolt of sensation. Her hands twisted on the back of Jace's neck as her spine arched to offer her nipple to his mouth. The details of their relationship dried into dust as Jace sucked on her nipple and then found the twin one to give his attention to. His hands found her waistband and the soft, jogging pants were pushed down over her hips in one motion. Jace rose up above her body and she whimpered at the separation. It tore into her as Jace ripped her pants down her legs and threw them away. Nash stepped into view and Robyn moaned at the bare skin he showed her. Not a single piece of clothing was left on his body as her eyes dropped to his cock.

"I need to know, Robyn. Maybe I'm an asshole but I need to know if you can handle living with us both. I'll marry you but it will always be both of us." Nash's voice was harsh with emotion for a change and it stabbed right into her heart.

"Like hell! She'll marry me." Jace cupped her breast and glared at Nash. She stared at them both as she tried to decide just what to think. How exactly had they moved to marriage after so little time?

"I don't even know you."

Jace brushed her nipple with his thumb as he looked down at her. "Actually, you know more about me than any woman on the globe. But I'll be happy to help you further your education."

A tiny flicker of loneliness filled his eyes and Robyn felt her heart abandon itself to him—to them. Was it love? She didn't know but she knew beyond a doubt that it would rip a hole in her chest if she left them.

"Class is in session...jerks. So does this mean I get to become a member at The Play Yard?"

"No!"

They both shouted it together. Nash cupped her chin and offered her a frown. She shrugged at his temper. "Why not?"

"The Play Yard is a pick-up club. It just services newly arrived Special Operations men and doesn't allow anyone in who doesn't meet the higher standards."

"Ah...so where do the girls come from?"

"Some are operatives."

Robyn was impressed. "No way."

She held her hands out for her second lover as Jace stood up to shuck his jeans onto the floor. The bed was suddenly full as both her men joined her. Nash behind her and Jace in front. Robyn knelt in between them as Jace cupped each of her breasts in his hands and Nash smoothed his grip over her bottom. She shivered in the embrace as Nash bit her neck with a sharp little nip. A moment later Jace claimed possession of her mouth as his arm snaked around her waist and he pulled her off her knees.

"Yes ma'am. Some of those women are packages of hell."

"Now I want to go back even more."

Jace turned and supported her descent to the surface of the mattress. His body pressed her thighs apart as his cock slipped easily into her wet pussy. "Sure you don't want to stay right here?"

Her hips lifted for his possession as pleasure began to sweep through her. "Ummm...you have a point."

His tongue thrust into her mouth at the same time that his cock began moving. A harsh male groan of pleasure filled her ear as Jace broke their kiss and tightened his grip on her body. His hips drove his cock hard and fast into her spread body. He growled above her as he moved his hands to her hips and pulled her onto his cock even as he was thrusting into her pussy. There was no waiting and Robyn was in as much hurry as Jace was. She arched beneath her lover as she whimpered and moved faster for the next thrust. Jace stiffened as his seed began to fill her and she cried out with need, her clit burning for more friction.

But she didn't fear that she would be denied her own satisfaction. The moment Jace finished shuddering inside her, he rolled aside and Nash took his place. He thrust his cock deep into her pussy as Robyn screamed with delight.

Nash chuckled as Robyn clawed his chest. His cock rammed deeply into her body as the bed shook from the force he used. Climax twisted through her pussy as she felt her body gripping the length of Nash's cock. His face drew taut as his grip on her hips tightened. Pleasure yanked them both away from any other thought, wringing harsh cries from their throats.

Long moments later she felt her brain begin to function once more. Her head was on Nash's chest and Jace was threading his fingers through her hair. It was another one of those odd moments when one man was completely at ease and the other was in position to guard them if necessary. The room was dark with only a small amount of light filtering in from the closet light but Robyn would have bet there was a pistol somewhere within Jace's reach. Trust was the oddest of things, you just turned around and it was there. The guns should have sent her running but that was the last thing on her mind.

"Jerks." Robyn muttered the word under her breath. Nash's hand smoothed over her hip as she heard him sigh.

"I really am."

Robyn lifted her head. "You know most guys don't agree, at least not so quickly."

"And most women wouldn't be cranky if their lover did agree." Jace smirked at her when she turned her head to glare at him.

Robyn shrugged as she grinned right back at him. "I'm not most women."

Jace's face went solemn as he considered her. He slowly nodded his head and she felt like it was the best praise anyone had ever bestowed onto her. The reason was so simple—she was worthy of their attention. Instead of trying to understand why two such fine specimens of hunkeness would be spending time with her, Robyn suddenly recognized she was a haven they craved. The bond she felt tugging at her own heart wasn't one-sided. It sat staring out of Jace's eyes, and she turned to find Nash considering her too. Nash traced one of her nipples with a single finger and it slowly puckered into a hard nub.

"Temptress." Nash muttered it like an endearment. He raised his gaze to her face as he trailed that finger up to her chin. "My temptress. I believe you have to stay here, Robyn. I'd pine away like an orphan if you abandoned me."

