



MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S STEAM

SINS OF SUMMER

FANTASMAGORICAL

ANNMARIE MCKENNA

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Fantasmagorical

Annmarie McKenna

Dedication

I have to dedicate Fantasmagorical to all those manlove writers whose books and ideas somehow wormed their way into my head. I hadn't meant for my two heroes to be gay but I guess that's what they wanted ☺. To all the manlove writers out there, you guys rock!

Chapter One

“Dayum.” Evan Knight’s duffel bag dropped to the ornate tiled floor with a thud. Sweat beaded her upper lip and rolled off her body everywhere else. Her forehead, the small of her back, between her breasts. “Look at all those chests.”

“Makes you want to dive right in, doesn’t it? Part the sea of male specimens.” Kiley came to a stop next to Evan, so close their shoulders rubbed. She leaned over as if to whisper, but what she said could have been heard on the mainland. “Which one do you want?”

Evan smiled. “I don’t know, I don’t care, but it better be that one.” She pointed none too shyly at the most gorgeous man she’d ever seen in her life. The same half-naked man currently surrounded by a throng of other women.

“Mmm,” Kiley sighed, clearly not paying any attention to Evan’s god of choice. “Methinks I like the redhead stroking his... Oh my God. Have you ever seen one that big? It’s huge!”

Evan reluctantly removed her gaze from the sandy-haired Adonis. “Wow. That *is* impressive.”

Kiley clasped Evan’s hand and tugged them both toward the man in question. Evan guessed it was okay to leave her bag unattended for a few minutes. Fantasmagorical was a private resort after all, only invited guests and the employees were permitted on the property.

Before they even reached the man, Kiley was already talking. “That is beautiful.”

“Thank you.” His green eyes lit up and Evan watched them touch on every inch of Kiley’s hourglass figure before settling on her face.

Evan snorted. He didn't even look at her. Too bad, because he *was* rather yummy.

"Is it as soft as it looks?" Not one shy bone in her best friend's body.

"Absolutely."

"So big. May I touch it?" Kiley's fingertips were already stretching toward the object of her fascination.

"If it would please you."

She hesitated. "Will it bite?"

The corners of his mouth quirked. "I would never allow it to hurt a guest, my sweet."

Jeez, looked like Kiley had already been claimed. A sharp bark of laughter followed by several female giggles made Evan turn to the man who'd first garnered her notice, and sigh. Probably no way in hell of attracting that particular Adonis's interest. Not with that many women already vying for his attention. Besides, she didn't have the perfect shape of Kiley or, apparently, the wiles of any of his groupies. But he was built to the specifications of all her fantasies, she whined to herself.

"Suck my cock."

The loud squawk dragged Evan's gaze back to Kiley, who practically cooed.

"Oh my God, he's so cute," Kiley squeaked in delight. The girl had a thing for tropical birds, and she thrust a hand toward the bird once more to stroke the plumage of colorful feathers on top of the cockatoo's head. His owner laughed one time before his face turned serious.

He took a hold of Kiley's chin. "I believe you've been claimed."

A rush of fire pooled in Evan's belly at the intensity in the redhead's gaze. Kiley whimpered.

Who wouldn't?

"Do what Milo said. Drop to your knees and suck my cock."

Evan's heart pounded and she swallowed. Where was the man who would talk to her in the same guttural, commanding tone? The one who would tell her to drop to her knees and suck his cock. The one who was the reason she'd come to this resort in the first place—to experience domination with absolutely no consequences.

She watched, mesmerized, as her best friend in the whole world slowly sank to the ground in sudden submissiveness, her gaze never leaving the man's.

Holy shit. The brochure had been right. This place was every fantasy wrapped into one picturesque, private island, beachfront resort.

Evan forced her fingers not to rub her throbbing clit as the man spread his thighs and set the cockatoo on a perch beside him. Kiley moved to the ties that held a loose pair of cotton pants together over an impressive bulge.

"Eyes on my face," he demanded.

Evan licked her lips. This was so not fair. Why did Kiley get to go first? When was it her turn and why could she not stop watching? She'd never felt so liberated in her life. Perhaps knowing she was safe in this controlled environment made her feel this way? Both she and Kiley had had to undergo extensive testing before even being considered for this once-in-a-lifetime experience.

And damn, when you weren't getting any at home...

Kiley nimbly untied the loose knot at the bottom of the man's six-pack. She pulled the waistband toward her with one hand and reached inside with the other to extract a rather stunning erection.

The sweat on Evan's skin increased tenfold, as did the moisture pooling between her thighs.

Kiley's open mouth moved forward, ready to take on the plum-shaped head glistening with what seemed to be several drops of pre-come. Evan

was suddenly glad she wasn't Kiley because she didn't think she'd be able to take a cock the size of his.

The tip of her friend's pink tongue darted out to lick the slit when two hands settled on Evan's shoulders.

She jumped with a shriek only to be hauled back against a hard chest. Her heart slammed into her ribs, threatening to break them as a hand, liberally sprinkled with light brown hairs, covered one breast. The hardened nipple was rolled and tugged on just to the point of pain and released with a pluck.

Evan moaned in desperate need and rested her head on whoever held her. She didn't care who he was, only that her body clamored for him.

Warm breath caressed her ear making her shiver in direct competition with the stifling heat of the air.

"I think you need a couple of your own cocks to suck on."

Evan bit her lip. Cocks, plural?

Chapter Two

Gabe Lariet had recognized her as his the second she'd walked in the door. Her long, dark brown hair was caught up in a haphazard ponytail that had worked itself loose in the oppressive heat of Fantasm Island. He itched to rip the offending elastic off so he could see the thick strands flow over his thighs and belly when she sucked him off.

Or better yet, over Lance's cock while Gabe buried himself in her pussy. A pussy he knew by the tremble of her body and the scent of her essence was already wet and preparing itself for them.

He pressed his erection into the small of her back and she melted into him. She was tiny compared to him. More than a head shorter. They would need to be careful not to hurt her the first time they took her together. And make no mistake, they would most definitely fuck her at the same time. They'd shared women many, many times over their long friendship, especially since discovering some time a few years back that what would make them whole would be a third. A woman to complete their circle.

He plucked at the woman's distended nipples through the thin cotton of her shirt as she watched her friend take a good amount of Zach's length down her throat. It looked like the friend could do some major sucking but she didn't do anything for him. His taste ran to a certain petite brunette who would fall to the floor if he took a step back right now.

Gabe supported her with his arm across her smooth tummy and continued to palm her breasts with the other. They were small, but damn if her nipples weren't hard as rocks.

"I'm claiming you," he growled in her ear, glancing around at her face in time to see her eyes slide shut. She pursed her lips and nodded acceptance.

There weren't always matches at Fantasmagorical. He'd never had it happen to him, but occasionally it did happen that a guest wasn't claimed for the entire week. In those cases, the guest's name was put into a pool and they were then paired by the day. They spent their week being doted on by several different employees who'd been hired for the sole purpose of keeping unclaimed guests happy.

Gabe and Lance, on the other hand, had made lots of women happy. Women looking for a ménage or a break from their traditional bedroom antics. They'd even had several return customers to the island who'd asked for them specifically, but they'd yet to connect with one on a spiritual level. The day would come eventually, either here on the island or back at home in Florida. And when they found her, they'd keep her forever.

Fantasm Island, owned by his own eccentric billionaire uncle, got its business through word of mouth. Usually women, sometimes men, came to the resort ready for intense sexual freedom. Anything goes. Guests were tested both physically and mentally and only those who passed with flying colors were invited to come.

"I'm claiming you too." Lance's voice rumbled beside him. The woman jumped in his arms and twisted to see who'd spoken. Her eyes widened to quarter-sized disks and she gasped. She looked around him at the group of women pouting after Lance.

“You’re ours,” Gabe said and tugged her toward the rear exit. “Get her bag,” he threw over his shoulder.

“Already taken care of.”

“But my—”

“Your friend is being well taken care of too, by Zach. Believe me.” Gabe took one elbow, Lance the other and headed to their quarters. If he didn’t relieve the tension in his cock soon, it was liable to explode before he got inside her.

Palm trees lined all the pathways coming to and from the main resort building. Parties, dinners and dances were held at the big building. Smaller huts housed specialty rooms for any fantasy a guest could think up. If they couldn’t find what they wanted, the situation could be created.

“I can’t wait, Gabe.” Lance drew to a stop along the balustrade outside.

She squeaked when he backed her up to the concrete ledge and trapped her between his hands, which he rested beside her.

“You are beautiful.” He nuzzled her throat. “What’s your name?”

She gave a hysterical little laugh and tilted her head back to give Lance better access. Gabe moved to the other side and added his mouth.

“This is really weird.” She moaned.

“But what you want, right?” Gabe whispered, licking along the vein.

When she paused too long, Lance said, “Answer him, sweetheart.”

“Yes.” The word hissed from deep in her lungs.

“From now on you answer us the first time.” Gabe placed a hand at her waist and slid it beneath her shirt. Lance’s met his at her breasts so they each held one. They manipulated the hardened tips simultaneously.

She made a disparaging sound but didn’t balk at their command. It was part of her profile. She wished to be a submissive in every way that

mattered sexually. Of course, her profile only provided a photo, not a name. All the “employees” were given profiles for each guest. It allowed them to claim the guest that interested them the most the minute they walked in the door.

They weren’t given a name in case the guest desired to stay somewhat anonymous. If things didn’t work out, both guest and employee were allowed to trade at a mixer later in the week, or, if things were really bad right from the start, the owner would see to it the guest was directed to another employee. He wanted everyone to be happy.

“This one time will be your only warning. From here on out you will be punished. Do you understand?” Lance demanded.

“Yes.”

“Good.” Lance pulled his hand from her shirt and tugged the fabric up and off her body, leaving her naked from the waist up.

“Make sure you leave the bra off all week,” Gabe growled and cupped her mound. Her head fell back when he gave a tight squeeze. “The panties too.”

“We want to be able to touch you, to fuck you, at anytime. Day or night.” Lance pressed his lips to hers and coaxed them open.

Gabe watched her tongue dart out and tentatively touch the tip of Lance’s. His cock jerked behind the fly of his jeans. That tongue would be lapping at his erection very soon.

“What’s your name, honey?” Gabe asked, adjusting his jeans around the persistent hard-on.

She broke the kiss and looked back and forth between the two of them before swallowing and licking her lips.

“Evan Kn—”

Lance placed his fingers over her open mouth. “First names only, sweetheart.”

She nodded.

“Good. I’m gonna strip these shorts off you, set you on this ledge and eat your pussy until I’m full. You are to do nothing. No screaming, no touching.”

Gabe helped divest Evan of the rest of her clothes, sticking the tiny, white lace panties smeared with her cream in his pocket. “Up you go, honey.” She was the most fucking gorgeous creature on the planet and he and Lance were about to get to know every intimate detail of her body. Damn if life wasn’t good.

Chapter Three

Holy shit. Was she really doing this? Letting a stranger, *strangers*, strip her naked and go down on her? In public? With the man who'd been surrounded by women? The same one she'd pointed at when they'd first walked in. And his friend. Two gorgeous men presenting her with the opportunity of a lifetime, because it was for damn sure this kind of thing would never happen in her real life.

Evan's heart raced in anticipation and a healthy amount of fear.

Another couple had sequestered themselves in the corner and were...actually fucking. Evan had never thought of herself as a voyeur but it was hard to avoid it here. She had to admit, it turned her on. This place was incredible. More than lived up to its reputation.

The blond knelt and spread her thighs with practiced ease. For a second, she balked, unsure she could really go through with this. A ménage a trois had been her ultimate fantasy. The first one she'd listed on the countless number of forms she and Kiley had filled out.

She hadn't really believed it would happen. For all her bravado and talking big, she was scared to death now. Except for the three-quarters of her body that said, "You'd have to be the most stupid girl in the world to turn down two red-hot blooded American males who both appear to want you."

Who cared if this is exactly what they got paid to do?

The man's—God, she didn't even know his name—hand slid the length of her thighs, widening them as he went.

“I’m Lance,” he said, reading her mind.

She swallowed for the billionth time and nodded. What a moron. She’d been reduced to swallowing and nodding as if she had no tongue.

His head came closer to her apex. Her clit seized and flooded with blood. Sucker was probably sticking straight out like a miniature hard-on. A pink tinge colored her cheeks as his breath fanned over her skin.

“She’s blushing, Lance.”

The dark-haired god’s name was Gabe. She remembered Lance calling him that at least. He’d been the one to grab her from behind.

Evan licked her lips and watched in wonder as her knees fell apart magically on their own. Lance insinuated himself in the space with a sly smile.

“You think she wants this?” he asked Gabe.

“I know it. Look at these nipples.” Gabe flicked at one distended nub and Evan had to bite her lip to keep from moaning.

They’d said no screaming which was likely to become very ugly for her since she was a screamer.

Lance’s long tongue shot out and licked her slit and she did it. She screamed. A short, staccato burst of sound that had both their heads lifting.

Shit. Shit, shit, shit. She pressed her lips together and prayed to God they wouldn’t stop.

“You were warned, sweetheart.” Lance rubbed a circle around her clit with his thumb. She squirmed and couldn’t squelch the whine.

