

And Best Friend Makes Three by Lynn LaFleur

And Best Friend Makes Three

Lynn LaFleur

Chapter One

Brenna West loved spring. She loved to see the flowers blooming, the grass turning green, the trees filling out with leaves. The feel of a gentle breeze on her face always made her smile. With the cool, cloudy weather being the norm for several months, spring came later to the Pacific Northwest than in other parts of the country. That made the unseasonably warm weather with temperatures in the high sixties even more enjoyable. Spring meant a time of rebirth, a fresh start.

A time for love.

Lowering the window of her BMW, she sniffed deeply of the fresh, sun-scented air. This sixteenth day of April was extraordinary for another reason—it meant one year with Eric.

Meeting Eric McFarland was the best thing that ever happened to her.

She'd walked into his real estate office, intent only on looking at listings for houses. Instead, she'd taken one look at Eric and her heart had started pounding. When he offered to show her the houses in her price range, she'd quickly agreed.

By the time they'd toured the third house, she had no doubt she was already falling for him.

Brenna had never imagined she could love a man as much as she loved Eric. His dark, wavy hair, gray eyes and husky body had sent her hormones into a frenzy. His movie star looks naturally drew her attention first, but his caring heart had made her fall so hard for him.

The amazing, wonderful thing about loving Eric was the fact that he loved her, too.

Tonight would be special. Brenna had planned an anniversary dinner for them, including the baked salmon, au gratin potatoes, and spinach salad Eric enjoyed so much. She'd left work early after telling her boss, Carey, that it was her and Eric's special day. She wanted to give herself time to prepare the meal, her house...and herself.

Oh, yes, she had plans for her amazing lover. She glanced at the large sack that she'd picked up from her girlfriend in Tumwater. Once a month, she restocked her candle supply from her friend's boutique. She'd gone a little overboard this time and bought double what she usually did, but she planned to use most of them this weekend. She always burned candles while she and Eric made love, and she intended to make love with him many times over the weekend. Work had taken her out of town for three days. She'd missed being in his arms, feeling him inside her. Tonight, she would start making up for those three days without him.

Her cell phone rang as she pulled into a parking spot at the grocery store. She turned off the ignition and fumbled for her bag. As usual, her phone lay somewhere in the bottom of the large tote she used as a purse.

"Keep ringing," she mumbled. "I'll find you." She pushed aside her calendar, compact, notepad, a tube

of mascara, a package of tissues and several pens. “Aha!” Grabbing the phone, she quickly punched the “Yes” button without looking at the display to see the caller’s number. “Hello?”

“Is this Ms. Brenna West?” a sexy male asked.

The sound of Eric’s voice made Brenna smile. “It is.”

“The Brenna West who is an incredible kisser?”

“I do love kissing.”

“The Brenna West who has the most amazing brown eyes?”

“The color of chocolate, I’ve been told.”

“The Brenna West who has a cute little birthmark on her left thigh?”

“I do have one of those.”

“The Brenna West who has the sexiest body in the world?”

“I don’t know if I’d go *that* far.”

“The Brenna West who makes love as if she can’t get enough?”

Brenna giggled. “I have to say yes to that.”

“So everything I’ve heard about you is true. Well, then, you sound like the perfect woman for me. I think we need to get together.”

“That could be arranged.”

“There are many advantages to being the boss. One of those advantages includes leaving the office early. I can be at your place in an hour.”

“Don’t you dare! You can’t get there before six. I have plans.”

“Aw, come on, sweetheart. Six o’clock is hours away. I don’t think I can wait that long to hold you. I haven’t felt that luscious body against me for three whole days.”

“You’ll survive a little while longer.”

“You’re completely heartless, do you know that?”

Brenna snuggled down in her seat. “I’ll make it up to you, I promise.”

“How?” His voice dropped to a husky purr. “What will you do to make it up to me?”

“Do you want details?”

“Oh, yeah. *Explicit* details.”

Phone sex. In the grocery store parking lot. That would be a first. Brenna glanced around to see if anyone happened to be close to her car. She didn’t see anyone, but turned on her key long enough to raise her window, just to be sure no one overheard her.

“We’ll start with a candlelit dinner. I’m making baked salmon just the way you like it.”

“Mmm, sounds good.”

“I’ll play my slow, smoky jazz CDs while we eat. After dinner, it’ll be cool enough to build a fire. We’ll sit on the floor near the fireplace and have coffee. There will be candles lit everywhere, of course.”

“Of course. Will there be some kissing in there somewhere?”

“*Lots* of kissing. First on the lips, then on other body parts.”

“What body parts? Remember—specific details.”

His voice sounded strangled. Brenna hugged the phone closer to her ear. “On your neck. I love kissing your neck. I’ll nip your throat with my teeth, just a bit, then soothe it with my tongue.”

“Then what?”

“I’ll run my hands under your shirt and comb my fingers through your chest hair. Have I told you how much I love your chest hair?”

“Yeah, you have.”

“I’ll touch your nipples with my fingertips, then take off your shirt and lick them.”

Brenna would swear she heard him swallow. “Then what?”

“I’ll push you back on the floor so I can unfasten your pants. By this time, you should have a very nice hard-on.”

“There’s no doubt about that.”

Brenna smiled. Eric never had a problem getting hard. “I’ll take your cock in my hands and caress it. Then I’ll lick you from your balls to the head, over and over.”

“Then what?” he croaked.

“When your cock is nice and wet, I’ll take off my blouse and bra and slide it between my breasts.”

“Jesus, babe.”

“You said you wanted explicit.”

“Yeah, I did.” He cleared his throat. “Do I get to do something to you?”

“Not until you come in my mouth.”

“Okay, that’s it. I’ll be at your house in fifteen minutes. I can make it in ten if I ignore all the stop signs and red lights.”

Brenna laughed. She’d made him crazy, and she loved it. “I’m not at home.”

“Where the hell are you?”

“I’m shopping on the Westside.”

“Shit,” he muttered, then released a heavy breath. “I can’t leave now anyway, unless I hold a ream of paper in front of my fly.”

“You don’t want to shake up the office?”

“Hardly. The people in this office gossip enough as it is.”

Brenna giggled. She could imagine Eric sitting behind his desk, unable to do anything about the erection pressing against his zipper.

“I’ve missed you,” he said softly.

His sweet words and gentle voice brought a lump to her throat. “I’ve missed you, too.”

“Are you sure I can’t come over before six?”

“Please don’t. I have a very special evening planned for us.”

“Do you need me to bring anything? Vibrator, lubricant, nipple clamps—”

A bubble of laughter caused her to release an unladylike snort. “No!”

“How about a bottle of wine?”

“That you can bring.”

“Dessert?”

“No, I’ll take care of that.”

“Then I’ll see you later. I love you, babe.”

“I love you, too. Bye.”

Brenna dropped the cell phone back in her tote. She inhaled deeply and released her breath slowly as love swelled up in her heart. It must be illegal to be this happy.

Shaking her head to get her thoughts back on track, Brenna grabbed her tote. She had a few things to buy inside the grocery store before she went to Capital Mall. This special evening called for a sexy new bra and panties set from Victoria’s Secret.

* * * * *

Eric replaced the receiver and leaned back in his chair. He tapped his chin with one finger while thinking about his conversation with Brenna. A smile touched his lips. She was incredible. Sexy, beautiful, intelligent, caring...

And surprising.

He tugged on the fly of his pants to adjust his erection. After a year of dating Brenna, Eric would swear he knew her as well as a man could know a woman. Then she would throw him a curve he didn’t expect, like the episode of phone sex they’d just had. She’d never done anything like that. While she had no problem telling him what she wanted or needed in the bedroom, she didn’t throw around words like “cock” and “balls”.

Hearing her talk that way was arousing as hell.

The swelling of his cock made him groan. Remembering the way she'd talked to him wouldn't help his condition one bit.

Contracts, man. Think about contracts and new listings and selling that monstrosity in Lacey that'll bring in a really nice commission.

A rap on his open office door drew his attention. Eric looked up to see Penny Sorenson, his best agent and one of his closest friends, standing in the doorway.

"Got a minute, boss man?"

"Sure."

He scooted his chair back under his desk to hide his condition. Penny walked in with an armload of file folders.

"Six new listings."

"Geez, Penny, do you tackle people on the street and threaten to sing to make them sell their homes?"

"My voice isn't *that* bad." Penny laid the folders on Eric's desk. "I like those fat commission checks. I have a ravenous hunger for books to feed."

"And you like to buy clothes."

"And I like to buy clothes." She sat in one of the cushy chairs before Eric's desk and crossed her legs. "The file on top will interest you."

"Oh?" Eric flipped open the folder. He perused the top sheet, reading the brief description of the house. Two-story Tudor, four bedrooms, three bathrooms, large evergreens, three acres of waterfront land on Eld Inlet...

His heart sped up when he realized which property this could be. He dug through the paperwork, searching for more information. "Where are the pictures?"

"I haven't downloaded them from my digital yet. I just got back a few minutes ago."

His gaze snapped to hers. Only Penny knew about his interest in this property. "This is it. This is the house."

Penny grinned. "It is."

"Download the pictures and send them to me."

"Will do. I'll hurry."

Eric's intercom rang as Penny left his office. "Yes, Allie," he said after punching the button.

"There's a gentleman on line two," Eric's receptionist said. "He says he's a friend of yours, but wouldn't give me his name."

"I'll take it. Thanks, Allie." Eric pressed the button for line two. "This is Eric."

"This is Keith."

Shocked at the sound of the voice on the phone, Eric remained silent a moment before a huge grin

covered his face. "Hey, man, what's going on? You haven't called in months, and your e-mails aren't exactly frequent."

"Yeah, I know. With all the mess in the Middle East, my life has been crazy."

"I'll bet." Eric couldn't stop a shiver when he thought about his friend's occupation as a foreign correspondent for CNN. Not an easy job, especially with the unrest in the Middle East. "Where are you?"

"La Guardia. I'm on my way to Atlanta, then on to Dallas, then Phoenix, then I'm heading to Seattle."

"Are you serious?"

"Totally serious. I need a vacation, big time, and who better to go see than my best bud from college?"

"This is great. When will you be here?"

"I'm not sure of the exact date, but within the next two weeks. Will that work with your schedule?"

"I'll *make* it work." Still smiling, Eric slumped in his chair and crossed one ankle over the opposite knee. "I can't wait for you to meet Brenna."

"So you two are still together?"

"One year today."

"That's great, Eric. I'm happy for you." Eric could hear a noise through the phone that sounded like a voice over a loudspeaker. "They just announced my flight. I gotta go."

"Call me when you're on your way. I'll pick you up at Sea-Tac Airport."

"It's a deal."

Eric replaced the receiver. Memories swamped him, memories of his college days with Keith Dillard as his roommate. He chuckled. *Man, we were wild.* Beer parties, all-night study sessions, all-night make-out sessions, sex with the same girls...

Eric linked his hands behind his head. Oh, yeah. Some of the best sex he'd ever had had been in college. He'd always been careful to use condoms, but had loved to experiment. When Keith had mentioned trying a *ménage à trois* with Eric and Keith's current girlfriend, Eric had agreed without hesitating.

It'd been fun. Not anything he'd want to do on a regular basis, but it had been fun.

Penny poked her head through the doorway. "I emailed you those pix."

"Thanks." Thoughts of Keith and college quickly disappeared as Eric transferred Penny's pictures from his email to his hard drive. He opened each one, his excitement growing with every new picture.

Eric had met Brenna one year ago when she'd come into his office. She'd seen some of the listings on their website and wanted to see the houses up close, not just on a computer screen. A single look at her and he'd known he had to get to know her better. Not wanting any of his agents to take her away before he got the chance to talk to her, he'd volunteered to drive her by the homes himself.

They'd driven by the Tudor on their way to see a listing in Brenna's quoted price range. She'd fallen in love with the Tudor at first sight. It hadn't been for sale a year ago. Now it was.

Eric picked up his telephone receiver and dialed Penny's extension.

"Yes?"

"I want an appointment with the owners of that house. Will you set it up for me?"

"When?"

"Now, if they can see me."

"I'll give the husband a call."

Eric opened the middle drawer of his desk and removed the small blue ring box. Lifting the lid, he studied the glittering two-carat, round solitaire. He planned to propose to Brenna tonight. That house would be the perfect wedding present.

Chapter Two

Eric stood in the kitchen doorway and watched Brenna move about the spacious room. When she'd visited his office a year ago, she had been adamant about having a large kitchen in the house she purchased. She'd succeeded. For a relatively small house, the kitchen had a sizable floor plan. The numerous cabinets, countertops, and center island gave her plenty of room to cook and create.

Leaning against the doorframe, he smiled as he watched her check something in the oven. A long, black and gray skirt stretched over that luscious ass. He could see the heels of her black boots peeking from beneath the hem. She closed the oven and stood, her back still to him, and touched her hair. How he loved burying his hands in that thick, dark mane while he kissed her. She wore it up tonight, piled on top of her head and held with one of those funny-looking clips that women used in their hair. Soft tendrils caressed her neck.

He wanted to push aside those tendrils and caress her neck with his lips.

She turned at the sink, letting him see her profile in her black sweater. His gaze settled on her breasts. Not too large, not too small, they were the perfect size to fill his hands. Brenna had commented several times that she wished they were bigger. By the time Eric finished touching them, sucking the nipples, running his tongue around the areolas, she would be panting and admitting perhaps they weren't too small after all.

Eric grinned. He enjoyed convincing her how much he loved her breasts...and every other part of her. He loved Brenna for *her*, because she was a caring, sensitive woman with a great sense of humor.

Having a killer body didn't hurt, either.

The timer on the stove drew her back to the oven. Eric was blessed with another glimpse of her ass as she removed the salmon. She set the pan on top of the stove, then turned toward him. She stopped short after one step. The astonishment in her eyes quickly changed to pleasure.

"Hi," she said with a smile.

"Hi."

"How long have you been standing there?"

"Only a few minutes." He walked forward and set his bottle of wine on the island. "I've been enjoying

the view.”

“You just like to see my bottom in the air.”

“That’s for sure.” He cradled her face in his hands and kissed her softly. “I’ll take any opportunity I get to see your bottom in the air, preferable with your legs spread wide apart.”

Brenna wrapped her arms around his hips. She slid her hands down, cupped his buttocks, and squeezed. “Well, I kinda like your bottom, too.”

