

RATED



Tonya Ramagos

Hard Orders



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Fantasy Games – Hard Orders
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*To my readers. May your fantasies come
true...*

Bethany felt a pair of wide, strong hands grip her hips as a hard body pressed against her back. His breath warmed her neck, his voice loud in her ear when he said, "Dance with me." It wasn't a request. He hadn't asked her to dance with him. He was telling her to.

Finally, a man in this place with a real set of balls, she thought. He wasn't the first man to approach her since she entered the club alone twenty minutes ago. He was, however, the first man who exuded the slightest bit of confidence. Tired of being with nice guys, tonight she wanted a strong, sure man, a man who would take charge and show her things she had never before experienced. The sweet, tender, gentleman type didn't stand a chance with her tonight. But this man...

She turned in his hands and found her gaze level with his chest. He was tall. Another point in his favor. The top of her head barely reached his shoulder. Her heart began to pound so loudly in her ears that she could hear it over the blaring techno music of the dance club as she slowly tilted

her head back, looked up at him. Dark hair cut in a boyish style fell haphazardly over eyes with thick dark lashes. Those eyes could have been any color given the dimness of the barroom, but if she ventured a guess it would be brown—a rich, creamy, milk chocolate shade of brown. His features were that of a happy man if the laughter lines around his eyes and lips were any indication. She loved a man who knew how to laugh, who knew how to enjoy life.

She crooked a finger and he leaned down, offering his ear to her mouth. The urge to lick his ear, suck his earlobe made her mouth water. She swallowed. “What’s your name?”

“Does it matter?”

She grinned at that. Confidence was definitely this man’s strong point. “Not especially, but if it’s all the same to you...”

“Brett. And you are?”

“Bethany.”

“Good. Now that we have that out of the way, dance with me.”

“Yes, sir.”

He smiled, slow and sexy, and a hoard of butterflies took flight in the pit of her stomach. One of his hands dropped from her hip while the other snaked around her waist and he began to lead her through the club. Together, they weaved through the crowd of patrons and dancers to the

darkest corner of the dance floor. He turned to her, his free arm resuming its place on her hip, and pulled her hard against his rock solid body. Her arms found their way around his neck and they began to move.

For a moment, they simply swayed. Their gazes locked, promises and desires communicated without words. Then the beat of the music seemed to take control. He bent his knees, lowering himself to her level, effectively putting their bodies in perfect alignment. With movements that felt as natural as breathing, Bethany gyrated against his cock, moving her hips in a seductive grind. She felt him swell beneath the layer of his jeans. She looked up at him and saw that his eyes had turned glassy with pure unadulterated lust.

He turned his head into her and spoke in her ear. "Watch it, sweetheart, or I may have to fuck you right here on this dance floor."

His words, his matter-of-fact tone that left no room for argument, made her pussy burn. Would he really fuck her right here? The promising look in his eyes screamed yes. He would. He would shove his hard dick inside her with little thought or worry about how many people watched them on this dance floor.

He pulled back, just enough to meet her gaze again, and she would have sworn he could guess exactly what she thought, as if he knew how hot

and crazy the idea made her. She smiled, licked her lips, and watched as a dozen more promises flashed through his eyes. Oh yeah, he could read her mind alright.

Then he kissed her. If she had expected a soft, gentle kiss, she would have been hugely disappointed. The instant their lips met, they exploded. His tongue invaded her mouth, not waiting for an invitation, and began a wrestling match with hers. He tasted of breath mints and beer, hot and sexy. It was a no-holds-barred kind of kiss. A kiss that clearly told her if she didn't stop what happened now, she would have no choice but to be his for the remainder of the evening.

She wanted to be his for the remainder of the evening.

His hand moved up her back, fisted in the back of her hair, even as his other hand moved between them. Turned palm out, that hand slowly inched its way amid her legs, rubbed against her wet pussy lips through the material of her skirt.