Gabe flexed his hands. She swallowed.

“How much honey you think will flow from that pretty pussy when I redden her ass?” Gabe murmured, never taking his eyes off hers.

“More than I can lap up.” Lance licked the length of her slit from asshole to clit and ended the pass with a swirl over the taut bundle of nerves. “Sweet fucking honey.”

“Maybe I should have a taste.”

Evan mewled. Gabe leaned at the waist and planted his face between her thighs. His tongue traveled the opposite direction, ending at the tightly puckered hole in back.

Jesus. She’d never been touched there, but it had been another experience she’d written on her most-wanted list. Evan hadn’t imagined someone’s tongue being there though. Her back arched, forcing her pussy into his mouth, and she squeezed her eyes shut.

Velvety smoothness slipped into her channel. She opened her eyes. Two tongues tangled together at her pussy, slipping through her folds and rubbing against one another.

Her groan rent the air.

“I think we’ve got us a noisy one, Gabe.”

“Mmm.” He stood, licking her cream from his lips like he’d just devoured barbecued ribs and was savoring the last of the sauce.

Oh Lordy. She’d never last.

Those lips took possession of hers. She tasted herself on him and opened to receive his tongue.

The man could kiss. She lost herself and lifted her hands to cradle his face, keeping him right where she wanted him. There was definitely something to having two men pleasure you at the same time.

Lance returned to her pussy, eating her like a starving man. He made no attempt to cover his slurping noises or the growls that erupted from his throat. Every time the tip of his tongue came into contact with her clit, she jerked.

Gabe added his fingers on her breasts to the assault. He tweaked and pinched, rolled and pulled, engorging the buds until they were rock hard. When he broke contact between their lips, a tiny sob slipped out of her mouth.

Evan sucked in a breath at the gleam in Gabe's eyes. She glanced down to see the same look in Lance's even as he continued to lap up every millimeter of her pussy. His top lip was covered in her slick juice. It was the most erotic thing she'd ever seen. Her previous lovers had only done such things in the dark.

Gabe chuckled once and latched onto one of the nipples he'd just made stand at attention. Her hands, which had fallen to his shoulders, slipped off to dangle uselessly at her sides.

Lance sealed his lips around her swollen clit and flicked his tongue back and forth, around and around, up and down. The pattern kept her orgasm just out of reach.

Her spine and neck went noodly and she started to fall backward.

The nipple popped from Gabe's mouth. "Whoa, honey." He pulled her forward and rested her forehead on his chest before returning to stroking her breasts.

"Please," she begged. Anything to come. So close...

"Shh. Soon. Lance likes to take his time."

A finger joined Lance's mouth, swirling and getting lubricated in her slick opening. It stabbed into her and she screamed again, loving how it felt in her long-since-used sheath.

Another chuckle sounded above her. Evan didn't care. She was delirious in the sensations bombarding her. If she got punished, she was sure she'd love it too.

She glimpsed down, catching just enough of a peek of Lance to see him add a second finger to the first, stretching and preparing her for, she

hoped, their cocks. A second later, he did something so amazing with his tongue, she exploded.

If Gabe hadn't been holding her she'd have flipped over the balustrade and landed on her head. He wrapped his arms around her and soothed her through the most intense orgasm of her life.

Lance's hand tightened on her thigh, keeping her in place, as he continued to taunt her spastic clit until her breathing returned to normal.

Sweat clung to every inch of her naked body. Breathing wasn't easy in the soupy atmosphere of the island anyway, let alone after the climax she'd just had. Now, completely sated, all she wanted to do was take a nap.

Gabe's chest rumbled against her cheek as he scooped her up and started walking with her. "My turn."

Chapter Four

Lance led them to a bungalow set off the main path and hidden behind dense tropical foliage. It was their private residence for when they were on the island, one they'd never brought a guest to, but there was something about Evan. Something he'd felt after seeing her picture and reading her profile. Even then he'd wondered if she might be the one he and Lance had been waiting for. Lance must have felt it too or he would have headed straight for the bungalow assigned to her.

Evan sighed contentedly and melted into Gabe's arms. The woman was more than incredible. Heaven only knew why he felt this way. It wasn't like him to let a woman affect him like this. He and Lance would have to sit down and do some serious talking later, because he for one didn't want to see their time with Evan end.

And he'd only known her for about fifteen minutes. Well, a couple of weeks now, if rereading her profile twenty-nine thousand times counted for anything. Just thinking about the hours he and Lance had spent pouring over her information made his dick hard. It was as if they couldn't help themselves. Something about her had stood out to them like no previous guest had. She was beautiful, yes, but there had been a look in her eyes, a combination of shyness, passion, desire and vulnerability. They could have described her with a million different adjectives based on her picture alone.

The fantasies she'd written about had been concise. She knew what she wanted and they'd liked the determination they could read in her words.

"The bed or the couch?" Lance asked as he unlocked and threw open the door.

"Bed," Gabe grunted. He strode down the short hallway and into their bedroom. A second later he deposited his precious bundle on the edge of the mattress. Lance dropped her clothes in the chair in the corner and then yanked the cords on the blinds. Sunlight flooded the room.

Evan's gaze took in everything from the hooks on all four posts of the bed, to the vast array of toys laid out on a series of shelves on the far wall. She shivered in the air-conditioned room. Her nipples stood out like twin rockets ready to go off at any second.

Gabe reached for the buttons of his fly, drawing her attention. Her nostrils flared with her sharp intake of breath.

"You want to see this, honey?"

She nodded shyly.

"Let me help you." Lance stepped up behind him, and Gabe dropped his hands, never taking his gaze off Evan's face.

Her eyes widened. Lance reached around Gabe's hips and fondled his cock through the thick denim. He hissed out a breath and rested his head on Lance's shoulder. The man handled his cock in the most exquisite way.

A button popped, then a second. Lance slid his thumb over the swollen head of Gabe's dick, spreading the drop of moisture and torturing him. He lifted his hand to the back of Lance's neck and squeezed, telling him without words he wanted more.

Lance lifted his thumb to his mouth and licked off the pearly sheen of pre-come. "I fucking love how you taste," he said, nuzzling his chin into

the crook of Gabe's neck and shoulder. He attacked the next few buttons and Gabe's cock sprang free.

Gabe reached for his erection, intent on soothing the pain caused by the massive amount of blood rushing to it, but got his hand slapped instead.

"Mine." Lance wrapped his fingers around the base and tugged, making Gabe's knees weak. "Evan, come over here and get on your knees."

Evan gulped and moved slowly off the bed, as if in a daze, unable to turn away from the scene unfolding in front of her. She'd probably never expected this. Hell, Gabe hadn't expected it. Yeah, he and Lance had fucked and sucked each other dry. No secret there.

What they hadn't done was outed themselves with a guest before they knew for sure the guest was ready to see them this way.

Another drop of come seeped out when Evan knelt to the floor and crawled the distance between them. Her breasts swayed, and her hips made a sensual dance across the few feet. She was the most erotic creature he'd ever met.

After a long, drawn-out prowl, Evan finally reached them and rose up on her knees.

"Link your hands behind your back."

Without hesitating, she did what Lance demanded. The action thrust her beaded nipples forward. Lance tugged again, his hand tight around Gabe's circumference, wringing a groan from him.

"Gabe has a beautiful cock, don't you think?" His hand traversed the length with a slow, meant-to-make-Gabe-suffer fist.

"Yes," she whispered, staring at it like she'd never seen one before. Her tongue darted out to lick her lips and Gabe's heart nearly stopped.

Lance's erection pressed into Gabe's thigh. At least he wasn't alone in this anguish.

"That's it, sweetheart. Get those lips nice and wet." Lance's fist constricted over the mushroom-shaped head before sliding back down.

"Move closer." Lance nudged Gabe's feet, spreading his legs, and reached between his thighs to cup his balls. His fingers rolled them and pulled with the perfect amount of pressure to make Gabe's breath catch in his throat and his eyes roll.

"Suck his cock." The guttural command made Evan jump. She leaned forward and Lance guided the purpled head between her sweet lips.

"Fuck," Gabe groaned.

Her tongue lapped over the velvet skin. He wanted to take a hold of her head and fuck her mouth. Instead, Lance slapped Gabe's cock against her chin and lips, teasing him. Gabe hissed. Another pull on his balls had him standing on his tiptoes.

"Stand still, Gabe." Lance licked his ear and bit at the lobe. "She can't suck it if you're jumping all around."

"Fuck you," he panted.

Lance chuckled. "Later." He released Gabe's cock and twisted Evan's hair in his fingers to guide her back onto the rigid length. "That's it, Evan, suck it."

Her lips pressed over the head and sucked as if he were a straw. "Jesus Christ," Gabe bellowed, rocking back on his heels.

"More," Lance ordered.

She took more. Nearly half. Her cheeks sank in as she drew on him. Her mouth was made for fucking. Just like he knew instinctively her pussy would be. Gabe thrust his hips until he touched the back of her throat. For a second she gagged, then controlled it by breathing through her nose. Her eyes never closed and nothing on her face showed she

didn't want exactly what she was doing. He backed off, giving her the freedom to set whatever pace she desired.

"Make him come, sweetheart." Lance still held her head, but Gabe could see she was the one doing the moving, not Lance.

She took all she could and withdrew, pausing to swirl her tongue around the tip before plunging again. The parry-and-retreat dance had Gabe ready to explode in seconds.

"His balls are drawing up tight, Evan. He's ready to come. Can you swallow?"

Her gaze searched his, not in fear or disgust, but almost...permission?

Gabe nodded, his teeth clenched, fighting to hold his orgasm at bay.

She slurped him in again and held him there against the back of her throat. Her tongue and cheeks worked at him. They didn't need to.

Gabe let out a hoarse cry. Lance still grasped his nuts. His come shot down her throat as she sucked him dry, leaving him panting and shaking where he stood.

Chapter Five

Evan stared at the bamboo-looking ceiling fan and sighed, more content than she'd ever been. Who knew coming here to be doted upon sexually could be so...*fandamntastic*.

When she and Kiley had left St. Louis to come to the secret island, her dreams had been nothing like this. A little slap and tickle sure, but not blow-your-mind, wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am, now let's do it again.

For the first time since arriving several hours ago, she wondered how Kiley was faring. Surely not as well as her because, holy crap, Gabe and Lance knew how to please a woman. And she was damn glad she'd changed her mind at the last second when filling out those forms. Putting down her fantasies of not only being with two men but also submitting to them, had seemed monumentally over-the-top embarrassing at the time.

Now? Whoa, momma.

Her nose itched. Of course. Why wouldn't it? She turned and rubbed it on her upper arm. Not an easy task with her arms stretched above her head and secured to the headboard.

In fact, her nose wasn't the only thing bothering her. A few more minutes and her bladder was going to protest in a not-so-pretty way.

After tying her wrists, Gabe and Lance had left her, saying they'd be back. Hadn't said when though. She made a popping sound with her lips and returned to studying the room.

The fan above should have created at least a stir in the air. It did nothing in the soupiness that made up Fantasm Island.

Besides the charming, hotel, island-resort-type fan, the rest of the room screamed, “I am man”, which was a little more than strange. She expected a more generic setup. This room felt lived-in, not occupied by a different guest each week.

Personal items adorned the dresser in a disheveled manner. A piece of cloth stuck out of a drawer, keeping it from closing all the way, and nothing felt like it got a daily maid cleaning.

What the hell kind of place was this? Okay, to give the guys credit, Evan normally hung the “Do Not Disturb” sign so the maids would leave her stuff alone, but she couldn’t ever remember actually taking her stuff out of her suitcases and putting them away in the drawers. They must have brought her to their own room instead of hers.

Evan twisted her wrists in the satin-lined shackles and wriggled her body on the silk sheets. Normally they would feel heavenly on her naked skin. Right now, they sucked. She was sweaty, not only from the one-hundred-and-sixty-degree heat from hell, but also the raunchy lovemaking she’d been subjected to. Every fiber stuck to her body instead of sliding sensuously against it.

The door opened and her heart thudded in anticipation. Bad. Very bad. She shouldn’t be feeling anything for either one of these men. Not when she would never see them again after this week. Okay, so that wasn’t exactly true. She should feel sheer gratitude toward them. She should hit her knees and bow while exclaiming, “God bless you for making me feel so goddamn good.”

“Time for a little snack, sweetheart.” Lance entered the room, kicked a stray shoe out of the way and laid his burden on the nightstand. It was a tray filled with the most delicious-looking fruits, cheeses, crackers, and

some kind of dip, she guessed, in small ceramic cups. Her stomach rumbled.

“I think our little sexpot is hungry.” Gabe laughed, joining Lance beside the bed.

Odd how normally Evan would be totally mortified lying here in the buff, tied to the bed and being stared at by two men. She found it hard to be when their appreciation of her body was clearly written on their faces. Nor was she the least bit embarrassed by their chosen bisexual lifestyle. Hell, she hadn’t felt anything but absolute excitement when Lance had taken hold of Gabe’s cock earlier.

It was fucking erotic seeing two men who obviously loved each other, touching each other sexually. The way Lance had handled Gabe was reverent, not play. Evan could see no one would ever come between them in the simple way they looked at each other. At one point she’d seen that gaze directed at her... She mentally shook her head, clearing the ridiculous notion they wanted more from her than this week.

