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JK Winters*

Mimosa Night

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Mimosa Night

Nicole Austin and TK Winters

Dedication

Nicole's Dedication:

To TK. Love you, sis.

TK's Dedication:

To Nic, who believed in me, NJ who inspired me, and the Queen's Alpha who holds me in his heart.

Dedication from both Nicole & TK:

To Crissy: Thanks for creating Samhain and realizing the little things make such a wonderful difference.

To Angie: We appreciate your unwavering support. Thanks for being so patient.

To the ladies of the playground who have made a chat loop into a home. This is for the hussies—you know who you are. Thank you for being a constant source of inspiration and friendship.

Chapter One

We'll share all our secret desires.

Those words had played through Reba's head in a continuous loop since she'd heard them two weeks ago. It had been her idea to host a get-together with her three best friends from college. They had loved the idea. Reba had been excited about it right up until she'd heard Katie's voice become low and husky on the phone. Then her friend had whispered the six words which had become the bane of her existence.

We'll share all our secret desires.

What had she gotten herself into? She couldn't imagine sharing with her friends the desires which had taken hold of her imagination over the past few years. She'd dreamed up elaborate fantasies involving Devon Fontaine and Jeremy Sauvage, the sexy, mysterious men who owned a local erotic dance club.

Fontaine's was all about turning fantasies into reality. Reba had dreamed of going there, but lacked the daring to pursue such wild exploits. Her fantasies involved glamour, erotic seduction, ménage à trois, and even exhibitionism, things way out of character for a boring housewife and mother of two. She supposed that's what made her desires so enticing; they were daring and vastly different from her normal, everyday life.

While Reba sat in the airport waiting area, her thoughts turned toward Katie. The boisterous lawyer with her dramatic demeanor made Reba smile. She still vividly recalled the first time they had met. Reba was quiet and reserved by nature, while Katie was the exact opposite.

Reba had been in her assigned dorm room unpacking when the dainty brunette surged through the door. The woman was a walking, talking whirlwind of sound and activity.

Reba had thought they'd never survive as college roommates, but not only had they gotten along, they'd become best friends. Katie had a way of drawing Reba out of her shyness, bringing out a rowdy party girl she'd never known existed. Jodi and Jackie had shared a room down the hall. It hadn't taken long for Katie to ferret out their fun-loving natures and drag them down to meet her. The four of them had quickly become best friends and been known as "the Smut Squad" because of their extensive photo collection of hunky guys.

In her entire life, she'd never had as much fun or laughed with such total abandon like she had with those three characters. They accepted her for who she was unconditionally and without recriminations. A unique bond had formed between the four of them. A bond she hoped would last forever. Would their friendship be different now? Reba hoped not. It was okay for other things to change, but not their friendship. She wanted their friendship to always remain solid.

A flurry of activity caught her attention. Looking up, Reba had to laugh. Katie moved through the waiting area like a tornado, barking rapid-fire orders into her cell phone and simultaneously flirting with the man who'd apparently been recruited to carry her bags.

Wow! She looked absolutely fabulous in a peach business suit and tall come-fuck-me pumps. Her brunette hair was highlighted with golden streaks, and styled with large, bouncy curls falling about her shoulders. She hadn't changed a bit. When she spotted Reba, Katie abruptly ended the conversation, dropped the phone into her purse and came charging full-steam ahead.

Reba stood and held her arms open. Their bone-crushing hug nearly knocked her over, but she returned the fierce embrace with an equal amount of affection and energy.

“Damn, girl, it is so good to see you!” She smothered Katie against her ample breasts. “It’s been way too long.”

“This was such a good idea, Reba.” Katie pushed back slightly and assessed her friend. “You look so good! No one would ever guess you’re an old married woman with two kids.” Her praise was filled with genuine admiration.

“Me?” Reba laughed. “Look at you, Ms. Hotshot Counselor in her come-fuck-me-now shoes. You look great!” She tilted her head and listened to another flight arrival being broadcast through the airport. “Sounds like Jackie’s flight’s arriving, and Jodi won’t be far behind. Come on, girl, let’s go get the others and head home. This is going to be such a fun weekend!”

When Jackie stepped off the plane, Reba and Katie waved excitedly, but their unflappable friend took the two women’s exuberance in stride. The tough-as-nails, Texas 911 operator remained cool and collected, looking sexy as sin dressed in a western blouse, jeans, and boots.

They only had enough time to hug and say hello before Jodi’s flight arrived. The petite woman in her classy silk blouse and dress slacks was a study in contradictions. Reba found it difficult to imagine the shy, unimposing woman dealing cards in Vegas where everything was bold and brassy, yet knew from a visit there, Jodi pulled it off with panache and style.

Making their way through the airport, their arms linked together, the four vastly different women drew the attention of every male eye. Their infectious laughter and joy at being together promised both fun and excitement. Reba was elated they’d been able to work out this time together.



Katie crept into the room, closing the door behind her with a soft click. Jackie and Jodi were supposed to be sharing a room for the night, but little did Reba know they had other plans.

“Okay, ladies, let’s make sure we’re all on the same page and everything is in place. I’ll start with my part in the ‘Secret Desires Plan,’” she said with a barely contained grin. The three of them had been plotting ways to bring some excitement into Reba’s life for a while. With her husband gone so long on deployment with the Marines, their friend’s life had become boring. All she had was this house and the kids to occupy her time. This weekend reunion had presented the perfect opportunity to set their plan into motion. And what a spectacular plan it was.

“I’ve exchanged several emails with Devon and Jeremy from Fontaine’s. Together we picked out something gorgeous for Reba to wear on her special night.” Pausing to collect her thoughts she added, “I was afraid Reba would just throw the invitation away when she receives it, but Jeremy said not to worry—just get her all hot and bothered to the point she can’t think straight. He’ll take care of the rest.”

“What’s getting her all jacked up going to do?” Jodi asked. “How is being horny going to make sure she doesn’t throw away the invitation when it arrives?”

Katie hesitated briefly, her normal hard-hitting, no-holds-barred attitude suddenly pensive and unsure.

“Well,” she began, “Devon and Jeremy are unique. They’re...um; I don’t know exactly what they are. They’re different from most people. They have their own special way about them. If Jeremy says to get her horny and let him and Devon take care of the rest, that’s what we’re going to do. If we want this plan to work, we need to get Reba to open up a little and let loose.”

Jackie and Jodi traded skeptical looks.

“You’re sure about trusting them, Katie?” Jackie asked. Working with hardnosed Texas policemen made Jackie somewhat cynical and suspicious of people’s intentions.

Katie gave a confident nod. “I’d trust those two with my life.”

“Good enough for me then, ‘cause I’d trust you with my life,” Jackie replied. “How ’bout you, Jodi?”

Jodi nodded confidently. “Good enough for me, too.”

Katie breathed a sigh of relief. She alone knew the story behind Devon Fontaine and Jeremy Sauvage’s lives because she looked after their legal interests. She was sworn to secrecy, though, due to attorney-client privilege and wasn’t able to reveal the secret of their true natures. Not even to her best friends.

Katie’s throat tightened. She felt like her heart swelled into her throat and she struggled to swallow around it. Tears of gratitude gathered in the corners of her eyes, and she blinked hard several times. A wide, fond smile showed the wealth of joy she felt for her two friends. “Thank you. Both of you. Your trust means a great deal to me.”

Katie rapidly rubbed her hands together, venting nervous anticipation to get started with their plans. She wanted to get this right and help her friend.

“We don’t have much time, so let’s get moving. Setting things up with Fontaine’s was my part, how about you, Jodi?”

Jodi flashed a quiet little smile. They’d all learned to appreciate the very wicked sense of humor hidden behind Jodi’s rare grins.

“My part is getting Reba to open up. Remember how we used to sit around playing the number game we made up in college to pass the time?” Jodi’s brown eyes gleamed.

Jackie sat forward, an evil glint in her eyes. “Ya mean the one where we rolled the dice? Even number, we shared a secret sexual fantasy and odd number, a real sexual experience?”

A devious smile lit up Jodi's normally reserved countenance, bringing a spark of excitement to her expression. "That would be the one," she confirmed, holding out her cupped hands to reveal a die in each palm. She shook her left hand. "This one only rolls odd numbers, while this one," she said, shaking her other hand, "only rolls even numbers. Let me take care of handling the dice and she'll never know it was a setup."

"Oh man," Jackie groaned. "I guess this means we'll be tellin' something we've actually done and Reba will be telling us her fantasy?"

Jodi's smile grew wider, wicked delight stamped across her face. Jackie shook her head. "How do I get myself into these things? You gotta watch out for them quiet ones," she grumbled, trying hard not to let the corners of her mouth turn up in a smile.

Katie looked at Jackie like a bloodhound sniffing out tasty tidbits. "Got something to hide, hussy?"

"You stick to the whole truth and nuthin' but the truth, lawyer gal, and I'll be blowin' your silk stockings right off tonight," she replied smugly.

Jodi threw her head back and let out a short, loud laugh. She covered her mouth and looked around. Pregnant silence filled the room. The women held their breaths, listening for any clue Reba had heard the sudden outburst. Several tense heartbeats passed before Jodi snickered softly. "This is going to be just like old times!"

The three of them shared affectionate smiles before Katie turned to Jackie. "And what about your part of the plan?"

"Oh, I have the easy part. I have to make sure we all end up sleeping in the living room in our jammies with lots of blankets and pillows, dirty pictures, and cold libations," Jackie chuckled. "I had everything we'll need delivered earlier today." With a confident smile she added, "I'm from Texas—we can handle any order, no matter how tall."

Katie reached out, grabbing Jackie and Jodi in a big group hug. "I missed you guys! Let's hear it for the Smut Squad!"

They all smiled and laughed, enjoying being teamed together once again, and for such a good cause.



While they'd been in the bedroom, Reba had been cooking up a storm. Even when they'd come strolling out, she hadn't allowed any of them to help with the dinner preparations. Cooking for them had always been something she enjoyed, allowing her to nurture her friends and show how much she cared. She'd spent many a night dreaming up special recipes to try out on them in the communal dorm kitchen.

"I always eat too much when you're around, girlfriend. You've always been the best cook!" Katie exclaimed as she dried the last dish from dinner. With a mock groan, she continued, "Good thing you and I took a walk around your beautiful garden. Otherwise, I'd be at the gym for the next week working off calories from the great dinner you made."

"I'm glad everyone liked the eggplant parmesan." Reba blushed at the compliment. "It's one of James' favorites."

Just the thought of James caused Reba to sigh. Her eyes closed, a secretive smile played across her dreamy features. Visions of James's six-pack abs flickered through her mind. His biceps flexed and released, soft suede fell across her sweat-slicked body—sweet heaven! She'd been dreaming of him using the flogger on her ever since it had arrived. He'd sent it with a note letting her know, in no uncertain terms, he planned to use it as soon as he got back home. Just thinking about the braided leather handle and soft tresses made her feel hot and needy.

This would never do. With a mental shake, Reba brought herself back to the present, leaving behind the lovely fantasy images.

Her hunky Marine had been gone way too long, leaving her too much time alone with her thoughts. Boy, had she ever developed a major fantasy life over the past two years. Something had opened within her,

unleashing wicked desires she'd always kept secret. With the long separation, though, she'd found herself sharing select details with James.

The new sharing had started the whole thing with the flogger. A new openness about sexuality seemed to be developing between them during his absence. She had a feeling their sex life would move to a whole new level when he finally made it home.

"Um...I wonder why the other girls didn't want to take a walk with us." She hid her grimace. *Brilliant, Reba. Absolutely brilliant.* Looking down, she focused on wiping the counter and hoped Katie wouldn't notice her discomfort. If the little bulldog even suspected she was hiding something...

Katie flashed a big smile. "You know those two, Reba. They never did want to get out in the big outdoors to look at flowers and plants! They'd much rather sit inside and drool over pictures of hot guys."

The two friends laughed and shared knowing looks. Jodi and Jackie had always been more interested in looking at men than enjoying nature.

"It's wonderful to have all of us together and get reacquainted," Reba said with a satisfied sigh. "Seems like it was only yesterday we were all sitting around in the dorm rooms swapping stories!" Reba turned to smile at Katie, but was distracted by movement in the living room. "What in the world are those two doing out there?"

Katie shrugged her shoulders as she put the last dish in the cupboard. "I don't know. Why don't we go see?"

Arm-in-arm, Reba and Katie made their way into the next room. Reba stopped short when she saw her perfect living room in total disarray. "What are you two wild women up to?"

The furniture had been pushed back against the walls, and two twin bed mattresses from the guest room now lay in the middle of the cleared space. Pillows and blankets had been piled on the mattresses, creating a nice little nest.

Bottles of champagne and a carafe of orange juice sat cooling in a silver bucket of ice on a side table with Reba's tall crystal flutes ready to fill. Soft music played in the background and the lights were dimmed, giving the whole room an intimate look. Jodi was placing candles on every flat surface she found, while Jackie followed behind with a lighter.

"Doin'?" Jackie continued to light candles. "Why we're setting up the dorm room! You didn't think we were gonna sleep in the guest rooms, did ya?" She shook her head, and in a droll, dry voice said, "Reba, this is our reunion! We're having a slumber party, gal. We can't stay up all night talkin' about the good ol' days in separate bedrooms!"

Jodi placed the last candle and gave her sweetest, most innocent smile. "I even remembered to bring dice so we can play games like we used to." Jodi looked down at the floor as though frightened her idea would be rejected.

Reba shot a worried look at Katie who gave her a big encouraging hug. "They have a point, Reba. We're here to catch up, not be waited on and entertained by you. I say—let's party!"

Jackie passed out flutes of champagne mixed with orange juice to each of her friends. "Let's have a toast," she said, raising her glass. "To the best friends anyone could ask for!"

The others raised their glasses in salute, the sound of fine crystal ringing in the air as they touched them together. "To best friends."

After getting everything set up, they changed into comfortable sleepwear and sprawled casually across the mattresses, reliving old times together. The mimosas they sipped on slowly worked their magic, relaxing them.

"Hey!" Jackie set aside her drink. "Do y'all remember them pictures of nekkid men we used to collect?" Hands behind her back, she began feeling around, searching for something.

“Oh yeah, do I ever.” Jodi's eyes lit with excitement. “All those luscious men with water running down their ripped bodies.” She sighed, lost in her memories.

“Mmmmm...and the cowboys,” Katie moaned.

“Save a horse, ride a cowboy!” Reba chimed in and giggled.

Jackie, now balanced on the edge of the mattress, one hand on the floor, the other stretching for something just out of her reach, tipped her head back and yelled out “Yeeeeee...” She teetered precariously for a moment, went ass over tea kettle, ending with a muffled, “...haw, shit.”

Laughter reverberated across the walls of the room as friendly hands reached out to help Jackie back on to the mattresses. Once they were all settled and had caught their breath, Jackie tossed a four-inch thick three-ring binder in the center of the bed. In neat letters across the front was written ‘Cockalicious’.

“Lookie what I brought with me, ladies.”

“Ohmigod!” Reba laughed. “Is this what I think it is?”

“Yup,” Jackie nodded. “And I’ve been adding to it all these years.”

“Get out!” Reba grabbed the binder their friend, Sugar-Girl, had started back in college. “Let me see that.” Flipping open the cover, her eyes widened and she licked her lips. “Oh girl...yum-my! Do you know who these two are?” A red flush began to creep over her cheeks.

“Oh yeah, sure do.” Jackie pointed to the picture of a man’s gloriously naked backside. “This hunk is the magnetic, sexy-as-sin, Devon Fontaine, owner of Fontaine’s erotic dance club.”

The blue-tinted photo had an edgy feel to it, giving the impression its subject took being a wicked bad boy to the extreme. Dark brown hair cascaded between broad shoulders. Solid black flames were tattooed on his back in a V-shape, starting low on his spine and broadening out as they rose to his shoulders. Leather boots, banded with straps and buckles, covered his legs, ending right below the magnificent curve of his ass. Devon’s arms, corded with thick sinew, were held with the elbows

bent in such a way, the viewer wondered if he was gripping his cock in his hands.

“And this, ladies,” Jackie pointed to the opposite page, “is his equally gorgeous business partner, Jeremy Sauvage.”

The other photo revealed a man more cosmopolitan and less extreme until the penetrating look in his gray eyes mesmerized the onlooker. Those eyes got to Reba each time she saw his picture. His long-sleeved shirt and pants were as black as his rakishly styled hair. His firm jaw was shadowed by a beard, and a mustache framed the seductive curve of his upper lip, giving him a dark, sultry look.

Jeremy lay casually on a couch, one arm pillowing his head, the other lying along his torso, hand disappearing inside the open waist of his trousers. The light dusting of hair over his chiseled pecs and abs narrowed down to a trail that disappeared beneath his hand and left the observer to her imagination.

“I had to pay big time for those two pictures,” Jackie said, breaking the spell that seemed to have mesmerized her friends.

“Devon Fontaine?” Jodi wrestled the book from Reba’s tight grasp. “Let me see that. I think I’ve heard of him before.”

A thoughtful look crossed Katie’s face. “Didn’t I read someplace that those two own a nightclub in California?”

Reba blushed two shades brighter and swallowed hard. “Um, yes. I-I think it’s close to here. B-but I wouldn’t know for sure.” There was no way she’d let on to her friends how close the club was, or that Devon and Jeremy starred in her fantasies. The only one who even had a clue about her desires was James. She’d ended up telling him a little about them in an email.

It still amazed Reba how much closer she and her husband had become during this time apart. Somehow the distance had allowed them to open up and share some of their darker desires, like James’s craving to experiment with the flogger.

Three pairs of eyes studied her curiously before Jackie said, “Ya don’t say? Here in San Francisco? Well, imagine that...”

Reba, enthralled by the pictures in Jodi’s lap, didn’t notice the big smiles the other girls shared.

Jodi flipped the page. “Dang, now we’re talking. Get me a rope to tie these cowboys up. There’s just something about cowboys,” she sighed.

Katie reached out and grabbed the notebook from Jodi. “Oh honey, they’re nice, but they ain’t nothing. Why last month I...” Suddenly remembering herself, she cleared her throat. Not only was she about to reveal too much information, but she was beginning to sound like one of her cowboys, using phrases like “ain’t nothing”. “Um, never mind.”

Jackie snagged the notebook from Katie. “Oh really, lawyer gal? Hey Jodi, didn’t you say you brought a set of dice?”

Jodi gave a big smile and nodded.

“Well then, I think it’s time to play, and Katie’s first. Hand her the die, honey.”

Katie rolled her eyes. “In your dreams, you Texan hussy!”

“Oh come on, Katie,” Reba laughed. “Old times, dorm rooms, remember?” She smiled evily. “Toss her the die, Jodi.”

Reaching into the snug bodice of her nightgown, Jodi pulled out a red die with white spots and tossed it to Katie. “Looks like you’re up, counselor.”

Katie caught the die, and with a pretend pout, grumbled under her breath. “Fine, but I can’t believe the things I’m being *forced* to do for old time’s sake.” She tossed the die in the center of the bed, all the while mumbling in mock protest.

Jodi watched the die tumble through the air, one side of her lips tilted upward in a playful smirk. “Like we’re twisting your arm.”

The die rolled to a stop, five white spots facing up. “Well damn, an odd number. How ’bout that,” Jackie drawled. “Looks like a real sex story

for you, lawyer gal! Do you fancy lawyer types even have sex?" The taunt earned a chuckle from the other women.

"You have no idea, girlfriend. No idea at all." Katie stared intently at the pictures of the cowboys for a moment. "Okay. I would have told you this tonight anyway, but now I'll tell all of it instead of only some."

The four friends moved their heads closer together, every eye on Katie. They didn't want to miss a word of her tale.

"Well, it all started a little more than a month ago. I was long overdue for a vacation and totally needed a break from work. Some time away when I didn't have to think about other people's problems and could do what I wanted to. I signed up for one of those fantasy dude ranch experiences, and there were these two cowboys..."

Chapter Two

Five weeks earlier

Katie walked into the stables, not quite knowing what to expect from the two big, rough-and-ready cowboys. The men had been alluding to what they wanted to share with her since she had arrived at the dude ranch, but she was still unsure about their true intentions. They obviously had sex on their minds, and there was no way she would turn them down when they finally got around to asking for it, but what about their intentions afterwards? And how would she feel about herself after having sex with not one, but two men?

Mmmmm...and what men! She'd been fantasizing about the two of them from the first moment she'd seen them working with the horses. They were vastly different in both appearance and personality, yet there was a common thread of innate sexuality running between them.

Jase managed to get her juices flowing with his arresting good looks. She loved his unruly dark brown hair, and striking pale blue-gray eyes. His commanding presence was not merely the result of his more than six-feet of powerful muscle—this man's presence left no doubt he was in charge, which was fine with her.

She'd always had a fantasy about turning over control, and being with two men. Left on her own, she'd probably back out if given the chance, but Jase...he'd never allow that to happen.

Damn, being near him had her wanting to submit to his will. To be mastered.

Zeb certainly was no slouch either. The man was Jase's equal in build, but he had a softer feel about him. From his pleasantly ruffled, sandy-blond hair to those cornflower-blue eyes, he projected tenderness and warmth. Katie sensed his shy, quiet demeanor concealed a passionate nature, which would rock her world if she let it.

Together, the two men were a heady combination of passion and intensity.

She heard the murmur of conversation before her eyes picked out the men standing in the cool shadows of the barn. Jase, arms crossed over his broad chest, leaned against the rough wood of a stall. Zeb's back rested on the hinged gate, one leg drawn up to brace the sole of his boot against the planks, muscular forearms draped across the top of the door. Katie felt as if all her senses went on high alert.

The musky, clean scent of cowboys mingled with the sweet hay lining the stalls was like an aphrodisiac racing through her bloodstream. Her womb clenched in response. There was an almost visceral feeling of testosterone rolling in heated waves from the two fine-looking cowboys to submerge her in desire.

As if aware of Katie on a deep, physical level, Jase turned toward her. He did nothing to hide his assessing gaze. Each place his gaze touched and lingered, her skin heated. When Zeb turned, letting his eyes roam over her sleek curves in silent perusal, the added intensity nearly melted her on the spot. All that masculine attention focused on her was somewhat disconcerting but oh-so-hot, causing her breath to catch, her heart to lodge in her throat.

Her nipples pebbled and she prayed her soft, button-down shirt was loose enough the men wouldn't notice her reaction. There was no way to hide the musky scent of her arousal, though, she thought with a shiver of excitement. She was certain they smelled her heated desire from where they stood.

Damn, she'd never gotten this sopping wet before, and in such record time. Her pussy lips swelled, thick cream coated her folds, soaking into her silky panties. Oh yeah, she was ready for some action.

As if reading her mind, Jase asked, "You finally ready, sugar?"

Katie whimpered as her womb clenched in response to his deep velvet voice stroking over her skin. The serious looks on their faces made it difficult to tell if they were teasing, or if their words meant what she prayed they did. Her body was ripe and prepared for them.

She'd imagined having an encounter with more than one man at a time, but it had always been just a fantasy—this had the potential of becoming real. Very real.

The idea held definite appeal when faced with these two gorgeous cowboys. They were such a study in contrasts, and she imagined their lovemaking styles would contrast as well. One demanding all she could give, but the other? She wasn't sure about Zeb. He seemed quiet and shy, but...but she absolutely had to find out, and this was it. If she wanted to live out her fantasy with these two men, now was the time to grab onto the opportunity with both hands and hold on for what was bound to be one wild ride.

Before she could untie her tongue, Zeb commented, "She sure looks ready, boss."

"Yes. I'm ready." Her voice was barely a whisper, but both men reacted to the husky, sensual sound by moving closer, crowding into her personal space. They both leaned in, their body language giving off a message rich with sexual desires Katie prayed she was reading correctly. Everything about them positively oozed sex.

She wanted them. Both of them. Right here. Right now. Vivid images of the two men pleasuring her at once had her breath coming in quick pants, her heart beating in a wild, discordant rhythm.

Zeb's hand rose, fingers brushing over her cheek. "You look a little flushed, baby." His soft blue eyes held both concern and desire.

Jase brushed his fingers over the row of buttons running from the waistband of her jeans to right above the swell of her breasts. “It’s kinda warm in here, isn’t it?” He teased the bare skin accessible through the opening, fingers gliding upward to linger over her rapidly beating pulse. “Maybe you should take some of these clothes off.”

All the soft shyness left Zeb as he pressed in close against her right side. The hard, heated ridge of his erection caressed her hip and Katie felt sure she’d go up in flames. When the steely length of Jase’s desire settled into the curve of her opposite hip, she began to tremble with anticipation.

These cowboys were big and hard all over. Yeehaw!

The two men continued moving forward, backing her up until she was held captive between the stall door and a wall of warm muscle. Each man gently grasped a slender arm, then large hands drew her arms to the side and forced her shoulders tight against the rough wood. With practiced ease, two cowboy boots—one scarred black, the other scuffed brown—pushed between her feet, easing her legs apart. The move forced her back to arch and her breasts to press forward.

Jase’s warm hands slid down her body, stopping to cup and weigh one heavy breast, thumb rasping over her pebbled nipple.