She gasped. People surrounded them. Could anyone see what he did? Was anyone watching? Did she really care? Obviously he didn't.

She thought of stepping back, breaking the kiss. But as if he read her mind again, he fisted his hand tighter in her hair to gain more control. Of course, she wanted this. This was exactly what she had

been looking for tonight. Her mind spun, heat and fog clouded her senses, and she let go of all reason, all sanity. The kiss lingered on, even as she felt another body push against her back, another set of wide hands grip her hips.

She did try to pull away then but Brett only kissed her harder. Did he know what went on behind her? The hands on her hips held her in place and another hard cock began grinding against her ass.

Finally, after a long moment, Brett broke the kiss. His hand still fisted in her hair, he pulled her head to the side. "Bethany, say hi to Scott." He turned her head until she could see over her shoulder.

The man behind her was blond, shorter than Brett and looked to be about the same age. He wore a green shirt and, even in the darkness, the color managed to bring out the green of his eyes.

They had staged this, she decided, as she shot a quick glance back at Brett. These were two friends who had come to this bar tonight looking for women with which to spend the night.

No. That wasn't right, she realized. They were looking for *one* woman. They looked for a threesome. She could be with both of them tonight if she wished. The thought nearly made her cum.

Brett gave her hair another tug, drawing her attention back to him. "You didn't say hi," he said

and his hand between her legs cupped her pussy, squeezed.

She gasped, her eyes growing wide in surprise. He simply smiled down at her and waited. He knew he had her. His face showed no doubt that she wanted what he and his friend would give her tonight. That certainty could be seen nearly etched in his expression.

She gulped, looked back over her shoulder. "Hello, Scott."

Scott didn't smile as she would have expected. He didn't have to. The heat in his gaze had a far more visceral effect on her insides. He leaned into her, brushed his lips over her ear before saying, "Hi, Bethany."

Her knees nearly melted. The song ended and another immediately began, this one with more bass and a harder drumbeat than the previous one. Both men began to move faster. Brett's hand still between her legs rubbed her pussy lips in time with the music and made her sopping wet with her own juices. Behind her, Scott pushed a knee between her legs. Her skirt began to ride up and she felt a trickle of wetness glide down her inner thigh.

"Bethany, is that what I think it is wetting my leg sweetheart?" Scott asked. He wore shorts, she realized, and her cum had run down her leg and on to his knee.

She was too horny to be mortified. If they didn't stop what they did to her soon, he would feel a load more cum on his knee. She wanted to scream at them. She wanted to feel Brett rubbing her clit with those large, long fingers. She wanted to feel Scott inside her pussy with that rock hard dick he kept grinding against her ass through their clothing. God, they drove her mad!

Her eyes had closed from the pleasure they showed her, but popped open when Brett removed his hand from her pussy. Scott slipped his leg out from between hers. Both men straightened and she watched as an unspoken communication occurred among them. Without a word, Scott took her by the hand, turned her, and led her off the dance floor. She couldn't see Brett but somehow she knew he followed close at her heels.

She didn't speak until they were outside the club and walking down a long elegantly decorated hall to a set of elevators at the end. "Where are we going?"

"Does it matter?" Brett asked in that same arrogant, matter-of-fact tone he had in the club when she'd asked his name.

Two could play that game, she thought, and turned to look at him. "Not especially, but if it's all the same to you..."

He laughed and the sound was musical. God, the man exuded sex and he knew it too. "Upstairs. Room six-eighteen."

The doors opened and Scott pulled her inside the empty elevator. He turned her to face him, his gaze on her searching. Seeming satisfied with what he saw in her expression, he said, "Lean against Brett."

She felt Brett's arms catch her waist. The men exchanged a look and Brett's fingers were gripping her skirt, drawing it up even as Scott dropped to his knees in front of her. She had only a quick moment to think that they were in a public elevator before she felt Scott's warm breath on her pussy lips. Then his tongue pushed between her wet folds and her head fell back on Brett's chest.

