



Protect

and

Serve

Tonya Ramagos



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PROTECT AND SERVE

BY

TONYA RAMAGOS

The door opened and all of the blood in Harper's body headed straight for his cock. Beauty, the likes of which few women possessed, greeted him with large hazel eyes and full lips painted candy-apple red. The lipstick complemented her café mocha skin and hair. She wore her hair cut just above her shoulders, the ends curled under. A few strands fell over her cheek, teased the corner of that luscious mouth.

She wore white silk. A virgin white robe that was belted loosely at the waist and stopped at mid-thigh. Harper's gaze locked on her chest. The robe crossed over ample breasts and just the right movement would cause that robe to gape open, affording him one hell of a view of those perfectly rounded breasts.

As though she read his mind and wanted to give him exactly that, she slid her hand a bit further up on the door and yes, the robe gaped open. This woman was definitely no virgin. She no doubt chose the white for the striking way it contrasted with her dark skin rather than what the traditional definition of the color conveyed.

He managed to tear his gaze away from her chest just in time to see her lift a hand, brush the strands of hair that toyed with the corner of her mouth away with one long fingernail polished in a shade that matched the lipstick. Visions of those candy-apple lips wrapped around his dick flashed through his mind followed by more images, these of her long nails as they left deep scratches down his back after each thrust of his dick inside her hot, wet pussy.

“Officer...” She let the word drag out as she read his badge. “Blake. I hope the law isn’t too hard on a girl who calls the police for a false alarm.” Her voice sounded of warm honey with the smallest touch of Southern twang.

Man, but he did love the Southern accent in a woman’s voice. Because of that accent in combination with the large eyes, luscious lips, dark skin, and incredible view that appeared to be gapping further by the second, it took a moment for Harper’s brain to engage. “You reported a disturbance?” he asked dumbly.

“Yes. Gosh, this is so embarrassing,” she said and a twinge of pink rose to her cheeks. “I was just getting out of the shower, you see, when I heard something downstairs. I get really spooked in this big ole house alone at night.” She folded an arm under her breasts and hugged herself as she spoke. “My roommate, Dana, she’s been out of

town. She wasn't supposed to return for a few more days so I wasn't expecting anyone to be coming into the house."

Harper shoved his fingers to the first knuckle into the pockets of his uniform pants and rocked back on the heels of his boots. He nodded slowly and asked, "So everything is okay here then?"

"Fine, Officer Blake," the beauty assured him with a smile that dammed near dazzled his socks right out of his boots and off his feet. "Dana is taking her turn in the shower now."

"Do you mind if I come in, make a pass through the house anyway? I would feel better leaving you two ladies alone if I see for myself first that all is clear and secure."

She hesitated for a moment, studied his badge a bit more closely, then stepped back and to the side allowing him room to enter. "I appreciate your concern handsome — I mean officer," she quickly corrected.

Harper turned in the foyer, gave her a look with one raised brow and a wide grin. "Handsome is okay by me, Ma'am."

She laughed — a full, throaty sound that made him think of whipped cream and strawberries. "Handsome it is then," she said and shut the front door. She turned back to him, moved around him in the foyer as she asked, "Can I get you something to drink...a soda, glass of water, a

beer? Oh, no. You're on duty. No drinking on the job, right?" she said and shot him a playful smile over her shoulder.

"Actually, my shift ended a quarter of an hour ago." His gaze fell to her long, shapely legs, crawled back up to her hips, and watched their seductive sway with each step she took. He gulped hard before he added, "I was headed home when the call came through."

The foyer opened into a lavish living room decorated in artsy colors and furnishings, most of which appeared to be fairly new. "Dana has been redecorating the place in her free time," the beauty told him conversationally. "She has a great eye for color."

Harper agreed though he didn't say so aloud. He didn't normally go for so much color in his surroundings. His own apartment held little more than beige, white and the occasional dark blue. He took in the room with the trained eye of a serious cop then turned his attention back to the beauty to find her standing barely an arm's reach away, a cold bottle of beer in her extended hand.