Eric nipped her neck. “You like to hold it while I fuck you,” he growled into her ear.

“Mmm, I love it when you talk dirty.” Brenna tilted her head, giving him easier access to her neck. Eric gently bit her earlobe, then darted his tongue into her ear. A soft moan from Brenna made him tighten his hold on her. Blood rushed to his cock. It wouldn’t take more than two kisses for him to have a full-blown erection.

“The salmon will get cold,” she whispered.

“I like cold salmon.” He kissed her jaw, her cheek, her chin.

Maybe *one* kiss.

“You’re being very naughty.”

“I like being naughty.” He covered her lips with his and kissed her deeply. His tongue stroked her lower lip again and again, asking for entrance into her mouth. She parted her lips just a bit, enough to tease him with her taste.

Yep, one kiss was plenty. He shifted his stance, moving one foot between hers to bring their bodies closer together. They were only a few steps away from the island. He could walk her backward and lift her up to sit on the island, then reach under her skirt and—

“Wouldn’t you like to eat first?” Brenna asked after she ended their kiss.

Eric’s fantasy still filled his mind, so it took him a moment to respond to her question. “Oh, yeah. How about if I start with a nipple appetizer and work my way down your body?”

Brenna laughed. Standing on her tiptoes, she encircled his neck with her arms. “I made all your favorite foods.”

“*You’re* my favorite food.” Eric ran his hands up and down her sides from her breasts to her hips and back. “I’d gladly eat you three times a day.”

“Not very nourishing.”

He grinned. “But a lot of fun.”

“True.” She kissed his lips softly. “Why don’t you pour us a glass of wine while I finish the salad?”

Obviously, sex before dinner was out of the question. Eric’s erection deflated a bit. “Can I stand behind you and play with your breasts while you finish the salad?”

“Yes.”

“Deal.”

Eric dropped a kiss on the tip of her nose before crossing the room to the cutlery drawer. Locating the corkscrew, he expertly opened the bottle of Chardonnay he’d brought, then turned toward the cabinet that held Brenna’s glassware.

“The wineglasses are on the table in the dining room,” Brenna said.

He looked at her, his eyebrows raised in question. They always ate at the island or the small table next to the bay window in the kitchen. The dining room was the perfect size for entertaining, but seemed too large and formal for a simple meal. “We’re eating in the dining room?”

“It’s our anniversary. Of course we’re eating in the dining room.”

Brenna remembering the anniversary of the day they met didn’t surprise Eric. A woman as sensitive as she would naturally remember all the important dates in her life. Wanting to play with her a bit, he asked, “It’s our anniversary? Really?”

The flash of pain in her eyes made him feel like a worm for teasing her about something so important. Eric walked back to her, tipped up her chin, and kissed her. “You didn’t honestly think I could forget the day we met, do you?” He kissed her once more. “Meeting you was the best thing that ever happened to me.”

“Me too,” she whispered.

He caressed her cheek with his thumb. “I’ll go get the wineglasses.”

Eric took one step into the dining room and stopped. She’d outdone herself. The overhead light was off; the only illumination came from a grouping of tall, white tapers in the middle of the table. She’d placed a vase of fresh flowers next to the tapers. Her best china, crystal, napkins, and placemats graced the glass table. He hadn’t noticed the music when he came in the house since he’d been so involved with looking at Brenna. Now he could hear the soft sax coming through the speakers that were hidden throughout the house.

Brenna’s romantic streak was turned up to full throttle tonight. Eric smiled. Good. That made his plan to propose even better.

Picking up the wineglasses, Eric returned to the kitchen. He poured the cold Chardonnay into each glass and lifted one to Brenna’s mouth. She held his gaze while she took a sip.

“Very good.”

Eric turned the glass and drank from the spot her lips had touched. “Yes, it is.”

The sultry look that filled her eyes never failed to make his heart pound and blood rush to his cock. Setting the glass on the island, Eric stepped behind her and cupped her breasts in his hands. His erection flared to life again.

Brenna shot him a look over her shoulder. “What are you doing?”

“You said I could play with these while you finished the salad.” He rasped his thumbs across her nipples. “I *love* playing with these.” Stepping closer, he nestled his cock in the cleft of her ass.

Brenna dropped her salad tongs. “I can’t concentrate when you do that.”

“How much concentration does it take to toss a salad?”

“You’re incorrigible, do you know that?”

“Yeah, but you love me.”

Brenna smiled at him. “Yes, I do.” She turned and placed the salad bowl in his hands. “Tell your ‘friend’ to calm down until after dinner. Make yourself useful and take this to the table. Then you can come back for the rolls.”

Sometimes she could be a bossy little thing. The trait only made him love her more. “Yes, ma’am.”

* * * * *

Brenna shut the refrigerator after placing the last of the leftovers inside it. Leaning against the door, she watched Eric close the dishwasher. He always insisted on helping her clean up after a meal. They worked together in the kitchen, more often than not taking much longer than necessary for they took a kiss break whenever possible.

She loved taking kiss breaks.

They’d already taken several while cleaning the kitchen, leaving her breathless, hot, and damp between her thighs. Her breasts felt full and butterflies danced around in her tummy. Three days without being in Eric’s arms was much too long.

He walked toward her. That sexy swagger of his heated her blood even more. “Why don’t you make the coffee and I’ll build a fire?”

“Okay.”

The desire in her throat made her voice come out as a husky whisper. A satisfied male gleam lit his eyes. He knew exactly the kind of effect he had on her. Tipping up her chin, he kissed her gently, then left the room.

Brenna had to fan her face a moment to bring her hormones back under control before she could start the coffee.

She found Eric seated on the floor in front of the fireplace. He had turned off the lamps on either side of the L-shaped couch, so the room was lit only with the glow of the fire and the many candles on the mantle and tables. He watched her approach, his gaze traveling over her breasts and hips.

Those butterflies started beating inside her tummy again. A year with him should have dampened her desire for him. It hadn’t. If anything, it increased more with each day. Every kiss, every look, every touch, only made her want him more.

She wanted a lifetime with him.

Brenna handed one mug of coffee to Eric and sat on the floor beside him. She sipped the strong brew, but he didn’t taste his. Instead, he held his mug in one hand and looked at her. She took another sip before facing him.

“You’re staring at me.”

“Yes, I am. I enjoy staring at you.” He touched her jaw with his free hand. His thumb coasted over her lips. “You’re so beautiful, Brenna,” he whispered.

His words of praise brought heat to her cheeks. Brenna’s reflection didn’t break any mirrors, but she

knew she wasn't the beauty Eric claimed. "When's the last time you had your eyes checked?"

"I see just fine. You *are* beautiful and talented and intelligent and—"

"Okay, now you're embarrassing me big-time."

"I don't understand why. My God, you design multimillion dollar lighting programs. That takes an incredible amount of talent and intelligence."

Brenna's job took time and patience as well as intelligence. She earned a very nice living because she did her job well. But accepting Eric's—or *anyone's*—compliments had never been easy.

Eric cupped her chin and caressed it with his thumb. "What can I do to convince you how special you are?"

Brenna nipped his thumb lightly with her teeth. "Kiss me?"

He smiled. "With pleasure."

His lips covered hers in a tender, loving kiss. Brenna sighed into his mouth. Each time he kissed her was better than the last. She parted her lips when she felt the soft touch of his tongue. He ventured a fraction of an inch into her mouth, withdrew, then ventured a bit farther. Over and over, he repeated the action. Brenna's bones melted and she had to clutch his upper arms to remain upright.

Eric pulled back enough to look into her eyes. "You, Brenna West, are an excellent kisser."

"I've taken lessons from a master."

"Master, huh?" He grinned devilishly. "I like the sound of that."

"Don't let it go to your head, buster."

"Speaking of heads, I believe there was some talk on the phone today about kissing body parts."

Brenna had to bite her lower lip to keep from smiling. "I seem to recall a conversation something like that."

"So when does all that kissing of body parts start?"

"How about right now?"

Chapter Three

Brenna rose to her knees between his legs. Grasping the hem of his sweater, she pulled it over his head and tossed it aside. Her gaze moved over his broad shoulders, strong arms, and hair-dusted chest. Eric wasn't her first lover. She'd seen other men's chests, and she'd seen pictures of well-built men. None of them could compare to Eric. His father's family came from Ireland, but there was also Mediterranean blood from his mother's family running through his veins. She wouldn't call his skin olive, but he always had the appearance of a tan.

It made him look deliciously sexy.

So did the well-defined muscles in his arms. Eric liked working out, and it definitely showed. He gave himself one day a week to be lazy, but the rest of the week included a regular exercise program.

The exercise program certainly paid off.

Brenna ran her fingernails lightly down his firm chest and flat stomach, then back up again. She did it once more while leaning closer and nibbling the pounding vein in his neck.

He drew in a sharp breath. "Careful, my little vampire."

"Did that hurt? I'm sorry." She swiped her tongue across the bite, hoping to relieve the sting. "Better?"

"Yeah," he said, his voice thick. "Much better."

Brenna shifted so she could nibble the other side of his neck. Eric cupped her buttocks and massaged them as she feasted on his skin. A light sheen of sweat made him taste salty.

Scrumptious, but she wanted more. She pushed on his shoulders until he reclined on the carpet.

Anticipation of what Brenna would do to him sent blood rushing back to Eric's cock, making him hard in seconds.

No other woman had ever affected him the way Brenna did.

She tugged her skirt up to her thighs and straddled his hips. A smug, feminine smile turned up her lips when she settled her pussy over his groin. "Hard already? And I haven't even done anything yet."

"I have a vivid imagination."

"Apparently."

She wiggled her hips, settling herself more firmly over his groin. Eric could feel the heat from her pussy through his slacks and shorts and her panties. He groaned and lifted his hips, gently grinding his cock against her. "That feels good."

"I've only just begun to make you feel good." Starting at his stomach, she ran her fingertips up his body to his shoulders the way she had a moment earlier. Goose bumps erupted on his skin at the feathery touch. She made the return journey with her fingernails. Eric groaned again when she lightly scratched his nipples.

"Like that?" she asked.

"You know I do."

Brenna scratched his nipples again, then leaned forward and soothed the scratches with her tongue. Over and over, she licked his nipples until they were firm nubs. Eric clenched his fists to keep from grabbing her head. The feel of her soft tongue, her warm breath, made him want to throw her to her back and thrust deep inside her.

Moving back on his thighs, she bit and licked a path across his chest and down his stomach. The tip of her tongue dipped inside his navel. Eric closed his eyes to better savor the sensations. He drew in a breath and held it when she unfastened his belt. The button on his pants loosened. He released his breath in a *whoosh* as she slowly lowered his zipper.

Eric opened his eyes again. Brenna looked at his face as she reached inside his shorts. Her gaze fell to his groin when she freed his cock. She wrapped both hands around it and caressed it from head to balls and back again.

Eric sucked in a breath between his teeth. "That's nice, babe."

"It certainly is. I love touching you." She released him long enough to tug his shorts and slacks past his hips. Returning her hands to him, she palmed his balls with one hand while rubbing her thumb over the head with the other. "I love your size. You're big, but not *too* big. You fit inside me just right." She bent forward. "I love your scent, your taste," she whispered.

Her mouth enveloped the head. Eric automatically lifted his hips, trying to drive his cock farther into her mouth.

Brenna pulled away from him. "Uh-uh. No rushing. Lie still and let me love you."

"*Lie still?* You're asking a lot of a man."

She squeezed his cock. "You have a lot to give," she said with a grin. She scooted down his legs, taking his shorts and pants with her. When she reached his feet, she grabbed his socks and shoes too, and pulled them off. The rest of his clothes joined his sweater in a pile next to the loveseat.

Sitting back on her heels, she looked at his body. "This is the way I like you. You are so gorgeous and sexy."

"I feel the same way about you. So how come I'm naked and you're still dressed?"

"Because I'm in charge tonight."

"Oh, you are?" Eric cleared his throat to keep from grinning. He hooked his hands behind his head.

"Does that mean I'm at your mercy for whatever evil thing you decide to do?"

"It certainly does." She pushed his legs apart and moved between them. "I get to do *anything* I want to you tonight."

"Like some of that stuff you talked about on the phone?"

"Yes."

Eric couldn't stop his grin this time. "Goody."

Brenna laughed. "I love a man who's so easy." Her expression once more lust-filled, she ran her hands up and down his thighs. "You *are* easy, right?"

"Extremely."

She scooted farther between his legs. Bending over, she took his cock in her mouth again.

This time, Eric did grab her head. He couldn't help himself. The warmth and moisture of her mouth felt so good. He lifted his hips just a bit, silently encouraging her to take him deeper. She slid her mouth slowly down his length, until her lips touched his balls.

"God, babe," he rasped.

Holding him with one hand, Brenna swirled her tongue around and over the head. "Do you like this?"

"Yesssss."

She caressed the slit with the tip of her tongue, then licked the head again. She ran her tongue down each

side and over the head before engulfing him once more. His cock grew harder and wetter with each pass of her lips over the velvety skin.

Drawing closer and closer to orgasm, Eric dropped back to earth with a thump when Brenna removed her mouth.

“Don’t stop!”

“I had to. You were about to come, and I’m not ready for you to do that.”

“*You’re* not ready?” She was going to kill him. “Jesus, Brenna—”

“My rules, remember?”

Her rules could only go so far before he had to take over. Throwing her to her back and fucking her until she couldn’t walk was sounding better and better.

That thought intensified when Brenna pulled her sweater over her head. She wore a lacy black bra that barely covered her nipples. It pushed her creamy breasts together and upward, making her look far more busty than usual.

Eric swallowed. Hard. He wanted to be inside her more than he wanted to see the sun tomorrow.

Brenna ran her fingers over her breasts. “Do you like my new bra?”

“Very much.” His voice sounded strained to his own ears, but he couldn’t talk normally with desire clogging his throat.

“I bought it today.” She dipped the fingers of one hand into her cleavage. “I’m also wearing skimpy little panties to match it.”

“When do I get to see them?”

“Soon.” Unfastening the front clasp of her bra, she slowly peeled back the cups. Those perfect, rose-tipped breasts came into view. Eric’s mouth watered with the desire to have her hard nipples in his mouth. Brenna slid the straps down her arms and pitched the bra to land on the pile of Eric’s clothes. “I have some other things in mind first.”