"But it's our temptress. Sweet, addictive temptress," Jace whispered next to her ear as he refused to let her completely go.

For some reason that was just about perfect. It shouldn't have been, she should have felt guilt breathing down her neck. But they completed each other in the oddest way. Robyn let her eyes slide shut as she felt contentment surround them. Hands slid over her bare skin as she stopped trying to think. Love never made sense and she had the feeling it never would.

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The bed was empty at dawn. Robyn fumbled out of the tangle of bedding and gasped at the chill in the air. She frantically searched for her clothing and pulled it on

before peeking into the hallway. The house was silent as she moved towards the living room.

She looked at her email and cursed as she found the letter from her boss.

"Bad news?" Dack stood in the doorway with a dark eyebrow raised. While the man was in prime condition, he didn't send her blood rushing like Jace and Nash did. Robyn stared at him for a long time as she tried to find some sexual response to him. There was nothing but a solid appreciation for his prime male form. Some girl would be lucky to get him. Just not her.

"I busted my ass at that job for three years and he listens to the first man who tells him what I was telling him all along. Idiot."

Dack chuckled at her feminine fury. "So, quit. I have a better job for you anyway."

"Careful, Robyn, Dack taught us how to corner prey." Jace was coming from the kitchen as Dack shot him a glare but when he looked back at her he smiled. Robyn laughed. The expression looked like it hurt him.

"I believe it. What's the job?"

Dack smirked at Jace before he launched into an explanation of his assessment company. Eight teams and global accounts that all needed streamlining.

"So, where's the office?"

Dack was already dangling a carrot in front of her nose. Working for Owen wasn't very appealing considering the man didn't trust her advice.

"You're sitting in it. The surrounding homes are owned by my teammates. Jace and Nash said you could bunk with them." Dack grinned at his last idea.

"Oh really? We'll have to see about that." And Robyn couldn't lie about how excited that idea made her. "Fine, you've got a deal. Excuse me, I need to resign from my current job because my boss is a chauvinist pig."

She pulled her chair up to the computer and opened her word processor. Dack chuckled as he strode towards the kitchen and Jace. She lost interest in them as she composed her letter and didn't realize the house was quiet until she'd sent the message.

Pushing away from her desk she walked into the kitchen. The back door was open and she caught a muffled sound coming from outside.

Robyn gasped when she reached the porch and stared in horror at the sight the morning sun illuminated. Jace and Nash were fighting. Blood was dripping from Jace's mouth as they tried to use their bare hands to rip each other apart. They weren't alone either. Logan and Dack were standing on the sidelines clearly enjoying the fight. Eight other men stood about as they gave their attention to the two opponents. Logan's head jerked towards her as she came into his sight. It was a lightning-fast motion that made him fit into the odd world Jace and Nash seemed to fit into. He tipped the brim of his black Stetson at her.

"Remind me never to fall in love."

Jace drove a knee into Nash's unprotected abdomen as Robyn stared at Logan.

"What?"

Logan pointed at the fight and shook his head. "New rules to accommodate your arrival. The victor gets to marry you on paper." Logan sent her another grin. "Just shoot me if I ever get that doe-eyed look."

"They're fighting over me?" Robyn almost screamed her question because she was so horrified. Men did not fight over her! At least they never had before. Nash heard her and turned his attention to her for a split second. It was a fatal mistake. Jace caught him in a neck hold and the surrounding men offered up a round of applause. Nash cursed as he strained against Jace but there was no mistaking the deadly position Jace held him in. One twist and Jace could snap Nash's neck. Jace held him a moment longer before he looked up and smirked at her. "Morning, Robyn."

Nash snarled as Jace released him. They both smiled at her like boys as she noticed she had become the center of attention. There were several nods of male approval that

filled her with more confidence. Jace moved towards her and clasped her against his body for a deep kiss.

“Welcome to the family, honey.”

Nash grumbled as he pulled her out of Jace’s embrace and kissed her as well. “Yeah, well I’m betting on the first kid being mine.”

Robyn squealed as Nash kissed her surprised mouth. He winked at her before pulling her back into the house with him and Jace.

“What’s wrong, Robyn? People in love tend to have a few of those you know.”

“But they also ask the bride before announcing the wedding.” She glared at the presumption on Jace’s face. “I never said I would marry you.”

Dack moved into the kitchen and helped himself to a mug of coffee as Jace caught her against his body. He looked over her head at Dack.

“What’s a little detail like that matter?” Jace chuckled as he smiled down at her temper. “Besides, I love a challenge.”

“Jerks.” Robyn shook her head because the plain truth was, she didn’t care. All the rules she had ever thought might apply to her didn’t mean anything among the bonds that secured her to Nash and Jace. All she felt was the deep craving to stay right there. The only thing that echoed inside her brain was the fact that they had fought over who got the right to link his name to hers in the public eye. The rest of it was private and Robyn intended to make sure she enjoyed every moment of her privacy.

About the Author

Email: DawnRyder@hotmail.com

Dawn welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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