She would never have guessed they were gay in a million years, but if they wanted her to share in their experiences, who was she to stop it? Her pussy clenched just thinking about them together. She wanted to see them do more than touch. She wanted to be a *part* of them doing more than touching.

First things first. She was almost afraid to ask, but damn it, she had to pee.

“Um, is there any way I could...you know?” She jerked her chin in the direction of the bathroom she saw through an open door.

Lance picked up a piece of ripe, orange melon and sucked the juice off it.

Shit. She squirmed, trying to rub her clit with her thighs. Nothing happened. She needed fingers. Or a tongue. If he was going to do things

like suck the juice off fruit, then he damn well better be sucking the juice off her clit soon too.

“Damn, honey, I’m sorry.” Gabe leaned over her and unlocked the shackles.

Evan couldn’t resist. His nipples were right there, why should she? She poked her tongue out and flicked at the brown disc. His breath hissed, but he stayed where he was for another moment, giving her the chance to kiss the now-distended nipple.

She saw Lance’s hand come between them and watched his fingers work on the opposite nipple. Gabe moaned. He dropped his head and Evan seized hold of his hair with her freed hands. She pressed her open mouth to his chest and worked that nipple for all it was worth.

Lance’s hand moved and suddenly it was tugging on her nipple. She let go of Gabe. He stood, a grin tugging at his lips, and reached for her hands to pull her into a sitting position.

“I believe I should spank you for that.”

“We’ll add it to the list of offenses.” Lance stared at the nipple he pulled toward him.

The slight pain had her womb clenching. She couldn’t take her eyes off the sight either. He twisted and pinched, reddening the tip and bringing it just to the edge of painful before retreating then starting again.

Nipple play had never done it for her before. She just hadn’t gotten the attraction. They were boobs. So what was men’s fascination with them?

If he didn’t touch the other one soon, she’d kill him.

Lance lifted the weight of her breast in his fingers and smoothed his thumb over the skin. “Go use the bathroom and then we’ll feed you,” he said softly.

She shivered at the tender look on his face.

God, please tell her she wasn't falling in love with two men she'd only met a very short time ago.

Chapter Six

Gabe had just finished gathering the supplies he needed when Evan stepped tentatively out of the bathroom. Her skin glowed in the sunlight. She must have freshened up a bit because when he'd released her from the bed, her skin had been coated with dry sweat.

"Come." Lance beckoned her with his tone of voice alone. Gabe nearly dropped the butt plug he held and went to him too. The man could have the most dominating tone at times. His cock stiffened.

Evan's chin lifted and she strode over to Lance. Good girl. She wanted this, otherwise her steps would be shy, her demeanor subdued.

Lance offered a bite of juicy pineapple which Evan took none too shyly. They laughed as she inhaled the fruit and licked her lips.

She smiled. "Sorry. I was hungry."

"I can see that." Lance patted the space beside him on the mattress and proceeded to feed her, alternately giving her bites and nibbling on her lips.

Gabe joined in, dipping the fruit into the creamy concoction and rubbing it on her nipples, then licking it off. She tasted better than anything on their tray. When they were through, Evan was wet between her thighs and practically begging to be taken.

"On the bed on your elbows and knees. I want that tight little ass of yours in the air."

Evan swallowed, her eyes round when she looked at Gabe and saw what he had in his hand. He had to give her credit for overcoming her initial reaction of uncertainty. She turned and climbed on the bed.

Lance crawled up after her and planted his gorgeous naked self by her head, spreading his legs on either side. When she lifted her gaze, she stared at almost nine inches of perfect, rock-hard cock.

“It’s my turn to feel your pretty mouth on my cock.”

“Mmm-hmm.”

He tucked the hair falling in her face behind her ear and stroked her cheek. “While you’re sucking me off, Gabe is gonna start preparing your ass to be fucked.”

Gabe heard her breath hitch from where he stood several feet away. Her glance jerked to him, partially panicked, partially intrigued.

“Eyes on me, sweetheart.” Lance had his hand wrapped around his thick erection—the same erection Gabe loved being fucked with—idly stroking its length.

He knew exactly what Evan would feel and taste when she finally took it in her mouth. Gabe’s cock jumped. He palmed it and spread the drop of pre-come over the swollen head.

Evan’s tiny puckered asshole called to him as her hips wiggled when she bent to take Lance’s cock.

“Fuck yeah,” Lance ground out, watching her face as she went down on him.

Gabe knelt between Evan’s feet, spreading her knees farther apart. The sweet scent of her drenched pussy wafted up to him. He couldn’t resist pushing his fingers into her channel and then bringing those digits to his lips to taste her. Damn, but she was the sweetest thing.

He caught Lance’s look over her shoulder and sucked her cream from his fingers. Lance’s eyes glazed and he inhaled sharply.

Gabe swiped his spit-laden finger down her crease and pressed against the dark pink hole. She whimpered, but leaned back, silently asking for more.

The tight ring fought the intrusion. Gabe laid a hand on the small of her back. "Relax, honey. Let me get this in you and I'll fuck you nice and slow."

She moaned.

"Ah fuck," Lance spat.

Gabe chuckled. The vibrations of her mouth must have felt good on Lance's cock.

"Push out, baby, let me in."

Evan thrust against him and the tip of his forefinger slipped past the natural barrier. So fucking snug. She'd eat his cock alive whenever he took her there.

She clamped down on him when he tried to move, blocking his way.

"Every time you do that, I will spank you. Relax." He smoothed his hand over her butt cheek, showing her just where he'd lay a smack.

Lance tugged on her hair. "Stop thinking about your ass and suck my cock, Evan."

That did the trick. She went to work on Lance, and Gabe withdrew to pick up the lube and the plug. Evan gave a little sound of distress and maneuvered back toward him.

"Not goin' anywhere," he murmured. He slathered a good amount of lube on the thick, hard plastic plug that measured about an inch and a half in diameter. He could have started smaller. Would have, if he'd been at home and had a lot of time to train her to take something in her back door. As it was, he had less than a week now, and this was something she'd stated on her forms she wanted.

No fucking way would he deny her this or anything else she had on her list.

Gabe jerked his gaze to Lance. His lover had his lips pressed together and his hands white-knuckled in her hair as she moved up and down on him. She took an impressive amount of cock in her mouth.

Did he feel anything beyond the sweet suction of her lips? Could he sense like Gabe could that she might be the one they'd been waiting to find?

Her hips squirmed into his erection, reminding Gabe what he was supposed to be doing. He edged the lube to her opening and squeezed. She squeaked and jumped, dislodging Lance from the back of her throat to stare at him with shocked, wide eyes over her shoulder.

"Hey, come back here." Lance tugged her head back down with a petulant look on his face. Gabe smiled.

He held her still with a hand on her back and worked the dildo in slow increments into the puckered opening. Evan helped by pushing against it, effectively drawing it in. She groaned as the entire length settled inside her, and her hands fisted in the sheets. Gabe stared at the flared base, mocking him with its position. He wanted to be the one sunk into her depths.

Soon. For now he'd settle for her pussy instead.

"Getting close here, Gabe," Lance panted.

Close? Fuck, he was about to come just looking at her ass up in the air.

Gabe snagged a condom from his stash on the bed and rolled it on before lining his cock up with her pussy and thrusting home. Evan sighed as if she were more than familiar with the fullness. Unbelievable. She'd been tighter than a fist even without the plug. He didn't want to move. He wanted to stay planted inside her sheath for an eternity.

Another scary thought. He'd never thought this way with any other woman. Evan was going to change his and Lance's lives forever. He could feel it.

He pulled back, working against her as she tried to keep him inside by contracting her vaginal muscles, and slammed in again.

Gabe felt like a horny teenager, ready to climax after two thrusts.

Fuck it. He grabbed her hips and drove into her. She grunted with each shove and didn't need to work on sucking Lance. The force of his movement was enough to make Lance's eyes roll back.

He reached under and flicked at her clit. The little bud was standing up proudly. His touch was all it took to set Evan off.

And her orgasm was all it took to set him off, which lit Lance up like a Roman candle.

Minutes later as they lay in a sweaty heap of tangled legs and arms and heaving chests, Gabe leaned over and kissed her cheek just as Lance kissed the other one. Lance's hand stroked the forearm Gabe put on his hip, effectively trapping Evan between them.

The three of them were good together.

Chapter Seven

Evan squirmed in her seat, the unfamiliar fullness of the butt plug wreaking havoc in her mind. This morning, Lance had shoved a bigger size up inside her. Okay, maybe shoved was a little harsh. Especially when he'd topped off sliding that sucker home with one hell of an orgasm.

And what had Gabe been doing while Lance manipulated her ass? Alternately sucking her nipples and Lance's cock. She'd never imagined seeing two men together being so unbelievably erotic, but holy crap. They could touch each other any time they wanted to in her presence.

"My God, Evan, is this not the most fantabulous place in the galaxy?" Kiley dropped the little purse she never left home without and gingerly sat in the chair next to Evan.

Good. Looked like she wasn't the only one getting her ass worked over.

"So which one did ya get? I heard that some of the guests got two. Can you believe it?"

Evan slouched into her chair and popped back up when the plug slid deeper. In a minute she'd be able to pull it out of her throat.

"You got plugged too didn't you?" Kiley laughed. "The look on your face is priceless."

"If mine is, so is yours, Ki."

"Don't I know it." Kiley squirmed in her seat. "I'm used to it though. Remember, what's-his-face used to like screwing me there." Her face scrunched up in distaste.

Evan chuckled. "If you didn't like it, why'd you let the redhead do it?"

"Are you kidding me? I'll let Zach do anything he wants. The man is pure magic with his hands. And his mouth. And his ginormous cock." Kiley squirmed again. "Damn it," she snarled. "I'm not supposed to touch myself but just thinking about him makes me tingle all over."

Crossing her legs, Evan groaned and dropped her head back. "Did you have to mention tingling?"

"You're not allowed to touch either, are you? I knew this would be good for you. You needed to get out of your stupid little vanilla zone."

"I can assure you that nothing your friend has done could be considered vanilla," Gabe rumbled from behind her.

With a gasp, Evan twisted in her seat. Both Gabe and Lance had arrived.

"Ladies." Lance nodded at Kiley. "Spread your legs, Evan," he said without even bothering to turn to her. Lance sat at her left side. Gabe snagged a chair from a neighboring table and slipped it between her and Kiley, sandwiching Evan.

Her cheeks heated as her knees fell apart of their own volition.

"Jesus, Ev, you are seriously holding out on me." Kiley leaned around Gabe to stare at Evan with wide eyes. "Did I not just say some guests got two guys? Why didn't you just say, yeah, me."

"Because you didn't shut up long enough for me to answer you," Evan replied sweetly. One of Lance's big hands settled on the back of her neck and caressed gently. Her eyes slid shut and she melted into the bliss. "Uhn. Keep doing that," she begged.

He stopped. She whimpered.

“What was that, sweetheart?” His breath feathered over her ear giving her a shiver.

Damn. She should have known to keep her big mouth shut. It just felt so good. A slow rub on her neck or in her hair had always been the most relaxing thing to her. Now she’d probably never get it again. And she was pouting.

Great.

Eyes still closed, Evan felt a hand on each thigh.

“I believe she asked you not to stop,” Gabe mused.

Lance snorted. “She didn’t ask.” He nipped at her earlobe. “She begged.” He traveled his hand up her belly to rest it on her breast. His thumb flicked idly across her nipple.

Evan bit her lip. Heaven help her she needed more.

The cool glide of what smelled like cantaloupe skimmed her lips. “Open your mouth, honey.”

She did and Gabe pushed the tiny piece of fruit past her teeth. Before she could bite down he followed the fruit with his lips and tongue, licking the juice from her lips. Evan opened her eyes just in time to see Lance move in too. Their mouths met in a three-for-all and her womb clenched.

A tight pinch to her nipple had her moaning aloud as she chewed and swallowed the small piece of melon.

“Holy shit, you guys are hot.” Kiley’s exclamation jerked Evan back to reality.

Mortified, she swung her gaze around the room. She squeaked when Gabe’s hand journeyed to her core and his finger slipped inside.

“Shh,” he soothed and burrowed deeper, bumping against the plug and drawing her cream out. His thumb circled her swollen clit, bringing her so close to orgasm.

No way could she have one here. Not in front of all these people eating breakfast. Her screaming would most definitely garner attention.

“Please don’t—”

Lance covered her mouth with his, cutting her off.

“Stop?” Gabe laughed. “I won’t.”

She tried to squeeze her thighs shut but they prevented her by trapping each knee with one of their own. “Uh-uh,” Gabe whispered. “Right here, right now.”

“I can’t,” she hissed.

“You can and you will.” Lance added his fingers at her pussy. They took turns filling her with their fingers and plucking her clit until she couldn’t stand it any longer.

“It was one of your fantasies, sweetheart. To be made to come in public. Relax.”

Who the hell had held a gun to her head? She’d kill them for making her write this fantasy.

Of course, she’d have to kill herself then, because no one other than her own inner voice had forced her to write the words. Her breathing grew more erratic with each passing second.

“Come for us.”

She exploded, screaming out and thrusting her hips into their hands like a sex fiend.