Leaning forward, Brenna surrounded his wet cock with her breasts. Eric growled low in his throat and hooked his hands behind his head again so he could see her better. He watched her cup her breasts and push them together to hold him in place. He pumped his hips once, shoving his cock more firmly between her breasts. The sensation felt so good, he pumped again. And again.

Brenna moved her hands until her fingertips touched her nipples. Eric stilled a moment to watch her pluck at them with her middle and forefingers. His breathing deepened at the sight of her pleasuring herself. The only thing better than watching her play with her nipples was watching her rub her clit.

The thought of that made him begin pumping his hips again. Every time his cock appeared at the top of her breasts, she licked the head. Each pump, each lick, brought him closer to orgasm.

“Tell me when you’re going to come,” Brenna said.

“I’m close.”

“Tell me.”

Eric closed his eyes and pumped three more times. “Now!”

Brenna took him in her mouth. Eric grabbed her head, squeezed his eyes shut, and muttered a soft curse as his seed shot down her throat.

He didn’t know how much time passed before he was able to think clearly again. When he finally managed to open his eyes, he saw Brenna standing over him, one foot on each side of his waist. She wore nothing but a very tiny pair of black lace panties.

“I hope you don’t think we’re through.”

Eric slid his hands up her smooth legs, as far as he could reach. “No, ma’am. I was just trying to remember how to breathe.”

“Good.” She reached up and released the clip from her hair. The dark curls fell in a cascade to her nipples. Pushing it aside, she cradled her breasts in her hands and caressed them. “You like to watch me touch myself, don’t you?”

“Yes. Very much.”

“Which do you like to watch the most—me touching my breasts or between my legs?”

“Either one works for me.” He squeezed her calves. “Is it my turn to tell you what to do?”

“I think that’s only fair.”

“Squeeze your nipples.”

Eyes closed, she tilted her head back while rolling her nipples between her thumbs and forefingers. Her pelvis shifted as she touched herself. She was obviously enjoying the sensations in her body.

He wanted her to enjoy so much more.

“Now slide your hand inside your panties.”

Brenna looked him in the eyes. She slowly slid her right hand down her stomach and past the waistband of her panties.

“Push a finger inside you.”

Her panties hid her hand from him, but he could tell by her movements that she’d obeyed his command. He squeezed her calves again. “Add another finger.”

More movement, this time accompanied by a moan and more pelvis shifting.

“Now lick them.”

Brenna pulled her hand from her panties and dragged her tongue up her fingers. That action pushed Eric over the edge. He grabbed her free hand and tugged hard. She released a surprised yelp as she fell on top of him. Eric caught her so she wouldn’t hurt herself, then quickly flipped them so she lay on her back with him looming over her.

“Now we play by *my* rules.”

Chapter Four

A shiver danced up Brenna's spine, but not one of fear. The fierce look in Eric's eyes made her clit throb and her pussy moisten even more. Before she had the chance to draw a breath, he slid his hand inside her panties and covered her mouth with his in a voracious kiss.

He pushed two fingers inside her. Brenna gasped from the sensation, and his tongue filled her mouth. A mewl of pleasure was the only sound she could make as he kissed her hungrily.

She'd released a hungry beast, and she loved it.

"Lift your hips," he said against her lips.

She obeyed him without hesitation. He jerked her panties past her knees, then shoved his fingers inside her again. Brenna let her thighs fall open to give Eric more room. He pumped his fingers in and out of her pussy, pausing only to circle her clit with his thumb.

"You're so creamy." His hot breath flowed over her ear, sending another shiver through her body. "I love how wet you get for me."

Brenna reached between their bodies and wrapped her hand around his rapidly growing erection. "I love how hard you get for me." She squeezed his cock. "I need this inside me."

"I want to make you come first."

Since he insisted, she'd be crazy to deny him. Brenna stretched her arms over her head. "Then do it."

Eric removed her panties, pushed her legs wide open, and crawled between them. Brenna placed her feet flat on the floor and spread her thighs, giving him as much room as she could. For a moment, he simply sat on his knees, his hands on his thighs, and looked at her body. The intensity of his gaze, as if he wanted to feast on every part of her, made her clit start to throb again. She rotated her hips to try and ease the ache.

"Touch me, Eric."

He shook his head. "You first. I want to watch you rub your clit."

He didn't have to tell her twice. Desperate for release, Brenna placed two fingers of her right hand on her pussy. She gathered up the moisture from her body and spread it over her clit. A groan slipped past her lips when she touched her swollen flesh.

"Oh, yeah," Eric whispered. "I love to watch you do that. Rub it harder. Make yourself come."

Brenna increased the movement of her fingers. Knowing Eric watched her every move made her feelings even stronger. Just a bit longer...

Eric pulled her hand away from her body.

Brenna's breath hitched as her orgasm faded. "Wha—"

He raised her hand to his mouth and licked away her juices.

Brenna's body jerked and her clit throbbed. "Why did you stop me?"

"I wasn't ready for you to come."

She tried to sneak her left hand between her thighs. He captured it before she could reach her destination.

“Eric, touch me. Please!”

Holding both her wrists in one hand, he brushed his thumb across her clit in the barest of caresses. Brenna bit her lower lip and raised her hips completely off the floor. “More!”

A devilish grin tweaked the corners of his mouth. “Greedy little thing, aren’t you?”

“Eric, don’t tease me.”

“*You* teased *me*. I should have the right to pay you back.”

Eric slowly circled her clit. Each pass of his thumb over the sensitive tissue made Brenna want to cry out in frustration. She wanted—*needed*—to come. “Eric!”

The pressure of his thumb increased as he slid two fingers inside her again. Brenna drew in a sharp breath. It felt so good...

She gasped when Eric’s other thumb slipped past her anus. She’d been so involved with her feelings, she hadn’t realized he’d released her wrists.

“Relax,” he whispered. “I want to play a little.”

Brenna enjoyed anal play, but she had to be mentally ready for it. She took a breath and blew it out slowly to help her relax.

“That’s the way.” Eric pushed one thumb inside her ass. He continued to caress her clit with his other thumb while he pumped his fingers into her pussy. Brenna rotated her hips to his movements, establishing a rhythm with him. Each time she shifted drove all the digits farther inside her.

She purred with pleasure.

“Touch your breasts,” Eric demanded softly.

Cupping her breasts, Brenna squeezed and pushed them together several moments before rubbing her fingertips over her nipples. Eric’s eyes flared with desire. That look spurred her to continue. She plucked at her nipples until they were hard, rosy points.

The combination of her hands and Eric’s on her body sent Brenna over the top. She cried out as her climax washed over her.

The tremors were still coursing through her body when Eric rolled her to her stomach. She wasn’t allowed a nice, slow descent from the heavens. Instead, Eric pulled her to her knees and jammed his cock into her.

“Oh, God, Eric!”

“Oh, yeah. Take it all, babe.”

Brenna closed her eyes tightly and bit her bottom lip to keep from crying out again. Eric held onto her hips as he rammed into her pussy again and again. Her ears rang with the sound of her pounding heart and his flesh slapping against her. Despite just having a powerful orgasm, the heat quickly pooled low in her belly.

Brenna moaned when he pushed his thumb inside her ass again.

“I haven’t fucked you here in a long time.”

Thinking of that hard cock inside her ass made her shiver with anticipation.

“How about it? Will you let me do that, babe?”

The climax shimmied down her spine and between her legs. Brenna arched her back as her clit pulsed and contractions gripped Eric’s cock.

“Oh, yeah, that’s it. I love when your pussy grabs my cock. Yeah. *Yeah!*”

His fingers dug into her hips. He pushed his cock all the way inside her and released an animalistic grunt. He thrust once, twice, three times, then remained still.

Her heartbeat throbbed in her temples. Eric still gripped her hips, and she had the fleeting thought that there would be light bruises on her skin tomorrow. She didn’t care.

“God, babe,” he said huskily. “That was... God.”

Chuckling at his inability to speak, Brenna moved forward until his cock eased out of her. She heard an audible sucking sound, as if her body didn’t want to release him. Stretching out on her stomach, she sighed tiredly and closed her eyes. Sleep definitely wouldn’t be a problem tonight.

Light kisses up her spine tickled her. She turned her head and smiled at Eric as he lay beside her.

“That was incredible,” he said softly.

“Yes it was.” She touched his lips, and he kissed her fingertips. “You wanted anal sex.”

Eric bent his elbow and rested his head on his arm. “I wanted *everything* with you tonight.”

“So why didn’t you?”

“For one, you didn’t say yes. For another, when you came and your pussy clenched around my cock, I couldn’t hold back coming too.” He rubbed her back in small circles. “I’m not the least bit disappointed.”

“I am.”

Eric frowned slightly. “Why?”

“We didn’t have dessert.”

He rolled to his back and laughed out loud. Grinning, Brenna propped up on her elbows. “I made chocolate mousse, and I had a lot of ideas on how we could play with it.”

Laughter still shone in his eyes when he looked at her again. “That certainly sounds interesting. We’ll play with it tomorrow. How’s that?”

“Deal.”

Eric cradled the back of her head and pulled her closer for a deep kiss. She’d been gone for three days, overseeing a lighting project at a new casino in Reno. He couldn’t believe how much he’d missed her. He’d missed the sex, yes, but he’d also missed *her*. He’d missed her smile, the way her eyes crinkled at the corners when she laughed, the scent of her lavender soap in his bathroom. He’d missed sharing meals,

and waking up with her in his arms.

"I'm glad you're home," he whispered.

"Me too."

"You don't have to leave again right away, do you?"

She bit her bottom lip. Eric knew that telling action meant she didn't want to say what she was about to say. "Wednesday."

He hadn't known she would leave again so soon. He tried to be understanding about her many out-of-town trips because he knew how much she loved her job. At times, though, it was hard to be patient. "How long will you be gone this time?"

"I'm not sure, exactly, but it should only be a few days. It's the same job, Eric. It's almost finished and I need to be there to make sure everything works."

"I know you do. It's just..." He ran his thumb over her cheek. "It's getting harder to be away from you."

"For me too."

She leaned forward and kissed him. "After this trip, I won't have to leave again until I go to Athens."

"But you'll be gone several weeks then, right?"

"Yes," she said softly. "Setting up for the Olympic ceremonies will take several weeks. Plus, I have to be there for the actual opening ceremony."

Eric sat up, one knee bent and one leg flat on the floor. "I'm very proud of you, Brenna, but sometimes I wish you weren't so damned good at what you do."

"You could go with me."

"To Reno?"

"No. To Athens." The thought must have just occurred to her for her eyes lit up with excitement. She scrambled up to her knees and grabbed his hands. "Oh, Eric, that's a wonderful idea! Say you'll go with me. Penny can run everything while you're gone, can't she?"

"Penny's run things while I was gone for a couple of days. You're talking *weeks*, Brenna. You know how busy my office is. I don't think that would be fair to her."

Brenna twitched her mouth back and forth. "What if you came over for, say, a week after the Olympics start? Ooh, Eric, that would work. We could watch some of the games, sightsee, go out for romantic dinners, make love every chance we get." She squeezed his hands. "Please say you'll go."

He couldn't possibly say no when it obviously meant so much to her.

And it was the perfect lead-in for his proposal.

"I think it'd be great to see Athens with you. It would be a great place for a honeymoon."

Brenna clapped her hands. "Oh, we'll have soooo much fun. I already have dozens of brochures. We can..." Her voice trailed off and the laughter quickly disappeared from her eyes. "Honeymoon?"

If she hadn't looked so shocked, Eric would've laughed. "Yeah, honeymoon. As in the place where two people go after they get married."

She sat down, hard. Eric couldn't resist dropping a kiss on her parted lips before he grasped his jacket he'd tossed on the loveseat upon his arrival. Reaching inside one of the front pockets, he withdrew the blue ring box.

Glittering tears filled her eyes when he looked at her again. One tear fell down her cheek. He wiped it away before he opened the box and held it up for her to see the ring.

"I love you, Brenna Marie West, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Will you marry me?"

More tears fell from her eyes as she nodded. Eric removed the ring from the box and slipped it on the third finger of her left hand. Brenna moved her hand and wiggled her fingers.

"It's beautiful, Eric," she said, her voice raspy. "And it fits perfectly."

"I would've bought a bigger diamond, but—"

She touched his lips with one fingertip. "No, this is perfect. It's absolutely perfect." Cupping his face in her hands, she kissed him tenderly. "*You're* absolutely perfect."

"Funny, I feel the same way about you."

Eric kissed her while lowering her back to the floor. The kisses continued as he moved between her legs. Brenna wrapped her arms around his neck, her legs around his waist. Still kissing her, Eric slowly slid his cock inside her.

He didn't hurry toward a climax. He didn't increase the speed of his thrusts. This was a time for tenderness, a gentle buildup to completion.

A time for love.

Brenna's choppy breathing told Eric of her rapidly approaching orgasm. Hooking his arms beneath her knees, he drove deeper into her. Still maintaining the slow, steady rhythm, he circled his hips while thrusting to give Brenna the greatest stimulation on her clit.

"Come for me, babe," he whispered into her ear. "I want to feel you come again."

He'd barely uttered the words when her body tightened and he felt the contractions deep inside her. She arched her neck. Unable to resist that tempting flesh, Eric lightly bit it as he continued to thrust. No more than a few moments passed when Brenna trembled and the contractions once again gripped his cock. Her second orgasm sent him over the edge with her.

Heart pounding, lungs burning, Eric lay still on top of Brenna. When he finally gathered enough strength to raise up on his elbows, he kissed her softly.

"I don't think I can do this every time you're gone for three days."

Brenna chuckled. "Me either."

"Sore?"

"A little. But it's a good sore."

“Definitely a good sore.” Her eyes looked drowsy, as if she could fall asleep in seconds. He pushed her damp hair back from her forehead and kissed it. *“How about if we get some sleep? I want you to be all rested tomorrow for my surprise.”*

The drowsy look instantly left her eyes. *“Surprise? What is it?”*

“If I tell you now, it won’t be a surprise.”

“Eric—”

He stopped her objection with a kiss. *“Sleep now, surprise tomorrow.”*

Chapter Five

Eric moved his head to get the bright light out of his eyes. As consciousness slowly seeped into his brain, he realized it was the sunlight streaming through the east window. After three tries, he managed to open his eyes and look at the clock. A few minutes before ten. He rarely slept this late. But then, he rarely had all the...activity he’d had last night.