At the same time, Zeb swooped in, his lips capturing hers. His hot, demanding mouth swallowed the sound of her gasp. His moist tongue teased at the seam of her lips until she opened for him and accepted a deeper mating of their mouths. Tongues twining and teasing, she took in his spicy, masculine flavor, imbibing the heady sensations. His free hand came up, fingers interlaced in her hair, tilting her head to the angle he desired. Once assured she would hold the position, he moved his hand to cup her other breast.

Both full globes felt needy and heavy as the men stroked and tugged her nipples through the soft and light material. Breaking the kiss, Zeb traced a path of fire over her jaw and down her neck. Katie let her head

fall back and hang over the top of the stall door. The multiple sensations were powerful and overwhelming. All she could do was give herself over to their expert ministrations.

The front clasp of her bra was unhooked before Katie even realized her shirt had been unbuttoned. She moaned, reveling in the pressure of their warm hands teasing her flesh. She arched her back even more, filling their hands with the generous globes, seeking a firmer touch. A touch her cowboys were more than willing to provide.

Zeb's tongue plunged back within the hot, moist depths of her mouth, erasing any lingering questions in Katie's mind about how he would take her. His tongue moved in a seductive motion, a beautiful dance of give and take.

Jase's lips went to one aching breast. The first warm swipe of his tongue over the taut peak had her womb clenching and she moaned deeply. The vibrations raced through Zeb's mouth and his tongue began to thrust with even more intensity. Leaving her mouth once again, he teased the other nipple with lips, teeth and tongue.

Oh God, having both nipples suckled and teased at the same time was more erotic than anything she'd ever imagined.

Katie's legs shook from the extraordinary sensations her lovers created. She wouldn't be able to stand for much longer. Her knees weakened and threatened to buckle. She pictured herself sliding down the rough wood, a pool of boiling desire soaking into the hay, but Jase released her breast to slip one muscular thigh between her spread legs, forcing her onto her toes. Releasing his hold on her arm, Zeb palmed both aching breasts, teeth nipping, tongue swirling, fingers tweaking and pulling at the ultra-sensitive nubs.

Jase swirled his tongue across the delicate shell of her ear. He grasped the tender lobe between his teeth, the firm bite sending shivers racing down her spine. In a voice raspy with need, he commanded, "Ride my leg, sugar." He ground the hard length of his cock against her hip

while moving his massive thigh, forcing Katie's jeans to rub against her trapped and aching clit. She couldn't think, couldn't breathe—the experience was too powerful and all-consuming.

“Jase...Zeb...”

“Ride me, Katie. Show me what a hot little filly you are,” Jase demanded.

Zeb tugged hard on one elongated nipple while sucking the other swollen bud deep into his warm mouth. Hot jolts rocketed straight down to Katie's throbbing pussy, causing her hips to roll and grind harder against Jase's leg. She couldn't believe this was actually happening—her fantasy was coming to life.

Zeb released her breast with a wet pop and stood back to watch.

“Mmmmm...baby, you look so damn hot.” One hand continued to grasp her breast and tease her nipple, while the other released the snap on her jeans and eased the zipper down. Slowly, Zeb worked his hand inside her jeans until his calloused palm rested above her mound, fingers cupping her swollen lips. Shifting his body slightly behind hers, he ground his hard shaft against her ass, thick fingers spreading her slick folds, and forcing her swollen clit to slide across the hard muscles of Jase's thigh.

“Oh. My. God.” Katie's head rested against Zeb's broad shoulder as his arm snaked around her side, his other hand once again fondling her breast. Her back arched, bared breasts thrust forward, one nipple poking between Zeb's spread fingers, the other quivering and exposed.

Jase's heated breath flowed across her quivering flesh. “Damn, sugar. You are one beautiful sight.” His mouth came down and pulled the exposed nipple deep inside his hot mouth, hands bracketing her hips to set the pace of her fevered motion.

Katie's hips bucked against Jase's leg as Zeb thrust against her from behind. Heat built and prickling sensations rushed across her skin. Little gasps and pants poured from between her kiss-swollen lips.

“Oh yeah,” Zeb moaned. “Come for us now, Katie-girl.”

Her body shuddered at Zeb’s command, legs clenched hard around Jase’s denim-clad thigh, and then Katie’s world exploded. Orgasm crashed through her, a tidal wave washing any pretense of control away. Her screams of ecstasy echoed through the barn.

“Oh my God...Jase...Zeb...”

Jase pulled back to watch, hands still gripping her hips to keep her from falling. Both men groaned in unison. Jase, teeth clenched, jaw rigid, struggled for control. “Damn, sugar. You’re gonna kill me.”

Zeb’s lips lifted in a sensual smile. “Now she’s ready.” He bent slightly at her side, lifted Katie’s limp, sated body into his arms, and held her cradled tightly against his chest.

“What do you think, boss? You want heads or tails?”

Jase was thoughtful for a moment. “Tell ya what, Zeb, how ‘bout we flip?”

Reality slowly began to filter back into Katie’s brain. Flip? Flip what, her? Heads? Tails? She raised her head in time to see Jase toss a shiny coin high into the air.

“Call it, Zeb.”

Zeb’s eyes never left the bit of silver as it flipped end over end, almost like freefall. “Heads.”

The coin tumbled down to be caught smartly in Jase’s hand. A broad smile lit his face. “Heads it is, partner.”

Zeb tilted her head back. “Oh yeah,” he whispered against her lips. “I get head.” His tongue plummeted deep into her mouth, throwing Katie on a wild express trip to unimaginable, dizzying heights. Each thrust of tongue and sharp nip of teeth drove her higher.

He carried her to the end of the stable, setting her down on a stack of hay bales. Both men stepped back to survey the half-dressed state of her body. With a growl, Zeb knelt to remove her boots. A firm tug removed the insubstantial barrier of her jeans.

The sight of her laid out on the hay wearing only a small, silky pair of panties ratcheted up the men's need. Before she even realized what was happening, Katie found herself flipped over onto her stomach, the scratchy hay teasing her nipples and pussy, warm masculine hands stroking over the firm cheeks of her ass. She writhed with need, wanting to feel those hands on her eager pussy.

"Tell me, Katie. Are you craving a big, thick cock in your hungry little mouth?" Zeb asked, moving around in front of her.

She nodded her head, hoping he wouldn't make her say the words, but she was out of luck.

"I can't hear you, honey."

"Yes," Katie moaned. "Please..."

Jase's hands continued to smooth across the twin mounds of her ass, driving her to distraction. She longed to tell him exactly what to do with those hands.

"Where do you want our cocks, baby?" he asked. "In your luscious mouth, warm pussy, or tunneling up your tight little ass?"

"Oh, God." The mere thought of one of them taking her in the ass had her crying out. She'd always been curious, but Katie had never trusted a partner enough to breach her most intimate place. Something about these wicked cowboys told her it would be a blissful experience. They would make sure every touch ignited a fire in her soul.

Her stomach clenched and she quivered, both in fear and anticipation. How was she supposed to ask for something so wickedly forbidden? Absolutely taboo?

The sound of a zipper being lowered drew her attention to the fair-haired man standing before her. His magnificent shaft sprang free of his jeans, stopping within inches of her mouth. Katie licked suddenly dry lips, reveling in Zeb's groan.

"You want this cock in your sweet little mouth, baby?"

Her response came out as a breathy whimper, but he had no problem hearing her. "Yes, please, Zeb."

As the bulbous head touched her lips, Jase's fingers slid under the sides of her panties. She was shocked by the sound of the thin material being ripped away, the show of masculine strength making her feel a ravenous hunger. Zeb made a shallow thrust and she sucked his delicious cock deep into her mouth. The musky scent of man, combined with his slightly salty flavor, only served to heighten her need.

"Oh yeah, baby. Suck my hard cock. Take me deep," Zeb instructed in a husky tone.

Katie gasped around the flesh filling her mouth, losing contact with Zeb's cock as Jase pulled her body toward him. Her nipples brushed against the rough hay, sending an electrical pulse straight to her pulsing clit. Strong fingers spread her ass cheeks wide, massaging the firm globes. Zeb immediately moved forward by placing his bent knee on the hay next to Katie's shoulder, and inserted his cock back into the heated pleasure to be found within her mouth.

"Where do you want it, honey?" Jase gripped her hip firmly in one hand, the other hand slipped between her parted cheeks, beginning a tantalizing journey. "You want my cock in this hot pussy?" His fingers brushed over her slit, gathering up the thick cream. "Or do you want me in this fine ass?" he asked, rimming the tight rosette with a cream-coated finger.

Holy crap. Did she dare ask for exactly what she really wanted? Did she trust the big cowboy enough to let him take her virgin asshole?

His finger circled the tight ring once more before sliding back down the fragile barrier separating her ass and pussy. Katie moaned around Zeb's thick cock, tongue frantically circling the head, hips thrusting back against Jase.

Zeb threaded his fingers through her hair. "Jesus, Jase. I think she liked that...a lot."

Jase thrust two thick fingers into her clenching pussy and Katie's back arched, cheeks hollowing as she sucked harder. Zeb's hips pushed forward, feeding his cock deeper into her mouth.

"Why don't you help her make up her mind, boss," he said through clenched teeth, "before I lose mine and ram this thing down her pretty throat. She's about to suck the life out of me."

Okay, the talking about her like she wasn't right there thing was a little annoying. She nipped at Zeb's cock in warning. His fingers wound themselves tighter in her hair for more control. He tugged forward and his cock hit the back of her throat. "Oh, yeah! Do it again, sugar."

Jase pulled his thick fingers out, making Katie moan again. This time in frustration. She heard the sharp sounds of a zipper being pulled down hard and fast, a shudder ran through her body. Large, hot hands came back and held her ass, thumbs teasing between the cheeks before pulling her hips higher. She felt the rasp of jeans against her inner thighs as Jase's knees spread her legs wider.

Katie's tongue swirled around the head of Zeb's cock in anticipation. Maybe Jase would just take her. Maybe he wouldn't make her ask—make her come to a decision. A girl could only hope.

Zeb shifted one hand to cup the back of her head and began pumping in and out of her mouth with verve. "Katie-girl, you have got the hottest little mouth," he groaned. "I want to feel my balls against those sweet, plump lips of yours."

Jase gripped her ass tighter and shifted his hands to spread her impossibly wide. She felt pride hearing his mumbled words. "Damn, sugar. You are so fucking sweet!" In one firm movement he thrust balls deep into her clenching pussy, causing her to scream around the shaft in her mouth.

"You like his big cock slamming into you, Katie?" She raised her eyes and looked up at Zeb, nodded and sucked him deeper.

“Oh yeah...damn, does she ever like your cock.” Zeb’s voice was raw, hoarse with excitement.

Jase pumped once, twice, and stopped, hands releasing her hips. Katie thrust back in demand, clenching her spasming muscles around his hard cock. She heard a deep chuckle of male satisfaction from behind and he thrust into her hard and deep, and stopped again. Katie heard a rustle of material followed by a snap.

What in the hell was he doing? She needed to be fucked. Hard. Now!

“You’re one hot little filly, sugar,” Jase chuckled in amusement. “I’m going to enjoy breakin’ you in.” She felt cool, slick gel sliding between her ass cheeks, hands spreading her wider, a thumb smoothing the lube, circling her back entrance once more before slowly breaching the tight rings of muscle. Little by little Jase pulled his throbbing cock out of her pussy, and worked his thumb deeper into her ass. He paused for a heartbeat, and, slammed back home, thumb twisting and thrusting in counterpoint.

For a brief moment, she wondered where the hell Jase had gotten the lube, but all conscious thought fled her lust-fogged brain as fiery sensations shot through her body. The bite of forbidden pleasure in her ass took her to an exciting new place.

Katie reared back, Zeb’s cock pulling out of her hot mouth with a pop.

“Oh fuck, baby.” Zeb gripped her head between his hands.

Jase repeated the combination of motions, pushing and twisting simultaneously. Katie felt like she was going to explode with the overwhelming sensations ripping through her. She needed the new adventure his actions promised.

“Fuck my ass, Jase,” she cried wantonly. “Fuck my ass, now!”

Deep pants came from behind her. Jase pulled his thumb from her needy, tight hole, and groaned. “My pleasure, sugar.”

She felt more gel coat her entrance, fingers probing, preparing her once more. One finger began to stretch the narrow channel, joined in rapid succession by a second, bombarding her with his unrelenting determination. The slight burn spread through her flesh, heating her blood to boiling. Each stroke of his thick fingers brought newly-discovered nerve endings to life. She was so close. Hanging-by-the-tips-of-her-manicured-fingernails close. It would not take much to push her over the edge into sweet oblivion.

“Please, hurry.” She pleaded for more, fingers digging into the sweet smelling hay, holding on with quiet desperation.

Katie nearly cried in disappointment as she felt his shaft pull out of her pussy to move along her slit. With a fierce thrust, he plunged his thick cock hard and fast into her pussy again, instantly hitting her sweet spot. The short, digging thrusts felt wonderful as he filled her completely.

Zeb tilted her head upward, thrusting his cock deep within her mouth, and moaned in gluttonous delight. She redoubled her efforts, sucking him all the way to the back of her throat.

“Fuck yeah, baby. So good,” he praised.

She whimpered at the loss of contact when Jase pulled out of the clenching depths of her pussy once again, but settled quickly as she felt the head of his cock press against her anus. Fire streaked through her body and she moaned out her pleasure, struggling to relax her muscles as he slowly pushed inside. She was finding it difficult to concentrate on sucking because of the incredible sensations Jase was currently showering on her body.

“That’s it, baby. Nice and easy. Open up for me.”

“Unh,” she cried. The broad head sank past the tight ring of tissue. She’d heard the first time could hurt a lot, but the pleasure-pain was turning her on and the wicked sensations overwhelmed her senses. Katie could not believe she was being fucked in the ass by one man while

sucking another's cock, living her fantasy. Her body clamped down on Jase, trying to draw him in deeper.

"Oh yeah, Katie-girl," Zeb rasped out as he stroked back and forth with shallow thrusts. "You look so fucking hot like this."

Jase took his time, sinking into her slowly. Inch by inch, his big cock filled her ass completely until he was buried balls deep. He held still for several moments, allowing her body to adjust to the new fullness stretching her virgin channel, then began to slowly thrust. Each time he pulled back, the broad head pressed against the tissues just inside the tight rosette, sending incredible jolts of fiery pleasure spreading through her ass.

"Oh, yes. Fuck me hard," she mumbled against the warm, silky flesh of Zeb's shaft, teasing the underside with her tongue, and finally kissing his balls like he'd desired.

She felt Jase's hand slide over her hip, down her belly and part her sodden folds. He found the erect bundle of nerves, and began making circles around her clit with his finger. Every muscle in her body tensed as amazing tingles of sensation arrowed through her pelvis.

"I'm gonna come."

"I'm right with ya, baby." Zeb grasped her head between his hands, breathing ragged as he thrust forward, fucking her face.

Jase grasped her clit between his fingers, applying enough pressure to send Katie flying. "Aw, fuck," he shouted. She sailed over the precipice, her body clamping down on his invading shaft.

Hot jets of cum hit the back of her throat. She swallowed reflexively, drinking down the salty taste, while equally hot semen filled her ass. Bright white lights exploded behind her eyelids as her orgasm peaked, milking the cock in her ass as her empty pussy wept its hot cream.

She might have passed out for a few moments, but Katie wasn't sure. All of a sudden she became aware of her surroundings once again as

Jase slowly pulled out of her ass with a slight pop. The erotic feeling as the head of his cock passed the ring of muscle had her whimpering.

Zeb had already pulled his rapidly deflating cock from her mouth. He leaned forward, pressing a tender kiss to her swollen lips. “Are you alright, baby?” The concern in his voice tugged at her heart.

“I’m better than alright,” She panted, trying to get her breathing under control. Masculine chuckles filled the air and the three of them settled into a heap of tangled limbs on the stack of hay.

Chapter Three

There was complete silence when Katie finished her story. Reba sat fanning her face, trying to catch her breath. Jodi looked stunned.

Jackie finally let out a long, hard breath. “Katie, odd numbers are real sexual experiences, not fantasies!”

Katie raised her right hand. “The whole truth, nothing but the truth, so help me God,” she said with a big grin on her face.

“But it can’t just end there,” Jodi complained.

A blush crossed Katie’s fair complexion. She looked down and twisted at a band on her left ring finger, which no one had noticed. She’d been anticipating this moment, worried about her friends’ response. Would they accept her unconventional situation, or stare at her as if she were a freak?

“This was what I was going to share,” she said. Hesitating briefly, she held out her hand for the others to see her ring. Two gold strands twined around a single silver strand, all three woven into an intricate Celtic knot, small rubies placed where each strand in the knot joined together.

Reba took a closer look at the magnificent workmanship of the ring. Looking at Katie, she asked, “Is this what I think it is?”

Katie colored an even brighter red and a small, tentative smile crossed her delicate features. “Yes, ladies. This is an engagement ring. Jase and Zeb have asked me to marry them...both!”

Three mouths dropped open, then three bodies hurdled across the small space, arms reaching out and grabbing Katie in a friendly embrace.

“Ohmigod, Katie! Congratulations! Way to go!” They all cried in joy simultaneously. Happy tears ran down Katie’s relieved face, and she let out a deep sigh. She should have known her friends would easily accept her uncommon relationship.

“I was so afraid you wouldn’t understand...”

Reba hugged her hard. “No way. Of course we do. We love you, and if you love both of them—go for it!”

“Damn, girl!” Jackie sniffed, looking for a tissue. “That’s just so damned wonderful!”

Jodi gave Katie a shy smile, “We only want you to be happy, Katie. We don’t care with who or how many it takes. And jeez...cowboys! Yee-haw!”

“This calls for another toast,” Jackie said. She stood and headed for the impromptu bar. “Bring your glasses and I’ll pour us more of those delicious, and very healthy, mimosas!”

Reba stood with her friends, watching as Jackie filled each flute, laughing and teasing in her own unique way. She hadn’t realized how much she’d missed each of them.

And hearing Katie’s story...wow. How her friend had the guts to actually take on both of those cowboys was amazing. A ménage was Reba’s ultimate fantasy, but she could never go through with it, actually participate in one. The heated anticipation that started a fire simmering in her body at the very thought was one thing. Actually being in a ménage was quite another, no matter how much she desired the experience with a little added twist of her own. She wanted to have a ménage with her husband there, watching everything. Yet it was one fantasy that would never come true.

She was still on guard, sensing her three friends had something up their sleeves. She’d noticed the covert glances and hidden smiles they exchanged, no matter how slick they thought they’d been. They’d all loved seeing if they could embarrass her in college. She was afraid they

were plotting something humiliating for this weekend. Even Jodi, who'd been almost as quiet as Reba, would get in on their antics.

She grinned to herself. Jodi's off-color sense of humor managed to make everyone smile and laugh with her. And no matter how tough a situation got, she would be there, ready with hugs. Well, hugs and pictures of naked men, which she'd pass around to make them all smile and drool. Sometimes she'd leave the pictures lying on their pillows to find after a difficult day.

If Reba wasn't mistaken, some changes had occurred in Jodi over their years apart. Something had given her an inner glow and sense of confidence missing when she was younger, but also a hint of sadness. Reba sighed. She'd bet a good story went along with the changes, if their shy friend would only share it with them.

Hmmm, good plan. She'd get Jodi to go next in their little game, Reba thought, figuring it would keep them from dragging any secret desires out of her. Better yet, maybe they'd all get drunk and tired, then fall asleep before her turn came around.

Reba raised her full glass. "I'd like to propose the toast this time. To love, no matter how we find it or what it looks like."

"To love no matter what," they all said, glasses meeting with a resounding clink, each woman taking a long sip of the refreshing drink.

"Mmmm, that's so good, Jackie," Reba said, as she moved back over to settle in her place on the mattresses. "I think it's Jodi's turn to roll. How about it, girls?"

"Oh, what a good idea. Yes ma'am, you roll the die next, Jodi." Jackie flashed an evil grin. Turning to Reba, she loudly whispered, "Anything to put off my turn."

"Me?" Jodi squeaked. "What about Reba going next?" She wore a hopeful smile.

“Oh, no you don’t! I remember the rules we decided on in college. Whoever was hosting in their dorm room went last. Well, girls,” Reba said with a huge grin, “this is my dorm room.”

“Damn,” Jodi whined. “I was hoping you’d forgotten that little rule.” She reached for the die still sitting in the middle of the mattresses, heaving a dramatic groan.

“Well okay. If you insist.” She tossed the die in pretend disgust. She flashed Jackie a big smile. “But you’re next, girlfriend!”

The die landed, and Reba clapped her hands in excitement. “Oh goodie, an odd number. I can hardly wait to hear how you’ve spent your time!”

Jodi gave a quiet laugh as she leaned forward to begin her tale. “Well, you all know I’ve always liked to play cards online, right? What you don’t know is I actually got to meet with some of my real good internet friends for a very exciting, live game of poker...”

Chapter Four

Six months earlier

Taking a deep, fortifying breath, Jodi prepared herself to walk into the private conference room and meet her online friends for the first time. Trevor had come up with the elaborate idea of transforming the place into an 1800's card room for their first meeting, and everyone dressing in period western wear. Even though she truly wanted to be here, she worried a face-to-face meeting would change the easygoing friendships they had established. She also worried they'd be disappointed upon actually meeting her.

Although the guys all liked to tease and flirt with her online, she was certain none of them would ever expect her to have the guts to call them on it in person. Yet that was exactly what she planned on doing.

Trevor's mysterious surprise for the night could in no way top the one she had in store for her friends. Jodi had every intention of suggesting they play strip poker, then following through with the idea until they were all naked. This was going to be an interesting evening of pushing boundaries.

It had taken a lot of searching, but Jodi had found the perfect outfit at a local consignment shop. It was made from the richest, softest fabrics she had ever felt against her skin. Black, deep burgundy and pale peach, the outfit showed off her assets to the fullest. And she had very nice assets, in her humble opinion.

The tight corset kept her full breasts pushed up high and on display, her nipples barely covered by the low neckline. The skirt had the cutest

bustle, the bunched material drifting down to the back of her knees, but the ruffled layers barely covered her to mid-thigh, leaving little to the imagination. She liked the way it showed off lots of leg.

Still, her favorite part of the outfit was the accessories. Jodi had found a big, floppy hat made of a beautiful burgundy silk and decorated with fluffy black feathers. Long tresses of chestnut brown hair usually cascaded in shimmering waves down her back, but for this special night, the thick mane was swept into an elegant up-do. A few loose tendrils here and there kept the look soft and alluring.

She wore black lace gloves extending up her arms, almost to her shoulders, and thigh-high, black fishnet stockings. The garter, worn above her right knee, matched the hat perfectly. Underneath it all, she had on a matching silk burgundy thong and garter belt. The final touch was Victorian, high-heeled, laced up boots.

Jodi stopped to take another deep, steadying breath before opening the door. She could do this. She was a confident, sexy woman, and these men were her friends. They would love the outfit, unlike her girlfriend who had said she'd look like a fool. With friends like that, Jodi certainly didn't need any enemies.

Not allowing herself any time to back out, Jodi swiped her key card and pushed open the conference room door. She gasped, breath catching in her throat. Every consideration to detail had been given to transforming the room. She actually felt like she'd walked back in history and found herself in an old-time western saloon.

Her friends stood gathered around a scarred, wooden table, busy talking. They were all angled away from her, and she'd taken care to be quiet. No one had noticed she'd entered the room, giving her a chance to take everything in.

Trevor was immediately identifiable, being the tallest of the small group. Standing five-foot eleven, his lean, muscular body drew the eye. A black felt hat rested atop his dark hair. Dazzling blue eyes sparkled with

delight as he talked animatedly with the other men. A slightly tarnished silver star graced the lapel of his black suit, and a brown leather gun belt was slung low over lean hips. She thought he made the perfect sheriff.

Although Wiz was the eldest of her friends, he was no less handsome. His deep auburn hair and mustache were lightly sprinkled with gray, giving him a distinguished look. He was dressed the part of a gambler in a black silk shirt, tailored suit, and shiny boots. The silver on his bolo tie sparkled under the lights, and his dark eyes reflected both warmth and happiness.

Finally, she turned her gaze to John. She'd wanted to meet him in person for a long time. Anticipation quickened her breathing.

His clothing was more rugged than the others, looking every inch the hard working, muscular rancher. A well-worn tan Stetson sat atop his dark hair, and she easily pictured him tipping the brim of the hat in greeting. She couldn't see his eyes since he faced away from her, but Jodi felt certain his whiskey brown eyes held mirth as he teased Wiz without mercy.

His shirt was tucked into a faded pair of Wranglers, which by themselves would have been devastating, but paired with worn black chaps framed his well-defined ass to perfection. She could not draw her eyes away from the picture of his ass surrounded by all that black material. He was sexier than she'd ever imagined. Her mouth had already been watering, and now Jodi was in danger of drooling.

For a moment she considered sneaking back out the door before being noticed, but it was already too late. As her eyes trailed back up his striking form, Jodi noticed John had turned toward her, and all conversation had stopped. She forced her eyes to continue their leisurely perusal, taking in the prominent bulge rising along his zipper, along with the large silver belt buckle.