"Since you're off duty," she said with a shrug as he took the bottle, sipped. "So tell me Officer Handsome..." When he laughed at that, she waggled her brows at him. "Were you headed home to a girlfriend, wife, or any kind of significant other?"

Harper let a full ten seconds pass before he answered with a simple, "No."

Her smile widened and she took a step toward him. The movement put her close enough that he felt the heat radiating from her body. He reveled in the coolness of the silk robe as it whisked over the skin of his arm when she moved. She trailed a finger down the front of his shirt, circled the badge he wore on the upper left pocket. "What is it about a man in uniform that drives a woman wild?"

Harper looked down at her and couldn't keep his gaze from falling to the opening of her robe. She stood so close now that he could see straight down the white silk. If he'd had any question before as to what she wore under the robe, he had none now. He saw nothing but smooth, toned, mocha skin. Sweet Jesus!

Since he didn't have a precise answer to her question, he said nothing, preferring to watch her instead. Anticipation grew in his veins, made his heart beat just a little faster. He could count on one hand the number of times a victim, for lack of a better word, came on to him this way when he responded to a call and never one as strikingly gorgeous as this one.

"I think it's the knight in shining armor idea," came a different female voice in answer.

Startled, Harper turned his head so fast he

nearly gave himself whiplash and, for the second time in almost as many minutes, he found himself dumbstruck by beauty. This beauty, Dana he presumed, chose sapphire blue instead of white. The robes both women wore looked to be nearly identical but for the colors.

Harper liked the sapphire blue on Dana, he decided instantly. The darker color brought out the paleness of her milky skin, the sunshine gleam of her hair, the deep sea blue of her eyes. Dana appeared to be several pounds heavier than her friend, but those extra pounds definitely found their way to the right places. In contrast, the two women appeared as different as night and day, yet Harper couldn't remember ever seeing two women more breathtaking in his life.

"There's something about a man in uniform that screams of the rough, tough protector," Dana continued. She stopped beside her roommate. Her gaze on Harper, she lifted a hand, pulled the side of her roommate's hair back and tucked it behind her ear. "I'm ready when you are, Mercedes."

Mercedes rubbed her face against Dana's hand much like a cat would its master. Even her voice sounded almost feline when she said, "I thought Officer Blake might like to join us."

Harper felt his eyes grow wide as Mercedes turned her head to Dana, brushed a kiss over her lips. He gave himself a mental pat on the back,

grateful that he'd had the foresight to position his cock downward the last time he visited a restroom. With the show he seemed to be getting now, his cock needed all the room it could get to grow.

Obviously intrigued by the look Harper knew must be on his face, Mercedes shot him a wicked grin with those candy-apple lips. Her hand rose to toy with the front of Dana's robe, her fingers slipping inside just enough to skim a bit of flesh. "So, how 'bout it, Officer Handsome?"

Harper's mouth felt as dry as the Sahara Desert. He took a long pull from the beer he almost forgot he held and studied both women in turn before he finally said, "I believe I can stick around for a while."

The women exchanged unreadable looks then stepped away from each other, moved closer to him, one on either side. "Ever been with two women, Officer Handsome?" Dana asked, adopting Mercedes nickname for him.

On his left, Mercedes took the beer bottle from his hand, set it on a nearby table. Harper felt her snuggle close, felt those long fingernails of hers as they made light scratches up and down his arm, but Dana currently held most of his attention.

"No," he said simply, but in his head he screamed for joy.

"Nervous?" Dana asked, and stepped into the

arm he held out for her, allowed him to close that arm around his waist.

He jerked her closer still and crushed his mouth to hers in answer. She tasted faintly of toothpaste, not the normal variety but something lemon that reminded him of the lemon head candies he ate as a boy, and warm. God, she tasted warm. She made an initial shrill of surprise into his mouth, but quickly gave herself over to the kiss.