Three times in the living room hadn’t been enough. Once they went to bed and Eric had drawn Brenna into his arms, once he’d felt her nude body against his, he’d wanted her as much as before they’d ever made love.

She’d felt the same as he, and had decided to be in charge again. His little temptress had ordered him to lie on his back in the middle of the bed. Her warm mouth had quickly perked his “friend” back up so she could climb on top of it. Eric had laid on his back, his arms beside his head, while she rode him to another climax.

Seeing her back arched, her head back, her breasts thrust forward while she came, was so incredibly sexy.

His sex life with Brenna was more exciting, more passionate, than he’d ever imagined. Finding a woman so free, so willing to try anything he wanted, made him feel very lucky.

It also made him feel very horny.

Thinking about her passion sent blood rushing to his cock, despite everything they’d done last night. He turned to his side and reached for her. Her side of the bed was empty.

The smell of coffee drifted to his nostrils. Eric looked toward the door. Brenna stood in the doorway, sipping from a large mug. She wore a floor-length, black silky robe. A mischievous smile touched her lips.

“Want a taste of my...” She shifted her leg, giving him a glimpse of a creamy thigh. *“...coffee?”*

The sight of that thigh turned him hard instantly. Eric sat up and stuffed his pillow behind his back. *“A taste of your...coffee sounds delicious.”*

Brenna sauntered toward the bed. The way she walked made him think of a cat on the prowl.

Eric bit back a groan as even more blood rushed into his cock.

She sat on the bed, facing him, and held out her mug to him. *“Rich blend, with a dash of cream.”*

“Just the way I like it.” Eric accepted the mug and took a healthy sip. “You’re good at giving me things the way I like them.”

“So are you.” Leaning forward, she kissed him softly. “Last night was incredible.”

“Yes, it was. What do you think about a repeat today?”

“We’d probably have to stay in bed all day.”

“I have nowhere else to go.”

“Then I think it’s an excellent idea.”

Eric cradled her neck in his hand, intent on pulling her to him for another longer kiss. The ringing telephone stopped him. He frowned at the offending instrument.

“There are times when I really hate the telephone.”

Brenna touched his chest. Her fingers felt warm on his skin. “The machine will get it.”

At that moment, Brenna’s boss’ voice came over the answering machine. “Brenna, call me ASAP. There’s been a change of plans for the casino in Reno.”

Biting her lower lip, Brenna looked from the machine to Eric and back again. He could feel her frustration. She wanted to be with him, but she had an obligation to her client. He sighed to himself while his erection deflated. “Call her back, babe.”

She combed her fingers through his chest hair. “I want to concentrate on *you*. I’ll call her later.”

“Call her *now*. It sounded important. I’ll just sit here and be horny.”

She kissed him quickly before reaching for the telephone. Eric sipped his coffee and listened to Brenna’s end of the conversation.

“Hi, Carey, what’s up... He did? When?” She glanced at Eric and fiddled with the lapels of her robe. That nervous gesture told him he wouldn’t like whatever her boss was saying. “Yeah, I can bump it up a bit... *Today?*” Another glance. “Well, yes, I have plans for today. Eric is here and... Oh.” More fiddling with her lapels. Eric would’ve grinned at her unconscious movement if he hadn’t been so disappointed. He wanted to show Brenna the house today. From her end of the conversation, it sounded like she’d be flying off again before either of them wanted her to leave.

“I’ll check on flights and call you back... I’ll tell him. Bye.”

Brenna slowly hung up the receiver, not looking at him. “Carey sends her best.”

“Carey sends an apology for taking you away from me so soon.”

“That too.” She scooted closer to him, sitting on her heels. “The wife wants some changes. Since she’s the one with the money, hubby does whatever she wants. I have to go back.”

“Today?”

Brenna nodded. “I’m sorry,” she said softly. “I really wanted to spend the whole weekend with you.”

She looked sad, and guilty. Eric refused to let her feel either way. He cupped her face in his hands and

gave her a long, deep kiss. "Check on your flight. I'll cook breakfast while you get ready."

Brenna wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him again. "You're wonderful, do you know that?"

"Yeah, I'm a prince. Now get off this bed before I change my mind and ravage you."

* * * * *

Brenna held tightly to Eric's arm as they walked into Sea-Tac Airport. She didn't want to let him go. She'd had so little time with him lately, hopping all over the United States for her company instead of being with the man she loved. This weekend was supposed to be for *them*, not for a too-rich-for-her-own-good casino owner in Reno.

She already had her electronic ticket and boarding pass, so they bypassed the ticket counters. She walked slowly toward the security gate, trying to postpone her leaving as long as possible.

Ten feet from the gate, Eric pulled her to the side, away from the crowd making their way through security. Brenna went willingly into his arms and clutched him tightly.

"Be a good girl," he whispered.

"I will."

She pushed her hands into his hair. The movement made the diamond in her ring sparkle. She'd hoped they could start making wedding plans today. They hadn't even had the chance to set a date. "I'll miss you."

"I'll miss you, too." Eric pulled back and looked into her eyes. "This is it, right? No more out-of-town trips until you leave for Athens?"

"This is it, I promise. Carey's guaranteed I'll stay here at the office and plan future projects until it's time to leave for Athens."

"Good, because we have a lot of things to talk about."

"Like my surprise I didn't get?"

"That's one thing, yes."

"And setting a wedding date?"

"That's another thing." He ran his hands up and down her sides. "Keith will probably be here by the time you get back. I want you to have plenty of time to get to know him. He's a good friend."

Eric had told her about his friend coming for a visit while they lay in bed last night. She'd heard a lot of stories about the famous foreign correspondent in the year she'd been with Eric and was eager to meet him. "You two need some time for yourselves without me anyway, so you can talk about old girlfriends and stuff like that."

Eric grinned. "Us talking about old girlfriends and stuff like that won't make you jealous."

"Well, maybe a little. Just don't have too much fun without me."

"Never."

With tears burning her eyes, she reluctantly hugged and kissed Eric once more, then stepped up to the security entrance. She passed through, picked up her large tote from the belt, and waved to Eric before turning the corner to head for her gate.

Stuffing his hands in the pockets of his slacks, Eric watched Brenna until she disappeared from sight. He missed her already.

Man, I've got it bad.

The intensity of his feelings always surprised Eric. He never would have believed he could care so much about a woman as he did about Brenna. There'd been other lovers in his life, other women he'd loved. What he'd felt for them was nothing compared to what he felt for Brenna. Spending the rest of his life without her wasn't even a remote possibility.

He hadn't planned to spend his Saturday at the office, but with Brenna gone, Eric had no reason not to get some work done.

He stepped out of the airport into the bright spring sunshine. Halfway to his car, his cell phone rang. Eric pulled it from his jacket pocket and flipped it open.

"This is Eric."

"This is Keith."

Eric smiled. "Hey, man, what's up?"

"I'm flying into Sea-Tac tomorrow. Can you still pick me up?"

"Tomorrow? What happened to Atlanta, Dallas, and all those other stops you had to make that I can't remember?"

"Change of plans. I'm tired, my friend. I need some rest. I want to do absolutely nothing for the next week except sleep late, eat good food, read, have sex with several gorgeous women, relaxing stuff like that."

Eric unlocked his car and slipped behind the driver's wheel. "I suppose you want me to set you up with those gorgeous women, right?"

"Hey, what are friends for?"

"I threw away my little black book when I started dating Brenna."

"Does she have a sister?"

"Nope. Only child."

"Cousin? Best friend? Not-so-best friend? Hell, I'm not picky. Do you have any idea how long it's been since I've been laid?"

Eric found that hard to believe. Not only was Keith what women called "a hunk", he had an exciting, adrenaline-pumping job. "You? The famous foreign correspondent? Don't you have a girl in every port?"

"Hardly. Sweaty guys wearing fatigues who spend a lot of time in foxholes aren't exactly my idea of possible lovers."

Eric laughed. "I'll see what I can do. I wouldn't want you to suffer too much while you're here."

"If Brenna is as great as you've told me, you could share her with your best friend."

"Sorry, friend. Brenna is off-limits."

"Damn. And here I thought I could convince you to try a little *ménage a trois*, like we did in college."

"What time does your plane land?"

"Talk about changing the subject fast. Got a pen and paper?"

"Yeah," Eric said, reaching for the small clipboard he kept on his dash. "Go ahead."

Eric scribbled down Keith's flight information. "Got it." He tossed the clipboard on the passenger seat. "So, what do you want to do first when you get here?"

"This will probably sound boring to you, but I want to have a great meal, preferably home-cooked, and relax."

"I can handle that. I just happen to be a great cook."

"My mouth is watering already. See you tomorrow."

Eric closed his cell phone and laid it on the seat next to the clipboard. It'd be great to see his friend again. Keith had been to Seattle once almost a year ago, right after Eric had started seeing Brenna. She'd been out of town working, so she'd never had the chance to meet him.

He hadn't seen Keith again until they managed to hook up in Chicago when Eric went there for a broker's convention six months ago. They'd fallen right back into a routine, as if they saw each other every few days instead of every few months.

Part of that routine included talking about women and sex. Keith had tried to talk him into picking up a couple of gals for the night. Eric had flatly refused. He loved Brenna and had no intention of ever cheating on her. It wasn't like college, where they were both unattached and could have sex with a different gal every night.

Or even sex with the same gal for one night.

Rubbing his upper lip, Eric thought about Keith's joke regarding a *ménage* with Brenna. At least, he assumed Keith had been joking.

Of course his friend had been joking. Eric had spoken on the phone and e-mailed back and forth with Keith many times, so his friend knew how much Brenna meant to him. That thing in college with Keith's current fling hadn't been serious because Keith hadn't been serious about the girl. This was totally different. Eric loved Brenna.

Part of the love he felt for Brenna meant wanting to please her in every way possible. Brenna was a very sensual woman who loved sex, and loved it frequently. Having two men make love to her at the same time would certainly give her pleasure.

Eric drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. *Can I do it? Can I share Brenna with another man, even if he is my best friend? Can I watch Keith touch, kiss, fuck, the woman I love?*

Shaking his head, Eric chuckled while starting his car. *Keith was teasing. We're both thirty years old*

and beyond college pranks.

Still, the idea grew in his mind on the drive from Sea-Tac to Olympia. Brenna was always willing to do whatever Eric suggested, and she came up with some great ideas herself. He couldn't think of a sexual position or act they hadn't tried. They'd made love in every room of her house and his condo. They'd made love at both their workplaces, and in both vehicles. This would be something new, something different.

Something to please his woman.

What a wild wedding present.

Eric grinned as a plan began to formulate. Yeah, it just might work...

Chapter Six

Eric chuckled as he watched Keith collapse on the couch. "How can you be tired? You just spent four hours sitting on an airplane."

"I just spent four hours sitting on an airplane. That's why I'm tired." Keith let his head fall back to rest on the couch. "Getting on a plane is harder some days than others."

"You log a lot of air miles."

"*Too* many." He tilted his head and looked at Eric. "I'm too young for burnout."

"After a week off, you'll be itching to get back to work."

"Maybe." He rubbed one hand over his face. "Don't mind me. I've just spent the last two months in the Middle East seeing things I wish I hadn't seen. I'll be all better after a drink and something to eat."

"Let's go in the kitchen. I'll fix us that drink, then start dinner."

A spark of excitement lit Keith's eyes. "Food? *Real* food? Something I don't have to order off a menu?"

"No menus. Everything in this house is the chef's choice."

"I can live with that." He struggled to stand. "Lead the way."

In the kitchen, Eric gestured for Keith to sit on a stool at the center island. "You still drink bourbon?"

"That'll work."

Eric glanced at his friend often while preparing their drinks. Despite his tan and sun-streaked hair, Keith did look tired, and older than his thirty years. The e-mails Eric had received from Keith lately told him his friend had been in Europe and Asia practically full-time for almost six months. Getting only a short time at home every few weeks had to be tiring.

"You want to talk about those things you wish you hadn't seen?"

"No."

That "no" didn't sound very convincing to Eric. "Seeing people who have so little makes you appreciate how lucky you are, doesn't it?"

“Yeah,” Keith said softly.

Eric set Keith’s drink in front of him. He watched his friend raise the glass to his mouth and drain half of it.

Keith returned the glass to the bar. “Good bourbon.”

“Thanks.” Without asking, Eric added another shot to Keith’s glass.

“It’s the kids, you know?” Staring into the amber liquid, Keith rolled the glass between his palms. Silently, Eric sipped his own drink, giving his friend the chance to talk at his own pace.

“They have nothing, Eric. No running water, no electricity, very little to wear, almost nothing to eat. God, just looking at them hurts. I wanted to pack up every one of them and bring them home with me.”

“Tugged at your heart, huh?”

“Big time.” Keith took another sip of his bourbon. “I never thought of myself as the dad type. Seeing those kids...”

“Seeing those kids made you realize there’s more to life than hopping around the world.”

“Yeah.” Keith cleared his throat. “We’re getting way too serious here. I’m supposed to be on vacation.”

Eric believed his friend needed to talk more about what he’d experienced, but pushing Keith wasn’t the way to get him to open up. “Okay, no more serious stuff.”

“Good.” Keith sipped his drink. “So, where’s Brenna? I’m eager to meet her.”

“She’s in Reno. Her company is installing the outside lighting of a new casino.”

“Sounds like she travels almost as much as me. Do you ever go with her?”

“Not so far. But I will go to Athens in August. Her company is doing some of the lighting at the Olympics. She’s in charge of the lighting at the opening ceremonies.”

“I’m impressed. She must be good.”

“Her company’s been steadily growing. Sometimes I wish it wasn’t so successful.”

“She’s gone a lot?”

Eric nodded. “More often than I like. But I knew what she did when we got together, and I try to be supportive.”

“It’s hard to be supportive when you’re alone in your bed.”

“True. I like it much better when she’s in my bed with me.” Eric drained his glass and set it on the bar. “Are you hungry?”

“Starving.”

“Then I’d better get busy.”

Eric washed his hands, then crossed the floor to the refrigerator. He removed lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers, celery, and radishes. Carrying them back to the island, he set them on the bar in front of

Keith. "You can make the salad while I start the steaks."

"Hey, I'm a guest."

"Guest, hell. Get busy. Wash your hands first."