Mmm, she could almost imagine the rippling washboard abs hidden beneath his clothes. The deep blue western shirt he wore had black

piping and pearl snaps, the soft material hugging his muscular chest and biceps closer than a lover. When she finally reached his face, Jodi tried to read the look in his dark eyes, but failed. John already had his poker face on.

Her knees felt weak, and her thighs trembled as her hands attempted to smooth out the tight bodice of her dress. She recognized the nervous fussing for what it was, but couldn't stop. The three men continued to stare, further increasing her anxiety. Oh God, they were disappointed. Damn it. She'd known better than to get her hopes up. Time to make her escape.

As Jodi turned and reached for the door, John's deep, velvety voice washed over her. She froze in place, his words soothing over her like a welcoming caress, easing her fears and insecurity.

"Jodi, is that you? My God, you are so beautiful! Damn, woman, one look at you and we all seem to have forgotten our manners."

She was trembling hard, unable to control her shaking hands, and Jodi was certain they all realized how scared she was. What if they didn't like her? She would not be able to handle their rejection. All of her hopes and dreams were hung on what happened tonight.

The next time he spoke, John stood right behind her. She'd never even heard him move, yet his warm breath now caressed her neck and sent shivers of anticipation to every nerve ending. Her breasts swelled, feeling heavy, as hot cream coated the lips of her sex. Shit, she could come from listening to him speak. His voice was sexy beyond belief.

Warm, thick fingers wrapped around her arm in a gentle but firm plea. His soft, emotion-filled words reached into her heart. "Please, don't go. We're all so anxious to spend the evening with you."

When she didn't respond, he continued. "You look more beautiful than I ever dreamed. Please, come inside for a while and see what a wonderful party Trevor has created for us."

Jodi was slow to turn, hesitant over what she'd see in his expression. When she faced him again, a bright smile transformed John's features, giving him the appearance of a delighted little boy. Even in her high-heeled shoes, she had to tilt her head back to see into his darkening eyes. She thought she detected passion and desire in the depths of those fathomless pools. A flicker of hope began deep inside. Was she reading him right or was it wishful thinking?

Taking her fingers within his own, John brought her hand to his lips, brushing a courtly kiss across her knuckles. Heat spread through her like a wildfire out of control from the simple, easy touch of his lips.

Trevor and Wiz came up on either side of John, introducing themselves, and repeating the old fashioned gesture of kissing her hand. John once again took her trembling fingers within his grasp in an almost possessive move. With a gentle pull, he led her toward the table where Trevor pulled out a chair and seated her.

Jodi had to laugh at herself. These were her friends, and she knew them well. Why she was a mass of jumbled up nerves was beyond her. She needed to relax and enjoy their time together.

A bartender entered the room to take their drink orders, breaking the tension. By the time the man left, the group of friends were amiably chatting away as if they got together all the time. Well, actually they did, but never before in person.

When the bartender came back, he set up everything they would need to take care of themselves for the evening. Once he left, they would be undisturbed unless Trevor picked up the phone to request something.

Surveying the room once again, Jodi was totally amazed at the authenticity of the décor. She truly felt as if she had stepped back in time. It must have cost Trevor a fortune to create the appearance of such a bona fide saloon. There was even old time rag music playing softly in the background.

In the center of the table sat a fresh deck of cards, still sealed. After they made small talk for a while, Wiz picked up the cards. Looking at her, he stated, “Lady’s choice. What’s your pleasure, Jodi?”

Her heart began pounding frantically against her ribs and she felt a heated blush spread across her face and neck. This was the moment of reckoning and she wasn’t sure she would be able to go through with her plans.

In the next moment, John gently clasped her fidgeting fingers within his grasp, giving them a light, reassuring squeeze. Okay, she could do this. She could be bold and go after what she wanted.

“How about Five Card Stud, deuces wild.” Her voice sounded a little weak, but she felt proud to be stating her desires.

“And the stakes?” Trevor asked, one eyebrow arched high as they all waited for her answer.

It’s now or never! Jodi struggled to make her voice calm, yet it came out sounding deep and breathless, a bit sexy. “Loser forfeits a piece of clothing. Jewelry, accessories and ties do not count. Last one left still wearing any clothing wins.”

John’s mouth curved up in a wicked, sultry grin. Trevor appeared to be stunned speechless.

Wiz, not experiencing any such problem, let out a delighted shout. “Well, hot damn! We finally get to see our ravishing, dark-haired beauty strip in person. Damn, baby. I can’t wait to see that hot bod.”

Jodi chuckled lightly. When online, she often teased the guys, telling them she was stripping for them. They’d even created combinations of key strokes to represent naked breasts and wiggling ass cheeks. They would joke about fighting over her G-strings when Jodi pretended to throw them at the group of friends.

They had so much fun together in the online game room. She prayed tonight would live up to the experience.

After breaking the seal, Wiz's deft fingers became a blur of motion as he skillfully shuffled the cards. Anticipation hung thick and heavy in the air. Jodi cared less about the cards being placed before her. It didn't matter if she won or lost each hand. What mattered were her friends' reactions. Would she be heading to her room alone at the end of the night, or would she be joined by one of the men? Would she finally get the spanking they were relentless about teasing her with online?

Thinking about a large, masculine hand coming down sharply against the soft globes of her ass had Jodi squirming in her chair. She imagined the loud slapping sound, followed by the sharp sting, and finally the heated sensations that would course through her pink flesh. She pictured lying across muscular, hairy thighs, held in place by an arm across her back.

Mmm...Jodi all but felt thick, calloused fingers rubbing over her offended skin, spreading the heated sensations through her ass.

John caught her gaze as she squirmed. The wicked, knowing look in those whiskey brown eyes made her pulse accelerate. He seemed to sense the direction her thoughts had taken.

She almost jumped out of her chair at the first soft touch of his fingers above her knee. Swallowing hard, she fought to project an outer appearance of calm as hot bolts of electricity shot straight to her weeping pussy.

Wiz's eyes seemed glued to the rapid rise and fall of her breasts, which were practically spilling out of her dress. Her nipples hardened, rasping against the corset with each breath, sending more pleasurable jolts straight to her engorged clit. Lord, she was getting all worked up.

John pressed his thigh against hers as his fingers wandered higher, tracing the intricate pattern of her stockings. She lost track of the game as time passed and the pile of discarded clothing grew. Her lack of attention had resulted in her sitting there in only her undergarments.

John was down to his socks and briefs. Trevor was naked from the waist up. Wiz had fared the best and still had his shirt and pants on, but from the way the hand was going, the shirt would soon join the discard pile.

There was no way Jodi could concentrate with John's fingers now teasing along the edge of her soaked panties, the muscles of his chest and biceps rippling with each slight movement. Trevor kept sending her heated glances, his blue eyes sparkling with desire. Wiz was teasing her calf with his toes, slowly moving further up her leg as the evening progressed. Talk about sensory overload!

Without actively looking, Jodi spread her cards on the table. All conversation ceased. She looked at her cards, then out from under the broad brim of her hat at the six hungry eyes lit with eager anticipation. She'd lost the hand.

Shit. Corset or thong? The alcohol she'd been drinking had given her enough liquid courage to continue removing articles of clothing with each hand she lost, but that false bravery was long gone.

She carefully weighed the options in her mind. If she took off the panties, she would still remain relatively concealed by the table, but the men would undoubtedly notice the cream saturating the thin strip of material. If she removed her corset those three pairs of eyes would focus on her breasts, and she might actually have a chance of winning a few hands.

Her friends sat anticipating her decision as Jodi picked up her shot glass, slamming the dark liquid into her mouth and taking one big swallow. She felt the heated burn of the liquor all the way down into her stomach and through her veins. Okay, she could do this. Time to stop stalling.

Lifting her hips from the chair, she reached down and slipped off the soft panties. With a wicked smile, she stretched the narrow elastic band

over her thumb and released it, sending the sodden panties flying straight for Wiz.

Jodi sat mesmerized, watching her panties sail through the air as if in slow motion. Suddenly, time moved frantically forward as John snatched them right out of the air from under Wiz's nose and brought them to his face. His nostrils flared wide as he drank in the scent of her arousal.

Wiz's hand smacked down against the table, and pushed up from his chair, extreme anger clear in his reddened face, clenched jaw and tense movements. "Those are mine," he growled. His whole body vibrated with barely restrained violence. The man was a packed powder keg, short fuse lit, ready to blow sky high.

"You weren't quick enough, old man," John chuckled. He seemed to be oblivious, unaware Wiz had a serious can of whoop-ass prepared to open on him.

If the furious look on Wiz's face was any indication, things were going to get nasty if she didn't intervene. John didn't realize how severe the situation was. What the hell was she supposed to do?

The fact Trevor had risen from the table and headed to the telephone barely registered in her mind. The last thing Jodi wanted was for her friends to end up in a fight. She had to figure out something to divert their attention, and fast.

"Hand them over," Wiz growled.



"Ohmigod!" Katie cried. "Did they end up fighting over your panties?"

"I told y'all that ya gotta watch out for them quiet ones," Jackie chimed in.

Reba practically fell over while trying to quiet her friends. Just the thought of the shy, quiet woman being so bold blew her away. Damn, if

Jodi could act on her desires...nah! There was no way Reba would ever go through with something like that.

“What the hell happened, Jodi?” Reba was dying to know, the anticipation felt like it would kill her.

The three of them broke out into gales of laughter seeing the familiar sheepish smile spread across Jodi’s face.

“Well, I was trying to tell you what happened, but I can’t do that until you shut up.”

Katie put her thumb and forefinger to her lips and made a zipping and twisting motion, promising her lips were sealed. Jackie only stared at her, mouth hanging open, as Reba encouraged her to pick up her tale.

“Where was I?” Jodi wondered for a moment. “Oh yeah, the phone call...”

Chapter Five

Trevor seated himself back at the table. “Come on, guys. You’re ruining the evening.”

Both men shot him angry looks. Shit, this was not going well. After all her anticipation of how this evening would be, she certainly had not imagined two of her friends fighting over her panties. It was actually rather comical when considered from a narrow perspective.

When John began to rise from his chair the conference room door burst open and in walked the most commanding man Jodi had ever seen. She didn’t even consider her state of undress as she took in the sight of the tall, muscular Adonis.

Intense black eyes, set in a hard face, quickly took in the scene. Long waves of blue-black hair flowed all the way down to lean hips. A long-sleeved white shirt hugged his torso, the V-neck left open enough to show a tantalizing glimpse of skin. The shirt was tucked into a tight pair of black leather pants, which displayed every inch of his gorgeous body to perfection.

The man was a solid wall of muscle from his broad shoulders, sculpted chest, and narrow waist, all the way to thick, muscular thighs. His cinnamon-brown skin radiated health, while his demeanor revealed strength and menace carefully held in check. The man was a walking, breathing, wet dream.

Jodi felt every muscle tense, every nerve ending going onto high alert. The dark man sparked a primal response in her. She could well imagine the heat and intensity he would bring to the bedroom. Her lascivious

thoughts brought untamed heat surging through her body, centering in her core. She wanted him with every fiber of her being. When he spoke, she melted under the caress of his deep, sexy voice.

“Good evening, gentlemen, ma’am.” He nodded slightly toward her but kept his focus on her two friends. “If you can’t resolve the issue calmly, we’ll need to step outside.”

Wiz and John’s eyes shot daggers at the menacing intruder. It was Wiz who finally broke the silence with a blustering challenge. “Who the fuck’re you, and what’s it to ya?”

“Conner Black Wolf. I’ve been hired to handle any security needs should they arise this evening.”

Almost as one, they all turned to stare at Trevor. “Were you expecting trouble?” she asked.

“Jodi, honey, I knew by the end of the evening the three of us would end up making fools of ourselves in a bid for your attention. I also knew there was no way any one of us was going to let you walk out of here with any of the others. We all want you.”

She stared at him, mouth hanging open. He’d anticipated a fight between the three of them? Over her? What the hell? No man had ever battled for her.

With a hard glare from Conner, her two friends sank back into their seats as the big, dangerous man moved further into the room. He pulled up a chair to her left side, and Jodi felt his dark, intense gaze roving over her exposed flesh like a heated caress. She had to fight the need to cover the triangle of curly hair between her legs.

Conner was silent in his perusal of her body, his facial expression unchanged except for desire, which turned his eyes impossibly darker.

Damn, stare too long, and a woman would get totally lost in the heated passion of his piercing eyes. And losing herself in his incredible body would certainly be no hardship. She couldn’t imagine how Trevor knew Conner, but she was absolutely glad he did.

Opening a fresh deck of cards, Conner took control of the game. As play continued, Trevor and John were both down to their shorts, Wiz wore only his socks, and Jodi sat there in her corset. Conner remained fully dressed, the bastard. She was dying to get a good look at his chest, not to mention the large bulge pressed against his tight pants.

“Look,” Trevor said. “The four of us are down to one item of clothes each. I suggest a new wager.” His gaze drifted around the table, stopping on each set of eyes to make brief contact before moving on.

“Okay, I’m game. What do you have in mind?” John asked.

“It’s clear we all want Jodi. I suggest the winner of each hand gets the chance to pleasure her.”

Jodi’s gasp of surprise was the only sound in the room as the men contemplated what Trevor had suggested. His gaze locked with hers. “Of course, Jodi would have to agree.”

Four pairs of hungry eyes stared at her, waiting for her response. *Holy shit!* Was Trevor really suggesting she take on all four of them?

Jodi’s hands shook as she glanced at each of the men sitting around the table. Three were her good friends whom she loved and trusted. The other was a complete stranger, yet she felt compelled to extend her trust to him also.

The wicked idea of the four men playing poker for the chance to pleasure her had the seat beneath Jodi soaked in her juices. Her nipples peaked into hard, needy points while her stomach twisted into a hard knot of desire and need. She took a shuddering breath. The thought of them gambling to pleasure her both excited and scared her. She’d have no control over who did what.

Would she be able to follow through on such an idea, actually partake in a sexual act with the winner of each hand? She vividly pictured herself spread out in the center of the table, a bountiful treasure awaiting the lucky winner. Her hands shook while she considered it, finally deciding there was no way she was going to pass up the

opportunity. Another situation such as this was not likely to present itself any time soon. She had to take the chance.

Jodi swallowed hard before trying to voice her decision. She was sure the sound echoed through the room. She took a steadying breath, bolstered her courage and shared her decision. Her voice came out in a breathy whisper. "There will have to be some ground rules."

"Of course." Trevor gave her a reassuring nod and a huge grin when he heard her apparent acceptance. "What I had in mind was for each of us to write down several ways for you to be pleased. The winner of each hand will draw a slip of paper at random and carry out the written instructions. He will undertake the act until you reach orgasm."

The room became very quiet as all eyes turned toward her again. "What do you say, Jodi?" Conner asked.

What did she say? Bring it on, she'd simply died and gone to heaven. But could she truly go through with the erotic proposal?

"I need a minute," Jodi responded, rising from her chair. Picking up her skirt, she slipped into the frothy confection before heading for the ladies room. If she were actually going to be able to think, she had to get away from their intense male gazes.

Once inside the restroom, Jodi paced back and forth before the mirrored wall and row of white porcelain sinks. If she did this, followed through with what they wanted...well, everything would change—whether she had sex with one or all of them. How could they ever go back to just being friends? It would be impossible.

They'd already proven to have problems with sharing her or Conner wouldn't have been called in. No matter what she decided, things were going to be vastly different.

Jodi heaved a huge sigh of exasperation. How did she manage to get into this mess?

Still, how could she pass up this opportunity to be pleased by not one, but four gorgeous alpha men? Even though she'd just met Conner,

she sensed he was a man of his word and she trusted him. Trevor trusted him to handle any problems between the other three men, and that was good enough for her.

Tonight might be the first time they had actually met face to face, but she'd known the other men for years. They had shared their lives through email and internet game rooms, creating a deep sense of trust and friendship. Jodi knew she could rely on her friends to always keep her safe. And if she passed up this incredible opportunity tonight, she'd not only wonder what might have happened, for the rest of her life she'd feel regret for not having grabbed on with both hands.

After splashing her face with cool water and patting it dry with the scratchy paper towels, she stared into the eyes reflected in the mirror. It only took a few minutes to make her decision. There was no way she was going to walk away from this. She would let the men play out their game, taking the pleasure they offered, and figure the rest out later. Worrying about the future never made a difference in what happened anyway.

Walking back into the room, Jodi was immediately met by four sets of eyes filled with anticipation. The men's intent gazes roamed her body then focused on her expression. Schooling her features into her best poker face, she remained silent until after seating herself once again. In the middle of the table sat a silver serving tray. Small, folded pieces of paper littered its surface.

Arrogant bastards.

"Pretty damn sure of yourselves, aren't you?" she chastised.

Gently folding her hand into his, John began to rub some warmth into her frozen flesh. "We wanted to be prepared in case you said yes."

On her left, Conner clasped the other hand, similarly trying to help calm her nerves. After making eye contact with each man briefly, Jodi closed her eyes and replied to the room in general. Her voice came out as somewhat of a high-pitched whimper.

"Yes."

The men took her captured hands and placed them on their warm thighs as the cards were dealt. Jodi was barely able to draw in a breath, her lungs burned with the effort. How was she supposed to simply sit here while her friends played a game of cards to see who would get to have sex with her? This was undeniably not right on too many different levels to even consider.

As the cards were laid down and the hand played out, John wore a wide, confident grin. "Two pair, aces and jacks. Beat that, suckers," he taunted.

No one could.

John took a deep breath and closed his eyes, reaching a hand out to the tray of papers. His fingers touched on several, discarding them before finally settling on one. Opening the paper, he held it cupped in his hand, allowing no one else to see what was written. For a while he only sat, staring at the words.

"What the fuck's it say?" Trevor leaned across the table, snatching the paper from John's lax hand.

"Fuck," Trevor mumbled. He passed the paper to Wiz, who read it and passed it on to Conner. Jodi held her breath as Conner grumbled, "Lucky bastard."

John rose silently from the table, took her hand and guided Jodi over to the large, polished wood bar. Wiz and Trevor cleared away the bottles as Conner folded a soft tablecloth, laying it on the hard surface for her comfort.

She must be in a state of shock. Jodi just let them lead her around like a lost lamb. Damn, she couldn't believe this was actually happening to her.

Standing before her, John placed a soft kiss on her lips and began unlacing her corset. Other hands joined his efforts, removing her remaining clothing. Within moments she stood before the four men, completely naked, with the exception of her hat and boots. They

effortlessly lifted her up onto the bar and she leaned back on her elbows, legs draped down before her friends, knees slightly parted.

Jodi felt thankful for the hat, the broad brim hiding the look in her eyes, which likely reflected her fear. And looking up at the men from underneath was sexy as hell. Almost as sexy as she imagined she appeared stretched out on the bar in nothing but the hat and boots.

Looking at the four men, she decided it was time to make her own wishes known. She held up her hand, palm out, as John advanced. "Stop! Nothing happens until he's not wearing so many clothes," she said, inclining her head toward Conner.

The sexy man simply flashed a wicked grin. Wasting no time, he grabbed the bottom of his shirt, and pulled it over his head. Immediately, his fingers went to work on the fastening and zipper of his pants. After working the tight material over his crotch, Conner sat on a chair to remove his boots then worked the pants over his long legs.

Shit, he'd gone commando. What a turn on.

When he stood once again, he was gloriously naked, looking even better than she'd imagined. His dark skin moved sinuously over the thick, corded muscles beneath. Flat, dark male nipples teased her imagination with the ways she'd enjoy pleasuring them. She'd love to trace every curve and indentation over his delicious chest and ripped abdomen with her fingers and tongue.

The magnificent cock hanging heavily from a small, trimmed patch of dark hair had her unconsciously licking her lips as she drank in the glorious sight. Her eyes continued their downward path, taking in the thick, heavily-muscled thighs covered with a light smattering of dark hair. Jodi could well imagine sinking her fingers into all those lovely muscles while kneeling before him, sucking his beautiful cock deeply within her mouth.

John moved into her line of vision, blocking her perusal of the other man. Placing a hand at either knee, he said, "Spread 'em for me, baby,"

while exerting gentle pressure. She still didn't know what the piece of paper had said, but figured she was about to find out.

Jodi spread her legs wide, enjoying the heated attention of the four men. She almost felt the testosterone seeping from their pores as they took in the sight of her swollen, drenched folds eagerly parting.

John pulled a stool from under the bar and sat between her trembling thighs. Claspings her hips in his hands, he drew her forward until her lower back settled against the rolled leather pad cushioning the edge of the bar, and her ass hung over the edge.

"Damn, baby," he groaned. His thick fingers traced a path from her knees to the juncture of her thighs, stalling for only a moment before teasing her dark tuft of curls. His nostrils flared as he took in the scent of her arousal, gently spreading her folds wider.

Distantly, she heard one of the other men groan, but all her attention was focused on the one caressing her flesh with his greedy gaze. She felt her hot cream sliding over her slit and down the narrow crevice to coat her anus.

John's staring was making her insane. She needed his lips, the warmth of his tongue teasing her clit, which throbbed to the rhythm of her rapidly beating pulse. Oh, God. She would not survive the wait.

"John, I need..."

Her words faded away on a squeal of delight as his head plunged forward, tongue rimming her anus, then flattening out to glide over her heated flesh all the way to her clit. As he eagerly lapped away her cream, Jodi's body rapidly made more to satisfy his hungry demands. His lips caressing, teeth nipping, and tongue lashing over her moist, sensitive tissues all combined to nearly drive her wild. Her head hung back between her shoulders, thrashing from side to side as he devoured her with an animalistic hunger. She felt the pins holding her hat in place begin to loosen, but could care less. His ministrations rapidly drove her

to the highest peak where she teetered, anticipating the plunge into pure ecstasy.

It wasn't enough, she needed more. Jodi called out his name on a whimper but could not find the strength to voice her desire.

It didn't matter. John seemed to understand. His wonderfully skilled tongue circled her clit, and two thick fingers thrust deep into her pussy. She cried out her joy, her hips thrusting, driving her pussy up into his mouth while she sought a deeper connection, fucking his face.

The other men voiced their approval and encouragement, telling her how beautiful she was, how hot she was making them. Jodi was lost in the sensations bombarding her body as his fingers and mouth fucked her with sweet perfection.

Just when she thought there was no way it could get any better; John turned his wrist and curled his fingertips. Now with each deep thrust he rubbed over her sweet spot, sending her flying.

It was too much pleasure, too much bliss. She cried and sobbed his name as she soared high. Her entire body trembled as she began her descent, but he would not let her come down yet. John continued thrusting into her pussy, and sucked her clit between his lips, applying a firm, constant pressure on the small bundle of nerves. Once again she climbed the peak, hurtling over the precipice with amazing speed, screaming out her joy.

This time she came down slowly, floating like a feather on a gentle breeze. She couldn't take any more, and began pleading for him to stop. The devilish man continued his lazy ministrations, lapping up the last gush of her juices, easily stroking her back to earth.

His dark head of mussed hair looked incredibly sinful between the pale flesh of her shaking legs. Jodi captured the image in her mind, tucking it away safely to be pulled out on a rainy day, knowing it would become one of the most cherished memories of her life.

His next actions shocked Jodi to her core. The crazed man rose up between her legs, clasped her shoulders, and drew her forward. His head descended, lips capturing her own in a heated kiss, sharing the salty-sweet taste of her essence with her. When he released her, Jodi lay back against the bar, panting to catch her breath.

Sometime later, hearing the men quietly talking, she looked up to find they had returned to the table and resumed their game. Good God. Did they really each expect to take a turn at her, driving her insane with orgasm after orgasm?

As if sensing her attention and lingering questions, Conner looked her way, sporting a truly wicked grin. The look in his black eyes was almost frightening in its intensity and determination. She sagged back against the bar, deciding it was probably a good idea to conserve her energy. Jodi had a feeling she was going to need every ounce she could drum up.

Trevor's shout of triumph captured her attention sometime later. As she rose to her elbows, the four men were approaching the bar. Trevor's face was transformed by the desire filling his eyes and lifting the corners of his lips.

"Who won?" she weakly asked, as if she couldn't already tell.

"I did," Trevor stated. His voice was raspy.

When he didn't continue, she asked "And?"

He moved up between her still spread legs, holding a small piece of paper before her. Jodi gasped as she read the words.

Jodi's choice of pleasures

She had to decide? Ugh, why couldn't they choose while she lay in a boneless heap on the bar? Yes, maybe avoidance would work. "You choose, Trevor."

“Oh no, honey. You’re not going to cheat me out of this.” He stepped back and she noticed he’d stripped off his briefs. His long shaft was hard as a rock, curving up toward his navel. The bulbous head looked red and angry; small drops of pre-cum glistening on the velvety skin.

Jodi moaned, licking her suddenly dry lips. She wanted to taste those drops, see how much of his length she could suck into her throat. His cock jerked under her continued stare, more fluid leaking from the slit to slowly slide down the length of his shaft.

Looking up at him from under her thick, dark lashes, Jodi felt a hot blush spread from her cheeks, over her neck, and down to her breasts. There was no way she could ask for what she wanted.