Scott licked her, slowly at first and then gained speed. He lifted her right leg, brought it up to rest on his shoulder. The movement opened her pussy for him and he delved his tongue inside her. Someone moaned loudly. Was that her? The tongue inside her moved faster, in and out, fucking her in quick long thrusts.

Then suddenly it stopped. She started to cry out as Scott straightened in front of her until she realized that the elevator had stopped too and the doors had opened. *Dear God*. What if someone had been standing in the hallway waiting to board the elevator?

They would have gotten one hell of an eye full, she thought and let out a small cough to cover a laugh.

“Can you walk?” Brett asked softly as Scott stepped off the elevator.

Her legs felt like jelly, but the last thing she wanted to appear in front of these two men was weak so she nodded. “Yeah.” To her great surprise, she managed to step away from Brett and walk without so much as a wobble on her four-inch heels. Good thing she hadn’t decided to wear the six-inch.

Scott made it to the door of room six-eighteen first and slid the card into the entry slot, unlocked the door. He stepped aside and gestured with an arm for her to enter. She heard the two men whisper something to one another as they followed her inside but couldn’t make out what was said.

The room was exquisite. She couldn’t help but be a bit surprised. Though she had known the hotel was one of the nicest in town, the dance club on the main floor one of the classiest, she hadn’t expected to be brought to such an upscale room. The carpet was red plush, the curtains on the large double windows heavy looking and a matching red. A step down from the entry way revealed a sitting area to the right complete with a white sofa

and circular glass coffee and end tables. She looked to the left and found a door standing ajar.

She glanced over her shoulder. Scott simply nodded. Brett said, "Through there."

She hesitated only a heartbeat before walking through the door. As she expected, she found a lavish bedroom on the other side. It was decorated much like the sitting room in red and white with glass-topped nightstands and fluffy heart-shaped pillows tossed at the head of the four-poster king-sized bed.

She stopped just inside the room and felt more than saw Brett and Scott stop beside her. On her left, Brett pushed her hair from her shoulder, bent down to nibble at her ear. Scott stood on her right and he turned to face her side, leaned in to kiss her neck. Both raised a hand, each cupping one breast, through the camisole she wore, in his palm and her head fell back as they groped her, squeezed, caressed.

But, once again, they stopped all too soon. They straightened beside her, their hands falling to their sides.

"Undress for us, Bethany," Brett told her.

She looked up at him, met his confident gaze. Yes, she knew he would be the one to give the orders. She glanced at Scott who watched her with a mixture of eagerness and hunger in his eyes but still he managed to flash her a reassuring smile.

She didn't need to be reassured though. She wanted this. Her body felt hot and ripe with both of these men's hands on her bare flesh, to have both of their dicks in some way.

She took a couple more steps into the room and turned to face them. Her gaze traveled down each man to the bulges in their pants. Through the materials of blue jean and polyester she couldn't tell who was the largest. Both seemed to be equally huge. She licked her lips, her pussy muscles contracted. Both holes wet and wanted what she saw. She couldn't wait to find out.

A footstool sat at the end of the bed and she moved to it, stepping out of her shoes as she walked. She perched the toes of her right foot on the edge of the stool for balance and trailed fire-red polished nails up her leg. She didn't have to look at the men to know their gazes were on her. The seductive movement had the desired effect. She let her foot drop to the floor, her nails continued their path up her leg on the outside of her skirt, stopping at the elastic waistband. With both hands, she gave the skirt a gentle tug and slid the garment over her hips and allowed it to fall to the floor around her heels. She wore no stockings, no underwear. Both men had discovered this by now but that didn't lessen the effect as she stood before them, now naked from the waist down.

“Sweet Jesus,” Scott said on a long whispered breath.

She looked at him and smiled. It felt good to know that he liked what he saw. Her gaze moved to Brett, expecting to see something in his expression, but his face revealed nothing. She wasn’t discouraged in the least. In fact, she was even more turned on, if that were possible. To have one man so openly satisfied by her body and another so haughtily impassive gave her a feeling inside herself beyond words.