“Think you can handle us both Officer Handsome?” Mercedes whispered in his ear.

Harper broke the kiss with Dana, turned his head and captured Mercedes’ mouth in much the same way. Even with the lingering remains of Dana in his mouth, he had no trouble distinguishing Mercedes taste...soft, sweet, with just a touch of Irish Cream liquor.

He felt hands on him everywhere. One hand that must belong to Mercedes, he deduced, buried itself in the back of his hair, gripped and pulled his head further down, hardening the kiss. He felt another hand move caressingly up and down his back, but the hands in front captured his attention the most. One hand fumbled with the buttons of his shirt, managed to unfasten several of them before it abandoned the task and began to play with his chest hair. Another hand made its way down his abs and stomach, over the waistband of his pants and continued down until it cupped his

crotch.

With his arms full of both women, he couldn't move, could only feel. The heat of their bodies pressed against him, sandwiching him; their hands as they explored him, slowly worked to remove his clothes. By the time he finally broke the kiss with Mercedes, his shirt hung loose and open, his belt hung undone and his pants were unfastened, unzipped, his boxer briefs the only piece of clothing he still wore fully.

"Why don't you get rid of this before we continue," Dana suggested and trailed a lazy finger over the butt of his sidearm.

Harper appreciated that, her thinking of safety, not attempting to do anything with his gun herself. The safety was on and it sat securely in his belt holster, still many accidents happened when caution was not put into practice.

"You can put it on that shelf over there if you like," Dana told him as he slid the gun and holster from his belt.

Harper looked in the direction she nodded and spotted a tall bookcase, one shelf near the top empty of all contents. Both women stepped away just enough for him to move, allowing him to carefully dispose of the sidearm. For good measure, he emptied his shirt pocket, added a notebook and pen to the shelf along with his badge. He reached for the handcuffs he wore

opposite his sidearm and froze. He heard the clanking sound of metal on metal and his brow rose as he slowly turned to find Mercedes dangling the handcuffs from one long, slender finger.

“Looking for these handsome?” her voice rich with Southern honey asked.

“What happened to officer?”

“It appears the roles have changed,” Dana answered with a teasing gleam in her deep blue eyes.

Harper felt himself drowning. He looked from one woman to the other. Oh yeah, he thought, Dana would certainly drown him if the sweetness in Mercedes didn’t kill him first. “You intend to use those on me?” he asked and lifted his chin slightly at the handcuffs.

“Got a problem with that?” Dana asked. She sidestepped, closed the space between herself and Mercedes, the space he stood just moments ago.

“Not so much.” In truth, he couldn’t wait to see what these beautiful women would do with those handcuffs, what they would do to him. His cock throbbed at the possibilities and when Mercedes turned to Dana, slipped a hand between the folds of Dana’s robe to cup one of her breasts at the same time leaning in for a kiss he thought he would cum right then and there. No doubt about it, he thought as he watched the women French

kiss, what he was about to experience would be far better than any wet dream he'd ever had.

Harper didn't wait for the women to stop kissing. No way could he continue to watch and not get involved. He walked to them, his hands finding their way into the women's hair and leaned down, invited himself into the kiss. Three tongues tangled simultaneously, exploring, tasting. Without so much as a pause, he felt Mercedes and Dana begin to remove his shirt. Each caught one side in her hand and slid the shirt off his shoulders, down his arms. Obliging, he pulled his hands free, caught the shirt and tossed it aside. Who cared where it landed?

Mercedes' mouth moved over his cheek, down his neck. She licked her way across his collarbone, down to his nipple. When she circled his nipple with her tongue then drew it between her lips and nibbled he nearly devoured Dana's mouth. The sensation of kissing one woman while another woman licked his chest, explored his body drove him to the point of sheer exotic insanity.