“Hold it right there. Don’t say another word,” Katie demanded. “Sorry ladies, but I need a bathroom break. Oooh, and some chocolate.” She quickly jumped up from her cozy spot on the make-shift bed and raced from the room.

No sooner had she disappeared than she stuck her head around the doorway once again. “Not a word until I come back or someone will pay, big time,” she threatened before racing away again.

Reba went into the kitchen to gather their sugar-filled snacks as Jackie refilled their glasses, muttering the whole time about how Jodi had said more over the past hour than she had in years. Reba couldn’t get her mind off Jodi’s story, and the anticipation of what her friend would ask to receive. What would her pleasure be?

Finally, Katie raced back into the room and plopped back down in her place. Reaching into one of the bowls, she pulled out a chunk of dark chocolate and let it slowly melt on her tongue, then took the refilled glass Jackie offered.

“Better now, lawyer gal?” Jackie asked.

“Mmm...yes. Okay, I’m ready. Go ahead, Jodi.” Katie asked the questions lingering on all their minds. “What did you ask for?”

Chapter Six

“Anything, Jodi. I’ll give you anything in the world you want. All you have to do is tell me what it is,” Trevor pleaded.

“I—I want your...” Her words trailed off in embarrassment.

“What, honey? What do you want?” he coaxed.

Fighting for the courage to ask for what she wanted, Jodi straightened her spine before sliding down onto the stool John had vacated. “I want your cock...in my mouth.”

A collective, male moan hung in the air as Trevor moved closer, his hand now casually stroking his impressive length. “Are you sure, honey?”

Looking up into his gaze, his eyes burning with heated need, she nodded. “Yes. I’m very sure!”

Reaching out, she held onto his hips while sinking to her knees at his feet, putting his beautiful cock right in front of her face. She gently raked her fuchsia-painted fingernails down his lean hips, over hairy, muscular thighs, down to slightly knobby knees. Moving to his inner thighs, she changed direction, moving toward his groin, reveling in the shiver that ran through his body.

A sense of feminine power filled Jodi. She could do this, and maybe even bring Trevor to his knees in the process.

Her fingers found and cradled his balls, and she looked over the length of his body into stunning blue eyes filled with desire. Maintaining eye contact over his torso, she stuck out her pink tongue, slowly sliding it over his shaft. When she reached the thick head, she gave it a chaste kiss before opening her lips wide, sucking him into her mouth as far as

she could, massaging his balls at the same time. His moans of pleasure fueled her need and desire to love him in this way.

Between gasped breaths, Trevor tried to form words. “Jodi...baby...stop...oh God...yes...please.”

She laughed around his swollen flesh, sending erotic vibrations through his shaft. Swirling her tongue once more around him, she let it pop from her mouth. “Hmm. Which is it? Stop, or yes please?”

Her tongue trailed the length of his shaft and slid lower, down to his scrotum. Gently she took one globe at a time into her mouth, suckling and swirling her tongue insatiably.

Very quickly, Trevor became lost in the sensation of her selflessly pleasuring him. It was what he had always dreamed of, but never thought would become reality.

Jodi hummed her pleasure while sucking his sac, sending vibrations surging through her tall friend.

“Damn it, honey. Mmmm...ooooh. I can’t take it.”

Releasing his scrotum, she trailed her tongue over the soft flesh between his balls and anus, pushing his legs wider apart with her palms. Her tongue made light circles around the tight, puckered hole, providing lubrication. She pulled back, and began stroking the tissues with her fingertips. He moaned as her finger began to press into the tight channel.

“Yes, you can take it.” Her laughter sounded sinful and wicked, even to her own ears. “You taste so good, Trevor. And you did agree to grant ‘Jodi’s choice of pleasures’.” She paused, and stared into his eyes longingly. “I’ll stop if you want, but I’m really enjoying this.” The obvious pleasure she’d found in the act filled her heated gaze.

“Damn, honey. Don’t stop if you’re enjoying it. It feels so good,” he growled

She took his cock in her warm mouth again, letting him slide slowly in and out as her head bobbed up and down. With each stroke, her tongue rasped over the taut, sensitive membrane beneath his bulbous

head. Her hand tightened around the wet base, stroking close to his balls, while her dampened finger gently thrust into his ass.

Jodi alternated her ministrations with no clear pattern, keeping him off-balance. His sounds of pleasure drove her enjoyment higher, and soon she found herself fantasizing about how he would taste when he came in her mouth.

Trevor lost control and began fucking her mouth, groaning her name. He struggled to keep his eyes open to enjoy the vision of her, clearly loving eating him alive. His scrotum pulled up tightly against the base of his cock. "Jodi. I'm gonna come, honey." His warning gave her a chance to release him first.

Her reaction seemed to shock him. Reaching down between his legs, she took the tissue connecting his scrotum to his body firmly between two fingers and pulled, delaying his climax. She began creating slurping sounds as she sucked him with more vigor, his cock becoming saturated in her saliva. Then once again, she dropped down to suck on his balls.

His moans of pleasure let her know she should continue. She had begun with one pinky in his ass, not wanting to hurt him. Now she gently thrust two fingers into the tight hole as he gasped, sputtering meaningless words. She waited patiently for him to relax. When he finally did she began to wiggle her fingers. Slowly, she advanced further into the narrow canal until finding the walnut shape of his prostate. Immediately his body clamped down on the invading digits.

A decidedly knowing grin spread across her lips, before they stretched wide around his cock. With her other hand, she again gently tugged his scrotum back down.

Trevor had never experienced anal stimulation before. The sensitive nerve endings she stimulated sent arcs of electricity surging along his spine, straight into his cock.

A collective groan passed among all the men just from observing Jodi's wicked ministrations, yet they had no idea how close her fingers

drove him to the edge. Trevor struggled not to come too soon. He wanted this to last as long as possible. His balls pulled up even tighter against his body.

The final inch of her fingers breaching his virgin hole created searing fire, along with incredible pleasure, rippling through his ass. Slowly, she soothed away the pain with her tongue laving his cock. He allowed himself to relax as she worked over his sensitive shaft with her all-too-skilled mouth, cupping his balls gently while slowly sliding her fingers in and out of his ass. Shudders racked his body, and she once again gently tugged on his scrotum.

How the hell long would she delay his release?

Deliberately, she incrementally increased her sucking. It didn't take long before he was panting again, fucking her mouth with deep thrusts. She used her teeth to scrape at his sensitive skin, applying the perfect amount of pressure to make sure he felt every sensation.

He brokenly pleaded and begged her. "Oh, honey, suck me. Yeah. Suck me harder. Oooh, that's so good."

Jodi sucked with everything she had, everything she was. His words gave her power and fueled her own enjoyment.

"Oh, God yes...suck me...suck me hard, honey," Trevor gasped. "I'm gonna come."

Coaxing her throat to relax let her draw him deeper until the soft head bobbed against the back of her throat. His profound, primal growl had her juices sluicing down her thighs. The whole experience was making her hot and horny.

She sucked him harder and faster, thrusting her fingers, feeling his balls tighten again. The first hot jets of semen to hit her throat made her gag, but Jodi would not give in to the sensation. Her desire to share this with him allowed her to push past the natural reflex. She forcefully swallowed, while continuing to suck and slide her mouth over his cock.

The salty taste of his cum on her tongue set free a tidal wave of juices, which flowed from her aching pussy.

His cock pulsed against the back of her throat as he poured his release into her. Her moans of pleasure sent vibrations through his shaft, increasing his shattering release, drawing it out impossibly longer.

As Trevor's movements slowed, hers did too. Jodi continued to suck until she'd milked every drop of salty fluid from his cock then proceeded to clean him with light licks, while easing her fingers from his ass. She placed her palms on his hips, using him to rise gracefully to her feet, while he stood panting, struggling to gain control over his breathing.

Conner set a warm, sudsy bowl of water on the bar. He took each of her hands in turn, gently washing and drying them, lust burning in his obsidian eyes. "That was so hot, Jodi."

Once again the men lifted her up onto the bar, where she lounged while they played the next hand. She felt lazy, sated, yet still had enough adrenaline rushing through her system to keep her on edge. Which one of the men would win the next hand? And how long would they continue this decadent, erotic game?

When she'd come to the party, Jodi had been worried what her friends would think of her in real life, and if she'd be leaving alone. Now she only wondered what tomorrow would bring. Would they still be friends, or would this night irrevocably change things?

The scraping of chairs against the wooden floor brought her out of her musings. Raising her upper body, she looked over at the men and nearly passed out. Something had happened and they were ready to come to blows. Conner wedged himself between John and Wiz and was attempting to resolve the situation.

From their heated words, she learned Wiz had accused John of cheating. She was ready to intervene, but realized Conner didn't need any help. He quickly had the tempers diffused, everyone seated, and the game resumed. Wow, the man was amazing.

Once again, she became lost in her thoughts until the game was finished. John won a second hand, and shouted out victoriously. Jodi held her breath as he reached out to choose a paper from the tray. She'd had enough foreplay. What she really wanted right now was to be fucked. Her pussy was swollen, wet and empty. Thinking of John's thick shaft filling her had her creaming all over the bar.

After slowly peeling open the scrap of paper, John quietly stood there. When he finally looked over at her he seemed...hesitant.

The anticipation was killing her. "What's it say?" Jodi blurted.

John turned toward her and all eyes focused on him. "You don't have to do this, Jodi. We wrote down every sex act we could think of, but you have every right to say no and I'll choose another slip of paper."

He had her full attention now. Jodi sat up, motioning John toward her. "It can't be that wild compared to what's already happened. Let me see it."

As he walked toward her, Jodi couldn't help thinking of a condemned man slowly shuffling down death row toward his executioner. His head was hung down, and he seemed truly terrified. She wondered if he was more afraid she wouldn't agree to carry it out, or that she would. Damn, he was killing her with the whole hangdog look thing.

When he got close enough, she snatched the paper out of his hands. At first she had it upside down and had to turn it over before she could read the bold block lettering.

DUAL PENETRATION

"Oh. My. God!" She looked from one man to the other, briefly holding eye contact before moving her gaze back to John. "You're kidding me, right? There's no way."

His big hand rose to cover hers, which Jodi hadn't even realized were shaking. "It's okay, Jodi. I'll go pick another paper."

In response, she moved with lightning-fast speed, pulling her hands back from her friend. "Oh, no you don't!" Her voice sounded slightly shrill. "Dual penetration," she read from the paper. "Do I get to choose the second guy?"

They all stared at her, eyes wide, mouths slack, wearing matching stunned expressions.

"This is probably the only time in my life that I'll ever get the chance to fulfill such a fantasy. There's no way you guys are getting out of this." Her eyes squinted and she fisted her hands on her hips, silently daring any man in the room to deny her.

As one, Conner, Trevor, and Wiz moved closer. Conner was the first to find his voice. "If you're sure, no one here is going to back out."

Trevor finally found his own voice. "Umm...I suggest we take this party somewhere more comfortable and private, like my suite, since things are getting so intense."

They all quickly agreed. With that decision made, they each dressed in silence. Trevor placed a call to let the staff know they were done with the room before they all headed out into the lobby and rode the elevator to the top floor.

To call Trevor's room hedonistic was simply not an adequate description of the huge, plush space. Heavy velvet drapes, overstuffed chairs, and thick, plush carpeting were only the beginning. Jodi sank at least two inches when she stepped onto the deep pile. And all decorated in lush shades of brown, from champagne to chestnut.

None of them paid too much attention to the niceties of the room, though... They all had other things weighing on their minds. Jodi decided to take the lead and break the ice since everyone had tensed up.

Leaving a trail of clothing behind her, she went in search of the bedroom. This time she discarded everything, including the hat. What she found stopped her for only a moment as she let the decadent ambiance soak in. The room was dominated by a king-size bed raised at

least a foot off the floor on a plush, carpeted platform. Sheer, copper-colored drapes, which hung from the canopy, had been drawn back. A thick, ivory duvet had been turned down at one corner, preparing it for bedtime.

With an exaggerated sway to her hips, Jodi marched right up to the bed, stepped up onto the platform, turned and let herself fall back onto the firm mattress. The silky linens felt cool and crisp against her naked skin, causing her to moan at the sheer ecstasy of it all.

As the men filed into the room, stripping off their clothes once again, Jodi sat up, her mouth watering over the sumptuous smorgasbord spread out before her. Damn, she should have played the lottery because it was certainly her lucky night. The four men presented a veritable feast for the senses. Mmm...and she knew exactly what she wanted. Not only would she have two of them, she wanted all four.

“Conner?”

“Yes.” He moved slightly forward.

“Would you be the second in my dual penetration?”

For a moment he only stood there. When he spoke, his velvety voice washed over her heated skin. “I would be honored.”

“Well, what are you waiting for, boys? Get those luscious cocks over here and penetrate me.” She chuckled saucily.

John was at her side before she finished speaking. The ever-in-control Conner was a little slower, but still made it to the bed relatively fast.

Kneeling between her wide-spread legs, John tenderly cupped her face in his hands. “Are you sure, honey?”

Oh, good grief. Enough already. “I’m sure that if you don’t get your cock inside me pretty damn soon, I’m going to scream.”

It was all the reassurance John needed. After brushing a sweet kiss across her lips, he laid back in the middle of the bed. Damn, he looked sexy and inviting lying there, cock pointed straight up at the ceiling.

“Come here, honey. Take what you need.”

Turning onto her hands and knees, Jodi crawled over his glorious body, pausing to brush a chaste kiss on the dripping head of his magnificent cock. When she bracketed his hips with her thighs, John guided the broad head to her slick opening. She stared down at him for a moment then sank down onto his length.

John’s breath hissed from between tightly clenched teeth, creating a sexy sound she loved hearing. She had him fully enveloped in her tight sheath, the head pressed against her womb. The sensation of being so completely filled had her yelling, “Fuck, yeah!”

She started slightly at the first touch of Conner’s thick fingers along her spine. Looking back over her shoulder, she watched as he pumped his huge shaft in his other hand. Lord only knew where he’d gotten the tube of lubricant, which now rested on the bed next to John’s leg.

“Don’t make me wait, Conner. I want your gorgeous cock tunneling up my ass.”

He gave her a wicked smile and picked up the white tube. Jodi turned her attention back toward John, lowering herself. With each rocking motion, her diamond-hard nipples brushed against his chest. Damn, he filled her wonderfully, reaching an empty place she never realized existed. The delicious friction of hard male cock against soft female tissues created a blazing fire, which spread through her body. She wanted this experience to never end.

Somehow she had to figure out a way to involve the other two guys. Jodi cast a quick glance in their direction and noticed they had begun to stroke their cocks while avidly watching the action on the bed. It was such a major turn-on to see masculine hands stroking their cocks, bringing looks of pleasure to their faces.

Conner was very gentle as he rubbed a well-lubricated finger around the puckered flesh of her tight back entrance, then carefully inserted the tip of the specially-made tube inside, squirting a generous amount of the

cool lube deep into her ass. Her muscles clenched around John's cock, and he groaned. The vibration ran through his chest, into her sensitive nipples, and across her swollen breasts.

"Damn, baby. You are so tight. So good," he rasped through clenched teeth.

Conner gently pulled back on the tube, letting the viscous gel ooze from the tip to coat her ass. She listened to his breathing, which came in short pants as he smoothed the thick gel around her crack. She shivered as the cool gel slid across her perineum. He followed the trail downward with one finger, running it gently along Jodi's stretched entrance and teasing the fragile skin separating pussy from anus. Moving upward once more, he teased around the puckered little hole.

"Take a deep breath, sweetheart, and then push out."

Jodi took a shuddering breath, relaxed and pushed against Conner's finger. The lube caused his thick digit to slide in easily to the first large knuckle.

"Fuck, Jodi," he moaned. "You're beautiful with your sweet cheeks spread, waiting for my thick cock to plow deep inside."

Jodi heard groans from across the room, but she was distracted as Conner pulled his finger back and thrust again, this time with a slight twist. Her back arched, taking John's cock deeper within her tight pussy.

"Ohmigod! Please...now! I need you to fuck me now!" Jodi screamed.

John's hands snaked around her waist, clasping her ass cheeks in both hands, pulling them further apart and holding her firmly in place.

"For God's sake, baby, hold still or I'm not gonna last," he groaned.

Conner eased two fingers deep within, gently scissoring and twisting, opening her tiny nether hole wider. Jodi felt the tension in his big body as he forced himself to go slowly with her virgin entrance.

John slid his hands down to the juncture of her thighs, and holding her immobile, he began to thrust deep in concert with Conner, who had worked three fingers inside her.

Finally pulling his fingers out, Conner generously lubed his thick cock, pumping it in his hand while he watched John plunge deep. Their eyes met in silent communication. John thrust upward hard, balls slapping against Jodi's ass, then stopped.

The head of Conner's cock was almost purple and a copious flow of juices ran from the small slit. "Damn, honey, I can't wait any longer." One calloused palm rubbed against the quivering flesh of her ass, while the other guided his shaft to her entrance. The slick head easily pushed past the tight ring of muscles.

Conner clasped her hips tightly, thumbs soothing over the nerves along the base of her spine. "One more time, sweetheart. Breathe in, push out, and I'll be all the way in." His breath hiss from between clenched teeth as he fought for control.

Jodi relaxed and as she pushed back he thrust, sliding deep inside her ass, filling her beyond her wildest dreams. Searing pleasure-pain raced along her back causing her muscles to shudder and spasm.

Both men began a slow and steady coordinated thrusting, filling her completely. She thrashed between them, reveling in the amazing sensations engulfing her. It was too good, too much, yet she wanted more. She wanted them all to share in this.

Her words came out in stops and starts as she panted, fighting to draw much needed oxygen into her severely deprived lungs. "Trevor...Wiz...I need..." Jodi was quickly frustrated with her inability to communicate what she wanted, choosing instead to issue a command. "Come...here, now."

They were both quick to comply, moving to either side, totally surrounding her with gorgeous male flesh and beautiful cocks. Kneeling on the bed, they slowly pumped their cocks.

Using strength born from the incredible adrenaline rush surging through her body, Jodi rose slightly between John and Conner, taking hold of Trevor and Wiz by their shafts, replacing their large hands with

her smaller ones. Tugging gently, she pulled them closer together. Now all she had to do was turn her head a bit to capture either cock in her mouth.

As her lips met the warm, silk-over-steel flesh of Wiz's cock, Jodi moaned. This went way beyond her wildest fantasies. Every sexual orifice was blessedly filled with cock. Even her sensitive fingers were filled with hard throbbing flesh. Holding the two men close, she took turns licking, sucking, and gently nibbling on them.

Although she wanted it to never end, it was too much. No matter how she struggled to hold back her orgasm, her body could no longer delay the inevitable. The pleasure was too intense to keep from responding. She began to spasm, and clamped down on John and Conner, her fingers tightening on Trevor and Wiz.

"Please...yes, come with me," she cried. Pure bliss surged through every inch of her body. White lights burst behind her tightly clamped eyelids as she soared higher than she'd gone before. Her release triggered the men, and one by one they filled and covered her with hot jets of cum.

When it was over, they all lay in a tangled pile of arms and legs, struggling to get their breathing under control. Jodi's mind drifted as she again worried about how different everything would be after tonight. There was no way she could go home and only talk to her men online. Now that she knew them, loved them, she would need much more. As she succumbed to the dark waves of sleep pulling at her mind, Jodi prayed her friends would also want things to be different come morning.

Chapter Seven

“Holy shit!” Jackie exclaimed. Reba sat fanning herself again, this time with a handy magazine, while Katie tossed back the last half of her mimosa in one gulp.

“Now that’s a game of poker,” Katie finally choked out. “Ohmigod, Jodi! Four men at once? Damn, girl! You sure know how to do it right.” She laughed in delight.

“See?” Jackie chuckled. “You really do have to watch them quiet ones. Hot damn, Jodi! You sure you ain’t from Texas?”

Reba rose, still fanning herself. “I-I think I’d better go to the ladies room. Need some cold water or something...now!” Stopping suddenly, she turned back. “But wait, what happened the next morning? What did you do?”

A mixture of joy and hesitancy lit Jodi’s face and she flashed them her shyest smile. “I’m not sure what we are going to do. John wants me to marry him, but I don’t know if I can after what happened. I don’t think I’m ready for marriage.”

They were all quiet until Jackie spoke up. “What’s happened since then, girl? Do you love John? And what about them others?”

A strained look crossed Jodi’s face. “I’ve gone to visit Conner a few times. He invited me to come and live with him. And I talk online with both Trevor and Wiz.” She shrugged, attempting to make the gesture look nonchalant, but failing miserably. “It’s all very complicated and overwhelming.”

Her lower lip trembled slightly. "But hey, enough about my messed up love life. It's someone else's turn to try their luck with the die."

"Wait a minute," Katie interjected. "What do you want, Jodi? What is your heart telling you?"

Jodi sighed deeply, dropping her eyes to the floor. "Well, I um...I love John and lust for Conner. I really wanted to accept John's proposal, he holds my heart, but I don't want Conner to be hurt. He's so sweet and gorgeous."

The other three women shared a glance, each of them silently acknowledging how typical it was of their selfless friend to put everyone else first. During their brief glance, they made a pact to help their friend find the happiness she deserved.

Jodi found herself suddenly covered in hugging, kissing and crying friends as they offered support and encouragement... Their friendship meant everything to her. She had certainly missed having her best friends to lean on.

Reba finally escaped into the calm of the bathroom. Oh God...her nipples were still rock hard and she really needed a pair of dry panties. Jodi's story had set her on fire. Katie's adventure had stirred up the embers, but Jodi's had fanned the flames.

James had been gone for such a long time. Too long. It didn't matter how often she pulled out her toys, or how many times she climaxed until exhaustion overcame her, she was never truly sated. And the constant fantasy of Fontaine's had her on edge most of the day and long into the night.

Katie and Jodi's stories had closely echoed her own desires. Damn, they'd made her hornier than any erotic novel she'd ever read. She carefully dried her face, taking a deep, calming breath, and admonished her vagina to stop clenching.

Maybe her fantasy wasn't too strange after all. But that's all it was—a fantasy! Jodi and Katie had lived out their secret desires and found love in the process, which was wonderful for them. Maybe she could...

No! No way was she sharing her fantasy. And there was absolutely no way she would ever live it. Regardless of how much she wanted to enjoy a ménage, that was just not her. She couldn't let go like that.

Reba's entire body trembled with the thought as she struggled against the waves of arousal burning through her heated flesh.

One more story and maybe they'd be too tired and fall asleep. Or if they weren't, maybe the die would keep rolling odd numbers. It would be kind of awkward, but she could share one of her times with James. The possibility gave her hope, which Reba held onto tightly as she went in search of dry panties.



Devon watched, fingers tapping at full lips, as energy swirled through the air in his underground office below Fontaine's, San Francisco's infamous dance club. He waited patiently while Jeremy linked to their target, using her lust as a path.

A smile lifted his normally serious expression. If only humans realized who they lived side-by-side with—the very creatures who gave birth to their superstitious tales of vampires, werewolves and fairies. Humor was quickly replaced by a slight frown marring his aristocratic features. Some humans did know, and they used the knowledge to set loose chaos into the world.

Devon was pulled from his thoughts, sensing a change in the air—a connection suddenly dropping into place. "You've reached her."

Jeremy let out a slow breath, opening his still swirling gray eyes. "Oh yes," he chuckled. "Yes, the ladies have done their part well. The link has

been formed and our sweet dove will soon be spilling her deepest, darkest desires.”

Katie, who had acted as a conduit, was one of the few humans aware of their unique abilities. Her family had taken care of their legal needs for...well, since the need for lawyers had evolved, Devon mused. And while he didn't often admit to it, he had a bit of the romantic hidden deep inside his torn soul. Helping to make dreams into reality was one of the benefits of being a psi-vamp. Katie would never realize it, but Jeremy had seen the stress and fatigue she had carried for far too long, and nudged her to take some time off. And with such a nice outcome. Helping old friends, and new, was such a pleasure.

“Our new friend will be so pleased.”



Picking up the red die, Jackie looked at the white spots thoughtfully before rolling the cube between her hands. “Please, Lord, let me roll an even number. Please!” Although she knew the game was fixed before letting the die roll across the blankets, Jackie put on a show of ignorance for Reba's benefit, watching as it came to a sudden stop.

Three white dots gleamed in the candlelight.

“Well damn. This just ain't my night.”

Katie threw an arm around Jackie's shoulders, giving her a quick hug. “We have no sympathy, girl, so quit stalling and pay up like the rest of us have.”

Jackie turned to Reba, “Aw, come on, Reba! You know I don't have nuthin' exciting in my life, don't ya?” she stated, exaggerating her drawl in a bid for sympathy. “How 'bout we just agree to a fantasy? Please...”

“Oh, I don't think so. If it were me rolling the die, you'd be the first one dragging every secret I ever had, and some I didn't, right out of me!” Reba laughed. “Time to 'fess up, you Texan hussy.”

Jackie covered her face. “Oh God. I can’t believe I’m gonna tell y’all this.” Collecting herself, she took a big gulp of her fresh mimosa. “Okay, here I go.” She sighed and began her tale. Hesitant at first, once she got going, Jackie built up steam, taking enjoyment in holding the others’ rapt attention.