“Shall I continue, gentleman?”

Instead of answering, Brett slowly walked toward her. Her pulse immediately picked up pace. “Turn around,” he told her in a voice that had grown husky with need.

She hesitated for only a moment then turned her back on the men. Seconds passed which felt like hours—what were they doing behind her?—before she felt the warmth of a body closing in behind her again. It was Brett. She knew the feel of his work callused hands now. They slid under her silk camisole, pulling up the material in their ascent. His hands left a trail of fire on her sensitive flesh as they tugged the camisole up and off. Then his hands moved to free the clasp of her lace bra and removed it also.

She stood completely naked now, both men still at her back. No one spoke. She didn’t hear any

movement, only the soft windy sound of rapid breathing as fast as her own. Hell, it could have been her own breathing she heard. Her entire body had become so sensitized she couldn't be sure.

It was Brett who broke the sexually charged silence and when he did, it startled her. "Crawl to Scott, Bethany."

Crawl to Scott, she thought and wasn't sure she had heard him correctly. She slowly turned, his gaze taking in everything. Indeed Brett stood behind her, just as she had known he would. Still fully dressed in a blue pullover and black slacks, all the way down to his black loafers, he watched her. A pile of clothes lay at the foot and off to the side of the bed. A quick assessment confirmed they were the brown sandals, tan cargo shorts and green shirt that Scott had wore.

Scott, however, positioned himself on the bed, his back resting against the headboard. He sat there watching her, his hands at his sides. He was utterly beautiful. Muscles rippled and bulged in all the right places. His chest was hairless and shined with a thin layer of perspiration. Her mouth went dry and she knew that licking the sweat would be the only thing to quench her thirst. That and...

Her gaze dropped to his groin. Covered in blond curls, his dick stood hard and waited for

her. She knew what Brett had meant by his order now. *Crawl to Scott* meant he wanted her to crawl across the bed to the man waiting naked for her.

She moved closer to the foot of the bed, got on her hands and knees and did as she had been told. She crawled, slowly—making sure to add a seductive sway to her hips with each movement for Brett's benefit—until she straddled Scott's legs. Only his outstretched hand stopped her from moving any closer to him. She stilled, remained on her hands and knees, and looked at him to wait for her next order.

"You have beautiful lips, Bethany," Scott said softly and reached out to brush his thumb lightly over her parted lips.

She couldn't help it. She licked his thumb. When he didn't pull it away, she drew it into her mouth and sucked.

"Yes, somehow I knew you would be good at that," he said and pulled his thumb from her mouth. "Now wrap those lips around my dick."

Finally, she thought as she positioned herself. She started to sit back on her heels before she took him in her mouth but Brett stopped her with one brisk order. "No Bethany. Keep that sexy ass of yours in the air babe."

She couldn't see Brett. She wished he would move into her line of sight but he remained somewhere behind her. That's why he wanted her

this way. To give him a good view from wherever he might be in the room. Well, if he wanted that, she would give it to him. She stuck her ass as high in the air as she could, taking the liberty to be sure to expose her pussy for him as well, and lowered her mouth to Scott's dick.

Her tongue reached his cock first. She licked the head, circled around and over it, lapped up the precum she found there. He tasted thick and salty sweet and she moaned, wanting to be sure he knew she enjoyed herself. She licked his shaft from head to balls and back up again and smiled when she heard his quick intake of breath.

"Take it, Bethany. Suck it, baby."

She positioned her opened mouth over his cock and, in one quick thrust, took him in all the way to his balls. His cock wasn't much longer than average but it was thick, almost impossibly thick, and it filled her throat to the point she thought she might gag.

"Oh, yes," he gasped and she felt him gather the back of her hair in his hand.