His hand in Mercedes hair followed her down as she continued to treat his upper body and torso like a tasty Popsicle. With his own need to explore growing, he released his hold on Dana's hair and skimmed his palm down her back, over to her side and in between them. Faintly, he heard the tale-tell clang of metal but the implications didn't

register until it was too late. In a move probably more skillful and smooth than half the guys on the police force, Mercedes snapped one end of the handcuffs on his wrist, pulled his arm in front of him and cuffed his other wrist in record time.

Startled, Harper broke the kiss with Dana, pulled back and stared down at his cuffed hands in astonishment. He felt Mercedes' body pressed against his back. Her arms came around him to splay her hands flat on his chest.

"Did I get them too tight handsome?" she asked as she licked her way across his back all the while caressing his chest and abs.

"You're quick," Harper said, his tone full of admiration. "Bet you could teach some of the guys on the force a few tricks."

The hand on his abs made a quick slide down and slipped inside the open fly of his pants to cup his dick through his boxer briefs. She squeezed just enough to make him take in a sharp breath. "I would rather teach you a few tricks, handsome."

Harper felt a bead of sweat roll down his spine. He searched his foggy mind for something to say in response to that but came up blank. When was the last time a woman left him speechless?

Mercedes released her hold on his cock to tug at his pants until they fell in a pool around his ankles. His briefs followed suit and when he expected Mercedes' to return to his cock he got

surprised instead by Dana who dropped to her knees in front of him. Those deep blue eyes stared up at him, twinkled as she took him into her mouth. In one quick motion of absolutely no warning, she sucked his dick down her throat until she held all of him in her mouth.

Harper only knew of two women in his sexual life able to deep throat him this way and both were long in his past. Dana, however, could do it and she did it now. Oh boy, did she do it now! She pulled back, nearly let his cock fall from her lips before taking him in again, swallowing him. He heard himself make an odd sound at that, a mixture of a grunt and a cry and his eyes rolled back in his head.

He felt cool hands on his ass and realized he forgot about Mercedes for those few moments in time. She made him remember her now though by slinking one hand between his legs from behind to fondle his balls while Dana continued to suck his cock. Mercedes' other hand caressed his ass cheek in a slow, gliding motion as though soothing the flesh. She slipped a finger between his cheeks, grazed it over his anus and he growled, this time in warning.

She laughed, a soft, musical sound, and let her finger retreat for only a second before rubbing it over his ass hole again. "Relax handsome. Just a little stimulation."

Harper wanted to tell her to stop. He didn't need more stimulation. With his balls in her hand and his dick shoved deep in Dana's mouth, he had all the stimulation he could handle. His cock couldn't get any harder and his balls began to stiffen, throb with each thrust down Dana's throat. Yet, when Mercedes rubbed over his anus a third time, drew a lazy circle around its rim with the pad of her finger, he didn't tell her to stop.

"You like that, don't you?" Mercedes asked and when he shook his head no she said, "Yes you do, handsome. I can tell by the way your muscles tense when I rub my finger over this forbidden hole, the way your balls tighten in my hand. It's okay to admit it."

Again, Harper shook his head. He couldn't admit it. It wasn't okay for him to like such a thing. But he did. Oh God, he really did. Slowly, she eased the tip of her finger into his anus and his knees nearly buckled. Despite the restraint of the handcuffs, he found Dana in front of him and managed to grip her hair in his bound hands. It gave him a small ounce of control, to be able to set the pace of Dana's dick sucking. Between his legs, Mercedes fondled and squeezed his balls all the while inching that finger further inside his anus.

Harper barely found the strength to stay on his feet. A low, guttural sound rolled from his lips as the pressure in his cock built. He tried to stop it,

tried to stop Dana from sucking his cock, tried to stop Mercedes from inching her finger further in his ass. He could stop none of it. He realized then that the mere ounce of control he felt when he gripped Dana's hair and took over the pace of her sucking had only been an illusion. These women held all control and they refused to give him an inch.