“Well, about two years ago, on a dare from the boys at the station, I entered this contest. I never expected anything to come of it, but I’ll be damned if I didn’t get a call not too long ago. Shit! It had been so long I’d forgotten all about the stupid contest. Well, I found myself in a plane on my way to...”

Chapter Eight

Two weeks earlier

Jackie's fingers held the TV remote in a white-knuckled grip. Her breath came in rapid pants as she clicked the power button, shutting down the video. Even though she'd watched it twice before, the images still had a powerful effect on her. When it came to porn, no one compared to David Rico. He was too incredibly beautiful and sexy for words.

She could not believe she'd be meeting him for the first time in about an hour. Still more incredible was the fact she'd be lying beneath him as he drilled his massive cock into her. The very idea made her break out in a cold sweat.

When she'd entered the contest to participate in a scene with the mega-star, Jackie had never imagined she'd actually win. Yet, the best news had come during her meeting with the movie's director. On the spot, he'd decided her scene would be a ménage a trois.

A shiver snaked down her spine. Not only would she meet and get fucked by her favorite porn star, she was going to be sandwiched between two hot, erotic movie studs. It was very likely she wouldn't survive the experience. Dayum, she'd probably have a heart attack right there on the set, her pussy and ass stuffed full of cock.

Ah, but what a way to go!

Hell, she'd nearly passed out when the director had shown her a picture of the second actor who would participate in the scene. Her womb clenched as she'd stared at the glossy photo of Vincente. Dressed

in nothing but a black leather jacket and boots, he looked dark and brooding. His jet-black hair was slightly long and ruffled. Everything about him was perfectly formed and well-muscled. She did not find a single flaw.

When teamed up with David...holy hell. She was in for some wild monkey sex.

The idea of letting her tongue trace over bad boy David's many tattoos made her hot. She vividly imagined pumping both of those big cocks in her hands, then sucking one down her throat while the other slammed into her pussy from behind. Next, she visualized being impaled on one, while the other worked his way into her ass.

Oh yeah!

Her gaze snapped to the clock. Damn it, she'd spent too long fantasizing and now barely had enough time for the drive from her hotel room to the studio. Okay, now she was getting nervous and antsy. These men were used to anorexically skinny, professional women. There was no way she could compete, although measuring up really wasn't the idea. Maybe they would be turned on by the fact this was not just acting for her. Maybe they would genuinely get into fucking someone with a little meat on her bones.

During the drive, Jackie thought about the multi-paged release form she'd had to sign. Her online friends had urged her to take the document to an attorney and have it checked out first. While she appreciated the advice, Jackie knew it didn't matter if she was signing an agreement to become a sex slave for the rest of her life, she would still sign the papers. There was no way she would pass up this chance.

Arriving at the studio, she was whisked away to a dressing room where two women immediately began undressing her, another messing with her straight, light brown hair. Damn, these people didn't waste any time. Standing naked and being so critically assessed by women who

were used to perfection made her fidget self-consciously. It took great effort to shake off her uneasy feelings.

By far the most embarrassing aspect of being prepared was standing there while a gorgeous, petite blonde got down on her knees between Jackie's legs, smoothing hot wax along her bikini line. Disconcerting arousal built from the focused attention but was quickly stripped away, along with her pubic hair, when the woman brutally yanked off the strips of muslin.

Jackie gritted her teeth, held her breath, but nothing could keep her scream from escaping. She was sure it echoed across every studio in the production lot. Weren't they supposed to give you leather or something to bite? That shit had to hurt worse than childbirth. There was no arousal this time when cool, soothing lotion was massaged into her previously brutalized skin.

Before she knew it, Jackie was wearing a silk robe, and her hair was being clipped up and curled. Another woman came in with a huge rolling cart, which looked like a tool chest, but was filled with makeup.

When they finally finished, she barely recognized the woman staring back at her from the mirror. Her eyes were heavily lined with dark, dramatic kohl, and her brows looked a great deal thinner. While the thick layer of cosmetics made her look slightly younger, she also thought it made her look fake, almost plastic.

"So, when do I meet David and Vincente?"

"Now. You're on in five minutes," responded one of the heavily made-up girls. And she was a mere girl. Jackie estimated no one in the room, other than herself, was over twenty-five. Hell, she was way past that point.

That's not what matters, she silently reprimanded. It truly didn't. At this point the only important fact was she'd won the contest.

Things were definitely not going the way Jackie had envisioned. She'd thought they would sit and talk for a bit, getting comfortable with each

other before jumping right into a sex scene. How the hell was she supposed to make it through this if they threw her straight into the sex?

She was led out onto a brightly lit set where the director was ordering around several cameramen. Damn, other people watching was something she'd never considered. She was going to have to get naked and fuck two strange men in front of a whole crew of workers. Okay, she was going to have to call a stop to this. There was no way she could do this.

Shit! Shit! Shit!

The set, with its thin, false walls simulated a bedroom. A huge bed with red silk sheets dominated the area. Stationed on a nightstand next to the bed were several vibrators of various shapes, sizes, and colors. Numerous workers attended to last minute details such as fluffing pillows, along with positioning lights and cameras.

Her attention was drawn to an area just outside the bright lights where several people were talking. In the next moment the small group stepped under the harsh illumination. Jackie's breath caught, and her heart pumped double-time sending boiling blood surging through her veins, heading straight for all her erogenous zones. She felt her breasts swell and nipples harden. Hot cream gushed from her pussy, her clit standing at attention.

No, she would never survive this.

David and Vincente seemed to move in slow motion. Each wore silk boxers. Their robes had been left open to reveal the glory of rippling muscles over broad chests and washboard abdomens. Both men were tall and boasted striking countenances. Two more perfect men had never been created, in her humble estimation.

Immediately, the men were swarmed by girls powdering their faces, and brushing their thick, satiny hair. Jackie imagined how those tumbled tresses would feel sliding along the sensitive flesh between her fingers as she held each man to her breasts and they tended to her aching nipples.

Somehow, they seemed very emotionally detached from the whole thing. Almost bored. Fuck, she was way out of her league here. As they drew near, the director began discussing what he wanted to see happen in the scene, but his voice sounded like it was coming from a great distance away. The image of a kid talking through a tin can hooked to a string flashed through her mind.

Bringing her attention back to the here and now, she was startled to find all three men staring at her. Apparently, the director had just made introductions while she stood drooling, mesmerized in a heated state of lust over the two men.

"I realize you're an amateur, hon, but do try and restrain yourself," David stated arrogantly. "Vincente and I will do all the work. Your job is to just moan once in a while, and look like you are enjoying yourself. Okay? Think you can handle that?" His dark expression revealed jaded skepticism.

Jackie realized how far she was from his norm, but he didn't have to act like such a prick. His words cut her, causing her spine to go ramrod straight and her chin to jut out defiantly. She did everything she could to suppress her normal southern drawl. "I'm neither stupid nor a virgin," she boldly stated. "I think I can handle the two of you just fine." For the heck of it, she winked at the jerk.

Vincente's luscious lips quirked in a one-sided smile he couldn't seem to contain. He looked at her a little differently, making a second assessment, maybe moving her up a notch or two in his estimation.

"Mmmm...she's feisty. I like feisty! Chill out, Dave." His arm extended toward her and they shook hands. "You're gonna do just fine, Jackie. Welcome aboard!"

With the small touch and those kind words, Jackie felt her rigid muscles begin to relax as her body softened. Vincente held onto her hand a little longer than necessary, until the director cleared his throat, drawing their attention back to him.

“Okay, everyone ready?” he asked. He wore a pained expression.

Upon hearing those three little words, her muscles once again tensed. Damn, she was going to have to relax a little in order to enjoy the attentions of the two young studs.

With a wink, Vincente took her by the elbow, guiding her over to the large bed. “Don’t worry about a thing, Jackie. Focus on me and forget about the crew and cameras. This is just three lovers spending a lazy afternoon in bed discovering the sensual delights of each others’ bodies.”

Okay, she liked him, a lot. Vincente was much wiser than his years, easily diffusing her anxiety and making her feel comfortable. Maybe this would work out after all. Heck, she already had a new favorite porn star. It didn’t matter that she’d never seen him act before. He was kind, and nowhere near as arrogant as David.

Vincente sat her on the end of the bed then walked back to the director, whispering something to the man. After a moment’s hesitation the director agreed, and he returned to her side.

“In a moment, David and I will walk toward you. Remember...it’s only the three of us. You need to focus on that, nothing else.” He placed a sweet, lingering kiss at the corner of her mouth before moving away. Panic raced through her system. How the hell did he expect her to relax?

Red lights suddenly glared at her from the different cameras positioned around the set, startling Jackie. She was certain she looked like a deer caught in the headlights, but Vincente began speaking, his soothing, velvety voice calming her nerves.

“Focus on me, baby. Feel my voice stroking over your skin. That’s right.”

Jackie allowed her shoulders to relax. Everything seemed to happen at a distance, like watching the scene unfold from somewhere outside her body. Almost as if she were viewing it through the lens of a camera.

David and Vincente shrugged off their robes, letting them fall to the ground. One of the cameras swung their way, following their progress as

they slowly stalked toward her. Each predatory step left her exposed, like a rabbit sitting out in the middle of an open field while two large leopards moved in for the kill.

While David appeared bored, the look in Vincente's chestnut eyes made her body melt and her womb clench, longing to be filled. Everything about the man made her think of long, sultry-hot nights, melted chocolate, and slow, easy loving.

Noticing what was happening and not one to be upstaged, David turned on the heat. While he was incredibly beautiful and sexy, he didn't do it for her anymore because she knew it was all put on, contrived. With Vincente it was much more real.

When they reached her, the two men easily moved into a pre-scripted dialogue. Ignoring the words, Jackie instead focused on their actions, responding to their sensual seduction. Before she'd even realized what had happened, their movements had her sliding up the bed, lying in the middle off the mattress with her robe hanging open.

Being seduced by two men was the most overwhelming experience. The simultaneous sensations created as two tongues laved, four large hands teased and the solid weight of two masculine bodies pressed close—well, it was mind-blowing and all-consuming.

Together they seduced her body, but Vincente alone seduced her mind, whispering naughty things only she heard. His blunt sexual talk in such a provocative bedroom voice heated her body to blazing temperatures she'd never before experienced. This man sure knew how to titillate and turn on the libido.

Always one to give credit where due, Jackie had to admit David was warming up as they became more intimately involved. The cold edge she'd noticed before was melting away. Now there was only the rigid length of his erection pressed against her thigh. Maybe he just needed time to lose himself in the scene.

The two men worked their way down her body, every movement smooth and coordinated. Exactly as she'd fantasized, they each pleased a swollen breast, kneaded the full globes, licked, sucked and nipped at turgid nipples. Damn, were they ever talented at giving pleasure with their mouths.

Blissful, fiery jolts shot through her body, causing blood to pool in her swollen labia. She was dripping wet, burning hot, longing for one of their cocks to fill her empty pussy. Yet she was enjoying having them exactly where they were. Jackie arched her back and tunneled her fingers into their hair, holding each man firmly to a breast.

She jerked, every muscle tensing for a moment when the director shouted out instructions. One of the men, she wasn't sure which, slid his hand over her slightly rounded belly to tease the close-cropped curls between her legs.

Automatically, her legs parted and her knees fell to either side. Lying back against the pillows she closed her eyes, raking her long fingernails against their scalps. A sensual shiver ran through Vincente's body in response.

She grinned, enjoying the knowledge he wasn't immune to her attentions. What a sweet thing to know. Her mouth parted as she sucked in large gulps of air. Spreading her labia with thick fingers, he trailed his middle finger over her engorged clit.

"Unh...shit!" she cried. Jackie was totally caught up in the experience. Everyone else on the set faded into the background as she became lost in their ministrations, losing track of which man was doing what. She was engrossed in simply absorbing the results of their skilled seduction.

One of them traced teasing circles through her folds with his fingers, intense pleasure radiated across her distended labia. He teased and tortured with sensual touches until she was frantic with need. She was

on the verge of begging when two fingers thrust deep into the clenching depths of her pussy.

The musky fragrance of her arousal hung heavily in the air. Her nipples had grown painfully hard, but it was a good hurt. Hot juices gushed from her swollen pussy, drenching what she had decided was Vincente's hand, making her whimper. Her nipple slid from his mouth as he leaned back, his heated gaze traveling over her exposed flesh, lingering on the fingers he thrust into Jackie.

His eyes were ablaze with longing...for her, which made her light-headed. She let her eyes wander, drinking in each detail of her gorgeous lover. Vincente's jaw was clenched tightly, and gave him a slightly harsh, primal look. The bronzed flesh of his chest glistened with a light sheen of sweat.

Oh my God! What a chest. His magnificent, broad shoulders led to the finest set of sculpted pecs with dark cinnamon-colored nipples. Damn, she'd never seen such a lickable man before. Rock hard abs, bulging biceps, and those damn silky boxers barely covering the most delicious ridge of hard male cock. All together it created one fine package.

"Sweet Jesus! You're killing me, baby," Vincente growled.

Killing him, huh. Yeah, right.

"Spread those lips wide for us. We want to see every fold of your beautiful pink cunt," David said. It was the first time he spoke to her. He seemed to be as deeply immersed in their loving as Vincente.

Jackie obeyed without conscious thought. There was no way she could do anything else. Not when she finally held their rapt attention.

Her clit throbbed with the need for the touch of a tongue firmly stroking over the sensitive bundle. Pulling her hands from their hair, she spread her legs even wider as she opened her folds, baring herself for their attention. She hoped one of them would be tempted to lick her now.

"That's it, baby. Now, spread those juices all around for me," David said. She did as instructed.

"Good. Now bring those lovely fingers to your lips. Run them over those luscious curves." This time it was a command. One she had no problem with obeying.

Vincente took a turn at being the dominant player. "Now, suck those fingers deep into your mouth and lick them for me. Oh yeah, baby...just like you're sucking my cock. Tell me, how do you taste? Does your thick honey taste as sweet as I imagine?" When she didn't immediately respond, his tone turned sharp. "Don't tease me, Jackie. Tell me, now!"

She did as he instructed, savoring the sweet, musky taste of her own cream, licking and sucking on her fingers while imagining it was his cock in her mouth. Removing her clean fingers from her mouth with a pop, she trailed the wet tips over her aching nipple. "I'm the sweetest thing you'll ever taste."

Vincente groaned, watching her fingers trail over her torso, sliding through her hot juices once again. Then she held her wet fingers out toward him temptingly. "Care for an appetizer?"

The two men moved forward as one, each taking a finger into the warmth of his mouth and moaning in pure male satisfaction.

She watched, mesmerized, as Vincente moved back and grabbed David's waistband, quickly sliding the silky boxers down the other man's legs before removing his own. Two thick, gorgeous cocks now bobbed freely.

Holy shit, she'd died and gone to heaven.

No matter how impressive and delicious the men she'd viewed in movies and photographs were, seeing the real thing up close and in person was an entirely different experience. Her lust-fogged mind couldn't come up with a word powerful enough to describe how magnificent they were.

She whimpered as they began to stroke their long, thick shafts. A pearly drop of fluid beaded at the slit of Vincente's cock. David's hand stroked up his shaft, twisted, stroked down, and squeezed. When he moved upward again, he ran his thumb across his engorged, red head.

Jackie wished it was her tongue spreading the salty fluid over his bulbous head and dragging it back down his shaft. The whole erotic scene made her think of Sugar-Girl, who'd always gone on and on about how much she loved to suck cock. Jackie was beginning to hunger for the pleasure of sucking both their cocks.

Her breath was coming in shallow pants, chest rapidly rising and falling. If they kept teasing she would end up hyperventilating before she even managed to get one kiss, one taste.

Oh God. Imagining one of those thick satin-over-steel shafts pushing past her lips, and the salty flavor of cum flooding her hungry mouth, made her saliva flow. She wanted to tease the underside of those glorious cocks with her tongue as they fucked her mouth. Damn. The image alone was almost enough get her off.

Vincente sucked in his breath with a hiss. The sexy sound went straight to her core, making her womb spasm. "You are so wet for us, baby. I can see your hot juices sliding down over your beautiful little puckered hole. One of us will take you there, eventually."

He stared into her eyes, and there was no way she could look away. As Vincente held her gaze, David lowered his head, stroking his hot tongue over her slick folds. His animalistic growl vibrated through her heated flesh. Her orgasm almost peaked from the blissful sensations.

Damn, was the man ever skilled with his tongue. He laved her swollen folds then descended on her swollen clit. First he circled the small bundle of nerves, teasing her senses, driving her higher. At the same instant his tongue stroked firmly over her clit, he plunged two thick fingers into her slick cunt.

She cried out in ecstasy, actual tears sliding down her cheeks.

Vincente knelt over her chest, brushing the velvety tip of his cock against her lips, giving her a small taste of his salty fluids, and ordered, “Suck me, baby.”

Jackie didn’t even consider disobeying. Automatically, she opened her mouth wide, allowing the broad head to breach her lips. Her hungry tongue stroked the ultra-soft skin over his steely hard shaft as she learned each ridge, vein, and all the different textures over every delightful inch.

Vincente’s slow movements made his cock seem all the bigger, her mouth stretching wide to accept him. He fed her inch after inch until she held all she could manage within her mouth. With one hand stroking the base of his shaft, the other gently massaging his taut balls, she began a rhythm sure to please. Sure as the lack of any rhythm or pattern to David’s ministrations kept her on edge.

Floating on a wave of pure delight, Jackie gave her all to sucking Vincente’s cock while David continued to drive her to distraction with his wicked fingers, tongue, teeth, and mouth. Right when she thought he’d finally push her over the edge she’d been hanging onto by her fingernails for what seemed to be hours, both men pulled back.

“No!”

Immediately she felt chilled without their combined body heat. Jackie opened her mouth to protest when she realized they were only changing positions. Firm hands turned her over, placing her on hands and knees. She glanced over her shoulder at the men, and the heated look on Vincente’s face gave her pause for a moment. He appeared to be a man riding the edge of restraint, ready to take drastic actions. Only the ever-present cameras reminded Jackie this was all merely an act for them.

Once they had her in position, David knelt before her, holding his legendary ten-inch cock in a tight fist. She salivated at the idea of taking even a portion of his magnificent cock into her mouth.

Vincente knelt behind her, pushing her legs wide apart with his knees. At the same instant the head of Vincente's condom-covered shaft pushed against her needy opening, David pressed his lovely cock against her lips. Her body opened for them, giving them entrance into her warm caverns.

With a forceful thrust, Vincente drove into her dripping pussy to the hilt. His balls briefly slapped against her clit, igniting shimmering sparks, before he was quickly pulling back until only the head remained within her. She whimpered around David's big cock, never breaking eye contact, allowing her eyes to express her needs.

"You like my big cock in your mouth, baby?" he asked.

She nodded while bobbing up and down on his incredibly long shaft, sliding her tongue over the thick, prominent veins. From behind, Vincente slammed into her hard and deep. She had two gorgeous, hard-bodied porn stars fucking her senseless. Talk about living the dream.

"How about this big cock in your cunt?" Vincente asked. "You like that too, Jackie?"

All she could do was moan and bob faster. No way was she letting go of the cock in her mouth, but she figured he'd understand.

Both men increased their thrusting, David into her mouth, Vincente into her pussy. She soared past feeling good, moving into the realm of pure bliss. Jackie had never experienced two men at once, certainly none as beautiful and skilled in the art of sexual pleasure.

She forgot the cameras and crew in the room once again. Everything ceased to exist for her other than her two lovers. Once in a while the director would call out instructions, but they didn't penetrate the sensual haze of her pleasure.

Looking into David's eyes and handsome face, she detected a change. He no longer appeared smug and arrogant, or to be acting. He seemed to be totally caught up in her ministrations as she became bolder and more self-assured.

Her mouth and jaw were rapidly becoming fatigued. Taking a brief respite, Jackie pulled back and looked over her shoulder at Vincente. His face was a mask of pure pleasure and utter concentration. He seemed to be as enraptured in their sexual excesses as David. The goofy male-ready-to-explode, pained look on his face as he struggled to hold back gave her insurmountable pleasure, and she returned to sucking David's massive shaft with a new determination.

How incredible it would be to make these men lose control. If she could make them come when she wanted, rather than when the director decided it was time—now that would be an accomplishment. Setting her sights on this lofty goal, Jackie gave everything she had to the two men, and they returned her efforts ten-fold.

As she devoured David's cock, she watched him make eye contact with Vincente over the length of her back. Vincente leaned forward, caging her body beneath his much bigger, masculine frame. His chest cradled her back, filling her with his warmth, as his mouth claimed her earlobe. He sucked the sensitive flesh, nipped slightly with his teeth, and began to whisper in her ear.

"It's just the three of us, baby. Nothing else matters. Focus on only David and me. Feel his cock fucking in and out of your mouth. Look at his face, see the strain. He's barely holding back. Your hot little tongue feels like heaven and makes him want to climax in your mouth, watch you drink down his cum."

His hot, dirty words created a fire in her soul that raced through her body, taking her higher. The need for release closed in on Jackie, and she knew it would not be long before she crested the wave.

Vincente thrust harder, angling his hips, creating friction against her G-spot with each movement. Jackie wanted to scream, but her mouth was still full of David's delicious cock. She wanted to protest, tell them it was too much and not enough all at the same time. Vincente started whispering in her ear again, driving her to distraction.

“Feel me fucking your tight pussy. You’re so wet and hot for me, nearly burning me alive. Feel me swelling larger. I’m ready to come for you, baby. Are you ready to come for us?”

In answer, Jackie tightened her pelvic muscles, clamping down on his cock. The move created a sensual drag of his hard cock against her sensitive tissues. Vincente responded by thrusting deeper, harder.

Damn, he was good. They both were.

Each man increased his efforts. David’s fingers twined in her hair and held her head still as he fucked her mouth. Vincente’s hands on her hips held her in place, but soon moved. One hand captured a wildly swinging breast, palming the full globe, fingers tweaking the nipple. His other hand snaked over her abdomen, fingers sliding along her slick tissue and unerringly searching out her clit.

Oh. My. God! She was going to explode. They would allow no holding back. As if reading her thoughts, Vincente began his husky whispering again while his finger pressed down on her clit, hard.

“Give it to us, baby. Give us everything. I want you to come, Jackie. Now!” he commanded and she complied. They allowed her no other option.

Her body began to convulse between them, her pelvic muscles clamping down on Vincente’s cock, fighting to keep him buried within her spasming pussy. She sucked harder on David, working to draw out his cum. She needed to feel the hot jets shooting down her throat as Vincente filled her cunt.

Jackie’s mind flashed to all the porn videos she’d ever watched. The men rarely came in the woman being fucked. They always pulled out and masturbated, coming on her flesh for “the money shot”. That’s not what she wanted. She didn’t want their hot seed wasted on her skin. She wanted every essential drop in her body.

Lifting her feet from the mattress, she wrapped them behind Vincente’s knees, awkwardly angling her ankles to hold him in place as

much as she could. One at a time, she moved her hands to clutch David's muscular ass, fingers sinking into warm flesh, which clenched as she sucked.

She could hold out no longer. Her body was in complete control. Jackie flew over the precipice into the most incredible orgasm she had ever experienced. She saw stars as the blissful waves crashed over her body.

Her pussy spasming around Vincente's thick cock triggered his own release, and she screamed from the added warmth as his hot seed filled the condom. Almost simultaneously, David shouted out his own release, shooting hot jets of salty cum down her throat, which she greedily swallowed.

The director was yelling frantically, telling the men to pull out and give him a "cum shot." Neither man was listening. They seemed to be completely overtaken with the extreme pleasure.

David's cock popped free of her mouth and Vincente collapsed against her back. Rolling to his side, he pulled her back against his front, cradling her within his embrace. David fell in front of her, quickly moving to join the shared post-coital embrace.

Still, the director hollered and cussed, but they ignored his every word until Vincente leaned over her shoulder, addressing David. "Man, we have to get her the fuck out of here."

He agreed with a nod. "We have to move fast before the director blows a circuit."

Jackie floated in a blissful state of sated exhaustion, barely able to take in their conversation. Both men rose, pulling on their boxers. Together they bundled her back into her robe and one of them picked her up.

The set was a mass of confusion, each voice trying to top the others in sheer volume. Jackie looked up to see Vincente's face became a hardened mask of determination.

David walked in front of them, his shoulders set and backbone rigid as he met the director head on. "I don't give a fuck what you want, or what the contract says. The three of us are out of here. You have your footage. Whether you use it or not is up to you and the studio."

When he'd had his say the men headed for the door, carrying her from the set. An objection drifted through her mind, but went unvoiced when the men rushed through the door. David shut it firmly behind them. Without missing a step, he leaned down to brush a tender kiss across her lips.

When he pulled back, Vincente leaned in and kissed her. "We're taking you someplace private, baby. Someplace where we can really enjoy you, without anyone else around."

Her sleepy, sated brain didn't truly grasp what was going on, but she didn't fight. She was being abducted for debauched sexual escapades by two hot, young porn stars. Hell if she was going to say no. There wasn't a thing in this world she could think of that was half as good as what was happening to her in this moment.

"You okay with that, baby?"