"Nag, nag, nag. You sound like my mother." Keith walked to the sink and washed his hands while Eric added a cutting board, large bowl, and knife to the bar. Leaning against the counter, Keith dried his hands with a paper towel. "Nice place."

"Thanks. I like it."

"How come you and Brenna don't live together?"

"We practically do. Half of my clothes are at her house and half of hers are here." Eric laid two thick T-bones on a broiler pan. "We just never made it official." He chose seasoning salt and pepper from a cabinet and proceeded to sprinkle them over the meat. "That's gonna change soon. I proposed to her last night."

Keith smiled. "Hey, that's great. When's the big event?"

"We didn't get the chance to set a date before she had to leave. That's our first priority when she gets back."

"I envy you, man," Keith said softly while walking back to his stool. "I don't even have *dates*, much less anything more serious."

"You were always the one who didn't want to get married, who wanted to play the field and see the world."

"The world is a big place to see alone." Keith picked up a cucumber and started to peel it. "So, are you gonna help me while I'm here?"

Eric paused while sliding the pan of steaks under the broiler. "Help you?"

"You said you threw away your little black book, but surely you know some single women. You and Brenna could go out with me and Kate."

"Kate?"

"I've always liked the name Kate."

Eric chuckled and closed the oven door. "Kate works."

"Okay, so you and Brenna could double date with me and Kate. A nice night out, dinner, dancing, a good bottle of wine, then back to her place for some...you know."

"You're sure she'll want to...you know?"

"Absolutely. I'll charm her so thoroughly, she won't be able to resist me."

"Of course." Struggling not to laugh, Eric leaned against the cabinet and crossed his arms over his chest.

"So, Kate and I will go back to her place. And if you and Brenna want to tag along, we could have a *real* party." Keith waggled his eyebrows and grinned.

Eric didn't return the grin. His friend's joke was too close to what might actually happen to be funny.

The amusement quickly faded from Keith's face. "Hey, man, I'm shitting you. I'm not trying to horn in on your lady."

"What if I want you to?"

Keith's mouth slackened and he dropped the tomato he held. He had to do a fast juggling act to keep it from falling to the floor. "You want to run that by me again?"

Eric walked to the bar and stood facing Keith. "I know you were joking when you mentioned the *ménage* with Brenna, but I've been considering it. It might be a good idea."

"Are you serious?"

"Yeah, I am. Brenna is a very passionate woman. I think she'd really enjoy it."

"Whoa." Keith laid down the tomato and knife. "We haven't done anything like that since college, and then only once."

"Didn't you like it?"

"Well, yeah. It was wild." A crooked grin touched Keith's mouth. "*Naomi* was wild. She wore out both of us and could've taken more." He rubbed his upper lip. "I haven't exactly been celibate since then, despite the dry spell lately, but I think that was the best sex I've ever had. It was certainly the most...intense."

"So you're willing? Consider it a wedding present for Brenna."

Keith laughed. "It'd be a hell of a wedding present." Picking up the tomato again, he began to slice it. "You sure she'll be okay with it?"

Eric walked back to the stove and turned the steaks before he answered Keith. "I think she'll be apprehensive at first, then curious, then very turned on."

"Very turned on is good." Keith scraped the tomatoes into the bowl and picked up the stalk of celery. "So, do you have this all planned out?"

"I have some ideas..."

* * * * *

Brenna waved at Eric as he pulled up to the curb. With the tight security at Sea-Tac, Eric couldn't come inside the terminal and wait for her at the luggage carousel. Luckily, the weather was still beautiful, so it hadn't bothered Brenna to stand outside the terminal and wait for her ride.

He met her at the trunk. After a quick hello kiss, he opened the trunk and placed her suitcase inside. "How did it go?"

"Good."

"Did you please the wife?"

"Finally." Brenna walked with Eric to the passenger side and waited while he opened the door for her. "She's actually a tightwad. After I told her how much all the changes she wanted would cost, she was

willing to back off a bit and leave everything to the ‘experts’.”

“I knew you’d win her over.”

Brenna watched Eric shut her door and jog around the front of his car. God, he was gorgeous. He wore tight faded jeans and a gray polo almost the same color as his eyes. She’d casually mentioned three months ago how much she liked longer hair on a man. He’d been letting it grow ever since, until soft waves now covered his ears and touched his neck. The longer length looked so good on him.

Everything about him looked good. She could hardly wait to get him alone and tear off his clothes.

Eric slid into the driver’s seat, cupped her neck, and drew her toward him for a deep kiss. “Welcome back,” he said with a smile.

Brenna touched his cheek and let her fingers glide over his lips. “I’m glad to be back.”

After checking his side mirror, Eric pulled into the traffic leaving Sea-Tac. “Do you want to go to your house first, or straight to my place? Keith can’t wait to meet you.”

“Why is it I’ve never met Keith? You two have been friends for over ten years.”

“He’s only been here once since you and I have been together. You were out of town working.”

“Oh.” Brenna didn’t doubt that. She’d been out of town working a lot lately. That would change once she and Eric were married. She’d been training new people, and they were just about ready to test their wings. As soon as Brenna knew they could handle the load, she’d tell Carey she wanted less time on the road and more time at the company working on the initial planning stage so she could stay in Olympia with her husband.

Husband. She did love the sound of that word.

Brenna laid her hand on Eric’s leg. “I suppose Keith is expecting us right away.”

“He knew what time your plane landed, and he knows the time it takes to get from the airport to my place.” Eric glanced at her. “Why?”

Brenna drew little circles high up on Eric’s thigh with one fingertip. “Well, you mentioned going to my place first. You could...welcome me home in a very special way before we meet Keith.”

Eric raised her hand from his thigh and kissed her palm. “Trust me. I will definitely welcome you home in a very special way before the night is over.”

Chapter Seven

Brenna almost choked on her sip of wine. Keith had been telling stories all through dinner about his and Eric’s college days, and some of the crazy things they had done.

“You know,” Eric said as he leaned back in his chair, “I don’t think Brenna really needs to hear all the sordid details of my past.”

“You leave him alone. This is fun. Go ahead, Keith.”

Keith looked from Brenna to Eric and back again. “I don’t like the look in his eyes, Brenna. I think I’m about to get in major trouble here.”

“He wouldn’t dare hurt you in front of me.”

“Don’t be too sure about that,” Eric growled.

Keith opened his mouth to speak again, but stopped when the telephone rang. He grinned. “Saved by the bell.”

“Just hold whatever you were going to say until I get back.” Eric laid his napkin next to his plate and stood. “I’ll take that in the living room. Excuse me.”

Once he left the room, Brenna picked up her wineglass and took another sip. This was the first time she’d been alone with Keith. He seemed like a great guy. He was certainly easy to look at with his tall, muscular frame, broad shoulders, and sun-streaked light brown hair.

He was also affectionate. When Eric had introduced them, he’d lifted her off the floor in a tight hug. A man’s hug told a lot about him. She could tell by the way he squeezed her that he’d be very attentive to a woman.

If she wasn’t so crazy in love with Eric, she’d definitely be interested in dating Keith.

“Would you like more wine, Brenna?” Keith asked, touching the bottle of white zinfandel.

“Yes please.” She held up her glass and let Keith refill it. “The dinner was wonderful. Eric didn’t tell me you’re such a great cook.”

“He didn’t know. I’ve been a slug for the last three days. Either Eric’s cooked, or we’ve eaten out.” Keith set the wine bottle back on the table. “It’s usually been Eric cooking. Having real meals I haven’t ordered off a menu has been great. But I decided I should do something other than be a slug, so made a trip to the grocery store while he went to the airport. I’m afraid I’m not much of a baker, though, so no fancy dessert.”

“After this wonderful meal, I don’t have room for dessert.” She propped her elbows on the table and held her glass in both hands. “You’ve done a lot of talking about Eric, but very little about yourself. Your job must be so exciting. Where do you go next?”

“Back to the Middle East. I’ll fly out of Sea-Tac to New York Saturday, then on from there.”

She wondered at the flat tone of his voice. She thought he’d be excited to get back in the middle of all the action. “You don’t exactly sound enthusiastic about it. Being a foreign correspondent sounds absolutely fascinating.”

“I love my job, I do, but I’m just... I was really tired. I needed these few days off. Eric’s been a great friend. He’s pretty much let me do whatever I’ve wanted to, which has included a lot of sleeping and reading.”

“Then you must have needed to sleep. I firmly believe your body tells you what you need.”

Keith tilted his head. “Eric has been bragging about how intelligent you are. Looks like he wasn’t simply bragging.”

Warmth flooded her cheeks. Receiving a compliment always embarrassed her. Brenna quickly turned the conversation a different direction. “Tell me more about Eric’s college days.”

Picking up his wineglass, Keith leaned back in his chair. “I don’t think I should talk about my friend

behind his back. How about if we talk about you?"

Brenna shrugged. "There's nothing exciting about me."

His gaze dipped to her breasts for a second. "I disagree with that."

Knowing Keith was teasing her with that wicked look in his eyes, Brenna shook one finger at him. "Coming on to your best friend's girl is not allowed." She sipped her wine. "C'mon, be brave. Eric is a gorgeous guy. I'll bet he didn't lack for dates, did he?"

Keith chuckled. "Well, I don't know how 'gorgeous' he is since he isn't my type, but no, he didn't lack for dates."

"Did he have a steady girlfriend?"

Keith shook his head. "No. He never dated anyone for more than a few weeks. That hasn't changed over the years. I've known him a long time, and he never stayed involved with one woman for very long...until you. He really loves you, Brenna."

"I love him, too, more than I ever thought I could love a man."

"I like the sound of that," Eric said as he walked back into the dining room. He kissed Brenna's lips softly before returning to his chair.

Keith set his glass on the table with a *thump*. "If you two are gonna get all mushy, I'm outta here."

"You're just jealous 'cause I got the girl first." He kissed Brenna again. "Brenna's a lot of fun when we're mushy."

"I'll bet she is."

"Okay, guys, that's enough. You both sound like you're flirting with me."

"*Moi*?" Keith asked, wide-eyed. "I would never flirt with my best friend's girl. Besides, you told me I couldn't."

"I think it's time to change the subject." Brenna stood and began to gather up the dirty dishes. "Would anyone like coffee?"

"Sounds good," Eric said as he also stood. "If you'll start the coffee, I'll get dessert."

"Dessert? But Keith said he didn't make any."

"He didn't. I did." He looked directly into her eyes. "I made chocolate mousse."

Eric watched Brenna's eyes widen, then narrow seductively. He knew the mention of the creamy dessert would affect her. They hadn't had the chance to eat the mousse she'd made Friday, or the chance to play with it during lovemaking. They would do both tonight.

He and Keith had plans for that chocolate mousse later. Eric had prepared a double batch to be sure they had enough.

Eric dished up their dessert while Brenna started coffee. Keith winked when Eric set the dish in front of him. They'd talked at length about Brenna's sexual likes and dislikes. Eric had been open with Keith, telling him intimate details about Brenna's body. This evening was for her, to give her as much pleasure as

possible. The more Keith knew about what Brenna liked, the more he could please her.

And if he and Keith had fun along the way, that would be even better.

* * * * *

Brenna stretched out on her stomach and sighed from pleasure. She hated sleeping in hotel beds whenever she went out of town. They were never as comfortable as her own bed. And they definitely weren't as comfortable as Eric's.

Sighing deeply, Brenna snuggled her head into the pillow. While she loved sleeping in her queen-sized bed, she especially loved sleeping in Eric's decadent king-sized one. She'd gone right from his decadent huge bathtub to the middle of his bed without bothering with any type of clothing.

She saw no need to put on any clothing when it would be removed as soon as Eric came to bed.

"Mmm, I do love that view."

Smiling to herself, Brenna wiggled her butt at Eric. She let out a squeak of surprise when he swatted one cheek. Holding her wounded flesh, she turned to her side. "What are you doing?"

"Paddling that luscious ass," he said with a grin as he rubbed his hands together. "It felt really good. Roll back to your stomach so I can do it again."

"I don't think so."

"Aw, c'mon. Let me have some fun." He kissed the side of her knee, then slid his tongue up the outside of her thigh. "I promise I'll make it feel *really* good."

Brenna had no doubt about that. Everything Eric did to her felt really good. They'd never tried any kind of bondage or S&M, but she'd thought about it. She doubted if there was anything to do with sex that she hadn't thought about.

She rolled back to her stomach.

She heard his belt buckle being loosened. The rustle of clothing made her shift on the bed as her clit began to throb in anticipation.

"Lift your ass," he rasped.

Heart pounding, Brenna did as he ordered.

"Pump it."

Again, she did as he ordered, slowly pumping her hips up and down.

"Reach back and pull your cheeks apart."

Brenna didn't think she could wait one more moment to feel his hands on her. "Eric, touch me."

"I will, I promise. Just do what I want."

Blood surged in his cock when Brenna spread her legs, lifted her ass high in the air, and pulled her cheeks apart, exposing her puckered anus. He licked his lips and swallowed hard. It'd been much too long since he'd had his cock buried inside her ass. He planned to remedy that tonight, with Keith's help.

Catching a movement in the corner of his eye, Eric looked toward the door. He'd left it partly open when he came in the bedroom. Keith quietly entered the room. Already naked, he walked to the end of the bed. One look at Brenna's ass and exposed pussy and his cock began to harden. He glanced at Eric and nodded, indicating he was ready.

Eric dropped a kiss on each cheek, then one on Brenna's anus. She shifted on the bed and he heard her catch her breath.

"Do you like that?" he whispered against the sensitive flesh.

"Yes."

Starting at the top of her cleft, Eric licked down to her clit. He wiggled his tongue over it, smiling to himself when it peeked out from the feminine lips as if seeking more. He gave it another moment of his attention before running his tongue back to her anus. He dipped his tongue inside her, once, twice, three times.

"God, Eric, that feels so good."

"I want to fuck you here."

"Yes, yes, but please lick me more first."

Eric looked up and motioned to his friend. Keith bent over and touched Brenna's ankle with the tip of his tongue. Eric watched him slowly begin to work his way up Brenna's leg for a moment before returning to his pleasant task.

He knew the moment Brenna realized something was different. She'd been lying with her face buried in her arms, writhing beneath his tongue, when she suddenly stiffened.

"Eric?"

He glanced at Keith and grinned. "Yeah?"

She cleared her throat. "I feel... How are you doing that?"

"Doing what, sweetheart?"