Mercedes' finger plunged another inch and his hips rocked forward, his dick thrusting hard into Dana's mouth. They fucked him that way, hard and fast until he shot his cum deep down Dana's throat. The release held so much pressure behind it, felt so unimaginably good, that he heard himself cry out.

His body shook and his knees started to bend. Mercedes withdrew her finger from his ass and even that made him moan. His dick fell from Dana's lips and together the three of them folded themselves to the floor. When the fog cleared from his brain, he found himself sitting Indian style between Mercedes and Dana, his cuffed hands in his lap, the woman on their knees on either side of him.

"Want me to remove the cuffs now?" Mercedes asked. She ran her fingers through the hair above his right temple and he leaned into that touch.

Harper swallowed and found his throat so dry it hurt. "I wouldn't mind it."

"I think we should leave them on. We aren't through with you," Dana told him. "You know that, don't you?"

Harper managed a chuckle. "God, I hope not. Though you'll have to give me some time to recover."

"We'll give you a minute or two," Mercedes said. "That's about all it should take."

Harper wasn't so sure he would agree with that. Even in his younger years, he couldn't bounce back from an ejaculation like that and be ready to go again in a minute or two. He decided not to comment, but watched quietly as Mercedes and Dana stood in unison. They stared down at him with nearly mirrored expressions of promise and anticipation as they pulled the belts of their robes free, let the robes fall to the floor in a cascade of silk.

Harper felt the first stirrings of arousal in his dick and would have been surprised had he not been gazing up at two incredibly beautiful, completely naked women. "Sweet Jesus," he whispered and dammed near forgot to breath when they moved in front of him, stepped into each other's arms. He sat mesmerized as Mercedes' hands rose to cup Dana's ample breasts. With a pointed look at him, she bent her head, drew one of Dana's nipples between her candy-apple lips.

Dana's head rolled back, her eyes closed and a soft moan broke the silence of the room. She kept her arms around Mercedes, her hands so pale in contrast to the other woman's dark skin. Mercedes shifted slightly and moved her attention to Dana's other breast even as her hand grazed up Dana's thigh, slipped between Dana's legs.

Obligingly, Dana inched her feet apart, spread her legs wider and Mercedes drove a finger into Dana's pussy. Dana gasped. Her nails dug into Mercedes' back so deep it turned the skin around the punctures a ghostly white.

Harper heard a whispered, "Yes!" and realized it came from him. His dick, now fully erect once again, throbbed. He knew Dana's eyes remained closed as she rocked from the pleasure, knew Mercedes kept her gaze on him even as she nibbled and sucked Dana's tits and fingered her pussy. But he couldn't pull his attention from the finger...fingers, he corrected when he realized Mercedes now used three slender fingers to thrust inside Dana's tight hole.

"Want to play handsome?" Mercedes asked, her Southern honey voice now thick and low with arousal.

"You know I do," Harper answered and licked his lips. He could almost taste it, the juices he caught a glimpse of on Mercedes' fingers just before she plunged them back inside Dana.

“Touch yourself for me.”

Harper wrapped his hand around his shaft, careful of the short chain between his still bound hands. His gaze on Dana’s pussy, he pumped his dick, skimmed his thumb over the head to gather the pre-cum and use as a lubricant.

“You want to put that inside her, don’t you?”

“Oh yeah.”

“Dana, do you want handsome to fuck you now?” With each word, Mercedes pushed her fingers harder, faster inside Dana’s pussy until Dana’s answer came in a squeal of pleasure.

“Yes!”

Mercedes bent, kissed both Dana’s breasts in turn and withdrew her fingers. Slowly, Dana’s eyes fluttered open. She gave Mercedes a small smile then turned to Harper, her eyes so blue they looked almost black and burning with need. For the second time, she dropped to her knees. Harper decided no matter how sexist it felt he liked her in that position...on her knees and ready to service him.

She crawled to him, her gaze locked with his. Just watching her, the way her hips swayed, the way her breasts hung so perfectly, made the blood still in his veins. She licked her lips and he thought he might have heard himself whimper.