Evan slumped in the chair when Gabe and Lance pulled their hands from beneath her skirt, smug looks on both their faces. If she weren’t breathing so hard or so exhausted she’d tell them what they could do with those smug lips.

Bastards.

“I thought I told you not to touch yourself, Kiley.”

Evan glanced up. Zach stood above her friend, practically clucking his tongue at her.

“Oops,” Kiley said.

Evan knew she wasn’t a bit sorry.

“Suck my cock,” the bird squawked and Kiley got up to kneel at Zach’s feet.

Chapter Eight

Evan was more beautiful than any woman had a right to be. On her belly sprawled over the bed, one leg bent at the knee, the other straight, her hair spread out across the pillow. Gabe's gut twisted, and his cock hardened. How could he possibly need her again? And he did *need* her. His desire had long since passed the want mark.

"What are we going to do, Gabe?" Lance stood in the doorway, hands holding the top frame. The position pushed his chest forward, accentuating his pecs.

For a minute, Gabe stared at the man who meant more than anything to him. As a quasi-brother, a friend and a lover. Lance had been with him through thick and thin. Now they faced one of the biggest decisions of their life.

He glanced back at Evan. Was there any way in hell she'd agree to their offer?

"She's perfect for us. You know that, right, Gabe?" Lance murmured, keeping his voice low so he didn't disturb her.

Gabe nodded. "Question is, how do we tell her?"

Lance cracked the length of his spine before letting go of the doorframe and sauntering over, his erection tenting the seam of his loose shorts. With one of his long arms, he traced the tiny bones along Evan's back from her neck to the crease of her ass.

Evan moaned in her sleep and tucked herself into a ball to ward off the obvious chill Lance's fingers left behind. Tiny goose bumps prickled her smooth skin and Gabe smiled.

"She's fucking gorgeous," Lance growled softly. He looked up and snagged Gabe's gaze. "You are too." He reached out and took hold of the back of Gabe's neck to pull him closer.

Gabe didn't hesitate. This was Lance. Their lips met, their tongues danced. Gabe wrapped one hand around Lance's hip to steady him. The other one went to his cock. He covered the thick length through the cotton, squeezing with the exact amount of pressure he knew Lance liked so much. This is why they'd never taken on a male client. Each of them felt to do so would somehow be akin to cheating. They were looking for a woman, not another man.

Lance groaned and dropped his forehead to Gabe's shoulder. His hands came around Gabe's back in a tight hug, leaving just enough room between them for Gabe to manipulate Lance's shorts and uncover the hard cock he held.

"Fuck, I need you inside me," Lance hissed.

"Yeah," Gabe kissed along his jawline. "Me too, I want that."

"Couch?"

"Fuck no." He gave a firm tug on Lance's cock, making the other man's knees nearly buckle. "Here. We'll know one way or the other if she can't stand who we are when she wakes up."

"You're right." Lance nuzzled his cheek on Gabe's then slid his hands down to slip off Gabe's shorts.

When they'd each divested the other of their scant clothes, they fell on the bed at Evan's feet. Lance landed on his back and settled Gabe between his legs, wrapping them around his waist. They thrust against each other.

“Now, Gabe.”

“Then you gotta let me up so I can get the lube,” Gabe hissed.

Lance nodded and reluctantly released him. A few seconds later Gabe returned, already slicking the velvet smooth skin of his cock. The tip glistened with pre-come and Gabe watched as Lance swallowed, a shit-eating grin on his face.

Lance grabbed hold of his knees and pulled back, spreading himself. His asshole puckered, beckoning Gabe like nothing else. Except for Evan now. He turned his head and glanced at the woman quickly filling the strange void in his and Lance’s life.

“You’re killing me here, Gabe.” Lance’s hoarse words demanded his attention.

He knelt between Lance’s thighs and lined himself up with the heaven he knew he’d find tunneled deep inside Lance’s body.

“Do it,” Lance snarled. “Quit fucking staring at me and do it.”

Gabe smiled. Lance tended to get a little anxious when it came to this. He liked it quick and hard. There was no doubt in Gabe’s mind Evan would be awake before either one of them came.

He thrust home. Lance threw his head back and fisted the sheets. Gabe took Lance’s cock in hand and mimicked the action of his hips. Fast and furious. Lance and him were record setters when it came to fucking each other. Each knew how the other liked it best.

Gabe pressed in, withdrew, pressed in, aiming for the sweet spot deep inside, but staying just out of reach. It pissed Lance off no end, but made it that much better when he finally did hit it. He looked down between them. Lance’s balls were drawn up tight, his breath coming in shallow pants, his eyes squeezed shut.

He was close. And so was Gabe.

Gabe hammered into Lance making him shout and arch his back. Sweat dripped from his forehead and coated his chest.

“Oh, fuck,” Lance yelled, his neck corded in what looked like pain. Gabe knew better.

He flicked at a distended nipple and Lance’s head shot off the bed.

“I’m gonna come, Gabe.”

Gabe smiled. “Was there ever any doubt?” he gasped.

He slammed into Lance’s ass once more, driving them both across the bed, and came in long hot spurts, coating his passage. A millisecond later, Lance shouted and Gabe found his chest splashed with what he knew to be salty-sweet come. Still embedded in Lance’s body, he collapsed onto him. Neither could move.

“The next time you do that, I better be between you.”

Gabe jerked his gaze to Evan to see her wide-eyed and staring at them. Her nipples were taut and ripe as berries, and she leaned on one elbow.

Lance grinned. “Anytime, darlin’.”

Looked like they had their answer.

Chapter Nine

Shit. Shit, shit, shit. Evan hadn't meant to say those words out loud. From the looks on their faces she was about to get it. Whatever *it* was.

Gabe's smile stretched wide. He carefully withdrew from Lance's body, leaning over to kiss his lips when Lance hissed at the extraction.

"Damn. I fucking hate when you pull out."

Gabe laughed. "We'd look a little stupid walking around with my cock stuck up your ass."

Evan's pussy clenched picturing it. Hell, she had a gay friend. The lifestyle had never bothered her in the least bit. Richard and his lover were very open in front of her but she'd never witnessed anything like Gabe and Lance together.

They were truly made for one another. Both athletic, gorgeous and one-hundred-percent alpha. Any woman in the world would kill to have a shot at just one of them. Yet here she was, naked, in their bed. She had to wonder why they did this.

"Fuck each other?" One of Gabe's eyebrows shot up.

Shit. She'd done it again.

Lance's hand stroked Gabe's hip. Evan watched, mesmerized by those long fingers, remembering them deep inside her vagina, and groaned.

"No," she murmured, looking back up to Gabe's face. "This." She gestured around the room. Lance sat up, curling himself around Gabe's

back and lazily fondling his lover's softened cock. It didn't stay soft long. Evan licked her lips.

Gabe's breath hitched audibly and his hand curved around Lance's thigh. Evan found herself wanting more than anything to be a part of what they had. What would happen when she had to leave in a few days? Somehow she knew a section of her heart would be left behind.

Gabe shrugged and let out a strangled gurgle when Lance rubbed his thumb over the tip of his cock. A heartbeat later Gabe reversed their positions so Lance was sitting between his legs. He mimicked what Lance had been doing to him by taking hold of Lance's quickly hardening erection.

"My uncle owns it," Gabe breathed. Lance arched into Gabe's chest, spreading his legs to give him better access to his balls.

Caught up in watching them, Evan did a double take. "So you do this just because you can? I'd think any woman in the world would jump to take you both on." She shot her gaze back to Gabe's wandering fingers. Lance tilted his hips. His heels dug into the mattress between her feet when Gabe touched the rim of his still slightly open asshole.

"Not looking...for just...anyone," Lance panted.

Gabe bit down on Lance's shoulder and pressed the tip of his finger inside his anus.

"What does that mean?" Evan asked, gaze glued to the scene before her.

"Come here, Evan."

She jumped at the command in Gabe's voice, but moved nonetheless, scooting her butt across the couple of feet that separated them. He'd done a damn good job of changing the subject.

"Spread your legs and put them over ours."

She did, forming a diamond between them. She smelled her juices and was tempted to touch herself.

“Uh-uh,” Gabe growled. “Ours.” His hand never stopped moving on Lance’s cock, making it longer, thicker, harder.

Evan felt her ears go red. How did he know?

“Move closer. I want to watch you fuck Lance like this. Up,” he urged, helping her to sit on their outstretched thighs until Lance’s cock lined up with her pussy.

Gabe let go of Lance’s length. He hissed out a breath, watching Gabe trail his fingertips through her slit, testing her, making sure she was ready.

Evan leaned back, ready to brace herself on Lance’s knees.

“No,” Gabe barked, then softened. “Come forward. Put your hands on his shoulders.”

“Let me—”

“Shh...” Gabe cut Lance off with a finger across his lips. “I’m in control here.” He slid his hand down Lance’s throat, over his chest and toyed with one nipple.

Evan bit her lip. Harder when Gabe lifted his hand from her sopping pussy to ring one of her nipples with her cream.

“Scoot up a bit. Let me guide his cock into you,” Gabe whispered.

She shifted so she was on her knees and raised her hips. Lance’s cock nudged her entrance. Gabe directed the fat head through her slippery folds and slapped it against her clit. Every muscle in her vagina spasmed in response.

“Come down slowly.”

Evan lowered herself inch by agonizing inch, impaling her body on Lance’s.

“Look at that, Lance. Watch her sweet pussy sucking you in.”

Lance's nostrils flared with each harsh breath, and his belly quivered.
"Fuck yeah."

"Ride him, Evan."

Evan rose up on her knees and started pumping her hips, stroking his penis in a nice, even rhythm.

"That's it, baby. Feels good doesn't it, Lance?"

With every downward movement, the thick head of his erection bumped against her g-spot. She pursed her lips. There wasn't enough friction on her clit though. She needed more, her fingers, something.

Gabe read her mind again. His thumb settled on the tiny bundle of nerves, not moving, just pressing. Sliding up and down against it was enough.

"Her little clit is like a rock, Lance. She's gonna explode soon."

She watched Gabe nip at Lance's ear. Her breathing nearly drowned out his words. She dropped her head back and upped the pace. Lance's thighs were solid beneath hers, the muscles taut.

"I'm gonna come," Lance cried.

"Not yet." Gabe surrounded the base of Lance's cock with his finger and thumb and squeezed. The action prevented Evan from taking all of his length as well as prolonging Lance's agony.

Sweat beaded his forehead and chest.

"Gabe," he snarled.

Still cupping Lance, Gabe returned his thumb to her clit. Sparks ignited in her womb and seconds later, Evan screamed her release, slamming down one last time and holding herself rigid while her pussy pulsed around the cock deep inside.

"Now you can come," she heard Gabe command and then Lance shouted too.

Thick jets of semen splashed her womb. Evan curled into Lance's chest and Gabe's arms came around both of them, hugging them close. She and Lance were breathing heavily but she swore she heard Gabe say, "I love you. Both of you."

Chapter Ten

Rays of sunlight filtered through the palm trees, kissing Evan's mostly bare skin, adding to the already stifling heat on the island. A giggle followed by a squeal sounded from the far end of the pool drawing her attention yet again. The couple had been going at it, making lazy love for a good thirty minutes now.

And for twenty-nine of those minutes, Evan had been peeking at them from behind her sunglasses. She wondered when she'd become such a voyeur.

No, she didn't. She knew exactly when it happened. The second she'd walked into Fantasmagorical Resort and seen all those warm, semi-naked bodies, she'd transformed into some sex-starved addict. Watching other people *in flagrante delicto* was a high like no other. Okay, not as high as some of the orgasms she'd had at the hands of Gabe and Lance but still, a heady feeling.

Evan sighed and dropped her head back. What the hell was she going to do about them? There were only two days left before she had to leave Fantasm Island and she was nowhere near ready to let go.

What exactly did she want though? To take this relationship back home? To stay another week until she'd fucked them out of her system? Did she even have any options? The rules expressly stated that guests were forbidden from trying to contact their matches after their stay.

Was it different for the owner's nephew? Isn't that what he'd said? "My uncle owns it." Which led her down another path. What in the shit

were they doing here? Getting their jollies fucking a different woman each week, more than likely. They didn't seem to be the type though.

Demanding, coercive and outright male, yes, but in it just to get their rocks off? She didn't believe it. They could do that anyway with as potent as they were.

Evan couldn't help but think she'd never find anyone else who made her feel so...whole. How had it happened? She'd come here to relax, indulge in a no-strings-attached affair, find out what non-vanilla sex was really like.

In her heart, she had never expected to not want to leave when the week was up.

She thought back to their last time in bed. Sticky with sweat and come, smelling of sex and clinging to each other, she swore she'd heard Gabe mutter, "I love you, guys. Both of you."

A figment of her imagination? Hearing what she wanted to hear?

Evan wiped the tiny droplets of sweat from her belly and off her shoulders and arms.

"Might as well be in a sauna," she muttered.

"You got that right, Ev. Damn it's hot. Shoulda stayed inside."

Evan laughed as her friend sat in the lounge chair beside her. "Zach finally let you out?"

She sniffed. "He didn't have a choice. He got called to some kind of employee meeting. Something about switching up the matches at tonight's mixer."