"Your tongue is... back there, but it's also on my leg."

Keith switched to her other leg while Eric spoke. "I don't know what you mean, Brenna."

Jerking away from them, Brenna sat up and scrambled around to face them. Eyes wide, her gaze traveled from one to the other, finally landing on Keith's face. "*What are you doing?*"

"Licking your leg."

Her gaze swung to Eric. "What's going on? Why is Keith in here..." She glanced at Keith's groin, but quickly looked back at Eric. "...naked?"

"We want to give you a wedding present. One night of incredible passion and pleasure."

"What?" she said weakly.

Eric tugged on her arms, which she had wrapped across her breasts. At the same time, Keith climbed up

on the bed and took her ankles. She kicked at his hands. “Eric, I don’t want this!”

“Don’t you? Haven’t you ever imagined two men making love to you at the same time?”

The pink climbing into her cheeks answered his question. He would never force Brenna to do something that would make her uncomfortable, but he knew she’d enjoy herself if she’d just let go.

“I’d never ask you to do something you didn’t want to do, Brenna, but I know you’ll like this. We’ll make *sure* you like it.” He caressed her chin with this thumb. “Let us love you, babe,” Eric whispered before kissing her softly.

Keith took her ankles again. This time, she didn’t pull away.

Chapter Eight

Two men at the same time. Yes, Brenna had fantasized about it...more than once. What woman wouldn’t dream of having two men who wanted nothing except to please her? But she’d never expected it to ever happen, especially after she became involved with Eric. What they shared in bed was amazing. He was all the man, all the lover, she’d ever need.

Yet she couldn’t deny the thought of both of them making love to her at the same time was incredibly exciting.

Keith gently tugged on her ankles. Brenna’s curiosity got the best of her. She wanted to know what they’d planned to do to her. After an instant of resistance, Brenna took a breath and let him pull her until she lay on her back.

Eric leaned over her, his face close. The hot look in his eyes made Brenna swallow. “We’re going to make you feel *so* good, babe. All you have to do is relax and enjoy it.”

Brenna nodded. Part of her still wasn’t sure about this. Part of her was intrigued and becoming more and more aroused.

Keith began licking her ankle again. He circled the delicate bone with his tongue until it was thoroughly wet. Then he blew on it. The combination of his warm breath on her damp skin sent goose bumps scattering over her body. Brenna moaned softly and closed her eyes.

Eric cupped her left breast and rubbed his thumb over her nipple. “No, don’t close your eyes, babe. Watch what he’s doing to you.”

Opening her eyes again, Brenna propped up on her elbows. She looked from Eric’s hand on her breast to Keith’s mouth on her leg. She’d soon have four hands and two mouths on her at the same time. And two cocks inside her. Her gaze shifted to Keith’s groin. Very impressive. His cock wasn’t quite as thick as Eric’s, but every bit as long. From the stories Eric had told her about Keith’s love affairs, she had no doubt Keith knew how to use it, too.

Brenna gasped when Eric closed his mouth over her nipple. He rolled his tongue around the peak, then suckled hard. He’d told her to keep her eyes open, but the strong sensation made her eyelids too heavy. Brenna’s eyes drifted closed and she sighed in pleasure.

Her eyes popped open again when she felt a warm tongue on the inside of her right knee. Keith was drawing closer and closer to her center. If she wanted to stop this before it went any further, before none of them would be *able* to stop, she had to do it now.

Brenna lay back, stretched her arms over her head, and spread her legs.

Keith moved up her body and started suckling her other nipple. Brenna almost complained for she desperately needed one of them to pay attention to her pussy, but their mouths felt too good. She loved having her nipples sucked, licked, nipped. Nothing turned her on faster than Eric playing with her nipples. She laid her hands on their heads to hold them even closer to her breasts.

A gentle hand on her stomach made Brenna catch her breath. Another hand slid low on her abdomen. She couldn't tell which touch belonged to which man. Not knowing made it even more arousing. She arched her back and spread her legs a bit farther.

One fingertip dipped inside her navel. One fingertip ruffled her pubic hair. Brenna raised her head, trying to see who was doing what to her. She couldn't see over their heads.

Right now, she didn't care who was doing what, as long as one of them speeded up this whole process.

Keith's suckling became harder. Eric kissed his way up her chest and neck to her jaw. He nipped the lobe, then darted his tongue inside her ear. It all felt wonderful, but she needed more. Brenna was ready to shout for *someone* to rub her clit.

Two fingers pushed inside her, and Brenna moaned loudly.

"That's Keith touching your pussy," Eric whispered in her ear. "It makes me crazy to see another man's hands on you." He shifted, rubbing his hard cock against her side. "God, I need to fuck you."

"Then do it. Please."

"No. Not yet. Not until you come." He clasped her breast firmly. "I want to watch Keith make you come."

Brenna looked into Keith's eyes as he raised his head from her breast. They were a startling blue, made even more startling by the fierce desire in them. Holding her gaze, he pushed his fingers higher inside her and pressed her G-spot. Little curls of sensation shot down her legs to her toes, then quickly climbed back up her legs to between her thighs. She spread her legs another inch and shifted her hips, trying to draw Keith's fingers even farther inside her.

She was so hot, one little whisk across her clit would be all she'd need to climax.

Unfortunately, Keith didn't seem to be in any hurry to locate that needy part of her anatomy. He returned his mouth to her breast and continued to pump his fingers in and out of her wet pussy. Brenna had no problem telling Eric what she wanted sexually. She wasn't sure how to do the same with Keith.

He lifted his head and gazed into her eyes again. "What do you want me to do, Brenna?"

It was no wonder these two were such good friends. They were both psychic.

"Do you want this?" he asked. He located her clit and brushed it with his thumb.

"Yes!" She raised her hips off the bed. "Oh, yes. More, please."

"Like this?" Keith pressed his thumb against her. "Or like this?" He drew a small circle over it.

"Like that. Oh, yessss!"

It took four whisks, not just one. Brenna cried out when the orgasm galloped through her body.

Eric loved watching Brenna's face as she experienced a climax. She'd scrunch her eyes shut and bite her lower lip, so he never doubted when the feeling took over her body. Knowing she had received pleasure made him feel almost as good as when he had his own orgasm.

He wanted her to have more. A lot more.

Lifting her torso, he moved behind Brenna and leaned against the headboard. He tugged her up a bit farther so she lay on his chest. Covering her breasts with his hands, he began slowly massaging them and looked at his friend.

"Lick her pussy."

"With pleasure," Keith said, smiling devilishly.

Eric plucked at Brenna's nipples as Keith moved between her legs, slipped his hands beneath her buttocks, and lifted her to his mouth. Eric could only see the top of his friend's head, but Brenna's moans and movement let him know exactly what Keith was doing to her. Brenna loved having her pussy licked, and Eric loved doing it. She tasted so good. And her scent! Her musky, feminine scent drove him crazy with desire.

Eric shifted, rubbing his hard cock against her back. He didn't think he'd ever had such a massive erection. He felt as if he'd explode if he didn't get inside her soon. If he lifted her just a bit, he could slip inside that luscious pussy while Keith licked her clit...

Why not? Eric thought. It would give Brenna even more stimulation if he was inside her while Keith licked her. But Keith might be uncomfortable having his mouth so close to Eric's cock.

"Hey, Keith."

"I'm busy," he mumbled, his mouth still close to Brenna.

Eric would've laughed if he wasn't so turned on. "I'm gonna slip inside her. Okay?"

That made Keith raise his head. Looking at Eric's face, he wiped Brenna's juices from his chin. Eric could see understanding flare in Keith's eyes as he realized what Eric meant. "Sure," he said softly.

Eric wrapped his hands under Brenna's thighs and lifted her enough to slide his cock into her. He drew in a sharp breath to keep from groaning. Her pussy was so wet and hot. He slowly lowered her back to his lap until he was completely buried.

Brenna leaned against his chest, her head resting on his shoulder. "I love the feel of you inside me."

"So do I." Cradling her breasts once more, he massaged them firmly as he flexed his hips.

Eric watched Keith lower his head between Brenna's legs again. Brenna jerked, then relaxed and sighed. He wanted to thrust, he *needed* to thrust. Instead, he remained still and played with her breasts, trying not to think about his friend's tongue so close to his balls.

This is for Brenna. Get your mind back where it's supposed to be.

Where it should be was making sure Brenna had more orgasms...at least three more.

Three orgasms would be easy for her. A year ago when they first started dating, it wouldn't have been possible.

They'd made love after their third date. Their first time together hadn't exactly been earth-shattering. Brenna had ended up in tears and Eric felt frustrated because he couldn't please her. He'd done everything he could to arouse her—long, deep, wet kisses, lots of attention to her breasts and nipples, a slow exploration of her wet pussy. She'd been aroused. Eric never doubted that. She'd clung tightly to him and moaned while he fucked her, so he knew she'd enjoyed the feeling of him inside her. Still, he'd experienced a climax and she hadn't.

That's when Brenna had told him she always had problems achieving an orgasm with a man. She'd loved everything he'd done to and with her. It wasn't his fault; it was hers. There had to be something physically wrong with her. She became aroused, but couldn't finish.

Eric didn't believe that, and had told her so. He'd asked her if she came when she masturbated. She'd blushed profusely, which answered his question without the need of words.

Brenna had no physical problems. She was a healthy, vivacious, passionate woman. She just needed a man who would take the time to arouse her, to make sure she was truly ready to make love. Even if Eric suffered bouts of frustration while helping her find satisfaction, she would be worth it.

Frustration had never entered the picture. After many minutes of kissing and foreplay, which included stopping and starting the stimulation several times, Brenna had come for the first time with a man inside her when they'd made love two days later. She'd cried afterward in his arms. This time, they'd been happy tears.

Eric's memories came to a halt when he felt Brenna shudder. He wrapped his arms tightly across her breasts and held her while she rode out her climax.

Brenna lay still, wrapped in Eric's arms and with Keith still gently licking her pussy, and willed her heart to slow down. Wow. No other word better described the intense orgasm she'd experienced.

She felt Eric's soft kiss on the top of her head. His arms loosened and his hands caressed her breasts. "Feel good?" he whispered.

"Oh, yes. Very good."

He rolled both her hard nipples between his thumbs and forefingers. "Want more?"

Brenna looked at Keith kneeling on the bed between her legs, his cock hard and his balls tight. Eric's erection throbbed inside her. Both of them had put aside their needs to please her. Now it was their turn.

"Yes, I want more. Keith, move back a bit."

Once Keith had done as she requested, Brenna lifted herself away from Eric. She turned on her hands and knees and took his shaft in her hand. "I want to suck on you while Keith fucks me."

Chapter Nine

Eric closed his eyes in bliss when Brenna's warm mouth engulfed his cock. She took him all the way to his balls, then slowly drew her mouth back to the tip. She circled the tip with her tongue, then covered the entire head with her lips and sucked.

Oh, she did that *so* good. Eric placed his hands on the sides of her face. Pumping his hips, he began to fuck her mouth.

A few moments of this would make him come long before he'd planned to. He wanted this night to be for Brenna and her enjoyment. Although by the way she was devouring him, it appeared she was enjoying herself just fine.

Eric looked past Brenna. Keith sat on his knees, watching Brenna's mouth. "Looks good," he said.

"It feels even better."

Still watching Brenna's mouth, Keith slipped his hand between her thighs. She arched her back. Eric felt the vibrations of her purr against his cock. Whatever Keith was doing between her legs, she must like it.

Brenna released him and glanced over her shoulder at Keith. "Inside me," she whispered.

Eric could tell by the movement of Keith's arm that he'd inserted his fingers in Brenna's pussy. That, and the way Brenna moved her hips from side to side.

"She's really wet," Keith said.

Eric had to swallow before he could speak because Brenna had once again taken him into her mouth. "The more you play with her, the wetter she gets."

"Mmm, nice." He moved behind her, grasped her hips, and thrust. "*Very* nice," he groaned.

Keith held her hips while he continued to thrust into her. Eric wished he could see Keith fucking Brenna...see her swollen feminine lips grip Keith's shaft as he moved it in and out of her wet pussy.

The thought sent another surge of blood through his body.

If he pulled away from Brenna, he *could* watch. The temptation to do so evaporated when Brenna slid her mouth to his balls again. He was being selfish, but her mouth felt too good right now to pull away.

Sweat beaded Keith's face and chest as he thrust several more times, then stopped, closed his eyes, and took a breath. Keith must be as close to a climax as he.

Despite not wanting to stop Brenna, Eric knew he had to. If he didn't, he wouldn't be able to hold back much longer.

His good intentions flew out of his head when Brenna pushed one finger up his ass. That did it. Eric tightened his hold on her face and began pumping again. Keith resumed his thrusting into her pussy. The feel of Brenna's warm lips and tongue, plus the knowledge that his best friend was fucking her, sent Eric over the edge. He groaned loudly and shot his seed into Brenna's mouth.

Eric had barely drawn a breath after his climax when Keith gripped Brenna's hips tightly and moaned.

A final swipe of her tongue caught the last drop of semen on the tip of Eric's penis. Brenna grinned up at him. She loved it when she made him lose control.

"Get that damn grin off your face," Eric said with a frown. "I wasn't supposed to come yet."

"I don't know why not." Brenna shifted, and Keith pulled out of her with a soft squishing sound. "I'm not the only one who's allowed to come."

"This evening is for *you*, not us."

"I thought it was for *all* of us." Brenna reclined on the bed and propped up on one elbow. From her

angle, she could see both men perfectly. Their cocks were relaxed, but nowhere near soft. “Surely you two aren’t *completely* finished for the night.”

“Hardly,” Keith said.

“I didn’t think so.” She looked from Eric to Keith and back again. “You two planned this whole thing. What’s next?”

“What’s next, Eric,” Keith asked as he lay next to Brenna and started rubbing her nipple with his fingertips, “besides recuperation?”

“I think it’s time for the chocolate mousse.”

“Great idea. I’ll get it.”

Brenna watched Keith leave the room. She couldn’t help noticing he had a bottom almost as nice as Eric’s.

Turning back to the man she loved, she ran her hand up his damp thigh. “I have a question.”

“What?”

“Earlier, when you were inside me and Keith had his mouth on me, were you... I mean, his mouth was right *there* next to you. Didn’t that bother you?”

Eric shook his head. “It would’ve bothered Keith more than me and he was fine with it.”