“What are you thinking about at this moment?” she asked, her voice low and sexy.

Nothing but you, he started to say but figured that was too simplistically obvious. Instead, he went for flattery. It did get a man far, after all. "How beautiful you are."

She faltered at that, her crawl slowing almost to a stop as an expression of surprise flashed over her face.

Surely he wasn't the first to say that to her. Yet, given her reaction, he felt it wasn't something she heard often. "You're a sexy woman, Dana," he continued in a husky whisper. "I can't wait to get my hands on that body of yours, can't wait to kiss you, to feel you, to taste you, to be inside you."

It took what felt like hours, years, eternities, but only amounted to a few seconds for her to crawl to him. Finally, she reached him and straddled his legs as she kept coming closer and closer. Her hands found their way to his shoulders and she gave him a push, followed him down to the floor. Miraculously in all of that, she somehow managed to make sure his bound hands did not get pinned between their bodies but rather pushed them over his head, held them to the plush carpet by her own hands on his forearms.

She gazed down at him with a look of twinkling triumph. Her lips were a mere breath from his. Her perfect breasts pressed against his chest and her pussy lightly brushed the head of his dick.

Harper lifted his hips and attempted to slide his

cock into that inviting pussy but she quickly lifted her hips as well. Skillfully, she kept that hot, slick treat just out of his reach. A teasing grin that curled the edges of her plump lips told him she knew exactly what she did to him. He was on the verge of begging, about to plead with her to let him fuck her when she slowly began to sit up.

Her palms skimmed down his body as she rose above him. Still, she managed to keep what he wanted most out of his cock's reach.

"You aren't playing fair," he told her in a voice tight with need.

Mercedes chuckled sweetly at that as she stepped to the right of his vision, gazed approvingly at Dana. "Oh, but she is, handsome. "Teasing you, making you beg for what you want, is half the fun."

Harper wasn't so sure he agreed with that but he let it slide. Who was he to argue when two beautiful women wanted to have their fun with him? He would get what he wanted eventually and, if his luck held out, he may even get more than he could hope for.

"You want to fuck Dana," Mercedes continued and lowered to her knees beside him. Harper waited to feel her long nails skim his flesh but ended up watching those nails go to Dana instead. Mercedes' hand glided over Dana's thigh, cupped her pussy then finally fell between Dana's legs to

his cock. She wrapped her hand around his rigid shaft, squeezed and he nearly came off the floor. She tisked. "Too bad she won't let you put this in that beautiful pussy of hers. Take it from me handsome, she's so hot and wet right now. Still, this nice big cock of yours would be a tight fit."

"What about you?" Harper hissed though clinched teeth. Her hand squeezed harder. A sensation just this side of pain rocketed through his dick.

"What about me, handsome?"

Harper's eyes rolled back in his head, pressure built in his cock and he fought it off. "Would it be a tight fit inside you? Let me find out. Let me fuck you." The instant the words left his mouth, she let go. It happened so suddenly, the absence of her hand around his shaft such a shock that he gasped in protest. His eyes focused on her just in time to see her and Dana exchange another one of those knowing looks then Dana swung a leg over him and crawled away.

Harper had a fleeting instant to wonder if he hurt Dana's feelings before Mercedes sheathed his cock with a condom and climbed on top. Then all conscience thought fled as she slammed her pussy onto his dick so quickly and with such force that he all but screamed. His hands jerked in reflex and the metal cuffs bit painfully into his wrists. He tried to lift his arms and found he couldn't. Dana

hadn't crawled away after all, but merely moved to a spot above his head to hold him down as Mercedes rode him. She sat back on her heels, legs spread and knees on either side of his head. He could smell her, that innate female scent of arousal and he twisted his neck for a better view.