Evan's heart thudded, and her stomach rolled. "Switch it up? What the hell does that mean?" She swung her legs to the side and sat up.

Kiley shrugged. "I wasn't privy to anything else. I wouldn't mind doing something a little different for one night though. That is why we

came here you know. To partake in our fantasies. Besides, you got two guys. I wouldn't mind having a threesome."

Evan knew she looked like a fish with her mouth opening and closing the way it was. What could she say? Kiley was right. Still didn't make Evan want to share her guys with anyone else. Tonight or any other night.

Whoa. Time to step back and look at the big picture. She was on an island somewhere in the Caribbean having fantastic sex with two men she'd never met before. In two days, she'd go home to St. Louis to her boring job as a buyer for a car leasing company. There'd be no more mind-blowing orgasms or commands to suck a cock.

Instead she'd be forced to endure plain old vanilla sex whenever she could find it with some date she met at a gathering of friends.

Suddenly, her life looked bleak. Evan stared at her hands in her lap and willed her eyes to stop watering.

"You're right," she said, lifting her chin and squaring her shoulders. "We came here to have outrageous sex, and we've done that. In spades."

"So spill. What's it like to do two guys at the same time."

Evan smiled. "It's the most incredible—"

"Suck my cock."

Kiley dropped her chin to her chest and Evan laughed. "Does that bird say anything else?"

"No," Kiley answered, flexing her jaw. "And if it weren't for the fact that Zach reciprocates most deliciously, I'd kill it."

When Kiley made no move to drop to her knees, Evan turned, looking for Zack. "Where is he?"

"The bird?" She pointed to a tree near the door. "Over there."

"Ah, so he squawks even when his owner isn't around."

"Yes. So three more days, huh, then back to the grindstone."

Evan flopped back down, covering her eyes with one arm. "I guess so." She nearly choked on the words.

"What's wrong? I had to practically drag you here and now you don't want to leave? The sex must be spectacular."

"It's not just the sex." She groaned. Besides, the sex was way more than spectacular. More on pace with a nuclear explosion. "It's like I feel a...connection with them."

"What?" Kiley squeaked and transplanted herself from her lounge to practically on top of Evan. "You like one of them?"

Evan cringed. She could hear the excitement in her friend's voice. She'd never live this down.

"No." That much was true. She didn't like one of them. She liked both of them. And the like was bordering on something far more complex. Damn it. She wished she'd heard exactly what Gabe had said.

"Oh," Kiley said, dejected.

"I like them both."

"Aahhh."

Evan jumped at Kiley's girly squeal.

"I knew it. I could see it in you the other day."

"Great. I wonder how many other people can see it in me."

Chapter Eleven

“No. Hell no,” Gabe yelled, his neck corded.

“Fucking hell no,” Lance agreed.

“Boys, it’s not up to you. Maybe Evan wants something different. You’ve got to let her make her own choice.”

Gabe scowled at his uncle Silus across the room. “And if she doesn’t want it?”

His uncle sighed and slumped deeper into his seat, throwing his pencil on the desk. “You’ve never questioned my rules before, Gabe. What’s different now?”

Gabe looked at Lance and they both turned to his uncle.

“She’s...”

“She’s what?” the older man barked.

Lance dropped into the chair across from Fantasmagorical’s owner. Gabe watched his lover and best friend eye the man who’d practically raised Gabe as his son instead of a nephew when Gabe’s dad had died way too young. Silus had treated Lance the same way since Gabe and Lance had met in the first grade. They’d been closer than two friends were meant to be from day one and Silus had supported them both even after they’d shared with him their true feelings for each other.

“She’s different,” Lance said simply.

Gabe’s uncle snorted. “I see.” He sat forward and folded his hands in front of his mouth. “Different how?”

Gabe cleared his throat. "Different in that we want to keep her." No use keeping it a secret. "You've known from the get-go Lance and I were looking for a third. We both think Evan is the one."

Silus looked between his nephew and Lance. "And what does she have to say about this?"

Gabe sighed and dropped his head back to stare at the ceiling. What did she have to say? How the hell would they know? So far they hadn't exactly delved too deeply into their backgrounds with her. She didn't know they were searching for the one woman who would complete their lives and thereby fill a void. "We haven't really asked her yet," Lance answered, saving Gabe from the task.

"Hm." The grandfather clock in the corner ticked loudly in the otherwise silent room. "You know it's in the contract—all three of you signed, by the way—that there is to be no further contact off the island. It saves our guests from possible, *uncomfortable* situations when they leave."

Gabe nodded, Lance grunted. They both knew this.

"So do you think she'd be amenable to an arrangement outside this resort? Because I've got to tell you boys, I don't want a lawsuit brought against me because my own nephew can't keep his paws off a woman." He slapped his hand on the desk, catching the lead of the pencil and causing it to flip into the air. It landed on the carpet about five feet away.

All three men stared at the point where it stabbed into the ground, eraser end up.

"Your mother would kill me if you had a restraining order brought up against you, Gabe."

Gabe shifted his gaze. "Evan wouldn't do that."

"How do you know, boy?"

Lance bailed him out again. "We don't, for sure. We're going on our instincts here, and you know as well as we do they've never been wrong before."

Silus audibly growled and his lip curled up on one corner. "I don't know," he wavered.

"There's nothing to know about, Uncle Silus. We know she's the one we want."

"And if she doesn't want you, what will you do? Kidnap her? You can't make someone love you, Gabe."

Lance cleared his throat. "I don't think we'll need to make her love anybody. I think she already does."

Gabe jerked his head toward Lance. What did he know? Lance gave him a subtle nod, an indication they would talk later. First they had to get off Uncle Silus' radar.

"Hmph. She said those words to you, boy? Women tend to be a little touchy when it comes to men telling them how they should feel."

Lance chuckled. Gabe smiled.

"We know that. Evan is no different. She doesn't take shit from either of us," Gabe assured him.

"Unless it's in bed," Lance muttered.

"Good." Silus nodded. "I wouldn't want you with some female who cowed under both of your dominant ways." He sat back again and contemplated them. "Fine. But here's the deal. You have to offer her the opportunity to go tonight to the switch. If she wants to, knowing she'll have a different partner if she does, then I guess you'll have your answer. And," he continued when Lance and Gabe both let out a big breath, "you will tell her what will be happening at the party. You can't just ask her if she wants to go to a party or stay in your room when you've got her distracted and otherwise occupied, if you know what I mean."

“Shit,” Gabe snarled.

“Fine.” Lance brooded.

“Great. Now get the hell out of my office and leave me in peace.”

They stood and headed for the door but not before they heard Silus grumble, “Now I gotta hire two new employees.”

Chapter Twelve

Evan knew something was up the second she walked in the door. Gabe was perched on the arm of the sofa, his arms crossed over his chest, and Lance was sprawled in the armchair, legs spread wide, hands behind his head. Both wore a look of serious rumination on their faces.

Her heart pounded. Were they getting ready to tell her they were tired of her? That tonight she would be with some other man?

She steeled herself for the inevitable. They had no hold on her here. They were employees on a resort island for God's sake, not her lovers back in St. Louis. Gabe's uncle had paid them to do a job. A job which required them to be at a different woman's beck and call every other week or so.

Evan wasn't delusional. She had known their relationship would end when the week was over, but damn it, she still had two days left and she sure as shit didn't want to spend them with anyone else.

She wiped her sweaty palms on her shorts and licked her lips, prepared to fight for the right to stay with them. Maybe it was up to her if she wanted to switch. Maybe she was borrowing trouble before she knew the facts.

"Is there a problem?" Evan croaked. She sounded lame even to her own ears.

"There could be," Gabe all but grunted.

Lance held out a hand and crooked a finger. Neither took their eyes off her as she swallowed and walked toward them. She could no more

ignore his summons than she could grow wings and fly. Evan stopped when her knees touched his. His hand grasped hers and tugged, throwing her off balance so she landed in his lap.

Only then did Gabe move. He stepped in behind her, sandwiching her between them. He bent and lifted her to tuck her knees between Lance's hips and the arms of the chair. Might have been more awkward if the chair hadn't been so wide, but this felt perfect.

She braced herself with her hands on Lance's chest and glanced back at Gabe. His eyes, like Lance's, were filled with an intense possessiveness. Her breath caught in her throat. How could they look like they did and want to give her away tonight? It didn't make sense.

"We need to talk," Lance said, diverting her attention off Gabe and back to him.

This was it. Her heart sank. She sat back on Lance's knees. *Now's the time to save yourself the humiliation.*

"So, I hear there's a mixer tonight." Evan almost choked on the words. "A little switcheroo."

Lance's eyes widened in disbelief for a split second before narrowing into dangerous slits.

Gabe's hands pressed on her shoulders, bringing her back into contact with his front. His chest rumbled and he dug his thumbs into the tense muscles at the base of her neck. She nearly melted into his touch, but she had to show some bravado here.

If they were going to let her go, she wasn't going to show them how much it hurt. She stiffened and straightened her spine.

Gabe's hands gently pulled her back. "Relax," he whispered.

She could have sworn Lance gave him a visual warning over her shoulder but then the look was gone.

“There is,” Lance continued. He steepled his fingers and tapped them against his chin.

Her throat was so dry she could probably spit cotton. His mouth worked, pressing his lips together and apart as if he didn’t know how to say what he wanted to.

Evan could do this for them. It might break her heart, but that’s where she was headed no matter what. What difference did two days make? The inevitable would happen now or then. Perhaps it was better to get it over with.

“How does it work? Do I get picked out of a lineup, my name pulled out of a hat, what?” Tears threatened to break free from their tenuous hold at her eyelids. Couldn’t Lance see how much this was killing her?

Lance’s nostrils flared. This time she did not imagine the hurt that crossed his face. Gabe’s fingers squeezed into her flesh almost painfully.

“So...this is what you want? You want to go and be fucked by another man? We weren’t enough for you?” Lance fisted his hands. His face was pinched in anger.

Evan sucked in a breath at his vehement suggestion. She shook her head sharply one time.

“Lance,” Gabe barked.

“How could you say that?” she rasped. The tears fell unchecked. Lance grasped her upper arms. He pulled her forward out of Gabe’s hold and hugged her to his chest.

“Christ, I’m sorry, baby.” He rubbed his hand along her back.

She could feel him shaking. And then it occurred to her. They didn’t want her to leave either. They wanted her to stay but tonight’s event was out of their hands. Evan pushed herself up and looked between both her men.

"I don't want to go tonight," she ground out. "I thought you wanted me to, I thought maybe you were tired of me. I know how many girls you go through."

"Jesus," Gabe hissed. "Stand up." He helped her stand in the chair with one foot on either side of Lance's thighs.

Lance's hands wandered the length of her legs as Gabe unfastened her shorts and pulled them down with her bikini bottom. Balancing her, they pulled the offending material off each foot and guided her into Lance's lap again. Next came the shirt and bikini top, leaving her naked between two completely clothed men.

Hmm. Serious case of *déjà vu* from the first day on the balustrade.

"Let's get one thing straight," Lance snarled.

Too late. There were already two things straight. One between her legs and the other pressed into her spine.

"We don't want another man to touch you ever again."

Evan gasped. Lance's hands fumbled with his jeans. Gabe's circled her and toyed with her nipples. She moaned and leaned her head back on his body. Lance slipped a finger through her slit. She clenched her thighs and bit her lip, knowing she was wet.

"And if we ever see another man touching you, things are bound to get ugly." Gabe's teeth found her earlobe and bit. She whimpered. He tugged on her nipples, twisting them and making them hard, beaded pebbles.

Her tummy flipped over. Were they serious? Did they want more than this week like she did? She couldn't think. Not when a long finger slid into her pussy and curled to stroke a sweet spot deep inside her.

"You know, Lance, I don't believe this beautiful woman ever received a punishment this week, do you?"

"I think you're right." Lance's guttural reply made her pussy clench around his finger. She arched her back and lifted her arms around Gabe's neck. A second finger joined the first. Lance thrust them in and out of her, drawing her juices out and spreading it closer and closer to her asshole.

He hadn't touched her clit, but it hummed and begged to be played with. She would explode if he did, she was so sensitized right now.

"Bend over, honey. It's time for me to pinken this pretty little ass of yours."

Evan panicked until she felt Lance's arms around her middle. He brought one to tangle in her hair and his lips touched hers. Then she lost all thoughts of being scared.

A solid smack rent the air followed by a sharp sting. She yelped and tried to pull away but Lance held fast. The burn brought another round of tears to her eyes, but something else she couldn't determine, too.

"That one is for screaming," Gabe said, his hand soothing the hurt away then slipping between her folds to spread her moisture from her clit to her anus.

Another smack to the other side. Her cry this time was caught by Lance's lips where he devoured her mouth. The tingle moved, spreading from her ass to points south. Her pussy flooded. Again, he moved her juices, lingering on her pucker in the back, spearing her with the tip of his finger.

"That one is for touching yourself."

She opened her mouth to protest, but Gabe smacked her ass again.

"Uh-uh, honey. I saw you. Don't lie to me." His breaths came faster and harder. Lance's cock bounced around her nether lips. She tried to trap him there. Lance yanked his hips further into the cushion away from where she wanted it.