"Mmmmm...let's go," she mumbled, snuggling deeper into his broad chest. If it was wrong then brand her a bad girl. She didn't care. Nothing mattered other than the fact these two incredible men truly wanted her. She would live off this moment for a long time to come.

Chapter Nine

“Give me that book,” Katie demanded, not quite able to reach the forgotten binder.

Jodi slid it over. “Why do you need the book?”

“Because I want to see...” Katie’s voice faded as she flipped through the pages until arriving at the two she wanted, her mouth hanging open. “This David Rico and Vincente?”

Jackie silently nodded, and a brilliant smile lit up her eyes.

Reba and Jodi leaned in to stare at the open page. Reba looked at Jackie, back down at the pictures, then grabbed her handy magazine, fanning furiously. Short breathy pants fell from her mouth while she struggled to say something...anything.

“Well damn,” Jodi sighed. “When you decide to enter a contest, you sure can pick them!”

“Wait a minute.” Katie frowned. “Where’s the movie? What was it named? When does it come out?”

“Ohmigod!” Reba gasped. “I don’t believe it. Jackie, our Texas hussy, is going to be a porn star.”

Jackie choked on the last of her drink. “Was! *Was* gonna be a porn star,” she corrected, grabbing a tissue.

“Was?” Jodi repeated. “What do you mean, ‘was’?” Her eyes narrowed on her friend.

“Well,” Jackie hesitated. She took a deep breath then let her news tumble out. “After the boys carried me off and we screwed ourselves senseless, Vincente decided he...well, he asked me...well, shit—just spit

it out.” She laughed at her inability to tell her friends. “Vincente punched the director, retired, and we got married last weekend in Reno.” She rushed through the statement, jumbling the words together.

“Married!” Reba cried. She and Katie gaped at each other.

“Married,” Jodi repeated. “You went and got married and didn’t call your best friends.” Indignation filled her voice.

“Um, yeah,” Jackie confirmed. She wore a sheepish grin. “I was gonna call y’all, but we kind of kept gettin’ distracted. Almost missed our appointment with the JP, and then...” Her words suddenly petered out, a bright pink flush on her cheeks. “Well, then it was time to fly here, dammit!”

All three women looked at the blushing Texan dispatcher and collectively sighed.

“Wow. How wonderfully romantic.” Jodi had a dreamy look on her face. “I can’t believe the way everything is changing for all of us.”

“Yeah!” Reba and Katie said together, tears glittering in their eyes.

“But wait, what about the movie?” Reba wanted to know.

Jackie chuckled deeply in her chest. “Oh that.” She smiled at her friends. “Well, Vincente didn’t want no wife of his in a porn movie. He made sure it would never hit the market.”

All four women looked at each other and started to laugh. There was something too funny about a porn star becoming possessive over Jackie’s anonymous tits and ass being flashed across a movie screen. Soon tears were running down their faces and no one could do more than gasp out several words at a time.

“He...you mean, that big porn star...” Katie choked and giggled.

“Ohmigod!” Jodi couldn’t stop laughing. “His cock is all over the world and he...” She faltered, unable to talk anymore.

“He didn’t want a five-minute scene showed to...” Reba doubled over in hysteria.

“Oh God, stop it, you guys.” Jackie’s hands slapped her thighs. “No! He didn’t want any wife of his showing the tits and ass belonging to him on the big screen.”

Wiping tears from her face, Katie stood. “I think this calls for a bathroom break, fresh drinks and at least one more box of chocolates.”

Still laughing, the three women took turns in the bathroom, while Reba refilled trays of snacks and grabbed another container of orange juice from the refrigerator. The routine of being a hostess was comforting, but her stomach was tied in knots.

Oh Lord, she was next. What if she rolled an even number? Maybe she could make something up. Something like her and James having sex in the park?

Shaking her head, she sighed. She’d never been very good at telling tales. It seemed like no matter how well she planned a story, she opened her mouth and the truth fell out. This time, though, she’d stick to her story. There was no other option.

Yeah, moonlight, sultry breezes, James telling her to strip her clothes off, the rough bark of a tree against her back...Reba groaned. The idea turned her on.

Her nipples were rock hard and aching as they brushed against her sensible cotton pajama top. Each movement she made setting out chocolates and fruit caused electrical impulses to race down between her legs. Merely walking back to the living room had her gritting her teeth. Her clit rubbed between the swollen lips of her labia, and pressed hard against her soaked panties.

Shit. Why couldn’t they all just pass out from too much champagne? If Jackie had been a real Texan, they’d already be passed out from whiskey shooters.

Damn, how she admired the bold woman. Sharing a ménage with two hot porn stars, finding happiness, and marrying her dream man. Reba imagined the changes that would occur in her marriage if she shared her

fantasies with James, maybe even act out a few. But not her ultimate fantasy about Fontaine's. There was just no way she could do something like that, right?

She took a deep breath for courage before returning to her friends. Hell, they had all lived out her fantasy in their own ways, and shared their stories. It seemed rather strange they'd all rolled odd numbers and had to share a real encounter, though. Reba casually shrugged off the troublesome thought. Dice fell the way they fell. It wasn't some plot they had cooked up, she reassured herself. It was amazing. Each of her friends had participated in *ménages* and was either now married or possibly going to be married soon.

Setting the tray down, she attempted to plaster on a confident look before turning to face her friends. When she was somewhat satisfied about her success, she turned and smiled. They all looked a little too smug. Rolling her eyes, Reba picked up her drink and settled into her place, feeling resigned to what was about to happen.

"Don't say it." She held out her hand in a placating manner, patting at the air. "Just give me the die so I can get this over with."

Trying to contain a grin, Jodi handed the die to Reba, nodding slightly, making Reba wonder once again if there may be something shady going on. Yet she couldn't imagine how they would rig a dice game. "Relax, Reba. It's only us girls, and hey—we've bared everything tonight, so why not you?" Jodi snickered. "Besides, you're an old married woman, how embarrassing can one of your stories be?"

"I'm married, not dead!" Reba said indignantly, tossing the die. She crossed her fingers and watched as it spun through the air. Quietly, she begged for an odd number mumbling, "Please Lord, please, please, please."

The die landed with a smack on the open binder, which had been turned to the pictures of Devon Fontaine and Jeremy Sauvage. The number on the cube hit her like a wet cloth across the face.

Two. An even number.

“Oh shit.” Reba moaned, staring at the red die sitting between the two men she’d obsessed about for weeks. She took a deep breath and tried to smile. “I-I don’t suppose I could, um, roll again?” A hopeful look crossed her face.

“No!” The word was spoken in three firm voices.

“Didn’t think so,” she grumbled. “Fantasy...a fantasy.” She tried to think fast. “Oh right, a fantasy,” she said. A bright smile lit her eyes. “Well, I’ve always wanted to get James to take me down to this place—park, I mean, a park. Golden Gate Park. Ever heard of it?” She mumbled the last words, blushing hotly.

Her eyes were unerringly drawn back to the pictures. The red die gleamed back at her and something strange filtered through Reba. She took a deep, measured breath. A dreamy look slowly eased the tension. Warmth began to fill her, relaxing muscles, releasing the knot in her stomach. Wistfully, she ran her fingers over the picture of Devon Fontaine, tracing the lines of his bare buttocks. She sighed deeply...



“That’s it, my little dove,” Jeremy praised. His tongue came out to flick across sensual lips. “Relax and let your dreams loose.” His voice was soft and caressing, eyes closed in concentration.

Devon leaned forward in his chair, hands steeped before his mouth, nostrils slightly flared, savoring an elusive scent only a select few had the ability to perceive. The scent of emotion held deep within the dark confines of the psyche. The scent of desire longing to be set free.

“Mmmm...lovely.” Jeremy groaned, reaching down to adjust his hardening cock. “James is a lucky man.” He opened his eyes and smiled. “She’s ripe for his plan. I’ve used my link to help her relax and share her deepest desires.”

Devon settled back into his seat, a satisfied smile on his handsome face. "I do love helping out friends." He chuckled. His features settled back into a pensive expression, quietly exhaling. "Will we ever find such love, Jeremy?"

"We will." Jeremy said the words with quiet assurance. "By all that keeps balance between light and dark, we will."



Reba didn't question the calm feelings of courage or the sudden desire to share her fantasy, but instead launched into her story.

"I've always wanted to know what it would be like to have two gorgeous hunks make love to me at the same time." She licked her dry lips, pulling the bottom one between her teeth while she paused, deep in thought.

"My coworkers have talked endlessly about the dance club Devon Fontaine and his partner run." A slight flush highlighted Reba's cheekbones. "I can't seem to do anything except dream about having those two cocks deep inside me. One in my vagina and the other sliding into my ass, filling me totally. And I want...I want James to be watching."

She covered her face with both hands and gave a shaky laugh. "Ohmigod! I can't believe I just said that. There is no way I would ever go through with it, but the thought drives me wild."

Jackie and Jodi moved to her side, pulling Reba into a hug, while Katie gently pried her hands away from her face, smiling and offering reassurances. "It's okay, Reba. We all have secret desires. They're nothing to be ashamed of."

"Yeah, and sometimes you get to live them," Jackie chimed in.

Jodi rubbed Reba's back with soothing motions. "Have you shared your fantasy with James?"

Reba drew away from her friends in shock. "No! I could never share something like this. Well, parts of it, of course, but...what if it hurt him?" Tears flooded her eyes, sliding down her cheeks.

"Oh Reba," Jodi sighed, handing her a tissue. "I've been running around for weeks in love with one man, not wanting to hurt another, and feeling guilty because I want them both...hell, I want them all." She exhaled loudly, grabbing a tissue for herself.

"Now hearing Katie and Jackie's stories, seeing the love radiating from their eyes, I don't know." Jodi struggled to make sense of her fragmented thoughts and emotions. "Being here with the three of you, and seeing how you still love me even though I screwed up..." She stopped, shaking her head in regret, wiping away the tears that now fell freely.

All three women watched Jodi, compassion etching their faces, while she pulled herself back together enough to continue. Reba had completely forgotten her own turmoil, tear tracks drying on her empathetic face. She reached out to take Jodi in her arms, but her friend raised one hand to stop her. Giving a big sniff and wiping her face, Jodi said, "I need to say this."

Grabbing more tissues, she wiped her eyes and blew her nose, a determined look on her face. "I see now that I should have been honest with my guys from the very beginning. I should have never tried to trick them with a game of strip poker. Although..." A wicked gleam returned to her eyes. "I have no regrets about the outcome." She flashed them an evil smile and they all began to relax.

"I didn't trust them or have enough belief in myself." Strain worked back across her features. She took a deep breath and flashed another smile. "But now, thanks to all of you, I can see things a whole lot clearer and feel more confident. I'm going to sit down and talk to them honestly about my feelings and needs. You could say I'm going to lay my cards on the table," She giggled lightly.

The three friends sat in stunned silence for a moment, then Jackie began to chuckle in a low, rasping voice. Reba and Katie exchanged a comical look before bursting into gales of laughter.

Jodi looked around at her friends, a broad smile on her face. All tension had fled with her decision. The tissue box was passed around again—this time to soak up tears of joy. When they all calmed down, quietly sipping on fresh mimosas, compliments of Jackie, Jodi once again looked seriously at Reba.

“We all have our secret desires, Reba. Trust in James and his love for you,” she paused to consider her next words. “And girlfriend...” She waited until Reba looked up at her. “When opportunity knocks—answer the damned door!”

They all laughed.

Reba’s gaze held Jodi’s, silently replaying the words in her head, trying to make sense of them. Why did she think there was some bigger message hidden in them? She was becoming paranoid, she guessed.

Love and affection welled up from deep within her while she gazed around at the three best friends anyone could ever ask for. A smile began tugging at her lips.

“We all have our secret desires, huh?” Jackie started to laugh again. “And some of us even live them!”

Finally recovering from her laughter, Reba shook her head in amusement. “I knew you three would make me reveal every dark secret I ever harbored!”

Throwing her arms back around Reba and giving her another bone-crushing hug, Katie exclaimed, “What else are best friends for, hon?”

Once Reba began detailing how she pictured the whole thing, the words flowed from her. There was no awkwardness or discomfort. These were her oldest and dearest friends, and they’d always shared everything. The only thing different now was they were a little older, maybe even a little bolder than before.

Knowing the other girls had experienced similar encounters in real life gave her the courage to fill in the details that had been haunting her. Maybe getting it out in the open would finally bring an end to her wild fantasies. Whether it did or not, she knew her desires would not change her friends' opinion of her in the least.

When she had finished talking, Reba felt the weight of her secret lift away. It was wonderful to have the support of her friends once more. It would be difficult when they left her once again, but for now she relaxed and enjoyed their companionship while they were there.

The four of them talked late into the morning, sleeping long into the afternoon. They watched corny movies, pigged out, and caught up on everything. Her friends lived such hectic lives, but seemed to enjoy each and every minute. From the hard hitting lawyer to the card shark and the bawdy dispatcher, she was glad to witness their happiness.

Their weekend reunion was a fabulous success, and they all eagerly agreed to schedule mimosa nights on a regular basis. No one wanted to wait such a long time before seeing each other again.

Many tears were shed as they said their goodbyes at the airport Sunday evening, but they parted knowing they would see each other soon at Katie's wedding. They'd made Jodi promise to let them know if they could help in any way with her continued struggles. Even if they could only lend a shoulder and pass the tissues, they wanted to be there, helping to make her dreams come true.

Chapter Ten

The next day

Reba held the elegantly addressed envelope in her hand, wondering who had sent it. Well, she knew who had sent it. The address was scrolled across the envelope in bold script. The real question was, why?

After her weekend with the three girls, she had a niggling feeling they were behind it. It was too much of a coincidence for them to draw out her deepest, darkest desires, then open the mailbox and find an invitation from the very place she'd told them about.

She tapped the invitation against pursed lips. In fact, the whole thing smelled like a plot. She couldn't figure out how the girls could have managed such a thing, or even why.

Her relentless tapping with the invitation stopped, a dreamy look stealing over her face. She pictured herself meeting James at the door in nothing but a long black fur coat and four-inch spike heels, flogger in hand...

The invitation hit the floor, snapping her back to reality. *Oh, girl. You've got it bad. What are you thinking? You don't even own a black fur coat! And like you'd be such a brazen hussy anyway!* The idea was truly laughable.

Reba thoughtfully considered the invitation lying on the floor before bending to pick it up. No, there was no way the girls could have set this up. They'd only been here for the weekend, and the four of them had spent practically every minute together. There would have been no time

for them to arrange something with Fontaine's. Hell, the club had a waiting list a mile long.

She'd heard Fontaine's had a show for couples only. The quiet talk whispered by those who'd been there indicated they had a dinner show with special dance routines designed to excite the erotic senses. She would sure love to experience the show with James.

Her vagina spasmed, releasing a trickle of cream, as she remembered hearing descriptions of rooms deep within the back corridors of the club. The thought of the erotic possibilities made Reba's mouth go dry and her breasts began to ache.

Yet somehow it just had to be those irrepressible girlfriends of hers. Reba's face lit with a smile. Their weekend had been fun, but she would be having a long talk with the three busybodies. Yep, she'd be calling them, right after she opened this envelope.

Reba carefully worked her letter opener under a corner of the sealed flap. She wanted to keep this for her scrapbook if nothing else, preserve every memory in pristine condition. After all, Fontaine's was an once-in-a-lifetime adventure.

Her hands shook as she pulled out the matching invitation. Embossed in gold was a woman standing spread-eagle, toes barely touching the floor, arms stretched out above her, delicate golden chains holding her body in place.

Reba's skin flushed with heat. Her womb clenched and moisture began to pool in her sensible white cotton panties. *Jeez, girl! Get hold of yourself. It's only a picture on a piece of paper.*

Ignoring her trembling hands, she opened the card.

Fontaine's

September 14th

10 p.m.

The limo will arrive at 9

Be ready!

That was all it said. She even turned it over, looking for more information on the back, but there wasn't any.

"Ohmigod! That's today," she screamed. Reba looked down at her scruffy jeans and T-shirt. "What on earth will I wear?" She stopped short. "Oh girl, you are such a mess! You don't even know who sent this invitation or why. What do you mean, what will you wear! You're a mother. A wife. What are you thinking?"

Good Lord. And here she was talking to herself.

Mothers and wives didn't go to places like Fontaine's. They stayed home and took care of their families, their homes. They didn't have fantasies about exotic dancers and back rooms where lovers met. Even after her long talk with the girls, and all their reassurances...

She felt guilty for wanting to do the dirty deed with those two mysterious men, shame tugged at her conscience.

She couldn't go to Fontaine's. With a disappointed sigh, Reba began to drop the invitation on the counter when the doorbell rang. She wondered who it could possibly be. Her sister had taken Jaylen and Jamal, which meant it couldn't be the kids ringing the bell because they were locked out. Maybe it was a neighbor.

Moving quickly to the window, she lifted the drapes and peeked outside. Her eyes grew huge at the sight of a very good looking gentleman standing on her front porch.

Oh my, yes.

Very good looking didn't even begin to describe the lip smacking sight standing outside her door. A tailored black suit hugged each line of his body. Black leather driving gloves encased strong hands and a matching chauffeur's hat covered dark, slightly wavy hair, which curled around the collar of his jacket. Mirrored sunglasses hid his eyes even though the day was overcast and cloudy, giving him an aura of mystery and allure.

Reba unconsciously licked her lips. She glanced at the sexy black Jaguar parked in front of the house. What the hell was going on? First the invitation, and now this.

Tall, well-built and dressed all in black—the man looked like a chauffeur, but he sure wasn't driving a limousine. Damn, what a nice looking package he made, though. No, he certainly wasn't bringing her news of her husband.

"When opportunity knocks..." Reba mentally shook off Jodi's words while she opened the door. The walking wet dream gave her a slow, sexy smile.

"You must be the enchanting Reba."

Flustered, she stammered, "Me? Well, I...ummm...yes. Yes, I'm Reba, that's for sure."

The man's smile broadened into a grin of amusement. "I have a delivery for you, Ms. Reba." A sweep of his hand indicated a small pile of boxes sitting at his feet. "Where would you like them?"

"A delivery? Of what? From whom? Is it from James?" Clenching her hands in frustration at her sides, she stomped her foot. "I don't understand what's happening!"

Bending over he picked up the boxes. When he stood up, he removed his sunglasses, looking directly in her eyes and a sense of peace filled her, relieving her agitation.

"Did you receive an invitation today?"

Reba nodded, suddenly unable to find her voice. Damn. He had the most beautiful blue eyes she'd ever seen.

"Then all will be made clear with time, special lady. I promise you, there is no reason to fear." His gloved fingers gently brushed across her cheek and she was immediately bathed in warmth. The confusion began to ease inside her, replaced with sexual energy and anticipation.

He gave her one last reassuring smile, handed her the boxes, then casually walked back to the Jag. She stood, practically drooling, watching the flex and play of muscles as he moved.

Hot damn, can that man walk, Reba thought, stifling a moan.



Standing in front of the full length mirror, Reba couldn't say anything was clear, but the mystery did have her hot and bothered. Or maybe it was the beautiful new clothes the stranger had delivered. There just had to be a logical explanation behind all this mystery, she mused, considering her reflection. She had to admit, she looked sexy as hell in the stunning dress.

Her mind wandered back over when she'd first opened the boxes, uncovering each new delight. As she'd lifted the lid off the larger of the two boxes, Reba had been nervous and uncomfortable. Complex emotions she hadn't wanted to examine closely darted through her mind. Opening the first layer of gold tissue, she'd pulled out a tiny black satin thong, which caused one eyebrow to rise in disbelief. She hadn't even been sure where the top started and where the bottom—well, there was no bottom, she'd realized, shaking her head in disbelief. When she'd finally slipped into the minuscule excuse for underwear, it barely covered her neatly clipped mound. Thank goodness she'd had a bikini wax earlier in the week!

The soft, sheer silk rode smoothly between the full globes of her buttocks. She had shivered as each movement she made stroked her skin like the subtle caress of a lover's teasing finger. It had taken all her willpower not to run her fingers inside the scanty covering to ease her aching clit.

The next layer of tissue had revealed black, silk, thigh-high stockings with lacy tops. Sitting on the bed, Reba had slowly rolled each stocking

over her freshly shaven legs. Her bare breasts and nipples moved and caressed against smooth skin, and thrills of sensation had raced along her spine. Simply getting dressed had become a decadent experience she wouldn't soon forget.

A final layer of tissue had concealed the scarlet gown, deceptively simple and unadorned, until she'd slipped it over her head and felt the wash of silk brush across her naked skin. The neckline plunged low between her breasts. Once the halter top had been tied securely, she'd admired the creativity and workmanship of the dress. No, there was nothing simple about the garment.

Turning in front of the mirror now, Reba looked over one shoulder. She marveled at how the gown showcased the lines of her back as it plunged down almost to the dimples above each full butt cheek. Heat started in her mound and flashed upward, her breasts swelled and nipples grew plump, leaving her gasping for air as she imagined hands running across her bare skin.

She turned and admired how the dress flowed across the flare of her hips, falling gracefully to stop right above the three-inch high, strappy red sandals fastened snugly around each ankle. Long slits ran from the hemline all the way to her hips, where small crystal buttons were fastened through loops holding the material together. Each movement she made revealed tantalizing glimpses of bare flesh.

Even she had to admit the red was sensational against her cocoa brown skin. She fairly glowed. Her breath caught with each step she took across the room, and she held back moans as the silky material rubbed against the sensitive buds of her breasts and flowed across her bare buttocks.

Reba tried to collect herself as the doorbell rang, taking one last lingering look in the mirror. She looked good. Nervous anticipation fluttered in her stomach. She could do this—walk out the door, nipples like diamond points, dark areolas a teasing shadow beneath the tight

bodice, and pussy lips swelling in anticipation. She could and would walk right out the door and live the fantasy, just like her friends had done. She would not miss out on this chance.

Oh Lord, she hoped her friends were behind all this.



The same chauffeur, the walking wet dream, took Reba's hand, assisting her out of the elegant car for her walk down the plush red carpet leading to Fontaine's. Her legs shook and she was finding it difficult to breathe. The mimosa she'd sipped during the drive had done nothing to settle her nerves. She had no idea what to expect and didn't know if that was scary or exciting—she only knew it made her ache from head to toe in anticipation.

When she reached the entrance, two doormen bowed in unison, opening the double glass doors wide as they rose to attention. Reba had to hold back a giggle. She felt like visiting royalty or someone important. The minute the doors swung closed behind her, though, her giggle caught hard in her throat, all the air rushing from her lungs.

Oh. My. God.

Jeremy Sauvage stood in front of a dark glass door looking sexier than any of the pictures she had secretly drooled over late at night. Tight black leather conformed to slim hips and muscular thighs. Her tongue came out to moisten dry lips, eyes widening while they explored the impressive bulge wonderfully displayed by the confining material of his pants.

Oh my! She swallowed hard, almost choking. What would it be like to have his large shaft harden in her mouth? Or better yet, filling her pussy?

His black silk shirt accentuated the width of his broad shoulders. The cuffs were rolled to display muscular forearms covered in silky black

hair. Her eyes took in each tendon and muscle running down his arms to end in strong hands with long, sensitive fingers.

A shiver ran down her spine as she imagined those fingers stroking across her bare skin. He had left his shirt unbuttoned, but tucked into his low riding pants, leaving a wedge of bare chest exposed. Reba couldn't take her eyes off the swirls of hair descending in an arrow toward tight abs, circling a deep, sexy navel, and pointing the way to his impressive equipment.

Reba's labia began to swell, drops of moisture accumulating in her tight curls, while she took in the vision standing before the door. She had stopped several feet from him, and had no idea how long she stood there simply staring, feeling like a deer caught in headlights—frozen in place. Ohmigod...this was either a dream come true or a nightmare in the making.

She finally lifted her eyes to meet Jeremy's smoky gray gaze. Reba saw a faint twinkle behind his relaxed expression, and a hint of something else as well. Was it desire causing his pupils to expand, and his gaze to darken?

He arched one perfect eyebrow, lifted his hand, and motioned her forward with a finger, uttering one womb-clenching word.

"Come."

And she almost did at the sound of his voice. Reba found herself moving forward thinking, *mmm-hmm, definitely a dream come true.*

Bowing, he lifted her soft hand toward his full, sensual lips, feathering a gentle kiss across sensitive skin and fragile bones. She heard him inhale deeply—almost as if he was savoring her scent. Like a connoisseur slowly drawing in the bouquet of vintage wine.

He rose slowly, keeping her hand captive in his. "Ah, Reba...it will be such a pleasure to finally *have* you tonight."

Say what? Have her? Reba tried to find her voice to object, tell him she was a married woman, but he spun her under his arm, capturing her

against his solid chest before she was able to voice a protest. She felt every inch of his strong body pressed against her bare back and shivered in response.

He whispered melodically, lips brushing the glossy black cap of her hair. "Please forgive me while I complete the formalities of security. Fontaine is very strict about such matters, and I see you have managed to come away without a purse." He paused, moving closer to the shell of her ear. Dropping his voice even lower he continued, "Perhaps you have identification hidden elsewhere on this lush and glorious body...hmm?"