A thin layer of blond curls barely concealed Dana's pale pink pussy lips. The position in which she sat left her pussy completely exposed and open to his view. She was wet, so wet her lips were slick and glistening with it. He licked his lips, met her gaze and opened his mouth to speak. Mercedes drove herself down on his dick at that exact moment and caused the word to come out on a strangled cry. "Please!"

Dana ran her fingers through his hair, a gentle but mischievous expression on her face. "Please what, handsome?"

"Come closer. I want to kiss you with my lips, touch you with my tongue, lick your juices and make you cum."

Dana glanced up at Mercedes who continued to ride Harper's dick as though she were riding a ferocious bucking stallion.

"Sit on his face, Dana," Mercedes panted. "Give him what he asks for this time."

A quick grin unfolded across Dana's beautiful face and she inched her body forward, lifted her hips as she scooted to hover her pussy over

Harper's mouth.

"Ah, yes," Harper whispered. Excitement coursed through his veins, mixed with the vicious orgasm Mercedes built inside him and both threatened to drive him mad. He lifted his head off the floor, stuck out his tongue and licked Dana's pussy from back to front, stopping at her swollen clit to circle it with his tongue. She trembled, moaned loudly with pleasure and lowered her hips, buried his face in her sweet heat.

As he slowly lowered his head to the floor, he slid his tongue back to her juicy opening, delved inside. God, but she tasted good! Mercedes' nails dug into his hips as she rode him even harder than before, the sight of him eating Dana's pussy an obvious turn-on for her. Both women moaned, panted and whispered quiet oaths as the three fell into a rhythm that would rival the best of heavy metal songs.

Harper fucked Dana with his tongue all the while reveling in the feel of having his dick slammed impossibly deep inside Mercedes. Though it was the last thing he truly wanted, he thought they should slow down. He would never last for either of them at this rate. But with his face smothered in Dana's pussy, he could only make noises that sounded even to him like ones of incredible satisfaction rather than that of protest. With his hands cuffed and over his head, one

woman straddling his groin, the other on his face he could do nothing but enjoy and hope that when he came the women would too.

As if sensing he was reaching the end of his self-restraint, he heard Mercedes' breathless cry moments later.

"Cum for me, Harper. Oh, yes! I'm about to cum. Cum with me." That last came on a shrill cry as her body went rigid, her inner muscles clamped onto his dick like a vice then she exploded around him in a burst of hot wetness.

Dana's cries of pleasure followed, joined with Harper's own grunts, as they all found release. Harper thought in that instant he might die, but oh what a way to go. His cock still buried deep in Mercedes convulsed as he shot his seed into the condom. His tongue worked rapidly, alternating a lick and a thrust inside Dana's pussy as he lapped at the cum that all but drowned him.

Completely spent and unable to move, Mercedes lay to one side of him, her head resting on his shoulder while Dana managed to turn enough to lay on his other side before she too collapsed oh his shoulder.

Mercedes managed to find the strength to speak first. She raised herself on one elbow, twirled a fingernail in his chest hair with her other hand as she said, "Clark asked me to tell you that he's sorry he had to cancel your bachelor party."

Harper laughed, lifted his still bound hands to run a lazy finger down Mercedes arm. "I think he threw me one hell of a party. Tell me we'll get to do this again."

"You can count on it," Dana said, her hand joining Harper's on Mercedes' arm. "It's my understanding that Clark has his own fantasy he wants to explore but it has to wait until after the wedding. Something about us being married first," she shrugged but Harper saw the anticipatory excitement in her eyes.

"Do I get to watch?"

"Handsome, you may get to join," Mercedes said and wagged her brows at him.

"Office handsome at your service ladies," he kidded, tried to salute but the cuffs got in his way. "I don't suppose you can free me of these now?"

The women exchanged amused glances, shook their heads. "We're not sure we're done with you yet," Dana said. She sat up, caught his balls with one hand while her other hand reached to cup Mercedes' breast.

Harper growled and knew 'to death do us part' with Dana would be one exciting ride.

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.