Gabe slapped her a fourth time. She hissed as flames licked down her cheeks and zeroed in on her clit. She wiggled her ass back and forth. Anything to get him to slip the hand that soothed onto her pussy another time so he could douse the fire there.

“And that is for thinking we could *ever* let you go,” he said grimly.

Her heart soared. She rolled her forehead back and forth on Lance’s chest. His hands roamed her bare skin.

“No. I don’t think that anymore,” she breathed. “Never want you to leave me.” She heard the rasp of a zipper and fabric being jerked off, then two hands settled on her abused butt cheeks.

“Can you take us both?” Lance murmured, his hands spreading her cheeks so Gabe could continue preparing her tiny hole. Something cold replaced the heat of her spanking. It had to be lube. She didn’t know where it had come from and it didn’t matter. They could keep it tucked under the chair for all she cared. As long as it was available when they needed it which, apparently, it was.

Evan nodded vigorously. “Yes, please.”

“Sit on my cock, Evan,” Lance demanded.

She did, lowering herself until the head of his thick cock lodged inside her pussy. He lifted his hips and brought her down at the same time, impaling her on his entire length. His eyes slid shut, his head fell back on the chair. She clamped down on him and he hissed.

“Do it now, Gabe, I’m not gonna last.”

Gabe leaned over them both. One hand rested on the arm of the chair, the other guided his cock to her back entrance. “Deep breath, sweetheart, you can take me. Push back. That’s it,” he coaxed, working his length into her.

She squirmed and panted until he was seated to the hilt. The pressure was exquisite. She'd never felt so full. There was pain, but not enough to make her want to stop.

Gabe pulled out and pushed back in. Lance pulled out. They built up a rhythm, one in, one out until her eyes lost focus. With the way her body lay, her clit brushed over Lance's belly, but it wasn't enough.

She groaned in frustration and suddenly a fingertip was there, covering her clit and rubbing in tiny little circles.

The three of them moved in accordance like they'd done this a million times. Gabe grunted one last time and slammed into her. Hot splashes of come drenched her colon a second before Lance's bombarded her womb. Yet the finger never stopped on her clit. She exploded around their cocks, milking them of the semen. The hair on Lance's chest abraded her nipples, heaping sensation to an already blinding climax.

Long minutes passed. No one spoke because they couldn't do anything but breathe and feel.

"You're going to be the death of us," Gabe muttered, pulling himself gently out of her ass.

"Nuh-uh," she disagreed. "You, me." Logical sentence structure was beyond her at the moment.

Lance lifted her face to his. "In case you didn't catch this part, we love you and want you to be part of our lives, no matter where we live. We can relocate to your home, wherever that is, you can come to our home in Florida, or we can build anywhere you want. As long as we're together."

The tears came again. Evan nodded, and knew she was smiling like a fool. She didn't care where they lived either. Hell, she hadn't even thought about them having a place somewhere beyond the island. She would have opted to stay here if it was the only way. Computers made it

simple to work from just about anywhere. It didn't even matter to her how fast this all had happened, she only knew she couldn't live without them.

"Yes." She laughed, happier than she'd ever been in her whole life.
"Yes."

His lips touched hers and then Gabe was there too and the three of them shared a kiss that bound them together forever.

About the Author

Between being a wife, mommy, cleaning woman, chauffeur, coach and leader, there are a few minutes left to sneak in some writing time. Annmarie McKenna loves to hear from readers. You can visit her website at www.annmariamckenna.com or her blog at www.annmariamckenna.blogspot.com. Send an email to Annmarie at annmarmck@yahoo.com.

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*Even with her shaky past, Aislinn can't help but to secretly want Kyle.
When she witnesses his death in a vision, how can she tell him without
giving away her secret or her lust?*

Two Sighted

© 2007 Annmarie McKenna

Available now at Samhain Publishing

Aislinn Campbell is a clairvoyant, the latest in a long line of first-born daughters to the previous first-born daughter. All of them have fiery red hair and a second sight. Hiding from her ex in the presence of a sexy ex-military millionaire seems the safest way to start over. Until she “sees” his death.

Kyle Turner III has been keeping a close eye on Aislinn. There's nothing he doesn't know about his personal assistant, including her secret and ugly past. He also wants her in his bed more than his next breath. When he receives an anonymous warning that something might happen at his annual Fourth of July bash, he doesn't take it lightly. He knows exactly who sent the warning and he knows she's being watched by her bastard of an ex.

After he's injured in an accident, Kyle isn't about to leave Aislinn unprotected for a second. He coaxes her into more than just tending to his wounds. Because making Aislinn believe in him and her together far outweighs anything her ex can dish out.

Enjoy the following excerpt from *Two Sighted*:

Aislinn looked fucking gorgeous this morning, as always. Freckles danced across her nose and cheeks. Kyle wanted to count them. With his lips. Her green eyes sparkled like brilliant emeralds from the laughter she'd been engaged in with Christina a minute ago. Sometime soon she'd laugh with him the same way. He was working on it, slowly but surely.

When she walked, the unruly red hair she had in its usual ponytail swished across the back of her neck, trickling over delicate skin. When he finally got her into bed, that space would be one of the first places he tasted. Aislinn never quite pulled the hair all the way through the band, but left the ends tucked in so the tail became a bun. Sort of, he guessed. Kyle had no clue what women called those particular things.

He only knew he couldn't wait to strip the elastic out of her hair and feel all those glorious fire red strands sliding over his thighs as she sucked his cock.

His dick twitched inside his jeans, coming to life the way it had every day for the last six months. If her past was anything to go by—and he knew it was—he had very little time left to make her his before she bolted again. He wasn't about to let that happen. It was time for her to stop running. And he was the man prepared to see to her safety.

She didn't know it, but Kyle had been keeping a periodic eye on her since the moment he'd learned the reason she'd come to Turner Industries in the first place. Hell, she'd only been there for three days when his private investigator had come in with a background check on Aislinn—a background that included an abusive ex who had stalked and tormented the fiery redhead until she felt the need to get a restraining order.

The order had only succeeded in pissing the bastard off to the point of attack. According to the police reports, Aislinn had barely lived through the terrifying ordeal. Kyle fisted his hands, remembering the pictures he'd seen of her battered face. The fucker should be in jail. Instead he was out there somewhere, hiding like the little mole he was.

Where the urge to protect her so fiercely came from, Kyle had no idea. He only knew that from the second she'd walked into his office, he had to have her. The background check had given him pause and made him back off when he would have started in immediately trying to make her

his. If he waited much longer, his cock was likely to shrivel up and fall off from lack of use. It knew Kyle's hand in explicit detail, but it wanted the soft recesses it would find buried deep in Aislinn's pussy.

He fully applauded her attempt to flee David Tarkell. She'd done an excellent job, moving from place to place, never staying in one location for more than eight months or so, never getting attached to the people she worked with. Except she had this time. He could tell how close she'd gotten to Christina. He even recognized her initial wariness to do so.

"Coffee, Mr. Turner?"

He growled low in his throat, loud enough for her to hear, if the way her spine stiffened was any indication. Kyle hated the way she said his name. Or rather, didn't. No matter how many times he'd asked her to call him Kyle, she still refused. He guessed it was some sort of defense mechanism. If she didn't get close to anyone, it was easier to move on.

"Coffee?"

Kyle cleared his throat. "Please."

She moved past him, carefully skirting his body even as he crowded her between himself and the desk. Her sharp, white teeth bit on the full lower lip he couldn't wait to taste.

He inhaled her scent as she came within inches of him—a combination of something fruity from whatever shampoo she washed her hair with and all woman. Based on the fact he could smell her sweet essence, she sure as hell wasn't as immune to him as she would like to believe. He would bet anything she was wet under the shapeless black slacks.

He snorted. If she thought she was hiding anything from him, she was sadly mistaken. She could wear a potato sack and he'd still be able to see her great body. The only thing left to do was strip the material from her so he could actually feel the perfect skin he knew he would find beneath.

“Do you have a duster?” she blurted, rolling the words together.

Kyle jerked his gaze from her ass to her face as she turned around, coffee in one shaky hand, eyes wide, lip still being worried by those teeth.

Fuck. At the rate she was going, she’d have a hole in that lip by noon. He moved to her slowly, an eyebrow quirked. She’d thrown him for a loop for sure.

“As in...feather?” he asked, getting closer and not even beginning to imagine where she was headed with the question. He knew what he’d like to do with a feather duster and a whole lot of her gorgeous, bare skin.

She swallowed and two spots of red graced her pale cheeks.

“Oh God.” Her cheeks got impossibly redder and he bit back a smile.

“And just why is it you want to know if I have a feather duster?” he whispered, running his knuckles up the arm holding out the mug. Beneath the white blouse she wore, her nipples puckered. He wondered if she even noticed how her body responded to him because he sure the hell did. She tensed and sucked in a breath, but he didn’t let up. It was time for her to stop running.

Newlywed Catalina Robinson thinks it's not possible to be more satisfied...but then she learns what it's like to love two men.

Honeymoon Castaways

© 2007 Dawn Halliday

Available now at Samhain Publishing

Cat has just married Dave Robinson, the man of her dreams. Their Best Man, Andreas Bailey, is flying them to their honeymoon resort in Barbados. But over the middle of the ocean, something goes horribly wrong...

Cat, Dave and Andreas find themselves stranded on an uninhabited Caribbean island. Though she's never thought of him as more than a friend, Cat finds herself connecting to Andreas in a way she never expected and is shocked and aroused to learn that her husband feels the same way. Together, the three of them discover a heat and passion uninhibited by the conventions of society. But will they ever be rescued? And what will happen to their unusual relationship once they return home?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, voyeurism and skinny dipping.

Enjoy the following excerpt for *Honeymoon Castaways*:

She added pressure to Andreas's thigh. "This isn't your fault, you know."

He cocked his head at her. "It was my airplane, my radios, my ELT. At least I should have told you to make sure you'd have cell phone coverage, but I didn't even do that, did I?"

She shrugged. "We wouldn't have done anything to our cell phones. We weren't planning to use them on the honeymoon. We wanted a complete escape." She smiled slyly. "Looks like we got it."

“Huh.” Andreas flung his stone past Cat. They all watched it skip three times before hitting a rock at the far end of the pool.

She turned back to him. “Stop being so angry with yourself. We don’t blame you for any of this.”

“You can say that now—it’s only been two days. How are you going to feel in a week when we’re hungry, sunburned and bored? If we’re not dead of some tropical infection, that is.”

“We’ll work through it together. And we’re not going to die of an infection—you’ve got antibiotics in your first-aid kit.”

Andreas snorted.

She squeezed his thigh. “We’re together,” she whispered meaningfully, knowing he felt like an outsider.

He wouldn’t anymore. Not if she could help it.

Taking a deep breath, she moved to stand directly in front of Andreas. Slowly, she reached up to stroke his cheek, gliding her fingers over his lips. He had such a gorgeous, wide mouth, such full lips, so soft. She kept her eyes solidly on his, but felt Dave watching her. Heat resonated from him, swirling between the three of them.

Andreas’s eyes narrowed. He flicked a glance at Dave. “What are you doing?”

Courage, Cat. She swallowed the lump of anxiety in her throat. “Kiss me.”

“Hell, no!” Andreas jumped to his feet into the pool in front of her. Water splashed, wetting her shorts.

Andreas’s head swung from Dave to her, and back again. “What the fuck is this? Is this some kind of test?”

Cat took two shaky steps backward. “I’m sorry, I— No, it’s not a test.”

Andreas turned to leave, but Dave captured his forearm. “Stay. We have a proposition for you.”

Andreas stopped, breathing heavily, staring at Dave. The muscles in his torso were so tense, they rippled with every breath. "What?"

Dave's Adam's apple bobbed, the only hint that he was nervous. He didn't beat around the bush. "I want you to sleep with Cat."

Goose bumps rippled over Cat's skin.

"What?"

Dave's voice lowered. "Come on, man. It's stupid for you to jack off in the corner while we're having a good time."

Cat didn't think skin as dark as Andreas's could flush, but he proved her wrong. His cheeks reddened. He pressed his lips together and didn't speak.

Dave held out his hand. "Come here, Cat."

Shakily, she took her husband's hand and moved to stand between his legs. He turned her to face Andreas. "Look at her. She wants this." Dave stroked her hair. "I want it. You want it. Why deny it?"

Cat's nipples ached. She didn't dare cast a glance at them, but feared they must be poking out like marbles against the shiny material of her bikini top. Resisting the urge to cover herself, she raised her gaze from the rippling water at Andreas's shins, up his strong legs, his gray surf shorts, his rippled abs and muscular torso, his strong chin and nose, sculpted cheekbones. She stopped when she saw the fear shining in his eyes. He looked more fearful now than he had sounded in the moments before the crash. He shook his head minutely.

Dave flicked the clasps at her neck and behind her back. She stood very still as the bikini top slithered down her body and slid into the water. Still as a statue, Andreas watched her. She gazed into his eyes, saw his pupils dilate.

"Dave," he groaned.

She was on display. Her husband was the one putting her on display, showing off her body like a trophy. His trophy.

God, it made her hot. Her pussy was on fire. She wanted Dave's mouth on it. She wanted both their mouths on it.

Dave pulled her close into his body and licked up the curved side of her breast. "She tastes good, my friend."