But instead of taking control, he let her continue to set the pace. She took him fast and deep for several strokes, then slowed it down, sucking harder for several more. She thought she felt the bed give behind her but was too busy ravishing Scott's dick to know for sure. Then she felt a callused hand caress her ass and she knew Brett

finally joined in the fun. She wiggled her butt, her little sign to let him know she was glad he was there.

“Are you enjoying yourself Bethany?”

Scott’s grip on her hair prevented her from emptying her mouth, so she nodded her answer and gave a little moan.

“You have such a beautiful ass,” Brett said, his hand moving over her butt cheeks, occasionally giving each a little squeeze in turn. “I love milky white skin like yours. But you know what I like more? I think a little red tint to milky white skin is so sexy.” And before she could think, before she understood the implication of his words, he brought his flattened hand down hard across her ass.

She cried out, though the sound muffled with Scott’s dick still in her mouth. Her ass tingled from the blow. The heat traveled between her legs and her pussy ignited.

“Wow, Bethany. You liked that didn’t you?” Scott asked, the hand in her hair loosening its grip to caress the back of her head. “I just felt a bit of pussy juice drip on my leg again.”

She had liked it. It hurt but it was a pleasurable pain. She liked the way her skin continued to tingle long after the slap.

“Do you want more, Bethany?” Brett asked from behind her.

His wide hand splayed on her ass, rubbing, caressing and every other stroke he allowed a finger to slip between her ass cheeks and slide over her anus. Her ass muscles contracted when he did that and she heard him let out a small laugh.

"Ah, so that's what you want, is it? You want me to play there?"

"You can stop sucking my dick so you can answer Brett," Scott told her and his hand fell from the back of her head, lightly grazed her shoulder and arm.

She pushed herself up, again resting her weight on her hands and knees, and dared a look over her shoulder at Brett. His hand had stilled on her ass again and just as her gaze met his, his hand came down hard across her cheeks in another fire igniting slap. Her eyes closed involuntarily and she cried out, this time the sound completely audible, a loud scream of pleasurable pain.

The shock of the second spanking had barely set in when his finger slid between her cheeks, found her anus and plunged inside.

"Oh, God! Oh, shit! Oh, Brett!"

"Does it hurt Bethany?" Scott asked.

"A l-little," she managed to answer.

"Do you want me to stop?" Brett asked. His free hand caressed her ass cheek as his finger delved in

her anus, slid in and out in a slow penetration that drove her wild.

“No. Please. Don’t stop.”

“As you wish.” And he pushed his finger in a little further, a bit harder.

She would go mad. If these men didn’t stop playing with her, teasing her, if they didn’t fuck her soon she would most certainly go insane. She didn’t know how much more foreplay she could take. How much more could *they* take?

“Look at me Bethany.” Scott’s voice sounded so far away and yet he stayed right there with her, under her.

She opened her eyes, had to take a moment to focus before she met Scott’s gaze. She saw compassion, heat, and want in his eyes. His lips spread in a slow smile that told her he loved every moment of this experience.

So did she.

“Sit on my dick, baby.”

That brought a smile to her lips. Finally! Finally, she got to have a dick inside her. She felt so ready for it, sopping wet and dammed near dieing to have a dick pounding inside her.

She hesitated. She still straddled his legs, but to follow his order she would have to move her body forward a bit. Would Brett stop fingering her anus if she moved? To her surprise, she wasn’t sure which she wanted more at that moment: Brett’s

finger up her ass or Scott's rock hard dick inside her pussy. There was no contest. She wanted them both.

Brazenly, she shifted all her weight to her left arm, reached behind her with her right and covered Brett's hand with hers. She held his hand in place as she shifted, positioned herself over Scott's dick and prepared to lower herself.

Brett chuckled. "Don't worry sweetheart. I'm not through here. Do as Scott wants for now."

"Okay," she whispered and let go of his hand. The instant she did, though, he pulled his finger out of her anus. She wanted to cry out, to protest, to argue, but he said to follow Scott's orders for now. Surely, he wasn't through with her.