“Did he ever...touch you?”

“Yeah, a couple of times.”

“Did it excite you?” She continued to caress his thigh, enjoying the sensation of his hair-dusted skin against her palm. “Would you like this night to be more? Would you like to turn this threesome into a *real* threesome?”

He hesitated, which told Brenna he didn’t want to answer her. “Are you afraid I’ll think badly of you if you admit the idea of sex with Keith isn’t repulsive?”

“No. I know you wouldn’t think badly of me. And yeah, knowing Keith’s tongue was right there by my balls was exciting. But this evening is for *you* and what pleases *you*, not me.”

Brenna smiled. “Thank you,” she said softly.

“For what?”

“For loving me. Not every man would be willing to share his woman with another man.”

Eric laid his hand on top of hers. “Not every man loves his woman as much as I love you.”

A comment that romantic deserved a kiss. Brenna rose to her knees next to Eric. Cradling his face in her hands, she kissed him gently.

The gentle kiss soon turned more passionate as tongues came into play. Eric’s hands roamed over her back and buttocks while Brenna held his face and kissed him over and over. She stroked his lower lip with her tongue, then slipped it into his mouth. His breathing deepened, his hold on her tightened. A quick

peek at his groin showed her he was quickly becoming hard again.

Brenna slid one hand down his torso and wrapped it around his penis. "Are you ready for more?"

"Definitely."

"Uh, should I go back out?" Keith asked.

"No," Eric said. "We aren't through with Brenna yet."

She looked at Keith over her shoulder. He stood at the end of the bed, holding a bowl of chocolate mousse. Her imagination ran wild with the things they could do with that mousse. Despite having two powerful orgasms mere minutes ago, her clit began to throb.

Keith walked to the side of the bed and set the bowl on the nightstand. "Do you want to pull back that fancy bedspread of yours, Eric?"

"Hey, I gave him this fancy bedspread!" Brenna said, her voice playfully indignant.

Keith grinned. "If you don't want chocolate on it, I suggest we pull it off."

A shiver ran up her spine at Keith's words. She and Eric had fed each other finger foods during sex. They'd shared wine from the same glass. Ideas had run rampant through her mind about more playful acts with food, including chocolate mousse. She'd fantasized many times about painting Eric's body with chocolate and licking it off, then having him do the same to her.

She'd get to fulfill her fantasy tonight.

Eric squeezed her buttocks. "I'll take care of it, babe."

Brenna scrambled off the bed. From the opposite side, Eric grabbed everything but the blue fitted sheet and pillows and tossed it off the end of the bed. Facing her again, he pointed toward the mattress.

"Lie down, Brenna."

She looked at the two men standing on the other side of the bed from her. They were both tall, well built, handsome, and aroused. They both looked ready to pounce on her.

That shiver skittered up her spine again.

Crawling to the middle of the bed, Brenna lay on her back and waited for what the guys had planned next.

Keith picked up the bowl and rounded the bed to her right side. He sat beside her, resting one knee on the bed. Looking into her eyes, he drew his index finger through the mousse. The scent of chocolate teased her nose.

"So, where should I start, Brenna?" Keith touched her right nipple, leaving a dime-sized spot of mousse. "Here?" He dipped his finger again and left another spot of mousse between her breasts. "Or here?" One more dip, one more spot close to her navel. "Or maybe here?"

By the time he'd placed the fourth spot of mousse, Brenna was writhing on the bed.

Eric lay next to her. He swiped his tongue across her nipple and removed the mousse. The spot between her breasts came off next. As he licked off the spot near her navel, Keith dabbed another one at the top

of her thigh. Over and over, he placed dots of mousse on Brenna's skin. Each spot of mousse Keith left, Eric slowly removed with his tongue.

Foreplay was one thing, but this was pure torture.

Keith held the bowl out to Eric. "My turn."

"Once more for me first." With one finger, Eric spread mousse over Brenna's lips. He kissed her, his tongue swiping the chocolate from her lips before dipping deep inside her mouth.

Brenna melted. She did so love the way Eric kissed. His kisses made her feel cherished and loved and beautiful.

And so hot.

Eric sat up and took the bowl from Keith. "Now it's your turn."

Closing her eyes, Brenna concentrated on the subtle touch of Eric's finger as he painted her with mousse. Each gentle brush sent an arrow of sensation to between her legs. Several moments passed before she felt Keith's tongue following Eric's path. Brenna bit her bottom lip to keep from crying out. They'd touched her on practically every inch of her torso, except for where she needed to be touched the most.

Brenna opened her eyes again when she felt Eric's fingers glide through her pubic hair. She spread her legs wider and lifted her hips.

Eric collected more mousse and spread it over her clit and feminine lips. Keith followed with his tongue, lapping up the sweet chocolate along with her juices. He darted his tongue inside her, then tickled her clit. He paused only long enough for Eric to spread more chocolate before starting all over again.

The orgasm started at the base of her spine and quickly flowed through her entire body. Brenna couldn't hold back her cry as pleasure gripped her. She closed her eyes, bit her bottom lip, and rode out the wave.

The sight of two very aroused men greeted her when she managed to open her eyes again.

Eric sat on her left side, Keith on her right. They were both touching her softly, rubbing their hands up her thighs, over her stomach, across her breasts. Instead of arousing her again, their touch soothed her, brought her back down from the heavens.

"You okay?" Eric asked gently.

Brenna nodded.

"You aren't ready to quit, are you?"

She gazed from one erection to the other. "It's obvious you two aren't."

"So that means we get to play a while longer." He picked up the bowl of mousse from the bed. "Your turn."

Oh, my. Where do I begin? She couldn't decide which man to start on first. The obvious solution was to take care of both at the same time.

"On your knees, guys."

Chapter Ten

Brenna sat on her heels and watched Eric and Keith scoot on their knees until they were a couple of feet apart. She shook her head. "Closer together, guys, and turn a little toward each other."

Once they'd moved the way she'd instructed, Brenna picked up the bowl of mousse. She set the bowl back on the bed between the two men as she thought about what she wanted to do. Scooping up a generous amount of mousse into her hands, she began to spread it over both their cocks and balls at the same time. A noticeable increase in their breathing urged Brenna to use even more of the creamy dessert on them. She dipped her fingers again and added additional mousse to their skin.

Chocolate-covered erections. Yum.

Brenna smiled to herself, then leaned forward and gave a single lick to Eric's head. He inhaled sharply. She ran her tongue down to the base on one side, gathering up mousse along the way. She made the return journey up the other side.

When she reached the head again, she withdrew her mouth from Eric and shifted to Keith.

Eric inhaled even deeper when her tongue touched Keith's cock. Brenna shifted a bit so she could see Eric's eyes as she took Keith's head past her lips. He was staring intently at her mouth. Deciding to give him a little show, she drew back so just the end of her tongue touched Keith's cock. She circled it slowly, then licked the slit. She repeated the action again and again, until Eric's chest rose and fell rapidly.

Brenna drew back and examined what she'd done. They definitely needed more chocolate. She spread additional mousse on their cocks and started all over again with Eric. She concentrated on his head, knowing that's where he was the most sensitive.

When he began to pump his hips, she released him. "Uh-uh. You have to stay still."

The expression in his eyes was a combination of lust and warning. "You're playing with fire, Brenna."

"I like playing with fire."

She turned back to Keith. She licked all the mousse from his head before slowly sliding her tongue down the underside to his balls. After giving them her thorough attention, she dragged her tongue back up his shaft.

"God, that's good," Keith moaned.

"It looks good, too," Eric rasped.

With her mouth still on Keith, Brenna looked at Eric. Despite a generous amount of mousse still on his cock, Eric wrapped his right hand around it and started stroking it. That's when Brenna knew she had him.

She did so love making him lose control.

"Do you like watching me lick on Keith?"

"Yeah." Eric's voice sounded deep and guttural. "Take him all the way down your throat this time."

Brenna engulfed Keith's cock to his balls. He groaned loudly, and so did Eric.

Out of the corner of her eye, Brenna saw Eric open the drawer in the nightstand. She knew that's where

he kept the lubricant.

There was no doubt he'd reached his limit.

She returned to sucking on Keith, but listened for the subtle sounds of Eric's movements. The drawer shut. A flip top opened. Then silence.

Keith cradled her jaws and began pumping his hips. His breathing deepened. Assuming he was close to a climax, Brenna took him farther into her mouth.

Eric's slick fingers touched her anus.

"On your knees, babe."

Without taking her mouth off Keith, Brenna shifted until she was on her knees, her bottom in the air.

"You know what I want to do," he said as he pressed one finger inside her ass.

Brenna couldn't say anything since her mouth was occupied. To tell him she did know what he wanted and she agreed, she wiggled her hips.

Another finger joined the first. Brenna inhaled sharply. Oh, yes, it had definitely been too long since they'd had anal sex. Brenna cupped Keith's balls and sucked harder on him as Eric pumped his fingers inside her ass. He withdrew, pushed, withdrew.

She expected him to remove his fingers and push his cock inside her. She was surprised to feel him slide into her pussy instead.

"Mmm, babe, you're nice and wet. This feels *really* good."

"So does this." Keith rotated his hips. "I'm close to coming, Brenna. Do you want to stop?"

She released him long enough to say, "No."

"Thank God."

Brenna took Keith back in her mouth and he began pumping again. Eric speeded up also, until his groin slapped her buttocks with every thrust. It felt so good, but Brenna needed more. Reaching between her legs, she rubbed her clit in time to Eric's movements.

Keith shuddered and moaned. His warm, salty semen filled her mouth. He tasted different than Eric...not unpleasant, but different. She swallowed greedily and rubbed her clit harder. So close. She was so close...

Eric gripped her hips and slammed his cock into her as he pushed his fingers hard up her ass. Brenna released Keith and cried out when another orgasm snaked through her body. Resting her forehead on the bed, she shivered through the contractions.

Eric tilted his head back and gulped in oxygen. He hadn't had such a powerful orgasm in... He couldn't remember when he'd had such a powerful orgasm. Something about playing with that gorgeous ass of Brenna's turned him into an animal.

Luckily, she seemed to like it as much as he.

He looked at Keith sprawled on his back on the bed. Keith's eyes were closed and he was breathing

deeply. His entire body was covered with sweat. Eric sympathized. Exhaustion was going to overtake him at any moment.

At least temporarily.

Gently, he withdrew from Brenna's body. She collapsed on the bed. Eric lay beside her and drew her into his arms.

"You okay?" he asked, kissing her cheek.

Brenna nodded. "I think so." He saw her throat work as she swallowed. "Whew. That was wild."

"Did you like it?"

"How could I *not* like it? I had two gorgeous guys wanting nothing but to please me."

"Did I hear someone call me gorgeous?" Keith asked, his eyes still closed.

Brenna grinned and waved her hand. "You have a fan right here, Keith."

He opened his eyes and smiled devilishly. "I aim to please."

"You aimed *really* good." She looked at Eric. "You too."

Eric kissed her softly. "How about something to drink?"

"That sounds wonderful."

"I'll get it," Keith said. "That is, if my legs will work."

"There's tea in the refrigerator in that blue pitcher."

Keith nodded. It took him two tries to be able to stand, but he finally managed to wobble from the room.

Once he'd left, Eric drew Brenna tighter against him. Her body felt warm and damp, and limp as an overcooked noodle. "So, are you really all right?"

"I'm terrific." She ran her hands up his chest and over his shoulders. "What made you decide to do this, to...share me with Keith?"

"I wanted to drive you crazy with desire."

"It worked." She dropped a kiss in the center of his chest. "It's been incredible, but..."

Eric tilted up her chin. "But?"

"I just want *you*, Eric. You're everything I've ever wanted in a man, a lover. You satisfy me completely. I don't need anyone else."

Her words made him realize all over again why he'd fallen so deeply in love with her. How could he help loving a woman who cared so much for him? "I don't need anyone else either."

"That's good, because I'm not as generous as you. If you think I'm going to bring a girlfriend into our bed, you're very much mistaken."

Eric chuckled. "I can live with that." He kissed her softly. "But for tonight, we're going to play, all right?"

Brenna's eyebrows drew together. "For tonight? Aren't we done?"

He shook his head. "Not yet."

"Eric, I've had four orgasms. I can't do any more."

"Oh, I think you can."

"But you're..." She lowered her gaze and gestured at his flaccid penis.

"You know how fast I can get hard. And I doubt if Keith will have any problem either."

Keith came back into the room carrying three glasses of iced tea on a tray. He handed one to each of them and sat back on the bed with his own glass. "So, did you talk about me while I was gone?"

"In detail," Eric said.

"What did you decide?"

"That we'll drink our tea and rest a bit before we try some double penetration."

Brenna still looked confused. "We already did that."

"I'm not talking about using your mouth this time, Brenna."

Her eyes widened. "Surely you aren't talking about... Both of you? At the same time?"

Keith smiled wickedly. "I like the sound of that."

"Wait a minute! Don't I get a say in this?"

"Nope."

"Eric, that isn't even physically possible."

"We watch porn movies, Brenna. You know it's physically possible."

"She watches porn movies with you?" Keith asked Eric.

"Yeah."

Keith turned to Brenna. "Are you sure you don't have a sister?"

"I'm an only child." Brenna blew out a breath and pushed her hair back from her face. "Eric, I don't think that's a good idea. I mean, you guys are both pretty...well endowed. There can't be that much...room in there."

"Drink your tea and we'll find out."

"What if I don't want to do that?"

"If you hate it, we'll stop, but we're going to try it."

What a time for the macho to come out in him. "Eric—"

"Drink your tea, Brenna," he commanded softly.

Brenna obeyed that command and took a large sip of the peach-flavored tea. Both of them at the same time. *No way* could she do that.

Or could she?

Chapter Eleven

She looked at Eric's groin. Well, it was obvious *he* liked the idea. A glance at Keith's groin showed her he was quickly becoming aroused again. These two guys certainly recuperated fast.

Goody.

This is a night that will never be repeated. Go for it, Brenna. If you don't like it, Eric promised they'll stop.

She rose to her knees and moved closer to the man she loved. She ran her hands through his hair, then kissed him. "So let's find out."

A moment later, she found herself sandwiched between two hard, male bodies. All of them were on their knees. Eric kissed her deeply while fondling her breasts. Keith licked and bit her neck and shoulders while pumping his fingers into her pussy and his thumb into her ass. The smell of sex overwhelmed the scent of chocolate, making Brenna's head swim and her blood race.