She stared at Andreas. He didn't move.

Dave stroked down her shoulder blade, resting his palm on the small of her back.

A muscle in Andreas's arm quivered.

Cat licked her lips. *Now or never.*

She moved out of Dave's embrace and took two long steps through the knee-deep water. She felt Dave's presence just behind her as he jumped into the water and stepped forward with her.

"Please kiss me." She pressed her breasts against Andreas's chest, wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his head down to hers.

He froze, but he didn't jerk away. She'd never kissed such an unresponsive mouth. His lips felt like velvet against hers, so soft. She kissed the corners of his mouth, then a little higher at that place that dimpled when he smiled. She returned to his lips, brushing them over and over with hers. Dave held her from behind, running his hands up and down the sides of her waist.

Andreas's cock pressed against her belly. Dave's rubbed against her lower back.

Cat's knees buckled. It didn't matter. Dave held her up.

She nipped at Andreas's lower lip. She could feel his tension, streams of electricity buzzing beneath his skin. She willed him to relax, to set himself free, to open to her. She traced his lips with her tongue, and then tried to nudge them apart. Suddenly, she was no longer in control.

Andreas was.

One tempting heiress. Two sexy cowboys. Three means fun beyond her wildest dreams—until her Cord starts to unravel.

Take Me

© 2007 Mackenzie McKade

Available now at Samhain Publishing

Thoroughbred rancher's daughter Caitlyn Culver has always wanted playboy Cord Daily, even after her daddy threatened to bankrupt him. But winning a racehorse in a poker game means Cord is no longer just a cattle rancher. He's come back wealthier and more wicked than ever.

Snaring this cowboy won't be easy for Cait, and keeping him will be even harder. Still, his sexual antics and taste for ménages won't scare her off. She knows the best way to snag a man like Cord is to pretend indifference. So when he comes onto her in the barn, she plays along—only to leave him tied to a ladder, aroused and unfulfilled.

It's payback time.

Cord seeks out Cait and brings along his playboy cousin, Dolan Crane. The two cowboys are enough to set her body afire. She's bound and determined to resist their sexual allure, but ends up experiencing a night beyond her wildest fantasies. Now Dolan wants Cait for himself. Cait's father wants Cord's racehorse. And Cord wants Caitlyn to choose—her father's money or her cowboy's love.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, and BDSM.

Enjoy the following excerpt from *Take Me*:

Cait nearly swallowed her tongue as she jerked away from the stall. Startled, her heart raced, only picking up speed when she saw who addressed her. Cord's deep, sexy voice and his soft laughter that followed sent chills up her spine.

In a last-ditch effort to steady her hands, she rested them on her hips. “If it isn’t the bad boy of Santa Ysabel, California.”

Palm over his heart, Cord cried, “Owww...”

One minute he sported a mournful expression, the next his eyelashes lowered and he narrowed his eyes on her. When he pushed away from the stall Cait knew she was in trouble.

Her breath caught on an inhale.

Breathe.

He approached with bold, arrogant strides, flashing a drop-dead sexy smile that melted her insides.

She had to remind herself that Cord might make her mushy on the inside, but she had to be hard as nails on the outside in dealing with this man. Haughtily, she swept her gaze up and down him, pausing deliberately at his groin, before they came eye to eye.

Two can play this game.

Cait had been barely nineteen when she left California. She wasn’t the same girl now. Still little had changed when it came to her desires. She knew exactly what she wanted.

Cord Daily.

Rumors were his sexual antics ran wild. His taste for ménages had scared the living crap out of her. Not anymore. She’d take Cord any way she could have him.

Already she was imagining his lean, muscled physique pressed against hers, the feel of his slightly wavy blond hair between her fingers. The thought sent a twist of sensation in her belly and caused her heart to beat even faster.

The taut denim stretched low across his hips, outlining an impressive package—one she had every intention of unwrapping and soon, but not yet. The time had to be right or she’d lose him.

Slowly, he caressed her from head to toe, stripping her naked a piece of clothing at a time with just a look.

Little did he know that's how Cait wanted it—skin-to-skin. Night after night, she dreamed of Cord's hands roaming her body, heating her blood until she came apart at the seams.

Pulse pumping madly, she held her breath and prayed her aplomb wouldn't shatter. She managed not to flinch when he reached for the ribbon holding her hair and pulled, releasing her tresses to fall around her shoulders. She even contained a reaction when he used that ribbon to tickle her bare shoulder blades and tease the exposed swells of her breasts. But no amount of willpower could have restrained her gasp as he released the ribbon to slither down her T-shirt.

He was good—damn good.

Her knees weakened, while her chest rose and fell more rapidly than she would prefer. And that wasn't all that was going on with her body. The sting in her nipples twisted into an ache that shot straight for her pussy. She only prayed he couldn't scent her arousal.

Stay focused, Cait.

She knew this man. He liked the game—liked the hunt. But he had a little surprise coming.

She wasn't the prey—he was.

When she snagged the bad boy, she had plans to hold onto him, no matter what her father said. Who was he to determine Cord wasn't good enough just because he didn't offer anything to the family but cattle?

For Christsake, she was a woman and she'd damn well make her own choices.

Cord speared his fingers through her hair, jerking her to him, chest to chest, hips to hips. His lips were a breath away from hers, tempting—teasing.

Just another ploy to see if she'd close the gap between them—kiss him first—then he'd know he won.

Ain't gonna happen.

“Something you want, Cord?” When she spoke her mouth brushed across his. It was pure hell not to take what she wanted, especially with his trimmed goatee and mustache tickling and tantalizing her lips.

His eyes darkened, his voice lowered. “You, darlin’.”

This was the opening she'd been waiting for—it was her move.

Cait's gaze peeled away from his as she smoothed her cheek along his. She felt the catch in his breathing as she brought her lips to his ear and blew lightly, before inhaling the rich scent of sandalwood.

“I want you too.” She coaxed her tone to be soft, husky. “I've always wanted you.”

If you only knew how much.

He tried to snake his arms around her, but she was quick in pressing her palm against his chest, holding him at bay. Slowly, she curled her fingernails so they bit into him.

His seductive mouth parted, drawing her attention.

God, how she wanted to taste him, knowing if she did there would be a power exchange and she would be lost. “*Uh-uh-uh*. Let's play first. You like to play games, don't you, Cord?”

“Darlin', right now I'd do anything you ask.” He shifted his hips. “See what you do to me.” He removed her hand from his chest, guiding it to his rock-hard groin.

Sinfully, he thrust his cock against her palm, working her hand up and down.

His intimate contact was more than she could have hoped for. The tightening of her grip rewarded her with deep growls that rumbled from his chest. The veins in his neck bulged. He leaned further into her touch and closed his eyes.

What next?

Her gaze darted around the barn. On a bench lay several strips of leather. Someone had been repairing a bridle. She released him and stepped away.

His heavy eyelids rose, his brow furrowing. “Where are you going?”

She gave him the most big-eyed, innocent expression she could muster. “I’m going to tie you up. That’s what you like, isn’t it?”

Cord’s rich laughter caressed her. “Darlin’, you’ve got that backward.”

Her bottom lip protruded into a little pout. “Don’t you want to play with me?”

He moved fast, his arm circling her waist, bringing her tight against his body. “Oh, yeah. I want to play with you.”

She could live forever staring into his aqua eyes, more green than blue. But if she were too eager she’d be just another notch on his belt. She wanted more than that—much more.

The bad boy was going down.

This summer, it's going to be Steamy...

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Duty wars with affection when Racor's greatest spy must decide who to trust, the evidence against her sexy suspects, or her heart?

A Scorching Seduction

© 2007 Marie Harte

Lt. Col. Trace N'Tre and Assassin Vaan C'Vail are hiding out in the only place the military can't touch them—on a pleasure planet in an island resort owned by Vaan's cousin. Gathering evidence on the outside, they know it's only a matter of time before they'll have to face their accuser, a high official in the Racor government.

Unbeknownst to them, Myst, Racor's greatest spy, has had her eyes on them for some time. The puzzle of these two alleged traitors doesn't fit, and Myst has made it her mission to find out why. But when the tables are turned and she's caught spying under the planet's hot summer suns, pleasure and affection confuse the issue, making her wonder who to trust—her heart, or the evidence against her lovers.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, frank language, ménage, m/m action, and hot sweaty adventure.

A young minister's celibacy is challenged by an earthy, Appalachian woman.

Blackberry Pie

© 2007 Bonnie Dee

On a blistering summer afternoon, Reverend Nathan Andrews climbs a mountain to meet backwoods members of his congregation. Fresh from

seminary, the young man isn't prepared for the onslaught of lust that hits him when he encounters a sensuous girl picking blackberries.

Determined to implement his outreach plan, he helps her harvest the fruit. But their potent sexual chemistry is too intense to deny and they engage in passionate sex surrounded by the beauty of nature.

Grace is earthy and primal, the opposite of the proper young lady he expects to take as a wife some day. Can there possibly be a future for a college-educated minister and a primitive mountain girl?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Can a straight-laced business student and an indie boy with a thing for extremely personal electronics turn one night's wild ride into a trip to last forever?

Catching a Buzz

© 2007 Ally Blue

Adam Holderman isn't your typical twenty-something college boy. He prefers jazz to Goth, shuns body piercings and street-waif clothing, and despises the lack of vocabulary among his peers. Some call him uptight, but Adam doesn't see it that way. Just because he prefers his men articulate and well-groomed doesn't make him a stick-in-the-mud. He simply has standards, unlike most guys his age.

The new employee at Wild Waters Park, where Adam works, single-handedly throws a monkey wrench into Adam's orderly world view. Buzz Stiles wears eyeliner and black clothes, listens to emo bands, and talks like a teenage skate punk. He's the polar opposite of Adam's avowed "type". So why can't Adam get him out of his head?

When Adam finally agrees to go out with Buzz, he finds there's much more to Buzz than a hot body, a sharp wit, and a Goth fashion sense. Buzz is someone Adam can see himself being with for the long haul. But you need more than mind-melting sex to make a relationship last. Can they keep their hands off each other long enough to find out if they have what it takes?

Warning, this title contains the following: graphic language, explicit male/male sex, inappropriate use of personal electronic devices, and gratuitous disco dancing.

Her boyfriend is back...and that's a major problem. Antonia isn't ready to face the one man who shakes up her world...

Full Disclosure

© 2007 Mary Wine

Antonia doesn't need to look at forbidden fruit. The taste still clings to her lips, haunting her with just how good she and Danton had been together...

...Right up until he informed her that he had to get married because he was going to be a father. That just made it worse. Inside him was a man worth dreaming about, even if she knew it was in vain.

Danton always double-checked his facts. It was a habit that kept him alive during missions that should have killed him. His impromptu wedding was no exception. There wasn't going to be any consummation of the vows until he had a paternity test. But doing the right thing had cost him the one woman he loved.

Until the test came back negative. Now there is nothing that will stop him from coming back with the prize he'd been forced to abandon three

months ago. Toni was going to be his, right after she got the full disclosure on his hasty wedding and the blunt fact that he loved her.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language and bondage bedroom games with toys.

Does a full moon really cause naughty behavior?

Bad Moon Rising

© 2007 Leeanne Kenedy

Hailey Burke has heard that full moons cause people to behave in strange ways, but she never thought it would apply to her until the night she winds up in bed with a man she doesn't even like. So she'd had a temporary loss of sanity when she slept with Zack Creighton, the womanizing photographer. Big deal. Doesn't mean she's going to do it again, right?

Wrong.

Unfortunately, Zack has something else in store for Hailey. He's liked the sassy redhead from the moment he met her, but he can't get the stubborn woman to let go of the misconceptions she's formed about him. Sure, he's played the field, but Zack is no womanizer, and he has no intention of leaving things at one night. Once he's had a taste of Hailey, he wants another. And he's determined to convince her that he's not the bad boy she's always thought.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

How can masturbating in a hotel Jacuzzi lead to love? Cassidy Yates is about to find out.

Beyond the Tears

© 2007 Michelle Cary

A year after her husband died while serving in Iraq, Cassidy Yates still nurses a broken heart. Thinking a vacation will help, she agrees to a week in Key West with her best friend, April. Upon arrival, April suggests a way for Cassidy to ease her pain—sleep with the sexiest stud she can find.

Not the type to bed hop, Cassidy refuses April's idea and ends up alone. Abandoned by her friend, Cassidy decides to take a nighttime swim. In the Jacuzzi, she masturbates to the memories of making love to her husband. Mortified by her own behavior, Cassidy retreats to her hotel room, hoping no one witnessed her exhibition.

Chase Dempsey is a man with rugged good looks and a killer smile. He isn't looking to fall in love and only wants few days of relaxation before returning to his Texas ranch. Still, he's curious after watching Cassidy's erotic display and wonders what makes the gorgeous redhead tick. When he finds her dropped sarong, he realizes she's just given him the opportunity to find out...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Is their passion real, or only a mirage?

La Mirage

© 2007 Jennifer Colgan

On a lonely stretch of I-95 in the middle of the Nevada desert, journalist Savanna Blaine and photographer Ben Lantano find themselves stranded by engine trouble on their way back from an assignment. Their quest for a gas station leads them to La Mirage, a beautiful resort nestled in a secluded canyon where they are the only guests.