She placed her hands on Scott's hips and lowered herself onto his erect, awaiting dick. She took him inside her in one quick, deep thrust that made them both cry out from the pleasure. She felt her insides stretch. His cock was so thick. Even with her sopping wetness, she felt him pushing against the sidewalls of her pussy. When his dick was inside her as deep as she could it, she began to ride. Fast, hard, slamming his dick inside her, fucking him with all her might.

She was almost there. Almost there, she thought. A few more thrust and she would finally find that orgasm her body craved more than oxygen. She could see the top of the mountain, felt

herself climb higher and higher. But just before she reached the top, Scott's hands grabbed her waist and stopped any more movement.

"Scott! Oh, God. No. Please," she begged. She knew it and didn't care how needy it made her sound. She *was* needy. Her body screamed for more, her pussy so wet she thought she might drown him lying beneath her.

"Come to me, baby," Scott told her.

She didn't want to. Sitting up straight, she brought his dick further inside her, deeper, made it easier to ride him fast and hard the way she wanted. If she leaned forward, she would have to relinquish the small thread of control she managed to gain in the past few minutes. But that control had simply been illusion, she realized a heartbeat later. He was the one in control and had been all along.

Still, she didn't move, didn't lean forward as he ordered. She stayed sitting upright on his dick until his hands moved from her waist to her breast. She was freed, she thought with a sudden burst of glee. She could move again. But just as she started to move, to ride his dick again, he latched onto her nipples with his thumbs and forefingers and pulled.

She gasped, a quick burst of surprised air, and fell forward. The sharp daggers of pain in her nipples sent lightning bolts of heat straight to her

pussy. Her legs had gone weak. She couldn't ride him now if she tried.

He smiled when she looked at him again. A satisfied, triumphant smile. He knew what he had done, knew she liked it, knew she wanted even more. His thumbs grazed over her hardened, screaming nipples, his palms cupping her breasts. Just when the tingling started to subside, he pinched her nipples again, pulling another gasp from her.

Behind her, Brett plunged a finger into her anus without warning at the same time that Scott pinched her nipples and she screamed. God, was it possible to die from pleasure?

Brett's finger delved deep, wiggled hard and retreated so fast she writhed over Scott, straining to move. Scott lifted his knees, effectively pushing her up off his dick. Only the head of his dick was still inside her. He had put them in a position that gave him total control. She couldn't lower herself onto him, couldn't slam her pussy onto his dick.

She felt the mattress give behind her. Brett moved, but where? What did he plan to do? His hands moved between her legs, gripped her inner thighs and pulled them further apart. Then she felt something far wider than a finger rubbing the outer rim of her anus. Dear God. Was he going to...?

“Brett?” She intended to make his name a question, but she hadn’t intended for it to sound so panicky.

“Don’t worry, Bethany. You can take me,” he assured her.

She knew she could take him. Her ass was good and ready to be fucked. Even though she had yet to feel his dick, hadn’t even seen it because he had been behind her since they entered the hotel room, she knew she could take him there. But Scott’s dick was still inside her pussy hole.

Her gaze still on Scott, as he correctly read the concern in her expression, the trace of fear that flashed in her eyes. “You’ll love it,” he whispered and slowly flattened his legs on the bed beneath her and Brett.

Brett’s hand gripped her hips and he lifted her just a bit. Then he slid his dick inside her anus. He took it slow, moving both their bodies when needed to make his dick fit inside her with Scott’s dick still in her vagina. It was a tight fit. Brett wasn’t as wide as Scott but he was longer, much longer it felt and by the time Brett was fully inside her, she was completely filled.

“Are you okay Bethany?” Scott asked.

“God, yes,” she hissed. “It...feels...so...”

“Hold still, sweetheart. Let us do the work,” Brett told her and began to move. He pushed his cock further inside her anus and her body fell

down onto Scott's dick, pushing him further inside her pussy. The sensation of having them both inside her, filling her more than she could have ever imagined possible almost became too much. They began to fuck her, Brett set the pace with his thrusts into her ass, Scott followed with him pounding in her pussy.