She couldn't believe another orgasm built so quickly. It was *there*, ready to break with just a little more stimulation.

"Pinch my nipples," she whispered to Eric.

He rolled them between his thumbs and forefingers. Brenna bit her lower lip and arched her back, trying to get Keith's fingers deeper inside her. She gasped when his thumb wiggled inside her.

"Yes, like that, Keith. More. Harder, Eric. Pinch my nipples *harder*."

As if they had some preconceived signal, they both released her at the same time. Brenna crashed back to earth, her orgasm fading like a puff of smoke. Tears of frustration flooded her eyes. "Why did you stop?"

"Because I want you to come with me inside your ass," Eric said fiercely.

"Eric—"

He cut off her protest with a hard kiss. "Patience, my love. Keith, lie down."

Taking Brenna's hand, Keith drew her on top of him as he lay on his back. His erection pressed into her stomach. Needing to get back to that level of sensation where she'd been only moments ago, Brenna wrapped her hand around his cock and impaled herself. She groaned, and so did Keith.

"Yesssss." Closing her eyes, Brenna braced her hands on his chest and began moving up and down. Keith lay still at first, his hands gripping her hips. Then he began to meet her thrusts. Oh, yes. That delicious friction, the slide of hot, hard flesh into her wet sheath. Nothing felt better than this.

"God, that looks good," Eric growled. "Move faster, babe."

Brenna picked up the pace. Keith joined her, rotating his hips as he pumped into her.

She stopped when Eric slid one hand over her buttocks.

“Don’t stop, Brenna. I want to watch you fuck him.”

She looked at Eric over her shoulder. He stroked his cock as he stared at the spot where she and Keith were joined.

When he raised his gaze to her face, Brenna gasped. She’d never seen such a wild gleam in his eyes.

“Bend over, Brenna,” he ordered.

Brenna swallowed. She liked anal sex with Eric, but double penetration was something she’d never experienced. She couldn’t help feeling a bit apprehensive, even while the idea excited her. Taking a breath, she released it slowly before reclining on Keith’s body.

Keith gripped her legs behind her knees and tugged them farther forward. “Relax, Brenna. You know Eric would never hurt you.”

“Yes, I know that,” she whispered.

Wrapping his arms around her, Keith pulled her closer to his chest. The position left her completely open for her lover.

The touch of Eric’s cool, slick fingers on her anus made Brenna swallow again. One finger entered her, then another. Keith shifted, driving his cock into her pussy again. He pulled halfway out, and Eric pressed his fingers forward. They repeated the action over and over. Brenna’s breathing quickened as desire flared up inside her again.

Eric removed his fingers. A moment passed while Keith slowly thrust into her, then Brenna felt the head of Eric’s cock against her. She tensed at first, as she always did. She took a deep breath and released it to help her relax.

“That’s the way,” Keith whispered into her ear. “Think about how good you’re gonna feel.”

Eric pressed harder, and his head slipped past her anus. Keith stilled. Again Eric pressed, withdrew, pressed farther. The fourth time he pushed forward, she could feel his groin against her buttocks. He was completely inside her.

Brenna moaned.

“My God, babe, that feels good.” He pumped slowly several times. “I’ve been wanting to fuck this beautiful ass for weeks.”

Keith gripped her waist. “I’m gonna move, Brenna. Okay?”

Unable to speak with her heart pounding so hard, she nodded.

Keith lifted his hips as Eric drew back. They repeated their actions of a few moments ago—one of them pulling back as the other one pushed inside her. Brenna buried her face in Keith’s neck, not sure if she could stand so much sensation at once.

They picked up speed, the depth and intensity of their thrusts increasing. Brenna could do nothing but lie on top of Keith and accept whatever they did.

She never would have believed double penetration could feel so good.

Clutching Keith's upper arms, Brenna spread her legs as far as she could. Keith growled loudly. His grip on her waist tightened. Sweat poured off his face and upper body. The intense heat in his eyes signaled his rapidly approaching climax.

He growled once more and shuddered beneath her. Brenna could feel the pulsations of his release deep inside her. Her own climax began to build again.

It crested when Eric jammed his cock into her ass, all the way to his balls.

Brenna screamed.

She never screamed. She'd never passed out from having an orgasm, either, but Brenna would swear she blacked out for a moment. When she could concentrate again, she realized she was incredibly sore.

And very well satisfied.

She groaned as Eric pulled out of her. With his help, she rose from Keith's body and collapsed on her stomach. Her hair hung over her face, obscuring her vision. She sincerely hoped nothing drastic happened the rest of the night, for she wouldn't be able to move to save herself.

"Wow," Keith muttered, his voice sounding breathless.

"I second that," Eric said.

Brenna said nothing. She couldn't get her tongue to work.

Eric slid his hand slowly over her back. "You okay, sweetheart?"

She managed to nod, but that was the best she could do.

Eric had the nerve to chuckle. "It's usually me who's wiped out after sex, not you."

Using every ounce of strength she could muster, Brenna pushed her hair back from her face and glared at Eric. "Don't gloat."

He grinned.

"Well, I am definitely wiped out," Keith said as he propped himself up on one elbow. "And I desperately need a shower."

"Me too," Brenna said, "but I can't get to the bathroom. I'll just have to stay sweaty until tomorrow morning."

"I'll let you and Eric work that out," Keith leaned over and dropped a soft kiss on Brenna's cheek. "That was incredible. Thank you."

Brenna smiled. "Thank *you*."

After Keith left the room, closing the door behind him, Brenna rolled to her back. Eric lay resting on the pile of pillows. His hair was mussed, his body moist with sweat. His eyes were at half-mast, as if holding them open required a great effort.

He was so gorgeous.

"Any objections to me waiting until tomorrow morning to shower?" Brenna asked.

“If you think I’m able to make these legs work to stand in the shower, you’re very much mistaken.”

“So we’ll shower together in the morning.”

“Deal.” He levered himself off the pillows. “Let’s pull up the covers and get some sleep.”

It took only a few moments for them to turn off the lights and snuggle together under the covers. Brenna lay in the circle of Eric’s arms, her head resting on his shoulder. Despite the soreness between her legs, she felt utterly content.

“Tomorrow morning,” Eric said, gently stroking her hair, “I’ll show you my surprise.”

Brenna tilted her head so she could see his face. “That’s right, I never got my surprise. What is it?”

“You’ll find out tomorrow.”

“Don’t I even get a hint?”

“Nope. Not even a hint.”

She slid her hand down his body and wrapped it around his soft cock. Eric burst out laughing.

“That won’t work, sweetheart. My poor little friend is completely used up.”

Brenna giggled. “It was worth a try.”

Eric kissed her. “Tomorrow. I promise you’ll like it.”

Chapter Twelve

“Can I open my eyes yet?” Brenna asked for the fifth time since they’d started this drive.

“Not yet,” Eric said for the fifth time since they’d started this drive. “Have a little patience, sweetheart.”

Patience wasn’t Brenna’s strongest point, not when it came to surprises. She’d always shaken the packages under the Christmas tree, trying to figure out what they held. Folding her arms over her stomach, she slumped in the seat.

Keith chuckled from the backseat. “Shut up, Keith,” she growled.

“Hey, I didn’t say a word.”

“I heard that chuckle. You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?”

“Immensely.”

Once again, Brenna understood why Eric and Keith were such good friends. They could be brothers, they were so much alike. Teasing must be at the top of the list of what they enjoyed.

“As long as I have to keep my eyes closed, I might as well take a nap.”

“If you think you can, go ahead.”

“Eric McFarland, you know very well I can’t take a nap now!”

His chuckle made her want to punch him.

“I don’t understand how you can be so mean to me when I was so good to you last night.”

“*You’re* the one who had five orgasms.”

“You had three!”

“Yeah, I did.” He slid his hand over her upper thigh. “That last one was wild.”

“I’m game for a repeat,” Keith said. “Maybe we could trade places next time, Eric.”

A delicious shiver ran through her body at the thought, but she refused to show any excitement to Eric. Besides, what happened last night was a one-time thing. She released an aggravated huff. “There you two go again, making plans without asking me what *I* want.”

Eric slipped his hand between her legs and cupped her mound. “I didn’t hear any complaints last night.”

“If you’ll recall, my mouth was occupied a lot of the time last night, so I *couldn’t* talk.”

“Oh, man,” Keith groaned, “I’m getting a hard-on.”

“Yeah, and Brenna’s getting wet,” Eric said, sliding his fingers farther between her legs.

“Hey, Brenna, wanna fool around in the backseat?”

“Not while I’m driving down I-5, Keith,” Eric said.

“You’re a party pooper, my friend.”

Brenna chuckled at their banter. Only really good friends could joke about what the three of them had experienced. It had been wild and wonderful, and she’d enjoyed it thoroughly. But it wouldn’t happen again, despite Keith’s teasing offer that she join him in the backseat. One *ménage à trois* in her lifetime was enough. She only wanted Eric.

From the motion of the car, Brenna could tell they’d turned. Eric slowed, then stopped. “We’re here. Open your eyes, sweetheart.”

Brenna did. She looked out the windshield at the beautiful Tudor house she’d fallen in love with a year ago. Not understanding why they were sitting in the driveway of someone else’s house, Brenna looked at Eric. He was smiling.

“What’s going on?”

“That’s your wedding present,” he said softly.

It took several moments for his words to sink in. He couldn’t possibly mean... “Wedding present?” she whispered.

Eric nodded. “It came on the market Friday. I’ve already made an offer to the owners and they accepted it. All that’s left is the paperwork.”

Brenna remained still, not quite believing the words coming out of Eric’s mouth. This beautiful house, the one she’d dreamed about despite loving the small one she’d finally bought, was about to be theirs? “Eric, are you teasing me? This is really mean if you’re teasing me.”

He shook his head. "I wouldn't tease about something I know is so important to you."

"We can go inside?"

"The owners went to visit some friends in Eastern Washington. Penny's inside, ready to give us a tour."

Tears welled up in her eyes. She didn't know what she'd ever done to deserve a man who loved her so much. "I don't believe you did this."

"Believe it." He took one of her hands, raised it to his mouth, and kissed her palm. "Let's go look at our house."

Her mind still a jumble, Brenna let Eric help her from his car and lead her toward the front door. Keith walked next to her, his hands loose at his sides.

"How much land comes with the house, Eric?" he asked.

"Three acres."

"Great view of the water."

"The view from the backyard is even better. We'll be able to see Mount Rainier on a clear day."

They walked through the front entrance. The foyer was cool, but well lit with natural light from the window above the front door. Brenna looked around with wide eyes. She couldn't believe this gorgeous house would belong to her and Eric in a short while. A wide, curving staircase directly in front of them led upstairs. To the left, she could see the large living room, complete with a rock fireplace that took up a huge portion of one wall. Two steps led down to the den on the right.

She wanted to see every inch of it.

"I thought I heard someone drive up."

Eric turned at the sound of Penny's voice. She came through the kitchen door at the end of the hall, a smile on her face. "Hey, Pen. Ready to give us a tour?"

"You bet." She smiled at Brenna. "Surprised?"

"Shocked is a better word."

"It's a beautiful house, and in perfect condition."

Eric chuckled. "You don't have to give us the sales pitch, Penny. It's a done deal."

Keith cleared his throat. Loudly. "Aren't you going to introduce us, Eric?"

Eric watched Penny's gaze shift to Keith. Her eyes widened in what he'd call appreciation...or downright lust. He understood that. Keith wasn't his type, but Eric knew Keith was a handsome guy.

Turning his attention to Keith, he saw the same look of appreciation and lust in his friend's eyes. Eric understood that, too. While he and Penny were only very good friends, he recognized her beauty. She wore a blue sweater and matching slacks that showed off her voluptuous figure. With her natural long blonde hair, large breasts, full hips, and killer legs, she drew the attention of many men.

"Keith, this is Penny Sorenson, my best agent. Penny, Keith Dillard, my best bud from college."

Penny stepped forward and offered her hand. "It's a pleasure, Keith."

Keith took her hand. "For me, too." Instead of shaking it, he lifted it to his mouth and kissed the back.

Eric could see Penny's eyes go all unfocused. Fighting a grin, he looked at Brenna. She was biting her lower lip and her eyes sparkled with laughter.

"I'm gonna show Brenna the kitchen," Eric said, although he doubted if Penny or Keith heard him. "You two get acquainted."

Neither of them said anything; they just stared at each other. Eric took Brenna's hand and led her into the kitchen. Once inside the room, they both started laughing.

"Did you see the way he looked at her?" Brenna asked.

"Yeah, the same way she looked at him. I wouldn't have been surprised if they'd started tearing each other's clothes off right there in the foyer."

"There were definitely sparks in the air."

Keith stuck his head around the swinging door. "Hey, Eric, HHey Penny invited me out for coffee. She said the keys are on the cabinet by the stove, and lock up when you leave."

"Sure, no problem. We'll wait for you."

"Uh, you don't have to do that. Penny will give me a ride back to your place. Later." He grinned. "Maybe *much* later."

"Do you mean you've already recuperated from last night?" Brenna asked.

"I'm a fast healer."

"Be careful with her, man," Eric said. "She's a special lady."

"I knew that the moment I saw her." He waved. "Bye."

Once he'd left, Eric turned his attention back to Brenna. She stood in the middle of the kitchen, looking around the spacious room with such happiness on her face, it almost took his breath. "You like it?"

"I *love* it. Oh, Eric, it's perfect. Are these cabinets ash?"

"I think that's what Penny said. We could've gotten all the information from her if she hadn't run off with Keith."

"We'll get all the information later. Right now, I just want to absorb everything. Is the rest of the house as wonderful as the kitchen?"

He nodded. "Wait until you see the master bedroom. It has an incredible view of the mountain and inlet."

That sultry, sexy look he loved filled her eyes. "Master bedroom, hmm? Are you referring to an... initiation?"

He wasn't, but now that she mentioned it... "Aren't you still sore?"

"Like Keith, I'm a fast healer."

“It’d be rude to make out in the bedroom until the house is ours.”

She sauntered toward him. “We wouldn’t use their bed. That *would* be rude.”

“So you’re suggesting, maybe the carpet?”

“Or the wall.”

Eric grinned. “I do love the way you think.”

Brenna returned his grin. “I’ll race you up the stairs.”

The End