Invited to spend the night in lush accommodations, passion flares between Savanna and Ben who have suppressed their hidden desires long enough. A single touch ignites an unforgettable night in each other's arms, but the next day, when La Mirage mysteriously disappears, they're left to wonder, is their newfound intimacy real or nothing more than a trick of the summer heat?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, oral sex.

One tempting heiress. Two sexy cowboys. Three means fun beyond her wildest dreams—until her Cord starts to unravel.

Take Me

© 2007 Mackenzie McKade

Thoroughbred rancher's daughter Caitlyn Culver has always wanted playboy Cord Daily, even after her daddy threatened to bankrupt him. But winning a racehorse in a poker game means Cord is no longer just a cattle rancher. He's come back wealthier and more wicked than ever.

Snaring this cowboy won't be easy for Cait, and keeping him will be even harder. Still, his sexual antics and taste for ménages won't scare her off. She knows the best way to snag a man like Cord is to pretend

indifference. So when he comes onto her in the barn, she plays along—only to leave him tied to a ladder, aroused and unfulfilled.

It's payback time.

Cord seeks out Cait and brings along his playboy cousin, Dolan Crane. The two cowboys are enough to set her body afire. She's bound and determined to resist their sexual allure, but ends up experiencing a night beyond her wildest fantasies. Now Dolan wants Cait for himself. Cait's father wants Cord's racehorse. And Cord wants Caitlyn to choose—her father's money or her cowboy's love.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, and BDSM.

Can a jaded lawyer and a reformed criminal really find true love in the tropics?

Fijian Fling

© 2007 Sami Lee

Dumped by her boyfriend and on thin ice in her law career, Sophie Edison badly needs to re-evaluate her life. She escapes to her favorite hideaway on the tropical island of Fiji, where the attentions of the resort owner – the enigmatic and lethally sexy Dominick ‘Nick’ Dufour – prove a temptation too great to resist. Nick's obvious desire to take her to bed is just the salve her battered confidence needs, and she embarks on an affair that leads her to uncharted waters. Before long she starts to wonder if she can ever go back to her old life.

Nick has lusted after Sophie for years. When she turns up at his secluded resort alone for the first time he wastes no time in making her his lover. Sophie is his perfect match in bed, and in the ocean and the

shower...but although he might long for something more, Nick knows theirs is just a holiday fling. For he is keeping the secret of his checkered past from Sophie and it could prove the ultimate deal breaker...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language.

Newlywed Catalina Robinson thinks it's not possible to be more satisfied...but then she learns what it's like to love two men.

Honeymoon Castaways

© 2007 Dawn Halliday

Cat has just married Dave Robinson, the man of her dreams. Their Best Man, Andreas Bailey, is flying them to their honeymoon resort in Barbados. But over the middle of the ocean, something goes horribly wrong...

Cat, Dave and Andreas find themselves stranded on an uninhabited Caribbean island. Though she's never thought of him as more than a friend, Cat finds herself connecting to Andreas in a way she never expected and is shocked and aroused to learn that her husband feels the same way. Together, the three of them discover a heat and passion uninhibited by the conventions of society. But will they ever be rescued? And what will happen to their unusual relationship once they return home?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, ménage a trois, voyeurism and skinny dipping.

Two men and a bottle of nut cream...

Nut Cream

© 2007 Jade Buchanan

Nut [nuht] noun, verb.

1. A dry fruit consisting of an edible kernel or meat enclosed in a woody or leathery shell.

2. Slang, Vulgar – a testis.

Cream [kreem] noun.

1. A soft solid or thick liquid containing medicaments or other specific ingredients, applied externally for a therapeutic, or cosmetic purpose.

2. Slang, Vulgar – to have an orgasm.

Toby Madison is coming into his mating phase, and is leaking pheromones all over the place. He is about to find out what happens to bad little wolves, in the best possible way. Cliff Bullen is more than ready to place his mark on the man he has always wanted as his mate – with a little help from a bottle of nut cream.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit male/male sex and graphic language.

Falling in lust with a sexy Elvis impersonator gets complicated when Vanessa discovers the real Elvis Presley may have hoaxed his death.

Hunk of Burnin' Love

© 2007 Veronica Wilde

Summer should mean hot men and toe-curling sex—at least that's what Vanessa believes, but a bad break-up has left her spending her summer nights alone. Then her sex life erupts into flames when she meets two very different Elvis impersonators on the same night. One is a sexy young musician who gets her all shook up in a steamy midnight swim. The other is a graying older man who looks just a little too much like Elvis Presley for comfort.

Vanessa can't help falling in love with her new summer hottie. But their burning love gets complicated when the mysterious older impersonator begins dropping disturbing hints about his true identity—hints that suggest Elvis Presley never died at all.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Chastity Cuthbert is determined to bring love and romance to the Last Frontier.

Ladies! Meet Red Hot Alaskan Men

© 2007 Nancy Lindquist

Chastity Cuthbert is in love with love. Its too bad that she's so busy working on everyone else's happily ever after that there's no time left to work on hers. Her company, The Alaskan Connection, matches single women with sexy Alaskan hunks. Business is booming. Until Dave Wellington drags his personal vendetta against outsiders right to her doorstep.

Dave Wellington, Mayor of Smithfield, Alaska won't allow Chastity's cadre of red-lipped floozies to take over his town. A she-bitch from the lower forty-eight broke his brother's heart and no one else is gonna go

through that. Not if he can help it. Besides, Smithfield is welcoming tourists for the first time. The male residents need to keep their minds on business. Not sex.

Determined to change Chastity's mind, he travels to Chicago to talk her out of her plan. Chas is so pissed off at the sexy mayor that she forgets her "no one-night stands" motto. Right into Dave's bed.

Now she has to travel to Smithfield and face him. She's strong. She can face Dave again. Just because she snuck out of his hotel room in the middle of the night doesn't mean she's a big ole chicken. Right?

Warning: This book contains hot naked Alaskan guys, all looking for love. Read it at your own risk. I am not responsible for any sudden urges to go to the Last Frontier, nor travel costs incurred. Oh, and there's explicit sex too.

One hot summer night and a scorching balcony interlude light the fuse of hidden attraction between neighbors Jill Reed and Cole Adams.

One Night on a Balcony

© 2007 Samantha Lucas

Jill Reed has spent her entire life denying her sexuality, but living next door to Cole Adams the past few months has made it near impossible.

Cole is fresh off his third divorce and considers himself a one-man relationship train wreck. He purposefully keeps his lust for Jill in check because, after all, she's the kind of woman a man keeps.

Jill and Cole have been denying their bone-deep attraction for months, but one night on a balcony, passions ignite, an adventure starts and everything is about to change—forever.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, sex in a public place, graphic language.

Sometimes the truth is the greatest aphrodisiac.

Liaisons in Jubilee

© 2007 Jamie Craig

Katie Mayes is the Executive Manager for a large, east coast beach resort. Unfortunately, her boss has discovered her one secret – her seasonal flings with Caleb Beckett, the Entertainment Director for the resort. Company policy dictates no internal fraternization, especially between managers and their subordinates, so her boss gives Katie a choice. Caleb or her job.

She avoids personal encounters with Caleb, until one fateful night a week before the resort's big summer launch. Then, she runs into him at a local nightclub. When Caleb approaches her, she tries to give him the cold shoulder, but he follows her onto the dance floor where the music, her desire, and his persistence break her will. She claims it's only one more night before they break it off completely, but Caleb insists on more. Far from an ending, he views the summer as their true beginning.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, spanking, light bondage.

*A bad marriage is like a fierce thunderstorm on a fragile field of wheat.
Will a proud Texas cowboy and a stubborn Boston-bred lawyer find
shelter from a real summer storm long enough to rebuild their love?*

Second Wind

© 2007 Dee S. Knight

Cocky cowboy Rafe Walker doesn't plan to meet a beautiful woman in designer jeans and ostrich boots at the rodeo, but the beauty catches his gaze just before the gate opens for his bull ride. Talk about losing focus! With one glance, his thoughts are of sex-scented sheets, not hard, sawdust-covered dirt.

A city girl like her would never fit in on his ranch, but a weekend in Dallas? Yes, Ma'am, she'll do just fine. Little does he expect a ride wilder than with any bull. She grabs hold of his heart and his hottest fantasies and holds on tight.

Cathy Fitzgerald, raised in a wealthy eastern family, half falls in love with the rakish cowboy after one impulsive weekend of wild sex. She returns to Boston, breaks off her near engagement and waits to hear from Rafe. After months of silence, he surprises Cathy with a proposal. It's a shock to both of them when she accepts, and moves to his ranch in nowhere, Texas.

They soon find that passion alone can't sustain a marriage. Rafe's pride and Cathy's long hours at work breed distrust and broken hearts. Giving their marriage its second wind will take an act of nature.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex and graphic language.

Life's not always about the journey, but who takes you on the ride.

Custom Ride

© 2007 K.A. Mitchell

A stint in the Air Force left Ryan MacRae with a bitter memory of life in the closet. Jeff Allstein is a mechanic who has too much to lose if his private life becomes public. The heat of their attraction boils over on a stormy summer night, but satisfying that need only makes them both crave more.

Their searing connection makes it hard for Ryan to understand the road blocks Jeff continually puts down. Ryan will have to buckle up if he's going to find love at the end of his custom ride.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit male/male sex, graphic language.

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets...and she always gets her man.

Skin to Skin

© 2007 Dionne Galace

What Leilani wants, Leilani gets. That is, until she meets the enigmatic Oliver Clayton, her new neighbor. For some reason, Oliver seems to be intent on avoiding her even though he's obviously interested. Leilani has tried to everything to get his attention, from wearing skimpy little outfits to walking a neighbor's dog six times in front of his yard. Leilani wants Oliver...and she always gets her man.

In the heat of the summer, the temperature's not only thing rising. Luckily, Oliver has that pool in his backyard and Leilani knows just how to cool off...

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, light bondage.

Hot summer nights make people do crazy things.

Spontaneous

© 2007 Karen Erickson

Sophie Kincaid doesn't want to be attracted to her boss but she is. Sick and tired of being used by men, she's sworn them off. But her hot and now slightly drunk boss just became too hard to resist.

His girlfriend dumped him and now Ian Grey is drowning his sorrows in alcohol, something he never does. Flirting with Sophie the sexy bartender inspires him to do even more things he'd never consider. Like have hot sex with her in the storage room.

They can't deny their attraction for each other but Sophie's afraid she doesn't measure up. And what does Ian want from her anyway? She'll have a naked good time figuring it out...

Warning this title contains the following: Hot, steamy, explicit sex and graphic language.

Roping the naughty girl is all fun and games until someone falls in love.

Knotty Girl

© 2007 Maggie Casper

Shelby Langley was not sub, slave or Mistress, she was merely kinky. Point her to a BDSM club where she could watch and experience pretty much anything the mind could conjure, without the tangled web of an actual relationship, and she was in orgasmic bliss.

Long into the lifestyle, Craig Jensen was able to spot a submissive in denial from a mile away. Usually he left them be to find their own way, only keeping an eye out for their safety while on his turf, but there was something about the sweet, young blonde who had a love for rope bondage that called for him to claim her as his own.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, anal play and an overall spanking good time.

When a school teacher with a backbone of steel meets a hard-nosed lawman, more than the desert will heat up.

Marielle's Marshal

© 2007 Beth Williamson

Marielle Bloom never expected to be the victim of a stagecoach robbery stranded in the desert in the middle of summer with a sexy marshal who sets her body on fire with one look from his steely eyes.

Marshal Ramsey Whitfield doesn't know what to make of the outspoken teacher, but he does know she feels perfect in his arms. As they trek together across the barren landscape, searching for civilization, they discover that their desire for each other is hotter than the desert sand.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, violence.

When a man who isn't human is accidentally enslaved by a woman who has no idea what he is, the result is magical.

Sealed With a Kiss

© 2007 Lila Dubois

Signing up for a one-week adventure vacation, Helena expects to be kayaking in the Pacific, not having every sexual fantasy fulfilled in her guide's bed.

Ocean is more than he seems, his kayaking business a cover for his deepest secret.

When Helena accidentally enacts old magic, enslaving Ocean, he doesn't know if she is the luckiest girl on earth, or an enemy of his kind, bent on imprisoning him forever. Ocean's strange behavior worries Helena but she's distracted by the mind-blowing sex.

After the truth is revealed, will their budding love be Sealed with a Kiss?

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, voyeurism, and fantasy fulfillment.

When his girlfriend demands he settle down and start a family, Cole Winchester has some hard decisions to make. Marry his girlfriend, or finally own up to his taboo attraction to other men.

Taboo Desires

© 2007 Amanda Young

Cole Winchester feels like a rat, boxed into a corner. Faced with the prospect of being trapped in a passionless marriage, he makes the hard choice to end his relationship.

A run in with an old friend on the beach, propels Cole's fantasies out into the open and forces him to confront his taboo desires. Before him, lies the choice of a lifetime—embrace his desire for another man and all the pitfalls that come along with it, or return to his girlfriend and live out the safe half-life he carved for himself.

Warning, this title contains the following: explicit sex, graphic language, and hot nekkid man-love.

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