Somehow one of them, she couldn't tell which one and frankly no longer cared, managed to find her clit with the pad of his thumb during all the thrusting and began a pressured massage. And she couldn't take it anymore. She exploded. There was no other word for it. She screamed in mind-blowing pleasure that left her body tingling, convulsing all over and completely heedless of any order she may have given it. She couldn't move a single muscle on her own. She felt paralyzed.

Seconds later she heard Scott's grunted release at almost the same time that she felt Brett's hot seed flood her anus. She fell on top of Scott, the quick movement effectively dislodging Brett's dick from her ass and he fell beside them on the bed. Minutes, hell, maybe even hours, passed before either of them attempted to move.

Scott's arms had wrapped around her lower back, Brett's hand idly caressed her shoulder. Her head lay on Scott's chest facing Brett and she slowly opened her eyes to find him staring at her.

They gazed at one another for a long moment. Neither said a word. Then a phone rang and the silence was broken.

“That’s mine, baby,” Scott said and she lifted her head to look down at him. “I should probably answer it.”

She nodded and rolled off him. Somehow the movement put her on her side and straight into Brett’s waiting arms. She curled her body against his and he hugged her close as Scott crawled out of the bed, answered his cell phone.

“Are you okay baby? We didn’t hurt you did we?” Brett whispered in her ear. The concern she got from Scott all night settled in Brett this time.

“I have never felt more used, abused and utterly fantastic in my life.”

He laughed at that and leaned up to kiss her cheek. “Do you want some wine?”

“I would love some.”

She lifted her upper body to rest on one elbow as Brett, too, crawled out of bed. She observed the men, both still gloriously naked, and both focused on a new task that wasn’t her. She watched Brett move to a fully stocked bar just outside the bedroom doorway. He disappeared from sight, but that was okay because it was Scott she wanted to look at right now. She wanted to remember him, each muscle, each ripple of sheer male beauty. He wasn’t quite as perfect as Brett but he

was damned close, she had to admit, and couldn't help but wonder if she would ever get the chance to see him naked again, feel him hard and deep inside her.

Brett returned moments later with three glasses and a complete bottle of red wine. She spotted him, stopped in the doorway. He stood there gazing at her while Scott seemed oblivious to everything but the phone call. How long had Brett been watching her watch Scott? Could he guess what she was thinking?

Yes. She knew that without a doubt. He knew her too well. They had been married for far too long for him not to know what went through her mind.

She watched him smile and walk to the bed. He sat down on the edge beside her, handed her an empty glass and filled it full of wine before he spoke. "Did I make a good choice for a partner?"

"You know you did," she said and pushed herself to lean against the headboard so she could drink.

"I hope the two of you allow me to join in again sometime," Scott said. He had ended his phone call and crawled back onto the bed beside Bethany. He hooked a finger under her chin, tugged her face to his and kissed her long and sweetly. It was he who finally broke the kiss and he leaned back, winked at Brett.

Brett moved in then, slipping an arm behind her and pulling her to him. "I think we can make arrangements for him to join us again, don't you?" he smiled down at her.

"Definitely." She reached beside her with her free hand, tugged at Scott's arm until he too was cuddled against her. "This man was incredible." She looked at Brett again. "And so were you."

"I love you, my wife," Brett said softly and she could see the truth of his words in his eyes.

"I love you, too."

"Happy anniversary."

"You too, darling. Next year, it's my turn," she said and laughed when she saw the implications of her words settle in Brett's eyes.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Tonya Ramagos is a best-selling author of young adult romances. After several years of writing solely for teens, she decided to let her imagination soar to include erotica, romances and mysteries for adults. When she's not writing, she's reading. Though she was born and raised in South Mississippi, she is now a resident of Tampa, Florida where she lives with her husband Jarett and handsome boys Gavin and Korlin.