Reba had just gathered her breath to say no when his tongue came out to trace each sensitive swirl of her ear. She felt the warm caress all the way down to her toes, which began to curl from the wicked sensual heat Jeremy was creating.

"Don't worry, my precious. There are other ways to assure security."

"H-how?" Reba squeaked. Jeez. She sounded like a mouse was stuck in her throat.

Jeremy placed one large hand across her constricted throat. Warmth began to radiate and seep into her skin, loosening the tight muscles, bringing with it a sense of calm.

"Relax, my dove. There is only pleasure to be found at Fontaine's." His voice soothed her and she began to melt into his strong arms.

"Tell me, my sweet, are you here of your own accord?"

Reba nodded, her voice finally strong and confident, "Yes. This is a dream come true. I don't understand why, though. Why me? Why did I get an invitation?"

"Good," he sighed. The soft whisper fluttered across her skin. "Perfect. You are here because you wished for it, sweetness, and Fontaine's is all about fantasy becoming reality." His hand rose to cup her cheek and draw her head to the side, exposing the long line of her neck. He ran his tongue down the taut tendon as he breathed deeply once again.

Lord, she sure was melting, but how could she do this? “Jeremy,” she gasped. “I can’t...please.”

“Everything will be fine. Listen to my voice, feel how it soothes. Your lover wants you to just let go, my dove.”

As happened before, with the driver, Reba felt a sense of peace wash over her, relieving all her worries. She relaxed, her body softening against Jeremy’s.

“Yessss...perfect.” The words came out with a growl, and his tongue swirled across her exposed jugular before grasping the beating pulse between his teeth, gently forcing her to hold the position.

With both hands freed, he began at her shoulders, caressing along her arms before slowly sweeping back again to brush across her full breasts. His cupped palms barely grazed against her nipples, leaving them aching to be touched. He slid a hand beneath each full breast to squeeze and release. Supporting them in his large hands, Jeremy pulled each globe higher, thumbs running down the sensitive tops to tease at the hard, sensitive buds.

Releasing the lush flesh with a sigh, Jeremy crossed his arms around her ribcage, drawing her body even tighter against his. Rising to his full height, he forced her onto her toes, even in the high heels. Her back arched to maintain the position, silk covered buttocks pushing against his growing erection. She felt his teeth clasp her neck tighter, sending streaks of sensation down to her swollen clit.

“Jeremy...” she gasped. She had heard the rumors about Devon Fontaine and Jeremy Sauvage. Rumors saying they were different. Other. Vampire. Of course, she didn’t believe any of the gossip for a moment. Vampires were a story to scare children with!

But now, feeling his teeth grasping her beating pulse, her body arched and stretched as if for display, Reba wondered. Maybe there was something to the rumor after all.

Jeremy chuckled low in his chest and released her neck, tongue licking across the slight sting. “No worries, dove,” he said. He seemed to have the ability to read her thoughts. “Tonight is not about blood, although I promise, fluids will spill.”

Keeping one arm tight beneath her breasts, he moved his other hand in a downward exploration, carefully brushing across each centimeter of her body, sinking toward her aching, weeping pussy.

Why his words did not scare the hell out of her, Reba had no idea. For some reason the sexy man made her feel very calm, horny as all get out, but not frightened in the least.

“These are simply security measures, sweet,” he continued. “Because you forgot to bring your identification and as I said, Fontaine is very strict about security.”

What sounded like another growl rumbled through his chest as his hand covered her mound. Grinding his pelvis against the soft cheeks of her ass, he forced his rock-hard erection to part the globes and rest between them. Each minute motion of his hips caused her thong to brush against her tender, virgin back entrance. Jeremy groaned, fingertips smoothing across swollen nether lips to tease her dripping entry through the soft material of her dress.

“I think the only danger you present, sweet Reba, is to my control.” Slowly he eased her feet back to the ground, both hands steadying her until she found her balance. Her quivering body began to relax once more from the heat of his hands radiating against her skin. Heat which moved inward to pulse through her core like small tendrils of energy were working their way inward, and somehow connected her to Jeremy. Even when he fully released her, Reba still felt those tendrils coiling deep inside.

Again, she thought maybe she should be scared, but she was too hot to really think of anything except wanting more—more, more, more! Sweet Lord, she hadn’t even seen the inside of the club yet and her little

thong was totally drenched. She was barely able to keep her panting breath and fluttering heart under control. And her pussy felt empty and aching, wanting and needing to be filled.

Laughing softly, Jeremy placed her trembling hand within the crook of his arm, opened the door, and led her into the dark inner sanctum of Fontaine's.

Chapter Eleven

The stage was the only thing lit in the large room. Reba was aware of tables scattered about, but shadows clung to them, making them indistinct. The part of her brain still somewhat coherent, noted the chairs were placed upside down on the tables.

This obviously wasn't couple's night.

At the very edge of the stage sat one small round table, the stage lights reflecting off the ebony surface. She sensed a person sitting in the single chair, but it was placed within the shadows, keeping the individual's identity vague.

Before she could explore her surroundings further, her attention was drawn to the stage as a deep voice called her name.

"Reba."

He walked out of the shadows and into the spotlight. Reba's toe caught in the plush red carpet and only Jeremy's strong arms wrapping around her waist kept her from falling. Her knees began to shake. She felt drops of moisture from her clenching channel begin to form rivulets, which pooled and collected, barely contained by her thong.

Devon Fontaine. Oh. My. God.

He, too, was dressed all in black. Black leather. High leather boots rose clear to the tops of strong thighs, framing the apex of his legs. Tight black pants rode low on slim hips. She couldn't take her eyes from the thick line of his erection pushing hard against the soft material.

He wore nothing else.

Thick, wavy brown hair surrounded his strong aristocratic face, falling to caress and curl around deeply tanned shoulders. He had full sensuous lips, a straight, strong nose, and his eyes...they were like the finest peridot gems, shimmering green and golden pools of deep desire.

Lights gleamed off the dips and valleys of his smooth, broad chest. A smattering of hair circled his deep navel, running down to become lost in leather. Her eyes finally rose again, taking in each line of his long, lean dancer's body.

Oh, yeah! Gorgeous.

All around her echoed the sounds of distant thunder rolling in, and the soft patter of rain. Jeremy moved Reba forward and up the stairs until she stood in the spotlight. Devon held her gaze with his vivid green eyes, his tongue coming out to lick a path across his upper lip. A single guitar began picking out a slow, sensual melody. A throaty voice throbbed with fervent intensity.

"Ooooh-wooh-oh...sex me"

Devon's hips rolled, his hands trailing from his enormous erection, over his bare chest, to tangle long fingers through his dark hair. His elbows were pushed back and up to tighten and arch the bare lines of his chest. His hips moved in sensual syncopation and the guitar began to pluck with urgency, while thunder continued to roll in the distance.

Jeremy's leg pushed between hers, spreading them slightly. One large hand pressed above her pelvic bone, forcing her back against his hard cock. The other pressed above her full aching breasts and compelled her body to arch. He moved his hips in rhythm with Devon's, requiring Reba to move with them. His tongue came out to trace her ear. "Do you see something you like, sweet Reba?" A shiver ran through her with each whispered word and touch of his tongue.

Devon's hips thrust and rotated, lips keeping perfect synchronization with the sexy song. With each word, each twist of his hips, Reba felt a pull deep inside. Her womb clenched, sending flashes of lightening

straight to her nipples—hard, aching, needing to be soothed. She arched her back even further, trying to coerce Jeremy's hand closer to her throbbing breasts. Her head fell back on his broad shoulder, eyes closed, a small moan escaping as her tongue traced across dry lips. The strands of energy connecting her to Jeremy moved and twisted within her.

"Open your eyes, sweet dove." His voice reverberated through her body. "Watch."

Slowly opening her eyes, she was immediately captured within the deep swirling green and gold pools of Devon's intense gaze. Reba watched, completely entranced as his pupils began enlarging, drawing her further within. Invisible threads of energy seemed to move out from his eyes and entwine with the strands Jeremy had planted deep within her core.

Devon's hands moved over his sinuous body, tracing flat masculine nipples, bringing the small disks to hard points. They flowed across tight abs, tracing ribs, muscle, sinew, circling his deep navel then pushing down beneath the soft leather of his pants.

The sounds of thunder and rain continued to mix with sensual, yet indistinct lyrics. Reba almost felt the rain patter and slide across her hot skin. Drops of hot liquid escaped past her saturated thong, slowly beginning to coat her inner thighs. Jeremy's full lips teased along her neck, her collarbone, licking the soft hollow of her throat.

Devon's fingers slowly straightened his massive erection as he worked it upward. "Oh. My. God." Reba moaned as the tip of his cock pushed up above the tight waistband. His smile was filled with carnal knowledge, as one fingertip captured a glistening pearl of pre-cum. He brought his finger slowly up to his mouth, tongue darting out to lick it away. It was the most erotic action she'd ever witnessed.

The sounds of thunder became ceaseless echoing words whispered back and forth between Devon and Jeremy.

"Sex me...sex me...sex me..."

Never ceasing the suggestive movement of his hips, Devon slowly released the snap at his waistband, and began moving the zipper down, inch by slow inch.

Jeremy's hand crept upward, stopping below her heaving breasts. With one quick movement, his other hand pulled the ties behind her neck, releasing and smoothing the bodice down until her bare breasts were exposed.

Oh, God. This was getting a little too real. She couldn't do this. Not without James here, agreeing and participating. She wanted him there watching her seduction, for both their pleasure.

No sooner had the thoughts entered her mind, they melted away. A calm, soothing balm eased her emotions, dissolving the guilt thoughts of James had evoked. Reassurance washed over her senses, and she was swept back into a tide of feeling.

What the hell was happening to her?

Slowly Jeremy's fingers circled her dark areolas, exploring each pebbled ridge, thumbs glancing across the hard tips, both hands finally grasping and lifting her creamy chocolate flesh in offering.

Devon, never taking his eyes from her, slowly pumped his exposed cock in one hand. His eyes promised delights she'd never even dreamed of while his hips rolled and thrust with each stroke of his hand. Ecstasy began to etch each line of his body until finally his gaze left hers.

Throwing back his head, he gave in to the primal pleasure of his strong, masculine hand stroking taut, aching flesh. With a low moan, Devon grasped his open pants. In one fluid motion, he ripped them away from his undulating body, leaving only the tall black boots to frame swollen balls and hard cock.

Holy shit! The man was beyond mouth watering.

Music reverberated through every pore of Reba's body—stroking and caressing, inciting her senses to unimagined heights.

Devon danced closer and closer, slowly turning, forcing Jeremy to circle and glide with his motions until he and Reba faced the lone table in front of the stage. As Devon's mouth closed on one aching, swollen nipple, the person in the shadows moved forward, lights picking up the intent, almost primal, look on her husband's face.

His expression was dark, unreadable, his every muscle appearing taut, ready for action. James looked every inch the fearsome warrior he was, and absolutely ready for anything. She struggled to interpret his expression. Was he turned-on or upset to find her here—like this? Oh God! What *was* she doing here caught in the middle of two strange men? Reba tensed in fear and confusion, her husband's name forming on her lips.

"Enjoying your surprise, baby?" His voice was calm, and gentle, giving her the impression he'd known exactly how he'd find her—maybe even wanted it. Yet she was still worried. She needed to hear what he was thinking and feeling.

"James?" Reba panted. She wanted to go to him, but felt unable to break free of the sensual pull of Devon's mouth sucking and teasing at her throbbing nipple. She should struggle against the feeling of Jeremy's gyrating hips teasing and caressing her ass, but she felt tethered to the two men, joined by something other than hands and mouths, lips and tongues.

Guilt ripped through her and she closed her eyes tightly. How could James feel anything except betrayal while he watched her succumb to the seduction of the two dancers? Bolstering her courage, she opened her eyes to meet her husband's. His intense gaze rocketed through her. Rapture and lust rose up in his beloved eyes and little by little, she began to relax. She was almost sure he was enjoying what he was seeing.

She drank in everything about her handsome man. She'd missed him so much. Just being able to let her eyes take in his robust, rugged body created an overwhelming sense of joy within Reba's. Her man. The

thought they belonged to each other gave her such a heady thrill, her arousal soaring higher than ever before.

Devon drew her nipple between his teeth, gently nipping, scraping and tugging at the sensitive nub, drawing Reba back to the incredible attentions the erotic dancers lavished on her. His hot tongue darted out to ease the sting, large hands rising to replace Jeremy's.

Briefly the thought that neither man seemed the least bit bothered by her husband's arrival flitted through her mind. Maybe because they'd known he was there just waiting for the right moment to join in?

Jeremy slid his hands down to grasp Reba's full hips. "Relax, sweet dove." Slowly he began gathering the length of her dress into both hands. "Trust your lover." The feel of silk sliding against skin created small tremors throughout her body. From every corner of the room came the seductive beat of the music, indistinct words continuing to whisper across her skin.

"Sex me...sex me...sex me..."

One booted foot gently tapped between her feet, shoving her ankles further apart. Bending his knee, Jeremy urged her legs to spread. He pushed between her parted thighs, forcing her mound against his hard leg, hips continuing to bump and grind in rhythm. Each movement rubbed against her nether lips, swollen and pushing out past the tiny scrap of material between her legs. Each motion tightened the drenched material against her throbbing clit, making Reba moan and whimper. Jeremy's engorged cock moved tightly between the clenching globes of her ass, teasing and tormenting the sensitive nerves around her tight entrance.

Guilt still tugged at her, but as hard as she tried, she couldn't pull away from the dark desires throbbing through her body. But nothing stopped her hips as they ground her weeping pussy against Jeremy's thigh in rhythm to the pulsating music.

“Relax, Reba.” James’s beloved voice soothed over her. “I want this. Katie and I made this night happen. I want to watch as you slowly break apart and lose yourself in total pleasure. I want to stand over you as their cocks push into your gorgeous body. Damn, baby. You are fucking beautiful.”

Confusion continued to war with desire. How could she have let these two strange men seduce her? Damn, she’d taken a vow to remain true to her husband. Had he really said he wanted this—somehow made her dark fantasy come to life? He wanted to watch her be pleased by the two gorgeous men strumming her body like a finely tuned instrument?

“Oh, James. I-I...” Reba stammered.

Her husband’s voice washed over her once again, giving her permission to enjoy the erotic treat he’d planned for her.

“That’s it, honey. Relax and just feel. Enjoy my gift to you—to both of us. Their hands are an extension of mine. Being devoured by their mouths and tongues is no different than being devoured by me. And when their cocks fill your body, it will be me filling you so sweetly, fully.”

The heat she saw in his expression was echoed through her body. James was enjoying this, almost as much as she began to allow herself to enjoy it.

“God, baby. You’ve got me so hot. Come for me.”

“James,” she gasped. Her clit finally exploded in glorious release from the delicious friction created by humping Jeremy’s muscular leg. Her neck arched, head falling back onto Jeremy’s shoulder as she gave herself over to much needed release.

Her orgasm took the edge off, but it wasn’t enough. She was too tightly strung, too turned on, and she needed more. If it were not for the support of the two men bracketing her body, Reba would have sunk to her knees when the strength left her legs.

In one smooth motion, Jeremy pulled the dress up over her body. He let the silky material brush her quivering belly then catch against her hardened nipples before slipping it over her head and tossing it aside.

Devon's fingers tangled into the waistband of her panties, pulling the scrap of material tight against her clit.

"Oh, yes," she moaned.

Her eyes never left her husband's as the two dancers continued to play her body. James was enjoying the wicked things they did to her as much as she was. The loving, heated look in his eyes gave her the courage to truly let herself go, giving in to her wildest fantasies.

While Jeremy held her breasts, kneading them in his big hands, Devon sucked as much of the needy flesh into his mouth as he could. His devilishly talented fingers played across the panties held taut against her swollen pussy.

Devon's hand fisted in the scrap of material and with a quick jerk ripped the panties from her body. Two thick fingers thrust into her tight channel. Another set of fingers slid along her swollen lips, dragging her hot juices back to coat her puckered rosette, rimming the hole. She lost track of hands, legs and, oh God have mercy—cocks.

The thought of two men filling her at once made her entire body tremble in anticipation, desire igniting every nerve in her body. The only thing keeping her anchored in reality was her husband's intense eyes. And then even reality began to slowly lose its grasp as James freed his magnificent cock from his pants, stroking one tight fist over the steely shaft as he watched them. The sight of shiny drops of pre-cum leaking from the slit was enough to send her into a second, more powerful orgasm.

"Unh," she cried out when a finger breached her ass, warm energy soothing and relaxing the passage, while intensifying the burning need coiling tighter and tighter within her body.

Devon wrapped her fingers around his thick cock, urging her to guide him into her pussy. Keeping her eyes glued to her husband, Reba settled the bulbous head of his cock against her opening. If she was going to do this, she would do it all the way. She snaked one hand around a lean hip, wrapped one leg around the other, and using both hand and leg to pull him forward, impaled herself on his thick, pulsing shaft.

Jeremy worked two fingers in her ass, thrusting in time with Devon's movements. Damn, she felt incredibly full already, how was she supposed to take both of their cocks? They would likely rip her open.

Oh yeah...being filled to capacity and beyond didn't sound bad at all. Right now she felt raw and primal, ready for anything these men would choose to enact. James's presence, steady gaze, and incredibly hot words of encouragement made her feel like a different woman. One who could and would do anything to please him.

Devon's hands cupped her ass as he moved in a torturously slow rhythm, keeping time to the sultry song. He lifted her slightly, taking her entire weight against his strong body, holding her securely.

"Wrap your legs all the way around him, honey. Use those strong thighs to fuck him good," James instructed.

His being there and encouraging her ensured Reba's safety, in turn allowing her to trust in the two men. Knowing her husband would protect her, she let Devon take her weight, wrapping both legs around his slowly thrusting hips. Devon's hands grasped each twin half moon tighter in his hands, firmly supporting and spreading her wide. Jeremy's fingers slipped out of her ass, and Reba whimpered at the loss, stilling when they were quickly replaced with the broad head of his cock.

"Damn, baby," James moaned. "You are so fucking hot." An intense look of burning desire expanded the pupils of his eyes, leaving them deep pools of lust. "Those are my cocks filling you up, baby. My cocks bringing you such pleasure. Oh yessss, let it happen, Reba. You're damned hot."

He sucked his breath between clenched teeth, pre-cum slowly trailing down his engorged head.

Jeremy exerted gentle pressure against her anus. Each time Reba began to tense, gentle warmth swirled and teased every nerve. Devon's strong fingers stroked and worked at the muscles of her ass while he plunged in and out of her tight pussy. Watching James stroke his magnificent cock was the most erotic sight she'd ever seen. Jeremy paused right before the broad head of his cock breached the tight ring of muscles, letting her body open and relax beneath the stroking tendrils of energy, then began gently thrusting into her ass. With each thrust, he sank a little deeper into the incredibly sensitive channel.

Oh, God. It was too much and not enough all at the same time. She needed more. Jeremy had to give her more, now. She needed every luscious inch of his cock buried in her ass, stuffing her to overflowing.

"Fuck my ass," she cried out.

Jeremy covered her body with his, lips gliding across her neck, which arched in both desire and demand. His teeth grazed along the extended tendon, and tongue laved the fragile barrier protecting her vulnerable artery. With a firm thrust, Jeremy sheathed his cock to the hilt and sucked her beating pulse into his mouth. The move seemed to disrupt her nerve's pain impulses, because all she felt was pleasure as his thick shaft filled her ass, stretching the tight channel.

"Yes!" Reba screamed, ecstasy tightening every muscle. "Oh God, more. Please...more!"

"You heard the lady," James groaned. "Fuck her like you mean it."

With long, full thrusts, Jeremy drove himself balls deep into her clenching ass time and time again. Devon surged forward, sandwiching her between their gorgeous bodies, matching each driving thrust in syncopated rhythm. The smell of sex rose all around them, riding on waves of intense body heat. Reba thought she would go up in flames.

How the two men managed to support her between them while setting up a steady rhythm was beyond her. Every fiber of her being became focused on the incredible sensations created from being fucked by two men at once. Damn, she'd never experienced anything as decadent, erotic, and sexually fulfilling. Nothing, other than the love shining in her husband's eyes, could surpass the experience.

Devon somehow managed to shift her higher, his mouth immediately descending toward her breast. When his full lips wrapped around her nipple, she cried out. Her body rapidly jerked against the two men, trying to get them to speed up their tempo. Unintelligible words flowed from her lips as she struggled with the sensations overwhelming her body.

She needed to come in a bad way, but fought against release, unable to fully let go. Helplessly, her eyes sought out James once again. She wanted to give him this experience, to totally immerse herself and let go, but she couldn't. Not without him.

"James," she cried. "Please!"

He moved forward, still stroking his cock within his fist, coming in close to her.

"It's okay, honey. Let it go. I want you to come for me again."

Leaning forward he captured her mouth, sealing his lips tightly against hers. She readily opened for the swift invasion of his tongue, taking him within her body in the only way left to her. She became lost in the kiss and everything clicked into place. This was what she needed—his participation.

Her body convulsed as pelvic muscles clamped down tightly on the cocks invading her body. Both men cried out simultaneously as hot jets of semen began to fill her pussy and ass. Reba gave everything she felt to her husband in their passionate kiss as her body splintered into a million pieces. She felt his cum splash against her side in hot pulses as he found his own release.

When James pulled back from their kiss, his breath hissed out from between his teeth in a seductive rush. Devon and Jeremy slowly pulled out of her slick entrances, easing her feet to the floor, supporting her limp body between them.

“Damn, honey. So fucking good,” James said, easing her away from the two men and into his arms. His mouth came down on hers, hard and possessive. Heat rushed through his body, cock swelling between them. He relived the fantasy they had just shared while his tongue plundered her mouth.

The look in Reba’s eyes when she’d realized he was there. Damn, it was so fucking hot. But the guilt and confusion he saw—that tore at his heart. She’d had no way of knowing he’d set it up for them both or that Devon and Jeremy had extraordinary powers. He didn’t understand them himself, but he knew they were honorable men and would never take advantage of anyone without invitation.

He’d have to reassure her. Later. Now he just wanted her alone, his dick pounding into her willing body. He wanted to explore the new openness between them, and some of the erotic possibilities racing through his mind.

Grinding his cock against her hot mound, he reveled in the moan he drew out of her, swallowing it down and savoring how she felt against him. His wife. No matter how incredible it had been watching Devon and Jeremy strip her of all control, leaving her a mass of quivering, mindless desire—she was his and his alone, and he was feeling very possessive.

James broke away from Reba’s soft lips. It was time to take this someplace more private.

Chapter Twelve

Forcing his still erect shaft into his pants, James carefully zipped them up. No matter how hot it had made him to watch Reba succumb to the pleasure the two dancers lavished her sweet body with, it wasn't enough. His climax wasn't enough.

He tucked her securely against his body, and looked into her eyes. His cock nearly broke through the zipper when he saw the large heated pools of lust and adoration staring dazedly back at him. His balls drew up hard and tight at the sight of her nipples, distended and aroused. The unmistakable scent of her renewed desire filled each breath he took. James turned toward Devon, a question forming on his lips.

"A room has been made ready for you," Devon said. "If you require anything, just pick up the black phone. It's a direct line to my office." He bowed slightly. "Thank you for allowing us to help make your fantasy a reality. Enjoy the rest of your time at Fontaine's. Our doors will always be open to you both."

He gently stroked his fingers down Reba's cheek before gracing her lips with a lingering kiss. "We shall cherish this night and revisit the memories for centuries to come." Then he turned and walked away, tattoos rising in stark relief against his bronzed skin.

Jeremy took his place. "Sweet dove, you truly are a temptation." He feathered a kiss across her forehead then held his hand out to James, clasping it in a show of friendship. "May you always find joy in this precious treasure, James."

They followed Jeremy through a concealed door next to the stage. James realized Jeremy also had a tattoo. He swore the snake coiled at the man's tailbone undulated its body as it twisted around Jeremy's spine, tongue flickering out briefly. Yes, there was much he did not understand about the two men.

He sensed Reba's slight discomfort now the heated passion had been temporarily relieved. He had every intention of stoking the banked fire, working her into an inferno, and watching her come apart in his arms. Only his. He'd enjoyed her fantasy, but no other man was going to touch her again. She was his life, and he would do just about anything to please her, but he didn't think he could handle seeing another man touch her again or encourage it to happen. Reba was his.

Maybe he'd let someone watch though. He had a feeling his amazing, sexy wife would really be turned on by the experience. He was astounded by how much they'd learned about each other during this time apart. After stepping out of their normal comfort zone and having Reba's fantasy fulfilled here in the club, they'd likely have a greatly enriched sex life.

There were several closed doors along the hallway they traveled. At the end was a connecting passage, but they didn't make it that far. Jeremy stopped at the last door on the left, opening it with a flourish and a knowing, sexy smile. "I hope you will find the accommodations pleasing."

They preceded him into the room. James held back a wicked grin and Reba gasped while taking in the pure decadence of the large space decorated in dark, sensual shades of red and black. The huge, circular bed was draped with a plush velvet bedspread in a rich shade of scarlet. A mountain of pillows in various textures from leather to lace lined the curve closest to the back wall.

To the right, surrounded by flickering candles shaped into couples engaged in various sexual acts, stood a bubbling, heart-shaped hot tub.

A thick cloud of steam rose from the churning water, making it a very inviting sight. A stack of big, fluffy towels sat nearby atop a small table.

Against the wall on the left stood two massive cabinets. James found himself contemplating what omnifarious delights were doubtlessly stored behind the dark cherry wood doors.

As if able to read his thoughts, Jeremy moved to the cabinets, opening the doors of one wide. "Here you will find a wide variety of playthings, from vibrators, butt plugs and nipple clamps to floggers, whips and restraints."

James felt the blush heating Reba's dark skin where her cheek was pressed against his chest. He would definitely be making good use of the items stocked behind those doors. Hell, ever since he'd ordered that damn flogger, he'd been dreaming of heating up her pretty ass.

After closing one set of doors, Jeremy opened the other. "Here you will find a selection of edible massage lotions and lubricants, as well as body paints and chocolates." Turning, he winked at James. "Do try the raspberry amaretto finger paint. It's delicious when combined with a woman's sweet nectar."

Jeremy bowed, as his partner had earlier. "Enjoy your visit at Fontaine's. In about an hour, I'll have a tray of refreshments left outside the door. Should you require anything else..." Letting his words trail off, he indicated the black telephone with an elegant sweep of his hand. Without another word the man walked past them, closing the door quietly on his way out.

Reba moved out of his arms, a question in her eyes. His cock was harder than a steel rod, pre-cum gathered and beginning to darken the cloth of his pants. Her gaze moved across his body, tongue coming out to rim her swollen lips upon seeing the proof his desire.

Stripping out of his clothes, overwhelming emotions made James' throat unbearably tight. "I missed you so much, baby. Damn, it's so good to be home."

Reba moved to sit on the edge of the hot tub looking like a sultry temptress, trailing one hand through the water. James loved the idea of watching warm rivulets of water cascading over those lush curves, and letting his hands wander over slick flesh. He stood there enthralled, cock jerking in reaction, aching to sink into the warm clasp of her pussy, but he wanted to take things slow. They'd been apart for so long and had a lot of catching up to do.

Struggling to maintain control, he moved to the tub, slid into the warm water and positioned himself sitting on the seat with his back comfortably cradled by the upper curve of the heart. His hand trembled slightly as he extended it to his wife. "Come and sit with me, Reba. I need to hold you."

She sucked her bottom lip into her mouth, pressing her teeth into the soft flesh. Desire smoldered in her dark eyes as she approached him. Clasp her hips gently, he turned her away from him then guided her down onto his lap. He kept her positioned at an angle to him, cradled into his side, one arm behind her back for support.

"I can't believe you're really here." Her voice was sultry and low.

"There's no place else I'd rather be, baby." Tenderly cupping her cheek in his hand, James drew her closer. The first brush of their lips created electric jolts that shot through him. With the tip of his tongue, he traced the soft curves before sliding between the seam and into her mouth.

They both moved tentatively at first, tongues brushing together, beginning a sensual dance of advance and retreat. The kiss continued until their lungs burned with the need for oxygen and they separated, panting harshly.

Reba slid her arms around his neck, pressing one soft breast against his chest and her hip against his straining erection. He claimed her mouth again in a fierce kiss of possession. One hand stroked along her spine and over her hip as the other slid up her side to massage and

shape her breast. His palm teased the pebbled nipple and she wiggled on his lap.

“James, I need you!”

“You’ve got me, baby,” he reassured, continuing to stroke and fondle, heightening her desire. He teased them both until the tension and need became unbearable then removed her arms from his neck. He turned her back to his chest, inserted his knees between her thighs, and spread her open. Shifting, he moved until one of the jets shot a continuous pulsing stream of water against her delicate folds.

Reba gasped and tried to close her legs to decrease the erotic pressure, but James just spread her wider. Circling his arms around her waist, he reached between her legs and spread her folds, exposing her sensitive clit to the stream of water.

She cried out, wiggling her ass against his erection as the water danced over the bundle of nerves. James began to thrust against her, lifting her hips slightly with each movement, letting the water stroke over her heated flesh. He felt her body tense just before her hips began to buck erratically, an intense orgasm sweeping through her body like wildfire.

He held her there as multiple orgasms rocketed through her. Held her until her entire body trembled and she begged for reprieve. Then he cradled her against him, hands soothing over her skin until she relaxed.

“Are you okay, baby?” he asked a short time later, stroking her body, slowly easing her back onto solid ground.

“Mmm,” she mumbled and snuggled closer against him.

James needed to be inside her. Watching her come apart in his arms only jacked up his needs to a higher level, and he was now desperate to make love to his wife.

Lifting her easily, he set her on the side of the tub, holding onto her until she was able to stand on her own. With tender care, James dried

her using one of the fluffy towels before sending her to bed with a resounding smack on one soft ass cheek.

Reba let out a small yelp, as he climbed from the tub and began to dry himself. When he turned to face her again his mouth went dry and his heart paused for a moment before taking up a rapid, double-time beat.

Reba was crawling across the bed toward the pillows, her sweet ass swaying provocatively. Oh, hell yes. Damn, how he'd anticipated this moment. After lingering over the delectable sight for a moment, he turned to the cabinets and began perusing the selection.

First things first. Picking up a blindfold, along with wrist and ankle restraints, he moved to the bed where Reba lay curled up on her side, facing him. God damn, was it ever good to be home. Physical location didn't matter—wherever his wife was, that was home for James.

Her beautiful brown eyes widened as she took in the items dangling from his fingers. Her gaze slowly rose from his knees, lingering on his cock for a moment, before finally reaching his face. Both curiosity and desire were reflected on the gorgeous features. A face that captivated him from the first moment and still had the power to spellbind him to this day.

"On your hands and knees, baby," he growled in a hungry, somewhat clipped tone.

She never hesitated, enthusiastically doing his bidding. Her complete trust made his heart sing with love. Just watching her was an incredible pleasure, but he was primed and ready for action. "Now, drop down onto your elbows. Let those sensitive nipples of yours brush against the bed and raise your fine ass up high for me. Spread those legs wide."

She quickly followed his instructions, wiggling her ass as she parted her knees, then glancing over her shoulder at him.

"So beautiful, baby," he praised, captivated by the sight of her slick, pussy lips as they became visible between her legs. Looking at her

puckered entrance brought back the memory of the two dancers filling her body, fucking both her beautiful holes.

The glistening juices coating her inner thighs made it clear she was ready for him, but she would be begging by the time he finally took her. Moving to the bed, he grabbed two of the pillows and placed them beneath her belly to provide support when her legs became weak.

Not if they became weak, but when. He knew it was only a matter of time once he began making love to Reba, once orgasm after orgasm ripped through her body that she would become limp and sated. Only then would he slip his cock inside the warmth of her cunt and begin once again to slowly build her back up.

Hooks were bolted into the floor around the bed at equally spaced intervals, and James made quick work of securing her, leaving only the slightest slack for wiggle room. He wanted to be able to feel her moving against him.

He walked to the head of the bed and stared into her loving gaze for long moments before placing the blindfold over her eyes.

“I love you,” she whispered.

“God, baby. I love you so much!” He swallowed hard around the lump of emotions threatening to clog his throat. So trusting, loving, and beautiful. He’d missed her with a desperation that had nearly driven him insane. The decision not to reenlist had been an easy one. His life was here with his family, not traipsing around the world playing soldier. Although he hadn’t told Reba yet, he was certain she would be thrilled. While she’d always supported his military career, their long separation had been difficult for them both.

He went back to the cabinet, making no attempt to be quiet, and made his selections. The small noises he made would just heighten her anticipation. James set everything down on the edge of the bed. Choosing a jar of honeyed dusting powder, he slowly unscrewed the top, the scrape of the lid turning sounding loud in the quiet room. Sporting a wicked

grin, he used a plush, feathered duster and started at her toes, chuckling deeply as the tickling touch made her jerk against the restraints.

“Easy, baby,” he soothed. “Just relax and let me love you.”

Taking his time, James dusted her lush body from the tips of her dainty toes, all the way to her chin. By the time he was finished, she was trembling with need, her syrupy juices saturating her legs and the pillows. The only thing keeping him from just diving in and fucking her senseless was his need to make this first time together after so long special.

Several floggers made from different material lay waiting. He picked up one with tresses that were a combination of suede and feather. Gripping the braided leather handle firmly, he trailed the soft ends over her calves and along the backs of her thighs. Each small whimper and moan drawn from her tensed body tested his resolve.

He traced the ladder of her spine before moving along her side, letting her feel more of the long, soft strips before lightly bringing them down over her ribs. The ends curved around her breast to tease a pebbled nipple. A pleasure-filled cry fell from her trembling lips. He ensured she felt the next lash more deeply, needing to give her that slight bite of pain and increase her enjoyment.

Bypassing the temptation of her ass, James peppered strokes of varying intensity over her legs, arms and back before setting it aside for a heavier one made of mixed suede and leather. This one would have a bit of a sting to it. Dragging two fingers through her creamy slit, he thrust deeply into her clenching cunt. Reba shuddered and moaned, pushing back against his hand.

“So hot, baby,” he moaned bringing his coated fingers to his mouth. “Sweet, baby. So damned good, Reba.”

The first lashes he delivered to her pretty ass were somewhat tentative as James closely watched her facial reaction, and listened for a change in her cries. When Reba began to raise her ass for each swat, he

slowly increased their strength. Her beautiful cheeks quickly took on a darker, reddened tone.

Occasionally he paused and let the tresses caress her skin, the leather cooling her flesh moments before he heated it once again. Bringing the flogger down against her hip, he reveled in her breathy cry as the tresses curled over her skin, the tips kissing her pussy.

“Oh, God, yes. James...”

“I’m right here, baby.” The next stroke brought the tips very close to her engorged clit.

“Please!”

On the final stroke, the tips kissed her clit and Reba exploded. Sitting back, he watched as both her holes, pussy and ass, convulsed like little mouths suckling. “Damn, Reba. You’re fucking beautiful.”

“I need you,” she pleaded.

“You’ve got me, baby.”

And she did. Dropping the flogger, he moved between her legs, sliding the broad head of his cock between her slick folds, moaning as hot cream gushed over his straining flesh. Holding her hips in a firm grasp, he drove into her with one hard thrust, seating himself within the tight grip of her pussy, balls deep. They both held perfectly still, letting the incredible sensations of that first joining of their bodies wash through their souls.

“Now I’m home,” he growled then began to pull back. The silken walls of her pussy sucked at his cock, struggling to keep him within her heated grasp. With each thrust, he drilled his cock into her a little harder, went a little deeper. Reba’s hands fisted in the bedcovers, perspiration broke out over her skin. She drove her hips backward to meet each thrust, the wet sound of her ass slapping against his hips creating a carnal music that joined their breathy pants and pleasure-filled cries.

His hand slid over her hip to her pussy, seeking out the sensitive bundle of nerves, and strumming with the firm pressure he knew she

enjoyed. He lost track of how many times she shattered around him, screaming out her orgasms while he continued to hold back. Just watching the pucker of her anus spasm with each release had him ready to shoot his cum deep into her womb.

Letting go of her hip, he continued to stroke her clit as he gathered some of her thick cream and began to spread it around her ass.

“Oh, yes. I need you in my ass.”

“Mmm...such a greedy lover you are, Reba. Makes me so fucking hungry,” he panted. The tip of his slick finger slid into the fist-tight grip of her back entrance. Her movements became jerky as he worked first one, then two fingers into her while trying to keep up with stroking her clit at the same time. The third finger threw her over the edge, her entire body clamping down on him as she screamed.

James felt his impending release tear through him stronger than anything he'd ever experienced. His balls drew up impossibly tight against his pelvis and lightening streaked down his spine to shoot from the pulsing tip of his cock. Hollering unintelligible words, he let the climax take him to places he'd never dreamed existed, shattering and reshaping his world for seemingly endless moments in time.

They were both completely spent when he finally collapsed against her already crumpled form. Only his care and concern for his wife allowed him to summon enough strength to slip the blindfold from her eyes and remove the restraints before pulling her into the shelter of his body, her back to his front.



It didn't take long for sleep to claim James, his breathing becoming more even and measured as exhaustion demanded he rest. She lay there enjoying the reality of being in his arms, his heart beating a steady rhythm against her back, thinking about their future.

Not in a million years would anyone have predicted the changes his long absence had inspired. Their love hadn't suffered. Quite the opposite, it strengthened. The bond between them had tightened, bringing a new closeness that made her heart swell.

She had loved James before, but now the feelings were increased a hundred fold. The sex, which had always been good, now went beyond amazing, joining them together in new and exciting possibilities. He was her heart, her life, her very soul. And she knew the years to come would bring new depths of pleasure and love between them.

Just thinking about the erotic possibilities of exploring their new intimacy, the fantasies they would share, had her desire stirring back to life. Sheltering within the strength and shelter of his arms was all she could manage until they both rested. But when they woke up...

She fell asleep in the arms of her husband, her very life, a wicked smile curving her lips as she dreamed up wonderful new fantasies for them to share.

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By night, he becomes a mysterious stranger devoted only to her pleasure...and discovers she's hiding a naughty little secret.

Naughty Little Secret

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After divorcing her never-home husband, Lauren Southall plucked up her courage, dusted off her power suits, and returned to corporate life. Two years later, there's just one six-foot three, testosterone-packed problem: her ex-husband's good friend and her current boss, Noah Reeves. Lauren aches for him. No other man will do. But she can't possibly measure up to the silicone-packed professional cheerleaders he dates. So she hides her desire behind a professional persona and fantasizes.

For ten years, Noah Reeves has waited to make Lauren his. Once her divorce was final, he tracked down and hired the brilliant, dedicated woman. But when he's with her, it isn't spreadsheets and profit margins on his brain. Problem is, she's never seen him as anything but her ex-husband's pal. Now that she's finally a free woman and with him 40+ hours a week, well...he'd love to persuade her to throw in her nights and weekends.

Noah decides to romance her by day. By night, he becomes a mysterious stranger devoted only to her pleasure...and discovers she's hiding a naughty little secret of her own.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Naughty Little Secret*:

Awareness prickled along her spine suddenly. Lauren swore she could hear someone exhale. Raggedly. Goosebumps raised on her arms, getting bigger as her heart raced faster.

Or was it possible she wasn't alone? Maybe Mr. Mysterious was here, waiting to make good on his plan to ravish her body once for each bloom in that awesome bouquet she'd received earlier today.

Lauren reached for the chair. "Hello?"

Nothing. But suddenly, she *felt* him here. Yes, she was tired, and it was possible her imagination was overactive...but she didn't think so.

Her heart raced like it was finishing the final laps at the Indy 500. Bracing herself on the chair, she made to walk out of the dining room and into the foyer to flip on a light. She'd told him to leave Friday night. The man coming back...not a good idea. He would only take her body and mess with her head, if she let him.

She wasn't about to allow that.

A firm hand clamped around her wrist before she got anywhere near the light switch and pulled, jerking her back against the hot width of his male chest.

Electricity shot down her arm, exploded in her body. She gasped in the darkness. Oh, God. He *was* back. Here. And given the erect cock prodding her backside, Lauren didn't have to guess twice what he had in mind.

"Hello, Lauren," he whispered in her ear. "I told you I'd be back."

Mr. Mysterious. And she knew what he wanted. His sin-infused voice rasped against her senses. Like the devil's, his voice seemed to say that he'd returned not just to possess her body but to steal her soul. Adrenaline pumped into her and morphed into arousal that snaked through her mercilessly.

His other hand journeyed from her waist up, up—until his palm smoothed over her breast.

“Hard nipples. Nice welcome. For me?”

His touch was like fire. She swallowed against the zip of pleasure slinking up her spine. “Who are you?”

He tsked at her. “We’ve already played that game. Now’s not the time to rehash it again. I’m here to play something far more interesting.”

“But I never got an answer.”

“All in good time.” As if he knew his answer would piss her off, he tempered the words with a seductive caress of his lips over the sensitive crook of her neck. His fingertips skated over her nipples. Her knees buckled.

“You shouldn’t be here.” Her voice shook.

“You’re right. I shouldn’t be here.” He nudged his hard cock against the small of her back. “I should be...”

The hand he’d anchored at her waist dipped south. Lauren’s belly fluttered as his palm glided over her flesh. Heat blossomed inside her as his fingers inched slowly toward the damp, aching spot between her legs.

He covered her mound with his enormous hand. “Here. Right here.”

“No,” she choked past her urge to whimper and beg.

What was it about the man’s touch? Like an electric kaleidoscope of color and sensation. One touch and she could barely remember her own name, much less resist.

“Did you like your roses?” His hushed voice teased, taunted, made her shiver.

“Yes.” She heard the tremble in her voice. “But what you want...it’s not possible.”

His wicked chuckle in her ear sent a shiver through her. He palmed the flat of her belly, bringing her even closer to him. “It’s inevitable.”

Warm, moist lips trailed a path of kisses from her ear down to her shoulder. His hot breath heated her, stirring across her skin. Lauren shivered.

"I love the feel of you trembling for me. I want to feel that tonight as I fuck you." He nipped on her lobe. "As I make love to you."

"No," she protested.

But it was weak. Very weak. Already, his body heat and her memories were combining to crush her resistance. His mouth at her neck drumming up her desires helped to make her self-control look like a tin can freshly crushed for recycling.

"Yes. You're special. I want to show you that, give you the kind of pleasure you've never had."

"You already have. Friday night was amazing, but—"

"Friday night was just a start. I'm dying to give you more. Everything."

Lauren exhaled raggedly. Everything? She didn't doubt he could. If he did, however, she feared her heart and her body wouldn't be hers anymore by the time he was done.

"I already said no."

"I respect that word," he promised. "But not when you're quivering in my arms and creaming your panties while you say it."

Damn! He knew she wanted him.

Of course he knew. The man wasn't an idiot. He was a single-minded, sexually-driven god between the sheets, his hard body was well equipped to drive a woman to repeated orgasms.

And you're resisting...why? Her sex drive asked.

Her sex drive was not helping her keep her priorities straight.

"That isn't the point. I'm not ruled by my panties."

"Ruled? No. But let's see if your panties and I can *persuade* you..."

Before Lauren could breathe or form a coherent answer, Mr. Mysterious had reached beneath her suit skirt and grabbed the panties in question. With a good yank, he ripped them away and tossed them to the ground.

“You don’t wear those again this week, day or night. I want to know that pretty pussy is bare and waiting for me all day.”

“At work—”

“No one at work will know.” He froze. “Unless you plan on showing someone you work with.”

Lauren’s mind flooded with images of Noah—smiling, frowning in thought, shooting her a heated stare. Instead of ramping her desire down, the thought of giving Noah a glimpse of her bare, wet sex made her desire spike fiercely.

“Do you?” he demanded.

“N—no,” she stammered. “But that doesn’t mean I’m going to show you.”

“Oh?” He slipped his fingers into her wet slit, right over her clit and gave a soft little slide. “You’re this wet and needy but you plan to ease yourself?”

As if she could... Only he made her ache like this. Damn him.

Even now, those fingers of his, just grazing her clit slowly, rhythmically, slowly destroyed her defiance—and sanity. The coil of need wrapped tighter and tighter low in her belly, right between her legs. She bit her lip to keep from crying out.

But he knew.

“Don’t hold it in. I want you to tell me how you feel.”

“Stop,” she grated out.

He did. Instantly. His fingers ceased their lush, leisurely stimulation. But his fingers remained on her hard clit, which pulsed under his touch,

silently begging. The ache between her legs became a clamp of pleasure/pain at the sudden deprivation of his strokes.

Nothing in the world could stop the whimper that clawed up her throat and out of her mouth.

“I know,” he murmured gruffly. “I feel you throbbing under my fingers. It’s the same way my cock throbs for you. Want me to make it better, sugar?”

Brianna Wyatt may be a victim of her father's machinations, but one look is all it takes for Cole Masters and Tyler Cannon to offer her their own style of ménage à trois blackmail.

Blackmailed

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Now available in paperback from Samhain Publishing!

Brianna Wyatt's father is blackmailing her into doing what he wants by threatening to send her brother to an institution. She would do anything to keep that from happening, including go along with his demented scheme of her getting pregnant by Cole Masters—a man who's been rumored to share a woman with his best friend, and who leaves Brianna's innocent senses in shambles.

Cole is sure he's about to be blackmailed—why else would a man whore his daughter? But there's something about her that neither Cole nor his best friend, Tyler Cannon, can deny. They want her, and don't hesitate for a second on making their own offer. Her brother's protection for her body.

When danger flirts with Brianna's life, there is nothing they won't do to keep her safe. Including listening to what their hearts are saying.

Enjoy the following excerpt for Blackmailed:

"I know you're awake, Bri."

"Cole?" She turned her head, searching for the source, knowing it hadn't come from her left.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

There he was, at her feet. She swallowed. "Who's here, Cole?"

"You're right. She does swallow when she's nervous."

Two distinct laughs reverberated in her ears. She fought to see through the blackness, to see who she was dealing with, while her body thrilled and betrayed her. She felt the slick evidence of her desire pooling with the thought of being touched by two men, even when her mind screamed it was wrong to want to be fucked by more than one.

Apparently the rumors about Cole were true. She should feel embarrassed, outraged that they were both looking at her naked body, but she couldn't summon up either emotion.

The feather, at least she thought it was a feather, stroked her exposed neck like a lover's caress, soothing her despite her fears.

"Shh. Relax," the man whispered against her ear.

His fingers, she assumed they were the unknown man's, trailed a blazing path down her throat, along the valley between her breasts, pausing to circle her areolas. His fingernails scraped gently across her abdomen and stopped where he dipped into her belly button. Brianna sucked in a breath at the exquisite feelings. It was then she realized she was also bound to the bed by a strap across her hips, preventing her from even arching her back.

Her face grew red as she smelled her own arousal.

"So soft," he murmured.

"Like silk," Cole agreed.

The strange fingers continued their journey, learning her body and tangling in her pubic hair. Brianna bit her lip, silently begging him not to stop, to touch her clit, to make her come, but he withdrew his hand. She groaned in disappointment and sank into the mattress.

"Let's shave this off. I want only skin here."

Brianna gasped at the gruff command, startled by his abrupt change from gentle to demanding.

“A hot, wet towel, Bri.” The bed dipped between her legs where she guessed Cole climbed closer to her.

“Cole, stop. I don’t want this. Don’t do this!” She sounded pathetic, she knew, but God, they had her tied to a bed and were going to shave her pussy.

“You promised, Bri. It was part of our bargain. You agreed to do anything I asked of you. Now I’m telling you. You will do whatever we tell you. Now, shh. We want you naked, Bri. We want to feel your smooth skin as we lap up your juices. It’s just hair, baby.”

“We? We?” Brianna squirmed as best she could. “Who is we? Damn it, Cole, at least let me see who we is!”

“My name is Tyler.” He said this one second before an intense pain shot through her nipple. She screamed and tried to dislodge whatever was pinching her now distended, hard nipple. The tight bead was soothed as quickly as it had been punished by a wet tongue rasping over it. Immediately the pain became a pleasure sizzling its way to her vagina, drenching the hair which would soon be gone.

Suddenly she didn’t care what they did to her pubic hair, she just wanted one of them to touch her.

“A screamer, huh?”

“I told you she was.”

“You made it sound like she was a little noisy, not loud enough to shake the rafters.”

“Yeah, well, I wanted you to see for yourself.”

Brianna mentally pictured Cole’s shrug and nearly cleared her throat as they talked about her as if she were not there. Her nipple was throbbing beneath its clip, a delicious, warm tingle, now that the pain had dissipated.

“Please,” she begged, her body again doing the speaking for her.

“Please what?” Tyler asked.

There was no emotion in his words, as if he didn’t care that he had a tied-up, naked woman laid out like a sacrifice in front of him.

“Please, touch me. Cole,” she offered at the last second, remembering his desire for her to say his name.

“You remembered. I’m impressed.”

He touched her then, laying the hot washrag over her mound. The heat scorched her raised clit, adding to the searing pleasure/pain at her nipple. Her body hummed with desire.

Warm lips closed around her free nipple, sucking it into a hard peak. Tyler, she thought, rolled it around his wet mouth, consuming her. She moaned and ground her head into the mattress. Cole laid his hand over her washrag-clad pussy and pressed in rhythm with the mouth sucking her breast. Its rough texture antagonized her clit, but did not give her enough.

She wanted to touch someone, to feel the hardness of Cole’s body against hers as he devoured her. Even more perverse, she wanted to slide her hands over Tyler’s skin, to learn the shape of him through touch, if she would not be allowed to look at him.

His lips released her tight bud with a pop one second before it was clipped the same as its twin. She screamed and bit into her lip, tasting the coppery fluid leaking onto her tongue.

“Oh, God. Oh, God.” She thrashed her head back and forth, denying the shooting pulses of pain grinding away at her chest. Her nipples burned deliciously as a tongue once again soothed the offended flesh. One touch to her clit would send her over the edge, but now she realized the rag had been lifted and the hot wetness was gone. A cool breeze wafted through her pubic region, cooling her desire.

“Please!” she pleaded, unashamed now that she was so close.

“Not yet, little one.”

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